###### *Providing an Outlet for Creativity in the Cape Fear Region*

Cape Fear

VOICES

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##### The Calla Lily

**by Kimberly S. McDuffie, Ed.D,** Leland Middle School Principal

#### Everyone Needs An Uncle Bob

**by Janet Stiegler,** Brunswick Forest

The Calla Lily is my favorite flower. Last

spring, I bought myself a flower pot of pur- ple Calla Lilies for Mother’s Day in remem- brance of my mother. My mother was the first person who bought Calla Lilies for me and each time I saw one, it reminded me of her. I had seen Callas in a magazine as teen-

ager and my mom remembered.

Mother’s Day weekend of 2021, a local grocery store had several purple Calla Lilies. I brought them home and placed them on my little fireplace. After a few days, I saw them begin to become richer in color and stood a little taller. I went out and purchased a large flower pot and soil, then replanted them, placing them on my front porch. They were absolutely gorgeous.

Each day, I would look over at them and thinking about my mom and how beautiful they were sitting on the porch next to my white rocking chair. As time went by through the summer, I saw them wilting and then die (at least I thought they had died). I never moved the big flower pot because I had plans to grow cucumbers in this pot the following Spring. But that didn’t happen…

In early May of this year, I began to pot plants, flow- ers, and a few vegetables when I remembered the big flower pot that was yet stationed on my front porch. I went over to pick it up and take it outdoors to throw away the old soil and to fill it up with new soil to plant my cucumbers. Then I noticed something... I saw tiny sprigs in the soil. I said to myself, this can’t be the Calla Lilies from last year! I pulled out my phone and opened my plant app. And yes! They were my Calla Lilies from the previous year! But I watched them die! Or did I? Not knowing that they were perennials (as I am not a hor- ticulturist). I assumed that they had died when in fact, they were just resting up for the next season- to blos- som and to be a reminder of my wonderful mom whom I miss after several years.

I learned a lesson that day. What if I had thrown away the soil in my flowerpot without taking time to look at small buds growing? What if I had ignored the small growing flower and planted cucumbers over them? I would not have had the opportunity to enjoy my favorite flower which brings back so many fond memories of my mother.

The moral of this story (to me) is sometimes we over- look the small things that are buried underneath the dirt. It is easy to pour the dirt out and start over for instant gratification. But sometimes what we already have is what we really need. From that day on, I have been watering those tiny buds, because I know within a few months, I will have beautiful Calla Lilies that I didn’t re- alize that I “still” had. This is the epitome of a diamond in the rough.

I encourage the Leland Middle School community, as we transition into new grade levels, new staff, new be- ginnings, etc. to take a look at what you already have. Sometimes you have to look closely to see what is growing beneath what you’ve planted. My Callas are all growing at different levels. I have one that is standing taller than the other; but I see growth in every single sprout.

Thank you, parents and guardians, for sending me the best that you have this school year. I have seen so many diamonds in the rough. Your kids are awesome and on their way into blooming into beautiful flowers that you have cultivated, instilled values, and guess what? They will blossom into something beautiful!

Blessings to my Leland Middle School Community!

Recently, our

extended family gathered in Quin- cy, Massachusetts to celebrate my husband’s oldest

brother’s 80th birthday. Rob- ert Stiegler—or Uncle Bob as he is known to our children and numerous other nieces and nephews—is the Stiegler family patriarch. For 80 years, he has shared his love and generosity with generations of extended family.

I should mention that Bob has been married almost sixty years to his better half, Rita, and that we know them more as Boban- dRita (yes, without spaces, be- cause you can’t have one with- out the other). But since it was his birthday, I will focus on Bob, the retired telephone lineman, army veteran, church treasurer, boat enthusiast, and all-around amazing brother, husband, and uncle.

Everyone needs an Uncle Bob. Here’s why:

* Holidays at BobandRita’s have always been full of unlim- ited food, beverage, and laugh- ter. Their small Cape Cod-style home—decorated to the nines— magically expands to accom- modate a never-ending number of friends and family. When the kids were younger, holidays also included fun and games. The Fourth of July meant three- legged races, prizes, and fire- works; on Easter, there were egg hunts, egg tosses, and a visit by a life-size Easter bunny. Several times, Bob assumed the role of Santa Claus at the local Catholic church, but he was sometimes outed by a niece or nephew who smelled his Old Spice aftershave or, on one occasion, caught him at home taking off his long, white beard!
* Bob’s driving tours in and around Boston were full of his- torical and humorous details from his having pulled miles of telephone lines throughout most of the city’s buildings. Once, for a lunch break, he took us to Cheers (where the hit TV show was filmed.) Because the staff was busy, the head waiter want- ed to seat our group in a sepa- rate section that was bland and unrecognizable from the show. After engaging in some negoti- ation, Bob secured a table closer

to the bar. We don’t know what

he said or did, but that was Un- cle Bob, taking care and taking charge.

* Bob and Rita often packed four or five nieces and neph- ews—including our two off- spring—into their red van for a weeklong summer road trip. Destinations included Niaga- ra Falls, Lake George, the Po- conos, Disney World, Busch Gardens, or Kings Dominion. At the theme parks, Bob would ride the roller coasters and water slides with the kids or serve as a human shield for those ventur- ing through the haunted house. Spoiled rotten, our two children would regale us with tales of their adventures (or misadven- tures) for the next week.
* Once, Uncle Bob took my daughter, Leah, on a Boston ad- venture when she wasn’t even physically present. In third grade, her class was assigned the “Flat Stanley Project.” Flat Stanley comes from a children’s book about a young boy named Stanley who gets flattened by a bulletin board. His parents mail him to his family around the country so that he can go on ad- ventures. Leah drew a flat ver- sion of herself in class and sent it to Bob, asking him to take her to a local landmark in Boston. The idea was that he would take one picture of the destination and mail it back. Bob being Bob, he overachieved and took “Flat Leah ‘’ to John Quincy Adams’ birthplace, the JFK Library, Faneuil Hall, the USS Consti- tution, Bunker Hill, the Boston Public Gardens, and the site of the Boston Tea Party, among other key landmarks. Leah got back a whole loose-leaf note- book of “Flat Leah’’ adventures! Maybe you have an “Uncle Bob” in your life. If so, you’re lucky! But how do you recog- nize a man like that? Well, when BobandRita went on vacation alone, they often escaped to Ha- waii—exactly 15 times! Since he can no longer travel to the is- lands, we brought a little of Ha- waii to him on his birthday. Two hula dancers performed in his yard, and his brother-in-law had live Hawaiian leis flown in from the islands. It was the least we could do for a man who has al- ways spread the “aloha” (love

and fellowship)!

***NEW Cape Fear Voices Submission Requirements***

**Teen Scene and Cape Fear Voices**

For ***Cape Fear Voices*** [editorcfv@gmail.com](mailto:editorcfv@gmail.com) For ***Teen Scene***

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For more information on The *Teen Scene* and *Cape Fear Voices*, visit our web- site at [**www.cfvts.org**](http://www.cfvts.org/)

**Contact Information:**

* 1. The Teen Scene/Cape Fear Voices intends to showcase the works of the area’s many talented local writers, poets, and

craftspeople.

* 1. We are looking for contributors to submit their poems, stories, or articles for publication.
  2. We will not publish any political or religious material and will censor profanity, no matter how good the work submitted might otherwise be.
  3. All submissions must be in Times New Roman 14, single spaced, and include the title and author’s name.
  4. **Submissions over 600 words will only be printed online at cfvts.org. We will not do a “courtesy edit” for articles over 600 words. If we print them, they will be printed as submitted.**
  5. Any photos intended to accompany a submission must be sent as JPG files.
  6. **Submissions can be made by sending them to** [**editorcfv@gmail.com**](mailto:editorcfv@gmail.com) **or by obtaining a password for our website that will allow you to upload your article directly to a holding room. We will edit and put online.** In order to be printed in our hard copy of Cape Fear Voices your submission should be received by the 15th of each month for publication in the following month’s issue.

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***New Subscription Information***

As of June, 1, 2022, we will no longer be accepting requests for subscriptions for a hard copy of Cape Fear Voice/Teen Scene. We will, of course, honor all current subscribers. Please go to our website at cfvts.org. Questions or comments should be sent to [editorcfv@gmail.com.](mailto:editorcfv@gmail.com)

Teen Scene and Cape Fear Voices started publica- tion 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

[**www.cfvts.org**](http://www.cfvts.org/)

##### News at Teen Scene Inc.

**by Gerald Decker,** Magnolia Greens

We had a good month sports fan! We received a grant from Brunswick Electric Membership Corporation, received the “Community Partner Award” from Brunswick County Early College High School, and an amazing donation from one of our supporters.

We had a field trip with students from Leland Middle School to talk to 5th graders at Belville Elementary about being in the Journalism Club when they get to middle school next year. The visit was the brain child of Teen Scene writer, Charlie Sedbrook, who put the plan together and made it happen. Thanks to Dr. McDuffie, Ruth Thompson and Kathryn Pender for being

sponsors and coordinators for the visit. Presentations were made by Charlie, Eli Barrington, Viola Brown, and Lilyrae Bradley. Thanks to all of you for stepping up to make such an important contribution to your Journalism Club.

Our friend, Paul Paolicelli-an author and former NBC Bureau Chief, joined us at BC Early College High School to discuss the importance of writing and careers in Journalism.

We have recruited two students to basically run the operations of The Teen Scene through our new online presence. They will design the web, prepare 5-minute newscasts for participating schools and develop a line up of writers interested in doing one-minute podcasts on our new website.

There is a lot of activity behind the scenes to develop new programs for both Cape Fear Voices and The Teen Scene. We can’t wait to bring our Ben Franklin methods of doing a monthly paper to the 21st Century. Many thanks to all of you on this our 2nd Anniversary. You all make it happen. The help for all the non-

paid volunteers is invaluable. Let’s do another year.

**Teen Scene Receives Grant**

**by Jan Morgan-Swegle,** Compass Pointe

Non-profit organizations like Teen Scene, Inc. rely on donations and funded grants to survive and keep their programs alive.

On April 28, Gerald Decker accepted a

$500.00 grant from Brunswick Electric’s BEMC CommUnity program. The grant recognizes the importance of establishing and maintaining Jour- nalism Clubs in our middle and high schools.

Participation in The Teen Scene Journalism Clubs has been on the rise this year. As we go to a new website platform, members of the Journalism Clubs will become more active in the actual production of their school’s page in *Teen Scene*. In addition, they will be doing podcasts letting everyone know what’s happening in their school.

Teen Scene, Inc., thanks the members of the grant selection committee and Brunswick Electric for help- ing us serve the students of Brunswick County. Their motto, “Let’s Make A Difference Together,” is exact- ly what *Teen Scene, Inc*. is all about.

##### Party Affiliation Is Important For Local Candidates

**by Gerald Decker,** Magnolia Greens

At the Belville Founders Day celebration on May 7, 2022 volunteers of Cape Fear Voices and The Teen Scene conducted a public opinion survey. The numbers are small and not significant to be a credible predictor of outcomes or issues. However, there were some interesting findings.

The most significant finding was that 68% of those surveyed could not iden- tify a candidate for the State House of Representatives without knowing party affiliation. In that survey question, incumbent Frank Iler and his challenger Eric Terashima both received 16% of the vote. The remaining percent included those who, as one person commented, “if you cann’t tell me which party they are in, I can’t tell you who I’m voting for.”

In the race for the U. S. House of Representatives, the story was similar. Con- gressman Rouser received 26.3% of the vote. Challengers, Evans and Miller, both received 10.5% of the vote. Here again, the, “I am not sure who I will vote for without knowing which party they are in” was very important. It was interest- ing to note that people could not identify two state representatives who have been

in office for over 12 years without knowing party affiliation.

One lady commented that. “Everyone complains about their elected represen- tatives and then people like me, who don’t know any of the candidates, keep sending the same one’s back.”

Other findings in our very small but very random survey found:

* 55.5% of those surveyed thought the current rate of growth in our area is “too much.”
* On a scale of 1-10, “quality of education in Brunswick County” received a

5.89. There were many comments about the good and not so good but zero com- ments on any school political issues. On the positive side, people complimented the quality of teachers, the communications with parents and the opportunities the schools offer. On the negative side, comments centered around teacher pay, discipline and one principal.

**\*** Harris Teeter in Waterford received the highest rating of 8.6 out of 10 among major grocers in our area based on “cleanliness, prices, and overall quality.” Lowe’s Food in Brunswick Forest was second with a 7.88 rating. Other stores in the survey included Food Lion, Piggly Wiggly and WalMart. Several people responded they thought Piggly Wiggly is the most improved store in the area over the last year or so.

Lastly, we discovered that 74% of those surveyed preferred to get their news “ONLINE” and not in the beautifully printed copy, such as *Cape Fear Voices* and *The Teen Scene*. Go figure!!

Follow Us On Our New Social Medias!

**Thank You for Reading Cape Fear Voices and The Teen Scene! The Teen Scene is “*Tomorrow’s Voices Today*.” Cape Fear Voices provide surreal stories and creative content from emerging writers alike! Follow us on our new Instagram and our improved Facebook Page at Cape Fear Voices and The Teen Scene. Keep up to date on our social media and never miss an edition and our special announcements.”**

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**by TeCora Galloway,** Shallotte, NC

## Laura Askue, Making a Difference

Since it is the end of the year, I wanted to take a moment to reflect on someone who has helped give voices to the students at Early Col- lege high school through Cape Fear Voices/Teen Scene, Ms. Laura Askue.

Ms. Askue actually approached me with the opportunity to write for The Teen Scene, and is encouraging her students to get involved every day. I talked with Ms. Askue recently, and she says she does it

because she believes in the importance of a school newspaper.

Before Mr. Gerald Decker, head of Cape Fear Voices/Teen Scene, came to Ms. Askue with the proposal for setting up a journalism club, Early College had no school newspaper. Askue comments that it was hard receiving some of her stu- dents’ best works, and then they never see them again. Early College students are such an artsy genre of adolescents, it only made sense for us to have a newspaper, and since the inclusion of the journalism club Ms. Askue says she has seen posi- tive impacts on her students as well.

A big part of the positive impact is built around self-confidence. According to Ms. Askue, some students are shy at first to submit their articles because they are afraid, they aren’t good enough, or no one will care to read them. After they are published a few times however, they begin believing in themselves and real- ly developing their own style. Ms. Askue mentioned two students in particular, one who was very quiet when she first met her and one who made it clear early on, he liked to write. The student who was shy at first had a beautiful writing

voice, and upon sending submissions to the newspaper has begun to write about how much writing for Cape Fear Voic-

pushed to expand his horizons and learn to edit his works in a more professional way, and even try other mediums like poetry.

In addition to the personal development students undergo by writing for the newspaper, Ms. Askue also touched on the impact it would have on the students’ careers. Having published works in college is a big deal, and having contacts like Mr. Decker are very valuable. It may be the shining letter of recommendation you need one day to get into a dream program, or open doors to write for other newspapers.

When discussing the future of The Teen Scene, Ms. Askue mentions many of the projects we are looking forward to in

the future, like a Cape Fear Voices/Teen Scene website that would allow for way more entries from almost anyone, and a National Quill and Scroll Journalism Society chapter being assem- bled at Early College. Opportunities like these really promote the art of writing, which in itself is an art that scholars everywhere are fighting to keep alive. At the end of the day, we can all attest that Ms. Askue has done her part to keep the romantics alive and keep her students en- gaged in literature.

Taking her class when I was a sophomore was one of the best academic experiences I had in high school, because she really made me feel like my opinion mattered. Ms. Askue does

es/Teen Scene has helped her become more confident. The other student who loved writing in the beginning, has been

*(left) Ms. Askue receiving Teacher of the Year Award from Gerald Decker, Commander of Leland VFW Post 12196*

## No Firm Ground

a great job of making sure her students feel as though they are capable of writing good works. In my opinion, she has a spark capable of kickstarting thou- sands of careers. I asked Ms. Askue what any readers thinking about submitting their works for The Teen Scene should know, and she says “If you have an op- portunity, take advantage of it”.

*(above) At BC ECHS Awards day, Ms. Askue presenting recognition to one of Teen Scene’s leading student writers, Margie Steve.*

**by Charles Bins**, Wilmington

There was something William Waverly had for- gotten but didn’t want to remember. He had been a successful architect for an engineering firm in Geor- gia and had retreated to California after the accident. Had he locked the door to his house? The thought nagged him as he drove across The Golden Gate on this windy Wednesday. The cables seemed to jan- gle like Slinkys. Was it the just wind? He fought the feeling. The roadway felt wavy, but vehicles were still driving straight. No one was honking. He won- dered about the quality of the stranded steel cables. On the other side, he spotted Alcatraz chiseled be- neath muddy clouds. Aboard a tall ship, sailors in black-and-white who could be prisoners waved their arms as they adjusted the sails. He cracked his win- dow near the wharf, and the smell of fish penetrated

his nostrils. Dozens of seals barked. On the side- walk, a woman in a red scarf worked to restrain her barking dalmatian. Waverly wheeled right, remembering the path to the office. Pastel homes zipped by, uphill and down, until his stomach threatened. He parked a block away, set the brake and stepped carefully to avoid hazards pushing up the sidewalk.

After a long wait, Dr.

Schwartz invited him

in. The hushed room sunk in dim light, two deep chairs opposite one another, a pool of blue rug be- tween them. The clock chimed 10 times before the doc asked. Waverly admitted he felt shaky, and the thought that he had forgotten something important gripped him.

“It wasn’t your fault, Willy.”

I’m not sure, so how can you be?

“Your firm made you a scapegoat. They turned you out. But the matter was investigated for two years. The court found the liability belonged to the con- struction team. You were exonerated.” That building should not have collapsed. Fifty-four people died.

“Yes, it was a tragedy. But you need to under- stand that if the construction team used substandard concrete, that was their fault, not yours.” The next Wednesday, Mr. Waverly had a breakthrough: He remembered a memo he had drafted advising the construction manager that the specification for the concrete foundation should be improved to M60 for added safety.

“And you communicated it. So where’s the prob- lem?”

M50 was the correct design mix per industry stan- dards, but I wanted it higher.

“So that’s why your firm singled you out?”

Yes, they buried the memo after the accident. I tried to find it in my files the next day, but it was gone. The construction manager said he never re-

ceived it -- and didn’t know what I was talking about. In fact, all the people I copied right up to the VP of operations, insisted they never saw it.

“You’re sure you sent it then?”

Don’t you see? It was a coverup. They gaslighted me -- then pushed me out for ‘per- formance issues.’ They destroyed my reputation, and my confidence.

Dr. Schwartz said Wil- ly should feel a burdened lifted since he now knew the truth. He felt relief as he returned to his Volvo and headed back to Sonoma. Yet halfway over the Bridge, the cables started bouncing vigorously, and now the bridge swayed with a slight twisting motion. Cars started to drift lanes and skid. A double-decker bus barreled toward him. He swerved to avoid it. His heart surged, but he kept his hands on the wheel. Mr. Waverly reached the other side unscathed. Yet on the long ride home, he wondered again: Had he recalled it correctly, or was there something else im- portant he should remember?

## ‘On Route 66’\*

**by Alan Sturrock,** Wilmington, NC

\*A Song by *The Rolling Stones*

*[a homage to Hunter S. Thompson…with a little help from JP Eckermann and JD Sa- linger..]*

**Cafe Concert** in Flagstaff, Arizona. My brother is reading the blog. He re-

reads it and turns to me.

‘So,’ he mused, ‘I see you collect injustices...’ Does that mean I’m still a somebody.

*Helas*

He leaves to go buy a pair of ‘dude-boots’. I strike

up a conversation with a young lady seated next to me. Turns out that she and her husband run a home- less ministry on the north side of Chicago. We talk for an hour. Time seems to stand still as she talks about their ministry with such passion. In my mind’s eye I decide there and then to do something for somebody else. Soon.

Out the side of my eye I can see my brother pacing outside. But she is the epitome of selflessness, and it’s hard to leave the conversation.

Finally, I thank her for her insights and leave.

I could smell nobodyness.....almost reach out and touch it, it is so palpable. It is all around me, if I just know where to look.

Later that night we are dining at a sushi restaurant. It’s a busy, popular place , and I see many faces, but none that resembles what I had felt earlier in the day. Then my eyes fixed on one of the waiters. It was an Eckermann experience. ‘Plates and dishes flew from his hands upon the table; nothing was spilt; no one was incommoded. Quite absorbed in his work, the

man was nothing but eyes and hands. ’

Some people might call that ‘being in the flow’. I

call it practicing nobodyness.

Turns out, it has been a perfect day for nobodyness. Seymour Glass [Franny Glass’s brother] once said: “all we ever do is go from one piece of holy ground

to the next. ”

Was he ever wrong?

## LAUGHING IN THE GOLDEN YEARS

#### Motivated To Read A Book

**by Maryann Nunnally**, Porters Neck

## Shiela Revival - Part 3

**by Brenden Connelly,** Brunswick Forest

When Shelia went back home that night, she realized

A few years after I retired from my job as a high school principal, a principal in Bruns- wick County called and asked me if I would be available to evaluate some teachers in his

school. He explained that the county had a shortage of evaluators and he could get a decent payment for me if I took the job. I agreed and said I would start in two days. In preparation for the job, I gathered three good ball-points and a book that I was reading for the second time: a book that I absolutely loved and reasoned that I could read between classes while I was waiting to evaluate the next teacher on my list.

The very first day on the job, I went into the gym to evaluate a P.E. teacher. Placing my clipboard, evaluation forms and the book I had with me on the floor by my chair, I ran to the ladies’ room and returned a few min- utes later. Class had started, and I immedi- ately got involved in writing up my notes about the teacher’s performance. When the class ended, I moved on to another class- room and was busy all that day. Just before the school day finished, I realized that I had left my book someplace. Because it was a library book on loan to me, I became con- cerned. Tracing my steps all through the school did not turn up the book.

The book that was lost was Indian Sum- mer by Sam Pickering. I loved that book. It had a number of essays by a man who, despite some serious concerns about his empty nest and his aging problems, saw all the joy in nature, people and animals in his life. It was a book that gave me courage to enjoy my own life and to value everything around me. It was definitely gone so I went to the school office and asked the secretary to add an announcement to her end of the day’s broadcast. What I asked her to say was “Lost: a book entitled Indian Summer, a ten-dollar reward to the person returning it to the office”.

Despite the announcement, the book was not returned. When two weeks had gone by, I gave up hope of ever seeing it again. I re- turned to the library where I had checked out the book and paid for a new copy to go back on the shelves. The book was reasonably ex- pensive, around thirty-five dollars, but I did

not resent having to pay for it. After all, I had taken it to school, and it was my own fault that it had disappeared.

Sometime in June about two weeks after school ended, the secretary called me and said she had my book. I thought that the custodian had probably found it, and I drove down to the Brunswick County school. When I checked with the secretary, she said that a student had returned the book. The secretary had not gotten the young girl’s name and confessed that the student was not one of the kids whom everyone in the school would know - in other words, the cheerleaders, the athletes, and the high ac- ademic achievers. This girl was one of the unknown kids who are simply a part of the student body.

The secretary then repeated what the girl had said when she slammed the book down on the counter: “This book ain’t worth ten dollars. I read the whole thing, and there ain’t no love or fighting in it.” Before the secretary could get her name, the girl walked out kind of in a huff.

The first thing I thought was this was a kid who did not understand a reward. Per- haps she had never been given one. Then I thought that she had read a beautiful book of essays that were a delightful picture of the environment and the life of a college teach- er. What an incredible accomplishment for a girl who probably had never read anything for simple pleasure. I was sad that I could not give her the ten dollars and felt even worse that I could not talk to her about the book. What had she gotten out of it? Were there any parts that she liked?

Years later, I still wonder about the young woman who read an entire book motivated by her desire to read about love and vio- lence. Never mind why she read it, or what she was looking for, she read it. Now that she must be somewhere in her late twenties or early thirties, does she ever remember that she read an entire book that was not required reading? I want to believe that she is some- how a better thinker because she read a book that was not required. Oh, how I wish I could have known her when she was apparently an angry teen-ager who didn’t even understand what a reward was or that reading the whole book was a reward in itself.

that Gail was right. She needed to think more about help- ing others in order to help herself. She immediately start- ed to think that when school starts, she wants to help lead the reading group, and get a group of friends to visit soup kitchens and hospitals.

When the first day of class arrived, Shelia walked into the class- room with a huge smile on her face. Gail made sure she got a front row seat.

“Shelia you are going to feel right at home. Remember, be the best you can be and don’t be afraid to follow your dreams.

Good morning class, I have great news: we have a new student joining us this year.”

“Hi class, my name is Shelia Patterson. I am 27 years old and already both my parents are gone. I was left to find my way in the world all alone. My challenges only began there. I have been scared to express my feelings because I have autism. I began to feel lost, forgotten and hopeless.

One night, while I was working at the local drug store, our teach- er Gail sees my crying, comforts me, takes me home with her and teaches me some very valuable life lessons and she has revived my life.”

Ok, class let’s start with a meet and greet. The class consists of 12 students, all with special needs and all of which are in the same age group ranging from 22-30 years old. There are six boys and six girls: Billy, John, Timmy, Michael, Mark Ben, Marcia, Kelly, Catherine, Jill, Grace and me.”

The book the class picked out was “The Wind and The Willows.” Shelia was a huge help, assisting Ben and Marica who are Down Syndrome and have some trouble reading. After each student fin- ished reading, Shelia went over to each student, patted them on the back and gave them a compliment.

Shelia tells all her classmates, “to always believe in yourself and always have the belief and courage that you can achieve anything in life.”

Gail went over to Shelia and said, “see Shelia, I knew you had it in you. You are doing an excellent job already!”

Shelia said she can relate to the toad who was lost, shy and has nobody to help him. Like the toad, once he meets a friend, she now feels like hopping around and starts to see the world much different- ly. The class starts laughing hysterically as Shelia gets up and starts hopping around the room like a happy frog!

Hey class, want to hear a joke? Yes, please Shelia!

Knock, Knock! Who’s There? Orange

Orange, Who?

Orange You Glad to Be Here!

The class breaks out laughing and smiles at her!

The next subject is leadership & social skills. Shelia reflects on the night Gail was there to help her revive her life. Shelia said one of the biggest keys of being a good leader is to set a positive example on your peers, remain positive through every situation, never give up on yourself, be able to bounce back from adversity, be honest and be friendly and offer to assist others.

***Thanks to Our Sponsors in the Issue***



**Frames**

**by Cay,** Leland

A long time ago

I found some empty frames only to store them,

lock them in the basement

Then you came along, a special someone who I didn’t expect

to be a part of my future

We shared many things, from the lucky to the not so lucky,

I had the best partner and the joy to be

in the biggest pictures with you

Maybe the frames weren’t just sitting there all along



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## The Heroes Of Our

#### The Boy

**by Pat Dischino,** Brunswick Forrest

## Streets

**by Dan G. Neizmik,** Hearthstone

**When I was a young, I knew a guy,** Who told us all that he could fly, He liked to joke, laugh and smile, But we all knew he’d never lie...

he’d say… **You can** be anything you want to be, Because you’re living in the land of the free, It’s the land of opportunity,

And it belongs to you and me...

**Then one day,** he went away to war,

To defend our freedom on some distant shore, He didn’t even know what he was fight for, And he didn’t seem to smile much, anymore… **He never** wanted to talk about it,

I think it was something he was trying to forget, But he told his closest friends,

He’d gladly do it all again...

**He fought** for freedom, and he fought for truth, He fought for the Red, White and Blue,

I guess it’s something he was meant to do,

I guess that’s something that he always knew.

**And I wondered** as I heard him speak, Who are these soldiers that keep us free?

Then, suddenly it occurred to me, They are Heroes, *The Heroes Of Our Streets*.

**Now, many years have gone by,**

But I’ll never forget that guy,

Who taught us freedoms worth the fight, But it never comes without a price.

**And we** all kept our promise to him, Our Country and it’s Freedom, we’d defend, I guess it’s something we were meant to do,

I guess that’s something that we always knew...

**And then one day** we all gathered around, As they place him in the ground,

I knew that God was watching down, On this man who made his Country proud...

And as I looked up to the sky,

The boy opened his eyes; enough to realize it was a new day. As he sat up, a smile swept the darkness of the night away. A delicious aroma em- anated from the kitchen. It was his birthday

Entering the kitchen, he took little note of his mother’s shabby dress or the sparseness of their home. She stood as a guardian from a stressful world. After all, he was only a boy.

The women, seeing her son’s joyful air, caught up with his enthusiasm. Happy birthday darling, how does it feel to be eight hears old?

Not much different. What smells so good?

I made cinnamon rolls for you to share and a special one to eat right this moment. I’m sorry I have no other gift for you,

He knew money was available only for neces- sities. At eight years of age, material possessions lacked great weight. He deeply felt his mother’s love. After all he was only a boy.

Leave a little early so you can give the rolls to those who are special to you.

As the mother watched the boy leave for school, carrying his carton of goodies, she noted his jaunty pace. How could that small gift bring her son such pleasure? But, it made him happy. After all, he was only a boy

The boy lived in the city where laws were cre- ated that changed lives, sometimes for the bet- ter and sometimes not. He passed streets marked with expensive buildings that rose to the sky, while in other streets, like his own, the homes of- fered little. However, it was where he was happy. After all, he was only a boy.

The boy caught sight of the doorman of a cost- ly condo. Hello my friend. How are you?

Thank you for asking but my wife is ill and

unable to work. Times are hard for us.

I’m so sorry. It’s my birthday. My mother made these rolls for me to share. Please take one.

As he uncovered his basket, the captivating whiffs of the cinnamon rolls escaped. He handed one to the man in his drab uniform and solemn face. With a single bite the serious expression disappeared. His eyes lit up and so did the but- tons on his jacket

“Oh, I know my wife will be much better when I get home. I feel so good. Have a wonderful birthday.

The doorman opened the door for a .man, for- mally dressed, with the exception of a protruding belly that refused to be contained by a belt

The well-dressed man turned to the doorman, complimenting him on how sharp he looked. Is that a new uniform?

The doorman was so fluster by the new state of his drab uniform, he had trouble answering. He could only stammer a thank you.

The boy stepped closer to the man with the bulge of a belly. It’s my birthday. Have one of my rolls.

I’ve just had a big breakfast but I can’t resist your offer.

After two bites, he turned to the boy with a broad smile. Young man, I’m a senator. My col- leagues want me to vote for a bill that would not be good for the country. I was afraid not to agree with their wishes because I thought I wouldn’t be elected. But for some reason, I don’t care. I’m going to do what’s right.

The rolls made positive changes to all fortu- nate enough to taste them. The birthday child did not realize the power of the gift he shared. After all, he was only a boy.

I swore I saw that Soldier fly, And on his face, he wore a smile,

## Brothers Reunion – Part 2

**by Bob Corriston,** Wilmington

I guess old soldiers never die...

**He had** become what he wanted to be, A man who lived his whole life free, And that’s a gift he left for you and me,

He was a hero… a Hero Of Our Streets…

**And *The heroes of our streets* are a lot like you and me,**

Except that they believe,

They’ve gotta fight, and some give their lives, To keep our country free...

**And if by now** you understand, When you see a Veteran, shake his hand,

And I know you’ll feel the pride, He keeps hidden deep inside... **It won’t be long** before you see,

The same thing that occurred to me, They’re the ones who keep us free, They are The Heroes Of Our Streets...

### ‘I’

**by Ray Burkart,** Wilmington

I had just written and I noticed

I used the pronoun I, an awful lot.

I thought that

I should be more careful and not use I so much, for fear that people think

I may be self-absorbed. So, in the future,

I will try to restructure sentences in order to not overuse the pronoun,

I.

I hope you will forgive me for using I too much and maybe think

I have a Narcissus complex. I promise

I will do better, if

I can.

Bob and his wife concentrated on working and raising a family of their own. Life was moving along well for the established family until 1991. Their son Douglas, came down with what was thought to be the flu the week before Thanksgiv- ing. Two weeks later he was rushed to the hospi- tal and was diagnosed with acute lymphoblastic leukemia. Nineteen hours later, the family was mourning his death.

Douglas’ death shattered the family, but what got them through was the outpouring of sup- port from their friends, family, community and Douglas’ classmates at Hasbrouck Heights High School. “We had a lot of people to comfort us,” Bob said. “Rows of kids walked to the church af- ter class to pay their respects, and the school low- ered the flag to half-mast.” A tree now stands on the grounds of the high school alongside a bench dedicated to Douglas’ memory.

Two years after their son’s death, Bob and Mary Margaret were asked by the Newark Archdiocese Family Life Center to start a support group for parents grieving the loss of a child. The group is now called “HOPE” (Helping Other Parents En- dure). They were also involved in raising money for research for the cure of leukemia.

One month after Douglas died, Bob’s sister died unexpectedly. With two major losses in his family, Bob was now more determined than ever to reconnect with his brother. He re- sumed his search of many years and with his computer and the newly installed Optimum program, it was much easier than ever be- fore. His search took him across the coun-



try. He found the name Richard Corriston in Colorado. When Bob called Richard, it was the first conversation that the brothers had had in 45 years.

With the use of frequent flier miles, Bob

Colorado, he went looking in the baggage area for his brother, whom he hadn’t seen in over 45 years. Bob said to himself, “I am looking for a nine-year-old boy.” Fortunately, both of them had cell phones. He called his brother and said, “I am in the baggage area wearing a Giants base- ball cap.” Richard said, “I am right behind you.” Needless to say, it was a tearful reunion.

While in Colorado, the brothers decided they wanted to find some way to help people like themselves. “We wanted to give people who had given up on life hope,” Bob said.

When Bob got back to New Jersey, he wrote a letter to Optimum Online with his story. Fif- teen months later he got a call from the market- ing department saying that they wanted to film a commercial. “We received no residuals when the commercial was shown. Just having my brother and sister-in-law flown in was more than enough compensation.” They filmed for twelve hours what could have been considered a documentary. They shot in Newark where their old house had been knocked down, in Kearny at their old apart- ment and in Hasbrouck Heights at Bob’s home. They ended the commercial at the grave of their parents, were the brothers made peace with their father. They said, “Dad, you messed up, but we are here together. WE FORGIVE YOU!”

traveled across the country to meet his broth- er. When he arrived at the airport in Denver,

**“10% discount on jobs over $150 with this ad”**

  **Military News ** 

##### Leland VFW Post Recognition Night

Leland VFW Post 12196 held their annual recognition night at their May meeting. Each year the VFW recognizes students who participate in the Patriot Pen and Voice of Democracy contests, Teacher of the Year and Safety Officer of the Year. Additionally, the Post recognizes individuals and businesses that have given service to support our community and veterans.

This year the Post is happy to announce the following receipts of these awards and recognitions:

**Avery Phillip** - 8th Grade Classical Charter School **Keiran Daniels** - 8th Grade Leland Middle School **Laura Askue** -Teacher of the Year - BC Early College

High School

**James Lancaster** - Battalion Chief Leland Fire and

Rescue

**Eric Terashima** for his work in bringing Afghan refu- gees to America

**Veronica Carter** for her tireless efforts to make our community a better place to live and for her support of

veterans

**Kelly Lachey** - Event Man-

*Battalion Chief James Lancaster*



*Eric Terashima*

*Keiran Daniels and Avery Phillips*

ager at Blossoms Restaurant for her tremendous support of civic and veterans’ groups in Leland

*Veronica Carter*

Korean War Veterans

**Commemoration Day**

Leland VFW Post 12196 is hosting a Korean War

Veterans Commemoration on July 27 in Leland.

*Kelly Lachey*

**Frank Stritter** - Historian for his support to Post 12196 events

**Piggly Wiggly** - for their unwavering support of veterans and local organizations.

**Seashore Car Wash** - for their unwavering sup- port of veterans and local organizations.

*Laura Askue*

Details of the event will be forthcoming. All Korean War veterans in the Cape Fear area are invited to attend. The event will be open to the public. To make your reservations to attend please contact Post Commander, Gerald Decker at vfw- [post12196@gmail.com.](mailto:post12196@gmail.com)

### Imagining

**by Jan Morgan-Swegle,** Compass Pointe

**by Ray Burkart,** Wilmington

After a little backyard Bocce’ Ball with my fellow residents on the Eastside, I settled on my patio to do a little reading. The first thing I noticed was the sky was filled with beautiful, white, fluffy, cotton-like Cumulus clouds, the

kind you see just before a Spring or Summer shower.

It only took a few seconds before I started seeing heads and animals, some pretty and some a little grotesque. One was a perfect head with eyes, nose, mouth and chin in perfect proportion. As quickly as I could, I fumbled to get my cell phone out of its case so I could capture this perfect picture. But, alas, by the time I got the picture in focus, the perfect nose and perfect chin had collapsed and now looked more like a lobster’s claw. Shucks, another lost op- portunity that will just have to reside in my memory. Continuing to observe, I saw many more figures of faces and animals, some vertical, some prone – all quickly fading away. Maybe my cell phone camera will never fully capture an image created by my imagination. My wish is to always be able to retain the ability to imagine.

##### I’m Still Waiting

I have granddaughters who are being raised to know and understand that they can do anything. Their futures will be in their own hands. It was not that way when I was growing up. Girls had gen- der specific rules and being pretty was high on the list of rules. We didn’t have

voices. We didn’t have power.

I grew up in the ‘60’s and ‘70’s. It was a time of change. But not for me. Social awareness was bubbling up on multiple fronts and the word of the day was “movement.” We had the Civil Rights Movement, the Anti-War Movement, the Gay Rights Movement and the Women’s Movement. Each of these were supposed to draw attention to the cause and inspire change.

But I watched from the sidelines and waited for changes. Our home was a traditional one, headed by a World War II vet and a housewife. In our house, the movements were trouble—they were bucking the norm. In our house, the Civil Rights Movement was considered unnecessary, the Anti-War Move- ment was a slap in the face of our government, the Gay Rights Movement was unspeakable and the only Women’s Movement allowed in our house was my sisters and I going from the dining room to the kitch- en and back to clear the dinner table.

During this time, women had roughly six basic ca- reers options available to them if they wanted to work outside of the home—bank tellers, nurses, teachers, hair stylists or secretaries. If you were really adven- turous, you could apply to be a stewardess, but you had to be very attractive since men did most of the air travelling.

If you were a secretary, your job was not only to type correspondence and answer phones, you were supposed to be a decoration as well. You had to be attractive, well groomed, wear make-up--especially lipstick, have a nice smile, make a good cup of coffee and be totally dedicated to the career of your male superior.

Sexual misconduct against women in the office was generally accepted as “boys being boys.” It includ- ed, “off color” remarks, sexual innuendos and some level of groping, among other things. If a woman complained, she was the one who came under fire for being “too attractive“ or “wearing provocative cloth- ing,” which meant that she was “asking for it.”

I had a male superior call me into his office and tell me that his wife was seven months pregnant. He then proceeded to tell me that until the baby was born, I could not wear the dress I was wearing that day be- cause “it did things to him.” Being the committed support person that I was, I found myself apologizing

to him.

But the Women’s Movement was going to change all of that. We were going to have equal pay. We were not going to be sexually exploited in an office environment any longer. We were going to be judged by our abilities and accomplishments, not our appear- ance. I waited patiently for those changes to happen. I felt that greater female minds than mine were actively solving these issues. We were making progress in equal pay—small gains, but progress. I waited for those great minds to solve everything. Afterall, women weren’t marching in the streets with signs screaming for equality any more. Things must

be “different” now.

And then, in 2017, the Me-Too Movement began with women speaking out against sexual misconduct in the workplace.

I was angry that in the 50 years I was in the work- force, not much had changed. I was angry that wom- en were still being looked upon as lesser beings in the workplace. And I was even more angry that some men could still get away with “boys being boys.” But I was most angry at myself for not doing more to help change things.

I am still waiting for the changes highlighted by the Women’s Movement. Hopefully, my granddaughters won’t have to wait much longer.

#### The Cat

**by Nancy Bryans,** Brunswick Forest

Some years ago, we patronized a restaurant recommended by friends. On a warm June evening, we drove a couple of miles from home to sample their seasonal blue crabs. Hungry, we arrived early when the doors opened for the dinner crowd. Our waiter sat us in a booth and he took our dinner orders.

While we awaited our meals, the tantalizing aroma of spicy crabs permeated the restaurant, increasing our hunger. More diners arrived, filling tables around us,

and our waiter delivered our steaming platters of hardshell crabs. As soon as I opened my first crab and tasted its delicious contents, I felt something rub against my leg, then rub against me again from the opposite direction. I looked down and saw eyes looking up at mine. In a flash, a cat jumped in the booth next to me and meowed, a very loud meow. Alarmed, the restaurant owner approached and apologized. He said, “That cat is a nuance. He opens the door and walks in like he owns the place. He arrives every night, pestering customers for handouts.” I respond- ed, “He is friendly and handsome, but I think your cat is hungry.” Exasperated, the owner stated, “That cat isn’t mine—he’s a stray cat!” Without hesitation, I asked if I could take that cat home with me, and the owner was delighted to get rid of him.

We named that cat “Tiger” because of his markings and muscular build. Tiger settled in with us, slept on my bed, and I thought he was the perfect cat. We decided to breed him with our kit- ten when she was old enough. Unfortunately, Tiger didn’t like the kitten, named “Lion” for her fluffy mane. We hoped Tiger would change his attitude about Lion when she matured.

Months later, I received a puppy for my birthday. Tiger hated the puppy, swatted him on the nose, and hissed at Lion. That night, Tiger ignored me and refused to sleep on my bed. The

#### Teens from Brunswick County Making A Difference

**by Margie Steve,** Shallotte, NC

Are you a teen looking for somewhere to volunteer, build friendships, experience great opportunities, lead- ership, and so much more around your community? If so the Anchor Club might be for you. The Anchor Club is a non-profit club where it focuses on community service and helping people within their community.

Even when Covid hit and made it hard for the Anchor Club to find services, the club didn’t stop. One of the many few things they did was sending cards to local nursing homes to give to the residents due to COVID-19 restrictions.

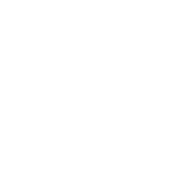
The Anchor club allows teens from Brunswick County to get active within their community and get new experiences. Courtney

Weston, the president of The An- chor Club says “The Anchor Club is a special club within Brunswick County because they are focused on community service, giving back in any way possible, and to let people know that they want to help.” One

next day, after many puppy yelps and cat hisses, I saw Tiger stand on his sturdy hind legs, turn the door knob with his big paws, and walk out the door. We were accustomed to Tiger opening doors, but this time he didn’t return.

Desperate to find Tiger, I wandered our neighborhood calling Tiger’s name. Days later, a neighbor several blocks away opened her door and asked if I was looking for a cat. She told me she lived alone, and one night she was awakened when something pounced on her bed. Startled, she smacked at it and kicked it down the stairs before turning on a light. To her amazement she saw a beautiful tomcat. Then

she noticed her front door



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**PREMIER LEARNING**

*Credit: Lumina*

*News (“Surfers Healing creates peace and community for families affected by autism”)*

of the biggest events

Anchor Club helps out with is Surfers Healing located in Wrightsville Beach, NC. Surfers Healing is a nonprof- it organization where they have professional surfers take a group of

stood wide open. I laughed at Tiger’s antics and told my neighbor why I thought Tiger left our home for hers. She smiled, saying I could visit Tiger anytime. “And, by the way,” she added. “Did you know Tiger loves crab meat? That was the only thing I had to feed him the first night, and he meowed very loud, rub- bing against me seemingly in appreciation.”

Walking home without Tiger, I wondered why we hadn’t thought to feed Tiger his favorite food. If we had, perhaps he wouldn’t have left us. But Tiger was happy liv- ing with an independent lon- er like himself, without the annoyance of other animals. That cat resided with our neighbor for fourteen years, both enjoying peaceful soli- tude and an occasional meal of crabmeat.

**by Tony Vivaldi,** Hampstead

selected Autistic kids out and surf. It is a fun event for the surf- ers, the organizations, family, and is even more funner when teens from Brunswick County are involved and taking actions within their community. This year surfers Healing is on August 22-23, 2022, registration took place in April, but it is never too late to find out information about Surfers Healing for next year. The Anchor Club holds other events like giving out Thanks- giving dinners, dinner meals, and even blessed a gentleman named Aaron who has C.H.A.R.G.E. syndrome with Christmas this past year. Courtney said seeing Aaron with joy is what de- fines our club, “we like to bring joy into people who don’t often get joy.” These are just some of many highlights this club does throughout the year and they could do even greater projects from supporters of Brunswick County and its teens. If you are an adult looking for a way to give back as well, there is also a

club called The Pilot Club of South Brunswick Island.

The Anchor Club meets Tuesday of every month at 7 o’clock PM at the Mulberry Park Community Center. Anyone from middle school to high school can join the club. For more in- formation about The Anchor Club or The Pilot Club of SOuth Brunswick Inland, you can visit The Anchor Club on Instagram @212anchorclub and The Pilot Club Of South Brunswick In- land on Facebook by searching their name. Feel free to message them for more information for either of the clubs. The more members there are, the more missions and activities can be done here in Brunswick County.

### Young People and Media Literacy

Gone are the days when you had to actually go somewhere to socialize; you needed an encyclopedia to “bone up” on a subject for your class essay; people sent letters, not emails; and we got the news from trusted television news an- chors and reputable newspapers. The rise of the internet and social platforms has changed all that. Now, communication and the spread of information happens in the blink of an eye, as does the “fake news” and the disinformation we are bombarded with.

According to studies, like one at Stanford University, young people have diffi- culty judging the credibility of online information. This is not enlightening since it’s obvious us old timers don’t fare much better. It seems everyone nowadays is exposed to cable news (news entertainment if you will,) on-line outlets and, of course, social media. Leaning on the freedoms our great country provides, people who report or post can offer their opinions as fact without repercussion or being “fact-checked.” This media content comes in many forms and platforms and it makes it difficult to verify the source as reputable.

How then, do we distinguish between fact and fiction. How then, do our young people, our hope for a bright future, protect themselves from forming opinions based on manipulated truths, lies, and conspiracy theories? The answer to these burning questions doesn’t come easy. But a good first step for every young per- son reading this, is to “bone up’ on media literacy. For example, you should know how to access, analyze, and evaluate media and how best to create it yourself.

You should recognize that media products are the child of someone else’s

thinking and, therefore, they can just as well be based on opinion as on fact. Be- cause of socio-economic factors and beliefs, audiences will interpret the message differently regardless of the social, economic, or political implications.

Recognize when online, you will most likely get what you ask for. Tom Flan- nigan of WFSU Public Media said this. “What exactly are you Googling? If for example you Google: ‘Coronavirus facts,’ you’re going to get factual links to things like the CDC and the World Health Organization and Johns Hopkins. But if you Google: ‘Coronavirus truth,’ you’re going to get a very different return be- cause it’s going to assume you want to know about conspiracy theories and things that may not be factual or statistical, but instead theoretical.”

Arizona State University lists seven ways to protect yourself from misinfor- mation.

Pay attention to where the information is coming from.

If you get information from social media, check the original source. Within news articles, examine the sources and how they are included. Read beyond the headline.

Get your information from a variety of sources.

When you see your friends and family share misinformation, correct them. Find out what other information is out there.

Remember, most of what you get online is nothing more than hype, until you’ve done your homework.

**Gullah Geechee Cultural Heritage Corridor Commission**

The Gullah Geechee Cultural Heritage Corridor is a National Heritage Area managed by the Gullah Geechee Cultural Heritage Corridor Commission. The National Heritage Area program is managed by the U.S. National Park Service. *https://gullahgeecheecorridor.org*

Brayton Willis and the Future of the North Carolina Gullah Geechee Greenway/Blueway Heritage Trail Project

**by Ana Johnson,** Kennesaw, Ga

The evolution of the North Carolina Gullah Geechee Greenway/Blueway Heritage Trail Project has heightened in eager engagement over the past year. The environmental effort promotes sus- tainable economic development through North Carolina’s cultural and natural re-

sources. With local partners such as the Cedar Hill/

West Bank Heritage Foundation, National Park Ser- vice and North Carolina Rice Festival, the project has gradually expanded its meticulous work plan to fulfill the vision.

Brayton Willis, a retired civil engineer and Le- land citizen, has been involved with environmental and climate restoration in the Cape Fear Region for many years. Currently, he serves as the Secretary of the North Carolina NAACP Environmental and Climate Justice Committee, where he sheds light on the challenges of environmental injustice across the surrounding areas of North Carolina. In relation to Brunswick County, Willis has successfully devel- oped several strategic partnerships to further the es-

tablishment of the greenway/blueway trail.

Now, the North Carolina Gullah Geechee Gre- enway/Blueway Heritage Trail Project organizers are planning to form their own 501(c)(3) nonprof- it organization. “We have been approached by the Cedar Hill/West Bank Heritage Foundation to pos- sibly sweep this project under their 501(c)(3) for a temporary period. Although the Brunswick County NAACP was a great sponsor to get this started, we are looking to expand its capabilities further.” Wil- lis said.

“There are multiple pieces in generating this work plan. One of those is funding,” Willis said. “We are writing grants and finding funds to ensure this proj- ect has the necessary tools to move forward. We are very fortunate to have some foundations that have been able to work with us.”

Another significant component of the project’s work plan includes the community outreach initia- tive expected to take place over the summer and fall season. This would involve local recreational events

and interactive surveys for Brunswick and New Ha- nover County residents. Overall, the work plan aims to accomplish two essential activities; developing a website for the foreseeable project and organizing a master plan with assistance from the North Carolina State University and its students.

Phase one of the work plan expands on an effort involving the North Carolina State School of Land- scape and Architecture, combined with the North Carolina State Coastal Dynamics Design Lab. “They will be doing a round assessment for the corridor; ex- amining cultural sights, historical infrastructures and identifying potential greenway alignment trailheads and blueway access points.” Willis said. As these observations unfold, they will have the opportunity to get the community’s input and ideas of what they want to happen in these areas. This is expected to take effect later this year, continuing into the follow- ing year.

In phase two of the work plan, the North Carolina Gullah Geechee Greenway/Blueway Heritage Trail Project organizers will assemble everything complet- ed in the previous phase to develop a schedule. By coordinating this, North Carolina State University graduate and undergraduate students can amenitize local areas and programs for the greenway/blueway trail. This is expected to take effect next year.

“We will have the master plan report released in late 2024 or early 2025, accompanied by a demon- stration project. Also, we are arranging a steering committee composed of local communities and non- profit organizations to remain on course. This is an extremely exciting opportunity for our area.” Willis said.

The North Carolina Gullah Geechee Greenway/ Blueway Heritage Trail Project:

**Preserving, Protecting and Celebration Our Local Culture and**

**Heritage**

**by Ana Johnson,** Kennesaw, Ga

The evolution of the North Carolina Gullah Geechee Greenway/Blueway Her- itage Trail Project has heightened in eager engagement over the past year. The environmental effort promotes sustainable economic development through North Carolina’s cultural and natural resources. With local partners such as the Cedar Hill/West Bank Heritage Foundation, National Park Service and North Carolina Rice Festival, the project has gradually expanded its meticulous work plan to fulfill the vision.

Brayton Willis, a retired civil engineer and Leland citizen, has been involved with environmental and climate restoration in the Cape Fear Region for many years. Currently, he serves as the Secretary of the North Carolina NAACP Envi- ronmental and Climate Justice Committee, where he sheds light on the challeng- es of environmental injustice across the surrounding areas of North Carolina. In relation to Brunswick County, Willis has successfully developed several strategic partnerships to further the establishment of the greenway/blueway trail.

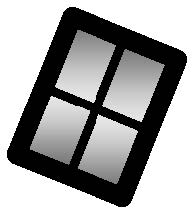
Now, the North Carolina Gullah Geechee Greenway/Blueway Heritage Trail Project organizers are forming their own 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization. “While the Brunswick County NAACP was a great sponsor to get this started, we are looking to expand the project team further”, Willis said.

This would involve local recreational events and interactive surveys for Bruns- wick and New Hanover County residents. Overall, the work plan aims to accom- plish two essential activities; developing a website for the foreseeable project and organizing a master plan with assistance from the North Carolina State Universi- ty and its students. The North Carolina State School of Landscape and Architec- ture, combined with the North Carolina State Coastal Dynamics Design Lab will be assessing the corridor; examining cultural sights, historical infrastructures and identifying potential greenway alignment trailheads and blueway access points. Willis said, “As these observations unfold, we will have the opportunity to get the community’s input and ideas of what they want to happen in these areas.” Community outreach is anticipated to begin later this year.

“There are many important pieces to this work plan, funding being the most critical,” Willis said. “We are writing grants and trying to find funds that we can match up with our scope, schedule, and budget. It goes without saying that fund- ing will provide necessary tools to move this effort forward. If we receive the

necessary funding, we hope to have the master plan report completed in late 2024 or early 2025, to include a demonstration project. Hopefully, the final plan will someday provide a vision for a regionally based rivers, trails, and conservation alliance right here in the Lower Cape Fear River.”

**THE TEEN SCENE**

**FREE *Tomorrow’s Voices Today***

## Teen Scene Is Going Online!

**In cooperation with our participating**

**schools, *The Teen Scene* will become a**

**teen-run online publication.**

**Volume 3, Issue 6**

**June 2022**

**Teen Scene Staff**

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Gerald Decker

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**This Month‘s Contributors**

**Early College High School**

Anna Adams Nathanial Brown

P.J. Brown

Grace Cairnie

Jessica Gomez-Espinal Arwen Lyonesse

Lisa Mattingly Dajea Pitt Karleigh Quinn

**Leland Middle School** Robin Barringtton, PTSO Lily Rae Bradley

Erica Cook Marissa Smith Kerian Daniels

We are happy to announce that our new web- master is Nathanial Brown, Sophomore at BC

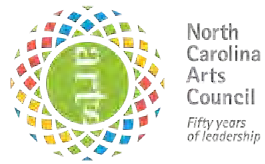
Early College High School .

Creative writers for *The Teen Scene* include 72 students in the Brunswick County and New

Hanover school systems.

Our partners and sponsors are going with us

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**Gullah Geechee Greenway/Blueway Heritage Project**

**Early College High School**

Go Mrs. Perkins!!!

**by Nathanial Brown,** 9th Grade

On Friday, May 6th Mrs. Leah Perkins Brown of Brunswick County Early College High School was announced as the 2022 Brunswick County Schools High School Teacher of the Year.

Mrs. Perkins Brown currently teaches Math at ECHS where she develops interactive lessons and

tasks to keep her students engaged and learning at all times. Mrs. Perkins Brown is also the staff advisor for BCECHS’ Beta Club Chapter and Book Club.

She loves traveling and that’s why she also manages ECHS’ study abroad opportunities, through EF Tours. This summer she will be traveling with ECHS students to Italy and Greece and next summer she is going to Japan with more amazing students from ECHS!

Students at ECHS love Mrs. Perkins Brown not only because of her teaching skills but also her care for students’ characters. Every student who has Mrs. Perkins Brown follows the class rules that are announced at the start of each semester called “The A-Game”. The A-Game is created by the students in the class, not by Mrs. Perkins Brown, in an effort to make her classroom better and better.

Now, Mrs. Perkins Brown along with two other BCS teach- ers will be interviewed by BCS to become the District Teacher of the Year. Which will be announced before the end of the 2021-2022 School Year!

Congratulations Mrs. Perkins Brown, we are pulling for you!

##### In Relation to Roe v. Wade



**A Haiku**

**by Anna Adams,** 12th Grade, ECHS

Do not bow to men Who bite and steal for riches,

Reaper of us all

**by Karleigh Quinn,** 10th Grade, ECHS

##### Fall of Rome

**by Jessica Gomez-Espinal,** 9th Grade, ECHS

Rome

Where I grew up and once a home what was once the mother of the world Will never return

Rome

Now falling in ruins with red, gray, and white Dust flying everywhere left and right

People fighting everywhere World caught on fire

It brought up my desire

Rome

Where people could trade to earn cash Crash

There goes the bridge falling down But I know that all is well

Because Rome will rise up again and excel

*Work Cited*

*Scheidel, Walter, and Sam Dresser. “How the fall of the Roman empire paved the road to modernity.” Aeon, 15 April 2021, https://aeon.co/essays/how-the-fall-*

*of-the-roman-empire-paved-the-road-to-modernity. Accessed 19 April 2022.*

When men are the only people on a panel to ban people assigned female at birth reproductive rights, the polit- ical state in America is swiftly losing sight of what its people feel is essen- tial. When the draft indicating that the

Supreme Court would decide to overturn Roe v. Wade, the decision was quickly leaked to the pub- lic. The leak of the draft led to an intense backlash from everyone who is for the basic reproductive rights of people with a uterus. If and when this decision is made, the primary purpose would be to strip women of basic bodily autonomy rights and leave them with very little control over their futures. Especially considering that 97% (accord- ing to the institute for youth in policy) of wom- en will experience some form of sexual assault in their lifetime, there is no better way to state that we have completely lost rights to our bodies.

If this ruling is overturned, a lot of other issues outside of abortion rights are likely to be impact- ed. This case is referred to as a trigger case or umbrella case, which covers a lot of other rulings. This includes but is not limited to the rights to gay marriage (Obergefell v. Hodges), rights to birth control (Griswold v. Connecticut), freedom to sex- ual education (Planned Parenthood of Southeast-

ern Pennsylvania v. Casey), and medical privacy (4th Amendment - HIPAA). These cases are likely to be reevaluated by the court on the same basis as Roe. v. Wade. All of these cases do not protect the rights that were given in the original American constitution. But in these times, we must remem- ber the social strides we have made in recent de- cades to better our society and that we have made choices filled with more humanity than those in the past.

The Supreme Court has no basis for ripping rights away from women. The current law will be overturned with a decision by the Supreme Court to limit abortions and stop the use of birth control. That decision would go against the recent prog- ress on of reproductive rights and take away a woman’s voice in the government platform. Such a move would lead to decisions being made for them by men, who will never be able to under- stand the struggles many women will face after this decision is made for them.

In conclusion, the decisions made on behalf of women’s healthcare are going in the wrong direc- tion. The larger public decision is pro-abortion/ pro-choice and stands against the findings of the Supreme Court to suppress already minority voic- es in our societies.

##### Nature’s Life

**by Lisa Mattingly,** 10th Grade, ECHS

The mountain so high With its age so old and wise

It has seen many things over the years And yet still grows ever so slow

With the mountain so high On top of it I feel alive

With our trees breath Gives life to those who sees

With the bearings to bring new life Their flowers come and goes With the trees that breathe

With their breath we do live

Water rushing so fast It falls from the sky or flowing like life

It’s always moving and never stop With water always moving

We can relate it to life

The beasts touch Which is gentle and soft

Never meaning to harm another The animals that walk on earth With the touch of its hands That bring life to this realm

But Cliffs being brought to their knees Trees Suffocating by this smoke The water now still, block by trash

Gentle creatures trusting their newfound hunters Only humans think they’ll survive this purge But Nature’s death done by its own

#### Multiverse of Madness

A Review

**by Arwen Lyonesse & P.J. Brown,** 10th Grade

*(No Spoilers)*

For what the movie should have been, it was not good. The biggest issue with this movie was the severely underdevel- oped main character that drives

the plot. They were thrown into the back-

ground and had little screen time, yet they were the reason for the conflict in the first place. This was be- cause there wasn’t enough time for detailed introduc- tions. The “plot driver” deserved their own movie to come out before this.

This being said, you don’t exit the theater excited to see the next movie. Marvel’s iconic end credit scenes typically enhance this feeling, but these were lacking. Very little is connected to other marvel movies, you al- most don’t need to see any of the others to understand. While the acting from Elizabeth Olsen, Benedict Cumberbatch and many other actors was excellent, some casting choices felt as though they spent little

thought and time deciding on

them.

This movie can be enjoyed by many, but if you’re some- one who likes the MCU for its timelines, “wow” factors, and mind-blowing connec- tions - we regret to inform you, but you might be dissat- isfied.

##### Black Rain

**by Grace Cairnie,** 9th Grade, ECHS

The story of forgetting, lies in flesh and bone

**Black rain** unwind the hate you give

**Black rain** unwind lies **Black rain** unwind fear **Black rain** unwind hunger

Flesh and bone gone Gone

Gone Gone

What if we are okay! Yes, no, maybe so.

The story of forgetting, lies in flesh and bone

Will lead to the fall of all

**by Dajea Pitt,** 10th Grade, ECHS

##### I Am One

**Transcendentalism**

**by Karleigh Quinn,** 10th Grade, ECHS

The views of the coast Stretching on for miles And how the skies Lapse with the waves A pale orange light

A golden halo

A soft breeze in the sweltering heat The rise of birds

high in the sky Exhilaration of running Through dipping valleys The chill and shadows That consume the soul The way I feel

Floating

Face toward the sky

Sounds muffled through pounding waves And I can breathe

Dreaming, listening to the sounds of the uni- verse.

I Am One.

Picking up piece after piece, Completing my puzzle.

I Am One.

On the path to success, A long way to go

I Am One.

Do you doubt me?

I am aware,

But, my journey is just getting started.

This is me.

I Am One.

The poet I was inspired by was Maya Angelo, she is one of my favorite poets. I love that her poems discuss love, pain, loss, femininity, strug- gle, and racial discrimination. I chose to use her poems as inspiration because I can relate to her the most. Maya Angelo chose to talk about

controversial topics in her poems, my topic is an important topic but I wouldn’t say controver- sial. She is also direct and strong with her vocal presentation, she also used literary devices like similes and metaphors.

Other devices she used were repetition and symbolism. I chose to use repetition, meta- phors, and symbolism in my poem to display the theme. The repetition used in my poems was “I Am One”, I used this statement to be strong and direct like Angelo is in her poems but to also get the theme across. The meaning of this is you have to be one with yourself before you can get on the road of being successful in anything. You cannot accomplish tasks easily if you have self- doubt and if you aren’t in tune with yourself. I also used metaphors like “picking up piece af- ter piece, completing my puzzle” to symbolize self-healing and preparation before you start your journey.

# Leland Middle School

##### Monkie Kid - A Review

**by Keiran Daniels,** 8th Grade

On May 29th, 2020, a new show originating from China was re- leased called ‘Lego Monkie Kid,’ following the main character, MK, and his friends as he faces old demons his mentor has fought. The show was inspired by a Chinese novel published in the 16th centu- ry during the Ming dynasty and attributed to Wu Cheng’en, called Journey to the West. It is regarded as one of the Four Great Classical

Novels of Chinese literature and has been described as arguably the most popular literary work in East Asia.

The main animal in the book is Sun Wukong, or Monkey King, a powerful monkey who originated from a stone and was given incredible powers. Continu- ing towards the show, we are shown many characters from Journey to the West, such as Princess Iron Fran, Lady Bone Demon, Red son, and personally, a favor- ite of mine, the Six-eared Macaque.

The show has a fantastic storyline, great di- alogue, and amazing characters, and it is still ongoing. On May 14th, 2022, we were giv- en Season 3, Episode 10 of the English dub, leaving us to wait till Season 4 to know what would happen next. No, I will not spoil any of the show but do note, not including episode 0 or pilot episodes; they range from 11 minutes long.

If you are interested in the show, you can watch season one on Prime video and seasons 2 and 3 on YouTube.

# Leland Middle School



#### Hollywood Red Carpet

**by Robin Barringtton,** PTSO, Event Coordinator

It was a night of Glitz & Glam! The venue glowed with sparkling lights, lit fountains, and red velvet carpets. The party music from DJ Bear and the essence of cake filled the room. There was no shortage of beau- tiful people at this soiree. “It was an amazing and fun night,” 8th grader Chandler Hall declared.

April 30th 2022, the newly formed Leland Middle School PTSO held a formal for the 8th grade students. The PTSO really wanted to do some- thing fun and memorable for the students due to the lack of events they have been able to have due to Covid. The students voted on and chose the theme “Hollywood Red

Carpet”. The Formal Committee, composed of parents and PTSO Board members, went to work planning the party of the year with the main goal of the event being to provide lasting memories for these resilient students. They did a wonderful job.

I would also like to thank Leonor Thomas of South Brunswick High School Prom Closet, Power Walking Ministries, and Joy Casteen who offered dresses, shoes, and alterations all to students who might not have had the means otherwise. Thank you to Hwy 55 and also to Carolina Shores Carwash in Leland for sponsoring the event. The smiles and laughter of the students proved that the night was a warm hug that these students truly deserved.

#### The Story of India Spellman Cook

**by Erica Cook,** 7th Grade

On Monday April 18 2010, George Bud Daves was killed in an attempted robbery, two days later another innocent person was killed. Seventeen-year-old India Spellman was wrongfully accused of second-degree murder, despite coercion, police brutality, illegitimate claims, and forgotten alibis. She was also a minor who was questioned by authorities without parental approv- al. Her parents were not allowed to be in the room during the interrogation. She was tried as an adult and sentenced to 30 YEARS of prison.

At 5 pm India ‘‘allegedly” confessed to the murder while official police documents say that the questioning did not begin until 6:10.

Ms. Spellman claims that during the questioning, she was struck in the face by Detective Pitts and told if she signed a doc- ument, she could go home.

Spellman agreed and then, struggling to read the paper, asked Detective Pitts to read it for her. Pitts refused and sent Spell- man to booking.

This is not the first time that Detective Pitts has treated suspects in this manner. In 2010 Detective Pitts lied about a forced confession and in 2018 the victim was found innocent in less than an hour. Ac- cording to the Philadelphia District attor- ney’s office, Detective Pitts was charged with perjury.

In 2002, Pitts made false statements to cover up the fact he assaulted his wife.

**by Marissa Smith,** 7th Grade

Detective Pitts has a reputation of violent interrogation strategies and lying about it. One such occasion led to the arrest of an innocent citizen Obina Oniyha, who spent 11 years in jail. In less that an hour she was found innocent of appeal.

In addition, Ms. India looks nothing like the description of the women who actually committed the crime. Attorneys had proof that Ms. India was at home on her comput- er when the robbery took place. The proof is that, at 3:33 pm, Ms. Spellman started a 25-minute call which overlapped with the murder of George Bud Daves that occurred at 3:52.

Her “alleged accomplice” Von Combs was also not fit to be the actual criminal be- cause he did not fit the description and also had the same Detective as Ms. Spellman. A detective faced with perjury and forced confessions. Mr. James Pitts, the same one who has perjury charges and has been ac- cused of assaulting people.

One of the eye witnesses Ms. Mathis claimed that the women was “chunky light skinned Muslim.” Ms. Spellman is skinny dark skinned and not a Muslim.

In conclusion, Ms. Spellman was wrong- fully imprisoned, due to a forced confes- sion, police brutality, not having a legal guardian in the room with her, and not looking like the actual person the eyewit- nesses saw. Additionally, the detective for her case has a track record of lying. This is why Ms. Spellman is innocent.

#### The Fright

#### The Protection of Nature

**by Lily Rae Bradley,** 7th Grade

The wind whistles through the green sprouts, Its long arms stretching out into the sky,

Its feet as roots digging into the earth, Spreading its life.

An arm reaches out, As if it’s a peak,

Just grazing the wisps of cotton, Spotted in the sky.

A flurry of feathers comes, It outstretches its legs, And lands on the peak.

Its black beady eyes scan the sky, Of any sign of peril.

Its head fluffs of brown, As it eyes the serene land. It lifts off once more,

Just to settle in a brambled nest. The tree stretches out far,

But creates an array of leaves, To defend the feather family, From the aggressive winds.

While on the outside of the nest, The rising storm approaches, The roost of animals,

Stays sheltered from tempest.

The mother silently feeds her young, And nestles around her chicks.

One night I woke up to a sudden crash that sounded like it came from outside my window. I was confused at first but I sat up and kept my blanket over my shoulders as I put my feet on the cold wooden floor to stand up to look outside my window. As I started to peek through my blinds to look outside, I saw a dark and tall figure running away from my window to hide behind a tree about 5 feet away from my house. I could feel my heart starting to beat out of my chest with nervousness because of what I had just seen.

I started to put on my bedroom slippers to go outside and see what the figure was but all the sudden as I was going downstairs, I saw the door fly open. I figured it’s from a large gust of wind but then I remembered I had locked the door before I went to sleep that night. It was when I started to go outside that I saw the object running into the woods behind my house. I started chasing it into the woods but when I started to get deeper and deeper into the woods, the figure started to disap-

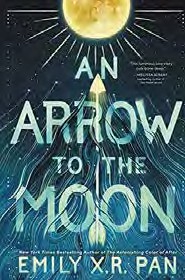
pear in the distance.

Once the figure was fully diminished, I turned in circles looking for the object and waiting for it to appear again. I began to walk home and gave up on finding whatever it was that was in my backyard. When I got inside, I took my slippers off and climbed into bed, got comfortable and snuggled into my warm blanket. The second I lay my head down and closed my eyes, I opened my eyes to the sun beaming onto my face and into my eyes.

I put my feet down to put my slippers on but they were across my room. I re- membered taking them off next to my bed last night. But now I am wondering, was it all a dream? Was I hallucinating? Did the object come into my room some- how and move them? I might never know what really happened that night, but I will forever remember it.

##### 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.*

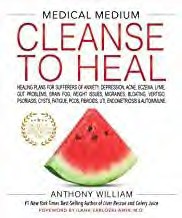
An Arrow To The Moon

by Emily X.R. Pan

Hunter Yee has perfect aim with a bow and arrow, but all else in his life veers wrong. Luna Chang dreads the future. Graduation looms ahead, and her parents’ expectations are stifling. When she begins to break the rules, she finds her life upended by the strange new boy in her class.

As Hunter and Luna navigate their families’ enmity and secrets, everything around them begins to fall apart. An Arrow to the Moon, is a story about family, love, and the magic and mystery of the moon that connects us all.

Medical Medium Cleanse To Heal

by Anthony William

If you think you don’t have any need to do a cleanse--if you’re sure you couldn’t possibly be harboring any toxins in your body--think again. In today’s world, there are poisons and pathogens that threaten our health starting before we’re even born, and they continue to hold us back as we encounter them in our everyday lives.

The Pet Doctor

by Tuss Thompson

He’s a small-town veterinarian with a love for animals and naps. Haunted by a childhood trauma, she’s terrified of men. Can the truth about her past bring them closer together or tear them apart forever?

Cape Fear Voices/The Teen Scene June 1st

*Birthdays!!!*

Emma Czaplinski June 1st Donna Andrassy June 5th Jenna Morgan Purdum June 7th Kyle Horton June 9th

Sarina Gardner June 14th Addison Justus June 14th

Sally Walbourne June 20th Elle Hayes June 22th Sarah Andrassy June 25th

Shannon Czaplinski June 25th Lee Morris June 28th Noah Barker June 30th

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

Solstice By The Sea Festival

June 18, 2022 | 10am-8:30pm | Middleton Park, Oak Island, NC Music, Arts & Crafts, Food Trucks & Vendors! What else can we say?

– Come out to play at the beach! Join Us for our 2nd Annual Solstice by the Sea Festival! Headliner Band plays at 7pm

*MUSIC, DANCE, ARTS & CRAFTS, POETRY, STORY TELLING, FOOD & MORE!*

# Around Town

Leland Cultural Arts Center

*The Leland We Don't Know*

Event Date: Wednesday, June 29, 2022 - 9:00am to 12:00pm

The award-winning Leland We Don't Know program is back! The tour kicks off with a presentation of Leland's history and growth in Town Hall before tour leaders take it to the road for a two hour bus tour of Leland sights. This tour will visit sites of the Town's early days, highlight Leland history, and discuss some of the Town's exciting plans for the future.

Brunswick Arts Council

Newly founded Solstice Film Festival is set to join Brunswick Arts Coun- cil’s “Solstice by the SEA Arts Festival”. This newly formed film festival will feature filmmakers in Brunswick County, North Carolina. We are looking for family friendly shorts films in the three categories. Narrative, Documentary, and Animated. Join us Sunday June, 19th, 2022 for what may be the most exciting viewings of our local talented filmmakers. Cash Awards given to winners of all categories.

In Wilmington

*The Donna Summer Musical*

Thu, Jun 2, 7:30 – 10:00 PM

Cape Fear Community College@ 411 N Front St, Wilmington, NC Buy SUMMER: Donna Summer Musical (Rescheduled from 1/22) in Wilmington tickets for the 06/02/2022 performance at Cape Fear Com- munity College. You want to catch the show. Vivid Seats makes it easy.

*Carolina Beach Music Festival*

Sat, Jun 4, 11 AM – 5 PM

Carolina Beach Boardwalk@Carolina Beach Ave S, Carolina Beach, NC Here is your chance to dance barefoot on the sand or just sway to the Beach Music Beat while standing in the surf. Hosted by the Pleasure Island Chamber of Commerce, the Carolina Beach Music.

*Beth Stelling at Dead Crow Comedy Club*

Sat, Jun 11, 7:00 – 8:30 PM

Dead Crow Comedy Room @ 511 N 3rd St, Wilmington, NC

Beth Stelling performing live comedy on Saturday June 11 7:00 PM at Dead Crow Comedy Club in Wilmington.

Oak Island Art Guild Annual Arts & Craft Festival

**Dear Arts & Crafts Vendors, Visitors and Community members, Healthy artists and community are our priority and we are again planning for this year's Labor Day Saturday Event. We look forward to a healthy & successful Arts & Crafts Festival on Saturday, September 3, 2022.**

**This very popular event has several thousand people who attend each year! We wish everyone a happy & creative year and we will hopefully see you next year on:**

**September 3, 2022, 9 am to 4 pm**

*(rain date is Sunday, September 4, 2022)*

Mary Beth Livers, Festival Chairperson & Vendor Manager 910-448-1016 | [mblivers@gmail.com](mailto:mblivers@gmail.com)