

# WINSTON-SALEM NATIVES CONTRIBUTE TO BUILDING COMMUNITY

## DIFFERENT ROLES – SAME SPIRIT

By Paula McCoy

Michael Alexander and John Jackson II are both products of Winston-Salem. They are each making different, yet significant, contributions in the East Winston community through the work that they do. In a

time in our society where black male role models are seldom highlighted positively, these men are committed to making a difference in their jobs and in their lives. Their stories portray what black males can become.



Michael Alexander

### MICHAEL ALEXANDER City Utilities Supervisor

Michael Alexander, a Winston-Salem native, works as the Utilities Supervisor for the City, a position that he has had for one year. Alexander grew up in a section of town called Boston. Though he attended Paisley High School, a predominantly Black school in East Winston, he graduated from North Forsyth High School as a result of school integration.

Alexander has been  
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John A. Jackson, II

### JOHN A. JACKSON II New Branch Manager at M&F Bank

John A. Jackson II, a Winston-Salem native, is the new branch manager at Mechanics and Farmers Bank. Jackson is a graduate from North Forsyth High School and Winston-Salem State University class of 1997 where he graduated cum laude. With a Bachelor of Arts Degree in Financial Management, Jackson's first job was with Wachovia Bank as the former manager of the

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Kay Venessa Griffin-Allen

## SHE LIVES

By Zoi D. Wiley

I LOVE YOU, I Love You, I love you....

These were her last words spoken Saturday at 5:15 pm, can two sisters ever forget that time?

Christmas Day - "You are a beautiful angel" she said to me and it replays over and over in my mind.

Everything to my aunt was love and everyone was always so beautiful in her eyes it seems to me,

Makes you wonder why God takes someone so lovely, to leave us alone in a world of negativity.

How could He take her laughter, her smile, her hugs, and her kisses away like a thief in the night?

Who will protect me, who'll be my Godmother now, somehow it just does not seem right.

I've counted the days, seventy-three to be exact, I move forward only wishing that the clock would go back.

Go back to the time of my Godson's birth, go back to the time when I used to just talk with her... oh how I wish we would have talked more.

I know holidays won't be the same because I will cook holiday dinner with my hungry family knocking, but Kay will never again walk through the door.

Somehow it seems God will take His angels away when it's time,

But He never erases the love we are given from our hearts and minds

So I guess after all she'll live forever, because I have memories that can never be erased

And if they are, I have a beautiful Godson that she left behind and if I need to see her for any reason at all,

I can look in his face

Because

She lives.....Thank God for Life!

**Dedicated to my aunt and Godmother Kay Venessa Griffin Allen, may she LIVE in Peace!**

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