

Living

The News Reporter • Friday, May 18, 2018 1-C

25th annual A.R. Ammons Poetry Contest winners

Division I K-2nd grade

First Place "Pizza"

There is a food I love to eat
It is good with lots of meat
The tomato sauce is red and hot
It drips down my chin a lot
I do not eat the crust
Most people think it's a must
It has a lot of cheese that is white
I love to eat it in every bite
Pizza is my favorite food to eat
Eating a big pizza is really neat.

Grayson Thompson
Old Dock Elementary

Second Place

"New York City"

In New York...
There are giant buildings with more than nine stories. You can go shopping for toys without any worries.
There is even a two story McDonald's there. It has an arcade you can play without a care.
There is an arcade game with even a classic Pac Man. Old games get removed, never to be played again.
There is lots of adventure to go on. Lots of people talk on phones.
There are lots of people riding in cabs. They pay money and don't put it on their tabs.
I like to visit New York!

Matthew Hammonds
Williams Township

Third Place

"The Park"

Right beside our house is a park
We cannot go there in the dark
I am not allowed to walk there alone
Not until I'm fully grown
We ride bikes there during the day
And we find other ways to play
We go there to fly our drone
I like it when I can fly it alone
I can drive our remote control cars
Up and down the hills they go like the stars
The best thing is when it's time to eat
It is always a special treat.

Corey Mitchell
Old Dock Elementary

Honorable Mention "My Family"

My family is important to me.
My daddy and I play hide-and-go seek,
Sometimes I like to peek.
My mom is so sweet,
She always fixes me yummy treats.
My Mimi and I give each other goofy looks,
Especially when we read funny books!

My family and I have a great time together,
I will always love them forever and ever!

Kinley Barnes
Old Dock Elementary

"My Swimming Pool"

I love to swim in my pool,
I always jump in on the last day of school.

I love to play with underwater rings,
Sometimes you can hear me sing.
I hope next summer comes fast,
So I can swim at last!

Lenzy Callahan
Old Dock Elementary

"Brittany"

Brittany is brown, orange and white.
When she gets angry, she will bite.
Brittany is happy and she likes to play,
Most of the time she plays all day.
When playing all day becomes boring,
Sometimes you will find her on the couch and she will be snoring.

Ehtyn Freon
Williams Township

"Family"

Family is special.
Family is good.
Family can live in the same



Division I honorable mentions were: Kinley Barnes, Abigail Chauncey, Jayce Ford, Bethany Fowler, Colton Godwin, Ashlyn Hinson and Bryson Taylor.



Division II honorable mentions were: Jaden Long, Maddie Edwards, Gage Woods, Rylan Woodworth, Ryder Haynes, Timothy Smith. Second row: Kayla Hayes, Preston Hammonds, Denilah McDowell, Ava Norton, Imelda Avellaneda.



Division III honorable mentions were: Ashley Donnelly, Adonijah Lee, Ashley Hester, Laiken Edwards. Back row: Dinari Stanley, Constance Green, Alex Scott, Brian Alsop, Madison Phipps, Anna Hester.



Division IV honorable mentions were: Meyani Dewitt (2 time winner), Mia Milligan, Christa FormyDuval, Roxanna Bryant. Back row: Eden Kissam, Breanna Williams, Aaron Elkins, Avean Campbell.

Brittany is a very playful cat,
Sometimes she will even play in my hat.

Abigail Chauncey
Whiteville Primary

"Snakes"

Snakes squeeze and play.
So don't run away.
They are green.
They may be black.
Don't touch or them may attack!

Jayce Ford
Cerro Gordo Elementary

"Bunny"

I know a bunny
She is very funny
She likes a carrot
But not a parrot
That's the bunny I know that is very funny

Bethany Fowler
Williams Township

"Christmas"

Christmas is the best holiday
Ho! Ho! Ho! goes Santa on Christmas Day
Rudolph has a shiny nose
I can give Christmas presents, my mom get a red rose
See Santa fly in his sleigh in the sky
The carolers will sing Christmas songs oh so high
Merry Christmas to everyone

Now my poem is done!
Ehtyn Freon
Williams Township

neighborhood.
I love my family.
They are the best.
I think my family is better than the rest.

Colton Godwin
Old Dock Elementary

"Fall Leaves"

Fall winds begin to blow all the leaves fall fast and slow.
They twirl around and until they touch the ground.

Aniyah Green
Tabor City Elementary

"My Cat Socks"

Socks has feet that look like socks.
Socks is mean-like a fox!
He will meow when we tell him no - cause he is bad!
He will say no in cat language when he gets mad.
When he sees human food, he will jump on the table and try to eat the food.

If you don't give him food, he will be in a bad mood.
His nickname is Cuppy.
Socks will go to the window and meow at a puppy.
Socks and his two brothers were born in March this year.
When he is sad, I will give him cheer.

Abigail Greene
Whiteville Primary

"The Fairy"

My fairy is so neat,
she always dances to the beat.
her wings are very cook,
She even has to go to school.
Her shoes are sparkling and white,
Always a beautiful sight.
Her hair is like cotton candy,
And her magic comes in handy.

Jaycie Hammond
Old Dock Elementary

"Buddy"

My dog, Buddy, has a chewy toy.
A chewy toy that he really enjoys.
His toy is a short red rope, you see,
When I throw it, Buddy will bring it back to me.
Buddy jumps on me, when I let him out.
Also he likes to run about.
Sometimes he likes to get muddy,
But that's ok, I still love my Buddy.

Tommy Harvey
Whiteville Primary

"My Pet"

I have a pet kitten
Her name is mitten
She loves to play
Her fur is gray
I love my pet
I am so glad we met

Ashlyn Hinson
Cerro Gordo Elementary

"Playing Outside"

I like to play outside!
I like to swing high up in the sky.
I like to play games with my cousin Morgan under the sun's ray.
I like to play on the slide, we even hide.
I like to play tag, it is never a drag.
I like to play outside

Madisyn Mangum
Williams Township

"Rosy the Cat"

My Rosy lives at my grandma's house.
She likes to play with her little toy mouse.
She runs like a dog,
And sleeps like a log.
Rosy is about to have kittens,



Division I winners were: Grayson Thompson, first place; Mathew Hammonds, second place; and Corey Mitchell, third place.



Division II Winners were: Maddie Edwards, first; and Malikh Moore, third place.



Division III winner Cody Fowler, second place.



Division V college winner Morgan B. Feltz, second place.



Division IV winners Riley Hewett, first place, Riley Tomkins, second and Mary Grayson Koonce, third.

Now she likes to cuddle with my mittens.
Rosy loves when I brush her fur.

She gives a little purrrrr.
Rosy hates when I give her a bath
But she loves when I read her a little bit of math.

Alexandria McDonald
Whiteville Primary

"My Dog Daisy"

Daisy is a type of a little dog,
She likes to go for a jog.
Daisy likes to play outside in the backyard,
But to get her back in is really hard.
Daisy likes a game called tag,
And when she is winning, her tail will wag.
Daisy goes to sleep in a little dog bed.
Before she goes to sleep, she has to be fed.

Elena Patrice
Whiteville Primary

"The Story of Fred"

There was a frizzy, freckly boy named Fred.
His favorite color was fire truck red.
He was laying down in he bed,
His frizzy head was full of

dread.
"Mom, I don't want to go to school!" he pled.
"You still have to go to school!" she said.

So he went in the kitchen and he got fed.
Then he went do school with his friend, Ted.
And that was the story of Fred.

Cameron S. Price
Whiteville Primary

"Baseball"

He pitched the ball. I made a hit, I run to first and didn't quit. I ran to second, third and then, I ran for home and slid on in.

The ump yelled "Safe" he made his call.
I'll always love to play baseball.

Bryson Taylor
Tabor City Elementary

"My Buddy Bo"

My dog Bo is on the go!
He wags his rail from his head to his toe.

His fur is soft, he is black and white.
He likes to snuggle me at night.

He is my friend and will always be.
A best buddy for you and for

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Community Meetings

Alcoholics Anonymous meets at First Presbyterian Church, 511 N. Thompson St., Whiteville on Monday, Wednesday, Thursday nights at 8 p.m. A guest speaker will be at the meeting on the last Thursday of each month. The church is located on Thompson Street in Whiteville.

Narcotics Anonymous meets at Highest Praise Church, 109 N. Madison St., Whiteville on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7 p.m., at Mt. Pleasant AME Zion Church, 15956 Old Lake Road, Riegelwood on Tuesdays and Thursdays at 7 p.m.

Al-anon meets at First Presbyterian Church, 511 N. Thompson St., Whiteville on Mondays at 8 p.m.

Diabetes Support Group meets at Columbus Regional Healthcare, Education Center, Classroom 2 the second Thursday of each month at 6 p.m. For more information call Shauna Nobles at 642-9458 or 641-8208.

Brain Injury Support Group meets at Columbus Regional Healthcare, Education Center, Room 1A the second Thursday of each month at 6 p.m. For more information call Shauna Nobles or Sonja Green at 642-8011 ext. 9458.

Compassionate Friends Support Group (Grief group for parents who have lost children to death) meets at Grace Episcopal Church, 105 S. Madison St., Whiteville the second Monday of each month at 7:30 p.m. For more information call 647-8401.

Vietnam Veterans of America Chapter #962 of Columbus County meets the first Tuesday of each month at 7 p.m. at 1028 S. Madison St., Whiteville.

The American Legion Post #233 meets the first Tuesday of each month at 6 p.m. at 313 Phillips St., Whiteville.

The American Legion Post

#139 meets the second Tuesday of each month at 7 p.m. at 208 First Ave., Chadbourne.

Veterans of Foreign Wars Post 8073 meets on the second Tuesday of each month at 6:30 p.m. at the Veterans of America building at 1028 S. Madison St. Whiteville.

Military Vet Riders Association meets on the last Monday of each month at 6:30 p.m. at the Veterans of America building at 1028 S. Madison St. Whiteville.

VFW Auxiliary meets on the second Thursday of each month at 6 p.m. at the Veterans of America building at 1028 S. Madison St., Whiteville.

Veterans Memorial Park of America meets on the last-Thursday of each month at 6 p.m. at the Veterans of America building at 1028 S. Madison St., Whiteville.

Concerned Bikers Association meets on the last Monday of each month at 6 p.m. at the Veterans of America building at 1028 S. Madison St. Whiteville.

Disabled American Veterans Chapter #35 meets the second Thursday of each month at 7 p.m. at 1028 S. Madison St., Whiteville.

Family and Community Hope Resources Inc. would like persons from 20-40 years of age to attend Community Development meetings on the fourth Thursday of each month at the Columbus County Dream Center from 6:30-7:30 p.m. For more information call Shelle Blanks at 910-207-8982 or Yolanda Davis at 704-780-8350.

A Community Garden is available at **Chadbourne United Methodist Church**. Persons are invited to come and plant in the raised bed plots. For more information call 654-5250 or 654-4069 and leave message, name and number.

For more information and to register call 641-8220.

Columbus County Leadership committee meets Tuesdays

The Columbus County Leadership Council Steering Committee meets each second Tuesday at 6 p.m. at Bogue Community Park, Hallsboro.

This non-partisan, non-profit advocacy group encourages participation of citizens willing to collaborate to effect powerful, positive changes on the local, state and federal levels.

Group goals, bylaws, membership information and applications may be secured via email request at www.columbuscountyleadershipcouncil.weebly.com or send written request to Columbus County Leadership Council, P.O. Box 57, Hallsboro, N.C. 28442.

For more information call Loris McClellon at 207-6574 or Bridget Stephens at 646-1164.

Narcotics Anonymous

Narcotics Anonymous meetings will be held every Tuesday and Thursday at 7 p.m. at Mt. Pleasant AMEZ Church in Riegelwood.

Riegelwood AA meets Wednesdays

The Riegelwood group of Alcoholics Anonymous meets at 6 p.m. every Wednesday at the USW Local 9-738, 102 Old Stage Hwy. (87) at Riegelwood.

Yokefellows Ministry seeking participants

Yokefellows Prison Ministry is seeking Christians in the Tabor City area to be a part of this ministry.

For presentation dates call 918-4531 or 653-2782.

Celebrate Recovery every Monday

Celebrate Recovery is held every Monday at Living Word Church. Dinner is from 6-7 p.m. with main meeting from 7-8 p.m.

Small groups meet from 8-9 p.m. and Joel's Place at 9 p.m.

This is a 12-step Christ-centered recovery with freedom from physical abuse, grief, financial difficulty, drugs, alcohol, depression, anxiety, gossip, love and relationships, sexual addiction, food addiction and anger.

For more information call Pastor Ron at 918-5355, Cheryl Walton at 642-4164 or Darren Mills at 770-0511.

The church is located at 6374 Chadbourne Hwy.

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Street.

George Lashley is the pastor.

David Lawrence scholarship applications

Applications for the David Lawrence Scholarship are now available in the office of First Missionary Baptist Church located at 505 S. Wilkes Street in Chadbourne. Contact the secretary at 654-3225 from 11:30 a.m.-3:30 p.m. Only graduating seniors need apply.

Deadline for accepting applications must be postmarked by Friday, May 25.

Mail or bring applications to First Missionary Baptist Church, P.O. Box 482, Chadbourne.

St. Paul HC Friday night live program

The ushers of St. Paul Holiness Church will hold a Friday night live program Friday, May 25 at 7:30 p.m. The speaker will be Evangelist Melissa Bryant.

The church is located at 215 W. Smith Street, Chadbourne.

Elder Teresa McClelland is the pastor.

Greater McKoy family/friends day

Greater McKoy's Chapel Church of Dublin will celebrate its Family and Friends Day Sunday, May 27 at 11 a.m. The guest preacher will be Rev. Carl Smith pastor of Piney Grove Missionary Baptist Church.

Oak Grove BC announces 2018 singers

Oak Grove Baptist Church announces its line up of singers for 2018. Events start at 6 p.m.

June 3 is Nadine and Stevie.

July 1 will be Homeward Bound.

Aug. 5 is The Browns.

Sept. 2 will be Joyfull Sound.

Oct. 7 will be Full Mercy.

Nov. 4 is Glorybound Quartet.

Dec. 2 is the Hanging of the Green.

For more information call Richard Hewett at 880-4537.

National Westside Alumni scholarship applications

The National Westside Alumni Association is seeking qualified applicants for their 2018 scholarship awards. Applicants for these scholarships must be related to descendants of the old Chadbourne Negro High School and Westside High School. This year, two \$1,000 scholarship awards will be presented. The alumni will present its scholarship as well as the Randolph Dees Scholarship in memory of the late Mr. Dees.

The association is a nonprofit organization that encourages youth to strive for academic excellence. The organization is committed to providing annual scholarships as well as other programs and activities throughout the year.

To request a scholarship packet, call Westside Community Center at 654-9925 and leave a message. Also call Pat Smith at 516-2022 or Anita Powell at 654-4575.

The deadline for submitting applications is Friday, Aug. 3. Recipients will be notified by Aug. 24 and will be recognized Saturday, Sept. 1 during the annual National Westside Alumni banquet.

Volunteers needed for Meals of Love

Lower Cape Fear Hospice is looking for volunteers to help with its Meals of Love program at the hospice care center.

Volunteers prepare meals that are shared by families visiting loved ones at the inpatient hospice care center at 206 Warrior Trail in Whiteville. Meals of Love allow families to concentrate on spending time with their loved ones and take needed breaks without having to leave the hospice care center.

"Home-cooked meals offer comfort to families dealing with a loved one's life-limiting illness," said Brooke Hinson, community outreach coordinator for Columbus and Bladen counties.

"Many of them express their gratitude at having access to snacks and meals. Having food available in the hospice care center's family kitchen allows families to spend as much time as possible with their loved ones."

The welcoming setting of the kitchen allows families access to needed nourishment and the opportunity to interact and gain support from other families going through the same experience.

"We rely on individuals and groups to volunteer to help with the Meals of Love program. Their kindness means a great deal to us and the families we serve," Hinson said.

For more information about Meals of Love and other volunteer opportunities, contact Hinson at 620-2264 or email lindsey.hinson@lcfh.org

Lake Waccamaw Food ministry to distribute food

Lake Waccamaw food ministry will distribute food to those in need.

The distribution days will be the second Wednesday and fourth Saturday of each month, from 9-10 a.m. at First Baptist Church, Sam Potts Hwy. Lake Waccamaw.

Food recipients need only a photo ID to receive free food.

The partnering churches are Lake Waccamaw Methodist Church, Lake Waccamaw Presbyterian Church, Little Wheel of Hope Church and First Baptist Church of Lake Waccamaw and the Boys and Girls Homes of N.C. also participate.

For more information call 646-3727.

Global School of Ministry enrolling students

Global School of Ministry is now enrolling students.

Global School of Ministry is being offered free of charge through love offerings and donations.

Individuals interested in learning how to receive biblical training and education without paying the high cost of tuition are invited to contact Minister Patrnia Wright at 234-3092.

By His Grace church announcement

By His Grace Ministries has moved to its new location, 5285 Main Street, Suite 18, Shallotte.

Word Up Bible study will be held every Thursday at 6 p.m. and worship service every Saturday at 5 p.m.

The minister of music is Torey Bessent.

Overseer Elgin Blake is the pastor.

Life Ministries services

Life Ministries services will be held every Sunday at 7 p.m. at Emmanuel Sounds of Praise, 5051 Northside Drive, Shallotte. Carmin Leach is the guest speaker.

Rev. Kelvin Howard is the pastor.

Baldwin Branch MBC prison ministry

Baldwin Branch Missionary Baptist Church introduces to the general public their prison ministry. "Christ in Every Cell."

Individuals are incarcerated way in advance of ever arriving in prison. A card and an envelope are all that's needed to achieve one of the neediest mission in America. Not every Christian can visit prisoners in person, of course.

That's not the only way to minister to a lonely man or woman behind bars. It's possible to visit a prison in an envelope through a caring ministry of correspondence. Millions of men and woman are locked away in America's prisons and jails. Most of them are desperate for contact with the outside world.

Many have been abandoned by friends and even family members. They desire for an expression of human concern. That's where Baldwin Branch intervenes. Correspondences from the Missionary Ministry will be mailed.

Send names and addresses of those incarcerated in your community to Minister D'Vora Shaw, Baldwin Branch Missionary Baptist Church, P.O. Box 1642, Elizabethtown, N.C. 28337.

We Care food ministry to distribute food

The We Care food ministry will distribute food on the second Monday at 10 a.m., the fourth Monday at 10 a.m. and third Saturday at 10 a.m. Distribution is also after Sunday morning service and Monday at 10 a.m. at Mt. Pleasant A.M.E. Zion Church located at 15956 Old Lake Road, Riegelwood.

For more information call 795-6471, 777-3449 or 655-3606.

Clothing donations being accepted

Walk Into Your Inheritance Outreach Ministries is asking for donations of gently used clothing to help families in need and the homeless.

Donations can be dropped off at 1757 Stanley Road, Supply located near Cedar Grove Middle School.

For more information call 294-0656.

A Matter of Balance class

A Matter of Balance class designed to prevent falls will be held Tuesdays and Thursdays in April from 10 a.m.-noon. Dates are April 3, 5, 10, 12, 17, 19, 24 and 26. The classes will be held at the Chadbourne Senior Center, 403 N. Pine Street.

For more information call Ruby Shelley, senior center coordinator, at 654-4423.

Celebrity speaker coming to Port City

Celebrity speaker Real Talk Kim (pastor Kimberly Pothier) is coming to the Port City Friday, June 1-Saturday, June 2. The event will be held Friday from 7:30-10:30 p.m. Doors open at 6 p.m. Saturday from 9:45 a.m.-2 p.m. Doors open at 8 a.m. The event will be held at the Scottish Rite Temple located at 1415 South 17th Street.

Tickets are on sale now online at www.releaseit.balancedroom.com, G&K's Hair Studio, 230 Princess Street or Just Cut It Barber Shop, 616A Castle Street or by phone at 233-5830. Ticket prices range from \$40-\$80.

nrcolumbus.com

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me!

Nate Watts
Tabor City Elementary

Division II 3rd -5th grade

First Place

"Drop Off"

Looking down the steep curvy slope,

I see the expert only sign and my mind says nope.

The time has come for me to take the plunge,

So I close my eyes and begin to lunge

Quickly I open my eyes to see,

A snow boarder tumbling in front of me

My heart is beating through my ear,

I am beginning to tremble with fear.

At this moment I realize I must think fast,

Or this run down the mountain may be my last.

Suddenly I turn my skis side to side,

Swerving around the snow boarder enjoying the ride.

My fear is now gone, and with a little speed I'm moving on.

Wow, I've made it to the end, Ready to do it all over again.

Maddie Edwards
Old Dock Elementary

Second Place

"Dark and Stormy Night"

It was a dark and stormy night

Wind blowing, trees falling.

Hear rain hitting against the house

Like tiny pieces of sharp metal.

Leaves blowing off trees, falling to the ground

Branches breaking off, hitting against the bedroom window.

A tiny crack traveling down the glass getting larger as it goes.

Close our eyes, try to sleep. But, it doesn't come easily.

Throughout the night, toss and turn.

Eyes pop open to see a bright and sunny day.

No more dark and stormy night!

Violeta Pineda
Guideway Elementary

Third Place

"My Favorite Sports"

Football is great

It's a tough man's fun

Built of steel, muscles bulging, heart pumping

Unstoppable power!

Cold crisp nights, rain, sleet or snow

Football's still a go.

Just like number one!

Basketball is terrific!

Fast action packed, traveling down the court.

Netted basket ready -waiting for a ball, then whispering 'Swish!'

Center, point guard, power forward, shooter covering the court-team style!

It is done.

Baseball is fun-in-the-sun.

A diamond waiting for action.

Three bases and home.

Noise starts, dugouts full, clean uniformed players

Nervously wait.

"Batter up!" is the call.

The fun has begun!

Swinging bat, click of the ball,

Before it falls

batter running, three bases rounded-next comes home!

Other team whimpers

"That's all."

Malikah Moore
Guideway Elementary

Honorable Mention

"Gymnastics Poem"

The contest lasts for a moment, though the training has taken years.

It wasn't the winning alone that was worth the work and tears.

The applause will be forgotten, the price will be misplaced, but long hard hours of practice will never be a waste.

In trying to win you build a skill,

You learn that winning depends on will.

You never grow by how much you win,

You only grow by how much you put in.

So any new challenge you have just begun,

Put forth your best and you have already won.

Imelda Avellaneda

Acme Delco Elementary

"Spring"

Spring is the most beautiful time of the year.

Everything starts to come back to life and reappear.

The morning sun is so beautiful and bright.

The beautiful sunsets are such a sight.

The birds tweet and twitter all day.

We play until the sun goes away.

The bees start to buzz and buzz.

As we ate a smoothie with fudge.

The day has ended once again.

But treasure the things in life that happened then.

Azariah Dixon
Acme Delco Elementary

"Puppies"

Puppies are cute, puppies are fun

They play and play with everyone

They are protective and they drool

They are loud but they are cool

They do three things - sleep, beg and play

These puppies look forward to every day

They eat a lot and get fat

But puppies are puppies and that is that

Love is the key to a happy puppy just like mine.

Malaya Fant
Acme Delco Elementary

"Winter"

Winter is my favorite season and you know the reason.

It's cold when the snow piles up so high

I'm bundled up to go outside.

All my friends want to ski or have a snowball fight with me.

Wearing my gloves, my hat and jacket

while mom is opening a hot cocoa packet.

I don't mine the cold when it's here

Because winter is my favorite time of year.

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The crowd is loud.
I play with heart to make my team proud!
We win or lose as a team
Playing football is my dream.

Ethan Matheson
Cerro Gordo Elementary

“The Lizard”

The lizard on the porch
Changing colors before me
Watch him run away.

Denilah McDowell
Edgewood Elementary

“My Puppy”

Its 6 and my puppy starts to fuss, I run out of the house just to catch my bus.

School went by slow, but now I’m home.

I come inside and my puppy is ready to play, I say hold on we can’t play at least not today.

Finally its night and I get in bed, but then something jumps up on me and almost jumps on my head.

My puppy falls asleep right next toe me and then se starts to drool, I said even though you’re a puppy and you’re cute that doesn’t mean its cool to drool.

Ava Norton
Acme Delco Elementary

“Ice Cream Dreams”

Ice cream, ice cream, ice cream.

I love it so much that I could scream!

In a cup, come or right off a spoon

An y flavor is great
I just need it soon!

Vanilla, chocolate syrup, sprinkles and a cherry on top.

Taste so good I never want to stop.

Add a strawberry scoop, maybe a dip of cherry or a mountain of chocolate,

All taste so good and yummy!

But, oh vanilla is most right for my tummy.

So let it be ice cream galore - and keep it coming because I want more!

Isaac Reynoso
Guideway Elementary

“Basketball”

Basketball is my favorite sport.

I like to dribble up and down the court.

The big orange ball goes up and down.

Every time I shoot I try to get a rebound.

I’m looking forward to our bit game today.

If we should lose that’s ok.

But a great big win will make me say.

Hoorah! Hoorah! Hoorah!

Timothy Smith
Hallsboro Artesia Elementary

“Winter”

Oh winter! Oh winter! Why are you so cold?

Why even your own snow agrees with what has been told!

Day and night your snow just doesn’t seem to stop.

But that’s alright, Mr. Sunshine will soon come out on top.

There will be puddles and more puddles of water all around.

But kids will continue to play, getting wet while falling on the ground!

Oh winter! Oh winter! I try not to complain.

Cause I really love playing in the cold white snow!

But I think it is getting time for you to soon go.

Cause man, you’ve been really cold this year.

Angela Strickland
Chadbourn Elementary

“Fishing”

I have a rod

I have some bait

I’m heading to the river

I can’t be late

My cork is in the water

I can’t hardly wait

To feel a big fish

Pulling the bait

The rod is bent

The hook is set

Here comes the fish

Please get the net

Danny Ward
Old Dock Elementary

“Spring is Here”

Spring is here,

In the air,

You can smell it coming.

On the trees,

Leaves are green,

Caterpillars are sunning.

Birds are back,

Grass is out,

Busy bees are humming.

On the trees, Leaves are

green,
I am starting to think
Spring is here!

Rebekah Ward
Cerro Gordo Elementary

“Duck Hunt”

Getting up before daybreak isn’t all that bad.

When I’m getting ready to go on a duck hunt with my dad.

Settled in the swamp with my dog by my side.

Waiting on the ducks to come in so I can shoot their hide.

Got my gun cocked, locked and ready to rock and roll.

Hoping to kill my limit is my goal.

One duck two ducks, 3 duck done we’ll be back home shortly after the rise of the sun.

Joshua Watts
Williams Township

“Moving Away”

My mom told me were moving away

She said were leaving tomorrow not today

I went outside so I could play

Then I told my friends I was leaving

Soon they all started grieving

We were all in a state of disbelieving

So I went inside to pack my bag

And I prepared for some jet lag

I tried to go outside to play tag

But then I heard my mother nag

You should go to bed it’s getting late

That’s when I accepted my fate

When I got in my bed I couldn’t sleep at all

That’s when I stood up tall

And said to myself you’ll make lots of new friends

Yeah I’ll make plenty tens and tens

The next day I went to the airport

And we traveled and traveled to our new home

Five days have passed and I have many new friends

I realized I was wrong for thinking this was bad

Even thought I miss my old friends just a tad

So now I am happy with all my friends.

Johnathen Wedgeworth
Acme Delco Elementary

“Daddy, Daughter and Ducks”

I’m a little girl who’s ten, I love hunting drakes and hens.

My day starts early in the morning,

My daddy yells at 5 a.m. that’s my warning.

We load up the gear and hit the road.

We say a prayer, that the ducks will show.

With our camo on, we waded into the water.

We spread out our decoys and wait to slaughter.

The sky fills with the flock of ducks.

We pull the trigger and pray for luck.

We gather up all our bounty, And to share with the hunters in the county.

I will never spend my dollars on lip gloss.

Instead, I’ll be buying shot gun shells and moss.

For I am my daddy’s daughter.

Alexis Williamson
Old Dock Elementary

“My First Deer Hunt”

We got up before dawn, To go hunting down by the pond.

Walking through the woods we saw a doe and fawn,

Quickly we climb the stand to see beyond.

As the sun comes up over the field,

We hope to see a monster buck.

So we sit quietly with out eyes peeled,

But all I can hear is a duck.

Hours go by but nothing comes out,

Our toes and hands numb from the cold.

My head starts to fill with doubt,

Then dad gives me his gun to hold.

It was a long day in the stand,

I had fun anyway.

We didn’t get a deer like planned.

But tomorrow is a new day.

Gage Woods
Old Dock Elementary

“Fire”

The great flaming sub-

stance
In Earth’s core
The very hot substance that you might adore

The companion to water that puts it out all night

The lava is hot but the fire is just right

To warm you up on a chilly night.

Aniyah Green
Tabor City Elementary

Division III
6th-8th grade

First Place

“Sitting with Grandma”

Grandma sits in her favorite chair

Fragile lady with graying hair.

She motions for me to take a seat

I do just that, right are her feet.

She begins to tell stories about years ago

Some about family and others I don’t know.

She tells about the Great Depression, farming and war

About what it was like growing up dirt poor.

There are times she laughs and others she cries

Sometimes the only emotion is the look in her eyes.

I listen contentedly with open ears

Sometimes even shedding my own tears.

When she finishes we sit quiet for awhile

However, I can’t help but smile.

I know moments like these won’t last

but for now I have a special link to the past.

A woman who may be fragile and old

but she is loving with a heart of gold.

Someday when I grow old, with little ones at my feet

I will tell stories about a lady I wish they could meet.

Rylee Brinson
Williams Township

Second Place

“Siblings”

Brothers running up and down these walls,

playing, screaming, with a few falls.

One sister of them all, annoying mom all day long with toys along these narrow halls.

Going to grandma’s one day for a bit.

The next day I have to baby sit.

Mom said, “No more,” but you never know what’s in store.

If another brothers is born, he might require a permit.

The end of the day is the best part

because it warms my mom and dad’s heart.

To see their one daughter and four sons together,

their perfect, not so little, family.

Cody Fowler
Central Middle

Third Place

“Melting Into Color”

With one last gasp

Winter exhales among the sound of rustling leaves and February gusts

I have seen the walkway Dotted with new blooms reaching through the soil

Stretching to the heavens

Oh so silent was I just yesterday

Curled beneath a warm blanket

In front of the fireplace

With the sound of icy gale winds

screeching across the landscape

Like a black cat

I have felt the chill to be bond

As the darkness of winter lifts away

While spring repaints the world

In wild pastels

I can smile

As another winter fades into my memory

like a chrysalis I will be re-born

and come forth to flap my wings.

William Flaherty
Central Middle

Honorable Mention

“The Oak Tree”

All of my life, I wanted to walk away

But all I can do is move my limbs

But at least I can dream of a

Carolina Bay
I see these people with bathing suits on their legs

But yearn as I do, I can just beg.

Oh, I wish I could go to a Carolina Bay.

And all of a sudden, branch by branch, chop by chop

I crash to the Earth.

Next thing I know, I am hauled away.

Now, opening my eyes, my face wears a smile

Begging no more, with a dream come true

I’m a bench, on a Carolina Bay.

Brian Alsup
Hallsboro Middle

“The Wolf”

I can hunt, I can run, I can sprint, I can prowl,

and maybe sometimes, you can hear me howl.

I come in packs of eight, nine and ten.

You might see me every now and then.

If you don’t see me, I might be in my den.

My prey can be elk, rabbits or deer,

and when they see me and they start to fear.

If you see a bid dog, let them be,

because it is a wolf that you see,

and it’s just me being me.

Ashley Donnelly
Central Middle

“Tug of War”

Life is like a game of tug of war:

Except on one end of the rope

is good.

And the other is evil.

The catch is,

that you can choose who wins.

It’s your decision.

Cheese wisely.

Laiken Edwards
Central Middle

“Nature’s Song”

The birds will chirp

The bees will buzz

The lions will roar

The eagles will soar

It’s all a part of nature

It’s the way things go

It carries on and on.

The life of nature is a beautiful song.

Cameron Fields
Evergreen Elementary

“A Day at School”

Off to school we go,

it’s off to school we go, we learn our ABC’s and more,

with everyone we know.

School days are boring, teachers make me sick,

sitting at the desk, make we start to itch.

School is where I have to go, school is like prison,

school is where my bad points show,

I sometimes made bad decisions.

Get out early today, really ready to bolt,

because I play basketball, and have a game in Shal-lotte.

Lashauntee Gamble
Central Middle

“Dreams”

Dreams are what behold behind a persons eyes

Dreams are what make you succeed in life

Continued from page 6C

on inside,
I think they know I've told now,
I'm smiling on the outside.
I'm scared I can't breathe,
I can't even think,
Home and safety is what I really need.
Can I please just shrink?
Madison Phipps
Central Middle

“Dare to Try”
Dare to try
So that life won't pass you by.
Live it to the fullest
And never ask why.
Dare to try.
Fill your youth with fun.
So that then time passes you by
You remember all you've done.
Alex Scott
Central Middle

“Ideas”
Ideas are in your mind.
Just like water flows through a river.
Sometimes they are so good, they make you shiver.
Ideas may be good or bad.
Thinking about one will make you mad.
An idea is something that will make us mental.
But when making an idea we have to be gentle.
Like the man who made the light bulb.
The idea was very bright.
Krish Sethi
Nakina Middle

“Bullied”
They bullied me because I'm different.
They bullied me because I'm fat.
They bullied me because I have Autism,
But I'm so much greater than that.
I am a creation of the Lord.
I am fearfully and wonderfully made,
and even though I am ridiculed,
I will never be dismayed.
The pain I feel,
I could never explain.
Self-esteem is something of the past,
But when I look to the Lord,
I forget all about that.
He is Alpha and Omega,
The beginning and the end,
And I'm made in His image,
So does it really matter if I'm thin?
That I'm different?
Or Autistic?
I'm not lie you,
We'll never be the same,
I'm perfect imperfection,
Why don't you get it man?!
I'm different.
I'm a limited edition.
Autism rocks,
So, bully, you're trippin'!
Dinari Stanley
Central Middle

Division IV 9th-12th grade

First Place

“Math is my Poetry”
Math is my poetry, I do it by heart.
I can solve an equation by whole or in part.
Numbers and variables working side-by-side
Solving for “X” makes my heart swell with pride.
Order of operations is crucial to the process
Mix it up and you could get a wrong product.
Properties of equality keep things in line.
Doing to one side as the other, keeps the equation fine.
Rational coefficients are no scare to me.
I must work to love those fractions and the trouble will flee.
Looking for answers, which are sometimes hard to find
Persevering is my practice, keeping focused with my mind
Solutions are waiting to be discovered by all.
We just have to press on, even if we fall.
You see, math is like life...it doesn't always add up.
But stay true to the course and always keep your head up!
Riley Hewett
South Columbus High

Second Place

“Up to Bat”
The ball is brighter than the sun.
I hear the crack of the bats as the boys hit.
Some boys are warming up with a short run,

While others are catching balls with their mitts.

The boys run onto the field.
The first batter steps into the batter's box.
“Let's go,” his friend squealed!
He even has on his lucky socks.
The first pitch waved by and Strike!
The second one did too.
His attitude was very sportsmanlike.

He swings for the next one, but the ball goes straight through.
He walks to the dugout.
He was as sad as a sea without sun.
But there was no need to pout.
The game is not done.

Riley Thompkins
South Columbus High

Third Place

“Holding My Breath”
For eighteen years
We've been watching and waiting.
For twelve years we've held our breath
Working to master our school we've been hating.
Working hard for our future,
The present is tense.
To keep our doors open
The pressure's immense.
So ready to leave,
To pack our bags and get out.

We didn't realize all we'd leave behind,
We were sure we were ready to go--without a doubt.
But as we wished our time away,
It's not just ourselves that are gaining age.
Our lives are not the only things that will change
When we finally walk across that stage.
Now that the time has come,
And we say goodbye to our family and friends,
We finally breathe out,
But are we sure we want it all to end?
Mary Grayson Koonce
South Columbus High

Honorable Mention

“Seasons”
Spring
The birds are chirping,
The bees are buzzing lively,
Reborn is the earth.
Summer
Sweltering summer heat,
The sun just kissed the earth,
The young start to grow
Fall
Autumn leaves falling,
Animals scurry around,
The old get older.
Winter
The trees barely breathe,
The old are dying away,
Death finally comes.

NyAsia Baity
South Columbus High

“My Grand Hometown”
One day as I was standing in wait a stranger asked me from where I came.
I smiled so proudly and told him my town's name.
It has no monuments of glory and unknown hero's stories
I said it is quite small you see there are no sky rise buildings or shopping centers
A school, a church, a store, a post office, that is all we seem to need.
Not well know at all to one who is passing through our town
But if you should ever stop to visit
You would find that the people in my hometown are thoughtful and kind.
Always willing to help and lend a hand.
So, I guess you might say that is why I think my hometown is grand.

Roxanna Bryant
South Columbus High

“Nature”
Nature is described as everything we see, from the top of the sky to the bottomless sea.
We all see it in different way, from the clearest skies to the roughest days.
From all of the bad and good features, such as heavy storms and amazing creatures!
The colors of a rainbow spreading across the sky, to the darkest night watching the stars up high.
The birds chirping and the grass turning green, bluest skies to everything in-between
Muddy roads and forest trees, jumping frogs and the

coolest breeze.
Flash floods and hearing the thunder roar, mud slides and earthquakes galore.

Yes, nature can be bad and it can be good, but Mother Nature will do as she should.

But say as you must about nature and all of its scenes, but to me, it's really not as bad as it seems!

Avean Campbell
South Columbus High

“I Am Important”
I am female
And I am important
A girl with many flaws
But I am powerful
I have burdens
But I know I can do it
I am intelligent
I am willing
I am strong
I am beautiful
I am a girl
And I am important
I am a daughter of The King
Who specialized in creating me
A girl with many insecurities
But just because I am a girl,
Do not generalize me
I am important
I am powerful
I am brilliant
I shine bright
And I am a girl
I am important

Leanne Cruse
Columbus Career & College Academy

“Gallivanter”
Sunnyside California,
rainy day Seoul
Wish my feet could take me where I want to go
Take me far away where I can be another soul
Show me the place to put a smile on my face
And I swear once it appears,
it will never go away.
Take me to the mountains,
take me to the shore
Take me to Florence, take me to Rome
I want to be one with the breeze
Any place new is fine with me, just liberate me
Let me be free, let me see something beyond my dreams

Meyani Dewitt
East Columbus High

“Pluviophile”
The peace I get from rain is something I can't explain
it's the feeling of being entranced by the way it sings
it's the colors the sky makes against the grey
that leaves me feeling as if I could starve for days.
Maybe it's the way it keeps me awake and allows my mind to wander to the thoughts that tend to stray, or the wet drops that kiss their way onto my face that give me the sudden clarity that everything will be okay.
I don't know what it is about this rain that keeps my mind arranged in disarray all in the same place with the feeling
that my blood, sweat, and tears wash away, but even when this rain stops and the clouds go away,
I wish I could follow it to its next place because
the undeniable peace I get from rain is something I don't want to explain.

Meyani Dewitt
East Columbus High

“Dusk Till Dawn”
Dusk till dawn all day long,
Waking up to the rooster's song.
Exchanging a kiss with his wife so dear,
Leads him to a day of work full of cheer.
As he tends to the cattle at the pasture,
And protects his crops from natural disaster:
Comes home from a lengthy day of work,
While greeting his wife with a gentle smirk.
The life on a farm is where he belongs,
Dusk till dawn all day long.

Aaron Elkins
West Columbus High

“Light in the Darkness”
The beauty it gives,
The way it shines,
A giant ball in the sky
Over all of us through the night
Reflected light from the sun, the brightest in the night
Among the stars in the sky, It has the greatest light
It's the glow that shimmers on the way
Sending a beautiful pictures to the eye
When darkness arrives
You finally see the amazing light!

Christa FormyDuval
South Columbus High

“When I Grow Up”

When I grow up, I want to go to college
To fill my brain with knowledge-
To help people with trauma,
Maybe be a mama.
Enjoy every moment in my life;
Maybe become a wife-
Be who I am-
Not an old Sam!
Interact with others,
Especially my human race's sister and brother;
Grow to be responsible
Not impossible!
Have a good relationship
And partnerships
To be on my own-
Mine would make a good home.
To help underprivileged souls
And fill in those holds...
To take away the scariness
And bring back their happiness.

Gabrielle Gray
Whiteville High

“Piano”

Piano
It make me feel so alive
In ways only you can imagine
Music it speaks to me and makes me thrive
I call it my gift that was bound to happen
After a long day music seems to revive me.
My emotions come through my finger tips
Relieves stress that I carry
Music speaks louder than words coming off my lips
Music can be scary
But yet so compelling
And Swift like a fairy
Also impelling
Piano it makes me feel so alive
in ways you can only imagine

Raegan Jones
South Columbus High

“Breathe”

Breathe
Breathe is a seven letter word
That seems so simple
We were told as kids to breathe
It's what will keep us alive
We didn't understand at the time
But we soon will
It's what will help us survive
When we were young
It was all so clear
The skies were blue
And happiness was always near
As we grow old everything changes
Time speeds up
But we take it for granted
We strive for love
And good grades
But it's not that simple to maintain
Work piles up
And the stress we can't contain
It builds more and more
As anxiety
Starts to knock at your door
Family
School
Work
And lovers
You can't breathe
You feel so smothered
It's hard to breathe
You have to be perfect
Stop
Just breathe
Just breathe
And
count to three
Breathe

Eden Kissam
Columbus Career & College Academy

“Winter”

Wonderful white wherever you go
Bare trees, fallen leaves, creeks slowly flow
Some animals are sleeping, some are feeding
But for me, I watch from a window and enjoy reading
The snow has begun to fall, which has many of these tall pines leaning.
Each snowflake is a work of art
Children in snowball fights dart across the yard
Oh, this is just the start
Ice sickles will shine so bright along with the morning rise
Only some will appreciate the little things winter brings, we call them the wise.
So, hello winter
Thank you for your grand, white, wonderful, entrance!

Mia Milligan
Columbus Career & College Academy

“Christmas Time”

People are filled with cheer
As soon as this time comes near
There are ornaments on the tree
And presents underneath for me
Every house shines so bright
As they are covered in lights
The air is so cold
While I look at the gifts being sold
The time is about giving
And everyone is willing
To spread Christmas cheer
To any who are near
Christmas comes just once a year
To bring close those who are dear
Oh if only every day
Could be this way
Samantha Potter
Columbus Career & College Academy

“A Smile. A Frown. A Laugh”

A smile seems happy.
A smile hides lot.
Maybe a smile is the opposite of crying.
Or maybe, it's just masking your thoughts of dying.
A frown is not happy.
A frown could be a scream for help.
Maybe a frown is just a face.
Or maybe, it's a plea to escape this place.
A laugh can be anything.
A laugh is an expression or a mask.
Maybe a laugh is a second of happiness
Or maybe, that laugh is something to cover your detachedness.
Taryn Priest
South Columbus High

“An Autumn Soul”

My soul lives in autumn.
It is colored in shades of red and orange bright yellow.
The crisp air soothes my sore mind from overheating with a long and burning summer afternoon of the past months.
I sit and watch the way the sunlight filters from my window and hits my gray walls like golden honey dripping from a spoon.
I want to run through pumpkin patches and sit amongst the apple trees where autumn auras kindled my young soul to create these bursts of burgundies and soft browns that pulse in my chest and through my veins.
And yet the wind chills my already weak bones and sends shivers through my fingertips where sunflowers are trying to grow, but die soon from the frost before they can blossom.
Early morning fogs cloud my idle mind. And my replies come slower. And my hands grow colder. Those pretty colors turn dull and become something I can no longer grasp. My being is freezing. Than a snowflake touches my cheek.

Alexandra Rye
East Columbus High

“Flaw Analysis, and Why Honey Bees Don't Care for Them”

I can't order a pizza over the phone without feeling like imploding. I am too anxious. My teeth aren't straight and my skin is too pale. I get over worked when yelled at and I wish I wasn't so loud.
I pick and pull at myself on a daily basis but no one takes a second glance because you're all doing it too.
When you're a child; Speak only when spoken to,
This is beauty, this is ugly,
Obey all of your elders no matter how wrong they are. We are taught how to think before we are able to form a coherent thought of our own.
Flash forward a few years and a young girl is stuffing her chest because some stupid boy told her she wasn't worthy of attention because of her bra size. Worth is determined by how appealing to the eye you are.
Why can't humans be more like honey bees?
Honey bees fly around with one purpose and that is to do the job they were put here to do. And while clumsy and awkwardly large, honey bees still fly.
Honey bees do not fret over their size and their stature, they do not make themselves sick to conform.
We are sick in our minds and this epidemic is killing us off one by one. We are diseased. We are flawed.
Why can't humans be more like honey bees?
Alexandra Rye
East Columbus High

“Where The Heart is”

Home is broad and steadily changing for some,
Bracing themselves for events yet to come.
Home is still and unmoving for others,
Weekly, heartfelt visits to their grandmothers.
Home on wheels and the road less traveled,
As the homeless pray for a shelter unraveled.
A place of love, laughter and pain,
Oh, an abundance of memories we gain.
So bittersweet it is to leave,
Unsure if we will ever return.
No appearance assured,
My last visit could be taken away.
I miss the smell of the pain on the walls,
The stained tiles and the dining table.
The reminiscence, on our sleeves, we wear.
Home is anywhere and everywhere and nowhere.
Grief will be welcomed and many will cry for me.
What a life lived, the reaper unbothered by my plea.
Awaiting paradise, the earth is a sheltering dome.
Salvation a timeless price, at last, I am home.
Brooklyn Slater
Whiteville High

“I Wish”

I wish I was a superhero
So I could save the day
Instead of feeling
Like I'm fading away
I wish I was a doctor
So I could save lives
Instead of hiding my pain
Then trying to lie
I wish I was a judge
So I could seize justice
Instead of feeling
Like I can't take much of this
I wish I was a police officer
So I could right the wrongs
Instead of feeling
Like I'm not strong
I wish I was a leader
So I could stand for what's right
Instead of feeling
Like everyday is a fight.
I wish I was a programmer
So I could create
Instead of feeling
Like all I know is hate
I wish I was a teacher
So I could teach the world a lesson
Instead of feeling like
I'm constantly stressing
There are a lot of things
I wish I could be
But one of them
Isn't me.

Breanna Williams
Columbus Career & College Academy

Division V College Division

Second Place

“Black Earth, Man's Classic”
There's as much grandeur in plowing a field as in writing a poem.
I dreamed the other night that I was burying myself out on the farm,
staring into my own eyes, whispering over and over, “This land is you. You are this land.”
Words and dirt buried me deep,
but black earth holds as much hope as man's classic.
So, I do not fret.
Growing up, my grandpa would repeat to me the words of a pretend, silver screen Irish man,
“Land is the only thing worth working for, worth dying for,
because it's the only thing that lasts.”
And I, surrounded by this land, know no truer words have been spoken.
Earth is poetry at last.

Morgan Butler Feltz
UNC-Pemobroke





Submitted photo

On May 8, at Genie Palmer's lake home, five new members were inducted into the Azamellia Garden Club of Whiteville. L-R are: Marian Duncan, Donna Prince, Jeannette Suggs, Kaye Pope and Debra Gibson.



Submitted photo

Larry O. Cribb received a BECM Community Grant for Helping Hand's Parkinson Support Group of Columbus County. Cribb's wife Patricia, along with Larry G. Hewett (not pictured) were co-founders of the organization.

Helping Hands receives BECM grant

Larry O. Cribb received a BECM Community Grant recently for Helping Hand's Parkinson Support Group of Columbus County. Larry and wife Patricia, along with Larry G. Hewett were cofounders of the organization almost two years ago. Hewett serves as president, Lynn Mickey as vice-president, Larry Cribb as treasurer and Judy Nelson as secretary.

Their mission is to inform, educate and serve Parkinson

patients and their families with healthful suggestions and meaningful recommendations in how to function more productively in a local society. They believe raising the support group with a broader audience would help more efficiently reach and mobilize highly engaged success in serving Parkinson patients and their families.

Columbus County's population is approximately 57,000 with 2.9 percent with neuro-

logical disorders. Bringing together members of the Parkinson community including researchers, physicians, health care professionals and most importantly, individuals with Parkinson and their families, would raise awareness to the essential need of support in order for these individuals to live a more active and productive lifestyle.

The BECM grant will serve as a major financial and social marketing tool to informing citizens and the health care community about Parkinson and other neurodegenerative conditions.

Qualitative publications along with low cost websites including media and broadcasting strategies will provide excellent means of conveying their mission statement to her citizens and the health care community.

Helping Hand's Parkinson Support Group of Columbus County meets on the last Thursday of each month at 5 p.m. in the brick building across from Davita Dialysis Center on Pecan Street in Whiteville.

For more information call Larry Hewett at 840-6400 or Judy Nelson at 642-2938.

Shipman memorial scholarship seeking applicants

Memorial scholarship applications in memory of William "Dewey" Shipman Sr. and Zenah Mae Clarida Shipman are available by calling 910-874-1516 for Bladen and Columbus counties.

Applicant must be a high school graduate of the Class of 2018 with at least a 2.5 GPA, letter of acceptance from college attending (4 year post-secondary college), recent photo attached, class rank given, official high school transcript with seal after graduation and a letter of recommendation (not from a family member).

Application packets must be received by Friday, July 20. Mail to St. James A.M.E. Zion Church, 16297 Twisted Hickory Road, Bladenboro, N.C. 28320.

Awards will be made during the annual fundraising Saturday, Nov. 24.

Winners of the 2017 A.R. Ammons Poetry Contest

Division V College

First Place "Feather"

The feather of the cardinal, crimson as fire,
And for his bride, a shaded maroon,
How great a Creator that hath wrought such beings!
That hath made a gift of the emerald summer firs and winter pines,

To dance gaily amid an endless stage,
The firmament set at the lower gates of heaven,
That seraph and cherub may be serenaded
with such melodies thro' the deepest winters
and surreal summers.

The feather of the cardinal, blessed by heaven,
With a kingdom that stretches from the tobacco fields of Caroline,
to the deific sands and peaks of Dinétah in the west,
How great a Spirit who could make a dowry of the sky!
A longboat heavy laden with turquoise and sacred stone,
carried onwards by a raging river of clouds heralding rain that span the ethereal divide of the sun and moon,
Loyal stewards, kissed with the sunlight of those final promised days,
who tend the gardens ripe with sunflower and maize that blossom forever
upon the banks of the river that flows through the heart of heaven.

The feather of the cardinal, a noble robe
as fine violet and saffron perfume,

How great a Father who hath raised up these ruby sons and daughters!

And whose songs, carried by virile wings,
Flow about the woodlands, marshes, crags, knolls and lows,

A tapestry of fire that hath taken the sky as a bride,
To be married and made as one,

One moment suspended at the breaking dawn, or lowing dusk,
vivid pastoral.
One holy song of love sung by all of creation that calls the earth home,

And in which for a few lines, the feather rises on the eastern wind to claim the melody.

Samuel Deese
N.C. State University

2nd place

Black Earth, Man's Classic
Morgan Butler Feltz
UNC-Pembroke

3rd place

Rocket Science
The number of times I have lain in a field
and called it research—
a mariachi of bugs murmuring achachachatta,
a prickly-grass stinging of the legs.
Black sky overlaid with orange,
both layers translucent with staring—
you could come try for yourself.

The most favorable research conditions
always occur under the weight
of someone else's arm,
between my star-heavy head
and a soft t-shirted collarbone.

I won't say how many trials (single-blind, double-blind, any which way)
this conclusion required.
I was lout alone last night,
trying to think about the stars—
not just the way they disappear,
but how you have to lay yourself aside
to find them.
Giving my scratched limbs over
to the wet scraggy grass,
I cricked my neck something awful.

So I've decided to take on an assistant:
this may be your only chance to study under

Forgotten where they come from
Forgotten where they have been
Behind closed doors
We all have sin.
So don't look at my outside
Don't try to judge me,
My inside is beyond beautiful

Pushing me harder to succeed.
To succeed in life
You have to know your worth,
Not what someone is willing to pay you
But the respect you deserve.

My sister I'm here
Not as just a sister but also a friend,
Know that you can trust me
From beginning to the end.

Even though we get that numb feeling

the world's preeminent field researcher:
Refract me, eclipse me,
meet me somewhere on the visible spectrum.

Will you let me observe the effects
of light pollution in your glossy irises?
Do you have a working knowledge
of the secret botanies of the photon?
Are you free Wednesdays at ten?
There is still so much to learn.

Meredith Foulke
Davidson College

Honorable Mention

Texas Summer

July is a fast, an exercise for the exorcist. We marvel at those first settlers who lived without fans. The humidity makes me hate everyone
More than the sink refusing to drain. Do I really live in such an obvious terrarium?

As if bread going from a hot turn to an overly air-conditioned kitchen, my lungs fill with mold;
central air. My fluorescent complexion
beads with sweat. Mr. Blue Jay attends me:
my live audience, peering into one of the five body-length windows from his live oak branch.

He pants in the heat or worm-hunts hungrier than me. Parched, roaming around the building each night searching
for filtered water: Ophelia with dirty feet
and no bathtub. Someone told me the architect of this building designs prisons—the sounds
in the hallway tell me there is life out there, too.

Evana Bodiker
UNC-Chapel Hill

evening

it is almost the blue hour,
and October has me on my back
waiting for the sky to bruise.
it is the season between seasons.

i am wearing corduroys.
somewhere between silence and the sound of stone,
the river is changing pitch as it thickens and slows.
somewhere there is a stillness
and i am swimming in it.

Elijah Hiken
Davidson College

november

as I run through you, forest,
i am like the river, and you fold and unfold around me,
unveiling your auburn mosaic,
and i can see a thousand faces

blusing.
scarlet leaves trickle from your trees to the dirt, where they curl up and stiffen on their backs.
your limbs hang like torn curtains,
trunks scabbed and oozing, stale
pools draining amongst roots

underfoot
talk me to sleep, old forest,
soften me like a stone under water, run me ragged with the whisper of your trails.

Elijah Hiken
Davidson College

The Void

In life, my life
I've been through a lot,
Showing love and compassion
Some seem to have forgot.

Forgotten where they come from
Forgotten where they have been
Behind closed doors
We all have sin.

So don't look at my outside
Don't try to judge me,
My inside is beyond beautiful
Pushing me harder to succeed.

To succeed in life
You have to know your worth,
Not what someone is willing to pay you
But the respect you deserve.

My sister I'm here
Not as just a sister but also a friend,
Know that you can trust me
From beginning to the end.

Even though we get that numb feeling

And feel annoyed,
Know that God is with us
And he can feel the void...

Creshanda Melvin
Bladen Community College

Orientalist Manifesto

Yet another bourgeoisie, overpriced, fusion ramen restaurant opens in your area and yet again, you take yourself to it, even knowing what this says about you. Everyone here is white. You are someone else.

You should charge them for your authenticity. You, all oriental and nothing else. They can't decide what they are. The theme and décor is funk. They have quotes from Jimi Hendrix and John Lennon and loop the Beatles in the background. They painted a samurai on the men's bathroom door and on the women's — you guessed it — a geisha. The waiter, whose name must be Bruno or Holden, explains how, in Japanese culture, sharing is important—
You are stuck
on the irony of Fist of Fury playing in the background,
on the scene where Bruce Lee murders every Japanese person in the film with his bare hands. You should be feeling something. A vague patriotism. Instead,
you scroll through Yelp reviews of white Southerners that tell you which ramen is the closest to that time they went to Tokyo in 2003. You're not nay better, you know. At least they believe in the Orient —

You've thrown your money at a myth, then built anagrams from self-hatred. You follow the waiter's recommendations for the ramen, which he tells you is a brothly noodle. It's the least you can do after his ten-minute seminar on the menu and the culture — who knew sushi was fish? By now, all the Japanese on-screen are dead, and you wonder what it would take to radicalize you. Get yourself on a list in thirty minutes. You're no Bruce.

You've run out of rage. After the Virginia Tech massacre, your seventh-grade writing teacher pulled you aside and told you she was worried about you. She'd read your poems and was concerned about how anti-America they were. Even now, it's never occurred to you that white people might see in you both Seung-Hui Cho and Jackie Chan. Funny chink. Angry chink.

It took an atrocity to make you feasible. Your teacher was the only one who believed your rage back then. She did more in that conversation to undo Orientalism than you ever could. Now, waiting for your food, you're the fantasy. Quiet cash: grateful there's even an Asian restaurant, that they see you, and want you here. You don't even remember

What were you so angry about?

Evan Yi
Davidson College

Providence

Once I depended on the angle of the scissors
my father threw at my head.
I stood there on the kitchen's hardwood floor,
and he did not look at me.
Rather, as fathers always did and still do,
he thought he knew where I was,
and then aimed.

If forgiveness is a matter of misremembering.
Seven years later, I am finally ready to believe
that my father, a man of Scripture,
was testing God's reliability —
whether Abraham and Isaac was a one-time thing.
Then, hearing no great voice form the sky,
he took the experiment one step further.

As the scissors came, I stood with a filial stillness.
If forgiveness is a matter of lying to yourself,
then I have never wondered what Isaac felt
that night after they returned home —
if he stood over his sleeping father,
and forgot God for a moment.
Not that I was in mortal danger.

The dull scissors, at worst, would have lodged
a few inches deep
into my left eye, and left the world looking
lopsided.
Even with a glass eye, I would continue to be
his spitting image.

Evan Yi
Davidson College

CLASS REUNIONS

WCHS Class '06 planning reunion

The West Columbus High School Class of 2006 is planning its 10-year class reunion.

If interested in participating in activities or taking part in planning contact Phylisa Collier at msp.collier@gmail.com or call Amber Lee at 336-493-9808 or join the class group on Facebook at www.facebook.com/wchsclassof2006.



Submitted photo

Howard Johnson oversees a display at the Intracoastal Model Railroad Club's model train show to be held Saturday, July 7 and Sunday, July 8 from 10 a.m.-4 p.m. at Carolina Shore's clubhouse, 17 Lakeview Court.

Intracoastal Model Railroad Club Train Show July 7-8

Bring children and grandchildren to the free Intracoastal Model Railroad Club's Model Train Show from 10 a.m.-4 p.m. Saturday, July 7 and Sunday, July 8 at Carolina Shores property owner's clubhouse, 17 Lakeview Drive, Carolina Shores.

Whether you are a collector of trains, a train lover, or have children who like model trains, this show offers a large room full of layouts and exhibits. Attendees may also bring their own trains to run on the club's tracks. IMRRC

members will be present to help hobbyists troubleshoot problems and oil their model trains.

The event is free and there is plenty of free parking.

The Intracoastal Model Railroad Club is made up of members from Brunswick and Horry Counties with a variety of experience in model railroads. They participate in many community events each year.

For more information email imrctrainshow2@gmail.com.

Southeastern Community and Family Services Head Start

Southeastern Community and Family Services, Inc. is now accepting head start applications for children who will be 3-4 years of age by Aug. 31. Applications on children with special needs are also accepted. Children will be trans-

ported to and from home by bus.

Bring birth certificate, shot record, Social Security number of all family members in household, directions to home, mailing and physical address, verification of income, WIC

verification and health insurance information.

For more information call the center nearest you in Columbus County.

Mt. Olive Head Start Center is located at 5465 Silverspoon Road, Whiteville. Call 648-4860.

Ransom Head Start Center is located at 2694 General Howe Hwy., Riegelwood. Call 655-4025.

Elizabethtown Head Start Center is located at 601 David Street, Elizabethtown. Call 862-3880.