



Cape Fear

VOICES

Providing an Outlet for Creativity in the Cape Fear Region

Volume 3, Issue 9

FREE

September 2022

Seeking Members for the CFV/Teen Scene 2022 Awards Nomination Committee



Janet Stiegler, a regular writer for Cape Fear Voices, has been asked to lead a Nominating Committee that will identify the best writers, poets, and artists for next year's Cape Fear Voices/Teen Scene Awards Banquet. The ideal team would be a diverse group of four to six men and women with different tastes and styles in writing. Having one or two teachers from the participating high and middle school journalism clubs would also be ideal.

The commitment involves reading the 12 issues of Cape Fear Voices/Teen Scene from 2022 and picking out your favorites that will fall under predetermined categories.



mid-September, would involve revisiting the categories and developing some basic evaluation criteria. Most of the work will be done independently/at home, with perhaps two Zoom or in-person meetings to discuss our final choices in each category. A separate group will use our list of nominations to select the final winners.

Note: The pieces of those participating on the Nominating Committee would not be disqualified from receiving an award since our team is only making nominations, not the final selection.

If you are willing to help, please contact Janet Stiegler soonest at janetmstiegler@gmail.com.

The Nominating Committee's first meeting, to be held in

Folks I've Met Along the Way *My Fair Lady*



Paul Paolicelli
Leland

It was a brief encounter, maybe five or ten seconds, less than a minute out of an entire lifetime, but one that I've remembered ever since.

I was in the "Al Italia" lounge at Chicago O'Hare, waiting on a return flight to Rome where I'd been living while working on my first book. The flight had been delayed for some reason or another and I was standing by the bar, nursing a diet Coke, when I saw her. She was leaning in a doorway, maybe ten or fifteen feet away, and talking quietly with a middle-aged man. She looked over in my direction and our eyes locked. She might have been scanning her memory to see if she knew me or maybe thought she recognized me. The look lasted seconds but has stayed with me ever since that moment.

Audrey Hepburn.

She was middle-aged, not the glowing youth that had filled the screen in so many memorable movies. But her dark and deep eyes had lost none of their splendor. Her poise was obvious. She was stylish, dressed simply but elegantly, and seemingly relaxed. I wish I would have spoken with her but I kept to the unwritten rule of broadcast professionals; don't bother the talent, keep to your own business.

I was reminded of a story about Jazz Saxophonist Paul Desmond told to me by his biographer, Doug Ramsey; Desmond, of course, was best known for his work with Dave Brubeck and his composition "Take Five" which broke through into the mainstream charts in the 1960s. Ms. Hepburn had been appearing in a Broadway play and Desmond, a New Yorker, would go down to the theater at the end of

her performances and watch her leave from a discreet distance, never introducing himself or speaking with her. He just wanted to enjoy her beauty and wrote a song in her honor, "Audrey." The two never met. And he never knew that Ms. Hepburn learned of the tune and listened to it each evening. It was played at her funeral.

It was impossible to roam around Rome and not think of the scenes from her first breakthrough movie, "Roman Holiday." Every time I passed the Bocca di Verita I could see her with Gregory Peck putting their hands into the mouth of the stone carving in one of the movie's more comic takes. And I played with a big band on the Tiber occasionally, reminding me of the party scene from that film. I'd see her on the television news quite often, she was a humanitarian and major spokesperson for UNICEF. Rome was the headquarters for the UN's Food and Agriculture Organization. Her Italian, like everything about her, was flawless and charming. She stood for something.

When she returned home in 1992, probably on the flight we shared that afternoon, she learned that she had a virulent form of stomach cancer. She died the following January. Her obituary was filled more with her humanitarian work than accolades for a beautiful and talented actress who came of age in the crucible of World War Two under the German boot in her native Arnhem. She was class all the way and died at the relatively young age of 63.

But the memory of her, those dancing dark eyes and nonchalant poise, will live for my life long. Such a thrill to exchange glances with such a beautiful and accomplished woman.

Cape Fear Voices *Staff*

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LEAD LAYOUT DESIGNER:
Nathanial Brown,
Sophomore at BCECHS

This Months Writers

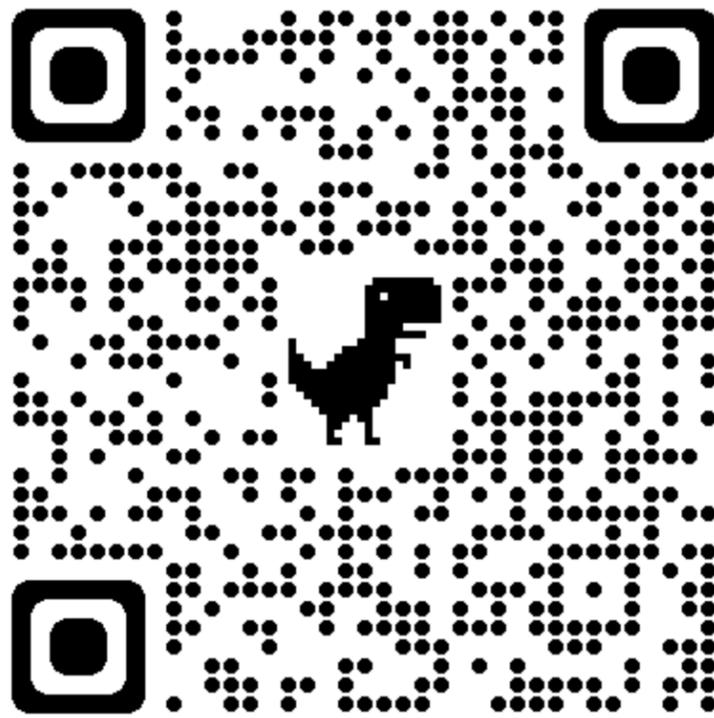
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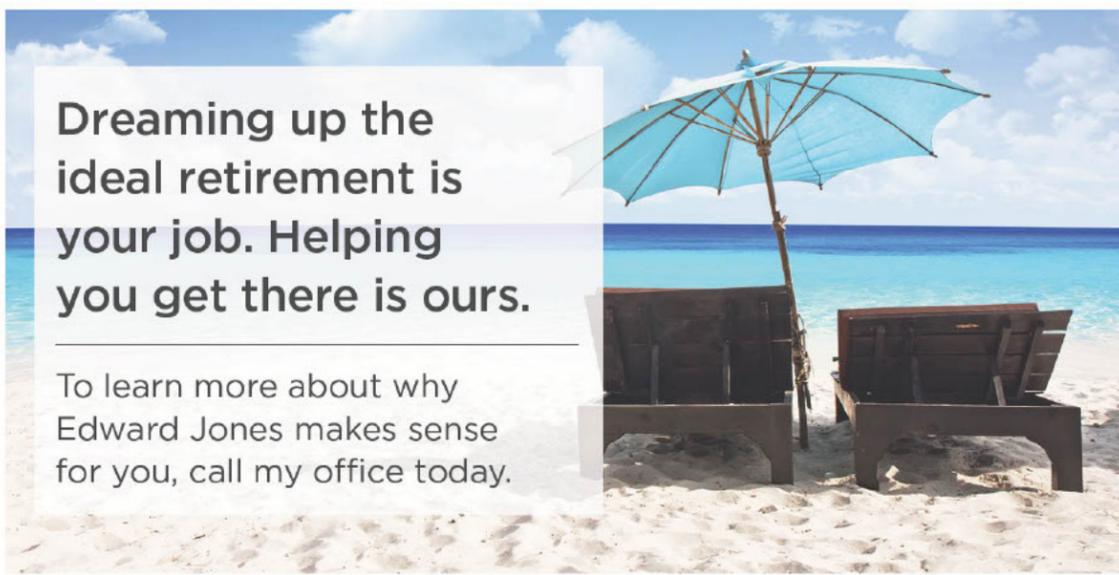
The Teen Scene

at the center fold!

Cape Fear Voices Submission Requirements

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

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



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COMMUNITY NEWS



Federal Government Gives \$18M to Wilmington Port



Nathaniel Brown

Boiling Springs Lakes

The United States Government recently provided the Wilmington Port with \$18 million in order to enhance and modernize the port yard. This new funding is a part of the Biden-Harris Administrations Rebuilding American Infrastructure with Sustainability and Equity (RAISE) program. Six other projects also received funding as a part of the program, coming to a grand total of nearly \$60.2 million.

The department of transportation says that their goal is to help modernize all US ports, bridges, roads, and other methods of transportation.

According to NC Ports, the new port should be operating by 2025.

Brunswick County Master GardenersSM Announce September Online Plant Sale Dates

After the drought in May/June and heavy rains in July, many plants in our landscapes have had a tough time. Just in time for fall planting, the Brunswick County Extension Master GardenerSM Volunteer Association is offering an Online Plant Sale featuring “resilient” plants. These plants are drought-tolerant once established, can withstand some light flooding, and handle winds and storms. We are featuring six types of native ornamental grasses, eight moderately salt-tolerant shrubs, two perennials that are proven to withstand the worst of our summers, and a hummingbird favorite vine.

Visit our website www.bcmgva.org from Thursday, September 1, through Thursday, September 8, to place and pay for your order.

Pick up your plants in person on Thursday, September 15, from 9:00 am until 1:00 pm at the Brunswick County Extension Office, 25 Referendum Drive, greenhouse area behind

Building N, Government Complex, Bolivia, NC 28422. Visit the website for more information on the plants offered. Payment for Online Orders is through PayPal, Visa, Master Card, American Express, or Discover.

On Thursday, September 15, during plant pickup, a few local businesses will also be offering some unique gardening services and products for purchase at the plant pickup location at Government Center in Bolivia.

For more information or questions, contact us via e-mail at BCMGVAT@gmail.com.



Say Yes to Life Gala

(Oak Island, NC) – Be The One-NC is proud to present the “SAY YES TO LIFE GALA,” taking place at the Cape Fear Regional Jetport on Saturday, September 10, 2022, 4:30PM – 10:00PM. This is the fourth in a series of charity events that shine a bright light on the importance of suicide awareness, prevention, and public education with a particular focus on the affect suicide has on our military, veterans, first responders, law enforcement and our youth. Guests will enjoy camaraderie, heavy hors d’ oeuvres, dancing, silent and live auctions and live music. Performing will be local singer-songwriter Jamie Dooley, the ever popular Christine Martinez Band, multi-award winning Nashville recording artist The Renegade Jason Ray Welsh Band, and the up and coming Nashville musical talent Jordan Oaks. All Gala proceeds will benefit Providence Homes of Southport Family Emergency Teen Center, NC.

Be The One-NC is a local charitable organization that supports the work of non-profits whose mission is suicide awareness and prevention and who advocate for and provide services to groups who are particularly at risk. The success of each event depends on the support of an army of volunteers who work together to draw upon the generosity of individuals and businesses from within the region in the way of donations, ticket sales, table and tent sponsors, talent, and silent and live auctions.

Providence Home of Southport Family Emergency Teen Center provides free short-term and safe shelter to Brun-

wick County youth who, due to an emergency, high-risk or crisis situation, cannot remain with their families. Providence provides a wide range of services to help reunite Brunswick County families in crisis.

The SAY YES TO LIFE GALA coincides with World Suicide Prevention Day. Suicide is a serious public health problem that affects all ages. It’s a leading cause of death in the United States, with 45,979 deaths in 2020. This equates to one death every 11 minutes. In 2020, suicide was among the top 9 leading causes of death for people ages 10-64, and the second leading cause of death for people ages 10-14 and 25-34.

Individual Tickets: \$75; can be purchased at www.Betheonetohelp.com

- For information contact JT Mariotte at [919.520.5963](tel:919.520.5963) or JTMariotte@gmail.com
- To donate Silent and Live Auction items contact Jen Long at [910.912.7373](tel:910.912.7373)
- Table Sponsorship and Tent Sponsorship opportunities are still available.
- Individual contributions can be made at www.Betheonetohelp.com. Checks to be written to Providence Home with Be-The-One in the memo line.
- Be the One to ask for help; Be the One to help when asked; Be the One to step up to make a difference.

Gullah Geechee Rice Dishes



TeCora Galloway ««
Shallote

During the March 2022 North Carolina Rice Festival, there was some buzz going around about how there was no actual rice or rice products at the event. The rice festival gets its name from the significance of rice plantations in our area, but rice itself also has cultural significance for Gullah Geechee peoples.

In particular, the “Harvest Moon”, which is significant in various media and pop culture, originated from Native Americans who used the first full moon of September to indicate the beginning of the harvest season. According to AGAmerica.com, this is when the crops planted during the summer would be ready for reaping, and the days would begin to get longer, giving them extra sunlight to harvest crops later into the night. We recognize this as a part of daylight savings time!

For enslaved people on rice plantations, this meant they would be driven longer to harvest rice, which is how the term “Rice Moon” became popular in our area. Culture and history are best kept through family recipes, and it is no coincidence that rice is an integral part of Gullah Geechee culture. It is especially interesting how our rice dishes compare to West African rice dishes, which I will touch on later.

Gullah Geechee Rice Menu:

Gullah Rice (or Red rice)

Gullah/Red Rice, according to The Washington Post, is rice cooked in tomatoes or tomato paste, with onions, sausage, and other meats/vegetables. Red rice in particular is very similar to jollof rice, which is popular in many different African countries, and has its regional differences.

Hoppin John (or Carolina peas and rice)

Hoppin John is a dish my mother informed me of, which is rice, black eyed peas, and fatback or some other fatty

pork product. Different families have different stories behind the name “Hoppin John”, but FarmersAlmanac.com says it has something to do with a black man with a limp in Charleston. The dish is served on New Year’s day, signifying good luck.



Carolina Crab Rice

Carolina Crab Rice is rice with bacon, crab meat, and vegetables like celery onions and bell pepper. Being on the coast, seafood dishes were accessible to slaves and very common in Gullah Geechee dishes.

Chicken Bog

Chicken bog is rice with chicken, sausage, celery, onions, and other vegetables. This is another dish that was fulfilling, and accessible to slaves, and therefore passed down through generations.

Neckbones and Rice

Neckbones are cuts of beef that come from the neck of the cow, and are similar to oxtails or short ribs according to TheHungryHutch.com. These cuts of meat are known for being cooked low and slow, becoming incredibly tender and in turn going great with rice. The dish may include onions and some type of gravy, but the main ingredients are its namesake. I believe the use of neckbones as opposed to other cuts of meat may have been due to the “Don’t waste any part of the animal” mentality, and the less desirable cuts being left for the slaves.

North Carolina Project LEAD presents the:

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Taking the First Step: Skill Builders at the Cape Fear Literacy Council

Nicole Wolf-Camplin

Cape Fear Literacy Council

Imagine for a minute that you cannot read. Street signs, employee placards, and the labels on prescription bottles contain mysterious symbols that could prove dangerous. Your children's or grandchildren's educational goals are beyond your reach. You are outside of society's mainstream to success.

The Cape Fear Literacy Council (CFLC) serves adults over eighteen, from beginning readers who may not know their alphabet, to high school graduates who need additional skills to approach college-level work, perhaps in reading, math, and computer skills. Students pursuing their G.E.D. are often in the spotlight for their hard-won success, but beginners also deserve recognition for their efforts.

CFLC usually places these adult learners in a one-on-one tutoring situation where they can progress according to their needs and preserve their privacy. However, some students respond well to small classes where they can meet other learners in the same situation and support and encourage each other's educational efforts. Three such gentlemen in their 50s recently decided to take a chance on each other and meet weekly on Wednesday mornings on our campus with a trained volunteer tutor.

Joseph had hung onto reading materials he had received in previous classes and, leafing through them, decided it was time to start again. He has a great ear and eye for detail but feels nervous about starting new skills after many disappointments. Gabriel, a former Walmart stocker and retired house painter, is a highly creative thinker who can tell stories but struggles to write them. As he tells it, "I have so many goals: to learn to read, to use my laptop, to walk into a restaurant and be able to read the menu, to sit somewhere with a book to enjoy." Bob, a stalwart volunteer in his community, is waiting for a 1:1 tutor but decided the class sounded like a good idea to "just get started." All three men agree that they want to be able to complete their own medical paperwork when they go to the doctor's office. "I hate telling the lady at the counter that I can't read. They always say that it's OK, but it's embarrassing."

The men all arrive early and have time to chat before class.

Gabriel appreciates that, "We all get along and talk grown talk. We can be patient with each other." Bob chimes in, "Everyone is friendly; I got one grouchy friend already; we ain't grouchy with each other." Gabriel is mad at himself because when he went to school, "I didn't listen to what they had to say." Now, all three are making up for the lost time.

The men are careful to protect their Wednesday morning class time from other appointments. During class, they use pictures, skill books, simplified newspapers, and manipulative cards to build phonological awareness (the discernment of sounds and their corresponding phonics), to read and compose first words, then sentences and paragraphs. All are making progress. As Gabriel puts it, "Sometimes if I'm looking for a word, I can go right to it. I can make out more things. I'm not there yet, but I am inching towards it."

Learning to read can be an overwhelming goal for an adult; taking the first step requires extraordinary courage and dedication. Functionally illiterate students, who lack the basic reading and writing skills to complete everyday activities, may struggle with basic directions, forms, bills, recipes, maps, as well as job-related tasks that the rest of us take for granted. Students might present this level of literacy despite finishing high school if they were "passed along." They may work full-time jobs and volunteer in their communities. Many attend church and list it as a motivating influence to address their educational needs. Others are eager to encourage their children's education and break the cycle of illiteracy at home. Many are successfully hiding their inability to read, but they often feel a private sense of shame. Our students' success deserves to be celebrated. We would like to recognize all our beginners and the dedicated tutors who work with them to take the first steps on the road to literacy.

Nicole Wolf-Camplin is the Adult Literacy Program Coordinator at the Cape Fear Literacy Council. Learn more about our adult education programs and opportunities to get involved at the Literacy Council on our website at www.cfliteracy.org or call us at (910) 251-0911.

PERSONAL STORIES

The Back-to-School Scavenger Hunt



Janet Siegler

Leland

When I was parenting two school-aged children, a low-grade anxiety would creep into my subconscious around mid-August. The leisurely summer pace was winding down, and in its place, lurking just around the corner, subtle but tenacious, prodding me to up my game--the Back-to-School Fall Frenzy.

Anyone who has raised children knows what I mean: the rush to buy new school supplies and clothes; the flood of first-day papers, permission slips and emergency forms to be signed; basketball tryouts and games; band practices and citrus sales; car washes, teacher meetings, hurried dinners and late-night homework...

So, why did I sign up to sponsor a child as part of Brunswick Family Assistance's (BFA) Christmas in July campaign? Maybe now that I'm retired and child-free, I secretly miss those hectic days. Or perhaps I'm just a glutton for punishment. In any case, when I learned that BFA had 75 children in need of sponsors, I called the Program Manager. "I'll take two," I said. "Any age or gender, whatever you need."

"That's terrific," he said. "I've got two fifth graders, a girl, Annie* and a boy, Bobby.* We estimate the average cost per child will be about \$100. We prefer sponsors do the shopping due to our staffing constraints, but we also

The Back to School Scavenger Hunt (continued)

by Janet Stiegler

- take donations. Anything to prepare these children for the first day of school." Then he sent me their clothes and shoe sizes, favorite colors, and in the case of Annie, her favorite TV show. I also got a lengthy 5th-grade school supply list. The scavenger hunt was on.

A local sports store was having a sale on backpacks, but a Google search told me that a department store in Wilmington had a purple one. And Annie liked purple. Bobby got a similar bag in black, one of his two favorite colors. I tested all the zippers and made sure the main compartment could fit a two-inch binder and several notebooks. Check! On the way to pay, I tossed several pairs of jeans, T-shirts, shorts and skorts into my cart.

The list said shoes, but don't all kids wear sneakers? My favorite sports store carried name-brand running shoes in Bobby's size. But the inventory for Annie's petite feet was limited. It took some digging, but I finally nailed the perfect pair — superb cushioning and violet laces! Nothing but the best for my kids!

The school supply list was lengthy and relatively easy to address except for the earbuds. Why do 5th graders need

earbuds? And what kind of quality did they expect? Husband came to the rescue. "You don't want to get cheap stuff," he said, now caught up in the frenzy. After checking out Consumer Report, he ordered purple and blue pairs online.

Despite my good intentions, I couldn't help second-guessing myself. For instance, the TV show Annie liked was a mix of supernatural and horror. Did her tastes run more edgy than frilly? My thirty-something-year-old son emailed several links with the show's related merchandise. Needless to say, I took the bait. Now I needed to get more stuff for Bobby to even things out.

"That's quite a stockpile," my husband observed as I spread the purchases out on the bed. A review of the receipts afterward suggested we had spent three times the estimated amount on each child. I let out a sigh of relief. Annie and Bobby would be ready for their first day of school. And unlike their parents, I wouldn't have to sign all those back-to-school forms!

*Not the real names

The Passing of an Iconic Place



Sheryl Keiper
Leland

It was a place where you could forget all your troubles and just smile. Laughter abounded. Glassware tinkled, paper utensils made popping sounds, and mouths crunched down the best French Fries in North Carolina. Napkins were in demand, as the sauces of the famous grilled Grouper Rueben's dripped down people's faces. Five TV screens featuring news, sports, and reality shows were visual but muted.

Fireballs slid down the bar to patrons. Yes, it was Willoughby's — the new local "Cheers" tavern in Leland, North Carolina.

It was a Northerner named Tom whose dream was fulfilled. He built it along Highway 17 among the trees and dirt. He decorated the floors with retro record album covers. You could dance on Elvis, Stevie Wonder, Stevie Nicks, the Beatles, the Stones — your choice — your favorite album at your feet. The atmosphere was highlighted by crystal chandeliers. That's right — an eclectic mix of paper plates, chandeliers, and colorful patrons.

The pert blonde DJ spun tunes on karaoke night with her very young son asleep in the back room. Of course, this was her second job as a devoted young mother, and her tip jar was very visible. She made everyone feel very special. If you couldn't sing, it was fine. After all, the word "karaoke" derives from the Japanese language and translates into "leave the room." You were respected in their culture even more if you couldn't sing but you made a humble effort.

It built character.

I remember doing my famous "Jumpin' Jack Flash" impersonation of Mick Jagger (scarf flying, of course) in a karaoke contest for which I didn't formally register. The crowd went wild. The Elvis impersonator who actually won the contest

offered me a gig with his group of singing impersonators in Myrtle Beach. I graciously declined since aging had slowed me down (not Mick, of course), and I knew I couldn't perform at 2 pm shows on a hot pier in the heat of the South Carolina sun. Even my friend Izzy (who swore she would never sing karaoke even after 3 margaritas) did a Dolly Parton song on that small Willoughby's stage at her 50th birthday party.

Then, there was the performance with Jimmy. Wilmington Funeral Service had sponsored a free dinner and entertainment to encourage patrons to arrange and pre-pay for their funerals. Jimmy and I delivered our version of the Rolling Stones song "Dead Flowers." How ironic! Those lyrics went "Send me dead flowers at my wedding, And I won't forget to put roses on your grave." We really helped their business!!

A huge statue of dancing Elvis greeted patrons out front on the lawn of Willoughby's. One night some moron chopped off Elvis' arm. It was alright though. Elvis the Pelvis was still good at greeting us.

And so it was with great sadness that at about 2:30 pm yesterday afternoon, I happened to be driving by on Route 17. I was rocking out to some 80's punk rock tunes in my car, and I happened to glance over at Willoughby's. The sold sign was gone. In fact, Willoughby's was gone! I watched as a John Deere bulldozer finished smashing the last of the debris from the dilapidated building. It was truly one of the saddest sights I can remember. Yes, Elvis had really left the building for the last time...



The Teen Scene

Tommorow's Voices Today

Volume 3, Issue 9

FREE

September 2022

**These businesses would like to say,
“Welcome back to classes to all area students.
We hope you have the best year ever.”**

We wish you continued success working with Teen Scene to improve your writing skills.



MELINDA MAYS
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- 910 833 4818 cell
- 910 371 9894 office
- 1478 River Road
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Project Specialist
l.myers@patriotroofer.com

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office: 910-218-0600

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Early College High School and Teen Scene Celebrate Successful Partnership

“Thank you for the magic...” Principal Says



Jan Morgan-Swegle

Compass Pointe

Many years ago, Hilary Clinton quoted an old African proverb that says, “It takes a village to raise a child.” Children need to be exposed to as many new experiences as they can be in order to grow and be mentally stimulated. And, while children need a strong “home base,” to feel safe and loved, they also need the attention of different kinds of people with diverse skill sets and outlooks on life in order to be a part of a bigger world.

When Gerald Decker started Teen Scene in Alabama many years ago, it was, in part, because of his own educational journey through middle and high school. It was a journey that was not without many bumps in the road.

The purpose of Teen Scene is to improve not only the writing skills of our students, but increase their confidence, leadership skills and teach them basic business skills so they are prepared for success once they enter the working world. Writing is a key element to almost every job one can have and if our children aren’t doing it well, they will be left behind.

Gerald moved here 6 years ago in 2016, but only started the paper two years ago in June, 2020. He initially worked with Leland Middle School to teach the students how to improve their writing and grammar skills and then reached out to Early College High School about partnering with Teen Scene to form a Journalism Club. He found an advocate in the school’s principal, Ms. Denise Absher. Like Gerald, she knew that writing was a key element for success and welcomed the Teen Scene Journalism program to her school.

Speaking about the program and now, the Early College Journalism Club, Ms. Absher said, “Before Teen Scene, we didn’t have a journalism program or a club. I want to thank you for the magic the Teen Scene program brought to us. It has allowed our students to find their passion in writing and become excited about high school. They are not only writing well, but I see them becoming leaders in other areas and classes. They have visible confidence in themselves. They have learned how to collaborate.”

According to Ms. Absher, Laura Askue, the Early College English/Journalism teacher, deserves much of the credit; she said, “Kudo’s to Miss Askue, for all of her efforts. This year our key words are, “empowerment and enlightenment,” and Miss Askue does a great job of empowering her students. In turn, these students are enlightening our community about our goals and opportunities. They are examples of what we can accomplish. I am proud to say that Teen Scene is a partner of ours.”

Laura Askue, who was the Leland area VFW Teacher of the Year for 2021, said this about our partnership. “I wanted a journalism program at my school for a very long time, but wasn’t sure there was the interest, and I was sure that we didn’t have the resources to get it off the ground. Gerald Decker solved the hardest problems in starting a journalism program and allowed us the freedom to just focus on the love of writing and publishing so that we could find the passion foothold we needed. We appreciate that more than you know.”

Laura continued, “He also put us in touch with incredible resources of his incredibly talented social network of retired people who have the skills and time to give our students real life education from the publishing world. Our

students have benefited from meeting people in the Cape Fear Voices network. I see so much

potential for workshops and other learning experiences from working with this group. I hope that other schools realize the value of the learning potential that is out there with Teen Scene and in the Cape Fear Voices community in Brunswick County.”

Like Ms. Absher, Ms. Askue has seen a very positive change in the students in the Journalism Club. She said, “They want their voices out there. They are becoming more confident about writing for an audience. They are proud of what they are doing and they want to share their voices. I want to start a Journalism Honor Society this year to recognize and reward the hard work the students have done. They are becoming strong, critical thinkers.”

Two of the Journalism Club members shared their thoughts about how Teen Scene and being involved in the Journalism Club has helped them. Karleigh Quinn, who was recognized by Teen Scene last year for her work in poetry, said, “The program has helped me with public presentations. I have more confidence in myself now. After college, I plan to go into Nursing.” Samantha Becker said, “Being in the Journalism Club and a part of Teen Scene has given me the opportunity to express myself through writing. It also helped with my confidence level and my grades have improved in some of my other classes. I want to go into Mortuary Science after college which requires analytical writing. Most of my family is in the medical field. I want to do something that I love and help people through difficult times.”

In order to ensure that our teen writers are being heard, two of them sit on the Teen Scene Advisory Board and attend meetings that shape the future of the entire paper. Margie Steve, a senior this year, has contributed her voice and her stories to Teen Scene for two years. She was a presenter at the Cape Fear Voices/Teen Scene Awards Banquet in March. Margie also did some paid freelance writing for the paper along with two other students and continues to write for Teen Scene.

Nathanial Brown, who is a sophomore at ECHS is also on the Advisory Board for Teen Scene and took over as the Lead Layout Designer of the entire paper in July. This is a paid position that relies on Nathanial’s computer skills, design esthetic and attention to detail to make the paper what it is. Nathanial also writes for Teen Scene and has contributed some community related stories to Cape Fear Voices.

It does take a village to raise a well-rounded, confident child. It also takes hard work and dedication from our educators and a desire to make our children better than we are in order for them to be successful. Thank you, Ms. Absher and Ms. Askue for letting Teen Scene be part of your village.



Brunswick County Early College



New Firebird Alert!



Margie Steve —«
Graduate

Brunswick Early College High School kicked off the school year with Summer Bridge on August 5, 2022. Incoming Freshmen and new students attended a day of fun and getting to know each other, teachers, and the school.

This event wouldn't have succeeded without Marijayne Jessup and National Honors Society members planning and helping. Early College has new students this year, a new assistant principal, and two new teachers.

Chris Orrock, the previous assistant principal, went to Shallotte Middle School to get more experience to become a principal one day. His students and staff already miss Chris Orrock. Anthony Tantillo is the Firebird's new assistant principal. He transferred from Shallotte Middle School to get high school experience. Welcome to the family, Mr. Tantillo; he already fits in with his excitement and constant energy.

Ms. Adams is our new American I and II history teacher at Brunswick County Early College High School. She is replacing Sarah Osborne. Mrs. Osborne closed one journey and opened up another exciting journey in her life. She is well missed as she has impacted many students' lives and showed them that it is important for your voice to be heard. Ms. Adams is fresh out of college and is already engaging with her students in her class. Welcome to the Firebird family Ms. Adams.



Ms. Foster is our new math teacher, replacing Kathryn Schertzer. Mrs. Schertzer left during the year with her husband so he could go to pilot school to become a pilot. During her short

time here, she made every effort to make sure her students were learning the best way they could during virtual learning and face-to-face. As a previous math teacher, Ms. Foster came from West Brunswick High School, so this isn't her first rodeo. Welcome, Ms. Foster, to early college.



Freshmen here at early college are getting the hang of the school after a month of adjusting. Some are still shy, and some have already explored their new home. Upperclassmen are doing a phenomenal job assisting freshmen and new students with questions, schedules, and anything they need. That is what a Firebird looks like. We are excited to start the 2022-2023 school year and see what this year brings.

Firebirds kicked off the first Friday of the school year with an ice cream social on August 12, 2022, during club time. Students gathered in the SAC and explored many club options to choose from and got to know other students and staff.

(Photos by Margie Steve)

What is Journalism?



Nathaniel Brown —«
Sophomore

Journalism, by definition, is the activity or profession of writing for newspapers, magazines, or news websites or preparing news to be broadcast.

Most people in today's world assume that journalism is just people who write things for newspapers, but in reality, it's anything to do with the media. The reporters you see on TV are even Journalists!

Expanding even further into the definition of journalism, the publishers and editors of news media are also journalists! Everyone involved in making, editing, or publishing any form of news media can be considered a journalist.

Check out this list of '100 Outstanding Journalists in the

United States!

<https://journalism.nyu.edu/about-us/news/the-100-outstanding-journalists-in-the-united-states-in-the-last-100-years/>



New Firebird Alert!

Ashlyn Baldwin

Junior

Starting June 8th, 2022, I went on a tour group with some of my previous teachers and peers to Italy and Greece. The rigidness of a school environment was basically gone, and our tour guide, Maria Rouliou, was open to answering anything we threw at her. Traveling through the countries was like a dream I am so grateful for the chance to have. The two-week leave was a trip offered by Education First, or EF, tours through the Brunswick County Early College Highschool. Mrs. Brown, Mr. Brown, and Ms. Askue served as our chaperones, and I do not think anyone

could be more ecstatic to visit Europe than Ms. Askue. All of our chaperones and guides were very easy for me to feel comfortable around, especially because I had Mrs. Brown and Ms. Askue as teachers beforehand.

The main downside I found on the trip was how loaded our itinerary was with churches and Christian sites. I found the history and significance interesting; however, multiple stories were repeated, and some people were tired, both Christians and non. Our itinerary also included many late nights and early mornings, but when given free time, every hour of lost sleep was worth it.

Our group arrived in Rome on June ninth and spent two days in the city, but I loved Florence and the Tuscan mountains more (pictured above). On June thirteenth, my tour group made our way to Greece. Maria is originally from Athens and was ecstatic to give a tour of her country. In Athens, a large street filled with designer stores at prices much cheaper than in the states. The mountains of Assisi and the Greek islands were beautiful. We went on a three-day cruise around some Greek islands, and there are not enough words to describe how lovely it was. The water was clear, and coffees were to die for. I think Ms. Smith and Ms. Askue were ready not to see me again after we arrived home, but all is well.

Truly, a trip like mine is hard to summarize in only a few hundred words. EF made taking the trip so much cheaper, and I can not thank my family enough for supporting me. If you ever have the opportunity to travel, take it. No matter how near or far, there are always so many places to see and never enough time.

Brunswick County Early College High School
presents
The Firebird Times
in partnership with The Teen Scene, Inc.



The Firebird Times is BCECHS's own digital publication for all school news, announcements, and creative works!
Visit us at cfvts.org/tft

Club Advisor: Ms. Laura Askue News & Design Editor: Nathaniel Brown
Photo & Art Editor: Sam Becker Creative Writing Editor: Karleigh Quinn
Business Editor: Margie Steve

Cape Fear River Watch presents
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Laughing in the Golden Years

The Red Pencil Box



Maryann Nunnally
Porters Neck

In the fall when my brother Wally and I were about to return to school for the new year, my mother took us to the city to shop for shoes and school supplies. Wally hated school so he was not very excited to shop, but I loved everything about school and was happy that I was going into the third grade.

After we had purchased our Buster Brown oxfords, we walked to Woolworth's five-and-ten-cent store to get paper, pencils and crayons. Mom picked out the Crayola crayons with twenty-two in the box and the yellow pencils with the orange erasers. Paper was double-lined primary paper which was the one required at our school. Finally, she decided that we needed pencil boxes to keep our supplies neat and readily accessible in our desks. My pencil box had a lid that opened all the way, made from some kind of reinforced cardboard and bright red in color. I fell in love with it instantly.

The first day of school, which happened soon after Labor Day, I walked up the railroad tracks and then up the sidewalk through town to our old elementary school. Once inside, my teacher assigned desks to us and instructed us to put away our supplies. Mrs. Lawless was a very strict teacher who would brook no nonsense. She wore long skirts and high button shoes which had gone out of style in the 1800s. Parents either loved her or hated her because she did not have a flexible bone in her body. My parents were in the love column, and my mother said I would really learn in her classroom because Mrs. Lawless was consistent to the max.

Sometime during the next few weeks, a new boy, Darryl, joined our class. He was a skinny, dirty child with a head that came to a point. His clothes, which he never seemed to change, consisted of a wool coat over overalls and a striped hat that he pulled down over the point on his head. Daily Mrs. Lawless reminded him to take off his cap and then sent him into the boys' room to wash his hands and face. I don't think that washing-up did much good, as the dirt was so ground into his skin that it was difficult to tell what color he was. On top of that he never brought lunch with him. Soon Mrs. Lawless was giving him a lunch from her big tapestry bag because there were no school lunches in those days.

Then, to top it off, Mrs. Lawless changed Darryl's seat to be next to me so that I could help him with his numbers and his reading. Since he had absolutely no supplies, he simply borrowed mine. I was appalled because I did not want his grimy hands touching my things. Finally, one day in desperation, I gave him my red pencil box with the crayons, pencils, and other supplies in it. I said, "You can keep it, Darryl. I don't want it anymore." Of course, I wanted it, but I didn't want to touch anything that he had touched. It gave me the shudders.

I thought my mom would be really angry with me for giving away my box of school supplies. That was a time when we were really short of money, and I walked home full of worry and explanations. To my surprise, mother was okay with my generosity, though the truth was that I was not generous, just disgusted with poor Darryl's dirty hands and clothes.

When I told my mother the truth, she said, "Never mind. Sometimes when you do something for a selfish reason, it turns out to be for the good."

Mom had purchased extra crayons and pencils during our shopping visit. Of course she had, because the chance of returning to the city during the school year was remote if not impossible. Knowing that our crayons and pencils would disappear or get used up during the year, she made sure we had enough on hand to always have some. But what about my red pencil box?

Mother always said she was not very artistic, but the truth is she was extremely clever when she had to make do. Emptying an old cigar box where she kept odds and ends, she covered it with a left-over piece of fabric and sewed it in place under the cover. The cloth was pink with tiny red roses all over it. I thought it was absolutely perfect.

When I returned to school the next day, Mrs. Lawless mentioned my new box and said I was a lucky girl to have such a clever mother. I carefully placed my new pencil box in my desk and never let poor Darryl touch it. He moved away before the year was over and took my red pencil box with him. That was okay with me, as I certainly never wanted to put my hands on it again.

The Sweet Soul of the South



Karen Phillips Smith
Wilmington

I was raised by my devoted grandparents, my great grandmother, the personification of a lady, four energetic aunts and three incredibly funny, mischievous great uncles. These incredible people exposed me to a childhood rich with all things deeply southern. They provided me the opportunity to experience a life of traditions, proprieties, and eccentricities unique to the southeast region of this country. My senses are filled with vivid memories of long slow days dripping with moisture. The smell of honeysuckle, jasmine and camellias. The taste of pralines, caramel cake, pecan pie, homemade fresh peach ice cream, huge biscuits filled with thick, black molasses and tall glasses of ice-cold sweet tea with lemon and mint.

I remember row after row of antebellum houses with wide front porches filled with women who dressed each day as if they were expecting company. Each one dressing in their boned corsets, opaque stockings and crisp cotton slips that always seemed to require adjustments. Dresses with subtle patterns that hung down at a most respectable length and laced medium height shoes. I never remember any of these gentle women rushing through a single day. They seemed to completely savor even the simplest of tasks. I remember my great aunts and my great grandmother spending their afternoons visiting and laughing as they shelled freshly picked butter beans in their apron covered laps while they rocked in large, white, oversized, wooden rocking chairs, fanning nats away with cardboard church fans.

My ears were filled with words like divine, dahlin, sista, cotillion and music, oh so much music. Old hymns being sung with a sweet, melodic rhythm, beach music that brought all ages of folk to their feet to participate in the graceful, liquid shag dance. And the sweet sound of my grandparents harmonizing on songs handed down to us by slaves like "Picking Up Paw Paws" and "Jimmy Crack Corn". I will be forever grateful to my grandparents for this gift, this opportunity that enriched my spirit, the gift of touching, tasting and knowing a time and place that no longer exists.

A Memory From Long Ago

Ray Burkart

Wilmington

A while back, I was riding in a remote area near my home here in Wilmington, N.C., and saw an old, shabby house with a tin roof just off the narrow, two-lane road. Somewhere deep in my hippocampus, a memory came tumbling out. It was of a house, or more like a cabin, I remembered from my youth near Asheville. Although I lived there for only a little over a year, I can clearly recall some details.

It was 1941, at the beginning of WWII. My mom was a divorced mother of two and worked full-time to support the family. I was 6 and my sister, 4 1/2. During the week, we were boarded out to live with great-aunt Bonn, her husband and their two kids, a girl, 12, and a boy, 14. On most weekends, mom would get us, and we would stay with her in town.

The “cabin” was on a narrow two-lane, tarred road with Reems Creek meandering on the other side. It had two bedrooms, and an open area with kitchen, eating and living space. It was typical of the homes in this rustic area. There was no electricity, so light was supplied by kerosine lamps. Heating was provided by a wood stove in the kitchen area which was also used for cooking and baking. Water was supplied from a hand pump in the tin sink. Screens on the windows and front door kept most of the insects out and allowed cool air in on those hot and muggy days and nights. Free air conditioning was from the breezes of Mother Nature.

The exterior walls were unpainted, weathered wood, and a tin roof kept most of the rain and snow from coming in. A communal, one-hole outhouse was about 100 ft. behind the cabin. If I had to pee in the middle of the night, I usually would only go as far as the back porch. I was not anxious to deal with any creatures.

My great-aunt Bonn had a reputation as one of the best cooks in the area. Our fire- and-brimstone Southern Baptist preacher and his family especially looked forward to eating with us when it was our turn after church. If I close my eyes and think back, I can almost taste my aunt’s cornbread or biscuits, apple or cherry pies, and her chicken or squirrel dumplings. She deserved her reputation. All cooked on a wood stove.

She was a real mountain woman. She would get up at the break of dawn, grab a shotgun, tramp into the woods, and be back in a couple of hours with three or four squirrels which she would skin, clean and then parboil for a family dinner. There was a good-sized garden which supplied fresh vegetables and many meals out of glass Ball jars after the growing season. A root cellar stored many cured items, including hams and bacon. The icebox in the kitchen area contained items needing refrigeration. An iceman made a weekly visit. Maybe he had a truck, but it’s possible it was a horse-drawn wagon.

Dreams Come True



Nathaniel Brown

Lead Layout Designer

I have always loved writing things for English class, but I was never a person to sit down and write something just for fun. Until, one day Ms. Laura Askue, an English Teacher at Brunswick Early College approached me asking if I could write something for the Journalism club. I had heard of the club, and I thought I knew what they did, but I didn’t.

I agreed and wrote my first ever article in the November edition of the Teen Scene. For several months I wrote articles for the paper and loved it more than anything.

One day I walked into the Journalism Club meeting for the week and Gerald Decker and Jan Morgan-Swagle approached me and told me that they wanted me to design the Teen Scene section of the new website, because of my technical and design knowledge. This opportunity was very exciting for me as digital design was something that I have always had a passion for and in the past 2-3 years I have taken learning advanced design very seriously, so I took them up on the offer.

Then, on a random day in June after just a month of working on the website, I got a phone call from Gerald Decker asking me to create a sample page layout using the previous month’s articles because he wanted me to take over as the Lead Layout Designer for the paper.

As you can imagine I was ecstatic at the thought that my first ever job just might be something that I want to do. Most of the people I go to school with are working at fast food restaurants or retail stores and I am going to be working for a newspaper. By the next morning, I had already created a 6-page sample layout. By the end of the week, I had created at least 5 different 12-page layouts. Both Jan and Gerald loved my work.

On June 12, I opened my email to a message. “Nathaniel, We

at Teen Scene, Inc. are happy to offer you the position of Layout Editor...” It was official, I was going to have my first job, working for amazing people that understand my busy schedule. It was everything I could have asked for.

I spent the third week of June designing my first edition of the paper, and that didn’t come without challenges (and 9 drafts). But on June 26th, I submitted my first edition of the paper.

I waited not so patiently for the paper to come out and then I drug my mom to Piggly Wiggly and grabbed the paper. My first reaction was excitement, I was jumping up and down in the parking lot. The joy I felt knowing that I made what is in the newspaper stand on my computer is a feeling that I can’t explain.

I spent years saying that one day I would write a book, but I had just given up on the idea that my dream would come true because I had a major case of imposter syndrome. In July, I started writing my first book and it’s set to come out sometime next year.

Nine months ago, when I was presented with an offer to join the journalism club by Ms. Askue, I was skeptical, but I couldn’t be gladder that I did, because I wouldn’t be where I am today without it. Today, I am designing the entire paper by myself, and I am in the process of writing my book, which is the number one thing I wanted to do in life.

So, at 15 I am living the best possible life that I can imagine. Thank you to Jan, Gerald, and everyone who has made this dream of mine come true!



POETRY & CREATIVE WORKS

Advice

by Sue Cadell, Wilmington

Advice—easy to give,
 Hard to take—
 The effect is worth it
 There is much at stake.
 “Try to get along” -
 With those you meet -
 It's take and give
 Up your seat.
 Do well in school -
 Work hard, play, too -
 Reach for the stars -
 But trees will do.
 Respect those coming before -
 Be patient, kind, and forgive -
 You never know
 How others may live.
 Stand tall, be counted
 And watch what you say -
 Try hard as you can
 To stay out of your own way.

A Lotto Hope...

by Dan Neizmik, Hearthstone

He has a scratch off ticket, he purchased years ago,
 And he carries it with him, everywhere he goes,
 He could scratched it off, but he says that he won't,
 When you're not sure what you've got, a lotto ticket gives
 you hope.
 He keeps it in his pocket, and takes it out from time to
 time,
 It's his symbol of hope and how he keeps hope alive,
 He says he knows that hope, is just a state of mind,
 But we all need a little hope, if we hope to survive.
 He doesn't claim it's lucky, or anything like that,
 But, he says his good luck, far out weights his bad,
 And scratching off that ticket, sure has crossed his mind,
 But, he says that hope today is just too hard to find.
 That ticket gives him a lotto hope, in times when he has
 none,
 He tells his wife to scratch it off, when his time is done,
 And if she wins a bunch of money, he says it's not to save,
 But, when she comes to visit, just leave a cold beer on his
 grave!

New Zeland/Australia Adventures

Aria Harris

Junior at BCECHS

Going to Australia and New Zealand is an experience I will remember and look back on for my entire life. The people, culture, food, and views of these far lands are unlike you've ever seen. I went with an Education First organization, where people from surrounding schools and states go as a group on these excursions, so I wasn't alone. Upon arrival in Caines, Australia, our group took a 2-hour boat ride to The Great Barrier Reef. By the time we reached our destination, many members, including myself, were severely seasick, but the experience was beyond words. The bright, bold colors of coral could be practically seen through the clear Pacific ocean water. Fish, turtles, and even sea cucumbers can be spotted everywhere. It was a truly unique experience to be seeing the native Australian sealife. Once back on land, the tour guide unleashed the group to explore the Caines area. When eating dinner with a few friends, a native Australian resident stopped by our table to complement our "accents" and tell us his stories of when he, too, visited the United States. Everywhere you went, there were kind people.

The next day was action-packed: Skyrail to the Australian rainforests, exploring Kuranda, an Aboriginal questionnaire and dance, boomerang learning, and spear learning. Kuranda is a beautiful small town located on the top of a mountain near Queensland. It was a welcoming environment with small shops, food restaurants, and music performers on the streets. The Aboriginals, a native Australian tribe, living on the continent for over 50,000 years, were lovely as well. They opened a stage for questions and talked about their culture and religion. They grabbed volunteers, such as myself, to teach them how to do a

native dance of welcome; "the shake-a-leg!" Applause, laughter, and cheering filled the reserve. Afterward, the Aboriginals taught the group how to properly throw a boomerang and spears, then it was time to reside back in our hotel room.

On day three, our group and I hopped aboard a flight to Sydney, the big city, but before we did, some friends and I went to a hotel casino with a zoo on the roof. The rainforest dome was small but had a vast array of reptiles, marsupials, birds, fish, turtles, and more. The animals there were mostly free-roam except for a couple of gates to block kingdoms from interfering. We landed by the fourth day, and our group took a van tour to Sydney harbor and surrounding Aussie staples, such as Bondi beach and a Bird's eye view of Sydney, before leaving for New Zealand.

In Rotorua, New Zealand, we went to The Agrodome, a sheep shearing and cow show. There, we can purchase wool clothing they made to support their business. After that, the Skyline of Rotorua leads us to the Whakarewarewa, a Maori thermal tribal reserve. The woman who led us through her village was very knowledgeable of her culture, ancestors, and religion and spoke very eloquently. The reserve has natural hot springs that have been around since they settled. The springs are so hot that she boiled fresh corn in the pool in under 5 minutes. After a humble thanks, we traveled to Maori culture and indulged in dinner and music. They used the steam from the hot springs to cook the food and sang to us in their native language while we ate. A great ending to a week worth of traveling and exploring.

MILITARY NEWS

More Money for Disabled Veterans



Did you know that if your Veteran Affairs disability rating is 30% or higher you are entitled to additional money if you are married? That is right. Currently, if your rating is 30% a veteran alone will receive \$467.39 per month but if you are married you are entitled to \$55 more. As your disability rating increases the “bump up” becomes even greater. For example, if you are rated at 100% your monthly compensation is \$3,332 but if you are married an additional \$185 will be added to your monthly benefit.

So how do I obtain the additional benefit? Well, you will have to file a claim with your service officer. Make sure you have a copy of your marriage certificate when you file the claim. Service officers can be located by contacting your local veteran organization such as the American Legion, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Disabled American Veterans or in some cases counties within North Carolina such as Brunswick County have veteran service officers who can assist in filing a claim.

The Brunswick County Veterans Services Office is located within the Brunswick County Government Complex and can be reached at (910) 253-2233 or via email: anitahartsell@brunswickcountync.gov. They are standing by to assist all Brunswick County Veterans.



VFW Post 12196 On the Move

September 10, we will have a booth at the Leland Founders Day Celebration. Our Service Officers will be on hand to answer any questions about membership or how to file a veterans claim.

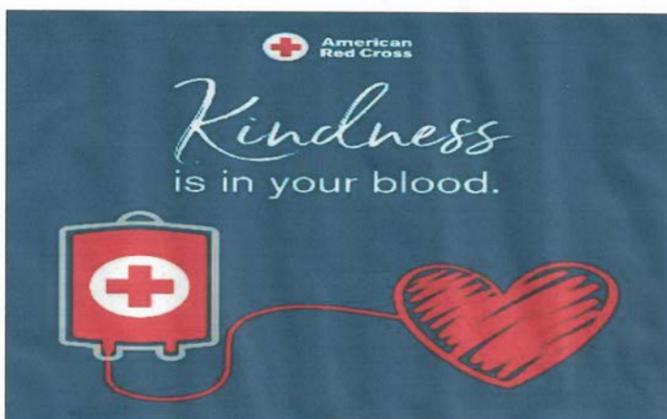
On September 11, Post will be hosting a ceremony at Founders Park to remember the tragic events of September 11, 2001. The program will begin at 8:30 and end by 9:30 am.

Ret. Army General Dan Allyn will be the featured speaker. General Allyn served as the 35th Vice Chief of Staff of the United States Army from 2014-2017. He previously served as the commanding general of the XVIII Airborne Corps from 2012 to 2013 and the United States Army Forces Command from May 2013 to August 2014. General Allyn retired in 2017 after almost 36 years of service.

September 15 is National POW/MIA Day. We will set up a table at Blossoms Restaurant for a week to honor and remember America's POW/MIAs.



John E. Jacobs American Legion Post 68



Help give patients a chance for a brighter future! Make your appointment for our Red Cross blood drive Friday September 9th from 10am to 3:00pm at the **WWAY TV studio, 1224 Magnolia Village Way, Leland**. Sign up to give at rcblood.org/donate or call 1-800-RED CROSS. There is still a critical shortage so all blood types are needed! Parking will be at the Leland Arts Center parking lot, a shuttle will be available!

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John E. Jacobs American Legion Post 68 Leland, North Carolina rolling out Veterans Suicide

“We want to create a partnership to expand awareness and assistance contacts to service organizations and citizens as a whole to better understand and learn how to help reduce veteran suicide in our community”, says John Hacker Post Commander and team leader.

“We must identify the problem to be addressed and the needs to be met by the project. The problem is that most service providers and community organizations are so busy doing their work, that they do not have the time or resources needed to learn and spread the word on what can be done to reduce Veteran Suicide.”

Our program is designed to bridge the gap between AWARENESS and ASSISTANCE:

The goals of this project is to inform (Awareness) and to show (Assistance) where people can go for help. This can be done with corporate presentations programs at different sites, through podcasts, and social as well as publication media = AWARENESS

The impact can help reduce suicide amongst Veterans (female veteran suicide have been on the rise lately) through knowledge and our follow up along with the VA health centers and other mental health agencies in our community = AWARENESS

The question arises, “Why is our organization the best to address the challenge?”

Our organization, American Legion John E. Jacobs Post 68 Leland, NC, has developed a High End website, (Award Winning 3 years in a row). We also developed and use Facebook, media and recently developed a PowerPoint for presentations to different services, community organizations, and employers, about how to be aware of and assist others with getting proper help. And to eliminate the “Suicide stigma”.

This initiative of Suicide Awareness and outreach works well with roll out of the new '988' Suicide Prevention hotline. The Suicide Prevention Lifeline's new three-digit dialing code went live nationwide on July 16. People experiencing a mental health crisis will be able to call 988 and connect to counselors with the National Suicide Prevention Lifeline network. Veterans experiencing distress or a mental health crisis will now be able to connect to the Veterans Crisis Line by dialing 988 then pressing 1. This will provide veterans with fast and easy access to veteran-specific mental health support. The current suicide prevention lifeline phone number (1-800-273-8255) will remain available after the launch of 988.

For more information and how you can help, email John Hacker Post Commander at jveteran13@gmail.com



THE AMERICAN
LEGION
the world's largest veterans organization

A Tribute to a Fallen Hero

Evonne Phillips

Leland

What happened in New York on September 11, 2001 brought sorrow and deep-felt heartache to all Americans in a tragedy that cannot be explained nor excused. It has touched and brought together all of us by a common thread of grief and in unexpected ways.

Associated Artists of Southport, one of the art groups I belong to, organized a fundraiser to help support those who have been affected. Artists donated their artwork to be sold with half or more of the proceeds going to this fund. I decided to donate my painting, “New York, New York,” done well before that September event. I felt it was fitting, since it is a scene of New York Harbor with the Statue of Liberty in the background.

During the Seafood and Jazz Festival Art Show, a young girl was standing quietly

in front of the painting. As I spoke to her, she turned, and in tears, said her brother, a fireman, had died in the New York catastrophe.

Her wish was for us to pick up our lives and go on, because she knew her brother would wish it. She thanked everyone for all their support for all the people of New York.

This painting took on new meaning to me in that moment and I dedicate it to her brother, Mike Musengo.



“Everything has
beauty, but not
everyone sees it.”

—CONFUCIUS



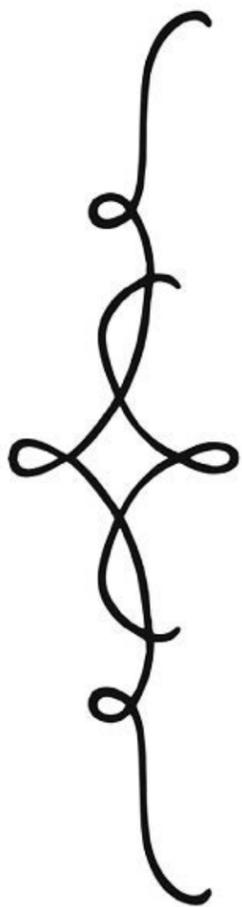
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Birthdays & Anniversaries

(Anniversary) Peggy and Darren Woody Sept. 1

Shelley Haga Sept. 3

Debbie Channell Sept. 3

Ronda Decker Sept. 4

Chuck Bins Sept. 15

Tony Swegle, Jr. Sept. 16

Jenny Stedham Sept. 17

Robbie Fisher Sept. 25

John Van Koolbergen Sept. 26



Welcome to this world to Lucy
and Paisley Klimkowski,
Granddaughters of Teen Scene
Board Member Debbie Channell.
(Born Aug. 10, 2022)

