



"IN COCOONS, a hidden promise: Butterflies will soon be free!"

PHOTO BY BILL FAVER

Hymn Of Promise

BY BILL FAVER

These transitional days between winter and spring are hard on those of us who want to get on with the warmer weather and prettier days.

We are anxious for the spring flowers, the budding trees and the promises spring has in store for us. The birds are singing in the early morning and the insects are beginning to buzz in anticipation of the renewals awaiting us.



FAVER

In one of the church anthems by Natalie Sleeth called "Hymn of Promise" we find these words:

*In the bulb there is a flower;
In the seed, an apple tree;
In cocoons, a hidden promise:
Butterflies will soon be free!
In the cold and snow of winter,*

*There's a spring that waits to be,
Unrevealed until its season,
Something God alone can see.*

We've come to depend upon the coming of spring to awaken us to the wonders of the natural world just as we gear ourselves up for the start of a new season at the beaches. We know the dormant season is over for a while and those of us who have hibernated can welcome being back in circulation. We can get outside and enjoy the natural world, get more exercise, and possibly shed those pounds we gained during the winter.

Spring is a good time, too, to watch for the birds coming through our area. Some will be our residents moving around in search of food; others will be those beginning their migrations to northern breeding grounds. Spring brings excitement to those of us who watch the birds and we can agree with Natalie Sleeth that "There's a spring that waits to be..." and we can join her in the hymn of promise.

LIFE LESSONS IN THE AGE OF ELECTRONICS

The Auxiliary Back-Up Column

This isn't my real column. This is a hastily composed auxiliary back-up column.

The computer killed my real column which, ironically, was all about the recent computer-related technological advances which have allowed us to make the *Beacon* so colorful these past few weeks.

There was a dark cloud over that column from the jump. It was supposed to have been completed by the end of the day on Friday, the weekly deadline. It wasn't.

I had what seemed like a good excuse at the time. Wednesday I was sick and stayed home. Thursday I was sick and came to work to catch up from Wednesday. Friday I was sicker still but came to work to catch up from Wednesday and Thursday.

I was moving kind of slow, but I had myself convinced that I'd be able to knock that column out between lunch and time to leave for Raleigh at 5 o'clock.

I had a salad for lunch Friday, figuring that since this terminal head cold had killed my taste buds, I should munch something with crunch. Returning to my desk, it occurred to me that if I had onion breath, I wouldn't be able to tell it. Maybe I should chew some gum.

I dug a stale stick of Beaman's out of the bottom of my purse. The instant I bit into it, my tooth broke off—not exactly a front one, but one close enough that you could see it if I grinned too big.

After alternately panicking and grossing out for a few minutes I called my dentist and discovered he had closed at noon. Then I called every other dentist in the phone book, all of whom had closed at noon also. I called one guy's pager number. He called right back. Home free, I thought.

"Oh, thanks so much for calling back," I explained. "I broke my tooth and you can see it if I smile and I'm supposed to be leaving to go out of town in three hours and I wondered if..."

"Look, I get a lot of money for coming in when I'm closed," he said. "I'll meet you at my office, but it'll cost you a hundred bucks, and that's before treatment," he replied. (And that's a direct quote.)

Hmmm, I thought. I'd hate to miss an opportunity to let someone this obviously compassionate bore into my mouth with a drill, but it doesn't really hurt and I'm pretty sure my own dentist will call me back as soon as he gets my message.

My own dentist and another who didn't even know me both called back. Each assured me that there was nothing they could do by time



Lynn Carlson

for me to leave. I calmed down and resolved not to smile for the rest of the weekend.

That turned out not to be a problem. Every inch of the way to Raleigh I grew more and more ill. By the time Saturday morning came—time to go to the N.C. Museum of Art, the purpose of our trip—I couldn't breathe at all, my eyes were puffy and I was sneezing every ten seconds.

I went anyway, to the museum, the bookstore, dinner, a movie, Sunday brunch and the mall. I hadn't been on a road trip in months and I was determined not to spend it bellyaching in front of a hotel room television set.

Sunday night, though feeling better, I was in no shape to write a column upon returning to Holden Beach. I'll do it first thing in the morning, I told myself.

Other tasks ate up Monday morning like Pac Man ate dots. Same for

Monday afternoon, which included a dentist's visit my father was kind enough to arrange for me.

I schlepped home Monday night at 7, not quite spry but with portable computer in tow. At 10:30 I finished my original column. It wasn't the greatest—no column written on a Monday could be—but it was done.

First thing today (Tuesday) I popped the floppy disk into the external drive on my real computer—the one at my desk—and prepared to copy the file LYNNCOL to my hard drive. The message said "DISK ERROR #12E; CANNOT OPEN FILE." I couldn't open it and no one else could either. I threw the disk in the trash.

This pitiful story has several life lessons:

- Don't put off writing anything that will carry not only your name, but your picture, to thousands of homes. You never know what might come up (or break off).

- If your computer has a hard drive and an external drive, always store your documents in both places until you're certain you're finished with them.

- Don't brag about a computer in writing; it'll turn on you quicker than an inbred pit bull.

- And never, ever chew stale gum on Friday afternoons unless you've got a hundred to burn.

Timothy P. Gible, M.D. Internal Medicine Board Certified

An internist specializes in all aspects of adult medical care, from a common cold, stomach or skin problems to chronic illness to intensive care. Internists provide preventive and acute care and many outpatient and inpatient medical needs. Also, they provide diagnostic services and referrals to subspecialists, if necessary.

Susan Gible, PA-C Physician Assistant Certified

A physician assistant provides care through assessing, diagnosing, prescribing medications and treatment, ordering diagnostic testing and offering educational needs, always under supervision of a physician.

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MORE LETTERS

'Commish' Carroll Should Stop Trying To Do Manager's Job

To the editor:

If the shenanigans that have been occurring at the Holden Beach Town Hall over the past several weeks were not so pathetic, they could easily become a prime-time comedy starring Dwight Carroll as "the Commish."

The joke "up and down the beach by average citizens" this week was, "Can you spell defamation of character, i.e. libel? The Commish cannot."

Mr. Carroll was quoted as saying in the March 10 issue of *The Brunswick Beacon* that he does not think (Town Manager Gus) Ulrich enforces the town ordinances fairly. The solution to the problem is contained within the quote. He (Mr. Carroll) does not think!

Since Mr. Carroll brought up the subject of fairness, why doesn't he expound on his fairness and impartiality in enforcing the building code during his tenure as inspector. A beautiful example of his fairness can be seen by all as they drive across the bridge to Holden Beach. What about that, Mr. Carroll?

Mr. Carroll was also quoted as saying that Mr. Ulrich is not capable of doing the manager's job, that he is not qualified and that he is useless. The implication, of course, is that Mr. Carroll is eminently capable, qualified and probably more useful than anyone in the free world, but for nothing more than a good laugh.

Mr. Carroll needs to straighten up and stop trying to do Mr. Ulrich's job for him.

G. Nash Greene Jr.
Holden Beach

Sick And Shameful

To the editor:

Like Lynn Carlson, I do not subscribe to the conspiracy theories of the paper not printing accounts of the Holden Beach town meeting. Her column, however, is in fact proof of the real problem with the articles as printed. The articles printed seldom reflect or describe the actual meeting as it took place.

Doug Rutter printed responses from town council members concerning an executive session (a sorry, low-down, unethical thing for the commissioners to do, but considering the source, not surprising). But even a cursory reading of the article shows that probably several of the members were lying, both to the public and to the paper.

Even Doug didn't seem to understand the picture he had verbally captured. He metaphorically snapped on the light and there they were, nibbling on the cheese.

I am firmly convinced that, had Doug realized the truths (or is it lies?) he had captured, he would not have printed the article. Intended or unintended, as I believe, your paper and Doug have performed a valuable service for the community.

Perhaps those in Holden Beach who believe in honesty and fair play will be ashamed of how their elected officials abuse truth, power and their own truly honorable employees.

It is a sick and shameful thing to do!

A.H. Watson
Holden Beach

A Rogue Board?

To the editor:

Once upon a time the Brunswick County Planning Board handed out zoning changes like candy to anybody who wandered in the door. Then a citizens' group requested the board to rezone the site of the proposed Martin-Marietta quarry in order to protect something as fundamental as the future quality of life of the people of Brunswick County.

Suddenly the board reared up on its hind legs, unanimously decided that zoning in the "southeast sector" was right and true, and denied the request. Surely, they seemed to say while rolling their eyes at the ceiling, zoning was too important an issue to be influenced by these upstart citizens.

Now comes Long Bay Development with a spot zoning request just across the road from the Martin-Marietta property. Sure enough, the planning board rolls over onto its back and unanimously, of course, declares that the original zoning was in error after all, and the three prominent investors in Long Bay Development deserve to have a more valuable piece of commercial property. Never mind that the rezoning request is so blatantly wrong that the planning board's own staff recommended that it be denied.

Once again the planning board has shown that their concerns do not lie with the welfare of the people of Brunswick County, but with the economic interests of the privileged few and the politically connected. Is there not one person on this board with the knowledge and courage to speak as an advocate for the people of Brunswick County? It is a sad and unfortunate circumstance that the county's citizens must now serve as watchdogs over this rogue board.

The board of commissioners will now decide the fate of this particular rezoning request. We shall soon see

whether any wisdom has been gained from the Martin-Marietta fiasco.

Mary Lou Wehrle
Southport

No Black History, No American History

To the editor:

I am responding to the "Americans First?" letter in the March 3 issue, where the writer said she was fed up with this so-called black history. Well, I am fed up with the ignorance that was evident throughout this article.

America is not a country where everyone is the same. The many diverse cultures and the many different nationalities are what makes America the country it is. So in a country that consists of people from all over the world, how can there be one history that suits such a country?

I am also fed up with people who do not realize the importance of educating all of our children about black history because, without it, there would not be a United States history.

Who was the first person to perform open heart surgery? Who invented the traffic light? The list goes on and on with achievements of African-Americans, but the majority of the time, credit is not given where it is due.

People should use the same frustration that compelled the writer of that letter to find out what blacks contributed to this country, instead of complaining about what we did not do!

Natasha Brown
Leland

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Comprehensive Hospice Needs Volunteers

Comprehensive Hospice has announced the dates of an upcoming training program for persons interested in becoming a hospice volunteer. Hospice volunteers must complete the training program. The classes will be held March 22, 24, 29 and 31 from 12 pm to 4 pm at the office of Comprehensive Home Health Care and Comprehensive Hospice on Hwy. 17 just north of Shallotte.

Volunteers provide much needed emotional and social support to terminally ill patients and their families through a variety of tasks, including companionship, respite, errands and transportation. Volunteers are needed throughout Brunswick County.

For more information or to discuss scheduling options for group classes please contact Renee Street at 910-251-8111 or 910-579-1461.

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