



TOPSAIL TIMES

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● 16th December, 2022

● American-Owned. Free Press.

● Volume II, Issue 25

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Holiday Enchantment



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LIGHTS 2022
SANTA'S LANE



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Topsail Flotilla, December 3rd, 2022



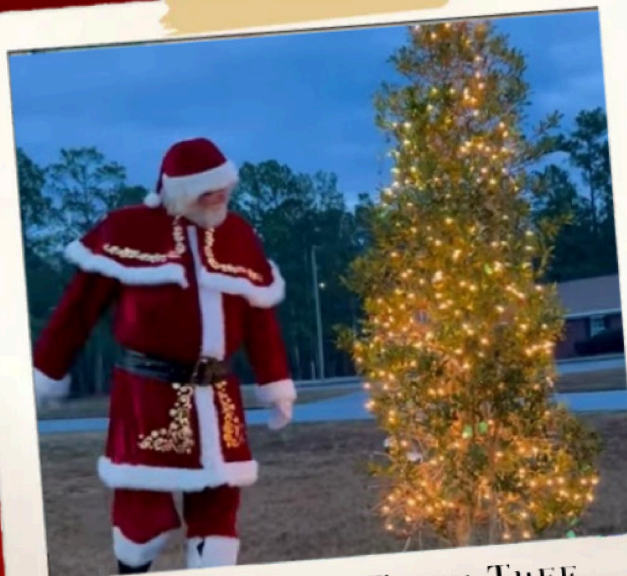
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**Print
Dates
2022**

Dec 16th
Dec 30th

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TIMES
NEWSPAPER**



Publisher

Topsail Times Newspaper, LLC

Contributing Writers

Dorothy Royal
Becky Borneman
Carol Ann Ross
Marian Taylor
Karen Sota
Jessica Blackburn
Dotty Ann Harding
Kim McGahey

Contributing Photographers

Dorothy Royal
Becky Borneman
Marian Taylor
Karen Sota
Dotty Ann Harding
Karen Boone

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Topsail Gun Gal

By Dorothy Royal

President Joe Biden was questioned by a reporter about a string of shootings that took place during the Thanksgiving holiday. His response?

"The idea that we still allow semi-automatic weapons to be purchased is sick. Just sick. It has no, no social redeeming value. Zero. None. Not a single solitary rationale for it except profit for the gun manufacturers."

He has vowed to act regarding the sale of semi-automatic weapons.

Okay, let's take a step back here. I'm not sure if he is confused or not. Does the President understand that approximately 75%, if not more, of the firearms in our country are semi-automatic? Does he understand what a semi-automatic weapon does? Let me make it simple. A semi-automatic firearm shoots one bullet for every pull of the trigger. They are not full auto weapons. Semi-automatic weapons include shotguns, rifles, handguns and revolvers.

What the President is considering is the equivalent to saying he will no longer allow people to use gasoline in their vehicles due to motor vehicle accidents. Most people use gasoline for their vehicles.

Common sense tells you that won't work.

A common thread that seems to keep popping up when people commit these violent acts is that they feel alone or disconnected.

Covid shutdowns and social media are both responsible for separating people and making them more susceptible to depression and anxiety.

Have we gone too far in our society to separate people? We can no longer refer to someone by the color of their skin or their gender. How foolish we are to think eliminating those things would make things better. The more we separate and divide, the worse things will get.

The most dangerous person in the world is someone who no longer cares.

Is there anything we can do? I think so. The common thread of feeling alone or disconnected can be reversed. Do you have a neighbor or fellow employee who is alone? How about inviting them to dinner or to see the beautiful Christmas lights? How about planning an event outdoors when your kids have friends over? A nice hike on the beach is great this time of year! Put down the electronics and take a deep breath.

Remember knowledge is power and kindness should have no boundaries.



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We All Have A Weakness

By Becky Borneman

You know, everyone has things they're good at and things they aren't. If it has to do with cooking, count me out. That is not my forte.

What was supposed to be a quick, uneventful trip to the grocery store didn't end up that way. I was trying to help Jeff get ready for a big meal he was cooking and I offered to go to the grocery store for him. That's usually my wheelhouse when it comes to anything food preparation-wise. I will gladly shop for everything and even gladly do the dishes once done. Just don't make me cook...for your safety and mine!

I arrived at the store with a list in hand and ready to tackle it. It had a few new items on it that I wasn't so sure about but how hard could it be really?

Well, let me tell you...

Has anyone been after a red onion? Seems pretty simple doesn't it? An onion that's red. I spent 20 minutes in the produce department looking for a red onion. I'm here to tell you that it is in fact NOT red. It's purple. And not like a purplish-red. It's PURPLE. They don't call red apples orange! Why would they call a purple onion red?? Jeff must have sensed something was wrong and he called me during this time and asked how it was going. I told him what I was stuck on and after he stopped laughing he explained what color it really was. I was off to the next item.

Cube steak. Again, seems simple. I reached the meat department and started the search. I didn't find any. But I substituted. I found meat cut in cubes. That should work.

Lastly, was the Jiffy corn muffin mix for corn soufflé. I grabbed that right off the shelf and hit the checkout lane proudly thinking how I made it through that shopping experience with minimal damage.

I got home and started unloading and Jeff started looking through it all. I wish I would have captured the look on Jeff's face when he unpacked my finds. It was priceless. The only thing I got right was the "red" onion. The Beef Stew Meat that was cut in cubes did not qualify for cube steak. And the Jiffy corn muffin mix I thought I'd grabbed turned out to be Jiffy Cake Mix. In my defense, the boxes look just alike!

All in all, the meal turned out fantastic, after another trip to the store, with Jeff.



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I remember being broke for Christmas one year after food shopping and paying the bills and wrote a post dated check to make sure I could provide a good Christmas. I've lived as high and as low as it's possible to go. There were times I'd put \$10 worth of gas in my tank and other times \$50. I've had \$5 to just feed myself and I've also had \$200 to go out to eat. I've had a house full of food and times I didn't have any. I've been in stores cashing out with no worries and I've also had to add it up and put things back on the shelf. I've paid my bills in full and I've had to pay them late too. I've given money and I too have had to ask for it.

We all have highs and lows in life. Some certainly more than others, but we are all just trying to make it.

No one is better than anyone else and my heart is sad for those people who think that they are. No matter how big your house is, how new your car is, or how much money sits in your bank account - we all bleed red and will eventually fade from this earth.

Death has no discrimination and neither should your life.

Be kind to others. We are all here to serve.

Stop the power tripping.

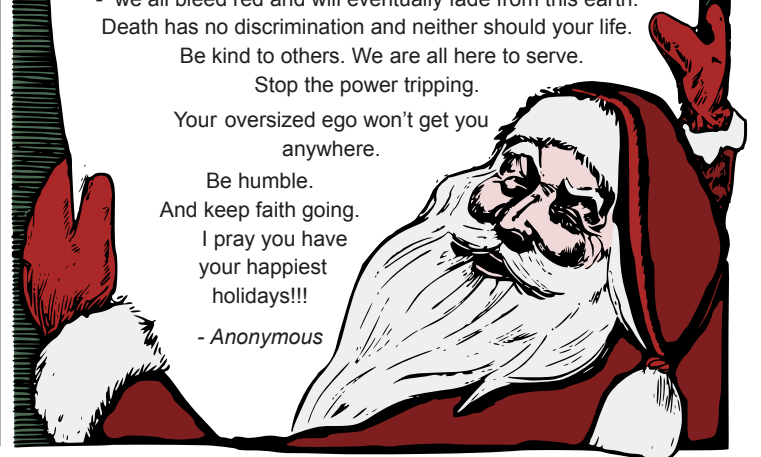
Your oversized ego won't get you anywhere.

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I pray you have your happiest holidays!!!

- Anonymous



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Sea Turtle Hospital News



By Karen Sota

Our extended late summer weather has finally turned on us. This year we were happy to have that extra month because it allowed us to complete our renovations in record time and re-open for tours through the end of the year. And it gave one little green who got his release papers late in the season the chance to go home while the waters were still turtle tolerable.

"Macaroni & Cheese" was a bit of a miracle, as turtles who are trapped and submerged in a net for long periods of time generally do not make it. After his near-death experience, with lots of TLC, a variety of meds and a really good appetite this little guy surprised us all with a quick turnaround. On a drizzly day, with a roaring ocean, volunteer Jason suited up for battle and carried Mac & Cheese out past the breakers where he shot off in search of a winter home.

A few weeks earlier we had admitted "Sasquatch Socks," a juvenile loggerhead who was enjoying lunch near the Sea View Pier in North Topsail Beach. Unfortunately, lunch came with a side of not only a lot of marine debris but one very large stainless-steel hook and several small ones. Although being hooked is not generally a good thing in this case it may have saved his life. He had a moderate load of barnacles, anemia and a fair amount of edema, so

he was clearly headed downhill.

Sasquatch had a line coming from his mouth but the hook itself was not visible. It was obvious that he was going to need intervention by the vets at CMAST to locate and extract what was at the end of that line. Radiographs showed a large hook deep in his esophagus, along with several small hooks. Surgery was performed and the hooks were successfully extracted. Although that issue was resolved he will be overwintering with us because his blood work is nowhere near where it should be. After a day or two with a sore throat he turned into a ravenous eater. He gets a big bowl of fatty fish every day and that's one of the key components for a successful rehab.

Fishing gear entanglement, like Sasquatch Socks, plus cold weather is why we rely on the sharp eyes of our locals and visitors. Cold-stun season has officially arrived, so we expect to be getting calls about the critters who didn't catch the last train out of Dodge. If you see a turtle that's been injured, cold-stunned or stranded for any reason call our Director of Beach Operations, Terry Meyer at: 910-470-2880. If she is not available, you may call the hospital during operating hours: 910-329-0222. We will take the information and send trained volunteers to retrieve the turtle. The State of NC hotline for stranded, sick and injured turtles is 252-241-7367. The

state number picks up 24/7. All conservation work for endangered sea turtles at KBSTRRC and on Topsail Island is authorized by the NC Wildlife Resources Commission, ES Permit 22ST05.



Tours Resume: We've opened to the public on a contracted tour schedule. Dates: November 25 and 26 and December 4, 8, 14 and 17. Check our website www.seaturtlehospital.org for times as they vary. And we still require ticket purchases in advance on our site. Our gift shop is jam-packed with all kinds of merchandise for turtle lovers, and of course you can adopt one of our patients for those impossible-to-buy-for relatives and friends. You can shop during those days without taking the tour.

Loggerhead "Sasquatch Socks" (below) and also pic of the hooks removed from his esophagus (left)



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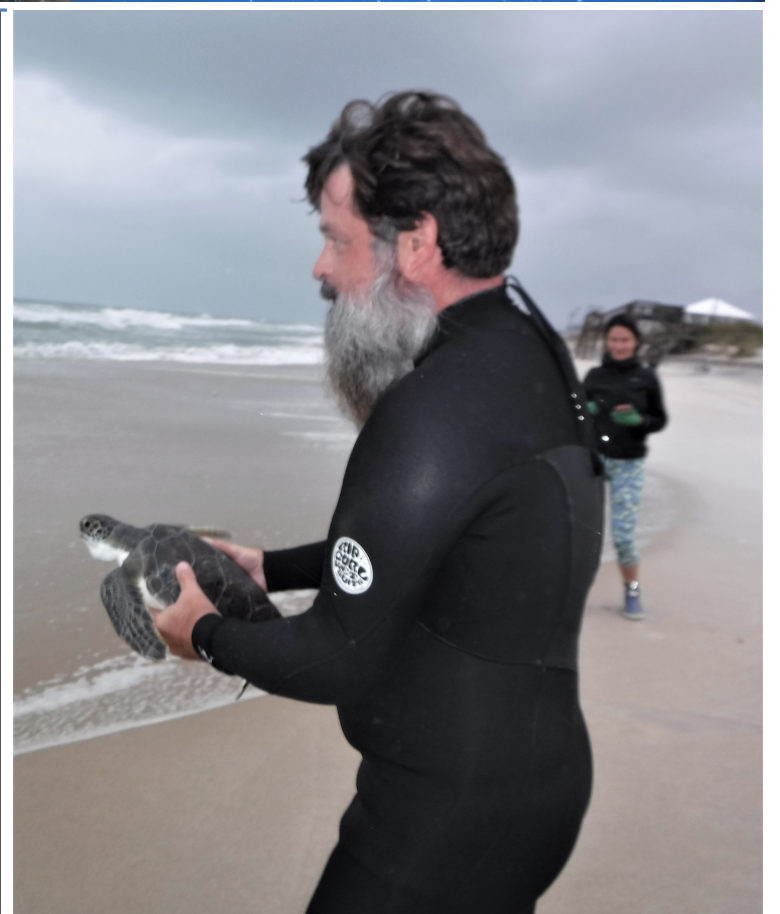
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Uncle John's Christmas Gift



By Carol Ann Ross

If Gladys could have anything she wanted for Christmas it would be that her Uncle John take her fishing in the Gulf Stream on his boat, the Cloud Nine. She didn't want another doll, she'd grown out of playing with them it seemed ages ago. And except for the little handmade mermaid, the one with the long auburn yarn hair, she never played with dolls at all.

Gladys liked her Uncle John, loved him, would be a more fitting way of putting it. Her parents had been adamant about teaching her the difference between like and love, so love it was. She loved her Uncle John. And despite his stern disposition, the fact that he rarely gave hugs and never smiled, she knew he loved her too. It had something to do with the way Uncle John always looked at her, rather into her, as if he knew her secrets. That look made her feel as if all her dreams would come true one day and that they weren't just hog wash or foolishness as everyone else said.

Momma, Uncle John's sister, always said he went through life with blinders on, refusing to accept anyone else's point of view. Daddy said he was stubborn as a mule and that he always wanted his own way. But one thing her parents did say that was nice about Uncle John, and that they both agreed upon, was that Uncle John was the best darn fisherman they'd ever known.

Always coming by every Tuesday, on the dot at 5 PM, with a cooler full of some kind of fish, or shrimp, or oysters, Uncle John would roll up in his battered old Chevy truck and slide his long lean frame slowly from the driver's seat. His tight lips would open and he'd growl loudly from the driveway, "where's Sid, where's that lazy old bag of worms." And if Gladys was lucky enough to be the one greeting him, Uncle John would wink, purse his lips and add, "just fooling, your daddy's a good man."

She had learned long ago that men usually derided each other in jest, that it was a sign of friendship. Thus she never was certain when she heard her father talking with other men about other men, that what was being said was true or if they were on friendly terms or not. "Men are strange," her mother remarked one day when Gladys brought up the subject, "and they gossip just as much as women do, maybe more."

Ellery, her brother, was now gone and in the Navy. He had worked on Uncle John's boat and always had stories

about the big hammerhead sharks and giant sea turtles he saw. He said he loved fishing and that his favorite place to be was on the water.

He was in Vietnam now, or so Uncle John had said. But he had been in Spain too and before that, some place in California. When he was in California, he'd sent her a little glass figurine, a frog riding a surfboard and wearing a pair of sunglasses. *That's me*, he'd written on the little note attached with Scotch Tape.

After that he sent her a silver wristwatch, several fancy scarves that she knew she wouldn't wear until she was older, and a picture postcard from Japan with Geisha girls. He sent her a book about frogs and toads too. This perplexed Gladys some, but she made herself read it and found it to be very informative. The last thing he'd sent her was a Spanish Flamenco dancer doll. It was dressed in a red and black lace dress and other than the mermaid Gladys played with on occasion, the Flamenco doll, was the only doll she'd kept. It stood on her dresser propped against the mirror right next to the surfing frog and a fake card saying that she had helped retrieve the nose cone from one of the rockets sent into outer space. Every time Gladys looked at the frog and card she laughed.

Ellery was tall and strong, he had a hairy chest and a lanky kind of walk, but it was her brother's sense of humor that Gladys loved best. He was always joking, always laughing and until he'd gone away to the Navy, he'd made a practice of setting her on his shoulders when he came home from working at the gas station, running around the living room and out into the yard. Once he even ran up the sand dunes with her on his shoulders.

Gladys remembered that particular day well. Once they'd reached the top of the dune, Ellery stood still and quiet. She had felt his sigh, his chest rising and falling beneath her legs. "Man, isn't that the neatest sight in the whole world," he'd said.

Then out of nowhere, it seemed, several helicopters from nearby Camp Lejeune flew by, sort of low, disturbing the silence and the moment and Ellery teased his little sister, "they're playing war you know."

"I know. I've seen it on the TV."

Then he lifted her from his shoulders and ran down the dune, she had followed and they both splashed into the water. That was such a good day as they played chase up and down the shore. They had lain on the sand after that, arms folded behind their heads.

She lay next to him listening as he talked about the big barracuda he'd caught when trolling in the Gulf Stream and how he'd fought a Marlin fish, only to see it break free. Turning to look at her, Ellery had winked and said in a way that perplexed her, "that was cool."

He continued with his big toothy grin, "I'll take you fishing with me out there one day."

"To the Gulf Stream?"

"Yep," he'd promised.

That seemed so long ago, and other than the gifts she'd received, Gladys had not heard from her brother in several weeks.

Around Halloween there had been a letter to her parents and she had listened by the door as Momma read it to Daddy. She'd had to listen hard as Momma spoke softly, reading the words slowly, telling Daddy how Ellery had been injured. Somebody shot him and now he was in Japan in a hospital. But when Gladys had asked her parents about it, they reassured her that all was well and that Ellery would be home soon.

Momma had cried and cried that day the letter came. So did Daddy.

Other letters came, about once a week and then they didn't come anymore. There had been no more gifts either, from Ellery, and Gladys wondered if he truly was all right. She asked again about her brother and though prefaced with a moment or two of silence, her parents always responded, "He'll be home for Christmas."

"Ellery loves going fishing with you Uncle John," Gladys gushed one day.

He grunted and nodded and raised a brow as his eyes studied her expression. "You wanna go too, huh?"

"When Ellery goes."

"And so it shall be," Uncle John offered. Momma and Daddy were not as quick to agree, and sort of chuckled and shrugged so as not to offend him when he mentioned it.

As Christmas drew closer Gladys thought more and more about her brother and often she pictured him as he was last year, the day when she and her mother and father had driven to the marina where Uncle John moored his fishing boat. It was in the afternoon after a trip to the Gulf Stream. As they pulled into the parking lot, Gladys could see the boxes and boxes of fish stacked high on the dock. Ellery was shoveling ice on them and he lobbed a piece or two toward her.

She giggled and sat just far enough away so he couldn't reach her and watched as Momma and Daddy and Uncle John walked over to the Dolphin

Fishing Pier for some coffee and to talk grown-up talk.

Gladys, still watching her brother, followed him closer as he jumped aboard the boat and hosed down the deck then grabbed a mop and bucket of suds. As he swabbed, he whistled a tune, then suddenly burst into a song about a drunken sailor.

"Grab the hose," Ellery ordered, "don't just stand there like a knot on a log." Before she knew it Gladys was washing down the bow and washing the suds from the deck where Ellery worked. She tried to keep up with his singing, but dancing along the toe rail, she almost slipped.

"Better find you some sea legs, gal," he said, stepping from the now clean boat. Ellery reached into a cooler and pulled out a ballyhoo, pulled line too, and then showed her how to tie a lure. "Looks like a baby marlin" Gladys had commented as her brother threaded the line through the gills. Ellery chuckled, "sure does." That was the day he'd told her he had joined the Navy.

- - -

It was the night before Christmas. The house was quiet. Momma and Daddy had gone to bed; Gladys could hear their snoring coming from their bedroom. The sounds were not loud, only soft emissions of air that melodied into the living room where she sat. The sounds had a sort of rhythm, and Gladys rocked slowly to them as she pulled her knees up and gazed at the tree decorated with glass bulbs and bubble lights and strings of tinsel. Boxes of all shapes and sizes were stacked neatly beneath and around the tree. She recognized the gifts she'd wrapped for her parents and the one she had for her brother, Ellery. It was a Luxor reel. She'd saved up the money by collecting empty pop bottles on the beach near the fishing piers. Gladys knew he would love it and she hugged herself tightly, watching the bubbles of the lights flit and the reflection of colors in the strands of tinsel.

Then her eyes turned upward to the top of the tree at the star that Daddy had placed there and she thought of what Preacher Smythe had said about the star and how it guided people and she hoped that it was guiding her brother home. For the first time since he'd left, she felt his absence deep inside, and the loneliness from it. "You better come home," she whispered before falling asleep.

Gladys heard the loud tooting of Uncle John's truck and rose rapidly from the rocking chair, almost slipping on the linoleum. She heard the slamming of the truck door and the heavy trod of her

uncle's boots. *Flam, flam, flam*, his fist against the wooden screen door sounded as he knocked. "It ain't Saturday, get out of bed."

The sound of her parents rousing in their bedroom reached her ears as she padded quickly to open the door for Uncle John. He stood as always, straight and scowling. His lips pursed and he turned his face upward. Though still mostly dark, dim light was just beginning to paint the star studded sky. "We're wasting time," he droned.

"What?"

"Ain't y'all up yet? We're going fishing. Isn't that what you wanted for Christmas, gal. He looked down to Gladys and she felt his large hand tousle her hair. Walking into the living room, Uncle John eyed the Christmas tree, raised a brow and growled, "looks like Santy Claus has been here." A quick glance to Gladys asked her if she wanted the gifts or the fishing trip.

Sid and Sadie stood clad in matching robes at the doorway to their bedroom. "You didn't say we were going."

"Doesn't look like you told the girl either." Uncle John retorted.

"We didn't think you were serious."

As he chewed his lips, his jaw moving this way and that, Gladys didn't know what to think. Yes, she wanted to go fishing with her uncle. Would her parents let her go? Why hadn't they told her? She watched the exchange of looks between the grown ups and she wondered just what was going to happen.

"Smooth as glass out there today, perfect day. Everything has been arranged and this little gal has been wanting this ever since her brother went off to war."

Sid and Sadie gasped, shook their heads, then turned to their daughter. "He's overseas, honey."

"You said he was coming home for Christmas. It's Christmas, I know about the war, Momma. Her face drew into puzzlement.

"John," Sadie began, "there was no need..."

"Give it a rest, Sis. She's nine, she ain't stupid."

"You said he'd be home for Christmas." Gladys said again.

Her mother nodded, "he will." She raised her eyes to her brother's, inhaling deeply, "Okay." She turned to Gladys. "Off you go. Pants, two shirts and a jacket and put on those good tennis shoes, you hear? We'll open the gifts when you get back." She hesitated for a moment before adding, "Maybe Ellery will be here by then."

Nodding, Gladys smiled broadly and ran to her bedroom.

In minutes she was dressed and standing next to Uncle John. She reached

pulled away before grasping it tightly.

"Well, little chicken, let's get going before the morning's gone." He nodded to his sister and her husband, then shook his head as he turned to walk with his niece to the truck.

The smell of the diesel engines was nauseating, but after a few minutes the fumes died down and Gladys watched as her uncle moved along the toe rail to drop the lines from the bow. He hollered out for her to let the lines from the transom cleats go, and though she'd never done it before, it was not difficult to understand what her uncle meant. Just this little task made her feel closer to what she'd dreamed about, and by the time they'd motored down the Intracoastal and out through the inlet into the Atlantic, she felt seasoned and as if she was part of the sea.

"Gulf Stream?" She hollered to her uncle.

He nodded, then turned his head back toward the waters ahead as he piloted the forty foot fishing boat.

It was smooth as glass, and the water sparkled gray with shades of blues and greens. Like little diamonds everywhere, the glistening water danced along the boat and farther, as far as she could see. Gladys sat still watching as Uncle John baited the outriggers with ballyhoo, thinking back to how Ellery had shown her how it was done. Uncle John then strung spoons on the lines from the stern and let them out a very long way. She couldn't even see where they entered the water.

Nodding for her to seat herself in the fishing chair, Gladys obeyed.

"Wait," he instructed.

"When will I know?"

"You'll know."

So this is what Ellery is talking about, Gladys thought as she watched and waited, her attention focused on the sights of the ocean, in its beauty and tranquility. She inhaled a sigh but before she could release it she heard the quick whir of line being pulled from the reel.

Uncle John grabbed the pole from the rod holder and began reeling, he pulled back a bit and then handed the rod to her.

"Don't jerk, make it smooth, you got one, a nice sized one." Uncle John commanded. "Hold 'em easy now. Don't let up. Keep the line firm."

Gladys watched her uncle's yellowish teeth glisten against his upturned lips. Could this be the first time she'd seen him smile? She laughed, he laughed with her and he spoke again, patting her shoulder, tousling her hair, "hold him now." She didn't know fully what he meant, but their eyes met as she reeled and let go, reeled, pulled back, and adhered to his nods and shakes of the

head, leading her to soon understand what the task required. Within minutes Gladys had the fish next to the boat. Uncle John pierced its side with the gaff and pulled it aboard.

"Thirty pounds, pretty good gal. Especially for a little chicken of your age."

Then as if out of nowhere, the whompa, whompa of helicopters sounded overhead. Uncle John's brow furrowed once again, the smile was gone and his eyes met those of his niece. "Dagblasted, choppers, messing up the fishing."

Gladys glimpsed them for just a second just as her uncle hollered, "That's enough. Keep your eyes on the fishing poles, not the choppers. "They're just playing war."

She nodded and looked to Uncle John, he shrugged and growled as he pulled the spoon from the dying fish's mouth.

Releasing the line into the ocean and setting the pole back in the holder, he instructed Gladys to look for the big one, an even bigger one than the mackerel she'd just caught. He cut the engines to barely moving at all, the lines slackened a bit and Gladys waited as before, for the quick sharp whine of the line. "But shouldn't we be trolling faster?" she asked.

Uncle John grunted. His eyes instructed silence. So she waited. It seemed forever and Gladys began wondering if this really was how it was

done. "Why so slow, Uncle John?" she asked again, and then she noticed how the pole by her bent downward.

"Got one gal! Reel it in!"

This time he did not help her but only stood beside her as she reeled laboriously. It seemed to take forever as she slowly turned the handle of the reel. Then finally Uncle John grabbed the gaff, and leaned against the side of the boat. "Almost here," he growled.

And there it came, the splash, and Gladys thought she was going to jump out of her skin when her brother pulled the diving mask from his face. "Ellery!" she shouted, you did come home!

Uncle John guffawed loudly, pulling his niece against him. "Told you that you had a big fish. A frogman fish."

"I told you I'd be home for Christmas. I told you we'd go fishing together." Ellery pulled himself aboard the Cloud Nine and drew his sister close. Called loudly, "Merry Christmas!"





Holiday Pet Hazards



By Dotty Ann Harding

*President & CEO of Onslow County
Partners for Animal Welfare*



The Holidays are a wonderful season to enjoy so many things with family and friends, and our pets usually enjoy it with us. Here are a few reminders to keep our furry companions safe from dangerous foods, toxic plants, and changes in their everyday routines.



Food and Drink Hazards

Chocolate is toxic to dogs, the darker the chocolate, the higher levels of theobromine. Small amounts cause vomiting and diarrhea, while large amounts can lead to seizures and death. White chocolate in very large amounts can result in stomach upsets.

Raw Cookie Dough, which contains yeast, can cause stomach issues resulting in expansion leading to obstruction.

Grapes and Raisins, just a few of them, could cause kidney failure.

Bones: Both cooked and uncooked bones are not safe to eat, as they can easily break and splinter, leading to problems such as mouth injuries, broken teeth, and gastrointestinal blockages.

Table Scrapes can contain spices that are harmful or are just too fatty and rich for pets, which could result in gastrointestinal upset or even pancreatitis, which according to PetMD, is high on the list for vet visits during holidays.

Trash: Dogs are notorious for getting into the trash, so be mindful of putting leftovers and bones in pet-proof containers.

Decorations

Tinsel is tempting for cats to play with but can cause obstructions in the stomach and intestines if swallowed.

Snow Globes can actually be lethal as Jenny Dean, owner of Floppycats, a Ragdoll cat breed, says, "Many snow globes contain antifreeze so if your

sweet kitty (or pup) knocks it off the countertop or coffee table, it breaks and then they lick the liquid (which is common with pets and antifreeze), they could go into kidney failure."

Ornaments: Many of which have hooks and sharp edges that could cause cuts and perforations to pets that chew on them. Dr. Stacy Choczynski, vet expert at Pumpkin Pet Insurance, advises that holiday ornaments with an appealing odor or that resemble a ball or treat be avoided. "In terms of design choices, I would avoid tassels and strings on the edges of your tree skirt. For canine companions, you can use a bitter-tasting spray designed for dogs to prevent chewing. You may try a motion sensor spray deterrent for cats to keep your feline away from your perilous tree. In most cases, I recommend against any apparatus that will evoke fear.

However, since the holidays are for a fixed duration and the tree is in a specific location, I feel comfortable using this spray boundary creator to help prevent injury and electrocution".

Christmas plants, can be an issue for pets, so limit the festive foliage during the holidays.

Holly can cause pets to suffer nausea, vomiting, and diarrhea when eaten.

Mistletoe can cause GI upset and cardiovascular problems.

Many varieties of lilies can cause kidney failure in cats if ingested.

Although the toxicity of the **poinsettia** has often been exaggerated, it can still cause irritation to the mouth and stomach with the overproduction of saliva and sometimes vomiting.



Poinsettia

Holiday lights, winter holidays bring with them plenty of lights and electrical cords, which can attract curious puppies and kittens. Care should be taken to reduce the risk of pets chewing on these cords.

Prevention and treatment tips for these hazards

Choose artificial plants or a pet-safe bouquet instead of tinsel and wreaths.

Be mindful of where you place electrical cords and outlets when hanging Christmas lights.

Dr. Marty Greer, DVM, JD, and Co-founder of Veterinary Village, has a key tip to alert pet parents to curious pups:

"Bells can be hung on the lowest branches of the tree. The bells will jingle, alerting you to a nosy pet exploring the tree."

Stress and visitor hazards

Your visitors and extended family could not be aware of the precautions you take to keep your pet safe in a controlled environment. Your pets are at high risk with doors left ajar and gates not closed. There are so many incidents where pets, in a moment of not being monitored, get out and get into a harm's way situation.

When I have visitors, I keep my pets safe by being crated, gated or behind a closed door. Only when it is a relaxed, comfortable situation are they permitted to mingle and then be comfortable in their own space.

Wishing everyone a blessed Christmas filled with God's Peace and Love.

Did your pet get into something they shouldn't? Call your vet or the ASPCA Poison Control (888) 426-4435 immediately for assistance.



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Pop's Place

By Carol Ann Ross

I guess you have to be really old to remember this place, Pop's Pavilion. It was really the only place in Surf City, back in the day, that offered weekly dances and family friendly entertainment. But I think back then, in the good old days, most places were "family friendly," especially when compared with the way things are today.

Pop's was located right where the Welcome Center is now-right at the center of the island and next to Buddy's. Buddy's building has been all kinds of places, but mostly it was known in the past as the Sand Piper. I guess there was a sort of rivalry between the two places, but patrons usually went back and forth between the two businesses. Between Pop's and the Sand Piper, many a fight has been fought, many a girl has been won and lost, and many a good time has been had.

In the 50s and 60s Pops was the hang out for all the kids and tourists. It's where you went if you wanted to socialize and

where you were certain of a good time. I remember when the bath houses were down stairs under the building. One could wash off the salt water after being in the ocean, and then change their bathing suits and clothes. I also remember trying to peek between the slats to catch a peek of the bathers. Shame on me. But then I was somewhere between the ages of eight and twelve. (got my tail tanned for that one)

Pop's Pavilion was owned by Pop Jones, who had previously run a bar in Holly Ridge at Camp Davis during World War II. In fact, the building is a World War II building. Jones came to Wilmington in the 1940s on a Standard Oil Tanker where he worked as a cook. Obviously, he liked the area so much, he decided to stay. After the military left the island in the late 40s, Pop opened the first and only bathhouse and dance hall in the area. Every weekend folks danced to live bands who played at the pavilion. Every Saturday night he put on a big square dance and people from all over came, even from as far away as Wilson and Jacksonville.

to my daddy's (Frank Ross) Texaco station to chew the fat.

Pop was known for his kindness and easy going demeanor. Even hurricanes didn't worry him too much. When hurricanes came through he'd sit in front of his stove at the pavilion and cook a pot of stew while playing the record, *This Old House*. I guess he'd seen enough of the world to know that such things as storms were just part of it. I guess you just have to make up your mind to not sweat the small stuff.

Thanks Pop for Pop's and for the good times.



Square dance at Pop's Pavilion
(above)



Pop Jones at the Pavilion after a hurricane
(right)

View from the beach at Pop's Place
(left)



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Percy

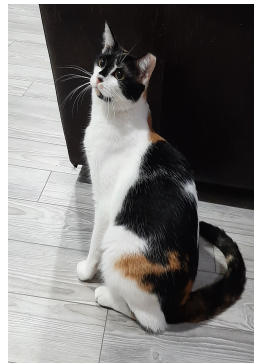
My markings are sooo pretty! My black & white patches, along with my big green eyes, make me quite a stunning boy! I am also a rescue from a fish place & boy am I glad to be safe now! I have gained weight & I love to play with feather toys!

I feel lucky to be with FURR, but I need my own home so FURR can save more homeless cats on their waiting list! Please come meet me & we can play! I'm only a little over a year old!



Battlet Kittens

We were born at the rescue and can't wait for our new FAMILY! We are SUPER funny, playful, soft, loving and totally entertaining! We come with all of our vet work and would love to meet you! Our mama is a rescue that was saved by FURR and was about to POP with us babies! She is sweet & beautiful also and her name is "MAMA BATTLET"! You won't find kittens more adorable than us! Better hurry! One of us has already been adopted!!!



Shrimp

Aren't calico cats colorful! I think so because I am one! Look at my silky soft fur with multiple colors! I was a rescued kitty from Hampstead, along with a LOT of my brothers & sisters. We were born outside in a really tough situation and FURR saved us! I am a very quiet and small kitty.

I would LOVE for someone to pet and rub me all day! I love treats too (kitty cookies) and I will come running at the shake of that box! I am fully vetted and MORE than ready to go! Please come meet me soon!



Perch

I look just like a full blooded Russian Blue cat, but I assure you, I was another homeless rescued cat that FURR saved! If you like that SOFT blue/gray coat & my big white spot on my chest, then you'll like me! I am a very sweet

boy & get along great with all the other kitties! Stop by & feel my velour fur & get to know me! I'm only a little over a year old!



Roughy

I am a GORGEOUS long haired orange tabby boy & my fur is sooooo soft! FURR rescued me from a fish place & I was skin & bones. Now I am fat & happy but still a little shy....but all I need is a little reassurance and love, and I will be the "bestest" kitty ever!

I love all of my siblings if you want a couple of cats! Please give me a chance to show you what an amazing cat I can be! I'm only a little over a year old!



Tuna

My name is TUNA....and, yes, I LOVE tuna! I am a long haired tortie girl and quite an eye catcher! You don't see many cats with my beautiful markings and coloring, so I know I am special! I am a little shy until you start talking to me and then, if you rub my back right in front of my tail, you would be surprised how high I can lift by butt up in the air! That just means that I LOVE the attention and to keep on scratching me! I was rescued from a seafood production plant and I'm so glad FURR saw me out late one night playing under the street lights. I might have been hurt or KILLED if I had continued to live there! I've had it really hard, but now I'm on easy street just waiting for someone to sweep me off my feet! Could that be you??? I'm already spayed and fully vetted! Hurry please!

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2022 New Year's Eve Blueberry Drop To Add Fireworks Display

BURGAW – Ring in the New Year in Burgaw! The Town of Burgaw, Pender County Tourism, Pender County Parks and Recreation, and the North Carolina Blueberry Festival will celebrate its 5th Annual New Year's Eve Blueberry Drop powered by W. O. Grubb Crane Rental.

"The annual Blueberry Drop has enjoyed a tremendous amount of success in the last four years due to the hard work of our committee," said Cody Suggs, Burgaw Parks, and Recreation director. "Last year was our biggest crowd and we look to continue that success with some new features for this year's event."

The New Year's Eve Blueberry Drop takes place in Historic Downtown Burgaw with the celebration beginning at 5 p.m. and concluding at 7:30 p.m.

Entertainment will be provided by Ace Party Band, a party band from Kannapolis, NC. Performing for all generations and music from all genres, this band is sure to get you dancing.

The lighted Blueberry Drop will take place at 7 p.m. EST, midnight Greenwich Mean Time.

The Town has taken the celebration a step further by adding a fireworks display to begin shortly following the drop. The fireworks can be enjoyed from the event area or designated parking areas throughout Town. Information on parking areas can be found on the town's website. Fireworks will be provided by Hale Artificier, Inc from Lexington, NC

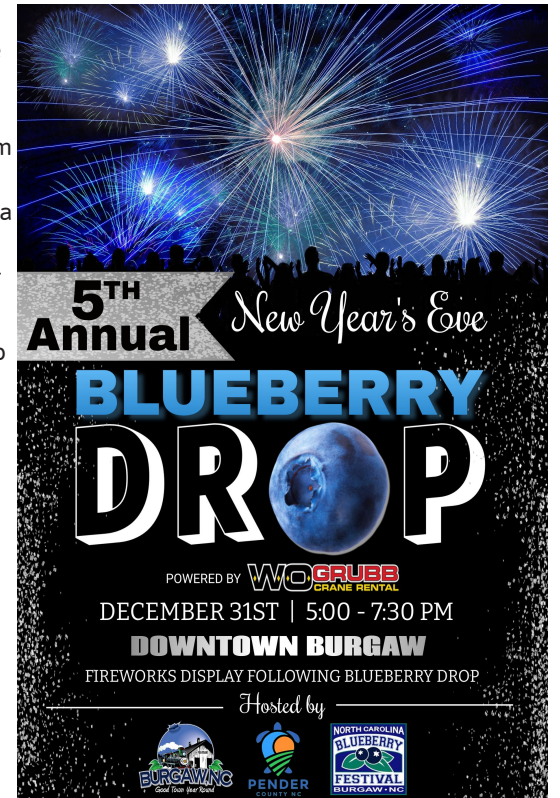
Spectators are encouraged to bring their lawn chairs. The Blueberry Drop committee strongly encourages no outside coolers, no pets, and no alcohol.

Food vendors will offer a variety of selections. Vendors include Lanes Ferry Food Truck, Port City Que, Something Good Food Truck, Topdog Hotdogs and Catering, Chris's Cosmic Cheesecakes, and Jay's Funnel Cakes. The Burgaw Lions Club will also be selling hot chocolate at the event.

"This is a family-fun event and we're pleased to partner once again with the Town of Burgaw and the NC Blueberry Festival on this annual event," said Tammy Proctor, Pender County Tourism director.

For more information or to become a sponsor contact Burgaw Parks and Recreation at 910-300-6401 or visit our website:

<https://burgawnc.gov/blueberrydrop>



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www.lakelindaschristmaslights.com

Coastal Common Sense

By Kim McGahey

Because we live in a free country, we have a choice. We can choose which America, which North Carolina and which Pender County we want to live in and how we want to live there.

We can choose a traditional American live-and-let-live attitude: a belief in equal opportunity, individual initiative and a strong sense of patriotism. Or we can choose the destructive progressive ideologies currently poisoning our cultural institutions with revisionist history, divisive identity politics and the woke culture social justice agenda of CRT (Critical Race Theory), ESG (Environment, Social and Government) and DIE (Diversity, Inclusion and Equity).

Today's woke progressives across the country and here in Pender County believe that government laissez-faire, free enterprise and love of family, faith and freedom are outdated ideals that oppress certain groups. They preach grievance and resentment among racial, sexual and socioeconomic groups in an effort to replace meritocracy with guaranteed equal outcomes for those

who line up, and penalties for others who don't comply.

The Left wants to cancel any dissenting opinions and promote government regulation of every routine incident in our daily lives. These elites believe they are smarter than we the people, that they can make better decisions for us rubes and that we should shut up and obey. By restricting our freedoms and pitting us against each other they hope to continue to manipulate and control the masses, thereby retaining political power.

On the contrary, traditional Americans believe we can combine localities, ethnic heritages, family traditions, religious beliefs and financial backgrounds without destroying the diverse, prosperous, urban-mobile cultures that make up today's American landscape. The melting pot can continue to absorb the legal huddled masses without labeling certain tribes as either oppressors or the oppressed.

We are united by an ethic of equal opportunity that allows every individual to excel and prosper, regardless of skin color or birth status and based solely on the content of your character and your

willingness to work hard and honest in pursuit of personal happiness. We still are truly the land of opportunity which is why hundreds of thousands of legal immigrants continue to migrate to our shores every year.

What we need now more than anything after the recent elections is moral courage. America is being bombarded by foreigners illegally invading our southern border. Our country has been disgraced by the shortsighted decisions of our political and military leaders in Afghanistan. The FBI and Department of Justice have deteriorated to the point where parents at school board meetings are afraid that they will be investigated as domestic terrorists for standing up for their right to determine if their children have to wear masks or be subjected to an equity curriculum. We are being told by local town councils that we are not free to use our private property as we see fit. No wonder we are discouraged.

But we don't need to accept complete powerlessness if we have the fortitude to stand up for what we believe is right and have the courage of our convictions; despite the inevitable negative

consequences directed at us by the hateful woke mob. We need to take control of our attitude and our actions and decide where we can make a positive difference in our families, our community and our country. We come from an unbroken line of sturdy stock, and we can act in accordance with our historic stoic virtues of courage, temperance, justice and wisdom.

Now is the time to apply what we know having just exercised our cherished right to vote. That constitutional right sets us apart from banana republics and their dictators and has propelled us into the leadership role of human rights among the nations of the world.

Locally, it is more important than ever to support our traditional American elected officials on our school boards, on our town councils and in our state legislature. Go to their meetings, send emails to them and don't let them push you around. Remember, they work for us!



Coastal Common Sense Bonus



By Kim McGahey

Once upon a time in a tiny town down by the ocean, there lived a humble little girl. She wasn't rich and she wasn't famous, but she was very happy. She would work hard at her chores to help her family buy enough food to feed all the hungry mouths. And she played happily on the sandy shores as the other people of the town were pushing and shoving each other to get ahead.

It made her sad that the busy people of the town were so mean to each other. After all, she wanted them to enjoy the fresh ocean air, the salty waves and the grandness of what Mother Nature had given them all to live in.

The townpeople, in their hurries, didn't notice the wonderful simple things that made her life so full of love. All they wanted was to get rich and they never focused on the natural wonders that surrounded them.

One chilly winter day when all the town was preparing for Christmas, the little girl stopped to look at the colorful lights and the pretty holiday decorations; and the joy of Christmas filled her heart.

It was such a beautiful season, she didn't understand why all the people weren't smiling and being filled with the spirit of giving and sharing.

As she sat by the postmaster's door happily munching the Christmas cookies her mother had baked that morning, she could see the people shoving each other for a place in line to mail their Christmas packages. Even though Christmas was only a few days away, the people were yelling at the poor old bespectacled postmaster saying he was too slow. The postmaster had such a small shop and the nasty people had put off their mailing far too long; but they blamed him, cursing him and each other so much that it brought tears to the little girl's bright blue eyes.

One sorrowful tear rolled off her rosey cheeks and dropped onto her cookie, and suddenly a giant Christmas smile came across her angelic little face.

As she stood in line looking up at the cruel, greedy people with frowns on their twisted faces, she continued to beam a cheery broad smile. But it was the only smile in the room. She smiled a joyous holiday glow as those around her grew meaner and uglier.

Slowly, the line of selfish mailers inched closer to the tired old postmaster. She was close enough now to see beads of sweat on his furrowed brow from all his hard, honest work. He had a kind face, she could see, wrinkled from years of smiles and good thoughts; yet the impatient people still cursed his speed. Poor old man, she thought. Such a decent fellow being treated so badly.

Finally, after being jostled for what seemed like forever, the tiny figure in torn clothes with a small box in her bundled hands made it to the edge of the postmaster's counter.

All the kind old man could see when he looked down through his sweat-smeared glasses was the tattered hat atop sparkling blue eyes and a giant Christmas smile. It warmed the aged clerk's heart to see this bright little holiday flower before him. Soon he forgot about the curses and the madness of the greedy crowd in his shop.

And then, just as the jeers were rising to a deafening crescendo of selfishness, two tiny hands rose slowly but with purpose from below the smiling face and tattered hat with a box that she placed in front of the kind old

postmaster.

"Merry Christmas!", whispered the littler girl. "These cookies are for you."

And the old postmaster smiled at the crowd and had a very Merry Christmas!

Be kind to your family and friends. Pray for your enemies. We celebrate that Jesus was born to save our souls. Mathew 1:23.

Merry Christmas!



Sheriff of Onslow County Retires And Seeks To Fill Jack Bright's Term As Onslow County Commissioner

Hans Miller has been Sheriff of Onslow County for the last eight years with great success. He would have run for Sheriff again but felt that the county would be in good hands with a member of his department, Chris Thomas.

On December 1st, Sheriff Miller turned over the reins and is now ready to begin the next chapter of his long public service career. On December 2nd, Onslow County Commissioner Jack Bright put in his resignation due to health and family concerns. This came as a shock to Hans Miller who had worked with Commissioner Bright during his eight years as Sheriff and considers him a good friend. Hans Miller took this as a sign to put his name out there for consideration to fill Mr. Bright's remaining term.

His qualifications? Well, that list is quite long and extensive. After serving 27 years in the Marine Corps, Hans Miller continued into a career in law enforcement that included State and Federal positions, including a US Marshal Deputy. He was one of the original SBI Special Agents selected to the new computer crimes section. Prior to that he investigated homicides, other serious crimes and did C.S.I. work. Hans Miller did extensive work with the Internet Crimes against Children Task Force (protecting children from predators). He has worked for Onslow County for 13 years as both the Chief of Police at Albert Ellis Airport and as Sheriff. In both of his elections, Sheriff Miller had received 70% of the votes cast.

Mr. Miller's philosophies are simple: Work together as a team for the people. Surround yourself with good competent people selected for their experience, education and abilities. Set goals and find the right people to help accomplish them. Be an independent thinker and always keep the will of the people in mind. Hans Miller understands that the position of Commissioner is different from being Sheriff but also believes the skills he has acquired in his years of office and experience will be an asset to the community. When asked why he would want to be commissioner, his answer was simple, "Citizens deserve trustworthy people in government who will represent them, evaluate priorities and vote accordingly."

The Republican Party Executive Committee will be making the recommendation on who should fill Jack Bright's vacancy within 30 days to complete his term. Want to contact them? Call (910) 358-2394.



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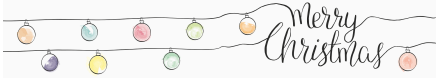
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A Reason to Believe



By Linda Merlino



Can I write about miracles? Believing? Would you turn the page? Or be curious? There is a bracelet that wraps around my rearview mirror; inexpensive, mostly plastic, priceless only in sentiment. Explained, it is a mini rosary with a guardian angel in the middle. Several years ago, I attended a church in Newtown Connecticut. My attendance in this church or any house of worship was infrequent. My conversations with God took place in private and usually early in the morning. On this occasion, Mother's Day, I accompanied a friend to Saint Rose and during the course of Mass the priest asked every mother in the church to stand. Mothers, so many of us, rose from the pews. The priest spoke of the Lord's gratitude. As he delivered his prayer several ushers began gifting us bracelets, the very one I keep in my car. The bracelets, and all the mothers received a special blessing.

The brief ceremony was very moving, particularly for me as my mother had died and its symbol of protection reminded me of her. In truth, the heaviness of emotion lay deeper, because this was the parish of the Sandy Hook families who grieved the senseless loss of twenty of its children, and six adults murdered on December 14, 2012.

Solace can be found in unexpected places with mundane objects, or unexplained signs. That day the bracelet had given me and many others reassurance; a speck of hope and a reason to believe. I wore the bracelet on and off until the day I purchased a new car and decided to place it high on the mirror to keep us safe. A few more years elapsed. My children were parents and those children multiplied. One day something very extraordinary happened. The bracelet fell, not from a touch or an intention, but from something unseen. My oldest granddaughter had been crying and worried about her brother who cut his foot on broken glass. Her parents asked me to take her out while

they sought medical help. Did the bracelet have the power of reassurance? I believed it did. Without hesitating I said the bracelet had given us a sign. This turned out to be true and more than just a coincidence. Since then, the bracelet has managed to slip onto the floor, a lap, or into a shoe, at least a half dozen times. The same message prevailed: *everything will be okay.*

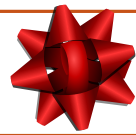
Last month I drove through a popular car wash where vacuuming is free. The crunch and clatter of the bracelet being sucked into the massive vacuum system tested my story. Is this how it ends? I left a name, number, and a brief description with the young man in the office. His words were kind, but his eyes said not a chance. Two days later an unknown phone number rang through: dodging all the blocks and silencers.

"We've found your bracelet."

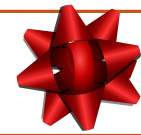
"I'm coming. Thank you." First there were a dozen Krispy Kreme donuts to pick up for the staff and a few calls to make. When I handed off the donuts at the car wash, hungry smiles greeted me.

"The bracelet must be very special," the young man said. "We don't usually find missing items like this."

I nodded, expressed my gratitude, and held tight to my lost and found. This story may be never ending. Be grateful, hug your family, tell them they are loved, have a Merry Christmas or a Happy Holiday and remember your reason to Believe.



Sea Turtle Hospital News



By Karen Sota

The cold-stuns are here. Every year, as soon as the holidays roll around, we know that any number of the turtles that strand along Cape Cod will be headed our way. On December 2nd fifteen defrosted critters reached the finish line at our hospital. It was a long and complicated journey, taking the efforts of a very experienced group of "turtle travel agents." Initially rescued by the Mass Audubon Wellfleet Bay Wildlife Sanctuary they were triaged at the New England Aquarium and the National Marine Life Center. After receiving their seat assignments (banana boxes for all) and boarding passes they were flown to North Carolina by Turtles Fly Too, thanks to arrangements made by NOAA Fisheries New England/Mid Atlantic. Once on the ground in Beaufort, NC they headed down the road to CMAST (NC State University Center for Marine Sciences and Technology in Morehead City) where they were checked over by their vets and biologists from NCWRC. Finally, they arrived at our hospital late in the day on Friday. What a trip – literally.

We were ready for them. We advised Snooki, who is still enjoying her vacation in our therapy pool in Sick Bay, that she would be getting a lot of new roomies.

Once the banana boxes were opened we found that we had 8 greens and 7 Kemp's. That's really an unusual mix for us. In previous years it's been all Kemp's, every time. Apparently, this year the greens found something interesting enough in Cape Cod Bay that they decided to party with the Kemp's until the curtain came down. In any case, all these little guys are adorable, especially tiny "Tulip" who weighs only 1 kg.

Our dedicated volunteers worked into the night, assigning names to each turtle and settling them into individual tanks where they have already begun their rehabilitation. And these are some of the best Crayola names of the year. We're wondering if "Screamin' Green" and "Banana Banana" are going to live up to their handles. Stay tuned for more information on some of the more "colorful" individuals and follow their progress on our social media sites.

We're officially in cold stun season now so please BOLO for turtles in trouble. If you see a turtle that's been injured, cold-stunned or stranded for any reason call our Director of Beach Operations, Terry Meyer at: 910-470-2880. If she is not available, you may call the hospital during operating hours: 910-329-0222. We will take the information and send trained volunteers to retrieve the turtle.

The State of NC hotline for stranded, sick and injured turtles is 252-241-7367. The state number picks up 24/7. All conservation work for endangered sea turtles at KBSTRRC and on Topsail Island is authorized by the NC Wildlife Resources Commission, ES Permit 22ST05.

You still have a few opportunities to visit us in 2022. We're open for tours December 8, 14 and 17. Check our website www.seaturtlehospital.org for times as they vary. And we still require ticket purchases in advance on our site. Our gift shop is jam-packed with all kinds of merchandise for turtle lovers, and of course you can adopt one of our patients for those impossible-to-buy-for relatives and friends. You can shop during those days without taking the tour.



Cold stun "Banana Banana" peeks out of his banana box



Cold stuns arriving at Beaufort thanks to "Turtles Fly Too."



Cold stuns begin rehab in Sick Bay

Governor's Volunteer Service Award Nominations Accepted Now

BURGAU- Nominations are now being accepted for the 2023 Governor's Volunteer Service Award. The awards program, created by the Office of the Governor in 1979, recognizes North Carolina's most dedicated volunteers. Through the years the award has been bestowed on thousands of North Carolinians who have shown concern and compassion for their neighbors by volunteering in their local community.

"Each county selects up to 10 individuals, business, groups/teams, and one paid director of volunteers to be recognized for their outstanding contributions to our community," said Tammy Proctor, the Pender County Coordinator for the 2023 Volunteer Service Awards. One of the nominees will be nominated for the Governor's Medallion Award for Volunteer Service, which is awarded to approximately the top 20 volunteers in the state. A local committee evaluates

the nominations.

"We have a number of amazing volunteers in Pender County," said Proctor. "We urge every organization, director, or business to nominate someone today."

Printed nomination forms are available in Pender County at the Pender County Tourism office, 106 E. Wilmington St. in Burgaw.

Nomination forms are available online at www.volunteernc.org.

Nomination forms are also available via email by contacting tproctor@pendercountync.gov. The deadline to submit Pender County nominations is **Feb. 13, 2023**. Award recipients will be recognized during National Volunteer Week, April 16-23, 2023.



2023 GOVERNOR'S VOLUNTEER SERVICE AWARD (GVSA) NOMINATION ELIGIBILITY AND SUBMISSION GUIDELINES

The **Governor's Volunteer Service Award (GVSA)** honors the true spirit of volunteerism by recognizing individuals and groups that make a significant contribution to their community through volunteer service. There are different categories for the type of nominee (senior, youth service, family, group, etc.). Additional service categories include animal, environmental, disaster, veteran/military, cultural, and so on. County recommendations are reviewed by the Commission and awards are given out in the counties. The guidelines and application form are provided below.

ELIGIBILITY

1. Nominees must have been engaged in volunteer activities for a minimum of one year in North Carolina and benefited a community or communities in the state in a substantial, important, or unique way. Volunteer service performed outside the state will not be considered.
2. Students receiving high school or college course credits for their volunteer activities are ineligible unless the nomination is based on volunteer service that extends beyond the course requirements, in which case it must be clearly indicated in the nomination statement.
3. National Service Volunteers must be nominated for service that goes above and beyond the requirements of their national service program. Volunteer hours logged in a national service program will not be considered.
4. Previous award recipients from the last ten years are ineligible.
5. Nominees are ineligible if they receive compensation for their service.
6. Nomination cannot be based upon court-mandated community service.
7. Nomination cannot be based upon serving as a "loaned executive."
8. Self-nominations are not allowable.
9. Family members may not nominate another family member for an award.
10. Nominations for group and/or team volunteerism must be made by individuals outside of the group and/or team.
11. Director of Volunteers who are paid for their service must be nominated in the non-volunteer service category.
12. All nomination submission requirements listed below must be met.

IMPORTANT SUBMISSION REQUIREMENTS

1. All nominations must be submitted on the 2023 Governor's Volunteer Service Award nomination form.
2. Only fully completed nomination forms will be accepted. Sections 1-5 must be completed. Incomplete nominations will not be considered for the award.
3. While we regret any inconvenience it may cause, all nominations must be typed. Handwritten forms will not be accepted. Email volunteernc@nc.gov for this form in Word.
4. One additional reference is required for each nomination.
5. The nomination form must be signed and dated by the nominator. Forms without a signature will be considered incomplete and not considered for the award.
6. The nominator may not serve as the only reference.
7. Nomination attachments/supporting documentation (photographs, letters, etc.) will NOT be accepted.
8. County coordinators must submit their nomination packet to the Governor's Office by Wednesday, February 15, 2023, at 5:00 p.m. County coordinators should set a local deadline for accepting nominations to allow enough time for the local selection process and submission by the due date of 2/15/23.

AWARD SELECTION

- Award selections are based on the nominee's volunteer efforts and commitment of time, accomplishments, community impact and enhancement of the lives of others, as described on the nomination form.
- Nominations are received and evaluated at the county level. The county may submit up to 10 nominations to the Commission for consideration for the Governor's Volunteer Service Award. One of the nominees may be recommended for the Medallion Award, the highest level of volunteer recognition in the state. Please note that if the Medallion nominee is a Group/Team, or more than one person, only one physical medallion will be awarded. Medallions cannot be awarded to each member of a Group/Team and extra medallions are not available for purchase. The county may also recommend one non-volunteer (paid) Director of Volunteers to be considered for the Governor's Medallion Award.
- The Commission will select award recipients based on merit and eligibility. Recipients are selected without regard to race, ethnicity, religion, gender, national origin, or physical/mental disability.

North Topsail Beach Shrimp Dip
January 1, 2023
12pm

All proceeds will be donated to the Autism Society of North Carolina: Onslow County Chapter

for more info: SFsatellitesecretary@gmail.com
@theshrimpdip



21st Annual
Dolphin Dip
January 1st, 2023
Surf City, NC



21st Annual Dolphin Dip
January 1st, 2023 @ 11am



Strange Radar Readings Lead To Discovery Of Chaff In Our Local Air - But What Is It?

At first glance of radar, it might look like we had light showers off our coast over the last couple hours. However, that's not rain...

Closer glance shows it's actually chaff offshore. Odd reflectivity shape, non-meteorological CC values, and absence of clouds gives us the information we need.

But what is chaff? And is this new to our area?

NWS Wilmington meteorologists had their hands full during the afternoon of April 22, 2016, as several waves of showers and thunderstorms moved across eastern North and South Carolina. The strongest thunderstorm of the day dropped hail up to 3/4 inch in diameter near Florence, SC, along with over three inches of rain.

Another interesting aspect of this event was what at first appeared to be an area of rain near Southport, NC, which later moved north across Wilmington. At least one person called our office while checking the radar on his phone, asking us how much rain we expected to fall in Wilmington over the next hour. Typically dark green to yellow colors on radar mean moderate rainfall rates of 0.10 to 0.30 inches per hour, so our answer was quite surprising to him: "No rain at all!"

How did we figure this out? First a brief word on radar:

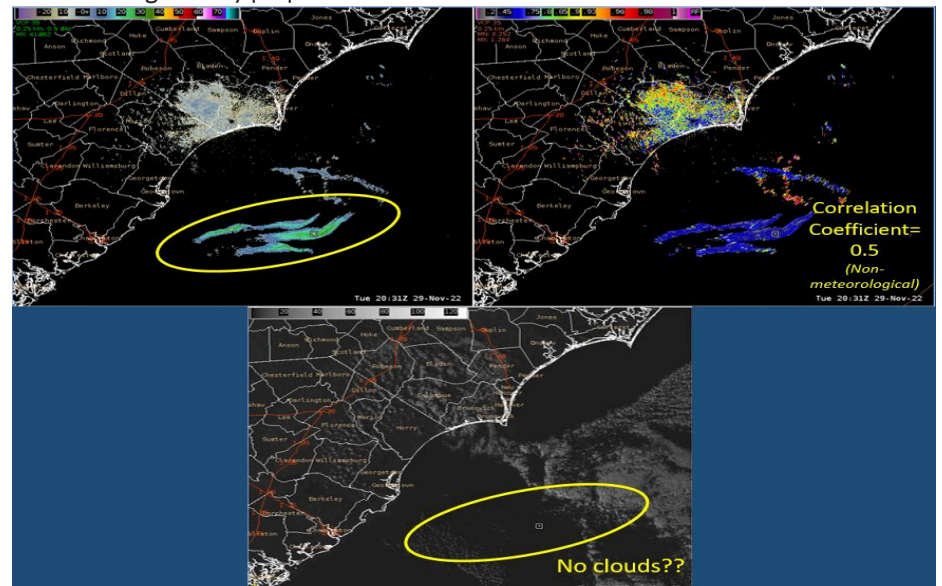
Weather radar works by transmitting special radio waves from of a large dish antenna, then "listening" to see where the waves bounce back from. Besides rain, hail, and snow, lots of other things can bounce these radio waves back too -- like birds, insects, shifts in wind, even the sides of mountains!

Another item that can reflect radar waves is chaff. Chaff is the name given to tiny glass fibers covered in aluminum metal. Developed by the British and Germans independently during World War II, its purpose is to confuse enemy radar to make it more difficult to detect aircraft during wartime. It is dropped by airplanes and spreads widely with the wind as it falls. Chaff is often used offshore during local military training exercises, and NWS meteorologists note its appearance on radar several dozen times a year just off Cape Fear.

Although chaff may look similar to rain in radar reflectivity, it appears very different in some of the new radar products added during the dual-polarization radar upgrade several years ago. The difference is most apparent in correlation coefficient, a product that shows how similar in shape the items

being sampled by the radar beam are. Falling raindrops are all generally the same shape (nearly spherical) so their correlation coefficient is very high: 0.97 to 0.99. Hail usually has a lower correlation coefficient (0.8 to 0.9) since hailstones are irregularly shaped. Since individual pieces of chaff tumble as they fall and present a variety of cross sections to the radar, they register a low correlation coefficient below 0.60. Note in the following image how the chaff appears blue in correlation coefficient while rain is generally purple.

Another recent introduction to our suite of radar products is Multi-radar Multi-sensor (MRMS) imagery. The MRMS system combines data from multiple radars, models, and observations to create a more complete weather picture. In this case, MRMS used dual-polarization data from the radar and automatically removed the chaff since it's not meteorological in origin. This results in better weather radar data and also leads to improvements in precipitation estimates.



He, She, Or It

By Dorothy Royal

He, she or it and they – the non-binary category needs to go!

Anderson Lee Aldrich, a 22-year-old man with a beard, mustache and scruffy face doesn't want to be called a male or a man. He wants to be considered non-binary which is a relatively new term the government has forced the American people to deal with over the last few years. Non-binary means a person is opting out of a gender, for whatever reason. How crazy has our society come?

In the case of Mr. Aldrich, the non-binary issue may be one to keep him from getting more charges, like a "hate-crime" added to the five murders he committed while shooting up a night club in Denver, Colorado. The nightclub was a meeting place for the LGBTQ community and on the night of his attack, people had come together to celebrate a member's birthday.

For some reason Mr. Aldrich must have felt that if he tried to include himself in the group he just murdered (by calling himself non-binary) that perhaps the punishment for his actions might be lessened.

No deal.

Was Mr. Aldrich previously known to law enforcement? Why yes, he was. In fact, a little over a year before this monstrous event, Mr. Aldrich had been arrested for making threats, including bomb threats that led to the evacuation of almost a dozen homes. He threatened his own family with weapons and a home-made bomb. He was taken to jail for kidnapping and menacing (suggesting the presence of danger). Unfortunately, that is where the record stops. There is no record of a conviction.

Why wasn't Mr. Aldrich charged and convicted? Why wasn't he in prison? Why was he free and on the streets? There seems to be a lot of failures here, including the legal system.

The fact that the mainstream media refers to him as "they" is very confusing. They is plural. He or she would be singular. A person who opts not to be he or she should then become an "it" for media purposes.

Did you know that Non-binary is now an option on Federal Firearm Forms to purchase a firearm? I can honestly say in all my years of selling firearms not once did anyone complain about having to list a gender. Weight, yes weight is an issue and can vary greatly, and people have complained about that, but never gender. So why the federal change?

Mother Nature must be laughing out loud at how crazy human beings have become.

Simply Homemade Recipes

Christmas Wreaths



½ cup butter
30 large marshmallows
1 ½ teaspoons green food coloring
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
4 cups cornflakes cereal
2 tablespoons cinnamon red hot candies

Melt butter in a large saucepan over low heat. Add marshmallows, and cook stirring constantly, until melted. Remove from the heat, stir in food coloring and vanilla, then stir in cornflakes. Set out one or two sheets of waxed paper. Fill a skillet with 1 inch of very hot water. Place the saucepan into the skillet so cookie dough stays warm. Quickly drop a heaping tablespoonful of cookie dough onto the waxed paper, and use lightly greased fingers to form it into a wreath shape. Immediately decorate cookie with red hot candies. Repeat to shape and decorate remaining cookies. Allow cookies to cool to room temperature before removing from waxed paper, about 15 minutes. Store in an airtight container.

Photos and recipes courtesy of AllRecipes.com

Chef John's Perfect Prime Rib



1 (4 pound) prime rib roast
¼ cup unsalted butter, softened
1 tablespoon freshly ground black pepper
1 teaspoon herbes de Provence
kosher salt to taste

Place prime rib roast on a plate and bring to room temperature, 2 to 4 hours. Preheat an oven to 500 degrees F (260 degrees C). Combine butter, pepper, and herbes de Provence in a bowl; mix until well blended. Spread butter mixture evenly over entire roast. Season roast generously with kosher salt. Roast the 4-pound roast in the preheated oven for 20 minutes. (If your roast is larger or smaller than 4 pounds, see footnote to calculate cooking time.) Turn oven off and, leaving the roast in the oven with the door closed, let the roast sit in the oven for 2 hours. Remove roast from the oven, slice, and serve.

Christmas Creamy Eggnog



4 egg yolks
1 (5 ounce) can sweetened condensed milk
1 tablespoon white sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
4 ½ cups milk
4 egg whites
1 fluid ounce rum
¼ teaspoon ground nutmeg

In a large mixing bowl, beat egg yolks until they are thickened and light. Gradually stir in condensed milk, sugar, vanilla, and milk. Beat egg whites until stiff, then add them to milk mixture. Stir rum into mixture to taste. Garnish with nutmeg.

Word Search

(The Nightmare Before Christmas)

N	Y	B	I	G	W	I	T	C	H	R	Z	O	R
O	C	O	R	P	S	E	K	I	D	Y	C	O	U
T	V	A	M	P	I	R	E	O	L	L	C	T	W
G	C	V	L	S	C	M	S	L	I	O	K	C	O
N	A	I	Y	H	W	F	A	E	Z	C	L	I	L
I	M	C	S	O	I	S	C	I	I	K	T	B	F
L	R	K	N	C	M	G	M	A	Y	O	R	A	M
L	H	C	O	K	Z	E	R	O	O	A	W	O	A
E	Y	A	G	L	A	A	M	N	A	Y	Y	E	N
K	D	J	N	D	K	O	I	O	R	V	K	O	O
S	E	P	E	G	N	O	I	D	A	O	O	E	N
N	W	O	T	N	E	E	W	O	L	L	A	H	P
P	L	O	O	G	I	E	B	O	O	G	I	E	G
M	A	O	O	F	W	Y	M	M	U	M	A	M	K

Jack
Big Witch
Mr Hyde
Halloween Town
Sally
Wolfman

Shock
Corpse Kid
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Mummy
Vampire

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