



Cape Fear

VOICES

Providing an Outlet for Creativity in the Cape Fear Region

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FREE

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CFV/TS Lead Layout Designer Hands Over the Reins



by Jan Morgan-Swegle, *Compass Pointe*

You rarely see him, but you see his work every month. Giancarlo D'Allesandro, Cape Fear Voices/Teen Scene's

Lead Layout Designer, is joining our Advisory Board and will be training Nathaniel Brown, a student at Early College High School, to take over the role of Lead Layout Designer.

Giancarlo, who won the Cape Fear Voices/Teen Scene Founder's Award for 2021, has been designing our paper for 18 months. He said, "This last year and a half of working on Cape Fear Voices has been an absolute pleasure! The power of the printed classified ad still really works, because I found the job posting through Cape Fear Voice's own advertising while shopping at Whole Foods one day."

In addition to working for Cape Fear Voices/Teen Scene, for the last 5 years Giancarlo has been the editor and

distributor of Milk & Honey Comics. He describes Milk & Honey as an anthology magazine. "Each issue has 10-20 artists and creators from around the world that have submitted short-form comics and illustrations. These creatives embrace small press and independent distribution of their art, and my magazine series is all about showcasing these niche cartoonists to new audiences! You can find my work at my website at milkandhoneycomics.com."

Designing a magazine these days is tricky. You have to be respectful of the space allotted to advertising, but also showcase the work of others. There are several design programs available for make the process easier. Giancarlo explained, "I got into design through going to UNCW in college. I was already a cartoonist and many of my friends had clubs or bands or parties that they asked me to make posters for, which got me started learning the tools of the trade."

Down the road, Giancarlo may add "writer" to his resume. He explained,

"I am still flexing my creative muscle by playing a collaborative roleplaying game called Dungeons & Dragons. This secure, and nerdy, even controversial game has gone mainstream in our culture. I would love to perhaps write an article about it in the future."



Nathaniel is a Sophomore at Early College High School. Long term, he sees himself in both Political Science and English Literature positions. He would like to teach at the high school level in the area of history after he graduates from college and then go into local government at the level of campaign manager and then Representative and even state Senator. Nathaniel started looking at his college choices early. In his Freshman year, he decided that NYU, NC State or UNCW might be viable options

since they all have good teaching and political science programs. He knew from an early age that he wanted a role in the education system. As he got older, he learned that technology was becoming more prevalent in our classrooms so he started to train himself on a variety of programs and applications using online tutorials and by reading articles on Graphic Design. In the 8th grade, Nathaniel began assisting his English teacher with various technology issues and design aspects of the class. According to Nathaniel, "To this day, I still learn new things about the world of graphic design every day." Today, he is part of the Teen Scene Journalism Club at Early College and is assisting to redesign our website.

In his spare time, Nathaniel likes to read World War II Historical Fiction novels, write and spend time researching history and current events. He is currently writing his first novel, which will come out sometime next year. We are indeed lucky to have him on the CFV/TS team.

Wilmington Symphony Orchestra headlining 4th of July Celebration; fireworks set for 9:05 pm

Reprinted from the WWAY News Website, June 14, 2022



out the event. The WSO will be led by guest Conductor

WILMINGTON, NC (WWAY) — The City of Wilmington invites residents and visitors to the annual July Fourth celebration, hosted at Live Oak Bank Pavilion at Riverfront Park, to enjoy live music, entertainment, food, fireworks, and more on Monday, July 4th.

This year's event will feature the Wilmington Symphony Orchestra (WSO), and will include patriotic favorites, classical selections, and current pop songs. WSO musicians, guest artist Alexis Raeana, Opera Wilmington artists John and Shannon Dooley, and a quartet from Wilmington Voices, are among the more than 100 local musicians who will perform through

the convergence of the Cape Fear & Northeast Cape Fear Rivers, just north of the USS Battleship North Carolina, and will be viewable along the downtown riverfront.

Wilmington's Independence Day celebration has always been an incredible event, drawing tens of thousands of people to Downtown Wilmington and our new Riverfront Park," Mayor Bill Saffo said. "The addition of the tremendously talented Wilmington Symphony Orchestra as featured entertainment makes this year's event even more exciting, and I am honored to guest conduct the Stars & Stripes Forever performance with these fine musicians. As the son of an immigrant and first generation American, this celebration has always been very special to me, and I can't wait to celebrate America together with this amazing community." Wilmington Pops 4th of July Celebration! is free and open to the public.

Wilmington Mayor Bill Saffo conducting one song. "An annual POPS concert is a cornerstone of a July Fourth celebration, and we are excited to be a part of creating this new tradition for our region," Wilmington Symphony Orchestra Executive Director Liz Scanlon said. "POPS concerts add so much to a community by bringing people together to enjoy music, introduce people of all ages to a symphony orchestra, and celebrate in a city we are proud to call home."

Fireworks will take place in downtown Wilmington beginning at 9:05 p.m. Fireworks will be shot from a barge located at

Schedule of Events
4:00 p.m. – Gates Open
5:00 p.m. – The School of Rock House Band
6:45 p.m. – Rockestra (Wilmington Symphony Youth Orchestra)
7:30 p.m. – Wilmington Symphony Orchestra
9:05 p.m. – Fireworks will take place at 9:05 pm

A Sonnet for Bastille Day



by Alan Sturrock

Injustice began it all—this motley band of French gypsies,

living the lies of the 'settled peoples' lives; herded and bused to a Roman, far far away; a movable Diaspora, ripped from Liberty's cradle, no advocacy, no representation, no rights-- so...history repeats itself to remember, Santayana's curse on a fear-ridden world. The Danes*** had it right, everyone a Jew, burgher and dame, from beggar to king, while most of Europe recoiled, looking away, from a mirror of learned helplessness, numb: Thus history decants, from a sediment of hate, another distillation of manifest destiny.

*** or so the legend goes

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A Chance Encounter

by Karen Phillips Smith,
Wilmington



It was the fall of my mother's 72nd year and strangely enough only the third time I had been to her house. We

drove into the small village with large old oak trees that lined the narrow road. Their thick scared branches were heavy with wet, auburn-colored leaves. As we pulled the car to stop in front of my mother's house, a large knot tightened inside my stomach. Sensing my discomfort, my husband reached across and gave my hand a gentle squeeze.

The memories of this place and my mother's people filled my mind as we both remained silent, hands clasped, watching the rain drops as they engaged in their slow snake-like dance down the windshield of our car. My childhood visits here were restricted by my paternal grandparents that raised me and by unspoken rules dictated by the community leader. On those rare visits my

mother and I would stay with aunt Dode, a small framed yet tall woman with soft brown skin, eyes that sparkled with flecks of gold, and a laugh that could fill a room.

Dode lived in a large, rambling, wooden house with a tin roof. She loved watching wrestling on her small TV, listening to Elvis on the radio and cheating at Canasta. She still cooked on a large, black, iron stove that served as the only heat source for the entire house. She would poke a hole in the side of her large flaky biscuits that she kept on the side of stove and fill each one with a drizzle of thick, sweet, amber colored molasses before she would give one to me and my cousin, Ahlona. Ahlona was in my child's eyes the most beautiful girl in the world. She had long, shiny black hair that hung in a long braid down her back, the same golden eyes as Dode, and a real talent for introducing me to wonderful adventures that were, by my mother's orders, always confined to Dode's big backyard.

One day while my mother and Dode were visiting with Ahlona's parents on Dode's front porch, Ahlona and I escaped the confines

of the backyard and made our way down the road to the general store in the center of the village. As we entered the store a huge dark man with a tan hat and brown boots walked toward my cousin and me. He stared down at me for a quick second and then lifted my cousin up into his huge arms, gave her a shiny silver dollar, walked out of the store, and they both got in an old blue truck and rode away.

As my heart raced and with tears streaming down my face, I ran back to Dode's house fully convinced that this man had kidnapped my beautiful cousin. I am not sure what those four adults thought as I came running from the opposite direction of the backyard, but they did not get a chance to tell me, because still crying, I blurted out my tale as Dode held me on her lap and wiped my tears. Everyone patiently waited for me to finish, and Dode pulled me to her chest and began to rock as she told me not to be concerned about Ahlona. The man who had taken her was our grandfather. A man I had never met and the thought of meeting again caused my stomach to tighten.

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The Park

by Sheryl Keiper



When I was about five years old, my mom would put me in little jodhpurs and we would take a short car ride to Calwalder Park. As a child, this park was huge to me. It was magical with dozens of little roads that meandered in all directions through tree lined hills and fields.

Mom would park the car and we would stroll down to a small lake, armed with a plastic bag of stale bread to feed the ducks. Deer would approach, and Mom would admonish me to remain very still so they wouldn't hop away. We would chat with strangers and ride a small merry-go-round on my favorite blue horse.

When I was about eight years old, Mom introduced me to a concrete circular structure with steel wire cages. Inside of this place were bears—giant, fuzzy brown and black bears of various sizes. They would bathe in a very small tub of water and twist and turn and drink. I once watched a man in a green uniform point a hose at them to wash them off. I thought, at age eight, that they were enjoying this playful spraying.

At age thirteen, my eighth-

grade Catholic school class would take a full day field trip to Calwalder Park. We would arrive in the morning and listen to the sister's instructions, and then the chaperons would disperse us to do our own thing. Now, for a thirteen-year-old confined to a uniform in school every day, I felt a sense of freedom in my capris in mid-May with my friends, to boot.

The day was usually glorious.



We would snack under giant oak and maple trees and play and chatter while listening to our transistor radios under weeping willow trees. I remember meandering to the bear cages and seeing only two brown bears. Both bears were napping, but they managed to raise their giant heads and stare at me. I cannot forget the sadness in their eyes.

As my life unfolded and I became engaged in 1975, I persuaded my then fiancé and later husband to take a ride with me through Calwalder Park. I am nostalgic

by temperament; he agreed to a quick tour of the park for old time's sake.

As we drove through the Calwalder Park near the lake, not a duck nor deer was in sight. The circular concrete structure was still there—but it was different; there were curse words and gang graffiti symbols defacing the building. The bears were long gone. The oak trees look less sturdy and there were no more weeping willow trees.

As we cautiously drove our car through the park, it seemed to have shrunk and shrunk away. The small merry-go-round was gone; the playground was broken and vacant. I was saddened to see this deterioration. The park was situated slightly outside the city of Trenton, and it certainly appeared abandoned and destroyed, probably the results of several race riots and civil unrest protests in the early 1970's.

In retrospect, the park had been a welcome oasis for European immigrants from all countries who settled in the surrounding neighborhoods. I always wondered—where did these immigrants go? Were their dreams upheld or shattered?

And what happened to those poor, sad bears??

Veteran Suicide, A Tragedy, Part 1

by John Hacker



Part 1.....
Women Veterans make up a grow-

ing segment of our Veteran community. Women Veterans have a significantly higher suicide risk than their non-Veteran civilian



counterparts (adjusting for differences in age). Their risk for suicide is 2.4 times higher among female Veterans when compared with U.S. civilian adult females (Suicide Among Veterans and Other Americans 2001-2014, VA Office for Suicide Prevention, Aug. 3, 2016). Communities often fail to recognize women as Veterans.

We Must Consider reaching out to our community

partners to ensure that any messaging for Veterans considers women and men. We must reach out to key leaders in the community who can help connect them to local resources.

Women Veterans face many unique challenges, such as care giving responsibilities and asking for help when in need.

Health care providers should take care to assess all women in crisis against the same criteria used for men.

Suicide rates among women Veterans have increased, and it is time for communities to expand their recognition of and resources for women Veterans to be able to help them and all Veterans connect one another to services.

We are here to raise Awareness to the community about Veteran Suicide.



Evolution

by Jan Morgan-Swegle



I love books. I love the smell of bookstores—old and new. I love the feel of crisp pages that aren't creased from wear yet or folded over to mark a page. I feel the same way about newspapers. There's something comforting about the smell of ink and getting it on your fingers as you read and flip from section to section.

Two years ago, when I found Cape Fear Voices/Teen Scene, I latched onto it like a dying woman who needed life support. It gave me writing validation after years of silent efforts. I met talented seasoned writers and was exposed to exciting young writers just starting

to realize their gifts. I saw my words in print, and I got messages telling me that I reached people with my stories. And what greater gift is there for a writer? As I was enjoying being a part of Cape Fear Voices/Teen Scene, I learned about the business side of putting out the paper. I didn't realize how expensive it was to print and distribute our message. But I hung onto the idea that we could and must continue in our present form to satisfy the readers and our writers. I was wrong. Very recently, Gerald Decker, Cape Fear Voices/Teen Scene publisher, and I invested in an online option. This option can take our paper from a monthly publication to a daily issue, if that's what we want to do. It's colorful, it moves, it has our stories and our mission. It literally brings us

into the 21st century with all of the bells and whistles you could ask for. For the writers of Cape Fear Voices, I ask that you be open to the idea of not having a printed, hard copy of our paper at some point in the future, but embracing it online. It will be different. It won't come in the mail once a month. You won't be able to pick it up at your local grocery. You won't be able to mail it to your relatives to see your work. But it will be a living, breathing document that can change daily and bring you up-to-date information and stories. Your family will be able to access your work with a few clicks of their computer mouse. We still need your stories, poetry and thoughts. You will be able to upload your stories to our new website. It's as easy as sending an email. We will take care of

actually getting your story published online. If you want to be a part of our online adventure, you can start by "liking" Cape Fear Voices/Teen Scene on Facebook, Instagram and/or Twitter. Then just follow the instructions we send on passwords and uploading stories. The world is evolving into an online mirror. Join the evolution with Cape Fear Voices/Teen Scene. We are saving printing and distribution costs and can redirect those funds to other programs that will help teens and support our goals. Send an email to editorevcf@gmail.com and let me know your thoughts. We can support our print model for a while, if that is the direction you want to take. But the longer we print, the more money we are spending.

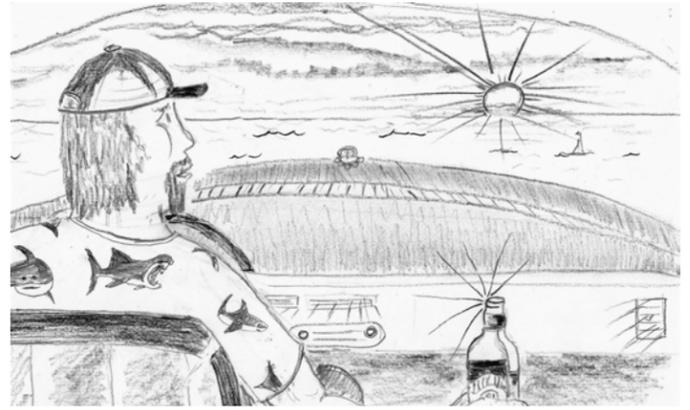
Take a Ride with Jake

by Charles Bins, Brunswick Forest

JAKE: To tell ya the truth, it scares me a little. People move just too-o damn slow. They like to make you wait, then they eat your time like an all-day sucker. You wait in line for groceries, for customer service, for somebody to pick up the phone. The government's the worst. They don't even answer -- and my beard's growing to my knees waitin' for my tax refund. Outta my way, Mac. I'll drive you through those Golden Arches!... See that? Don't these people know I gotta get where I'm going? I make my money, and I have a right to spend it how I want. But time's a-wasting, people. Ya just gotta put the pedal to the metal....

Now move, ya old buzzard. Trade it in for a wheelchair! HONK! ... Can you believe this? --A U-Haul in the left lane? Get back. Slugs and suckers over there... Seems to me slow is spreading like jam on toast. Some places may be thicker, but it's everywhere, and it gets messy. If you don't move sister, I'm going around. Vroom right, vroom left. Now eat my exhaust! Watch this... Hey, baby cheeks. Who bought you that fancy minivan? Rich bitch with the squealing kids in the back, I'm cutting you off. --And your bumper can kiss mine... See that? Everyone and everything is slow. Even fast food. The

only thing moving fast is the price of gas.



Drives me to drink... Oh, look at this moron...

You left your left blinker on. --Now hard left into the guardrail. HONK! Idiots always look better in my mirror. OK, Let me by you, ya fat pig! Ready for the market? I'm FIRST. Now get over. HONK! Jake screeches into a space in front of the ABC store. He waits an eternity for the cashier but figures he can still make it if he hurries.

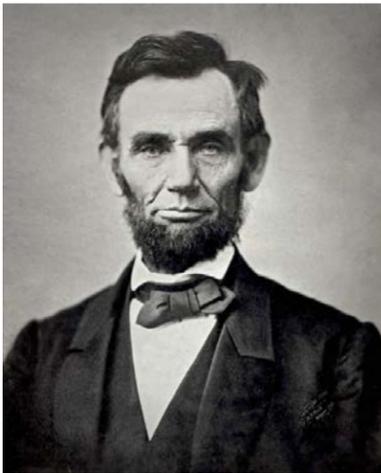
He emerges with a liter of JD, ready to race to the beach. And... he gets there just in time... The next day at work, Jake swears to anyone who'll listen that the reds and oranges across the sky made it the best sunset he'd ever seen.



We Need Another Photograph

by Dan Neizmik

I saw a photograph, from long ago,
Of a man named Abe, who we all know,
He tried to bring us all together,
And devoted his life to make our lives better.
A honest man, always dressed in black,
He freed a lot of people and tried to mend the past,
He fought for independence for everyone,
People of all colors, old and young.
He stood for freedom and rights for all the people,
And taught us that "we are all created equal",
With "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness",
One nation under God, in God we trust.
I saw another photograph, not long ago,
Of a man named Martin, who we all know,
He "had a dream" to bring



us all together,
And devoted his life to make our lives better.
He stood for freedom and rights for everyone,
And did his best to help us get along,

It didn't matter about the color of our skin,
He believed what matters is the "character within".
He marched to make our country

strong,
And believed together we could right the wrongs,
He changed our hearts and opened eyes,
And tried to teach us all to be "color blind".
And now, We Need Another Photograph,
Another Abe or Martin, as in the past,
Someone who can bring us all together,
A man devoted to making our lives better.
But, this time it might all be too much,
To be saved by just one

man,
But, if one stands up, it could be enough,
If we all give him a hand.
The truth is it will take us all, Every faith, color,

woman and man, Everyone to join together and finally understand,
That Divided we will fall, only United will we stand.

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Independence Day - July 4th

by Nancy Bryans, Brunswick Forest



As we celebrate our nation's Independence Day, it is an opportune time to reflect upon the reasons

our forefathers sought their freedom from Great Britain and to review the responsibilities associated with our inherited liberty. The American Revolutionary War was fought between April 19, 1775 and September 3, 1783, with ratification of the Declaration of Independence on July 4, 1776.

Financial costs of the French and Indian War between 1756 and 1763 necessitated replenishing Great Britain's coffers. American colonists, annoyed by taxes imposed on them without their representation in Parliament, demanded the same rights as other British subjects. Objections to continuous British taxes levied on colonists without their representation—the 1765 Stamp Act and the 1767 Townshend Acts—triggered increased resistance, then violence in 1770 when British soldiers fired upon Bostonian protes-

tors. The Boston Tea Party on December 16, 1773, led to armed conflict, beginning with the Battles of Lexington and Concord in April of 1775. Looking backward, those 1700's taxes do not seem excessively burdensome since we pay all sorts of taxes in modern-day America; however, there was something else motivating our colonial forefathers. They sought independence not merely from an oppressive British monarchy, but freedom itself. As stated in the Declaration of Independence, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all Men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable Rights, that among these are Life, Liberty, and the pursuit of Happiness.--That to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among Men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed,--"

Framers of the Declaration of Independence recognized that the "unalienable Rights" of "Life, Liberty and the pursuit of Happiness" were three natural rights given to human beings that no authority could deny, but each contained a caveat. Life meant the right of each citizen to be safe in a community, with the duty to preserve that life, thereby preserving mankind. Liberty meant freedom for all citizens,

but entailed responsible use of freedom under the rule of law without usurping others' freedom. Pursuit of Happiness—taken from a quote of 17th-century English philosopher, John Locke, who identified natural rights as "life, liberty, and estate" (property)—meant the fundamental right to freely pursue the joys of life, without infringing on others' rights or committing illegal acts.

When our founders penned their names on the Declaration of Independence, their desire was to create a country of independent states with representative governments whose citizens could enjoy the natural rights of humankind free of monarchical tyranny. Each signer knew that independence, if it were to be obtained, would enact a burdensome price, yet each signer agreed to gamble that the cost of liberty would be worth the effort to attain it. Some colonists paid the ultimate price to ensure that citizens of the United States of America



would have civil and political liberty, with representation in their legislative branches of government. I would wager that not one person who fought during the war or who aided in achieving American independence ever took free-

dom for granted. This July 4th, as we fly our flags and enjoy fireworks celebrating Independence Day, let us take a few moments to honor the legacy of the signers of the Declaration of Independence who pledged their lives, fortunes, and sacred honor to achieve our independence. Let us also honor the legacy of the brave men, women, and children who fought, sacrificed, and suffered to insure the freedoms we inherited from their extraordinary achievement. May we, as patriotic Americans, preserve, uphold, and cherish those values expressed in the Declaration of Independence not just one day of the year, but every day.

Friend & Wife

by Stan Washington



We are sitting in my den, George and me. The smell of leather and

brandy waft through the air. It is our monthly meeting to discuss something no matter how inane it may be. George and I go way back to high school and college. As young men, we competed for QB, Pitcher, grades and of course, women.

We won our college's football conference four years running. He was the QB and I was a wide receiver. It was fun and kept each of us on the edge of excellence. We started businesses right out of college. He was wildly successful and failed dramatically many a time. I invested in his projects. It was like buying a lottery ticket. You never knew when you will cash in or cash out.

He never married but was mentioned in several divorce suits. I've been married for 41 years and in love for 16 years. My wife was mercurial some days then also could be a charming lovely soul another day. Then days later she would become a wild she devil. She is very beautiful but she had her moments. Let's just say, it was quite a ride.

George is reminiscing about his "glory days." I am here as his audience. I shake my head when he needs feedback. We have been doing this for over 40 years in one form or another. His wild stories about women and business deals led to either lawsuits or near indictments. I look across the blue oriental rug watching him retell any one of a 1,000 stories. My mind wanders as I watch his arms waving and demonstrating the story. I should be his arch

enemy for what he did; that is what he and my wife did. Susan and I were married for 16 years. I was pouring heart and soul into my business. George stopped coming by so often and Susan was gone for longer periods. She hinted that I made her angry and she needed her



space. They believed they were discreet

but not so as I would not notice. I hired a detective and found out what, where and how, well let's just say there were pictures.

This went for a few months. Then Susan was staying home more and George started coming by more often. It appeared to me the fling was over. I did not confront either

one. I was angry and hurt but I wanted to keep my friend and my wife. I spent the last 25 years pretending to love them both, well I did love them but now I am cautious. It is my secret versus theirs. The reason was I needed them more than they needed me. Being as old as I am now is hard because there are fewer people who are close enough to keep me company. Many people choose being able to blame and be righteous. I chose to keep slightly flawed people close. I sit here with George remembering my history and wanting more but relishing what I have.

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Gullah Geechee Cultural Heritage Corridor Commission

The History of Rice Farming within the Cape Fear Region

by Ana Johnson, Kennesaw State University



The historical impact of rice has been recognized in the Cape Fear Region for numerous

decades. The rice culture that was started among plantations became one of the most prosperous economies in the country. Rice cultivation was mainly nurtured between 1731 to 1930 in the Lower Cape Fear Region. During this period, rice became the most extensive product to export to other countries.

A popular crop among the area was "Carolina Gold Rice." This heirloom rice was originally indigenous to the Carolinas

and classified as a nutty, sweet flavor with a rich texture. This form of rice significantly contributed to the rice culture in North Carolina and was widely distributed to other areas within the South and across America.

Within the Carolinas, the coastline was the ideal location to cultivate rice and indigo. This is where fresh tidal rivers bordered the marshlands, and the soil was rich and relatively flat. By 1726, Charleston, South Carolina, was exporting around 4,500 metric tons of rice, making it a significant plant. This discovery came as no surprise as the Gullah/Geechee people and Sierra Leoneans were the success of this industry.

Over the scope of 5,000 acres across the Cape Fear Region, there were about 28 rice plantations in 1860. An enormous amount of enslaved hand labor was needed to develop the rice system within these struc-

tures. The basic requirements for tidewater rice farming included ditching, reaping, the threshing mill and the main flood gates.

In addition, Eagles Island was a pinpoint location for rice farming. The island lies between the Brunswick and Cape Fear Rivers of Southeastern North Carolina. It is estimated that 50% of the area was under rice cultivation and the greatest expanse of rice was around 1,613 acres. Throughout the 19th century, the conditions to cultivate rice had drastically changed due to rapid property development and climate change. The erosion had affected around 15% of the remaining rice fields, and the embankments were almost destroyed entirely. The rice fields and canals deteriorated rapidly, mainly because of ditch erosion. After the 1850s, the industry recognized it could generate rice for a lower price in areas such as

California and Texas. Now, the boundaries of 18 rice fields can be identified in Eagles Island. And roughly eight ditch extrapolated fields can be digitally restored.

According to the USA Rice Federation, rice has become a major U.S. agricultural product since its meager beginnings in the Carolinas. Nearly 90 percent of the rice consumed in the United States today is produced within its borders. Presently, the United States is the world's most advanced and innovative rice producer. The United States is also one of the largest exporters of rice in the world and is respected worldwide for its abundant production of high-quality rice.

Information provided by James McDaid Kapetsky, Ph.D. "The Remains of Tidewater Rice Farming as a Cultural Resource in the Lower Cape Fear Region."

AN UNTEACHABLE MOMENT

by Patricia Dischino



It was almost time for the bell to ring but the chatter in

the teachers' room was quite intense. Margo Lerner spoke enthusiastically to anyone who would listen. The year is 2025. "Isn't it wonderful that all teachers are armed with guns. The brick wall outside is a fortress. Plus, you need a code to even get into the school. I feel so safe." Melanie Wadsworth looked at Margo with disparagement. "If you think you are safer now, you are sadly mistaken. Do you know how many teachers are purposely not returning because they don't want to carry a gun? I'm one of them."

Margo was quite taken back. "Melanie, you were teacher of the year in the whole state. The kids love you. You will lose much of your pension and health benefits. Are you crazy? We are so safe now." Melanie shot back. "If you think you are safer now, you are sadly mistaken." The conversations

were divided and intense as other teachers joined in the discussion.

Everyone picked up his or her gear as the bell rang for the onset of the school day. The teachers were in a foul mood as a divisive atmosphere clouded a previously amicable staff. Students lined up according to grade level, in front of the school entrance. It was almost the end of the year. Lots of fun things were planned. Field Day and Color War were always a high point of the last weeks of school. Then there was the anticipation of moving up to the next grade or even advancing to middle school. Graduation was a week away. Last summer all the security work was completed. Melanie felt now, that the school was dark and lacked warmth. Windows faced a courtyard surrounded by ten-foot brick walls. Previously, sunlight streamed into the windows with views of trees and greenery. In her heart she was teaching in a diminished environment. Sixth grade was her domain and she adored her students. However, this year, the children were repeating conversations they heard at home.

There were more student fights than ever before. Melanie would not return next year to a career to which she was truly devoted.

The usual morning announcements that came across from the intercom had not even begun when the principal spoke. It was obvious he was trying to appear calm but fear was evident.

"There has been an ongoing mass shooting at the regional high school. There are multiple injuries and deaths. The gunman is still at large. Teachers, please have your students sit down against a wall where they cannot be seen. Kindergarten teachers have your children go into the bathrooms. Everyone remain sequestered in locked rooms until you hear from me." All complied, while terror reigned. The lockdown lasted over two hours. Fortunately for the elementary school, the gunman was killed on the high school grounds. Thirty students, six teachers and the secu-

rity guard were killed, Eleven students were injured, one paralyzed for life. How did the gunman reach so many? The answer is quite simple. Students were still in the hall and not in the classrooms. The teachers were in their rooms with doors open to allow students to enter.

How did the gunman gain access to a fortified school and armed teachers? One of the teacher's sons had a horrific fight with his parents. He accessed his mother's computer contacts and found the code. The young man waited till late at night, entering the building carrying his automatic weapon with abundant ammunition, used the code, and lay in wait to commit his atrocious crime. The fortification was worthless. The armed teachers had no opportunity. They were doing what is expected of teachers. Teaching!

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Special Scottish

Stones

by Janet Stiegler



My husband and I just returned from Scotland, where we visited numerous castles, churches, and lochs—the country boasts more than 30,000 freshwater lakes and estuaries, Loch Ness being the most famous—as well as a whiskey distillery and a sheep farm. However, this article will focus on some unique Scottish stones.

Clava Cairns. Not far from the Culloden Battlefield, site of the final Jacobite uprising of 1746, are the Clava Cairns. These sacred cairns are circular tombs that prehistoric farmers created 4,000 years ago to bury the most important members of their community. The cairns at Balnuaran of Clava feature four Bronze-age ring cairns and three standing stone circles. The entrances to each cairn are aligned perfectly with the

winter solstice sunset. Why remains a mystery, but it is clear that the placement of the tombs required precise knowledge of the seasons and the sun's cycle.

Fans of the *Outlander* books and film series will appreciate that the Clava Cairns inspired the fictional “Cragih Na Dun” stone that sends Claire Randall traveling back in time to the 16th-century Scottish Highlands. Touching the huge, standing stone, I waited in anticipation to see whether it would take me back to some sexy men in kilts, but all I got were gritty hands. Probably best, since those were turbulent times, and I tend to favor the hygiene and other conveniences of the 21st century.

The Stone of Scone (rhymes with spoon), also known as the Stone of Destiny or the Coronation Stone, is an ob-

long block of sandstone used for centuries in crowning Scottish and English monarchs. It measures 26 in. x 16.7 in. x 10.5 in., weighs 335 lbs., and has iron rings at each end to aid with transport. Last used in Queen Elizabeth II's 1953 coronation, the Stone sat within a hollowed-out rectangle under the throne.

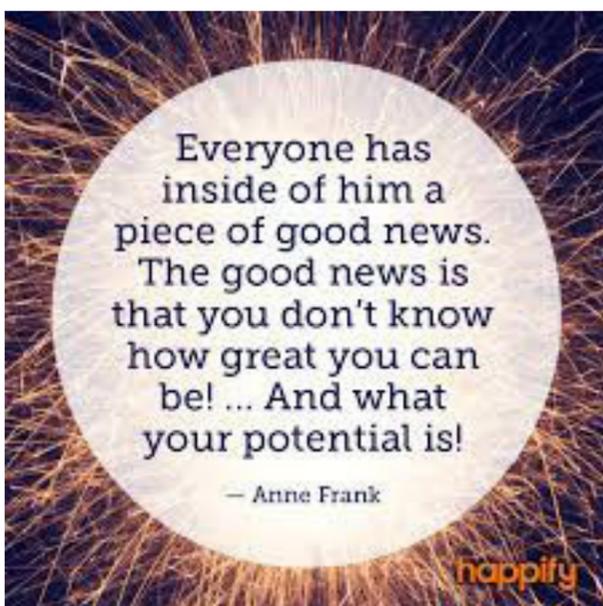
A symbol of great power, the Stone's origins and whereabouts remain a mystery. Some say it came from the Holy Land/Biblical times, while others believe King

Kenneth MacAlpin, traditionally considered the founder of Scotland, brought the relic from an abandoned abbey on Iona around 841 AD. It may also have been a Roman altar stone taken from the Antonine Wall. Whatever

its origins, the famous Stone of Scone was used as a coronation seat at Scone Palace, Scotland, between the 9th and 13th centuries.

When Edward I invaded Scotland in 1296, he took the Stone of Scone back to England, where it stayed for the next 700 years. The only hiccup was when a group of Scottish Nationalist students broke into Westminster Abbey on Christmas Day, 1950, in an attempt to spirit the Stone back to Scotland. However, while trying to bury the Stone in a farmer's field, it broke into two. Eventually recovered, a Glasgow stonemason repaired the Stone, but rumors circulated that the specimen returned was a copy.

In 1996, the British Government, attempting to appease the Scots, decided that the Stone should reside in Scotland when not used in coronations. So now the Stone of Scone sits alongside the crown jewels in Edinburgh Castle, where the priceless treasure is viewed by millions every year. But the question remains: Is it the genuine Stone of Scone? Or just a plain old rock?



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SHELIA'S REVIVAL PART FOUR

By: Brendan Connelly



Catherine raises her hand and tells the class some difficult news; that her mother,

Patty, had just recently passed away.

"I'm so sorry for your loss. That's never easy to go through. Trust me, remain positive and you'll be ok. I feel we can relate. I am here for you and can help you if you need anything. Your Mom will be watching down on you, keeping an eye on you and helping to guide you through your life. I know your Mom wants you to live your life to the fullest, set a positive example and become a successful person."

Kelly gets up next and talks about her brother Jim who is currently fighting in the military. Kelly said one of the biggest lessons she learned from her brother is to never

give up and never be afraid to strive for what you believe in. Shelia said, "I'm sorry for what you both are going through right now.

Never be afraid to express your true feelings. We are all human beings. We all feel happy sometimes. We all feel sad sometimes. We all feel scared sometimes. It's all part of human emotion."

Shelia then helped lead them singing, "This Little Light of Mine."

Shelia's leadership begins to show as each of her classmates and their families begin reading at home together each night and her classmates tell their families about their day in school every day and every morning all of her classmates walk into the classroom with a smile on their faces.

The class begins to thrive with Shelia's presence in the classroom. There is more class interaction and participation. Every morning, all the students walk in and greet each other, want to talk to each other, are eager to learn and

to share their journal entries. One morning, Shelia asked the class to write in their journals what you need to do to be a good leader:

Billy said, "Assisting people in need"

John said, "Staying positive through every situation"

Timmy said, "Being Kind & Being the Best You Can Be"

Michael said, "Being a good role model"

Mark said, "Be Honest and Caring"

Ben said, "Set A Positive Example for Others"

Marica said, "Stay Calm and Keep Your Composure Through Every Situation"

Kelly said, "Like Ben said, Set A Positive Example for others to Follow Your Lead"

Catherine said, "Be A Good Kind Person"

Gail said, "Keep Your Head Held High"

Grace said, "Be Friendly"

Shelia said, "I'll Echo All of You and Say, be the Best, Gracious Human Being You Can Be."

One night, Gail gave them a homework assignment to Do A Good Deed. A Random Act of Kindness.

The next morning, Gail asked everyone to share what they did.

Billy said, "when I got off the school bus, I saw my next-door neighbor carrying tons of groceries. I went over to her, helped her unload her car, bring them inside and unpack everything."

John said, "after school I went over to visit my grandmother who was not feeling well. I brought her over some cough medicine and some chicken soup."

Timmy said, "when I got home from school, I saw my neighbor carrying out heavy bags of garbage. I went over to him and gave him a hand helping him carry out the heavy bags and roll down the garbage cans for garbage pickup."

Other examples mentioned included collecting food & toiletries to donate to the poor, cooking dinner, baby sitting and homework help.

Come Hear NC at the NC Rice Festival

by TeCora Galloway, Shallotte



Since the next North Carolina Rice Festival is not until March 2023, it is the perfect time to teach

about the significance of the Rice Festival and some of its elements. Specifically, the Come Hear North Carolina program which made it possible for the Rice Festival to have its live entertainment and guests.

Come Hear NC is a program that was launched by the NC Department of Natural & Cultural Resources in 2019 following Governor Roy Cooper's declaration that 2019 was the North Carolina Year of Music. According to their website, ncarts.org/comehearnc, Come Hear NC is dedicated to supporting North Carolina artists and ensure that they remain an important part of North Carolina's culture. The strong emphasis on the past and present makes it possible for them to support ventures like the NC Rice Festival, since the music associated

with things like golden rice, and the overall culture of plantations in the south is the basis for many music genres we listen to today.

At the last Rice Festival, Come Hear NC featured artists like Ian Daviz, Tina Smith, and Leroy Harper. The emphasis is on artists that are from North Carolina, marking the support of our regions culture.

Many government officials even make a point of coming to these events since it is agreed upon that protecting the arts and our history is important moving forward.

Putting a spotlight on the past encourages people to lean into their culture and be proud of their origins. Walking around the rice festival, one could easily spot the Brunswick County Commissioner or the current Mayor of Leland, or even North Carolina's Secretary.

Overall, the entertainment present at the Rice Festival makes it a truly



unforgettable experience, and if nothing else you will be able to remember acts by Aunt Pearlise Sue or the famous Geechee Gullah Ring Shouters.

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LAUGHING IN THE GOLDEN YEARS: Bee Keeper



by Maryann Nunnally,
Porters Neck

My dad built a swing set for me using some old metal pipes and the crotch

of a Box Elder tree just outside the kitchen door. I loved that swing and often took a sandwich out there to swing lazily while I ate my lunch. That year the flies that had plagued my mom every summer had disappeared with the DDT that had been liberally sprayed everywhere. So, I was really surprised when I became surrounded by hundreds of flies. I ran into the house to tell my parents that there were clouds of flies all around my swing set. Dad immediately went out to check, and in a few minutes, returned to say that the flies were actually a swarm of honey bees.

"Maryann," he said to me, "how would you like to raise some bees and get the honey that they make?"

I enthusiastically agreed. Dad went to the barn and returned with a small metal tub and grabbing a wooden spoon, showed me how to beat the tub with the spoon in a steady, rhythmic way. Standing near the tree where the swarm was flying in a frenzied circle, I beat the metal tub.

Before dad left me to purchase a bee hive at the feed mill, he cautioned me not to stop beating the tub. He said, "The bees will come down on a limb of the tree if you keep beating the tub."

I kept hitting the tub, and in a few minutes the bees began to form a moving ball around one of the limbs of the Box Elder tree. By the time, dad returned with a hive and a light-colored piece of canvas, the swarm had settled down on the limb with only a few bees still flying around.

After laying the canvas on the ground under the tree limb and placing the hive on it, dad fetched a step ladder. Climbing up he took hold of the limb and gave it a quick snap. The results were an entire swarm of bees down on the canvas. "Now," dad explained to me, "if the queen goes into the hive, all the worker bees will follow her."

The queen must have entered the hive because in a few minutes all

the bees had followed in.

"When can I get the honey?" I asked dad.

Dad laughed and recited a little rhyme to me:

"A swarm of bees in June is worth a silver spoon; but a swarm of bees in July is not worth a fly."

Sadly, I had to wait until the fall of the next year before I could harvest the honey.

Soon I had a number of hives as people, when they heard that dad was helping me start a honey bee business, called him and asked him to come get the swarms that were in their yards. Within three years, we had about twenty-five hives and more honey than we could use ourselves. I was in business and often sold my excess honey to our little country store.

Fast forward ten years when I had left home to attend college, my dad called me and said my mother had been stung by one of my bees and was in the hospital with a life-threatening allergic reaction. "We need to sell the bees," he said. Enter Mr. Al, a WWII German prisoner who elected to stay in the



United States, and start his own farm. Mr. Al offered to buy them, and dad charged him five dollars a hive and threw in the bee keeper's outfit. In early winter, Mr. Al retrieved the hives by loading them into the back of his rickety truck and took them home.

The next spring my dad called me at my job on campus and said, "Wait till I tell you what Mr. Al did."

It seemed that Mr. Al did not understand that bees can live through a bitter cold northern winter. He put all his new hives in his cellar to keep

them from freezing. In the spring the bees became active and soon his whole house was full of angry bees trying to escape. Mr. Al came to get my dad to help him. My father could not stop laughing. He opened every door and window in Mr. Al's house and helped him carry all the hives from the cellar to a near-by field. Soon all the house-bound bees left their prison and returned to the hives. Mr. Al was to learn that bees create their own heating system in a winter hive and live just fine no matter how cold it gets. As for me, I now get my honey from the supermarket, and it pleases me just fine.

WHAT CAN TOAST MASTERS DO FOR YOU?



by Mari-Lou Wong-Chong

Mari-Lou Wong-Chong is a chartered member of the Brunswick County Toastmasters Club, Chair, Brunswick County Intercultural Festival, Board member BC Literacy Council

I am a Toastmaster. How many of you have introduced yourself this way?

Nowadays, I can, with confidence and with comfort. Years ago, I attended a support group meeting. I was so impressed with the speaker's confidence, speaking skill and sincerity. I later found out that she was a Toastmaster. I was invited to the Club meeting. Every time I visited, I was greeted with warmth and friendliness. In the beginning I was so overwhelmed and intimidated by the excellence and quality of the speeches and the speakers. But instead of getting discouraged, I told myself: I want to be like them--- a Toastmaster who wears many hats! I want to use this to help me cope with my Anxiety disorder.

Years later, here I am. It is my hope that one of you will say to yourself: "I want to accomplish what she has as a Toastmaster."

I remember vividly the first time I did impromptu speaking (think on your feet?) Mine was excruciatingly painful. I was so nervous, my knees were knocking, and I couldn't open my mouth. Sweat coming down my eye brows and armpits. All that came out were 23 ah's and hum's the whole minute I was in front of an audience. Enough to say, "this is not for me." But, I had so many Toastmasters behind me with encouragement and support. It took me almost a year to get the courage, motivation and the desire to give Toastmaster a try. The road to my first book of 10 speeches was rough, but mostly positive experience. I started my Icebreaker at the bottom of this huge mountain. "What a climb," I thought to myself. But I was determined. I made baby steps and before I knew it, I was half way up the mountain. I paused and looked back. I like what I have done so far. I looked up and thought, "Not too far to go!" After 10 months, here I was on top of the mountain hugging my precious Competent Toastmaster award. Oh, what an exhilarating feeling of accomplishment.

All along the climb to my competent Toastmaster award, I never walked alone. I had more than enough support and encouragement from my fellow Toastmasters. Along the way, I was encouraged to keep going, take on leadership roles, which in turn gave me a sense of ownership to the Club. I made numerous mistakes, but it did not matter because it was part of my learn-

ing and personal growth.

As I travelled through improving my communication and leadership skills, things got better, improving and getting more comfortable with my fear of public speaking, my awareness of the importance of teamwork, and always mindful of my goals, especially diligent in following through goals I have set for myself.

My continued involvement and experience with Toastmaster has also taught me valuable coping skills in dealing with my anxiety disorder. Thankful to say, the discomfort and extreme fear has taken a "back-seat." Again I never walked alone. My Toastmaster family held my hand as I grew one step at a time.

My continued journey and commitment to personal growth rewarded me with the ultimate award of Distinguished Toastmaster (DTM). I felt like a kid having the first taste of ice cream or having a toy I never before received! My exuberance felt like the first time I saw snow when I first arrive to the United States as an exchange student.

Communication and leadership skills are learned, and just like a muscle-if it is not exercise it dies! Therefore, skills learned need to be constantly exercised. What are the benefits? What do we get out of being a Toastmaster?

Leadership, public speaking, listening skills, parliamentary procedures, effect evaluation, company and employee benefits, better attitude, effective evaluation, managerial skills, creative thinking, impromptu speaking, accepting criticism objectively, and much more.

BCTM meets every Tuesdays virtual at 6:00pm EST. We have members of all backgrounds, culture, ages, and years of experience.

Come visit with us. This is a special invitation to our high school students. Let us help you with your communication and leadership skills.

For information: Check out BCTM Facebook and website: Brunswick County Toastmasters Club. Contact: Mari-Lou Wong-Chong at 910 842-6566 Colt Cash at (250) 492-2362.

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Military News



Memorial Day

Members of American Legion Post 68 and Leland VFW Post 12196 participated in a joint activity on Memorial Day by visiting 5 area cemeteries to place flags on the graves of deceased veterans. We were honored to be joined by Mayor Brenda Bozeman, Councilman Bill McHugh and Councilwoman Veronica Carter.



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Korean War Era Veterans

Leland VFW Post 12196 will host a Korean War Era Veteran Commemoration Breakfast on July 27, 2022. The event is sponsored by Deb Pickett-Investment adviser with Edward Jones and Vietnam Veteran David Sink, Jr., owner of Meineke Car Care Center in Leland.



The breakfast will begin at 8 am and end by 10 am. All veterans are invited to attend and the families of Korean War veterans are welcome.

We do request that you RSVP at vfwpost12196@gmail.com.



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The Teen Scene

Tomorrow's Voices Today

The Teen Scene is now a fully online paper.
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Brunswick County Early College



Town Creek Middle



Why Leland?

by John & Jean Hacker



It's been almost 4 years since we moved from my home of 72 years in California to our new home here in

Leland, North Carolina. We decided to leave California in 2016. It was not an easy choice. We knew we could not retire to a comfortable life style in California, the cost of everything would soon delete our retirement nest egg. We had no family left except nephews, nieces. Even our friends were considering leaving our home state. Our children left several years before.

But why Leland specifically? Beaches, number one in my book, we had to be near the beach, I was a born surfer in California and I needed to be near the ocean.

Our kids in Virginia, said stay south, do not come to Virginia, it's too congested and the beaches were cluttered, we accepted their idea.

Working with Veteran organizations in Southern California, several of my Marine friends suggested North Carolina, but not Jacksonville, go south to Wilmington, or further south but stay away from South Carolina and points south. (Not sure why, I love the history down that way.)

So, we began "The Plan:" I had my son send me two map books on North Carolina, and South Carolina AND one on Virginia. I wanted to know how far East Coast kids were from us, then made the list of what work will I do on the house and what work would I contract out. I bought a big desk calendar to track my work and to make sure I was hitting my weekly goals. (Sometimes yes, sometimes NO!) When each page was completed on our task sheet, we had a glass of wine at sunset and burned the page with friends. We reached out for resources in North Carolina like the Chamber of Commerce and even the American Legion. Wilmington looked the best. It had the city highlights and concert venues and LOTS of History. I sent my daughter in Virginia to scout out Leland and Wilmington and her recon proved to be effective. Wilmington had the adventure and the "city" feel

and great history. Leland had the small town feel and the surrounding beach areas had that Laguna Niguel feel we so much enjoyed in California

We knew we were going to rent first, so we scheduled one year to search the areas.

We pulled the trigger when we put the house on the market and negotiated a 60-day rent back, so we could search for a rental house.

I found it was easier to build here so we researched builders, and settled on a good one to

build our home in Magnolia Greens. We knew that nowhere would compare to the large cities of California that we

loved. Many have said Charlotte could be the San Francisco of the South but apparently, they have not visited San Francisco!

I find North Carolina is safer from weather events than in California. The mountains here get some fires now and then but so far nothing on the scale of California.

The biggest weather event here are hurricanes--not often it seems, but when they hit, they can be devastating. With several major hurricanes from 1996 to 1999 impacting this area, my friends in California, said it was a sign for us NOT to go to North Carolina. The summers can be brutal here but the beaches are soft and long and the water is like bath water. In California, the water is always cold. We are late beach goers, arriving around 6pm to enjoy some adult beverages and snacks and enjoy some great sunsets.

But, in the end, the biggest pro is obvious: North Carolina is cheaper and friendlier.

The biggest con is harder to define. I must say public transportation is lacking here and, I believe, all over North Carolina. But honestly public transportation isn't anything to brag about in California either.

We love the arts and crafts throughout the southern part of Brunswick County.

We are starting to discover wineries, not as close to our home in California was, but we love the adventure of finding them and also great craft beer.

Your money will go far here. I suggest you join a community organization to get to know and meet people. They are here with open arms.



I BELIEVE

by Dan Neizmik, Hearthstone

In my life, I've seen most everything, I've seen the eagle fly and I've heard the robin sing, I've seen hard times and the pain that they can bring,



But, I've seen the sunset ~ and then I've seen it rise again. And I believe, And I've seen the people who work hard for what they've got, And I've seen others and the problems that they cause, But, I've seen a Nation, proud and strong, I've seen it's people ~ I've seen them rise above it all. And I believe, I've heard the cheers of celebration, And, I've heard the cries of desperation, But, I've seen our soldiers fight to keep us free, And I've seen them raise our flag and I know what it means. America is the land of the free, created for you and me, Through the sacrifice of others who fought for what they believed, It's about our freedom and pride and it's more than just a dream, We stand together, as one Nation, and we fight to keep it free. God Bless America ~ And I Believe, God is up there watching over you and me, And I stand when they raise our flag, Because I Believe. And in my life, I've seen most everything, I've seen the eagle fly and I've heard the robin sing, And I Believe...

I Believe in America.



Tempus Fugit

By Marianne Ziegler

Tempus fugit, time flies by, no matter how you say it.

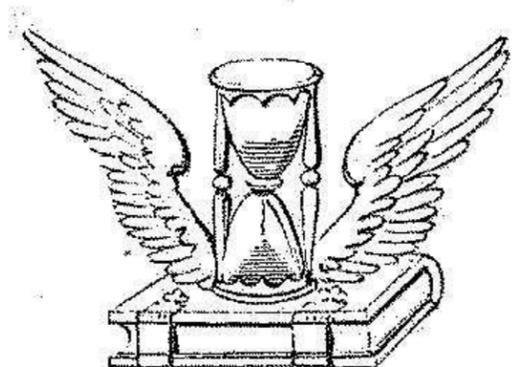
You cannot get back what is gone, 'cause what is done is done!

They say you shouldn't rue what you have done,

But I sometimes regret what I haven't done! When I was 20 I thought I'd never age, but...

the book of life turns faster page by page! And now that I'm ??? (well, I won't say)...

I'm in my later years and here to stay, for some time to come, I do pray... tempus fugit, God willing I may.



AROUND TOWN

LELAND CULTURAL ARTS CENTER

Summer Club Jr (7/7) Yoga & Pottery
Thu, Jul 7 2022, 2 - 5pm

Join Summer Club with Leland Parks, Recreation, and Cultural Resources! Kids will create, explore, and play with activities in art, nature, and games. Join for 1 workshop or all. Pre-registration requested.

Participants will take part in mindful movement and create a piece of hand-built pottery. Come to the Leland Cultural Arts Center at 1212 Magnolia Village Way.

Comically Impaired
Fri, Jul 15 2022, 7 - 9pm

Wilmington's longest running Improv Group is coming to the LCAC and they are ready to make you laugh! This group of comedy experts have a night of sketch comedy that won't disappoint. Tickets are \$15.

BRUNSWICK ARTS COUNCIL

Children's Entertainment!
Hands on learning and fun!

The N.C. 4th of July Festival has something for every age. Not to be confused with the Southport Parks & Recreation Department's Children's Games, Children's Entertainment will give younger children a creative and fun outlet through craft projects, coloring, beading, and more.

Sunday, July 3rd
12:00pm - 2:00pm

Fort Johnston- Southport Museum & Visitor Center
203 E. Bay Street, Southport

The Children's Entertainment is organized by the Southport Rotary Club, Southport Rotary Evening Club & Brunswick Arts Council.

FIREWORKS

Festival Fireworks

This year's festival fireworks on Monday, July 4th at 9:00pm on the Southport Waterfront. Sponsored by Duke Energy with special funding provided by American Fish and Frying Pan Restaurant.

The Festival Fireworks on July 4th will open the fireworks display with The American Tribute. Three lone burst:
Red for the blood of many heroes shed;
White, for freedom's light still shining bright; and
Blue, for the courage to stand tall and true!
Let it remind us of the privilege that it is to be Americans and the cost of generations of sacrifice.

Birthday's & Anniversaries

- Boston Decker - July 1st**
- Happy 18th Anniversary to Kristen & Donny Brown - July 3rd**
- Bryn Walbourne - July 2nd**
- Alexis Cooper - July 7th**
- Jasiel Baker - July 13th**
- Margie Steve - July 13th**
- Chloe Walbourne - July 13th**
- Laura Askue - July 17th**

It Takes More Than One

by Margie Steve, Shalotte



It seems for the past couple of years

our world has been through tough times. We have received news, calls, and witnessed events with our own eyes, pandemics, changes, and nightmares that have become a reality for some. Some are more severe than others, some have affected friends, family, our country, or even multiple countries, and some just personally. When these times come, what do we do? Do we just sit and mourn, do we stop living, do we take it out on everybody, do we sit in silence, or do we do something? Words can't be explained often in these situations, but actions speak louder.



Many countries including the United States have been supporting Ukraine against Russia and the tragedy that is happening. What would we do if our comfort place called home got destroyed, schools in rubles, smoke in the air from the constant bombing, etc? What would parents do knowing that their children are

seeing what is happening around them and running for their life when they should be playing with toys? Children aren't supposed to see and live through bombings, shootings, and just violence in general. They should be playing in the fields, learning, and coming home to their families with a meal to end their day.

It is time for a change, a call to action. Our world has dramatically changed: pandemics, increase in violence, increase in horrific accidents, etc. It seems like the people who want the change are the people who don't have the author-

ity to make that change, but the ones who do, don't seem to care to make a change. We as the people in the communities try to do our best to advocate for that change and that is what happened here in Brunswick County, North Carolina. On June 2, 2022, a Ukrainian Prayer Vigil took place at Mulberry Park in Shalotte, NC. Volunteers gathered to help set up. Teens including myself, young adults, and others helped make this event honorable for Ukraine, and those affected by their loved ones. Many speakers such as Eric Terashima, Rett Newton, pastors from local churches, Rabbi Emily Losben-Ostrov, and others gave speeches, ceremonies, and prayers for Ukraine. People from the community gathered to come as a whole to pray as prayer is



more powerful when there is more than one person. During this event, 4 special guests attended. Although they didn't want their names to be published, they announced that all four of them are from Ukraine. They are currently staying with a family here and it was such a blessing to have them at the event. The 4 special guests from Ukraine On Thursday, June 9, 2022, from 7:00-8:00 pm, there was a Labyrinth walk at Seaside United Methodist Church. The walk was honored for gun violence in the United States, mainly advocating for the tragedies that happened in Uvalde and Buffalo. Thank you to those who came out and supported both of these events. If you would like to donate to Ukraine there is a QR code that will bring you to a link, scroll down to the bottom and click "Give to Ukraine."

