

SOUNDSIDE LEARNING

THIS WEEK ON CORE SOUND



February 12, 2024

"The Me I See" by Dee Salter Rosen

Dee is a Harkers Island native and currently lives in Beaufort with her husband, daughter (an ECU Pirate), and pets. She is the daughter of Grant Salter and Sandy Gillikin and the granddaughter of Curt and Martha Salter. She comes from Salters, Willises, Hamiltons, Fulchers, Gillikins, and Guthries.

Dee enjoyed an amazing childhood on Harkers Island. She was born in the late '70s and claims it is evident even today that saltwater runs through her veins. During the summer, she would go with her dad on his week off from working for the NC Ferry Division, clamming and fishing nets. When she was around five, he would put her in a fish basket and tie it with a rope around his waist. Her sister, Karlyn, was in a fish basket tied to their mom.

Dee had long curly hair and on one day, while floating in the basket, she started screaming that there were bugs in her hair. Her dad quickly pulled her to him and called Mama over to help. They started laughing because Dee's long, brown, curly locks were full of shrimp. They picked the shrimp out of her hair, calmed her down, and put her back in the fish basket to catch some more. Her mama recalls having enough shrimp for dinner that evening!

Dee currently serves as the Executive Director of Tiller School of Carteret County. The Crystal Coast Reading Council hosts an annual Young Author's Contest which is a writing contest sponsored by the Crystal Coast Reading Council and the NC Reading Association for students in grades K-12. The council hosts an adult category called Forever Young, as well. This year's theme was "Reflections: Celebrating the Me I See." Dee has a love of poetry and writes often as an outlet for self-care. Modeling a way for her students to express themselves, she entered the contest. Dee's poem was a state winner.

As an adult, Dee understands the importance of heritage, family, and community. Once she knew the theme of this year's contest, she knew that she would create a poem about her grandfather. While traveling alone to Wilmington for professional development, she passed an older truck that looked like the one in which Pop picked up she and her sister from school. She recalled her time with Pop and almost immediately went back in time, smelling his decoy carving shop. She vividly saw the sawdust and heard his voice. She started talking to text on her phone and created the poem on that drive to and from Wilmington.

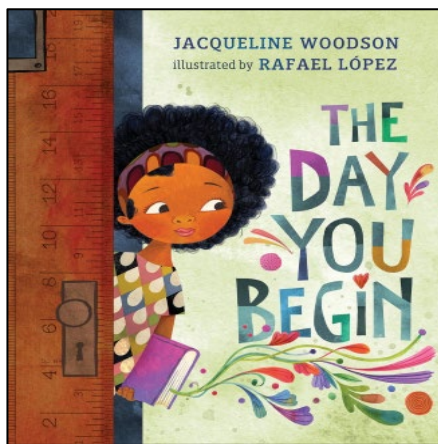
Growing up Down East instilled in Dee a love of serving, which is how she chose her career in education. When she is not having fun at Tiller School, you will find her with her family on the water or at home letting her brush find its way.



COMING UP AT CORE SOUND...

- **February 13:** *Community Night ... Harkers Island Bridge Night @ 6:00 PM*
- **February 23:** *Winter Taste of Core Sound @ 6:00 PM*
- [Click Here for More Upcoming Events!](#)

Sound Reading Material For You & Your Child



The Day You Begin

By Jacqueline Woodson

There are many reasons to feel different. Maybe it's how you look or talk, or where you're from; maybe it's what you eat, or something just as random. It's not easy to take those first steps into a place where nobody really knows you yet, but somehow you do it.

Jacqueline Woodson's lyrical text and Rafael López's beautiful art reminds us that we all feel like outsiders sometimes-and how brave it is that we go forth anyway. And that sometimes, when we reach out and begin to share our stories, others will be happy to meet us halfway.

Grade Level: K-3
Pages: 32

The Me I See

Breathing in the salt air,
Letting my brush find its way.

Traveling back home,
Viewing the end of The Island,

Taking out a blank canvas,
Letting my brush find its way.

Waiting for the Diamond Girl light,
Thinking of my family
who fished and hunted
the local waters,

Breathing in the salt air,
Letting my brush find its way.

Visions of the magnificence of waterfowl in nature
Art in nature as portrayed by grandfather's carvings.

Curt Salter, an original of seven artisans,
Keeping our heritage alive,

Breathing in the salt air,
Letting my brush find its way.

Mallards, Egrets, Cormorants, and a Blue Heron
Feeling closer to my grandfather with each brush stroke,

Memories flood my mind,
The smell of cedar and tupelo,

Breathing in the salt air,
Letting my brush find its way.

The vision of my grandfather at his carving table,
While I swept the saw dust.

Reflecting as an adult,
It wasn't just a daily chore,

It was family time intertwined with the love of art and carving,
Creating memories and the gift of time,

Breathing in the salt air,
Letting my brush find its way.

The Me I See
Embracing my heritage.

The Me I see,
Letting my brush find its way.

Breathing in the salt air,
Letting my brush find its way.

The Me I See,
A true Down East girl.

By Dee Salter Rosen