

**Ted and Marian Goetzinger** are back in town. They've been gone a little over a year. They are in their new home at 02 Westport 4, Beacon's Reach. Marian was originally from McMinnville, Tenn and has a soft Tennessee drawl. She claims she's 1/8 Cherokee Indian. Neat. Ted is originally from Milwaukee, WI.

They met in Carteret County where Marian was Director of the Domestic Violence Program for the county. She is now selling real estate for Coldwell Banker.

Ted was Regional Manager for Aetna Life and Casualty Co. and retired from there. He lived for 7 years in PKS but had an urge to live in the mountains. They left here to reside in Pickens, SC at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains. After 18 months they decided to move back to Pine Knoll Shores.

Between them they have 7 children and soon to be 8 grandchildren: Beth and Gregg in Utah with three children; Patrick and Marge in Milwaukee, no children; Cory and Christian in Atlanta, GA, expecting #1, Peter and Verna in UT, two children; Meredith, single at the Univ. of NC, Chapel Hill; Aimee, single Everglades, FL.

Two puppies - Cory, a big, old, yellow dog and Casey, a 6-month old Jack Russell Terrier, quite frisky.

Marian enjoys golf, watercolor painting, writes short stories and poems, one of which I shall include - it tells the story of their move. Very beautiful. She took 1st prize for the Carteret Writers Club - and enjoys exercising. Ted enjoys cooking, golf, fishing, bowling, and volunteers. They both enjoy scrabble.

Now we would like you all to enjoy "The Beckoning Sea" a poem by Marian Goetzinger expressing her feelings for PKS.

Betty Lee Foulk

The mountains called to me.  
Crisp fall leaves, rolling hills, country folk.  
So I walked one last time down the beach.

I watched a shrimp boat out near the horizon;  
Felt sea spray on my face and said  
"I don't care. I won't miss these things."

I waved good-bye to the gulls;  
Shook the sand from my feet  
And left the sea.  
I found a secluded cabin nestled among the hills,  
At the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains.  
And called it home.

I walked through mountain meadows,  
Near the home of my Cherokee ancestors  
And missed the sea.

The cabin was safe and quiet at night.  
The only sound the wind through the trees.  
No surf to sing me to sleep.

I rode horseback through the fields,  
Admired the wildflowers and hardwood trees.  
And longed for sand between my toes.

I grew flowers and vegetables.  
Walked my dogs on country trails.  
And swallowed the lump in my throat.

Sitting by a pond, I skipped a rock across the water,  
And pretended the crow flying above was a gull.  
I want to go home to the ocean... I want to go home to the sea.

Marion Goetzinger