

Just An Expression

Bird Island Visitors Tell All To Their Own 'Kindred Spirit'

BY LYNN CARLSON

Sacred. Profane. Inane. Mundane. Poetic. Poignant. Precious.

Thumb through any of the Kindred Spirit's sea-damp notebooks and you'll find a little of everything—new love and lost love, reverence and exuberance, politics and antics, flights of fancy and depths of despair.

The Kindred Spirit's mailbox straddles the state line on the sandy beach of undeveloped Bird Island. The mailbox has been around for years, but has moved from place to place with the vagaries of time and tide. Folks walk across Mad Inlet from Sunset Beach to get to it, or motor in from Little River Inlet or the Atlantic Intracoastal Waterway. Others are surprised to discover it perched beside the NC/SC line with its own handy bench for ruminating and writing; There's always a steno pad and pen in the box. It's inviting.

Who is the Kindred Spirit? I'm not telling. (I'm not really sure I know.) The only thing for certain is that he or she is someone who loves Bird Island and the people who go there to enjoy its beauty—someone who thinks it's important to provide an avenue for unfettered expression in writing. That's all we really need to know.

Here are random samples of passages from recent Kindred Spirit journals:

12-14-93 First visit also to mailbox. Rode bicycle across inlet at low tide. Hard to believe it's winter with temperature in the 60s. Recently moved here. Don't think I'll ever leave. Scenery is beautiful and so are the people we've met. God bless all of you.

3-17-94 Happy St. Patrick's Day, Spirit. Keep up the good work. This is my first time here and I'm having a great time. Hope to return to this great place. It has such a peaceful atmosphere.

Dear Kindred Spirit,
This place so cool I would like to live here. The only bad things are the nats, spurs and other pointy things. The swells are great and after that the surf gets better. D.J. 8 years old

March 20, 1994
My husband and I are spending our 12th anniversary at this beautiful place. We have a wonderful son and so thankful for all that God has given us.

We came back to Bird Island as a remembrance of a past visit here, at that time we came with all our extended family. Today we visit as a couple—who needed to celebrate that thought in a small way. KS thanks for reminding us of what's really important.



A BIRD ISLAND VISITOR checks the Kindred's Spirit mailbox.

STAFF PHOTO BY EDDIE SWEATT

A tiny speck
A bird in the sky
This is where
The seagulls fly

Soaring high
Above the sea
Their hearts and minds
Are always free

Swooping low
To touch the dunes
Rising high
To greet the moon

Swimming through
The cloudless sky
This where
The seagulls fly

Dear K.S.,

There are a lot of things i've done wrong in the past year and sometimes i feel like i have noone to talk to about everything. i used to talk to my bestfriend but yesterday she told me she basically was tired of me & i wasn't her bestfriend anymore. All this added up really hurt me and i really need love right now. Also, my mom seems aggravated w/ me so i can't talk to her. Telling this to you and everybody who will read this has made me feel so much better. Its a big load off of my back. Thanks.

P.S. Don't you think that was kind of a rude thing for my ex-bestfriend to say??!!

This is the first time I visited this wonderful place. It is so relaxing to just sit or walk and look at the ocean. My only regret on this visit is that I'm not sharing it with the woman of my dreams who I have not yet found. Not to worry though, I am only 18 years old and have plenty of time to find her, but once I do I'll be sure to bring her here.

This is my third time here at Bird Island and it is just as beautiful as the first. I wish Cassie could be here now (my girlfriend) she's the one who brought me

here last June. When I come here to Sunset Beach and Bird Island it reminds me of her. I hope the island remains as serene and peaceful as it has over the past decades.

It is a most wonderful Easter Day! To find such a special place beyond the hustle and bustle of the city is rewarding. Watch over our friends and family to guide us on our way. Thank you for bringing us all together on this special trip.

It has been 3 months since you past away I have don my best to help your wife and to get things settled I told you in the hospital that we would meet again and we will life for me must go on and death for you I am sure is another journey I will take care of your wife. See you when my time comes Your friend

KS, I brought my love here with me for the first of many times. Enjoyed the stay and found a fishing pole, but only one sand dollar.

Each day we are touched and blessed in the most powerful ways. Let us thank you for your everlasting strength and compassion. You bring people into our lives who we care for and love. You have made us all unique with our own sense of individuality and that is something we should never forget. When I awake each morning I will be reminded of your unconditional love and faith in mankind.

At last we've made it here. Been loving this place for more than 12 years. The babies have come, the problems have passed and we've fi-

nally made it all the way to the end of Bird Island. What a peace there is here. Wish we could bring the children here and stay forever. Love always, Mountain Folks

Since the last time I've come here a lot has happened. But as I passed over from Sunset Beach all was the same. The sand passed over the dunes, the water onto the shore & the sky over us all. An enchanted isle, transcending time for me. Let's save it.

March 22, 1993

Dear K.S.,

Today I say a thankful prayer for this beautiful island. Worst storm of the century came to the East Coast last weekend. Sunset and Bird are almost untouched. I'm convinced God blesses this special area.

My prayers are always with my friend, Debbie, but especially today—

Another beautiful April on Bird Island. I am making this pilgrimage for my husband Martin who died...from Leukemia. He loved Bird Island and all the surrounding area. I know he is with me here today.

When I'm on Bird Island, the overwhelming sounds, smells, vistas and beauty remind me how lucky I am to be able to enjoy, uninterrupted, a pristine, peace/piece of earth, which remains relatively untouched by human development.

Most importantly, sitting on this bench affords me the opportunity to remember how much I love and am loved by my family.

I am so lucky.

Kindred spirits,	
I had a great	time on Bird
Island This is the	best farthest
my dad and I	have walked
This is one	of the best
times I ever had.	