



Cape Fear

VOICES

Providing an Outlet for Creativity in the Cape Fear Region

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CAPE FEAR VOICES AND TEEN SCENE 2ND ANNUAL WRITING AWARDS BANQUET

Sponsored by Deb Pickett, Financial Advisor, Edward Jones
Leland Doo Wop Group, *Shades of Grey* to Headline

The 2nd annual Writer's Award Banquet is rapidly approaching. The banquet will be on March 12, 2022, at the Leland Cultural Event Center, located at 1212 Magnolia Village Way. The doors open at 5:00 p.m.

This is a night out you won't want to miss. Local Doo Wop group, *Shades of Grey*, will be performing, so put on your dancing shoes and enjoy the music. We're having an auction and many items for sale. Dinner, drinks and dessert will be served by Coastal Catering and Events. Come before dinner, walk around, bid on some auction items and relax and enjoy yourself.

Tickets are on sale and seating is limited to 80 people. Response to this event has been very positive and we only have 35 tickets left. The price is \$50.00 per ticket, so don't delay. Send your check to Cape Fear Voices/Teen Scene, P.O. Box 495, Leland, NC. 28451. Or, go online at www.capefearvoices.org, go to the top of the page and click on the box on the right-hand side to make your reservation and select your dinner choice. We are offering a mixed greens salad, chicken with an orange glaze, or, sliced pork loin with a red wine demi glaze or a vegetarian dish of penne pasta with tomato cream sauce. There will also be roasted potatoes, a roasted vegetable medley and rolls and butter

We've been planning for months and we're sure that you will enjoy the event. We thank our sponsors and friends for their support and hope to see you there. Other sponsors of this program include, **the Brunswick County Branch of the NAACP, ATMC and the Brunswick Forest Farm Bureau Insurance group (Mark Ellenburg, Adam Clark, Ryan Huffman, Jared Speight and Blake Hundley.)** Josh London, **State Farm Agent**, located in Brunswick Forest and **The Brunswick Arts Council**.

Award winner local artist, **Evonne Phillips**, has donated one of her original acrylic paintings for the auction. **Terri and Jim Delfino**, owners of Delfina Vineyards, in Roseburg,

Oregon, have donated a case of their award-winning wines for the auction (www.delfinovineyards.com). **Susan and Doug Zucker**, owners of Bridgewater Wines in Leland, are also donating wine for the auction event (www.bridgewaterwines.com.)

The Brunswick County Branch of the NAACP and the Brunswick Arts Council will be present to recognize our talented writers. The Brunswick Arts Council is creating a new annual BAC Young Writers Award that will be awarded to two selected Teen Scene writers.

The Brunswick Arts Council supports Cape Fear Voices & Teen Scene in a variety of ways, and is encouraging local artists to donate artwork for the event's silent auction. For more information, please contact Jan Morgan-Swegle at editorcfv@gmail.com.

Special Thanks for our Event's Sponsors



Finding My Love In Language

by Janet Stiegler, Brunswick Forest



I'm not sure I would have met my husband, Paul, if it wasn't for the fact that we both talked "funny." By funny, I mean we had distinct accents—his from Boston and mine from Long Island. Our paths first crossed in the language lab at SUNY Albany, where we were part of the Russian Linguistics graduate program. I had just returned from a four-month exchange program in Moscow, and the faculty wanted to gauge how much my comprehension had improved. Paul had learned Russian in the Air Force and finished his undergraduate degree at Boston College. As a new program recruit, he was taking the test to establish a baseline.

Although I was sort of dating someone else at the time, this "older man" intrigued me. (Okay, he was only three-and-a-half years older, but that combined with his Air Force background gave him an aura of worldly wisdom not typically associated with the more self-absorbed student population.) He also had thick, wavy hair that curled under his ears, a beard streaked with red, and a plaid flannel shirt rolled halfway up his forearms,

displaying a set of strong, attractive wrists. You know—the lumberjack look.

We sat next to each other in one of the program's elective courses, a seminar on English Dialectology. The professor frequently highlighted our respective phonetic and semantic speech variations to make his points about regional dialects in the northeast United States. The instructor wasn't making fun of us—in fact, he encouraged us to be proud of our dialects—but you can't help but feel a little beleaguered when repeatedly singled out for scrutiny. In a weird way, it helped us bond, as though we were allies in a fight against linguistic discrimination.

At the end of the seminar, the professor announced that the final was open-ended: we could do whatever we wanted, alone or in teams, to demonstrate or elaborate on a lesson from the class. I convinced Paul that we should join forces and perform a skit in which a fast-talking New York girl tries to pick up a preppy Harvard grad but is foiled by their phonological and semantic misunderstandings. Of course, this required us to get together several evenings over dinner to craft the dialog and practice

our roles. It was the easiest "A" we ever got, and it was also at one of those evening "rehearsals" that I earned my first kiss.

By March, our relationship was becoming more serious, so with my parent's permission, I invited Paul to spend Easter with our family on Long Island. However, about two days before our departure, Paul announced that his grandmother had died, and he needed to attend the funeral. My mother was skeptical; she suspected he got cold feet about meeting the parents and came up with the dead relative excuse. I was disappointed but a bit pleased to know he had a close relationship with his family.

The holiday was uneventful until the day after Easter when the phone rang. It was Paul. "We just buried my grandmother," he said, "so I can come down and pick you up." And although grandma wasn't even cold in the ground, Paul drove the five hours to our Long Island home the very next day to take me back to Albany. Needless to say, my parents were very curious to meet this guy. Luckily, they loved him as much as I did, and the rest, as they say, is history.

Teen Scene and Cape Fear Voices

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Cape Fear Voices Submission Requirements

Cape Fear Voices intends to showcase the works of the area's many talented local writers, poets, and craftspeople as well as the work of local non-profit organizations.

- We are looking for contributors to submit their poems, stories, pictures, or articles for publication.
- We will not publish any political or religious material and will censor profanity, no matter how good the work submitted might otherwise be.
- All submissions must be in Times New Roman 12, single spaced, and include the title and author's name. Please limit your submissions to **500-600 words**.
- We will print excessively larger works in serial form, but it is the author's responsibility to determine proper cutoff for each piece, keeping in mind the 500-600 word limitation per each submission.
- Any photos intended to accompany a submission must be sent as JPG files.
- All written works must be sent to editorcfv@gmail.com and received by the 15th of each month for publication in the following month's issue.

Ad Rates

	3-Editions	6-Editions	12-Editions
Full Page	\$300	\$550	\$1,000
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Quarter Page	\$90	\$165	\$275
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Teen Scene and Cape Fear Voices started publication in North Carolina in June 2020. Readership has grown from 600 in June 2020 to 5,600 in Sept. 2021. That does not include our email list of nearly 3,000 per month or readership from our website. Although we have subscribers and followers in other states, our readers are predominantly in the greater Cape Fear region. Visit us at cfvts.org.

Writing Awards 'Cape Fear Voices' Nominees

Memories

- First Great Grandchild*, Maryann Nunnally, May 2021
- A Special Place, Friendship, Honoring a Great Man*, Brandon Connelly, Sept. 2021
- If We Are Not Careful*, Ronnie Pastecki, Aug. 2021
- Letting Go and Moving On*, Alan Sturrock, Aug. 2021

Non-Fiction/History

- Herbal Remedies, Sea Islands with Faith Mitchell*, Ana Johnson, Sept/Oct. 2021
- NC Gullah Geechee Greenway/Blueway Heritage*, Ana Johnson, Sept/Oct. 2021
- Woodstock and Aquarian Dreams*, Jerry Rogers, Sept. 2021
- Eagles Island Central Park Task Force*, Ana Johnson, Nov. 2021
- The Korean Conflict*, Frank Stritter, June 2021
- A Friend Indeed*, John Hacker, March 2021

Creative Writing/Poetry

- Judy's Angelic Foods*, Stan Washington, Oct. 2021
- Partners in Wine and Crime*, Jan Stiegler, Oct. 2021
- Over Night Surprise*, Sheryl Keiper, Oct. 2021

Humor

- The Stranger*, Sheryl Keiper, July 2021
- A Cache of Scattered Memories*, Pat Dischino, Oct. 2021
- Private Obsessions*, Vivien Monnie, Nov. 2021
- Billable Hours*, Alan Sturrock, Nov. 2021

Writing Awards 'The Teen Scene' Nominees

Writers from local middle and high schools: Cedar Grove Middle School, Leland Middle School, Myrtle Grove Middle School, BC Early College High School, and West Brunswick High School

Poetry

- Unrealistically Real*, Arabella Ong, ECHS, Mar. 2021
- Still Finding Me*, Olivia Watson, MGMS, April 2021
- A Black Child*, Ne Vaeh Bullard, NBHS, June 2021
- Babysitting the Devil*, Ne Vaeh Bullard, NBHS, July 2021
- Moon Poem*, Karleigh Quinn, ECHS, Nov. 2021
- Holiday Fun*, Keiran Daniels, LMS, Dec. 2021

Creativity

- Put on a Happy Face*, Emely Olmedo, WBHS, Jan. 2021
- Lotus Flower*, Arabella Ong, ECHS, Mar. 2021
- Chasing Echo*, Cate Adams, ECHS, May 2021
- Us Against Hate*, Arabella Ong, ECHS, May 2021
- What is the American Dream, Really?*, Arabella Ong, ECHS, July 2021
- Washed Away*, Josie Tharp, ECHS, Nov. 2021

Nominees for Art

- Icarus Hack, 10th Grade, NBHS, April 2021
- Joelle Lowry, 11th Grade, NBHS, April 2021
- Olivia Badovinac #1, NBHS, April 2021
- Olivia Badovinac #2, NBHS, June 2021
- Maria Lynn Ochoa, 10th Grade, NBHS, Sept. 2021
- Matthew Alcazar, 11th Grade, California, Sept. 2021

Reviews

- House of the Scorpion*, Jasmine Garcia, ECHS, Oct. 2021 Book Review
- Super Smash Brothers*, Christopher King, ECHS, Oct. 2021 Game Review
- Dondo vs CLB*, Ashley Norfleet, WBHS, Oct. 2021 Music Review
- Josie's Story*, Jasmine Garcia, ECHS, Dec. 2021 Book Review

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LAUGHING IN THE GOLDEN YEARS BFF IN A BEAN FIELD

by Maryann Nunnally, Porters Neck



When I was twelve, I went to work on a farm picking beans alongside of migrant workers. I had never before seen a person of color and I must admit that I was frightened of the African American women and teenagers who were working there. Still, I had picked beans in my mom's garden for years and I wanted the money I could earn.

My mother packed a lunch for me and told me to be very careful when I rode my bike to the farm. When I arrived at the field, an old man gave me a bushel basket and showed me a row of beans that was assigned to me.

I picked beans as quickly as I could, but I soon became aware that the other pickers were carrying their baskets to a wagon at the end of the field, dumping them and returning to dump a second basket, when I had not even filled my basket once. A few rows over a black teenage boy, about 14 years old, called something to me, but I could not understand his thick southern accent. He jumped over the rows and kneeling down beside me, took my basket and dumped my beans on the ground. I was horrified and demanded to know what he thought he was doing. Soon I understood as he picked up my beans a few at a time and systematically criss-crossed them, and to my surprise my basket was full. Then I understood that he had asked, "Do you want me to show you how to pick?" But

what I heard was, "Yo wan me sho yo how pik?"

Pointing at the wagon where other pickers were dumping their baskets, he said, "Go!" and I ran. The old man supervising the dumping of the baskets pointed to the wagon, and I proudly dumped my basket. He gave me a green ticket and cautioning me not to lose it, saying the ticket was worth ten cents.

When I returned to my row the boy was waiting for me and for the rest of the morning we picked together.

At lunch time all the women went into the nearby woods to use as a bathroom. Fortunately, my mom had packed a wet cloth and some tissue in my lunch box, so I was much better off than the migrant women.

My new friend joined me under a maple tree. When I opened my lunch box, he stared at my thick ham sandwich, huge piece of berry pie and the thermos full of cold milk. "Wanna swop?" he asked. Then he handed me his brown greasy bag and bottle of orange soda and helped himself to my sandwich and milk.

I have had some wonderful meals, but that bag of something greasy, salty and crispy was the most delicious food I have ever tasted. The orange soda was a delicacy for me as my mother would never allow soda of any kind in our house. Oh, how I loved that lunch.

I waited each day to trade lunches with Robert Lincoln Jones, as I found what his name

was. Mother would have been appalled had she seen what I was eating and drinking, but she was delighted that I was eating everything she packed for me. She didn't have an inkling that I was eating junk, while Robert was devouring my healthy lunches. Robert and I were a team, and each day meant we learned more about each other. I think he must have found it very strange to talk and eat with a white girl. But truthfully no one paid the least bit of attention to us.

At the end of the week the field was picked out and on the last morning a rickety bus arrived to pick up the migrant workers. "Could we write to each other," I asked Robert. "Girl," he answered, "I caint write. I ain't never been to no school." I stood there crying as the bus pulled out. Over the years, I have wondered what ever happened to him. He was, as the kids say today my BFF for that one short week, and I will always be grateful that I met him.

As retired educator, I now realize what an impact Robert Lincoln Jones had on my life. Often, I chose to work with students who had had very little schooling, and I took up the challenge to make sure that they could read and write when they left my classroom. Because of Robert Lincoln Jones, I had a fabulous career and got up every morning thrilled to go to work and seeing in every face before me, my BFF, Robert Lincoln Jones.

A Flash Fiction Love Story

By Linda Merlino, Surf City

Louisa watched an excess of romance movies. Too many to count. Good for the soul or for dodging reality from her history of failed relationships. The time had arrived to face her strengths and foibles. Travel was the elixir. She carved out a long weekend, packed her car and headed north of Boston with a stop to visit her mother and then three days in Maine where she could clear her head, and find the optimistic Louisa, gone missing.

She stopped in New Hampshire at a local diner to pick up a chocolate frappe and a cinnamon roll for her mom. Two favorites from the days Louisa waited tables in high school. Despite the passing of twenty years, the town diner hadn't changed much. Loyal patrons sat in their favorite booths or on vinyl topped stools. So many memories flooded her mind. She shook off a Deja vu feeling, placed her order and perched on a stool to people watch. A few customers entered the restaurant allowing a bell to ring announcing their arrival. A tall man in a suit with a newspaper tucked under one arm moved with a casual grace in her direction.

"Lou?" he said.

The forgotten term of endearment took her by surprise. The man smiled, a lopsided grin she remembered. A conversation, so familiar, it seemed they had stepped away for a minute and then returned. The two were divorced. How does that happen? Coincidence? Who believes in such stuff? Forgotten, or buried, was the chemistry between them.

"Where are you headed?" he asked.

"York Beach Inn," she said.

"Just across the street from the Inn is a pathway to a tiny beach." He said. "All rocks and cliffs, but if you are brave, climb up and take in the view."

Louisa's order arrived, interrupting his suggestions.

"Will you have a coffee with me?" He asked.

"No thank you," she said.

He walked her to the parking lot. Held the car door and waved as she pulled away.

Her mother thought it serendipitous she bumped into her high school boyfriend, and Louisa regretted telling of the encounter.

"Mom, I have a plan to get myself back, the me I miss, the me in need of a new perspective. No distractions."

She biked the first day of her trip. Waved to folks walking, acquainted herself with the Innkeeper and his staff, and ate dinner alone, standing up, watching the waves crash on the rocky beach from her bedroom window. That night she slept without the usual racing thoughts or anxious imagined problems to solve. In the morning Louisa biked long and hard, climbed the cliff of rock that ascended from the beach and laid her back against its rough surface to look out to sea. In the evening she showered, dressed for dinner and was seated at a table for one as requested. She opened a book and laid it above her plate, bantered with the waiter, sipped a glass of wine and overheard the couple, a few tables over, discussing her singleness. Louisa disarmed them with a broad smile. She had found herself.

The waiter's voice, and another more courteous, polite, could be heard coming closer. A chair found its way to Louisa's table in the hands of the waiter standing behind the man with a sweet smile.

"Forgive me, Lou, but may I please have dinner with you?" He asked. All heads in the room turned. Ears waiting for an answer.

"Yes Andrew," she said. "I would like that."

The listeners clapped. The room exploded with cheers.

The Woman With The Beautiful Hands

by Rosemary Parker, Brunswick Forrest

There are days when I feel compelled to write. Today I don't want to write just aimlessly I want to write something that might remind you of someone you know.

Memories allowed to be opened in full detailed accounting can become stories from the past.

Today I am thinking of a woman I met one day at least 10 years ago at my bed and breakfast in the Hamptons. I had called from a local phone book someone to repair some torn screens in my house. I unexpectedly found someone who was willing to come and do the work that same day.

Just an hour later, A beat-up chipped-blue-colored pickup truck drove into the parking lot of my bed and breakfast. I saw a petite woman, dressed in a faded blue rolled-up sleeves' plaid shirt, jeans worn and tearing at the knees —the threads wearing so thin revealed the brown skin they barely covered. As she climbed out of her truck, I see her curly brown hair was tucked under a red baseball cap and her ruddy reddish-brown complexion had a slightly dusty appearance. I imagined it to be from the dirty screens she had replaced earlier that day on her last job. I was pleasantly surprised that it was a woman who owned the small business that I had contacted.

While I explained to her what I needed, she remained very quiet and shy like a Catholic school girl brought before the head nun for questioning. To ease her, I told her I was so happy to meet another female entrepreneur. She looked directly into my eyes for the first time and smiled such a beautiful smile revealing her less than perfect teeth. Then she looked down at my recently manicured hands. She said, "you have such beautiful hands".

I took her hands in mine and said "no my dear — you have hands far more beautiful than mine. Your hands are a testament to your hard work that provides an income for your family. With hands like these I know your children are well-fed, they have a good home to come home to and they are taught the most important principles in life. Work hard and you will always have a grateful life. Don't ever be ashamed of these beautiful hands." She looked up at me smiling as a singular tear ran down her cheek and she said, "thank you".

In a matter of just a few hours, all of the work was complete. I walked back outside to hand her a check while she loaded her supplies into the back of her truck. As she pulled out of the driveway, I felt grateful to have had the opportunity to have met this woman that day. This small brown skin Latino woman was one of the most impressive women I have ever met.

Ring In The New Year

by Pat Dischino, Brunswick Forrest



Long before technology took social gatherings to its present, sometimes unrestrained level, young people savored entertainment, not unlike the youth of today. Dating, in 1932, was still a matter of boy meets girl, except the absence of cellphones and the Internet often hampered courtships.

Dancing ranked as a prime source of entertainment for young adults. As their tootsies whirled around the floor, gliding to the music of the day, life's mishaps magically melted away.

On weekends, twenty-one-year-old Margot and her dearest friend Margarita rode the Mount Beacon Incline Railway to the top where a bit of heaven existed. Walkways and summerhouses, along with a large casino and hotel, were all part of this exhilarating retreat.

The Casino was the focus of the two young women as they danced to the strains of 'Night and Day' as well as other popular tunes of the times, until the last Railway of the evening, descended.

A month before the Christmas Holidays, the excursion would be lit with colored lights and a huge tree to welcome the festive season.

Timing was sad for Margot as her father was near dying. The ride up the mountain was bittersweet. Stunning decorations of the casino, somehow put a brief hiatus on grief as the glowing luminescence and the band playing upbeat music created a bubble of wonderment.

Margarita broke the silence as they entered the casino. *Oh Margot, I think this is the most beautiful ever.* Smiling for the first time in a while, Margot heartily agreed.

They danced for over an hour with familiar faces as well as strangers before deciding to take a break. Prohibition prohibited alcoholic drinks so Coca Cola was their choice.

Two young men arrived from New York as first timers. Harold, slight of frame, with deep brown eyes, carried a serious expression. Bill, Harold's cousin, was by far the better looking. Tall with light brown curly hair, he exhibited an added attraction, when he revealed a deep dimple that increased in depth with his smile.

Both sat at the bar, consumed Cokes and began conversations with the young ladies also sipping sodas.

Would you like to dance? Those simple words filled the evening with the appropriate choreography. Conversation ensued as the four switched partners several times.

Alas, it was closing time. On the descending trip down on the train, parting conversation followed, initiated by Bill.

How about meeting next week at the Casino? All four agreed. As they went their separate ways, Margot felt she was in love.

Oh Margarita, isn't Bill gorgeous. I can't wait until next week.

Margarita felt the same way about Bill, but did not want to compete with her best friend. The week passed slowly as Margot's father's death was imminent. The young lady felt guilty just thinking about the upcoming weekend. Her sisters encouraged her to go.

There they are. Margarita was the first to see Harold and Bill. To Margot's shock and dismay, Bill walked right past her, recognizing her friend with a warm embrace.

Harold and Margot awkwardly greeted one another. Each was hoping for the opposite date. The evening began uncomfortably. However, romantic music and the fact that Harold was an incredible dancer altered Margot's disappointment. Two hearts melted and joined. By the time the Incline reached the ground, the two vowed to meet on the top of Mount Beacon for New Year's Eve. This actually would be their third meeting.

The day after Christmas, Margot's father died. The arrangements for his burial took almost the entire week. Grief covered the household with darkness. Against her own better judgment, Margot went alone to keep the New Year's Eve rendezvous. Before completing one dance, Margot and Harold descended the Incline, found a justice of the peace in a nearby town and celebrated with an elopement.

Complications kept the couple from being together but that's a story for another day. I'm glad New Year's joined the two. Otherwise, I wouldn't have written this tale.

A River Runs Through It by Joan McLoughlin

by Sherrod Sturrock, Wilmington NC



It's the blue that draws you in, wide then disappearing into the vanishing point two-thirds of the way up the canvas. It is a patchwork of darks and lights, pools of deep grey, flashes of azure, splashes of cobalt crested with white that promise deep pockets, hidden dangers, and churning energy.

Your eye is drawn up and then, following the turn of the brush, cascades down to a dripping waterfall. Dark curving strokes bank the blues, lined by an advancing column of trees, rooted with trailing inky fingers. Stark black trunks explode into shimmering golden boughs, like Aspen dancing in the bright of their collective glory. The ground is littered with the trees' glow, forest shedding autumnal leaves. In the background are distant hills, greily obscured by mist. The eye sees – is it mountains? Or is it the sky banked for a coming storm. A breath of white vapor drifts against the darkening horizon. Step back, outside the frame, and it is an image of joy and promise of places to go and things to come.



The Lady in Red

by Nancy Bryans, Brunswick Forest



A relic of the 1930s Great Depression, the lady of this story valued life and her surroundings differently than today's modern women. During her lifetime, women of all social classes were subjected to "hard times" in various measures. These women learned to cope, to the best of their abilities, with circumstances beyond their control and sometimes beyond their imagination.

This lady, with a heart-shaped face, married her husband on Valentine's Day. She decorated their home and herself in her favorite color, red. She thought of it as a happy color; the opposite of drab black too often worn by families mourning the loss of their loved ones due to accidents or illnesses for which there were no surgical or medicinal remedies. Her family, like many during dreary Depression days, suffered loss of income. Deprived of former luxuries, simple items like fresh meat, vegetables or eggs became welcome treats. She could only dream of a new store-bought dress, coat, or shoes. She never complained about the stresses of life, but handled every situation with grace and aplomb. Undaunted by electrical outages, appliance failures, natural disasters or tight finances, she creatively and cheerfully adapted to life's vicissitudes.

She kept her family clothed and fed, despite shortages of money and supplies, by learning to stretch a dollar to the maximum. Out of necessity, she became an accomplished seamstress. She designed and sewed clothes for her family, but stitched her clothes and house decorations with red as the dominate color. For Valentine's Day, she decorated her table with red candles in silver holders and a cube box

centerpiece covered in white paper with large red cutout hearts on each side and top. The lid heart had a slit to insert hand-made Valentine cards to and from family members. Heart-shaped biscuits at breakfast, heart-shaped sandwiches for lunch, and a heart-shaped coconut cake with red sprinkles for dessert became annual expectations. For Christmas, she decorated almost every room in her home with red ribbons, bows, bells and balls.

When her children were young, the lady and her husband dressed to attend a New Year's Eve party, he in his well-worn tuxedo and she in her pre-children red sequined evening gown. Thanks to the Depression, both ensembles fit them perfectly. Later her little girls played dress up in her Valentine red gown so many times, the sequins unraveled.

In their golden years, the loving couple enjoyed short car trips. One afternoon, with his wife at the wheel, the lady's husband said his lips felt chapped. She replied, "Honey, look in my purse for my tube of Chapstick." That afternoon, they decided to stop at a fast-food restaurant for a bite to eat. The lady noticed the girls at the counter were smiling and giggling as her husband gave their order. After receiving their food, the couple sat in a booth opposite each other. The lady gasped when she looked across the table at her husband's Valentine red lips.

After her eyesight faltered, no one had the heart to tell "the lady in red" that she was wearing clashing shades of her favorite color. Her children chuckled when told their mother wore a red gown and sported her signature Valentine red lipstick at two o'clock in the morning when she died at ninety-eight years young.

The Cheesecake

by Sheryl Keiper, Brunswick Forest



Her voice rang out and everyone within a half mile's distance would hear it.

"You are out of cream cheese? What? How did that happen?" she said.

The clerk was apologetic and polite.

"I have no clue, ma'am, but with the Covid cargo problem, I can't tell you when the next shipment will arrive," he said.

"It's bad enough that I can't find chocolate Nilla Wafers here in the South for the past ten years and I have to substitute chocolate graham crackers in my recipe instead, but no cream cheese now?" she screamed as she tried to control the hysteria in her voice.

"May I ask what you are making, ma'am?" the clerk gently asked. He was trying his best to calm this woman who was erupting like Mount Vesuvius.

"It's my classic, claim to fame chocolate cheesecake," the woman said.

"Oh awesome" responded the young clerk. "How much cream cheese do you need?"

"32 ounces of four 8 oz. packages of Philadelphia cream cheese. It doesn't

work with just any brand of cream cheese. It must be Philadelphia cream cheese," the woman said, a bit calmer now.

Since there was miraculously no line at his checkout counter, the young clerk continued to ask the less frantic woman questions.

"Does that recipe, by any chance, call for sour cream?" he asked.

"Yes," the woman said. "16 ounces of sour cream but it must be Daisy brand. No generic brand could be substituted."

"Ma'am," the clerk said, "I think you should purchase your sour cream now since we currently have Daisy brand in stock. With the supply chain affected by the Covid pandemic, you can't be guaranteed that we will have it next week."

"OK" now the semi-normal-calm woman said as she turned her grocery cart back around and headed to the dairy section of the store for her Daisy sour cream.

Jimmy, the young clerk, was basical-

ly a good kid. Working as a cashier after school kept him out of trouble with the rival gang and gave him some income to help support his single ho was currently working two double shifts as a nurse's aide at the local nursing home. Jimmy knew that his mother would be proud of him for his kindness to his customer.

She had always taught him to be kind, even though her husband, Jimmy's father, was abusive.

Forgiveness was part of her Christian upbringing and she wanted to pass this trait on to Jimmy.

But the pull of the gang was difficult to resist...

The now calm woman returned to the register with her Daisy sour cream.

"Ma'am, if you want, you can leave your first name and your phone number here with me and I can call you when the Philadelphia cream cheese arrives so you can have first dibs," Jimmy said.

The woman smiled. Her face suddenly lit up with that smile and she looked ten years younger.

"Thank you, young man. That is very kind of you," she responded as she wrote down her information for Jimmy.

Jimmy made good on his promise. He called the woman a week later when the cream cheese arrived.

Two weeks later, a smiling woman arrived at the grocery store asking for Jimmy. He was in the break room when his boss summoned him to the front of the store.

The woman was there to present him with the most delicious chocolate cheesecake he had ever eaten. His Mom was so proud of him as he shared a piece late into the evening with her.

"Do you think these raspberries on the top are frozen or fresh?" she asked Jimmy as she sliced the cake.

It was Christmas Eve as they finished the cake with their freshly brewed coffee at their small wooden kitchen table lit by a simple green Christmas candle.

"I know, for certain, Mom, that these raspberries are definitely fresh ones," Jimmy said as he devoured his piece of this delicious cheesecake, grateful to the woman and her quest for the Philadelphia cream cheese.



An Airplane Flight We'll Never Forget

by Brenden Connelly, Brunswick Forest



I'd like to share with you about an experience my parents and I had in January 2003, while flying to Miami out of New York for a cruise. My Mom was about to start a new job at the time, so we figured it was the perfect time for a vacation.

We boarded the plane, and everything seemed fine. Never did we think we would have to face a long grueling night. The plane was about to take off. That is when the trouble began.

First, there was a problem with the plane which resulted in a two-hour delay.

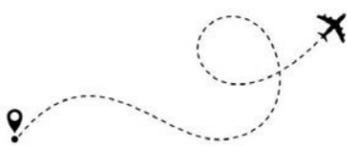
After the problem was resolved and it appeared we were ready to take off, someone decided they wanted to get off of the plane. Since we were just over a year past the 9/11 terrorist attacks, security was still heightened. This meant that the plane could not take off until they found the people's luggage who wanted to get off of the plane.

At the time, we were sitting on the tarmac for roughly three hours. Just as we were getting close to leaving, it started to snow, and we had to wait in a long line for the plane to be de-iced.

Just our luck, once it is our turn on the de-icing line, the machine ran out of fuel, and we had to wait for the machine to be re-fueled.

It was 11:30pm, and after sitting on the tarmac for six hours, we finally were underway to Miami.

Roughly, two and half hours later, we arrived in Miami. We were all tired and hungry as we only had pretzels and water the whole night. Just our luck, more drama was awaiting us as we left the airport.



We grabbed a taxi to go to our hotel and our driver was having trouble finding our hotel. He is about to just drop us off at a random hotel when we discovered that the hotel address, we had was wrong. Finally, after a long grueling night and early morning, at roughly 4AM, we arrived at our hotel.

We only got four hours of sleep that morning, but after a night and morning from hell, we were able to enjoy a nice cruise to the Bahamas.

Rooted In Love

By Bev Moss Haedrich, Wilmington NC



Birch logs line a meandering path through the dense forest symbolizing the couples' future together as families and close friends lead the way. A crisp white teepee, hoisted under a protective canopy of branches, would later reward

the little ones for their good behavior during the ceremony. An antique 1954 Willy truck outfitted with maple spigots stands at ease, off to one side, waiting to tap several organic brews when called upon. Formalities first, though. The guests sit on the edge of backless benches made from rough sawn local spruce. Oversized umbrellas lean against nearby tree trunks in case the menacing clouds open above them. A friend and his fiddle serenade the waiting crowd. Each time a leaf rustles or a twig crack under a shifting foot, several guests turn for a hopeful glimpse of the bride. "Mommy, I can't see," a toddler whispers loud enough for most to hear. She struggles to be taller. "Can you see her?" Everyone smiles as her mother's finger touched her lips. The child's impatience reminded me of a time years ago when I attended a Brazilian wedding. The minutes ticked away until half an hour had passed. Still, there was no sign of the bride. Some were concerned; others talked among themselves, catching up on the latest news. I glanced from one pew to the next, and it was as if the party had already begun. Not familiar with South American customs or traditions, I had no idea that an hour or more delay was not unusual.

The bride will arrive when she is ready, I overheard someone say. The unveiling of the couple's plans, from flowers and first dance to champagne toasts, would have to wait. A woman about the age of my grandmother sitting in the pew in front of us turned and beamed as she said in a heavy Portuguese accent, "This is, after all, the most important day in a woman's life." I smiled and relaxed. There's no need to rush, I thought. The fiddle grew louder, and everyone rose to their feet, turning as the parade embarked along the winding birch path toward the natural grassy floor. There were glimpses of the wedding party making their way through the woods. Their long dresses swept the trail as their partners' tuxedos faded into the hues of the shadowy forest. Two by two, the precession began until the maid of honor, her sister, paused for a brief moment to shield the bride before stepping onto the aisle.

The bride waited to complete her solo walk. Bathed in sweet innocence of white satin with a band of flowers perched like a halo on her flowing auburn hair, she paused. Her head tilted slightly; a sheepish smile formed on her lips. Was she going to cry before the ceremony began? The captivated eyes of well-wishers, some with tissues in hand, watched as the bride and groom took their first steps into the couples' future.

With all eyes on the loving couple, they sauntered in step up the aisle toward the minister, glancing first to one side, then the other. Their friends returned their gracious smiles; tissues dabbed the eyes of some. We were witnesses to their beginning. The couple hesitated at the edge of the split rail fence. The minister greeted them, looked downward at an ancient Bible, and recited familiar words of love and honor. We later learned the Bible had been in the groom's family since well before the turn of the century. The melodic vows heard by those within earshot were absorbed by a handmade arbor that stood erect yet with a slight tilt. It had been lovingly formed and nurtured over recent months by the guiding hands of the groom. Earlier that morning, unbeknownst to the crowd, the couple had planted a small tree as a promise of hope and faith for their coming years. There surely would be times when they would need to dig deep, stand tall, and face the weather's wrath. It would serve as their reminder to pause often, hand in hand, and enjoy the view. After the ceremony, the newlyweds headed off for a quiet stroll alone, and a mist began to fall. When they looked up, disappointed at first that their special day would end in rain, they saw it -- a brilliant double rainbow arched directly above them. Friends and family left the protection of the decorated and twinkle-lit reception tent to check out the commotion. The photographer's lens was aimed and steady. Frames clicked in rapid succession as he attempted to capture the couple's expressions as they looked upward, the light rain falling across their faces. The sapling planted that morning stood upright nearby, basking in the evening shower, and the couple embraced, realizing their journey had begun, rooted in love, beneath the evening's colorful rainbow.

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Never Give Up on Faith, Hope, Lights, and a Little Magic.

by Chuck Schwartz, Guest Writer*, Hilton Head, SC



While reading for some inspiration over the holidays, I re-read a Christmas-related story from my book, "Chuck's Lemonade, A Recipe for Inspired Thinking and Living." It's everything (for me) that the true spirit of Christmas time is all about: faith, hope, lights, and a little magic. I enjoy reading this story every so often (and also telling it to others) and recalling the moments of that magical, memorable day.

The story goes like this:

Life is what you make it.

My wife and I were making the best of it in Texas after my business partner lied to me, stole from me, and caused an abrupt and painful ending to the business venture that brought us to Texas. She was nearing the end of the treatments she was receiving due to an illness, so we decided to remain in Texas for the holidays and not disrupt her treatment schedule. Life was still anything but certain. Except for us. We were certain about us, our goals, and our dreams.

Since we were staying in Texas for the holidays (rather than visiting with our families back in New York), we decided to plan a little trip to make the best of it. We drove to Johnson City (a small town a few hours away) to explore the historic old town, and see what we heard was a most amazing Christmas lights festival. We planned as much as we could, and off we went.

We arrived in Johnson City and checked into the inn where we had reserved a room for the night. As I noted previously, Johnson City is a small town, and it was very quiet and empty when we arrived. We found out that many of the places

and things we had hoped to explore were closed for the holidays, and we were now faced with being in a very small town with very little to do. We had a choice. We could let it get the best of us, or we could make the best of it.

Our room at the inn had a microwave, so we drove to the local grocery/hardware store and bought cheese and crackers, frozen TV dinners, and the only bottle of wine we could find. We planned to spend the rest of the day and night in our room at the inn. Not what we had planned, but planning to make the best of it.

When we were done shopping and on our way back to the inn, we drove past a restaurant and noticed a car in the parking lot. We stopped to see if they were open and to our surprise they were! A nice lady at the front counter welcomed us, and for the next few hours we enjoyed wonderful and hot comfort food, cold beer, and football on a small tv. It was a great surprise, and we immediately felt a little better about our trip.

A while later we left the restaurant to head back to our hotel room again (to drop off the groceries) before heading to the lights festival, and in doing so we passed a local cantina. Seeing a few cars parked out front, we stopped, peeked in the door, and discovered it too was open. Surprise number two! We purchased two beers from the bartender, and shared with him that we were in town for the lights festival. He said to us that the cantina would be open all night, so we should go and check out the lights and then

come back for live music and drinks after. We accepted his invitation, and left with smiles on our faces.

The light festival was everything we had hoped for. A small park in a small town all dressed up in beautiful white lights. We walked around the park and took in the festivity. We were feeling pretty good about things.

We left the light festival and headed back to the cantina to find it full of locals drinking and waiting to hear live music. Greeted by the bartender again, and the locals, we were treated to drinks much of the rest of the night. Yes, you read that right - treated - as in someone else paid, and we didn't even know anybody there!

We returned to our room at the inn later that night, smiling and amazed at what had happened to us that day.

Our lemons had turned into lemonade.

Coincidence?

I think not, because life is what you make it.

A few days later my wife and I traveled to Hilton Head Island, South Carolina (a place we planned to retire someday) and came up with a plan to relocate there more than ten years earlier than planned. Just a few short months later we were calling Hilton Head Island our home.

The rest, as they say, is history.

Chuck Schwartz is the author of "Chuck's Lemonade, A Recipe for Inspired Thinking and Living" and The Chuck's Lemonade Collection of inspirational books, journals, presentations and more, all designed to help you think better so you can live better. Visit www.chuckslemonade.com to and subscribe to receive a daily dose of Chuck's Lemonade.



Chime Anytime

For a \$25 donation, we will send a wind chime to a pediatric cancer patient at UNC Children's Hospital.

A wind chime will be placed in a gift box and we will include a card with your name on it unless you choose to remain anonymous.




Butterfly

My idea behind "Chime Anytime" is this....when a cancer patient finishes their treatment, they get to ring a bell. All too often, we lose a patient before they get to ring the bell. Our "Chime Anytime" project sees that every time a child reaches a goal they've set for themselves they get to "chime". (In a sense, ring a bell for an accomplishment well done.) Goals might be brushing their teeth by themselves, putting their socks on by themselves, or maybe they did 5 minutes of physical therapy instead of 3 minutes the day before. In order to make a difference, we rely on generous community members & local businesses. We help over 600 children per year and we know it makes a difference in their situation as well as the parents. I know because I was one of those moms.

Hummingbird



Front and Back of card included.

Dragonfly



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What Is This Thing Called LOVE?

by Ray Burkart, Wilmington

One of my buddies and the local stand-up comedian here at Plantation Village is MaryAnn Nunnally. A month or so ago, she stopped by my table in our dining room and said "Ray, I want you to write a story for the next issue of our local Voices periodical magazine". On occasion, I have written stories for our PV in-house quarterly, and I was flattered she would ask me. Then, I asked her if there was any particular subject. She thought a moment and said "Why don't you write on LOVE, since the publication will come out in February and that's when we celebrate Saint Valentine's Day." My immediate thought was - how does anyone even begin to talk about LOVE in 700 or less words? Poets, writers, pastors, philosophers and song writers have been trying to explain LOVE since the first caveman scribbled on a stone wall! A daunting task!! 700 words could be used up to just call out some of the nouns and verbs describing LOVE. But I told her I would think about it.

After some procrastination, I determined I must choose a tiny fraction of the story of LOVE. One of my passions (LOVES) is singing and I am a member of our 30 person PV Singers. In my, almost 87-year-old head, I carry words to hundreds of old songs familiar to mature folks here. My ALEXA stays busy playing a lot of them. Good sound insulation in my 4-unit Villa protects the neighbors' ears from the noise of my, sometimes loud, singing. When I thought of songs that contain the word LOVE, the

first one that popped into my head was "What Is This Thing Called LOVE?" This one may be unfamiliar to many of you younger readers. It was written by Cole Porter and anyone who loves music will be familiar with him. He wrote this song for the 1929 movie, "Wake Up And Dream," and it was first sung by Elsie Carlisle. Of the hundreds of songs he wrote for some of the most successful Broadway Shows of our time, at least 26 of them contained the word LOVE. Just a few most of you will remember are: Easy To Love, Do I Love You, I Love Paris, Let's Do It-Let's Fall in Love, True Love, I Love You and So In Love. His songs have been recorded by dozens of the most famous singers of our time. Hundreds of albums have been recorded and he has received Tony and Grammy awards and was nominated for Academy Awards. Porter is probably America's most prodigious song writer. So, in honor of LOVE, here are a couple of verses:

What Is This Thing Called Love?
What Is this thing called love?
This funny thing called love?
Just who can solve its mystery?
Why should it make a fool of me?

I saw you there one wonderful day
You took my heart and threw it away
That's why I ask the Lord in Heaven above
What is this thing called Love?

I was a hum-drum person
Leading a life apart
When love flew in through my window wide
And quickened my hum-drum heart
Love flew in through my window
I was so happy then
But after love had stayed a little while
Love flew out again

What is this thing called love?
This funny thing called love?
Just who can solve its mystery?
Why should it make a fool of me?
Ah yes, LOVE! A mystery we all try to solve along the way. From LOVE of our thumb,
parental LOVE, sibling LOVE, LOVE of pets,
puppy LOVE, LOVE of learning, married LOVE,
LOVE of our first kiss, passionate LOVE, LOVE of our car, LOVE of music, LOVE of our children, LOVE of our parents, LOVE of the pretty redhead in the third grade, LOVE of dancing,
LOVE of reading, Agape LOVE, LOVE of food, LOVE of sports And a thousand other LOVES!!
So, in honor of St. Valentine's Day, I wish the LOVE you send through flowers, cards, gifts and those little messages printed on tiny heart shaped candies will be returned to you by those whom you LOVE.

Lucky Charms

by Charles Bins

Sean, now five, was born March 17th and he loved *Lucky Charms*. On his 3rd birthday while the sun shined on his cereal, the Leprechaun leapt onto the table, danced a jig, and took a bow. "I'm Patrick," he said tipping his top hat. "I'm your new best friend. And boy, do you need me."

Patrick shared all his time with Sean. Whenever Sean played in the sandbox, the Leprechaun would dance atop Sean's castles and sing, "Oh, Danny Boy." On special occasions, he would spray the air with *Pink Hearts* *Yellow Moons* *Orange Stars* and *Green Clovers*.

Most days, Sean's mother was busy working, and his father travelled. Sean played with friends at school, but Patrick was always with him, especially when he had a question or felt down.

At supper, his parents talked about grown up stuff. One night, he asked his mom if she was eating too much meatloaf. She said, "A baby is coming." Sean decided the baby must really like meatloaf. Patrick assured him: "Don't worry. You're the apple of their eye, lad, and after all, you were here first."

Every night after teeth, Sean's mom read him adventure stories and kissed him three times. When the door closed, Patrick always whispered, "Sweet dreams, lad." Sean dreamed of kicking balls, building skyscrapers, and playing policeman. And every

day, Patrick would pat him on the back and help him ponder things.

Today when Sean came for breakfast, his mother bent over and struggled for a chair. Sean fetched her purse, and she called a taxi, then his Dad. She told him her "concoctions" were getting close.

When she hung up, she asked for water. Before Sean could hand her the glass, though, it looked like she spilled it on the floor. "Water's breaking," she blurted. Sean froze, but Patrick read his face: "She's still holding the glass, lad, and you didn't spill it."

When the taxi came, his mother sat in front and Sean climbed in back. He held the door for Patrick who wanted to crouch on the floor, but Sean made him wear a seatbelt.

"Lakeside Hospital, hurry!" his mother puffed as they sped off. Between puffs, she turned to Sean with a smile. "Today, you'll be my little man. Daddy's on his way, but he might not get here in time, so Grammy will meet us."

Patrick chimed in, "Good, we can all play in the waiting room." No one laughed.

A nurse helped his mom into a wheelchair and

pushed her to a bright room on the third floor. After Grammy joined them, he and Patrick played hide-and-seek. But there weren't many places to hide, and his mom moaned a lot.

The moment the doctor stepped in, Grammy stepped out and led them to a waiting room with toys. Before Sean could grab the cherry-topped patrol car, Patrick locked eyes: "You're a big boy now, and soon you'll have company."

"What do you mean?" Sean blinked.

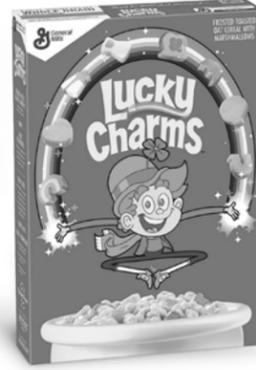
"A baby, I think."

Sure enough, a few hours later, Grammy held Sean up to the window to see rows of babies. Somebody made mistakes with the diaper pins, though: Babies were screaming their teeth out.

Grammy pointed to two rosy cheeks in front sleeping soundly. "Those two sleeping beauties are your sisters, Sean. --Twins."

Patrick clicked his heels. "Pretty soon, there'll be so much jabbering in your house, lad, you won't be able to hear me." Waving his wand, he streaked the air with hearts, moons, stars and clovers.

Sean was so busy watching his wriggling sisters he hardly noticed. "Ooh, two!" he squealed, "Two, *Lucky Charms*!!!"



Winners and Losers

by David Hume III, Brunswick Forest



Playing interscholastic sports at a small high school in farm country south of Washington, D.C., helped us to understand what the term "underdog" meant. The Piccowaxen High School's varsity baseball team was a perennial cellar dweller until the spring of 1957, when the decades of defeat disappeared. This radical change was due to the playing prowess of our catcher, Mike McFadden, who was always big for his age. Between his junior and senior year, he added an additional 75 pounds to his 200-pound frame, but no cleats could be found to fit his size 14, quadruple "E" foot. Instead, he wore his old brown leather, high top work shoes.

The season started with a home game against last year's state champion, Saint Bartholomew's Academy. The final score was a painful 10-2 in favor of Saint Bartholomew's Academy. Our next game was against Riverside, who had won last year's contest by 15 runs. They showed up looking for another easy win. The Riverside bench laughed when McFadden took batting practice, calling him Tank and the Blimp Bomber.

That attitude changed when their pitcher faced our first batter who crushed the third pitch over the outfield wall. McFadden, batting clean-up, hit the first pitch straight between the pitcher's legs, scoring two RBIs. The final score, 23-1, avenged our previous humiliation. Piccowaxen continued to win and we swept seven of the largest schools in the D.C. Metro area. We squeaked by two more schools by one run in the semifinals. Our team was ready to play against our nemesis, Saint Bartholomew's Academy, for the state championship. The game was held in Baltimore's Memorial Stadium on a Saturday morning in front of 25,000

people.

The contest was a defensive battle fought by the pitchers. The score stood at 1-0 in favor of St. Bartholomew's when Mike McFadden stepped into the batter's box, and the shouted insults increased. Mike silenced his critics when he lifted a three and two pitch into the upper deck of the Oriole's stadium, a spot rarely reached by professionals. At the end of the inning, the score stood at 7-1 in our favor. The powerhouse of Saint Bartholomew's Academy collapsed. You could see defeat in the eyes of their players as the last three batters were struck out by our freshman pitcher. And finally, we were somebody!

McFadden had a 12-year career with the AAA West Michigan Whitecaps, and he was selected by the Detroit Tigers as their top prospect. Two months before his reporting date, he shattered his right leg in a motorcycle accident. Orthopedic surgeons saved his leg, but not his baseball career. McFadden fell victim to the pain killers he was prescribed. As hard as he tried, Mike McFadden could never get close to the emotional high he experienced on that special day in June of 1957. He died alone of a heroin overdose in a shabby room of a Baltimore crack house like so many in the autumn of 1978. The police property receipt listed one item found in his back pocket; a dog-eared photograph of a high school baseball team with words above the smiling group of young men stamped in gold leaf, "Piccowaxen Pirates - State Champions - June 4, 1957."

McFadden was not a victim of a random disaster or a sudden disease. He was destroyed by prescription pain medications—later to be called the opioid epidemic—a chronic, long-term health problem exacerbated by short-term "snake oil" fixes.

First Love - A Valentine's Day Memory - Confessions of a 7-Year-Old

by Jan Morgan-Swegle, Compass Pointe



I fell in love for the first time when I was seven years old. His name was Neil and he sat next to me at school. He was blonde and was as tall as I was. He had a nice smile, but looking back I realize that his teeth were like the cartoon character, Bugs Bunny. I did my best to make him notice me. I offered him my new pencil, I told him that the shirt he wore for school pictures was my favorite color and I even offered him a cookie from my lunch. He was polite, but treated me like everyone else in our class. I, on the other hand, followed his every movement with my green eyes and was the first one to cheer for him when he raced with other boys at recess. I never shared my feelings about loving Neil with anyone, until today.

Valentine's Day was approaching and in art class, we made mailboxes for the Valentine's cards we would receive. We were told by our teacher that we had to send each person in the class a Valentine so no one would feel left out.

I went to the store with my mother to buy a box of paper Valentine's Day cards and envelopes. I sat at the kitchen table writing my name on the back of each one. I picked out the best card in the box to give to Neil. I wrote my name with a flourish on the back and neatly printed his name on the front of the envelope. I even underlined it. I knew he would realize that I saved the best card for him.

On the day we were to exchange cards I was so excited. Each of us took turns being the "Postman" and put each card in its respective mailbox. When all of the cards were delivered, we were allowed to open them. I hurriedly opened each one and flipped them over looking for Neil's name. I found it and I realized that my heart was beating fast. There was no flourish in his handwriting when I saw my name on the envelope and just his name appeared on the back. That was OK, in my heart I knew that he felt the same way about me that I did about him, but was too shy to tell me. After we got married and had babies, he would tell me.

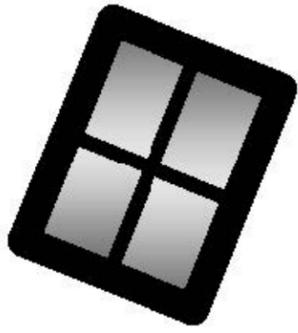
Time went by and my love for Neil was still strong. Strong but quiet. But, one day when we were all in the school yard for recess, I was looking for Neil. I couldn't find him anywhere. I asked one of his friends if he knew where Neil was and he laughed. He said, "Yeah, he's with Amy. He loves Amy."

Amy? The small, blonde girl who just moved here? That Amy? And then I saw them. They were holding hands. I was heartbroken. He loved another woman. He didn't even look at me when they passed me to go back into our classroom.

A week or two later my parents told me we were moving to another city. They were buying a house. I was convinced that we were moving to mend my broken heart.

That was 63 years ago. Neil had an unusual last name so a few years ago, I did a Google search on him when I was in school reunion mode. I found him. Well, actually, I found his obituary with a picture of him. His face was old, his skin was wrinkled but his teeth hadn't changed. I sat in front of the computer staring at his face remembering those Valentine's Day card and how he broke my heart.

"Goodbye, Neil," I said, "I'll never forget you. You were my first love."



THE TEEN SCENE

FREE

Tomorrow's Voices Today

Early College High School



It All Started From A Dream

by Margie Steve, 11th Grade



It all started out as a bowl of soup with a sandwich in the fellowship hall of Camp United Methodist Church located on 4807 Mainstreet Shalotte, North Carolina and since then it has grown.

Brenda Register has had recurring dreams from when she was a little girl about feeding people. She was cooking, stirring big pots and imagining picnic tables and wooden benches outside while laying food out in bowls. One day during a church council meeting, Brenda was led to have a soup kitchen and it was all agreed upon by the church members.



Every Friday from 4pm to 5:30pm the soup kitchen gives out community meals to anyone who would like a meal. People

come and pull into the parking lot and one of the many volunteers will ask how many and soon meals will be handed to them.

Brenda Register said that her goal is plain and simple, "whoever needs a meal gets a meal." One of their big accomplishments is that last summer when covid was severe, we were feeding 180 people since then it has decreased. It was a big accomplishment because they had helped people when they were in need and now, they have seen people get back on their feet.



The soup kitchen serves around 125-150 meals weekly and in 2021 they had served over 5,906 meals out to the community. The soup kitchen survives on donations and volunteering, and monthly planning.

Joe is a person who has been living on the streets and the soup kitchen has known him for over 4 years. Joe comes out every Friday to help out and serve like he has been served. Joe said "if they were not here, then I would be starving to death, but because they are here for the community, I know that I can

eat on Friday nights. Joe says "if you are hungry, come see us, they will feed you and they have very good food."

Kaitlyn Steve who comes out every Friday to help volunteers says that volunteering helps her to be more confident in knowing that she can help make a difference and be able to interact with people. She says "volunteering doesn't just allow me to have a place to go, but it is also very rewarding to me." She says "volunteering can inspire teens to explore out of their shell like I did and allows them to discover something they didn't know they could do." Volunteering has a huge impact on teens because it looks really good on resumes and can help open up opportunities.

Mary Lee who works in the kitchen to prepare all the food says "I know that we are serving a lot of people and I enjoy being a part of that." She loves to cook, clean, or whatever she needs to do to help out. She says because they never know how many people will show up, she makes sure there is plenty of food to go around so no one gets turned away because there was no food left. There is always plenty of food, even if it is something whipped up in a few minutes.



Artwork "Hands" by S. Baker

It's All About Inspiration

by Margie Steve, 11th Grade and Nathaniel Brown, 9th Grade



Teaching all started from elementary school in her pretend classroom. Imagining what it would be like to be a teacher and to have her own classroom and students was something she loved. Her love for learning and her



love for school has inspired her to be the teacher she is today. Leah Brown (known as Ms. Perkins) is a math teacher at Early College, but she does much more than teaching.

Mrs. Brown said while I was in elementary school "I would play school and make my little brother pretend to be my student. My teachers would give me old school supplies that I would use in my pretend classroom." Mrs. Brown said that she had never heard of an early college until she taught at Duplin Early College in Kenansville, North Carolina. Therefore, teaching here at BCECHS is not her first rodeo.

Mrs. Brown said that her favorite memory of 2021 was "watching the sunset at a luau on Maui with my husband on our honeymoon." Her favorite thing to look forward to in 2022 is traveling to Italy and Greece in June of this year.

A goal Mrs. Brown has as a teacher is to "show my students kindness each day." A goal Mrs. Brown has for her students "that they would leave my class with a passion for learning."

Mrs. Leonard, an English teacher here at early college says she likes "Mrs. Perkins can do attitude." If Mrs. Perkins can do it, she will do it.

Mrs. Jessup, the counselor at early college says that "Ms. Perkins is an awesome math teacher because of her genuine love for math! She really wants her students to see math as approachable, not overwhelming. She is patient, while also

having high expectations for her students to make an effort and ask questions. She is super supportive and empowering to her students in the classroom, and in the clubs she leads!"

Isabella Wood, a freshman at ECHS said "Ms. Perkins is honestly the best teacher I think I have ever had, her personality and her love for teaching math is really what encourages her students to try their very best! Even though I don't have her this semester for Math 2, I go and speak to her every day because she is an amazing teacher and she treats us like her own!"

One of the many extra things Mrs. Perkins does outside of teaching, preparing students to travel and explore the world during the summer through EF Tours. She said "I was fortunate enough to travel to Brazil during my junior year of college and since then, I have had a desire to travel to as many places as possible. Traveling allows us to humble ourselves and appreciate diversity. When we travel, we gain a deeper appreciation for cultures other than our own and also return home more grateful than we left. When I travel with students, I get to interact with them on a whole new level and we have so much fun together getting to learn more about each other and ourselves."

Many students get to explore a new country and for some their first time because of the life changing opportunities that Ms. Perkins gives. Students receive learning opportunities and have very positive experiences. ECHS is very fortunate to have a dedicated teacher like Ms. Perkins.

Did You Know?

Mrs. Perkin has snorkeled with sharks in the open water in the Florida Keys and has seen a wild sloth in Costa Rica?



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Keiran Daniels
and the Leland Middle
School Journalism Club:
Viola Brown
Erica Cook
Alayia Durant
Charlie Sedbrook
Gabriel Taylor

Cedar Grove Middle
School

Delilah Miller

West Brunswick High
Shool

Zoey Boswell
Destiny Noblitt



The Issues of Today: Parenting

by Isabella Wood, 9th Grade



How does your parenting style affect your child? This question is one of the most googled questions there is, so let's break it down. Firstly, many people disregard the idea that parenting affects their child because many parents think that since they were parented a certain way and they turned out alright, that this parenting style must also work with their kids. This is a common misconception. In fact, your kids are completely different from you, so they are going to respond and cope differently than you did.

Studies, such as those conducted by psychologist Gwen Dewar, have proven that the way you parent your child affects their personality, self-esteem, social competence, and their happiness. An exam-

ple of this is the 'authoritarian' parenting style. This term describes parents who have strict rules and poor communication with their children. Those who use this style will generally lead their children into doing great things because they have high expectations but at the cost of their happiness and self-esteem. So, is it really worth it? Now I'm not saying that you are the problem or that you should change the way you parent your child, but I'm saying that you need to take into consideration the way your child might react to the parenting style you use. And don't be so hard on them all the time. They are children with a lot going on in their lives! Most of which they don't even tell you, which may be because of the way you parent them. I hope that this article has given you some new perspectives about parenting.

Empty Pages

by Anna Adams, 12th Grade

Unwritten thoughts become bygone ages.
Forgotten ideas remain locked within
that flowed through the mind but not the pen,
except this short lament for empty pages.



West Brunswick High School

Finding A Safe Place The Comfort of LGBT+ Students at West

by Destiny Noblitt, 10th Grade



Being LGBT+ in this day and age is still scary even though people are a lot more accepting than in the past. It's even scarier coming out when you go to school, especially public school. A lot of schools have protocols to follow to make LGBT+ students feel more accepted; however, West Brunswick and other Brunswick County Schools do not have official programs or official "safe places" for LGBT+ kids, even though many kids in the district would benefit from it.

"I always tell people to be themselves," said counselor Nathan Bell. "You have to get you a good strong base of friends. It's hard being in a school with 1,500 kids, and you feel like you're different. I always tell them you're not alone; sometimes it's just harder to find people who accept you."

Even with the help of supportive staff and friends, it can still sometimes be hard to feel accepted, especially in a rural area like

Brunswick County. People from small towns aren't always the most accepting because a lot of people are used to what society deems as "traditional."

"I wasn't really worried about coming out at school; it was just coming out, in general, that was scary," said sophomore Joey Nguyen. "I think some of the teachers are accepting, but you can tell that some of the teachers aren't cool with it, but they don't ever say anything because they're at work and they have to be professional."



For some a safe place can be their sports team, their friend group or maybe even a specific classroom around although some people haven't found their safe place which is why there are things like "Trevor's Project," a non-profit organization that focuses on suicide prevention surrounding the LGBT+ community, especially young lives.

2021 HOSA Regional Competition

Zoey Boswell, 11th Grade



HOSA club members traveled to Dixon High School in Onslow County to compete in several medical careers. Each member competed in a different subject whether it was health events, health professions, emergency preparedness, leadership, teamwork, or recognition events. Some students were required to take tests, some were required to perform medical attention, and some were even required to bring their own demonstrations such as posters or presentations. Many West Brunswick HOSA members ranked in the top 3 places of their competition and will move forward onto state competition.



(above) Zoey Boswell, Connor Evans, Jewelie Gore, and Logan Franklin holding awards up for picture.

1st place winners

John Nguyen - Medical Math

2nd place winners

Brooklyn Nealy - Home Health Aid

Ruth McKenzie - Cultural Disparities

Logan Franklin and Conner Evans - CERT

3rd place winners

Brycen Wilson - Medical Math

Erin Kelly - Home Health Aid

Jewelie Gore and Zoey Boswell - Healthcare Career Display

Macie Coley - Sports Medicine



(right) Bryson Wilson takes third place and John Nguyen takes first place.

The Reality of Teens Lives Today: Depression

by Nathaniel Brown, 9th Grade



According to the Center for Disease Control and Prevention, also known as the CDC, people aged 18-29 have a 21% chance of experiencing depression in their lifetime. This number has risen 7.99% since the start of the century.

I am sure you are wondering why these rates have gone up so much. Well, that's a bit controversial. Most parents say the leading cause of increased depression rates is teens' nearly unlimited access to technology. Some parents say that social media is the cause of the increased rates.

Social media has impacted the growth in teen depression rates. However, not all social media apps are bad for teens' mental health. Apps like TikTok, Instagram, and LinkedIn have proven to be good for teens by providing a way for teens to interact with their peers. If you ask a random parent walking down the road if they think their teen's phone is bad for them, they will most likely say yes. But they are actually wrong. Research has shown that having a phone and being able to communicate with their friends has a very good impact on teens' mental health.

Let's take a look at this issue from a scientist's perspective. Cecilia Flores, a neuroscientist at McGill University in Montreal, Canada, says that the real reason teen depression rates are up is that today's teens are lacking emotional and physical reward.

So, next time you tell your teenager that their phone or the social media apps they are on is causing their depression, think again. All they really need is a reward as small as a hug.



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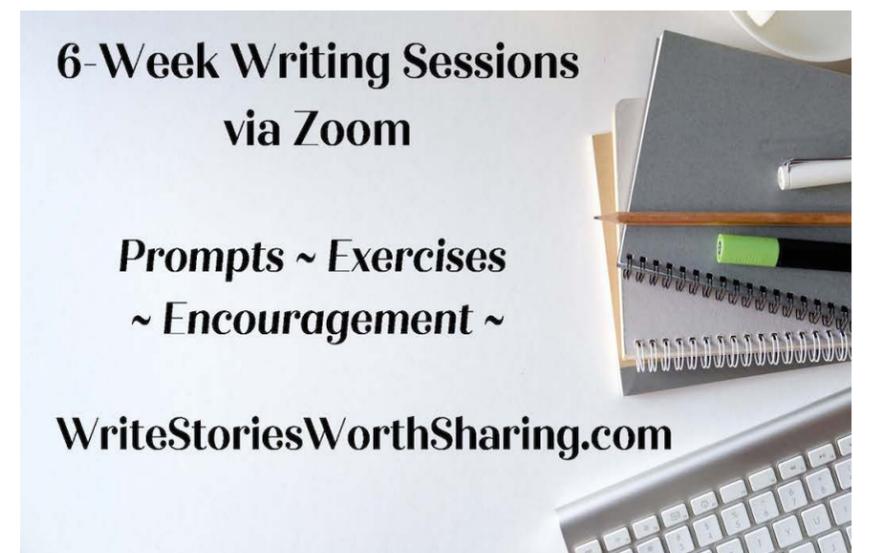
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Leland Middle School

The Barn

Recently during a meeting with the Leland Middle School Journalism Club, the students were asked to look at this picture of a barn. They were given 5 minutes to come up with a story about the barn and write it. This is what a few of them came up with, in that short time. TS touched them up a bit since they didn't have time to edit but the stories are theirs.

The Barn

by Viola Brown, 7th Grade

We passed this old barn during our family trip, and I started to wonder who lived there? What was in the old barn? Is it still useful? I wondered if I were to explore it, would it hold up while I was in it?

I asked my parents that night if I could explore the old barn we passed today. They readily agreed.

The next day after taking our showers and getting ready for the day, I screamed out, "IT'S TIME!!" "We haven't had breakfast yet!" cried my brother. "There's no time," I replied. We're on our way to the old barn.

"Where is it?" I asked. "It's been an hour now. It was just there yesterday?!"

At that moment, I realized that it was a magic barn and not just any other ordinary barn. We got out of the car and explored the area. After all of us had hopped over the old rusted gate, I took one step, and my heart started racing! As I looked up, there was the old barn sitting on a beautiful farm, and it looked like it had new paint!

My parents asked, "what do you see?" "I see a beautiful farm," I replied. "There's nothing there," they said. Then I realized that the barn isn't magic, I can see the past!!

The Barn

by Erica Cook, 7th Grade

As I looked out the window, the cars going back and forth, the barn looked like the building equivalent of rust. It looks haunted. I can imagine ghosts running back and forth and giant greasy rats nibbling on the old crumbs. How long had it been there? How much has it seen? Could it tell me the story of time?

The roof looked...like a bike that had been left in the rain for the last 30 years could probably use some oil. But in a way, it seems like a spot that a werewolf would live. I shuddered at the thought of how many kids got splinters there. Could it have been someone's old paradise, maybe a memory? Did it catch on fire? Was everyone ok? All the questions raced through my head and into my heart. It made me sad for something that wasn't mine nor could ever be.

Yet it looked old and peaceful now. Whose barn was it? What animals did they have? How were they doing? Did they even have any animals at all? I sighed. It looked like the perfect example of weather and time. I wonder if anyone even remembers it at all. Tears welled in my eyes. It looked sad yet, in a way, happy. Did it feel like that?

The Barn

by Alayia Durant, 7th Grade

As I am driving down the road, I see a barn. It looks like a pile of trash. I take a picture and wonder what happened with the barn. I'm surprised that whoever owned the old barn had not been torn down.

I keep looking at the barn, and questions start popping up in my mind. I get out of the car to look at the barn. I think it once was used as a playhouse, to be honest. I can picture it in my mind, kids laughing and running in and out of the barn with big smiles on their faces. Playing hide and seek with their friends, hiding from their parents. That's what I think of when I see that barn.



The Barn

by Charlie Sedbrook, 8th Grade

Back in the 1960s, the Ogilvies built a family barn; well, that's what my grandmother told me. She said that they were a big family of 5. But later on, they all passed away because of the Aberdeen Typhoid outbreak.

It is a sad story, actually. Apparently, the mother, Abby Ogilvie, got the sickness first out of the bunch, and then the whole family got it one by one. Over a span of a couple of months, they all passed away.

Now, every time my grandmother and I come down this road, we see this barn and lay flowers at the front gate to show our respect.

The Barn

by Gabriel Taylor, 7th Grade

Recently there have been two kids that had gone missing. I was on my way to my grandpa's house until I saw this old, run-down barn, and I decided to look at what was in there.

As I was approaching the barn, I reached from my phone just as the screen lit up, reading "TWO KIDS MISSING SEPTEMBER 2, 2021 IF FOUND, please get in touch with 911 REWARD IF FOUNDED." I got chills. These kids had been missing for months! I tried to forget about the missing kids, but I had a feeling I would find them.

The smell of the barn hit me the closer I got. It had the aroma of old nails, animal poop, and dead plants! I saw this light that beamed above me. I looked up to see a tiny window and an old rusted ladder. I was deciding if I should climb the ladder or go home. I looked around to see it was empty.

My grandpa called me, "where are you, Gabby?" I told him that I had stopped at the store and was almost home! "Ok, see ya." It was then I noticed that my hands started to bleed. I was on the last step of the ladder. I looked all around, and three bags caught my eye.

I put all of my stuff down and wiped my bleeding hands on my sweatpants. I walked slowly to the bags. I looked out the window in front of me and saw a man, in all black, rushing from the woods toward the barn. I ripped the first bag open to see a body of a girl. My heart dropped as I ran to my phone and looked at the amber alert. It was then I realized THIS IS ONE OF THE MISSING KIDS! I opened the next bag; it was another kid matching the amber alert. The third bag was filled with weapons bloody weapons. I grabbed all three bags and dropped them down to the exit. I put them in my trunk and drove away. The next day, I went to the police station, and I told them I saw someone in the woods also, little did I know that it was the murderer.



Pictures of Mr. Decker and the Leland Middle School Journalism Club.



Missing You

by Keiran Daniels, 8th Grade

Cheers of lovers

The boxes of chocolate wrapped in the
petite ribbon
watching the children give out the candy
Sitting all alone in the snow

As the lovers celebrate the beauty of love
hearing the dogs play at the park
chasing the other dogs and squirrels

I'm sitting all alone in the snow
missing you
wanting you
And needing you

What is a Normal School Year?

by Keiran Daniels, Leland Middle School, 8th Grade



It's safe to say that most 8th graders in the Cape Fear area haven't truly had a normal school year since our fourth-grade year, which for this writer would be 2017. The two major reasons are Hurricane Florence and the Covid-19 pandemic.

Even now, the new version of covid, referred to as Omicron, has caused our schools to shut down for two days in January and make masks mandatory again. School sports will likely get canceled, or at least we expect the will. Many of us are left asking, "what is a normal school year?"

Most students and teachers I questioned on this can agree that it's been hectic these past years and I don't think it'll get any better. Some

say it'll go away just like the Spanish flu but we're now in 2022 and we can see how it's going. But there is some joy out of all of it, some kids are actually happy for this five-day weekend we will have from January 13 - January 17th."

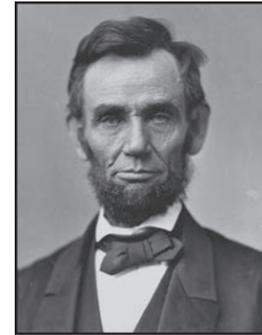
Normal?

Margie Steve, a Junior at Early College High School, added, "Many of us have been impacted since hurricane Florence. I haven't had a normal school year since 7th grade and now I'm in 11th. My education has been greatly affected, but I'm, like many are trying to get back on track, but then covid hit. The real question is, when will the next normal school year be? Does a normal school year even exist anymore?"

Abraham Lincoln

by Keiran Daniels, 8th Grade

One hundred fifty-seven years ago, our sixteenth president was born on the twelfth of this month in Hardin County, Kentucky. He was the second of three Lincoln children. Sadly, when Abraham was nine years old, his mother passed on October 5, 1818, due to milk sickness at the little pigeon creek community.



He served as the 16th president of the United States during the American Civil War. Unfortunately, at the age of 55, on April 15, 1865, 7:22 AM, he died from an assassin's bullet the night before at Ford's Theatre in Washington D.C. John Wilkes Booth, his assassin, was found two weeks later.

Cedar Grove Middle School



Congratulations to the following students for being selected as Bulldog of the Month for January!

Tonya Washington, 8th grader

Tonya is always kind and respectful to everyone. She works hard, gets her assignments done, and asks for help.

Ryan Hobbs, 8th grader

Ryan is a pleasure to have in all classes. He gets his work done, is respectful to others, and is willing to ask for help when he needs it.

Carson Metcalf, 7th grader

Carson has worked hard to improve his Science and Social Studies grades. He asks good questions, participates in discussions and helps other students. He is respectful and enjoyable to have in class. We are proud of his motivation.

Josiah Anaele-Dibia, 7th Grader

Josiah is always cheerful, comes to class prepared, gets along well with other students, and works hard every day.

Claire Branch, 6th grader

Claire is an excellent artist and a fantastic student! She is always on task and goes above and beyond on all assignments.

Zachary Justice, 6th grader

Zachary is an excellent artist and a fantastic student! He is always on task and puts 100% into all of his projects.

Alexa Rabanales Mejia, 6th Grader

Alexa works so hard, not just on her academics,



but on her social interactions as well. She consistently completes tasks on time, and to the best of her ability, and treats her classmates with kindness and respect. Alexa also makes us proud in the CGMS band, where she plays the flute. Keep up the awesome work, Alexa, you're going places!

Raleigh Winslow, 6th Grader

Raleigh has really risen to the challenges of sixth grade, and done it with a great attitude! He takes personal responsibility for his assignments, is not afraid to ask questions, and is determined to succeed! You're making magic happen, Raleigh! We're proud of you, and you should be too!

Elizabeth High, 6th grader

Lizzie is a very respectful student. She is fun and full of energy and always tries her hardest at everything. She is a good friend to her classmates. She is a joy to have in class!

Way to go Bulldogs! We are proud of you!

Be Yourself

by Delilah Miller, 8th Grade



Our time on earth is limited. As the famous quote by Steve Jobs goes, "Your time is limited, so don't waste it living someone else's life." His quote has inspired me, and I believe it has inspired others.

The reason is we all, or at least most, have had a moment where we have tried to be more like others. We put ourselves down because we aren't like another person we see as "perfect." Like it says, we are wasting our little time on someone else. We see these models or these Hollywood stars and think, "Wow, I wish I could be as special as them." "I wish I was as talented as them." You are. That is the

truth. You can be unique if you choose to be.

If you're constantly putting yourself down, you'll never get to where you want to be. In our short time, work hard to be the person you believe yourself to be. THAT is how you get to where you want to be! THAT is how you be special. Never waste your time on someone else. Those people probably got where they are today by simply believing in themselves.

In conclusion, this quote is saying don't waste your time trying to be someone else and trying to be like them. Be who you are. If you spend the remainder of your life trying to be like others, then you are wasting your short life. So go be you!

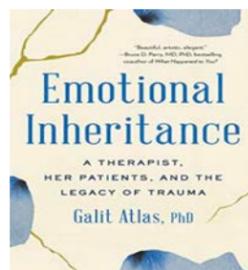


Cape Fear Voices' The Book Shelf

Welcome to our newest regular section of Cape Fear Voices: The Book Shelf! Our staff has curated a collection of recommendations of modern books and literature. We hope to showcase a diverse range of fiction and non-fiction works, including selections for young adult readers.

Emotional Inheritance, by Dr. Galit Atlas, PhD

Award-winning psychoanalyst Dr. Galit Atlas draws on her patients' stories—and her own life experiences—to shed light on how generational trauma affects our lives; "intimate, textured, compassionate" (Jon Kabat-Zinn, author of *The Healing Power of Mindfulness*). This is a book to which most people will be able to relate. We are so defined by our family's history that often it derails our potential. The people we love and those who raised us live inside us. Emotional Inheritance is about family secrets that create gaps between what we want for ourselves and what we are able to have.



Laura Dean Keeps Breaking Up With Me

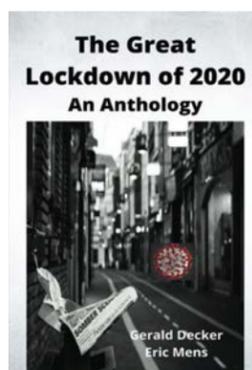
Written by Mariko Tamaki

Illustrated by Rosemary Valero-O'Connell

Published by First Second, 2019



All Freddy Riley wants is for Laura Dean to stop breaking up with her. This coming-of-age tale of young love and its perpetual heartaches reminds me of relationships past. As a graphic novel, it is visually stunning and engaging. It is illustrated with only three colors (black, grey tones, and pink) which creates a beautiful world where characters and details are highlighted and contrasted uniquely throughout the page. It has a witty and charming LGBTQ cast, but instead of common conflict themes (such as homophobia, coming out, or repression), it follows a winding and utterly relatable teen love story that I wish I had the chance to read in high school.



The Great Lockdown of 2020: An Anthology is the story of life in a once-in-a-century year. Never before had the world come to a near stop. It was a "...year when human rights, politics, religion, pandemic, and isolation led us down a rabbit hole now could ever imagine." "It changed the way we live, work, play, and interact with each other daily. As one writer noted, "...we have learned what we can live without and what we cannot."

This book contains the stories of almost 100 people from 6 countries, 19 different states, and 63 stories from the Cape Fear area. It is a great reference book of the time. (All proceeds for this book go to support the programs of Teen Scene, Inc.)

For Black History Month: A Sunday to Remember

by Sherrod Sturrock, Wilmington NC



I was in 7th grade in 1964 when the schools in York County, Virginia began to integrate. This was done gradually, by inserting the best and brightest “colored” students into all white schools to ease the transition – at least for the white students. A girl named Almeda Fitzgerald came into my class. Almeda was shy and smart. She kept her head down, smiled a lot, and did her work. Our teacher, Mrs.

King, was a proud Daughter of the Confederacy who commanded us to stand any time we heard “Dixie” being played. So, as you might imagine, Almeda was somewhat isolated in our small class.

My mother had been a staunch supporter of integration throughout the Civil Rights movement, bucking both her Southern family and many friends to take a firm stand for human rights. She fought for the Job Corps to come to York County, argued with County elected officials that Head Start was both a right and a necessity, and worked through the women of the churches, across racial and denominational lines, to ease the transition to integrated schools. Coming from that kind of influence at home it was unsurprising that I befriended Almeda, who clearly needed a friend. My motivation may have sprung from sympathy but was quickly replaced by a real friendship. Almeda was smart, funny, and just plain fun to be around.

The churches, along with almost everything else in York County, were segregated. When Almeda invited me to speak at her church, the African Methodist Episcopal Church in Yorktown, I was a little taken aback. I had never attended an A.M.E. church, much less spoken at one, and I was more than a little nervous. My

mom urged me to go, saying it would be rude to refuse, and advised me to just be myself and talk about the experience of getting to know Almeda. It would be, she said, a Sunday to remember.

The church was a small white, steepled building packed with people. The men wore suits and ties, the women wore large hats atop their Sunday finery, and the children were well behaved in their best outfits. After prayers and rousing hymns accompanied by much stomping and clapping, the preacher invited me to come to the front. I had been raised in the church, although that staid and restrained experience had not prepared me for the enthusiasm and full-throated participation I encountered here. I took a deep breath, pulled out my little speech with shaking hands, and looked out over the sea of dark expectant faces. Almeda was there, smiling with encouragement. And so, I began. I had hardly uttered a sentence when murmured comments rippled through the congregation. “Um-hum.” “That’s right.” “Amen sister...” After hesitating for a moment at the unexpected interruption, (no one in my church spoke out when someone was talking), I began again, falling into the rhythm of their responses. I don’t remember what I said all those years ago. What I do remember is riding the swell of support that came from them, like a powerful stream holding me up and making me a part of something new and wonderful. It was the most amazing experience. When I was finished, their hearty affirmations accompanied me back to my seat and my beaming friend. They had truly made me feel a part of their church family - and given me something that I would always treasure - a Sunday to remember.

Musings of a Retired Hobby Farmer

by Nan York, Magnolia Greens



Part IV ... Chickens

It was September 11, 2001 and my husband, Jack and I were at the local hardware store, purchasing building supplies for our chicken coop. The coop was built on concrete stilts and was about 8’ high, 16’ wide, and 8’ deep. On one side there was a ‘people’ door where the grain was stored in large metal trash cans and on either side of this area where two coop areas complete with perches, nesting boxes, and small doors leading to the 1200 square foot chicken yard. Gravity-fed grain and watering cans were suspended from the ceiling of the coop and could be adjusted higher as the chicks grew taller. Roofing material was corrugated aluminum sheets with one clear piece of corrugated plastic over each coop [skylights, if you will]. The Taj Mahal of chicken coops!

Our supply of baby chicks arrived shortly thereafter from McMurray Hatcheries in Iowa. When they arrived at the local post office, the postal worker called us [about 5am] to let us know that our ‘peeps’ had arrived and were anxious to meet us ... she put the phone near the chick box so we could hear them calling out to us.

The chicks settled in and one-by-one they found the feed and the water. We chose to obtain the chicks later in the fall when their natural predators would be in hibernation. When all was calm, Jack announced that the chicks were mine. Turns out that his grandfather raised chickens for Purdue in Delaware and his grandmother was in charge of the ‘house’ chickens. I gladly accepted my gift.

Eventually, as the chicks grew, they began to lay eggs. 25-40 hens lay a lot of eggs. Needless to say, from the day we received our first egg until we retired as hobby farmers in 2017, we did not purchase eggs from the local grocer. When our children visited us, we had a variety of ‘egg’ recipes on hand to delight them, among them was ‘Old Dominion Pound Cake’ which called for 15 eggs! The local food pantry, Christian Outreach, was the recipient of about 6 dozen eggs each week. We even raffled a ‘six-pack’ of eggs at our the local Ruritan club meeting each month and included a dozen in each of the Christmas Baskets our Ruritan Club delivered to vetted Social Services Clients.

Part V ... Chickens: Raven and Blue, the Broody Duo

One April, our domesticated wild turkey hen, Blue [named such because she had a blue head] started to preen and cast amorous eyes on our two roosters ... but to no avail. The roosters were too busy taking care of the twenty+ hens in the ‘foul’ yard and fighting with each other to notice that Blue was ‘on the make.’

Undaunted, Blue began to lay some eggs on an irregular basis and by the end of May, she had laid about two dozen [which I promptly confiscated]. I mean, why let her try to hatch them when I knew they were infertile. I used these eggs for Christmas decorations and as a thickening agent in nut breads and meat loaves.

At the same time, about five hens were laying eggs in the same nest as Blue and she started to become broody [focused sitting on eggs with the sole purpose to hatch and produce babies]. ‘Raven,’ an Astroloupe hen, decided to become broody as well, and joined Blue in her nest. So now we had about 17 eggs in the nest box and two fowl hens sitting on them at the same time! What a sight!

Jump start 21 days, and one hatchling emerged and then on day 24, a second hatched. Hearing all the commotion in the hen house was an evil black snake who decided to take a look and a large meal. Around 8AM on day 25, I went into the coop and discovered the overly full 5’ long snake in a corner and two frantic hens posturing and cackling at the intruder. The snake, it seems, had consumed 14 eggs and one baby chick. Ever so sluggish, the evil snake crawled into the darkness and quiet of my snake-catching-bucket and was promptly taken ‘for a 5-mile ride’ and released unharmed into nearby woods.

As soon as the snake departed, both Raven and Blue resumed their vigil with Raven taking charge of the sole survivor and Blue sitting on the lone egg. Day 28 arrived, and with it, hatchling #3 ... promptly under the care of both Raven and Blue.

Happy ending? One can never be sure about Mother Nature’s hungry predators stopping by to take a look and a sample, but for a short time, all was well in the ‘foul’ yard.

Valentine’s Day? I Prefer Thanks-Leap Day

by Ilah Beth Zettlemyer, Holden Beach



Valentine’s Day brings anticipation to many individuals in the hopes of finding love with that someone special. However, this can cause great anxiety to some individuals and extreme happiness to others. My viewpoint of this love-struck holiday is UGH, it’s just too much work.

I will take you on a journey of Valentine disappointment to end in a glorious Thanks-Leap day that I prefer. What the heck is Thanks-Leap day? Let me tell you.

Think back to 3rd grade, excitedly waiting for a classroom Valentine’s Day party. I was always ready for a classroom party and Valentine’s Day was one of my favorites. We bought a shoe box from home that would be gloriously designed and created into a magical Valentine Mailbox. I was excited and ready to make the most beautiful masterpiece of all. I painstakingly glued hearts to that masterpiece and sprinkled a ton of glitter on it. I knew that the sparkling hearts would definitely attract the cutest boy in 3rd grade. The day came for the party and the valentines were delivered. The cutest boy gave the ever-desired card to Ellen, not me.

Move on to Junior and High School years. During the turmoil of teenage years, there was always the Sweetheart Dance. It proclaimed that all couples in love would attend said dance. I did go to a few of the dances with high hopes of blossoming teenage love. One dance was attended by a young man named Greg. Greg was a great guy but he danced with almost every girl there. No teenage love blossomed from that. Then the handsome football player Robby took me to another dance. He danced with me the entire night. Whew – what a relief. BUT, he constantly was talking about his future with football. The dream of teenage love dashed again. Oh well – my valentine is out there somewhere.

During my college years Valentine’s day wasn’t any different. I would go out with my friends in search of Romeo only to find out he was already taken. It was our destiny to endure a sappy moment, usually during a Valentine dinner, when a young man would get down on one knee to his Juliet, profess his love and ask for her hand in marriage. I started questioning where my Valentine was.

I started to give up on Valentine’s Day and find my true love. But – it happened! My true love was found during Thanksgiving. Several months later, I was ready to have my Romeo and Juliet moment just like I had seen. I decided to test my luck, it was Leap Year anyway. I grabbed my Romeo’s hand and professed my love and asked him if he would marry his Juliet. My Romeo (Eric) said yes! Valentine’s is just another day for us. We do have a special meal and enjoy a “chick flick”, which he hates but endures with a smile. Still questioning what Thanks-Leap Day is? It is my day(s) of celebrating when Romeo and Juliet, better known as Eric and Beth found their Valentine’s love. Remember to spread love to everyone each day, not just on Valentine’s Day. And of course – don’t forget Thanks-Leap day.

Friggatriskaidekaphobia?

No. I'm A Sailor, I'm Used To Things Like This.

by Gerald Decker, Magnolia Greens



Friggatriskaidekaphobia: A morbid, irrational fear of Friday the 13th.

After 6 weeks of making supply runs between Subic Bay, PI and DaNang, my ship, U. S. S. Point Defiance (LSD-31) left DaNang on Christmas day for a 30-day yard period in Subic. The purpose of the yard time was to repair and update all equipment and paint the ship to protect against the inevitable rust from salt water. This was the week I was celebrating my 21st birthday and my first wedding anniversary.

We arrived in Subic on December 27 and got to work. Everyday, all day, chip and paint, chip and paint. Sweep, empty trash, check equipment, stand a watch, try to eat when you can, and sleep whenever or where ever you get the chance. And then the rumors (scuttlebutt in Navy lingo) started.

We shipped out from Long Beach, California on Nov. 1, 1969 for a 9-month cruise. Now we are hearing scuttlebutt that we may be going home early!! The prospects of going home early to see my bride was intoxicating to say the least.

On Tuesday, Jan. 13, we got the news that the scuttlebutt was right! We will be headed home in two weeks for a week and then return to 'Nam. Even a week is better than nothing. We left Subic on Jan. 28 headed for DaNang to load up Marines and equipment to bring them home. It was part of Nixon's "Vietnamization" program.

By the morning of the 31st, all was loaded and we hoisted the "Uniform, Sierra, Alpha" flags, indicating-destination USA. And that's when the fun started.

Before we even passed the Philippines, we started having problems with the boilers and had to make an unscheduled stop to have them checked. The result of that stop was having to deal with 300 plus drunk Marines (and a few drunk sailors) the next morning. Fresh air below decks was always a problem. It seems the air-conditioning had a contract with the equator -get close to the equator and the air-conditioner will stop working.

A few days later, after an exciting late evening passage through the San Bernadino Straits we hit

really bad weather. It's always great fun to hit bad weather at sea. It is the greatest thrill ride ever plus you can watch Marines turn pale from sea sickness. But this weather was bad enough to slow us down to just 4 knots for almost a whole day, further delaying our return.

Things were good after that until the morning of Friday, Feb. 13, 1970. That morning we were refueling at sea with the U. S. S. Ponchatoula about 300 miles northwest of Pearl Harbor. We had been refueling for about an hour when the young Officer of the Deck (OOD) noticed a 4-5-degree change in our heading and panicked. He over reacted in adjusting. When he noticed that the right rudder order he had given was too much and that fuel lines were getting tight, he gave a left rudder command to correct it. Again, it was too much and too late. Fuel lines started

popping and we were headed broadside on the Ponchatoula. This is a picture taken by a crew member of the Ponchatoula showing the impact. It's not detectable in this copy, but I can be seen standing on the bridge holding the rail watching it unfold seemingly in slow motion.

Only one person was hurt on our ship. A marine forgot to duck when he ran through the passage-way hatch. (To get through those watertight hatches one has to lift their foot high to step over and duck

their head to prevent hitting the top.)

The Marines were over the top when they heard that there would be a court-martial hearing in Pearl resulting in another 30-hour delay. Something about cold beer.

On Feb. 21, we finally made it to Long Beach. We had offloaded and pulled pier side by 8pm. The crowd awaiting us looked fantastic, especially the beautiful blonde standing off to the side waiving.

On Feb. 27 we pulled out again for 'Nam. Our official tour of duty for this cruise ended in July 1970. We hit a few storms but managed to avoid all the ships in the water with us.

Friggatriskaidekaphobia-scare a sailor? Naw! Ride a typhoon wave now that will scare you.



One Continuous Mistake

by Alan Sturrock, Wilmington, NC



'A Zen Master's life is one continuous mistake' [Dogen]: borrowed from the Scrabble-Meister's Zen Desk Calendar...

The room was fraught with anticipation.

It was also packed, so much so, that ushers at the Center were bringing in folding chairs for the attendees. People of all ages--young and old--were wrapped in their own silent meditation. Like group zazen...or something approximating it.

Occasionally, brief conversations were whispered, but soon died out quickly as people's eyes re-focused on the entrance door. The Zen Master was always late. Then again, he was always early, depending on who was keeping time [or which time was being kept]. At one end of the room, there was a slightly raised dais with a small carpet--all the world like an Aladdin castoff. On the right-hand side there was an ornately carved table, on which was perched a pitcher of water and a glass. In front of the pitcher was a freshly cut orange.

There had been no publicity to speak of. No columns in the local newspaper, no radio spots, no public service announcements. All those in attendance were there by word of mouth [whose mouth, no one was quite certain].

The entrance door opened followed by a palpable hush from the audience. It was only an usher. Several minutes later, a nursing mother entered, carrying a satiated child. And, several minutes after that an unknown person looked around, and asked, tentatively: 'Is this overeaters' anonymous?'

No one spoke, but the astonished looks on audience members told him everything he needed to know and he vanished.

Time passed.

Or what passed for time, passed.

Soon people began to leave. Singletons at first, then penny numbers, then clumps. As one clump was heading for the exit a scruffy, white-haired man shuffled into the room carrying a broom and a dustpan. He threaded his way, politely, through the 'leavers', and started to sweep around the base of the dais. Carefully and methodically, like he was raking an imaginary sandpit.

Upon completion, he ascended the dais, poured a glass of water from the pitcher, reached for a slice of orange and started eating. Then he sat down and looked out at the audience.

By this time, there were only a handful of hopefuls left in the room. The peace and quiet, ['empty and marvelous'] was interrupted by a voice from the back, directing a question towards the elderly man seated on the dais.

'Are you the Zen Master?'

There was a pause, a meditative wait time.

The old man inhaled a chuckle, and then responded: 'Depends on who's asking? I have been called that...on occasion. Only on occasion, though...'

There was a fresh buzz of interest in the room.

Another audience member asked, pointedly: 'So... what is the meaning of our lives?'

'Meaning?' the old man repeated, tossing the orange peel behind him. 'Only you...each one of you... can answer that question. As for myself, I would say that my life has been one...continuous...mistake...'

My First Date With Charlene, Post Mortem Report

by Stan Washington, Brunswick Forest, Coastal Carolina Writers Club



Whew, the date is over! Charlene is her name. I haven't been on a first date since my 20's. A friend set us up. A friend at least prior to this first date with her.

Oh, I guess she's okay and quite attractive. We planned a light dinner and skating at the local ice rink. I made reservations at Alberto's Italian bistro. I ordered a pasta with red sauce. She ordered a linguini with white clam sauce. Everything seemed to be going along fine until Charlene reached for some parmesan. Her zinfandel was in the path. Wine went flying across the table. Wine splashed across my plate and down the front of me.

The waiter rushed in with towels and seltzer. She was sorry and tried to help. The napkin she was using was paper and started to flake off onto my lap. She continued to rub the stains. Well, lets just say she didn't know when to stop. The waiter asked me to accompany him to the kitchen. He got me cleaned

up so I didn't look like I had been smashing grapes in a vat.

We got a new dish for me and another glass of wine for Charlene. Charlene reached for her napkin. Of course, her wine glass partially sat on her napkin. The waiter was there and grabbed the wine glass before a repeat mishap.

She discussed her background about her ex-husband. He apparently left with no notice or forwarding address. Charlene did find out he was convicted for embezzlement and was serving 5-8 years. I told of my life and when I lost my wife. The kids, a son and a daughter, were both going through gender identification issues. I told her my goals for dating. Which are only dating no marriage desires. She seemed to be disappointed with that news. She took a long drink of wine and shook her head.

We finally finished our meal with no new catastrophes and headed for the ice rink.

At the rink, we rented skates. I had asked her if she could skate prior to the date. We took off looping around the rink. She was having problems keeping her balance. I held her arm to steady her. She started falling and pulled both of us down to the ice. We ran into two other couples. I began standing up to help everyone else. I felt a hand grab me from behind. It was Charlene. She had grabbed my pants belt and pulled hard. My pants slid down over my rear and down even further until she let go.

We finally made it off the ice. I suggested we sit and watch other skaters moving by.

At her front door, she asked if I wanted a coffee. I had had just about enough of this first date so I declined. We said goodbye. She asked if I wanted to have a second date. I said I didn't think so. As she opened the door, you guessed it, her Doberman ran out chasing me down the driveway. I yelled as I escaped, "I will come back for my car later!!"



Military News



John E. Jacobs, American Legion Post 68

Solomon Smith, a senior at North Brunswick High School (NBHS) and JROTC Cadet placed first in the John E. Jacobs American Legion Post 68, Leland's Oratorical Contest – "A Constitutional Speech Contest" – held Saturday, January 8 at NBHS.

Providing stiff competition, Madilyn Smith placed second. An NBHS junior, Madilyn placed first in last year's Post 68 Oratorical Contest. Both contestants delivered an original 8-to-10-minute prepared oration on aspects of the U.S. Constitution, with emphasis on the duties and obligations of American citizens with both speakers focusing on portions of the Constitution that may be relevant to issues surrounding the COVID-19 pandemic, in particular mask and vaccination mandates. Each also delivered a 3-to-5-minute extemporaneous discourse on the assigned topic of Article XXV, Section 4 that provides for the transfer of presidential powers and duties to the Vice-President should it be determined that the President is unable to discharge the duties of the office. Post 68 Commander John Hacker presented Solomon with the first-place medal, certificate of Distinction, and a check for \$500.00. Commander Hacker presented Madilyn with the second-place medal, certificate of Distinction, and a check for \$300.00.

Solomon now advances to the American Legion District 9 Oratorical Contest on January 29 at the St. James Community Center, St. James Plantation, NC. He will compete against the winners of other District 9 American Legion Post contests. The District 9 contest winner qualifies to compete in the Division Contest on February 26, with that winner advancing to the State finals, held on March 5. State winners advance to the National Finals in The overall national contest winner will receive a \$25,000.00 college scholarship. "Despite the challenges presented by the pandemic, we were determined to give NBHS students this opportunity," remarked Post 68 Commander John Hacker. "We were very pleased with the results and greatly appreciate the support we received from the NBHS staff. Our contestants spent many hours preparing for the contest and did a great job."

Wreaths Across America

Members of the American Legion Post 68, Leland NC, participated in the Wreaths Across America wreath ceremony at the Wilmington NC National Cemetery this past Saturday Dec 18th. Post 68 members, local business supporters, and family & friends donated 700 wreaths to this event all of which were respectfully placed on the same number of deceased veteran's gravestones by Scouts from Leland Troop 747, Post 68 members, and their family who attended the ceremony.

The ceremony was well attended by hundreds of local residents, other local boy scout troops, the civil air patrol, some active-duty military personnel and surviving veterans. During the ceremony keynote speakers including Wilmington's Mayor Bill Saffo and the US Marine Corp Commander of a Military Air Group based in New River explained the origin, significance, and purpose of the Wreaths Across America organization and the annual wreath laying process. Also, during the ceremony there was a formal salute to deceased veterans of the US Military with a wreath and salute presented to a flag bearer for each service by uniformed active-duty personnel and some attending veterans.

The official part of the ceremony concluded with a bugler playing taps, which was then quickly followed by an all-hands effort by everyone who attended to honor interned veterans in the cemetery with the respectful placement of a wreath on each gravestone. Enough wreaths were donated by post 68 and other groups that attended the event to place a wreath on each interned veteran's headstone in the cemetery, some 5,000 in total.

The Wilmington National Cemetery, located on Market and 20th streets in downtown Wilmington was founded shortly after the civil war and is the internment site of approximately 5,000 deceased US military veterans. The Wreaths Across America wreath ceremony honoring our nations veterans is an annual tradition that started in the early 90's in Arlington National Cemetery that has since spread to many veterans' cemeteries and memorials nationwide.

John Hacker, Post Commander

John E. Jacobs American Legion Post 68, Leland, North Carolina



BRUNSWICK
ARTS COUNCIL
Celebrate, Cultivate, Community Outreach

The Mission of the Brunswick Arts Council is to support, sustain, enhance and cultivate the arts in Brunswick County by making cultural events, arts education and appreciation the arts available to the diverse range of county residents.

We are a community nonprofit working in partnership with NC Arts Council, Brunswick County, Park & Recreation and other businesses and artists to help provide funding for programming, plays, concerts, shows, workshops, festivals, school events and other art activities. Operating "without walls", we hold our own activities in different spaces through the county.

Get involved with the Ekphrastic Art Workshop, Saturday, February 19 from 1:00 – 5:00. Location is TBA. Registration fee is \$40. Go to www.brunswickartscouncil.org to register.

The Waterway Art Association will hold a 3-day workshop on February 9, 10, 11 in Calabash. Todd Carignan is the instructor: His portfolio includes animals, landscape, still-life. To register, go to www.waterwayart.org for materials list and fill out the 2-step form; payment will automatically be completed by PayPal. Waterway members pay \$225; non-members pay \$275. Students can also pay by check on Wednesday mornings at the Bellinger Artworks Studio, 293 B Koolabrew Drive, NW, Calabash 28467

Leland Cultural Arts Center

Join the Leland Cultural Arts Center for Mug Madness celebrating the talented potters taking classes and working in the pottery studio! Stop by, shop for a new favorite mug, and enjoy coffee, tea, or hot chocolate! This event will be held February 5 from 1:00 – 3:00 at the Center, located at 1212 Magnolia Way in Leland.

The Leland Cultural Arts Center welcomes professional, creative people who have experience teaching and a passion for the arts. The LCAC accepts proposals for classes and workshops for all ages twice a year. Go online at www.townofleland.com/lcac to get the application dates for 2022.

Announcements Around Town

Are you looking for something to do? Go to www.bsrinc.org and check out the activities that the Brunswick Center at Leland has to offer. Take a yoga class, sign up for line dancing or stop by and play bingo.

Do you like to sing? **The Leland Larks** will be getting back together. This group goes to elder care facilities to add a little sunshine for those who may need it. Contact Linda Wadhams at lindacamw@gmail.com for further details.

Frankie's Farmer's Market will be at 1019 Princess Street in Wilmington on February 5 from 2:00 – 6:00. This is a weekly event offering fresh produce, meats, art and jewelry.

The Wilson Center at Cape Fear Community College will host the musical, *Cats*, February 3 and 4. Go online for ticket information and to see what else is happening there in February.

The Brunswick Center at Leland (Senior Center)

Volunteers needed to make "Mats for the Homeless." This is a Center Community Project workshop that is held on Tuesdays from 1 – 3. The group makes water resistant mats and distributes them to the homeless. They use clean plastic bags and crochet them into a 3' x 6' mat. Go to the Center at 121 Town Hall Drive (next to the Leland Library,) in Leland. Stop in at the front desk and tell them you want to help. It's an interesting process and your help will be much appreciated.



Funny Facts

The Supreme Court has its own private basketball court with an amazing nickname. There's a basketball court on the top floor of the U.S. Supreme Court Building. It's nickname? You guessed it: *"the highest court in the land."*

Barry Manilow didn't write his hit song "I Write the Songs." And before he recorded it, Barry didn't even think it was a particularly good song.

The blob of toothpaste that sits on your toothbrush has a name. It's called a "nurdle."

President Coolidge had a childish sense of humor. Believe it or not, the 30th U.S. president thought it was hilarious to push the emergency buzzer on his desk and then hide when the Secret Service came running.

One Norwegian town has a super ironic name. There's a village in southern Norway actually named "Hell." And get this: every winter it freezes over!

High heels were originally for men. When high-heel shoes first came into fashion in the 10th century, they were intended for men. It wasn't until the 18th century that more women wore high heels than men.



The North Carolina Rice Festival Coming!

by TeCora Galloway



The event to celebrate the Gullah Geechee heritage was postponed for two years because of Covid but is now gearing up for a fun-filled weekend in March. The North Carolina Rice Festival's main purpose is to raise awareness of the history and significance of rice production and how Brunswick County developed because of it. It is also a celebration of the Gullah Geechee culture. African Americans in the area can discover and learn more about their heritage and connection to the Gullah Geechee people by purchasing an African Ancestry DNA test to help them discover their lineage and tribal relationships. The program will kick off with a dinner on Friday, March 4th, at the Leland Cultural Arts Center. Doors open at 5:45 p.m. and the program will start at 6:30 p.m. The dinner, which starts at 6:50 p.m., will be catered by **Chef Keith Rhodes**, a contestant in Top Chef and well renowned Gullah Geechee cook. Also present at the dinner will be Ron and Natalie Daise, stars of the Nickelodeon show Gullah Gullah Island. Tickets are on sale for \$110 per person.



On March 5th, there will be indoor and outdoor events. (All events will comply with current COVID19 restrictions.) The indoor events on March 5th will cost \$10. The outside events are free and start at 9:00 a.m., and conclude at 6:00 p.m.

The Indoor Event on March 5th will feature a video presentation of the Gullah Geechee history and heritage. There will also be the viewing of the documentary, "Gullah Roots," which follows the story of Sarah Leon as she shares the history of Gullah Geechee people. The outside events, centered around the Outdoor Stage, start at 11:30 a.m., and will end at 5:30 p.m. These events include storytellers, artistic renderings reflecting Gullah Geechee life and music expressions of the Gullah Geechee culture. These story tellers include "Auntie Pearlle Sue," local artist Ian Davis, The Gullah Geechee Ring Shouters and Leroy Hopper and his All Starz. Leroy Harper was the backup "horn man" for James Brown.

In addition to these performances there will be vendors selling food and items relating to Gullah Geechee culture. The weekend of events and presentations is being sponsored by The Leland Tourism and Development Authority, WWAY and The Brunswick Arts Council. The NC Rice Festival is a nonprofit organization, and it welcomes new volunteers and new sponsors. To get more details you could visit their website <https://www.northcarolinaricefestival.org/> and email northcarolinaricefestival@gmail.com for inquiries about volunteering and/or sponsorship.

Contributors to the program include:

Ron and Natalie Daise are amazing entertainers and will be performing at the dinner on March 4. The couple are best known for their roles in the Nickelodeon show Gullah Gullah Island, a children's show that was centered around Gullah Geechee culture. Natalie is originally from South Carolina but grew up in Rochester, New York. Ron is from Saint Helena Island, South Carolina. The two met in 1983 and have performed song and stories across the country ever since. They



have been recognized with the 1996 South Carolina Order of the Palmetto and the 1997 State of South Carolina Folk Heritage Award. Ron and Natalie Daise continue to make massive contributions to the push for educating the general public on Gullah Geechee culture and heritage.

Anita Singleton Prather or "Aunt Pearlle Sue", is an entertainer who travels around the

country demonstrating what Gullah Geechee culture is like through stories. According to her website, gullahkinfolktravelingtheater.org, Ms. Prather prides herself on "entertaining audiences with Gullah-flavored folktales". She has been invited to perform at the White House, the United Nations headquarters, and Black Hollywood in LA, California. She has received Aesop Fables Award and The South Carolina Jean Laney Folk Heritage Award, to name a few.



Jonathan Green is an African American painter that specializes in contemporary art. According to his website, Mr. Green has 4 honorary doctoral degrees, and numerous awards for his work. Mr. Green is from Gardens Corner, South Carolina and often portrays scenes that reflect the experiences of African Americans in the American South, including the Gullah Geechee culture. The painter's work is featured in museums around the world, and is one of the leading examples of African American contemporary in the United States.



The Rice Festival will also welcome the **Geechee Gullah Ring Shouters** to perform this year. The Geechee Gullah Ring shouters are a group that was established in 1980 from Darien, Georgia, in an effort to carry on the traditional dance of Ring Shouting. Ring Shouting is described by Index Journal's as a religious spiritual dance practiced by Gullah Geechee people which originated during slave times.

The dance draws influence from West African cultural dances and many praise dances seen in black churches today. Ring Shouting consists mostly of clapping and stomping in a circle and singing gospel spirituals. It is viewed as a call and response to God. The Geechee Gullah Ring Shouters have become nationally renowned and are helping many to embrace their heritage.



This is a festival of history and culture that you don't want to miss.

PROGRAM SCHEDULE

Friday, March 4, 2022

Leland Cultural Arts Auditorium

5:45 pm Doors Open
6:30 pm Welcome, Introduction of Guests
6:50 pm Dinner Served
8:40 pm Introduction of Performers
8:45 pm Entertainment – Ron and Natalie Daise
9:45 pm Acknowledgements, Closing Remarks

Saturday, March 5, 2022

Leland Cultural Arts Auditorium

8:30 am Doors Open
9:00 am Welcome, Event Introduction, Overview of Festival Program
9:10 am Opening Remarks – Victoria Smalls, CEO, Gullah Geechee

Cultural Heritage Corridor

9:20 – 10:10 am NCRF History Video Followed by Panel Discussion and Q/A
10:20 – 11:50 am Showing of SCTV Documentary – "Gullah Roots," Panel Discussion
12:00 – 12:30 pm Geechee Gullah Ring Shouters
12:30 – 1:30 pm Break
1:45 – 2:45 pm Rice and Race – Gullah Artist, Jonathan Green, Presenter
3:00 – 3:30 pm Gullah Historical Storyteller, Anita Singleton Prather as Aunt Pearly Sue

Outdoor Stage

11:30 am Blues DeVille
12:30 pm Ian Davis
1:30 pm Aunt Pearlle Sue
2:15 pm Tina Smith
3:15 pm Geechee Gullah Ring Shouters
4:00 pm "Funky" Leroy Harper and his All Starz
5:30 pm Closing Remarks, NCRF Chairman, George Beatty

History In The Month of February

February 3, 1870 - The 15th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution was ratified, guaranteeing the right of citizens to vote, regardless of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

February 3, 1913 - The 16th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution was ratified, granting Congress the authority to collect income taxes.

February 6, 1788 - Massachusetts became the sixth state to ratify the new U.S. Constitution, by a vote of 187 to 168.

February 6, 1933 - The 20th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution was adopted. It set the date for the Presidential Inauguration as January 20th, instead of the old date of March 4th. It also sets January 3rd as the official opening date of Congress.

February 7, 1795 - The 11th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution was ratified, limiting the powers of the Federal Judiciary over the states by prohibiting Federal lawsuits against individual states.

February 9, 1943 - During World War II in the Pacific, U.S. troops captured Guadalcanal in the Solomon Islands after six months of battle, with 9,000 Japanese and 2,000 Americans killed.

February 10, 1967 - The 25th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution was ratified, clarifying the procedures for presidential succession in the event of the disability of a sitting president.

February 14, 1849 - Photographer Mathew Brady took the first photograph of a U.S. President in office, James Polk.

February 14, 1929 - The St. Valentine's Day massacre occurred in Chicago as seven members of the Bugs Moran gang were gunned down by five of Al Capone's mobsters posing as police.

February 20, 1962 - Astronaut John Glenn became the first American launched into orbit.

February 27, 1950 - The 22nd Amendment to the U.S. Constitution was ratified, limiting the president to two terms or a maximum of ten years in office.

Birthdays!!!

- James Toto, 2nd
- Steven White, 2nd
- Greg Miller, 4th
- Matthew Alcazar, 8th
- Samantha Baker, 14th
- Brian Decker, 14th
- La'Zana McCrea, 14th
- Kelley A. Nardell Powell, 15th
- Ja' Miek Hines, 20nd
- Brenda Stedham, 22nd
- Warren Hodges, 24th
- Tony Swegle, 24th
- Katie Walbourne Abbott, 26th

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