

# Eastern Echoes

By Gail Roberson



This column is for the larger woman or any female ten pounds or more over her desired weight. The men out there can take it to heart as well. But it's especially for those who struggle every day with the almighty scales . . . struggle to the point of mental obsession and abuse from being constantly caught up in the vicious cycle of diet . . . eat . . . guilt . . . and depression. Diet . . . eat . . . guilt . . . depression.

This world has gone crazy. Bulimia and anorexia have become as commonplace as daisies on a ditchbank. Thousands of women, of all ages, binge and purge to control their weight. It's just one of the ways we try to fit ourselves into the paper doll "mold" that this society has cast for us. Though we are blessed with mouths that open, ears that hear, eyes that see and limbs that move, we still submit ourselves to cheek implants, chemical face peels, skin bleaching, tattooed eyeliner, forehead lifts, tummy tucks, fat suction, and other surgical and cosmetic procedures that will help us achieve the physical perfections which we believe will make us like our role models. We are constantly driven to alter our appearance until we find the "look" with which we can peacefully live. But, we are gravely mistaken. We are not living . . . merely mimicking how others live.

A 90-pound woman I know pinches at herself all the time, talking about her cellulite and how many pounds she must lose. A 150-pound woman I know hides out in her home, embarrassed to even go to the grocery store because she feels like a Southern Baptist preacher trying to sneak into a liquor store.

Everyone is saying . . . "When I lose weight, I'm going to . . ." but they never do. Lose weight. Or anything else. Meanwhile, time is like a kitten. It slips up on them and drinks the day like a bowl of milk.

A person who wears a size eight is no smarter than a person who wears a size eighteen. Always using your weight as an excuse for why you don't get on with life is the biggest sin of all. This constant barrage of "be thin and beautiful" that has been heaped on us by the media of all types, represents a temporary cultural opinion, not a fact of the universe. When it comes to our dissatisfaction with weight, it all boils down to three choices; Be miserable. Lose weight. Get on with life. What is considered as "overweight" changes as soon as we leave a geographical boundary or culture. In some parts of the world, a large woman is valued as a beauty and a prize, while in others, only the slim woman counts.

When I stopped hiding behind my pounds and got my light out from under the bushel, I found the whole world suddenly became brighter. The biggest cemetery in the world is one in which unused talents lie buried. Is your name chipped in stone there? Today, I no longer measure my self-love and worth by the size of my waistline. As you travel along life's pathway, you'll have successes and you'll have failures, but you'd all do well to remember that butterflies can fly . . . because they take themselves lightly.

There are as many people in the doctor's office today as a result of the strain and stress of trying to stay slim as there are those there from the actual added pounds. You do not have to wait until you are thin to enjoy life. When you reach eighty years of age, nobody is going to hand you another eighty years and say . . . "Here, honey, take this and do it all over again since you got it wrong the first time trying to suit everybody.

I don't advocate dieting and I don't advocate being large. What I DO advocate is being the best you can be . . . regardless of your size. The sparrow does not shun the blue jay because he is larger. Nature recognizes diversity, and mankind should as well. So what if your waistline isn't the size of the shower head? It's time you acknowledged your self-worth and realized that it should not be based on society's pre-packaged, one-size fits all superimposed guilt trip. There is no need for you to hide in your home, ashamed and withering in silence and self-loathing because a handful of Madison Avenue advertisers tell you that in order to be beautiful, to be accepted, to love and be loved, to have a successful career, or to enjoy life in general, you can weigh no more than 100 pounds.

Your happiness and self-esteem should not be in somebody else's control. Get under the wheel and take a sharp, right turn. Be the best you can be, no matter what your dress size. There is a time to let things happen and a time to make things happen. Don't be your own worst enemy. Get bigger than your fears, And LIVE. Beginning today.

## Becton From Page 1

dan's backfield, showed he has power to go along with his speed. The back can take the pigskin up the middle, but if he gets outside and cuts the corner it's difficult to stop him.

Becton earned a silver medal in the national Junior Olympics held earlier this summer in Gainesville, Fla. Becton was leading the triple jump until a competitor from Ohio edged ahead on his last jump. Becton also qualified as a

freshman for the triple jump at the state high school track championships. He finished eighth.

Becton suffered a minor ankle injury in the game against North Pitt, but is expected to suit up for the Eagles' home opener against Greene Central at 8 p.m. Friday night.

Congratulations to Lee Becton for capturing the first Flying Eagle Award of this season.

# Dominic's Turns 1, Changes Planned

Dominic's Restaurant celebrated its first anniversary Saturday, Aug. 27 marked the official anniversary of the Italian restaurant located on U.S. 17 about five miles south of Vanceboro.

And changes are in the works for the restaurant. The owners and management are planning to introduce a different variety of foods. "We plan to cater to the local people around here. We have had a lot of suggestions and any other input about menu selections would be appreciated," said Daryl and Steve, who oversee the restaurant's operations.

Along with pizzas and subs already offered, a more Southern variety of food will be introduced. "Some of the things we plan to carry in the near future are charbroiled steaks, fried chicken and hamburgers. We

hope to offer a soup and salad bar also, said Daryl.

Business has been good in the past year, with the veal, shrimp and scallops becoming specialties at Dominic's, said Daryl and Steve. "The food we serve in the future will be nothing but top quality as it has always been, said Daryl.

Future plans for Dominic's include another dinner theatre planned for sometime in October. Daryl and Steve are also involved in the opening of another restaurant that will specialize in Italian food. It will be located on Simmons Street in New Bern.

"We would like to thank our customers for their patronage and would like the people of Vanceboro to know we are here for them," said the two restaurateurs.

## OUR HERITAGE

### A Frontiersman's Inauguration

Early next year, we will inaugurate a new president of the United States at the Capitol in Washington, D.C. Whether it is a Democrat or Republican, the inauguration is certain to be an event marked by a serious speech, a parade down Pennsylvania Avenue and extremely high security. Some recent presidents have tried to break this mold — Jimmy Carter walked the inaugural parade route in 1977 — but no matter how hard the new president tries to bring his inauguration to the people, nothing will ever match Andrew Jackson's presidential inauguration of 1829.

Jackson, a national hero for leading the American forces to victory in the Battle of New Orleans in the War of 1812, ran for president in 1828 as the people's candidate. Born in a log cabin in what is now North Carolina, he was a true frontiersman and appealed to the common man. Affectionately known as "Old Hickory," he was the first president of the United States who was not from either Virginia or Massachusetts.

On March 4, 1829, a huge crowd of the common people who helped make Jackson president came to Washington, D.C., for his inauguration. What happened was very different from any of the inaugurations that had come before — or since.

"When the speech was over and the president made his parting bow, the barrier that had separated the people from him was broken down, and they rushed up the steps all eager to shake hands with him," a contemporary of Jackson's recalled years later. "It was with difficulty that he made his way through the Capitol and down the hill to the gateway that opens on the avenue."

Jackson mounted his horse for his inaugural ride down Pennsylvania Avenue to the White House, the throng trailing behind him. When the mob reached the White House, where Jackson was to give a reception for government officials, it did not stop. Frontiersmen, backwoodsmen, laborers and war veterans forced their way into the White House to celebrate the inauguration of their hero. Some stood on fancy chairs in their muddy boots to see Jackson while others pushed aside members of Congress and their wives to get to tables of food, smashing White House china.

The new president was pushed up against the wall by the tide of well-wishers and had to be protected by a ring of friends who linked arms to create a barrier around him. He eventually was forced to escape the White House through a back door. The partying crowd, however, did not leave until their square-dancing was done several hours later. [E]

One of a series of columns on the history and heritage of America.

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# Along The Pathway

Along the pathway of life sometimes it seems that we get in situations where there is no way out. Many times we seem to grow bitter and cry out, "God, why? Why did this have to happen to me? What have I done to deserve all this?"

Many times this seems to be a constant cry of the human race. There are times others are blamed for the bad things that happen. The Children of Israel blamed Moses and Aaron when Pharaoh demanded they add more to their daily tasks and instructed his officers to work them harder.

The Lord did not promise that everything would always go smooth or we would never stumble or fall. But He did promise He would be there. Let's take a look at the Children of Israel at the Red Sea. What a night that was, the Red Sea in front of them and the Egyptian army behind them. They could see no way out, but God had a plan. You can be sure God's plan always works. The pillar of cloud went from before the face of the Children of Israel and stood behind them. It was a light for them and darkness for the Egyptians. One did not go near the other all night.

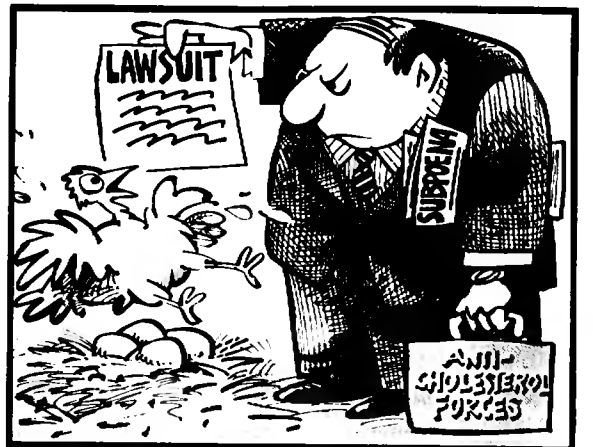
Moses stretched his staff over the Red Sea, and the Lord caused the sea to go back by a strong east wind. After the Children of Israel crossed the Red Sea on dry land and the Egyptians marched in, the waters rolled back together and drowned them.

We may never have a Red Sea experience, but if we trust God and serve Him, whatever our trial He will go through it with us. That we think we can't bear, God can and will give us the strength to go through the trial and overcome.

He is the master of the impossible made possible. He does not always deliver us from the trial, but many times He delivers us in the trial. Remember, you can do all things through Him who strengthens you. He has promised and He never fails. If there is any failing, we are the ones who fail. Psalms 34:8 says, "Taste and see the Lord is good: blessed is the man that trusts in him."

When my strength is gone, then God can move in.  
His strength is made perfect in my weakness.

— Reba W. Mitchell



## Obituary

### Hubert C. Wiggins

VANCEBORO — Hubert C. "Jink" Wiggins, 73, died Tuesday at Pitt County Memorial Hospital in Greenville.

Services were to be at 3 p.m. today at Wilkerson Funeral Home in Vanceboro with the Revs. Sam Worthington and Robert Worthington officiating. Burial was to be in Celestial Memorial Gardens.

Wiggins was a native of Pitt County, but spent his early life in Beaufort County as a farmer. He moved to Vanceboro in 1969 and started a woodcraft business. Wiggins retired in 1981. He was a member of West Vanceboro Church of God.

Wiggins is survived by four daughters, Mrs. Gertie Corey, Mrs. Neva Worthington and Mrs. Ida Buck, all of Vanceboro, and Mrs. Hilda Boyd of Chocowinity; three sons, Ervin Wiggins and Bobby Wiggins, both of Chocowinity, and Rayvon Wiggins of Vanceboro; two sisters, Mrs. Ada Buck and Mrs. Lottie Bright, both of Chocowinity; two brothers, Josh Wiggins of Chocowinity and Mayhue Wiggins of Vanceboro; five grandchildren and four great-grandchildren.

The family will receive friends at the funeral home from 7 to 9 tonight and at the home of Bobby Wiggins on N.C. 102, Rt. 1, Box 459, Chocowinity.

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