

# Perquimans County Sheriff's Office Arrests Edenton Men

BY STAFF REPORTS

HERTFORD — Perquimans County Sheriff's Office arrested and charged several Edenton men in two separate incidents.

Deputies stopped a vehicle Thursday, June 4, for a traffic violation that led to drug and gun charges.

Nyrese Moore, 22, of Edenton was charged with possession with the intent to manufacture, sale and deliver schedule VI, and carrying a concealed handgun.

He was placed under a \$6,000 secured bond and taken to Albemarle District Jail.

Deondre Copeland, 23,

of Edenton was charged with possession with the intent to manufacture, sale and deliver schedule II and possession of a stolen firearm.

He was placed under a \$10,000 secured bond and also taken to Albemarle District Jail.

In an separate incident on Wednesday, June 3, the Perquimans

County Sheriff's Office, assisted by the United States Marshal Service and the Bertie County Sheriff's Office, arrested Torrance Brock, 18, of Edenton.

He faces charges of assault with a deadly weapon with the intent to kill inflicting serious injury and attempted murder. Brock was placed under

a \$1 million bond and taken Albemarle District Jail.

Warrants were issued for the arrest of Brock, who was wanted in connection with the May 23 shooting of Ahmad Trafton in Perquimans County.

Deputies responding to a shots fired report found Trafton at a res-

idence in Burnt Mill Creek Trailer Park.

Trafton was taken to Vidant Medical Center in Greenville where he remains in serious condition.

Trafton is a 2018 graduate of John A. Holmes High School. He played basketball for the Aces and later worked at Regulator Marine.

## OBITUARIES

More obituaries appear on Page A3.

### Ernest Melvin Winslow

ELIZABETH CITY - Ernest Melvin Winslow, 96, of Elizabeth City, NC died June 1, 2020 at his residence. Born in Belvidere, NC on March 5, 1924 to the late Charlie T. Winslow and May White Winslow, he was the widower of Mildred Trueblood Winslow who preceded him in death in 2009. He was a building contractor specializing in custom homes. He also provided many repairs and remodeling jobs in his church and parsonage of the Evangelical Methodist Church. He was an integral part of the choir and served as Sunday School Superintendent for forty-seven years and was a Gideon. He maintained a perfect Sunday School attendance for that entire forty-seven years.



Mr. Winslow is survived by a daughter, Carolyn W. Stewart and husband Frank of Forest, VA; three sons, Ernest Wayne Winslow and wife Cindy of Boomer, NC, Michael E. Winslow and wife Darlene and Philip Lee Winslow and wife Marisa all of Hertford, NC; nine grandchildren; and seven great grandchildren. He was predeceased by two infant sons, Thomas Melvin Winslow and James Warren Winslow and by his nine siblings, Olive Cullpher, Ruth Layden, Bernice Chappell, Clara Hendren, Robert Winslow, Arnold Winslow, Kenneth Winslow, Clinton R. Winslow and Chester Winslow.

Due to the corona virus, a private family graveside service was held on Friday, June 4, 2020 officiated by Rev. Sean Scribner. Burial will be in West Lawn Memorial Park Cemetery. In lieu of flowers, memorial donations may be made to the Evangelical Methodist Church Building Fund, 820 Okisko Rd., Elizabeth City, NC 27909 or www.ecityemc.org or to Gideons International at www.Gideons.org. Twiford Funeral Home, 405 East Church Street, Elizabeth City, NC is serving the Winslow family. Online memorial condolences may be sent to the family at www.TwifordFH.com.

## DEATH NOTICE

HERTFORD — Sarah Louvinia Caddy Narron, 78, died on Saturday, June 6, 2020. Funeral was Tuesday, June 9, 2020 at 2 p.m.,

at Berea Church of Christ. Arrangements by Miller & Van Essendelft Funeral and Cremation Providers.

## OBITUARY POLICY

For information on submitting obituaries or death notices Monday through Friday, 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m., call 252-329-9505 or email [obits@apgenc.com](mailto:obits@apgenc.com) and specify that you are interested in obituary information for The Perquimans Weekly. On weekends and holidays, email [obits@apgenc.com](mailto:obits@apgenc.com). We do not accept notices by fax.

Obituaries must be received, processed and approved by noon on Tuesday to appear in print in the Thursday edition.

Death notices are \$25 and can include the name and age of the decedent; funeral and visitation or viewing information; and the name of the funeral home.

### The Lady in Red

Always a planner and a meticulously organized person, it is not surprising that Loraine Simpson wrote her own obituary as she approached her golden years. These are the facts of her life that she thought were relevant:

- Born to John Trotman and Lillie Elliott Harris on March 7, 1930
- Married to Lester Hobbs Simpson, October 21, 1946 until his death in 2013
- Faithful wife, loving mother
- Survived by: daughter Anne Cole (David) of Chapel Hill, NC; grandchildren Amy McEachran (Shawn), of Kirkland, WA; Taylor Smith (Daniel) of Happy Valley, OR; Dayton Cole (Julia), of Louisville, KY; great-granddaughter, Grace Taylor McEachran, and numerous nieces and nephews
- Lifelong resident of Perquimans County
- Held a secretarial degree from Pitt County Institute
- Retired in 1995 from NC Department of Cultural Resources, Northeastern Historic Places Offices in Edenton, NC
- Charter member of Perquimans County Restoration Association
- Member of Hertford United Methodist Church and an associate member of Snug Harbor Community Church
- Recipient of the NC Governor's Long Leaf Pine Award
- Died May 30, 2020

### Loraine Harris Simpson



December 1951



December 2019

Although these facts provide a glimpse of what my mother considered to be the key milestones that mattered to her, they don't begin to paint her life with the vivid colors she deserves.

My mother was a Depression-era baby, born in 1930 to John Trotman and Lillie Elliott Harris. They reared their family of nine children on the peninsula of land where the Yeopim Creek and the Yeopim River come together at the mouth of the Albemarle Sound. The "home place" was a 200-acre farm with an old traditional farmhouse. My mother was their baby and by the time she joined the ranks of this sprawling family, some of her elder brothers (Arthur, Clyde, "T," and Ray) and sisters (Lillian, Eleanor, Kitty, and Inez) were already leaving home to start families of their own.

Maybe it was because she was the baby, but my mother was deeply rooted to home. I was surprised to learn that, as a small child, she felt such a sense of security there that she found it stressful to venture away from it. But her childhood was fondly remembered and her brother, Ray, was the sibling she talked about most. Just 17 months apart, they were close as children and she adored him. Tragically, cancer claimed him as a young adult, but the passage of time never diminished her fond memories of their childhood or her love for him.

My mother and my father (Lester Simpson) were childhood sweethearts and they married quite young. Both coming from families of meager means, they started married life with the gifts of a butcher knife and a ham. Quite literally, everything they accumulated was a product of their partnership and the sweat of their brow. My father was the dreamer and the one with the vision. My mother made it happen—she was disciplined, she denied herself, and they accumulated savings because she was thrifty. Together they celebrated 66 wedding anniversaries.

In the early years of their marriage, and after a series of odd jobs, my father landed a salaried position as a long-distance trucker with Scott and Halstead in Weeksville, NC. The pay was good, but the work took him away from home for long periods of time. As a young child, I did not realize how challenging parenthood must have been for my mother. She was essentially a single mother, at a time, unlike today, when that was not the norm—there were no support groups for single parents to lean on. When the town of Hertford built an ABC store and hired my dad as one of its first employees, we all celebrated because that meant his traveling days were over.

In the early 1960s, my parents had an opportunity to purchase the Harris family farm from my grandfather's heirs. Known affectionately as "Road Landing," the property had been in the family since 1901. Moving "back home" must have felt like the most natural thing to do for someone so deeply rooted there. My parents took great pride in restoring the old home, built in 1806, and proudly showcased it many times for the Perquimans Tour of Historic Homes.

I do not know whether my mother's love of historic preservation was born out of lovingly caring for that old home, or if restoring it scratched her itch for historic preservation. But it was quite natural that she found her way to historic Edenton where she first volunteered as a docent before working her way to heading the office of Northeastern Historic Sites. It was the perfect job for her and one that she loved. She enjoyed playing a key role in the development of a map that served as a guide to historic sites in Northeastern North Carolina. But perhaps her greatest delight was in creating a poster contest for 4th grade students who were studying North Carolina history. My father helped her visit every school in the north-

east's 17-county region—once to deliver poster paper for every student and a second time to award prizes for the winner in each school. At her retirement in 1995, Governor Hunt awarded her The Order of the Longleaf Pine, an award of which she was rightfully proud.

If my mother had had the luxury of attending college, I suspect she would have been a history major. She had a passion for genealogy and she worked diligently to try and trace her mother's father, Thomas Docton Elliott. Fortunately for her, her niece shared her passion; and Leah's research skills, coupled with internet technology, finally uncovered long-buried facts. It was a gift to my mother to learn that her grandfather served as a seaman aboard the *USS Constellation* and sailed the world hunting slave traders. In the fall of 2017, my mother was afforded a private tour of the ship, which is permanently moored in Baltimore Harbor. It thrilled her that the mystery of his life had been solved.

As fulfilling as her career was, I think my mother would likely say that motherhood was the most important job she ever had, and I can attest to the fact that she excelled at it. I never lived a day that I did not feel loved and valued. And to the day she died, what was in my best interest was always her top priority. I feel both proud and very blessed to have had her for a mother.

Red was my mother's favorite color. It is embarrassing to say I didn't learn this fact until well after she moved in with David and me when my father died in 2013. But I soon found that anytime we considered a shopping purchase, she zeroed in on the red option with laser-like precision. She looked stunning in red, but when a red option was not available, blue was an acceptable second choice. Wearing blue turned her eyes a beautiful shade of cornflower, which never ceased to elicit compliments. Her closet was a sea of red and blue. In her later years, whenever we went to select the outfit for the day I would ask, "Is this a red day or a blue day?" because that covered the landscape. She knew what she liked, and she was confident about what looked good on her.

I suspect my mother was always a stylish person—even during those lean times of her early adulthood. The rare photos from that era reveal a stunning lady who is smartly dressed, with every hair in place and lipstick meticulously applied. And even though those are black and white photos, I am quite sure that the lipstick was a bright red. I remember the Kennedy era as a time when my mother was often compared to Jacquelyn Kennedy, and she did bear more than a passing resemblance. But unlike Jackie Kennedy, my mother scoured the pages of *Simplicity* and *McCall's* for patterns that flattered her shapely figure so she could stitch her own clothing. That is what women without means did in her era.

As an only child, I remember feeling somewhat deprived to grow up wearing only homemade clothing, but everything I wore until I was 12 years old (including coats), was lovingly made by my sweet mother. She was a natural efficiency expert: although there were instructions on how to lay out the pattern pieces on the fabric for cutting, my mother always found a more efficient arrangement that left her with a larger fabric remnant for later use. I still have fond memories of summer seersucker shorts and tops in a rainbow of colors. And I can still remember a smart reversible corduroy skirt with suspenders worn in my early elementary years—plaid on one side and (what else?) red on the other.

My strongest evidence to support the claim that my mother was an efficiency expert is an incident I recall from her elder years. She was experiencing an allergic reaction to deodorants, so she turned to baking soda as a natural option. On the bathroom counter she had placed a container of baking soda and a powder puff. It delighted her that dusting it on resulted in some of it sifting onto the countertop. With the swipe of a wet sponge, she had an opportunity to clean the counter while anything falling onto the bathroom carpet served to deodorize the carpet prior to vacuuming. That was my mother in a nutshell—she didn't kill two birds with one stone, she killed three!

My children have fond memories of their grandmother. As she was with me, she was loving and supporting of them without being overly indulgent. Every summer they enjoyed visits to the farm where she balanced fun with educational side trips. Every important life event for each of them found her in attendance, proudly cheering their accomplishments. Even at age 88 she crisscrossed the country for Amy's wedding in Seattle. And although her first great-grandchild arrived as her life was ebbing, she was aware of and proud to welcome Grace into the family.

Though a coronavirus prevents the people who loved her most from gathering in the traditional sense, it cannot stop us from celebrating the things that made her unique and that we so loved about her. One niece described her as an "elegant lady" and indeed she was that—a quintessential Southern lady, poised and graceful. Another characterized her as "easy to love" and that was evident in the outpouring of affection she continued to receive from a large extended family even after she moved to Chapel Hill. Clearly, she lived a life that has left its imprint on many grateful hearts. It will be our privilege to carry out her final wishes and return her remains to the place she always considered home, Perquimans County.

Friends who seek an appropriate way to celebrate her life and mark its passing might consider a donation to the Charles House Association (7511 Sunrise Road, Chapel Hill, NC 27514 or [charleshouse.org](http://charleshouse.org)). Loraine enjoyed attending their adult day program and was lovingly cared for in one of their eldercare homes during her final months. The staff there clearly loved her and helped her die the way she had lived, with elegant grace and dignity. For this we are forever indebted to them.



(USPS428-080)

Published Each Thursday

A publication of Adams Publishing Group  
Established 1934  
111 W. Market St., Hertford, NC 27944

Robin L. Quillon.....Publisher  
Sean O'Brien.....General Manager  
Miles Layton.....Editor  
Phone 252-426-5728 ■ Fax 252-426-4625  
Email: [mLAYTON@ncweeklies.com](mailto:mLAYTON@ncweeklies.com)

### Subscription Rate

Home delivery..... \$35 + tax per year

### Information

For subscription questions, delivery issues, classified ads, legal notices, and obituaries, please call Customer Care at 252-329-9505

POSTMASTER: Send address changes to The Perquimans Weekly, Hertford, NC 27944

For more about Perquimans County visit our Facebook page at <https://www.facebook.com/Theperquimansweekly/>