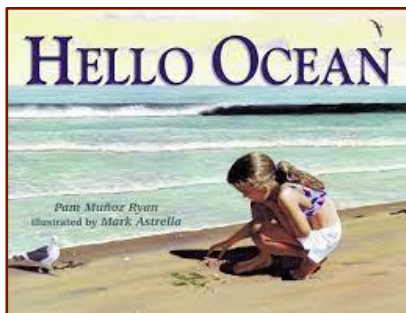


SOUNDSIDE LEARNING THIS WEEK ON CORE SOUND

COMING UP AT CORE SOUND

- **August 11:** *Parlor Talk*, "Cabin Culture of the Southern Banks"
- **September 13:** *Community Night*, "Florence Four Years Later," Supper @ 6 PM and Program @ 7 PM

Sound Reading Material For You & Your Child



Hello Ocean
by Pam Muñoz Ryan

Relive a day at the beach with this lovely book of memories. You can almost feel the salt spray on your face and smell the musky scent of ocean in the cool morning air. Remember how the sand squishes between your toes as the tide rushes to shore and taste the tang of the ocean on your lips. Spirited language evokes a sense of closeness and nostalgia for an old friend. The inspiration of the ocean will make learning the five senses as easy as a day at the beach.

Grade Level: preschool - 2
Pages: 32

Getting to Know Us

Our "What Does Down East Really Mean?" teacher workshop was a tremendous success. Nineteen Carteret County teachers from various parts of the country explored our area for two days not only learning about our rich heritage, but also building an invaluable foundation upon which they may now create bonds of understanding with their students this year.

Our first day was spent travelling Down East on an activity bus while an oral history of each community was shared. The beauty that surrounded us coupled with the heritage-rich stories was powerful. Our visiting teachers experienced both laughter and tears while their appreciation for our area began to blossom.

Day two was spent at Cape Lookout where once again everyone was immersed in the beauty of our homeland and the history of our ancestors. While travelling from the Diamond Lady to Cape Point, our rich past was both heard and seen creating a lasting impression on all who were there.

As a teacher, it is imperative that we understand our students and their families for understanding evokes compassion. An educational environment filled with compassion is one which nurtures learning and fosters growth for everyone.

We at the Museum feel honored to have shared our communities with this year's group of teachers. We are proud of our heritage and will continue to diligently work towards sharing our Down East legacy with all who will listen while preserving it for those who are slower to lend an ear.



Meeting Chester

There are some things worth the wait and some things worth getting mommicked ... my brief visit with Mr. Chester Lynn proved to be both!

Eva, one of our summer interns, and I attempted to visit Mr. Lynn earlier this month, but ferry issues prevented that from happening. Not to be deterred, we tried again this past Wednesday and successfully made it to Ocracoke! There we experienced a meeting with this interesting man whose knowledge about all things Portsmouth and figs is amazing.

During our visit Eva and I learned about life on Portsmouth Island while viewing photos of and artifacts belonging to Mr. Lynn's ancestors. Eva has worked for two summers to preserve his scrapbooks, so she was akin to a kid on Christmas morning as she asked questions about various entries.

Our stay was cut short with a notification that our return ferry to Cedar Island was canceled causing us to travel home via Swan Quarter, but we refused to let that dampen our spirits. Although our short visit to and from Mr. Lynn was cumbersome, we will surely never forget Mr. Lynn's unique charisma and perspective of life. If you are ever on Ocracoke, I encourage you to pay him a visit at Annabelle's Antiques. You will be glad you did.



Where I'm From

Staci Davis Basden

I am from the cozy, brick fireplace where smoldering marshmallows were eaten, and roe was cooked in the coals.

I am from pine trees to hide behind and marsh grass that lined the boat basin waving welcomes to me after playing in the bay.

I am from sandy hills sprinkled with thorns, shark teeth discovered amidst the gravel road, icy ditches for skating, and the blue water tower that stood watch over us.

I am from Mama's dancing, Daddy's saw dust, Granny's cookie jar, Pa's collard patch, Grandmama's light rolls, and Graddaddy's sweet-smelling pipe.

I am from slick ca'm waters, nor' easter' winds, ain't uglies, the Cape, and getting mommicked son.

I am from salty oyster roasts, charcoaled mullets, clam bakes, stewed crabs, fried scallops, and boiled shrimp.

I am from posters on my bedroom walls, handwritten journals in my nightstand drawer, pictures around my mirror, and letters stored in shoeboxes.

I am who I am because of where I'm from.