

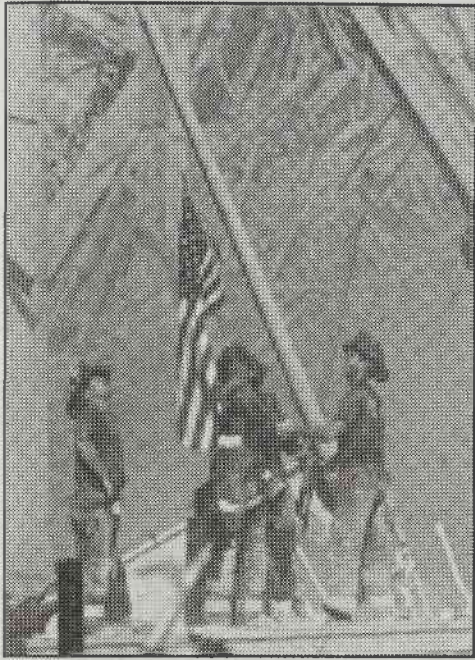
# COMMENTARY

## A Moment in Time

By Carla Fitzwater

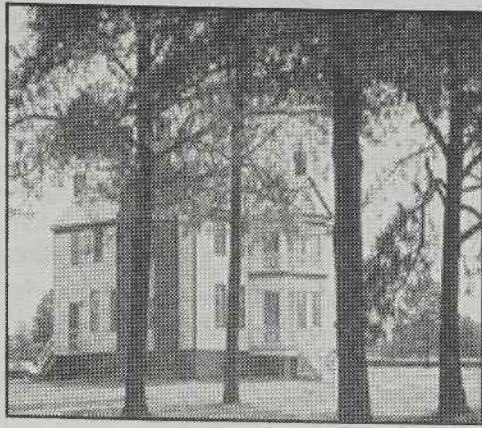
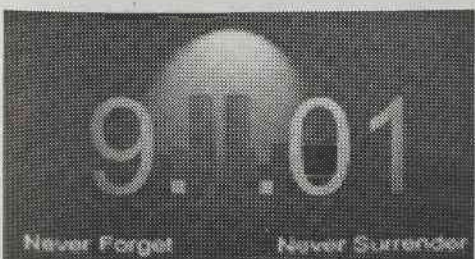
There has been some debate recently about the planned 9/11 memorial. A memorial would be a wonderful reminder of the American Spirit and it should include the actual firefighters who raised the flag or, perhaps some nameless, ageless faces that do not point to any race. That might be hard to accomplish and I don't think this should be turned into an argument about race.

There are more than three races in America. Who should we leave out? No one, of course, but if the powers that be put an African-American man, a Hispanic-American man and an



Anglo-American man on the memorial, what happens to the Native-American man and the Asian-American man? That, naturally, brings me to the Arab-American man. Would people find it socially unacceptable, because persons of the Arabic race were the attackers? Are these Americans, for some reason, unworthy of a memorial celebrating the American spirit? That does not even begin to cover the women who might be offended, simply by exclusion.

Is some anonymous sculptor going to slim down the slightly overweight fireman standing in front of the flag? Why? Is this the message that we want to send to our enemies? Are our American heroes, just as they are, not good enough to memorialize? Of course, they are good enough! In conclusion, the best thing to do is just keep it as accurate as possible, because we do not order our heroes from predetermined molds. The men and women who answered the call to duty are who they are and the three men who raised the flag in defiance on that sad day became the faces of the many faceless heroes for that moment in time, and a moment in time is unchangeable.



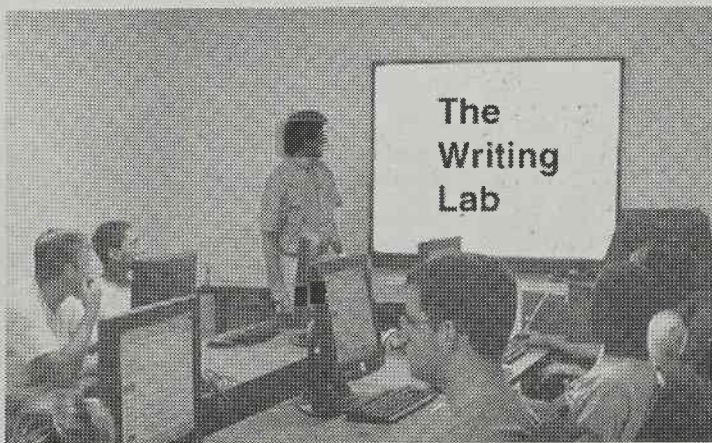
## Bellemonite House

By Shanisha Barnes

That right turn into a massive, brick-surrounded perimeter revealed a prominent structure that no one could ignore. A large black-roofed, white country-style house takes up all plain view. Three tall and wide stories stacked to capacity on its foundation. The sun gets blocked out of the morning activities in front of the house and no sunlight peeks into the backyard once the five o'clock bell rings. The house has a wide, white porch to sit on and drink lemonade during hot summer days and a rocking chair stationed a few feet away from the front door to listen to the crickets at night. There are two tall, red brick chimneys at the left side of the house, one for the wood burning stove and the other for the fireplace that heats the house during winter months.

Its foundation is surrounded by nothing but winter green shrubs that were freshly cut with not a leaf out of sync. Appearing alone and isolated, the house sits in the front of acres of land. The house is oblivious to civilization, being miles away from the nearest community grocery store. Its backyard is three times as big as the house, with precisely cut grass like a golf range. Scattered trees that surround the landscape are its shade when the sun likes to dance and lean over to show the residents when the wind gusts are taking a chance.

Its outer bounds are protected by an orange brick wall that is trimmed with white. It encloses the house and its property to show the distinction between the highway and the safe haven that the house belongs to, while at the same time allowing the outside passerby to see the massive structure that stands out from behind the wall like a sore thumb. Coming closer to the entrance, huge white letters that read "North Carolina Wesleyan College" are placed on both sides of the opening, presenting an intimate portrait of security that pulls in prospective students.



The smell of cut, damp grass hits sensory organs and lingers. It sits still in the air and waits for one to come hither to the objects that provide it. People wander aimlessly through the shrubs and the trees and bend over to get one good whiff of the fresh, damp green. The scent sends hints that it has been smelled before, like a fresh green air freshener that hangs off a rear view mirror.

The atmosphere around the house has that sweet taste of old country honey, just knowing its Carolina location. The full bloom honey suckle bushes taste so delicious, keep the green shrubs company and give them variety in color. They are all yellow with a few white petals and the bees surrounding them trying to take honey and have it for themselves.

The blue birds chirp up in the trees and on the house's porch. Bees buzz around the honey suckle bushes. Cars whip past from the nearby highway that is adjacent to the brick wall surrounding the house and its land.

A few visitors can feel the wind blow fabric close to skin, because of the cool breeze that isn't quite cold enough for a coat, but certainly windy enough for a jacket. Even the trees feel the gust of air that blows their branches and leaves from left to right. Yet the wind is refreshing to the skin and adds mystery to the house that stands still while all around moves to the grooves of Mother Nature.

Towards the left side around the house there is an inner chill or anxiety that the image in view is not something brand new. A small white shed, located directly behind the left side of the house, could be over looked, but a conscious pull draws the few visitors to witness something never seen before. The image plays out right in front of them like a scene out of a movie or in this case their memory. Standing in front of this shack adds suspense to the house and questions arise about the existence of its being where it is. Why is the shed not visible from the front view of the house? Could it be that the house has something to hide? What is the purpose for the shed? How could any of these questions be answered if there is no one around to answer them?

The answers to these questions are already known, for they are something so definite in the visitor's minds. This small white shed was a home for some ten to twenty people who worked the massive land day and night. These inhabitants were the

up keepers, or commonly known as slaves, whose sweat, tears and blood were now the soil of the land. It is the soil that nurtures the shrubs with their honey suckle plants that add variety in color and trees around the house. The soil that stands strong for the prominent house and the orange brick wall that is trimmed with white. Anyone could understand why the small white shack isn't visible to the front view. It is now evident that the house wanted to hide the fact that in 1825, when the house was built, slaves were bought to tend to the acres of land that the house belonged to. Something so important should be posted in front of the house for the passerby to see and know the truth about the house that sits so proud behind the wall and all its spirits.

## Tourism Authority Grants NCWC \$50,000

Source : Public Relations

The Nash County Tourism Authority has awarded North Carolina Wesleyan College a \$50,000 grant to assist with the initial costs of implementing football as an NCAA Division III sport. Wesleyan plans to field a team in the fall of 2004.

"The college is grateful for this generous gift from the Tourism Authority," said Wesleyan President Ian Newbould. "This is an investment that will ultimately benefit both the college and the community in a number of ways. A five-game home season for football will have a positive impact on the local economy. In addition, it will strengthen our campus spirit and encourage students, alumni, and the community to become more involved in the life of the college."

Work began last summer to establish a field for football practice at the end of the campus near Fenner and Bishop roads. Construction of a field house for football and other outdoor sports is now underway, and the college has named Jack Ginn, an experienced coach and recruiter, as head football coach.

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