

SUMMER 2022

# SALISBURY

the magazine



in the  
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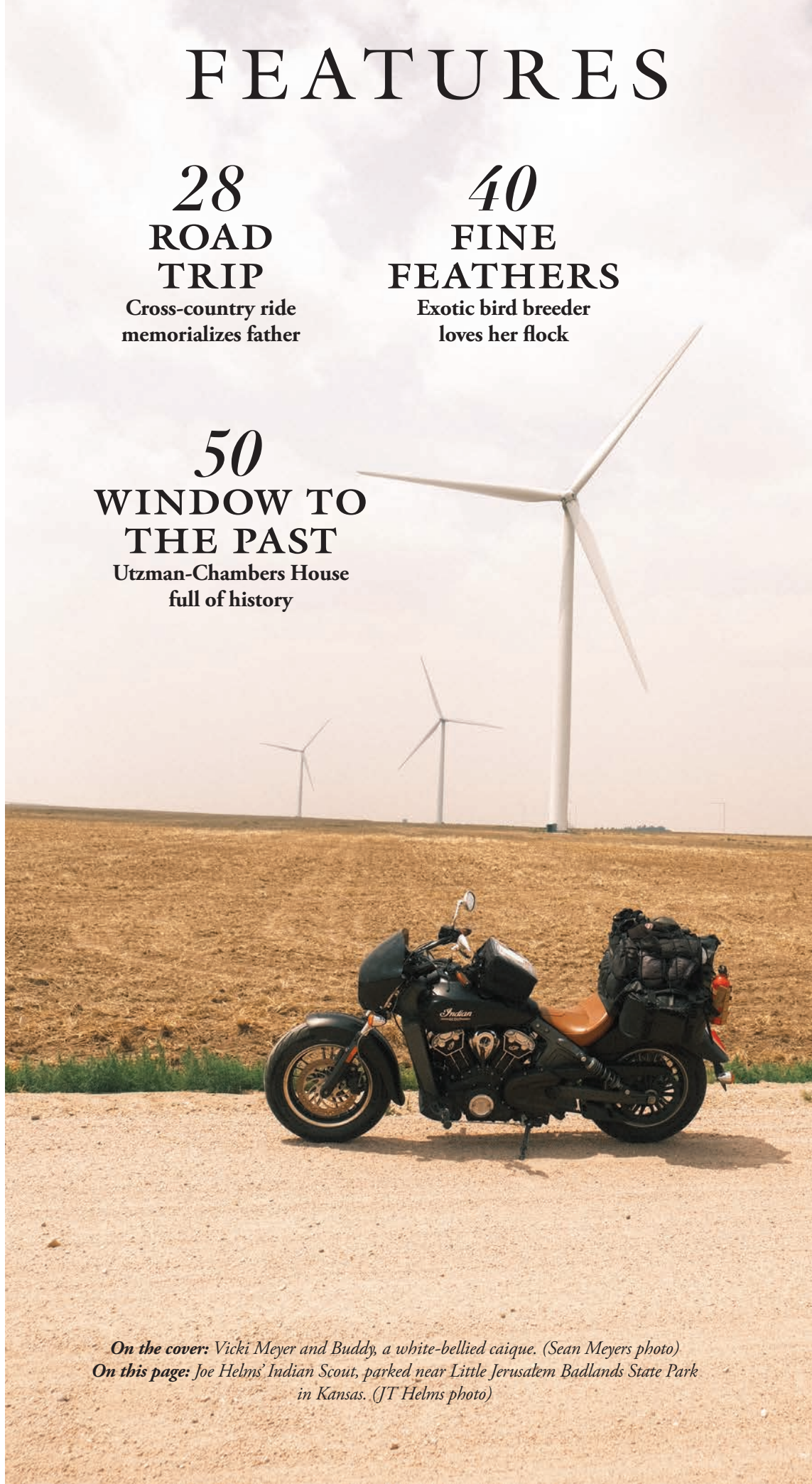
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loves her flock

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*On the cover: Vicki Meyer and Buddy, a white-bellied caique. (Sean Meyers photo)  
On this page: Joe Helms' Indian Scout, parked near Little Jerusalem Badlands State Park  
in Kansas. (JT Helms photo)*

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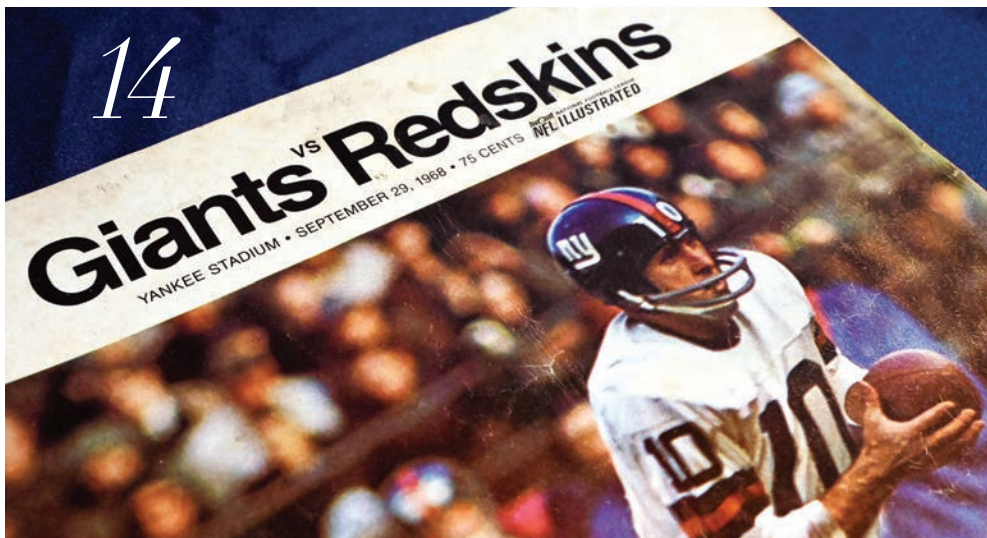
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# Blue skies ahead

**A**s I write this column, it's 45 degrees and raining. Those proverbial April showers that bring May flowers, I suppose. But c'mon, the heat is on — a cold, dreary day.

By the time you read this, however, we'll be well on our way to summer weather; hence, the column's title of "Blue skies ahead."

Yet we know summer thunderstorms lurk just around the corner. Check out Christopher Derrick's dramatic photo of the Catawba College administration building right before a storm in *Through the Lens*.

Rainy days like today are the perfect days to stay inside and read. This issue talks a lot about reading (it's like we planned it!). We introduce you to Gretchen Witt, longtime supervisor of the History Room at Rowan Public Library's main branch.

For *Bookish*, I've written about "To Kill a Mockingbird," one of my favorite books, and a book I've been particularly obsessed with lately after a play based on the book opened on Broadway. Richard Thomas — who played John Boy on "The Waltons" — will play Atticus Finch in July at The Blumenthal in Charlotte. Get tickets if you can!

On the cover, you've already seen the prize-winning lorikeets of Vicki and Dave Meyer. Maggie Blackwell brings us that story, along with a feature on the City Park home of Laurel Reisen. A renovation did not go quite the way Kelley and Tom Kisor envisioned. Their perseverance paid off.

Summer is a time for concerts, and David Shaw brings us a feature about some tickets he recently re-discovered. Every ticket stub tells a story, he says. Didn't Rod Stewart say that?

Pops at the Post will take place June 4 at Bell Tower Green. As part of the festivities, the Utzman-Chambers House on Jackson Street — one of the Rowan Museum properties — will be



open for tours and events on the lawn before the concert. Organizing all this is Dr. Randy Lassiter. If there's anyone in Rowan County who's more excited about this house and more excited about Rowan Museum, I don't know who it is!

Summer is also a time for road trips, and JT Helms brings us the story of a meaningful motorcycle trip he took last summer following the death of his father, Joe Helms. Thanks, JT, for taking us along.

So have a fun summer. Safe travels — and happy reading!

— **Susan Shinn Turner**  
*Editor, Salisbury the Magazine*





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# THROUGH THE LENS by Christopher Derrick

*Christopher Derrick captured a scene of storm clouds rolling in over Catawba College. To submit a photo for Through the Lens, send a high-resolution photo to [andy.mooney@salisburythemagazine.com](mailto:andy.mooney@salisburythemagazine.com). Photos must be vertical orientation.*



# ‘To Kill a Mockingbird’ a timeless classic

In December 2019, my husband and I went to New York City for the Pin-stripe Bowl. I thought it would be a fine time to take in a play.

Jeff Daniels was playing Atticus Finch in “To Kill a Mockingbird” on Broadway, a role he originated.

My husband did not think it was such a fine idea. So we did not go, which I immediately regretted once we got home, and immediately started obsessing about. You know what happened next.

Then, amazingly, Daniels returned to the role in October 2021. I took that as a sign, and my son and I made plans to fly to New York specifically to see the show in December.

It. Was. Incredible. We laughed, and there were times you could hear the proverbial pin drop. I’m eager to see what Richard Thomas (John Boy from “The Waltons”) will do with the iconic role in the national touring show. It comes to Charlotte and Durham this summer.

The Broadway show and the touring edition have renewed my love for the book, written by Harper Lee.

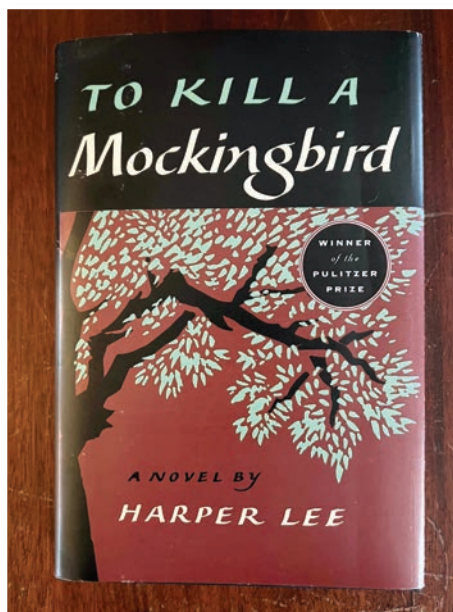
It’s been in my memory bank for as long as I can remember. I don’t remember reading it in school, so I must have read it on my own.

When I asked my mom about it, she said, “I can’t remember either, but you’ve read a million books!”

She’s not far off.

The book was released in 1960 and won the Pulitzer Prize the next year. The movie, starring Gregory Peck — was there ever a more handsome actor? — came out in 1962.

My cousin Kathy has a vivid memory of the movie. My beloved aunt took her to see it when Kathy was 11 years old. It was just the two of them. Although Kathy has two younger sisters, they were too young to go at the time.



“It’s one of my favorite memories of Mother,” she said. “It’s a story children can relate to. I know when Tom Robinson was found guilty I gasped and said, ‘That’s not fair!’ That’s what kids say, and that struck me.”

The book is accessible to middle-schoolers who are thinking about right and wrong, examining complex moral issues, said Kathy, a retired attorney. It’s about bravery, ethical and moral courage, and integrity, all wrapped up in the character of Atticus Finch.

“It’s one of my favorite books,” Kathy said. “It’s a book I want my children and grandchildren to read.”

She saw the play on Broadway with Ed Harris as Atticus Finch. “I had the kind of reactions and emotions I did when I saw the movie with Mother. We still haven’t learned this lesson, and that was 60 years ago.”

Alissa Redmond, owner of South Main Book Company, 110 S. Main St., Salisbury, said that “To Kill a Mockingbird” has been

placed on banned book lists in schools as recently as this year.

Doesn’t that make a book more alluring to read?

“The book seems to not so much fall into required as suggested reading, and most kids come to it in their own time,” Redmond said.

“To Kill a Mockingbird” remains a perennial bestseller, Redmond said. There’s a graphic novel that’s extremely popular right now, she added. The graphic novel and hardcover editions are available through the book store.

Local teachers I spoke with said they always enjoy teaching it.

“There’s gender stereotyping and racism and violence,” said Missy Hager, an English teacher at Carson High School. “There’s Atticus Finch, the single dad, and Boo Radley, the misunderstood outsider. There’s so much good stuff.”

Natalie Crouse, who teaches English at North Rowan High School, said the book allowed her students to explore Southern culture and relationships between and among cultures.

“A lot of really great ideas were explored,” she said.

Sandra Sullivan, who teaches English at Salisbury High School, taught the book to freshmen last semester.

“It definitely is a coming-of-age story and the students identify with Scout,” she said. “Recently I have started pairing it with Jason Reynolds’s ‘Long Way Down’ and the film ‘Just Mercy,’ just to provide a current perspective for students.”

All three agree that “To Kill a Mockingbird” is still relevant today.

I hope you can read or re-read the novel this summer, and do see the play if you get a chance. **S**



*Gretchen Witt among stacks of books in the History Room at Rowan Public Library.*

| Q & A |

# Keeping the past

*Gretchen Witt oversees library's History Room*

WRITTEN BY SUSAN SHINN TURNER | PHOTOGRAPHY BY WAYNE HINSHAW

**W**hen you call the History Room at Rowan Public Library, the friendly voice you hear on the other end of the line belongs to Gretchen Witt.

Witt has been a mainstay of the History Room for quite a while now. If you need to know something about Rowan County, she's your

contact person.

Witt graciously answered some questions about the History Room and about herself. It's probably not fair to ask a librarian about her favorite books, but we did.

Enjoy this Rowan Original feature, and happy reading!

And don't forget to visit the library this summer.

***How long have you worked at Rowan Public Library and how did you become a part of the history room?***

I have worked at least part-time for the library since 2005 initially as a substitute librarian on the Information Desk. My undergraduate degree is in history and religion. When the History Room supervisor position became available it seemed like a perfect opportunity to merge both my degrees. I have been full-time in the History Room for 15 years now, although it doesn't always seem that long. It's been a great learning experience and I enjoy helping people find out their genealogy and the history of the community.

***Is there a typical customer to the history room? What do people typically want to know?***

Not really. I'd say most folks come in to find out about their family history. There are, however, a lot of people who come in looking for information about their houses especially if they live in one of the historic districts. Many people come to look at old yearbooks or the newspaper for sporting events when they were in high school.

***What kinds of materials are available in the history room that people may not know about?***

The History Room has a lot of information about other areas of North Carolina. While Rowan County is the focus of the collection in many ways, people forget that Rowan County was quite large in the 1700s, reaching north to Virginia and west to the Mississippi River. The collection includes information about all those areas.

Researchers also don't realize that we have access to land records and vital records and we have a little more time to assist people in finding them than staff at the Register of Deeds office or at the court house. They should start in the History Room where many of the records are consolidated.

Some of the real treasures exist in manuscript collections. One of manuscript collections has a



*Gretchen Witt looks up a newspaper photo of a baseball team on microfilm in the History Room at Rowan Public Library.*

handwritten message from Albert Einstein. We have a register from one year of the Yadkin Hotel which shows how many people visited and all the faraway places from which they came.

***What's the most unusual request you've ever received?***

The Sheriff's Department asked me to help track all the potential male relatives of a person who had been murdered so they could find a living relative to do a DNA test. I've also had research inquiries from different producers working on television programs.

***Why is it important to have a record of the history of Rowan County?***

It is important that people know where they came from, what their ancestors or grandparents did or endured to bring them into the future. As a state and country, we want to know our history so we understand the past and how we got to the point we are currently. Rowan was an important part of the state and nation's history especially in colonial times. Sometimes individual or family history isn't passed down or is lost for

a variety of reasons. Consequently, the History Room collects the community history so people can understand what the past was like for the entire community and the individuals in that community.

***I am assuming you are a reader. What are your five favorite books?***

- The Two Towers (from the Lord of the Rings)
- The Voyage of the Dawn Treader
- Crime and Punishment
- Persuasion
- Mag the Magnificent

***How else are you involved in the community?***

Attending St. John's Lutheran Church and being involved at Rowan Museum. Pre-Covid, I helped at Rowan Helping Ministries.

***What are your interests away from work?***

Singing in the choir; playing with my grandchildren; baking

***What are two things you always have in your fridge?***

Butter and eggs

***What advice would you give to a young Gretchen Witt?***

Go into library work earlier. **S**



David Shaw's concert tickets  
from years past.

# Every ticket tells a story

*Cardboard stubs now a thing of the past*

PHOTOGRAPHY BY ANDY MOONEY



**N**ext chance you get, lend an ear to John Lennon's nostalgic 1965 love ballad "In My Life." It opens with the one of the most recognized and heartfelt verses ever recorded:

*There are places I'll remember  
All my life though some have changed  
Some forever, not for better  
Some have gone and some remain*

We've all shared Lennon's longing sentiment to revisit the past. He understood life's most valued possessions are the people we love, the places we've been and the memories we make along the way.

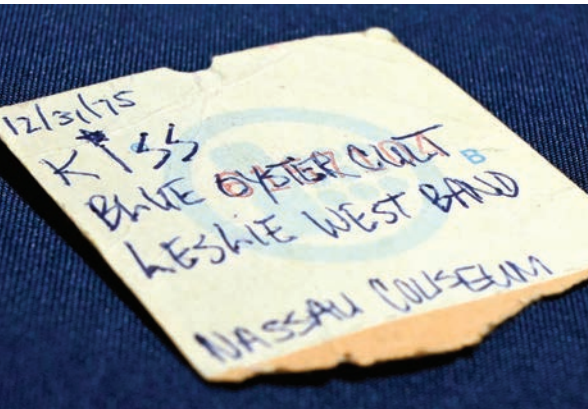
With that said, pour yourself a cup of cocoa, add some whipped cream and settle into a comfortable chair. This is going to be sweet.

Let's fire up the way-back-when machine to the mid-1960s,



by DAVID  
SHAW

when a freckled-faced, sports-crazed kid from Long Island witnessed a bit of history at since-demolished Shea Stadium, home of the not-yet-amazing New York Mets. My dad had acquired as a sales perk, two tickets to a late-summer, sold-out game against the transplanted Dodgers, upper deck reserved behind first base. A mountain's climb from home plate. No wonder they were free. It just so happened that on this night, the Mets had their way against a left-handed pitcher named Sandy Koufax, the future Hall-of-Famer who compiled a 17-2 career record against the hapless Mets of yesteryear. Wes Parker and Wes Covington homered for Los Angeles, but the Mets chased Koufax in the third inning of an impossible-to-forget 10-4 New York triumph.

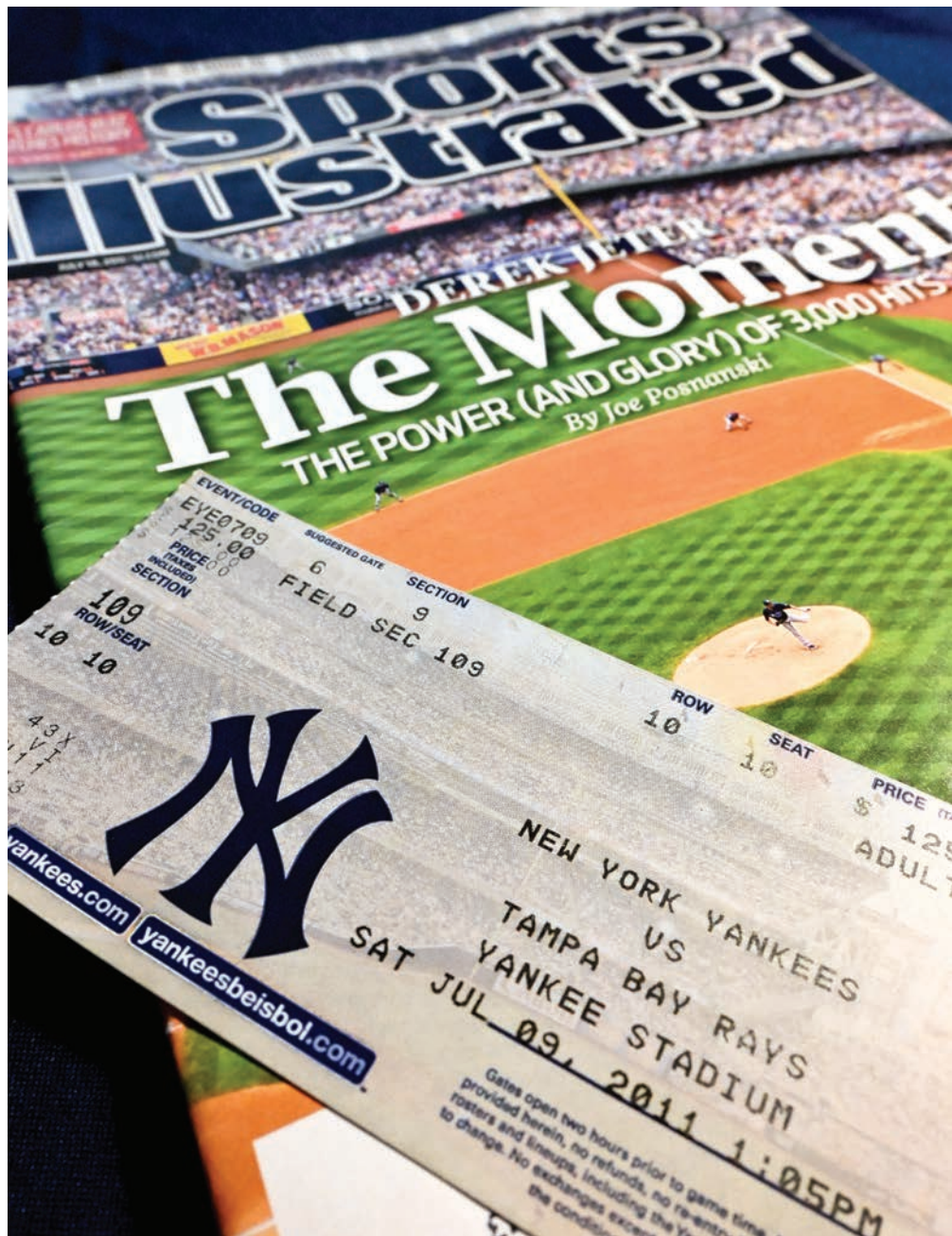


I wish I had saved the scorecard and three-inch sharpened pencil my father purchased as we click-clacked our way through one of Shea's many turnstiles. Better yet would have been a torn-in-half ticket stub, a perfect memento of that framed-in-time evening. But I didn't. And now, as Lennon might understand, I never will. I have no proof that I attended this game, nothing to boast about with friends, only a pellucid memory forever stored in a mental vault.

To those of a certain age, there's a pall of sorrow draping some of the ways of modern ticketing. Included is the physical-to-electronic evolution of ticket stubs that's taken hold. Over the past decade or so, mobile and barcode-branded e-tickets have joined the ever-expanding tech craze, relegating old-fashioned cardboard stock ducats to the fate of manual typewriters, drive-in double features and unfiltered smokes. No longer can I present concrete evidence to friends and foes alike that hey, I was there.

Sure, electronic tickets are far more convenient and secure. They ward off unscrupulous scalpers and are proven anti-theft devices. If lost or accidentally deleted, they're easily recovered. But there's nothing charismatic, nothing that beckons a childhood memory, nothing sexy about them. Give me something to have and hold, 'til death do us part. Oh, what wondrous yarns they would spin!

Physical tickets are a dying breed. Yet those fortunate enough to have survived the passage of time — and a mother's Saturday morning clean-up — are genuine historical artifacts,



*Shaw's wife and her family were at the Yankees game on July 9, 2011, when Derek Jeter got his 3,000th hit. The game was also featured in Sports Illustrated.*

a snapshot of how life once was. Every one of them, it seems, triggers some distant memory or amusing anecdote of people and things that went before. Every ticket tells a story.

Here's where this yarn begins: I recently discovered three on-the-wane Ziploc bags buried in my attic, filled with once-vibrant ticket stubs, fraying programs and forgotten souvenirs from some 300 sporting events, rock concerts, comedy shows and theater productions I've attended over the past four-and-a-half decades. There's

a rain check from a J. Geils Band blowout at New York's Central Park, a show delayed nearly two hours by an Old Testament downpour in the summer of 1975. The band arrived late due to an airline delay. And when the lead guitarist — the sunglassesed Mr. J. Geils himself — was sent on stage to mollify the rambunctious crowd with, "Hey, at least I'm here," we cheered with sarcastic enthusiasm.

Two verifiable mid-'70s shows I witnessed were held at Madison Square Garden. I often wonder why New York's finest had my friend Mike Michelin's station wagon towed while Jethro Tull cranked out a brain-frying rendition of "Locomotive Breath." It was his mother's car — and afterward, it wasn't where he had parked





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it. Cost him \$75, the penalty for parking two feet over a painted line on some nearby numbered street. We each chipped in a few bucks, but the incident taught us that all of Manhattan is a tow-away zone. Funny what you remember, eh?

A couple years later I stood through a high-decibel Led Zeppelin jam session at the same majestic venue, but this time instead of driving, I joined a friend and his kid brother on a Long Island Railroad pilgrimage from Port Jefferson to Penn Station. Our view from section 407 was partially obscured, almost behind the stage, but we relished a thunderous drum solo by the legendary John “Bonzo” Bonham. It provided a 15-minute respite for his fellow bandmates, probably to use the facilities or call their grandmothers or whatever they do during lengthy drum solos.

More recently, my ex-wife and I were there the night Sir Elton John gave a somber performance at Lawrence Joel Coliseum in October 1997. It was his first live appearance after the death of dear friend Princess Diana — and he informed all of us in the sellout crowd that he’d never again play “Candle In the Wind,” the song he altered at her Westminster Abbey funeral and the first we pleaded to hear.

Other ticket stubs recall Lynyrd Skynyrd’s final set at Long Island’s Nassau Coliseum. Four months later a tragic plane crash claimed the lives of three band members, its manager and two others; a cure-for-insomnia show by Leon Redbone and his sleepy-eyed clarinet accompanist at the Mountainlair Ballroom in Morgantown, West Virginia. As a publicist for WVU’s Mini Events Committee, I was asked to ensure two cases of Stroh’s were refrigerated in his dressing room upon arrival; and a pre-megastar Peter Frampton concert at Howard Stein’s Academy of Music in Greenwich Village, a cozy hall formerly known as the Fillmore East. A couple friends and I purchased tickets months ahead of time, more infatuated with the warm-up band than Frampton. But as we circled the theater in search of parking, a large 14th Street marquee informed us that over-dub rockers Montrose had been replaced by an NYC bar band called Black



*Shaw wrote notes on the back of concert tickets.*



*A collection of Shaw’s tickets from various sporting events.*

Sheep. Disappointed, we decided to sell or scalp our seats. The lone offer we received was from a local stoner who offered a dollar and some illicit substance that hadn’t been approved by the FDA. We declined, went to the concert and became huge Frampton fans.

On the sports front, more memories bubble to the surface. In a well-preserved shoe box, I’ve

stored the foul ball outfielder Cleon Jones lollipopped to me at Shea Stadium — while I occupied an AWOL midtown executive’s seat behind first base. It resides alongside the ball Tom Seaver flipped to my brother while I snapped a blurred photo. And there’s a hockey puck I retrieved at a Long Island Ducks playoff game at downtrodden Commack Arena in March 1967. No ticket stubs were kept and filed from any of those, but the joyful memories they stir will last forever.



David Shaw and his future wife Heidi took in a Yankees-Mets game on May 18, 2008, during the final season in the old Yankee stadium.

But perhaps the prize of this odds-and-ends collection, the *creme de la creme*, wasn't from an event I attended. It involved my future wife, her late father and two siblings from upstate New York. In June 2011, she procured four tickets to a Yankees-Tampa Bay game at the new Yankee Stadium for July 9, 2011 — significant because that was the humid Saturday afternoon shortstop Derek Jeter delivered his 3,000th career hit. He entered the game locked on 2,998 after the previous night's game had been serendipitously washed out by a summer's rain. Jeter chopped a single to left leading off the bottom of the first inning for hit no. 2,999, spreading a wave of nervous anticipation through the sellout crowd. Two innings later, he lined a lazy curveball from



left-hander David Price over the wall in left.

It's an instant that won't soon be forgotten in our home, thanks to the unblemished cardboard ticket she returned with. Within days, the July 18 issue of "Sports Illustrated" arrived in our mailbox, its front cover displaying Jeter's

follow-through below a headline proclaiming, "The Moment." Somewhere in that photo, a lifelong Yankees fan sitting 10 rows from the field down the right-field line got the thrill of her life. And that includes marrying me.

Each and every one of these moments has planted a seed, yielding a lifetime harvest of smiles and sweet dreams. And it's all because some freckled-faced kid, filled with wonder all those years ago, flippantly decided to stash his used ticket stubs.

I'm glad I did.

A wise person once said the best thing about memories is making them. We can all understand that, with or without physical evidence. **S**

*Freelance writer David Shaw lives in Salisbury.*

AT HOME



# After the fire

*House flippers break even  
on North Fulton Street renovation*

WRITTEN BY MAGGIE BLACKWELL | PHOTOGRAPHY BY WAYNE HINSHAW

*Laurel Reisen stands on  
the spiral stairwell in  
her home at  
806 North Fulton St.*



**O**n New Year's Eve 2020, Kelley Julian Kisor and husband Tom Kisor were almost finished flipping the house on North Fulton Street when neighbors called.

The house was on fire.

The Kisors rushed to the blaze and watched helplessly as firefighters worked to save the house, breaking all the new windows, kicking in the front door, and chopping a hole in the roof.

The granite in the kitchen was complete and appliances had been delivered. Someone had pried open the back door and ignited the refrigerator box. Or maybe it was the microwave box. The house, nevertheless, caught fire.

They'd seen evidence of trespassers — likely kids, Kelley says, before — but they'd never imagined real damage like this.

They had no insurance on the house.

"It took us a good 30 days to grieve. We thought it was over," she says. But their silent partner in Florida convinced them it was just a bump in the road. He was in for the long haul, and they would rebuild.

"We owed it to the house to finish it. I just wanted it to be pretty again," Kelley says.

They bought insurance.

After the grieving period, it took a couple of months to take stock, get estimates and develop a plan for rebuilding. They were ready to resume in March 2020. Then the pandemic hit. Within weeks, costs for building supplies and labor skyrocketed.

"Our strategy," Kelley says, "had been to get in and get out. Timing is everything. The market was really flexible at the time. Interest rates were so low, we knew we were in a window."

Turns out, earlier owners had made unpermitted changes to the structure. A stairway was installed in the center of the house, and beams were removed to make room. Two rooms were added upstairs. The weight of the new rooms on the remaining beams and piers was excessive. The entire house threatened to crumble.

It was up to the Kisors to rebuild the home's infrastructure. So they did, add-



*Looking down on the front door, there is a sitting bench on the left and a credenza on the right with photos and flowers. At the center top is a unique lighting fixture.*

ing piers below the home and new beams above; sourcing a new stairway and installing it in a safe location.

They had served as their own general contractors, figuring, “How bad could it be?”

She laughs now at the memory.

The electrical code changed over the span of construction. Their lot placement made compliance impossible, so they had to apply for a “grandfather” on their property and then go underground for electrical service to the house. All this took time and more money.

The plumbing in the home dated back to 1900 and, after 120 years, did not drain properly. All plumbing had to be replaced, including the pipes in the yard. There were issues, however, with their location, so the Kisors had to route service under their driveway and across the corner of a neighbor’s yard. This meant they had to get legal permission.

After the fire, the Kisors decided to completely redo the upstairs rooms. If they were to count as square footage, the

*Pretty blinds and flowers adorn the windows.*





*Above: A lamp and table beside the bed in Laurel's bedroom.*

*Below: Originally, the front door was on the left where the windows are now but years ago the owner reversed the arrangement.*



*Above: Kelley Kisor who renovated the Fulton Street home and sold it to Laurel Reisen.*

*Below: Reisen, in a sitting area between the stairwell and dining room table, spends time with three-legged Elf, left, and Naomi.*





knee walls had to be a certain height. To get that height, the pitch of the roof had to be changed.

Each new discovery set the project back and costs soared. Kelley and Tom called their partner in Florida with each new challenge.

All of this took time, however, as the Kisors were still new to the community and did not have a Rolodex of workers. They had many false starts in the various trades before finally finding good, reliable partners on whom they could depend.

“Once we had the right people in 2019 to November 2020, we were good to go. Over a year of struggle — then a good team,” Kelley says. Then the fire struck on December 31.

They tease that they bought the house at a yard sale. Having recently moved back to Salisbury in the West Square, Kelley and Tom often haunted estate and yard sales, looking for cool antiques.

“We were prowling for antiques and this guy had a yard sale,” Kelley says. “Tom fell in love with the house and asked the owner if he wanted

to sell it. Initially he was not interested but called soon after to say he had changed his mind.”

Built in 1900, the 960-square-foot house originally had two bedrooms. A fireplace in the center of the home heated it.

*“We owed it to the house to finish it. I just wanted it to be pretty again”*

— KELLEY JULIAN KISOR

Kelley, an interior designer, owns JK Designs, the initials referring to her last name. She says she sees the completed design before she even starts. A back porch spanned the rear of the house. She decided to close off part of it for a laundry room, accessible through the kitchen.

The front door was originally in the center

of the façade. The prior owner moved it to the north end of the façade. Kelley and Tom considered moving it back to its original location, ultimately deciding the new location was best. The front door now opens into an entryway with soaring 20-foot ceilings and a sweeping staircase.

Laurel Reisen now owns the home. “Once I saw the front door and stairs,” she says, “I was sold.”

The Kisors ordered the custom-curved stairs from a company in Michigan. They sent intricate measurements and weeks later the stairs arrived on a truck.

“I knew this size house was only going to sell if the finishes are above par,” Kelley says. “There were a lot of houses that size in competition.”

The entire interior is painted in Sherwin-Williams Sea Salt, a calming, pale color similar to fog over water early in the morning. Kelley says it goes with whatever color a homeowner chooses. Laurel agrees.

The master bedroom features one wall of raised 2-foot square panels. The effect is classic.





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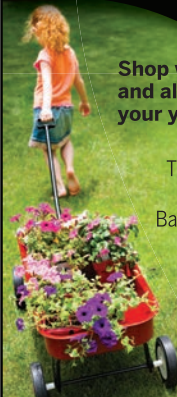
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*Laurel hangs out with Elf, who had to have a hind leg removed.*



*Laurel at her dining room table with the kitchen behind her. At right, Elf relaxes in her cage.*

An ensuite and walk-in closet complete the master.

The eat-in kitchen is spacious and has miles of counter space. Upstairs, two bedrooms tuck under eaves.

“It’s an older house but it’s new!” Lauren says. “I’m really excited about having a yard of my own.”

Kelley laughs when asked if she’ll do another flip.

“Soon as we were done, our partner sent us a P&L, showing how we did, in the next one we need to remember ... and we thought, ‘...NEXT ONE?’”

With the additional infrastructure costs and rebuilding after the fire, the team just broke even.

Even still, Kelley says Tom is eager to do another.

“We’d love to have a great success — get one, get out in seven months.

“I learned a lot. This is what I know I’m supposed to be doing. The longer it dragged out, I began to question myself. Now that it’s done, it’s confirmation that I am doing what I should be.

“We are very grateful for the group of contractors who worked with me last year. They are the reason the idea of another one is feasible.” **S**

*Freelance writer Maggie Blackwell lives in Salisbury.*



***Clockwise from top:**  
Laurel's bathroom; the  
back porch has space for  
sitting under the fan in  
the summer; Laurel's  
two rescued Greyhounds  
hang out in front of the  
massive front door that  
stands 10 feet tall.*





# A RIDE

*for Joe*

A motorcycle journey across the U.S. in memory of father who died from cancer

PHOTOS COURTESY OF JT HELMS



*Joe and JT adding pins to their map after returning from a trip to the Blue Ridge Mountains.*

In the final year of his life, my father and I rode motorcycles together.

The world was in the early days of the pandemic. I was struggling to find a sense of grounding after my recent divorce, and decided to ride my motorcycle home after 13 years of living in Chicago. When I arrived at my parents' house in Salisbury, North Carolina, my father, Joe Helms, surprised me by buying himself a beautiful, black Indian Scout just so I would have someone to ride with.

We spent the year exploring the Blue Ridge of North Carolina, into Virginia and Tennessee — sharing more time together than we'd had in the last 13 years combined. We rode hundreds of miles, saddle-sore, frigid fingered, grinning all the while. My father hung road maps on the walls of his garage, and added pins for every town we explored. We hoped to cover the country — our



by JT  
HELMS

own constellation of plastic colors.

In February 2021, however, those hopes were broken when Dad suddenly fell severely ill. He was diagnosed with stage 4 cancer. It was inoperable, terminal, and he'd have only days to live. Dad gave us three more weeks.

My final promise to my father was that I would ride across the country, in his memory, on his motorcycle. To take it to the Grand Canyon, cruise the Pacific Coast Highway, to show it the parts of the map he wouldn't have the chance to see. I wanted to earn those colored pins for him.

Upon hearing this, he closed his eyes and said, "So I'll be with you the whole time."

Five months after he passed, I set off on an eight-week trip across the country on his Indian Scout. It would be a journey about navigating grief, searching for connection, and remembering a man who was always in my corner.



### **WEEK 1, THE GREAT SMOKEY MOUNTAINS**

The sweet, perpetually dewy smell of mountain air activated my blood while I made my first camp coffee. I was four days into the trip, and it had just started to feel real. My bones had relaxed a little. Weeks of electric anticipation in my nerves was finally slowing. I heard the birds, and saw the hanging trees painted on the mirrored surface of Lake Santeetlah. And I realized then, I was actually doing this.

The trip didn't always feel very certain. Two weeks ago the soupy spring humidity of the South had snuck into the speedometer, and condensation killed the electronic display. My local shop told me that replacement parts were back-ordered for four months. If I were to do this trip, it would be with no gauge for speed, no check-engine lights, no low gas warning.

Life was offering me a wry mechanical metaphor for all the expectations, plans, and comforts I'd have to let go of in order to see the trip through. Focus less on what I don't have, more on where I'm headed.

Take a deep breath, and ride forward.

In the morning fog of the Smokey Mountains, I took that breath and began the meticulous process of packing my cliffs-notes of belongings on the Indian — entirely unconcerned with how fast I was

moving for the first time in a long time.

### **WEEK 2, THE OZARKS**

The sunset was showing its plumage as I rolled into the campground outside the town of Mountain View, Arkansas — the third site I found with its “No Vacancy” sign posted. Daylight was fading, so I entered the small cabin office to plead for some help.

I explained to the owner, an imposing man named Guy, that I was on a motorcycle trip across the country, and had run out of daylight while riding through the Ozark Mountains. I had a small footprint and would be gone early in the morning.

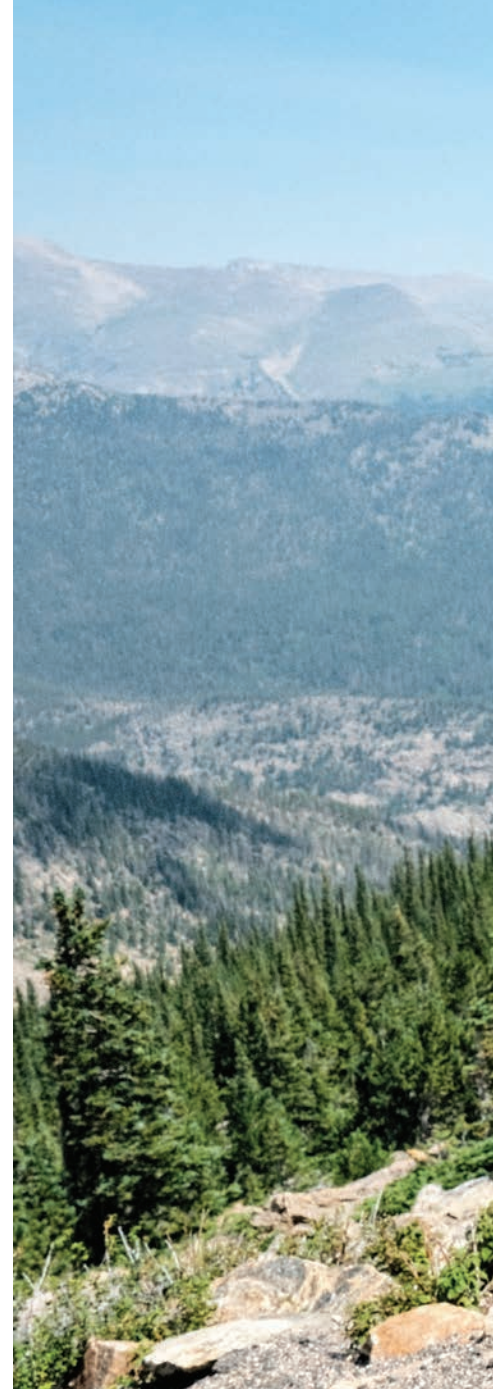
“What are you riding?” he asked in a voice as hard as his look.

“I'm riding my dad's Indian. He passed away a few months ago.”

Guy stood, bracing himself with his cane, and said, “Follow me.”

He then led me to his garage at the back of the cabin where he had three dusty motorcycles stored, including a '72 Moto Guzzi cruiser and a Kawasaki that he modified to look like an Indian, complete with a tank emblem he hand-painted.

His manner softened as he told me stories about the many times he'd ridden across the country in his life. He winced as he repositioned his cane between stories. He couldn't ride anymore because of



*Clockwise from above left: Joe Helms and his Indian Scout at the Shady Valley Country Store, Tennessee in 2020; JT at Rocky Mountain National Park, Colorado; I-70 Diner, Flagler, Colorado; Rodeo at Pagosa Springs County Fair, Colorado.*





*Big Sur, California*



ongoing health issues with his legs. It was clear to me that standing put him in a lot of pain, but only when he wasn't lost in a good memory.

*Morning view  
from hammock  
at Yosemite  
National Park*

Finally, he said, "I'll tell you what. I'm going to put you in a spot we don't rent out, because I like what you're doing."

As he spent the next hour helping me plan my route over maps of the Ozarks, my thoughts kept returning to the wild power these machines have for connecting people through the richness of the memories they hold. Maybe someday my dad's Indian will rest easy in my garage, keeping safe the memories of all the rides we shared, and the good folks that helped us along the way.

#### **WEEK 4, LUDLOW, CALIFORNIA**

I met an angel in a diner in Ludlow, California.

5:30 AM. I was drinking coffee off a forgotten stretch of Route 66. An early ride to beat the Mojave heat.

Near me sat a man with a walker and a backpack, explaining to the overstressed waitress that he was trying to get to his sister's in Yuma. He had a mental health disability, and struggled to say he was hitchhiking to Needles to catch a train.

A lady in a neighboring booth stood to interrupt. "No, no, no, you are not hitchhiking.





*Guy Harris recommends the best motorcycle routes through the Ozarks, Mountain View, Arkansas.*



*Tonopah, Nevada*



*Next gas station in 170 miles, Hwy 6, Nevada*

You're riding with me." She nodded the waitress back to work and joined the man. He said his name was Mike. After he finished his meal, she gave him money for his train, and walked outside to make room in her car.

I settled my bill and went outside to give her what was left of my cash, embarrassed at the materiality of my offering.

She smiled as I approached.

"What you're doing is amazing," I said. Without hesitation she gave me a full embrace, and not the polite kind. The disarm-

ing, deep, soul-warming kind.

"It always comes back," she said. "It's about connecting. What's your name?"

She accepted my cash and told me to visit her in San Diego. She was retired, been on the road driving around the country for two months. Her husband was ready for her to be home. He wanted to make her pancakes. This detour was 200 miles out of her way but it was just what she was meant to do today.

"Are you an artist?" she asked me. "Make art about this. But

*JT's 101.3 mph run on the  
Bonneville Salt Flats, Utah*

not about me, oh God no, not about me.” I laughed as I wondered how she figured me out so quickly. Or maybe she believes everyone is an artist.

After she helped Mike into the car, I asked permission to take her portrait. She paused. “I’m sorry. I’m not comfortable with it.”

“No problem at all. I understand.”

She cut my politeness as she closed her door. “No, you don’t. See, this isn’t me doing this, JT. Do you understand? This isn’t me.” She smiled as she drove out of the lot.

I circled her words inside my helmet for an hour, vibrating at the fullness of her. Life needed her to help Mike, and she wanted no credit. The rare soul that’s more interested in giving love to life than receiving it. More interested in living her belief than preaching it.

I met an angel in a diner in Ludlow, California.

### **WEEK 5, THE PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY**

After hours of riding the cliff-side roads of the Pacific Coast Highway, Dad’s Indian and I arrived at a beach just north of Big Sur. The Pacific breeze was relentlessly chilling, my fingers locked in a C-shape grip. I found myself wishing the sun would cut through the cotton overcast sky for a

little relief as I pulled the bike over to a sandy patch off-road. I put my left hand in my jacket pocket to check for the red felt pouch containing my dad’s ashes. Still there.

I walked the coast to look for an ideal spot for a little ceremony.

A few dozen yards along the cliff wall was a small opening into a cave. I ducked low to enter, wary of the rising tide that would soon fill the room. But inside I found only peace — a round sandy floor with a perfectly circular opening to the sky above. I’d been led to a natural cathedral, and I knew this should be the place.

I sat for a time on the sand before shaking the silliness of talking out loud to my deceased father. But I said some words, and poured ... half his ashes into the sand. Yeah, that’s good, I thought. I should bring the other half home. He wouldn’t want to miss the rest of the trip, after all. And, more honestly, I couldn’t quite bear doing the rest of the trip without him.

### **WEEK 6, THE BONNEVILLE SALT FLATS**

After days of riding in severe smoke from the California wildfires, I improvised a route from Yosemite, through the high deserts of Nevada, that would conveniently take me through the Bonneville Salt

Flats of Utah. It wasn’t my original plan, but with Indian’s history of breaking land speed records here, it had enough meaning to be worth the detour.

I pictured the disbelief on my dad’s face if he were to see me put his motorcycle on the sacred salt.

While checking into a cheap room at the nearby Motel 6, I learned that I had arrived during the week of the Bonneville Motorcycle Speed Trials. Machinists and daredevils from all over the world were gathering for a week-long event. And they needed volunteers. This was starting to feel like it was Dad’s plan all along, and now I was the one in disbelief.

I extended my hotel stay for five days, and worked the event six hours a day planting mile-marker flags, setting up tents and tables, baking in the sun while radioing back to the tower as motorcycles cracked the air at 250 mph.

Bill Woods was one of the many incredible people I met on the salt. He’s a long-time racer and coordinator of the event. On my first day, he gave me a ride-along in his truck to tour the race course. He made sure I was connected with the right people so I could contribute where I was most needed. He was watching out for me.

On my final day volunteering, I searched the race pits to thank Bill for making me



feel so welcome. As I tried to tell him I was leaving in the morning, he paused me and asked me to follow him to the office of the owner and head coordinator for the event. They closed the door, sat me down, and thanked me for putting my trip on hold to help out the last few days.

“We think your story is really special,” he said. “So we’d like to sponsor you to run your dad’s bike in the Speed Trial, for an official time slip.” He explained his crew would get the bike ready for tech inspection. He’d already found a set of leathers that should fit me. All I had to do was pick my race number.

I chose 6361 for June 3rd, 1961. Joe Helms’ birthday.

The next morning, when my number was called, I approached the start with only two hopes. The first was to survive. The second was to hit 100 mph. A modest goal among this crowd, but a worthy one for a stock bike that would still need to make the 5,000 miles back home.

The flag waved, and I raced my father’s motorcycle three miles toward an endless white horizon. My chin tucked to rest on the tank.

My right hand on the throttle as far as it would go. And with a dead speedometer, all I could do was feel the tires glide over the salt, and not let go until I passed that red flag.

Bill was waiting for me with a grin as I returned to the pits. “How’d I do?”

“You got your 100.” He said. The official time slip: 101.3 mph.

### WEEK 8, THE BLUE RIDGE PARKWAY

It was the morning of my last ride of the trip. I woke in Asheville, and began the day with a visit to the Blue Ridge Parkway. That signature Appalachian veil hung in the air — too light to be rain and too wet to be fog. On this kind of morning you can smell the plants grow.

*Grand Canyon National Park, South Rim, Colorado*

I had decided to release what was remaining of my dad’s ashes on the Blue Ridge. To let him know we were home.

As I carved into the hairpin turns of those familiar mountain roads, I could hear his voice calling out the line. Encouraging me to

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lean a little more. Brake harder. Now rip that throttle. My eyes glazed from tears as I pulled the Indian Scout over to collect myself. This wasn't the first time I felt his presence on the trip.

I sat on the red earth at the side of the road, wiping tears from my face, smiling at that bug-riddled, oil-leaking, black and chrome machine.

And I remembered his words. "I'll be with you the whole time."

I began to laugh, because I knew he was right. He was with me all 8,500 miles of the trip, guiding me through the turns. Showing me the angels in others. Providing wind at my back when I needed it. Helping me navigate the unexpected, as he had my whole life.

*Joe Helms  
after cancer  
diagnosis,  
resting at the  
Helms family  
farm.*

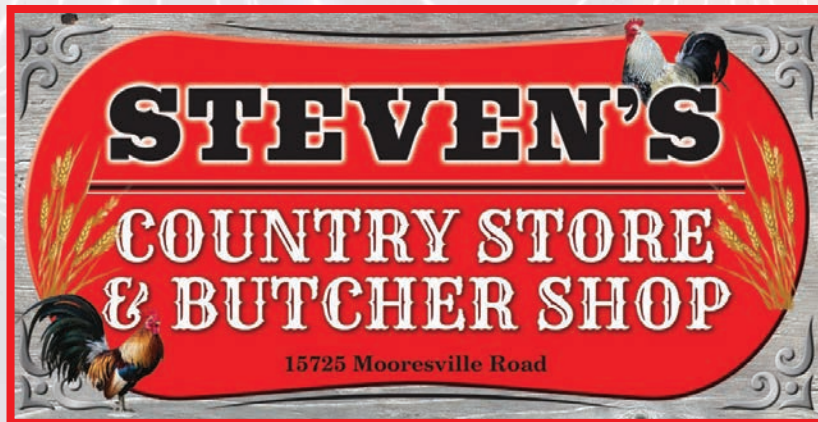


In memory of Joseph Ladd Helms, 1961–2021. **S**

*For more photos and writings from JT, follow @jthelms on Instagram.*

*China Grove native JT Helms lived at his grandparents' farm until age 10. He now lives in Charleston, S.C., near his mom, Julie, along with his brother Josh and sister Lindy and their families. Helms eventually plans to chronicle his trip in a book and a short documentary video.*

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*Natural cave where Joe's ashes were buried, beach near Big Sur, California.*

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*Gidgit, a Goffin's cockatoo, left, and Lala, an umbrella cockatoo, rest on Vicki Meyer's shoulders. Lala has been with Meyer for 30 years.*





*Cato, a  
rainbow  
lorikeet*



# BIRD *heaven*

Couple owns more than 150 birds,  
including a prize-winning lorikeet

WRITTEN BY MAGGIE BLACKWELL  
PHOTOGRAPHY BY SEAN MEYERS



**S**triker's colors are bright and his squawk is loud. "CAW!" he calls from his cage.

A rainbow lorikeet is a colorful bird, with a deep blue head and green, yellow and orange on other parts of its body. It's a medium-sized parrot about 10 inches tall, including the tail, and weighs anywhere from 2.6 to 5.5 ounces.

Striker the lorikeet is a local boy who carries the titles, "Best Parrot" and "Best Overall Foreign Bird" from the 2021 National

Bird Show. To get to the National Bird Show, Striker had to take honors at competitions all around the country. He won because he interacted well with the judges.

Striker's proud owners are Vicki and Dave Meyer, who moved to Faith from Montana almost seven years ago.

Striker's mate lives downstairs and together they've had four babies. Also in the family are a cat and three dogs, two Alaskan malamutes and a Saint Bernard/Pyrenees mix.

And about 150 birds — in the basement.



*Meyer's peachfaced lovebird flight enclosure.*

These aren't any ordinary birds, and it's not an ordinary basement. It's more like Bird Heaven.

The Meyers have finches, cockatoos, fischers and other lovebirds. Some have won competitions, some have not. Some are rescues Vicki saved from sure death. Some are birds she purchased. And some are the offspring of the others. Baby birds, elder birds and birds who are healing have private cages. Birds are social animals, though, and most are in communal cages. There is constant happy chatter in the room.

They're not sure exactly how many birds they have. Birds move around, which makes counting them impossible. So the Meyers estimate they have 120 to 150 birds.

The cages are floor-to-ceiling metal frames with upright posts. The largest cage's footprint is about 5 by 12 feet, and it's filled with climbing ropes, swings, food and water dispensers, and bird toys. Other smaller cages line the walls. Baby birds are isolated in private cages near the big cage so they can talk to family. At about a year old, babies are released into the big cage.



*Vicki Meyer took home top honors with her Swainson rainbow lorikeet for best parrot and overall winner for all parrots at the 73rd Annual National Bird Show last year.*

Nearby refrigerators hold fresh produce for the birds. Vicki cooks fresh peas, corn and quinoa for them. They also enjoy broccoli, carrots, pistachios, walnuts, almonds, dandelion greens and two kinds of nectar. Dave estimates they spend about \$1,000 on seeds a month. Many of the birds enjoy an apple a day.

Several of the rescued birds Vicki saved were victims of a poor diet. “You can’t give them potato chips,” she says with a grimace.

Another rescued bird was having seizures, and the owner was going to put him down. Vicki offered to take him. The seizures got worse. Vicki took him to the vet who said the only alternative was putting him down. Vicki started him on CBD oil — and the seizures stopped. He happily lived three more years.

Each bird is banded with the identifier “VDM” — the couple’s initials — and a serial number. Bands are a different color for each year. They apply the band when a bird is two to three weeks old, slipping it up over the toes. Vicki registers each one with the African Lovebirds Society.

Lala is an umbrella cockatoo. She was six weeks old when Vicki got her 30 years ago. Bird and owner have quite a bond. When she bought her, Vicki was healing from an unhealthy relationship. Lala saw her through it.

*Diego, an Iris Lorikeet rests on Vicki Meyer’s finger.*





*Meyer's home features an 1,100-square-foot ventilated aviary in the lower level of the home.*



*Meyer holds a dark eyed clear  
Fischer's lovebird.*

“*Nobody loves birds  
like she does.*”

— DAVE MEYER

Gidget, a boy, is a Goffin cockatoo. Vicki rescued him 15 years ago.

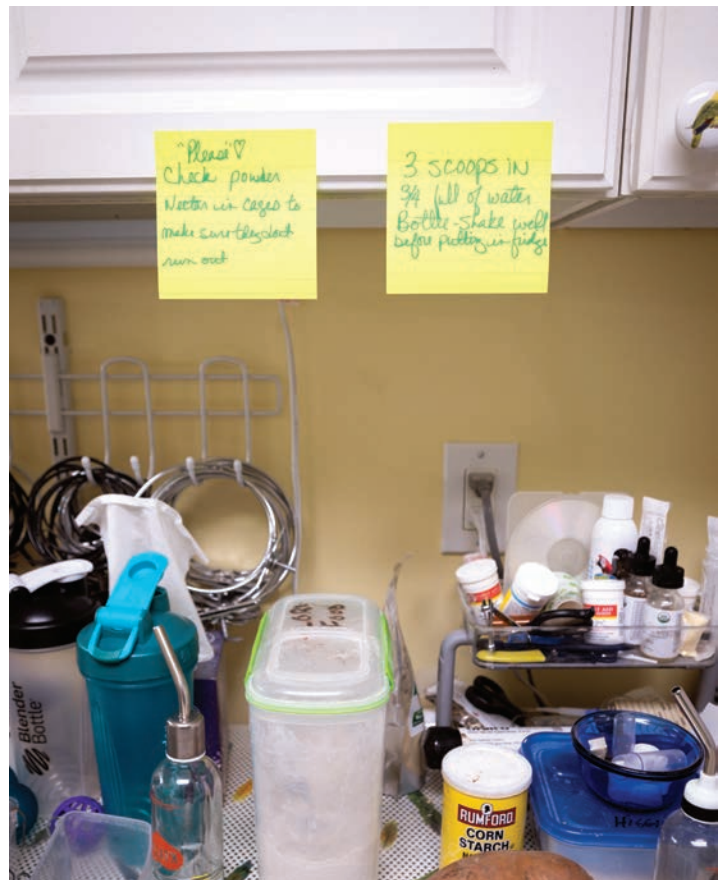
“People think birds are easy to take care of,” Vicki says. “Dogs die in seven to 10 years. Birds live 30 to 40 years. They’re quite clean.”

The basement is also clean and brightly lit. Air cleaners are mounted on the walls to avoid any smells.

Dave recalls how the obsession began. “When I met her, she had one bird,” he says. “She came up to St. Louis and we started going out. She had two birds. Then she went to a pet store to look at perches and came home, saying, ‘I got you a present.’ It was a little African lovebird.”

The National Bird Show was in St. Louis in 2012 and Vicki wanted to go. “Sure — what can go wrong?” Dave asked. Now he laughs and good-naturedly shakes his head.

Vicki entered her birds as a novice. The African lovebird took





*Above: Food bags and supplies fill part of the aviary. Below left: Buddy, a white-bellied caique. Below right: Parakeet leg bands hang on the wall.*



tenth place out of 120 birds. That encouraged her. “At that point,” Dave says, “there was no turning back.”

Traveling with birds, Vicki says, is not easy. “I don’t take any bird that seems not to want to go. If I’m not comfortable, I’m not taking them. Some I can take and carry on my shoulder in the hotel room.”

She says a national bird show can have 1,000 people in attendance, and over 2,000 birds. The world bird show has about 8,000 birds.

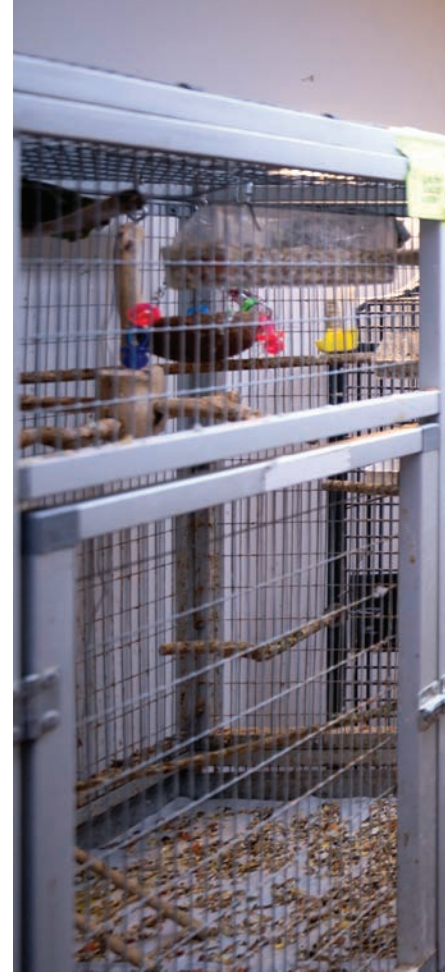
She traveled to Europe to learn the best ways to care for her birds. She serves as the vice-president of the African Lovebird Society, the president of the Lineolated Parakeet Society and she’s chair of the North Carolina chapter of the National Cockatiel Society. She’s in the midst of certifying to be a judge for bird shows, which requires study, experience, and passing an exam.

The move from Montana to North Carolina was complicated. Vicki rented an RV and they loaded about 120 birds into it on a Wednesday, in the snow, at -10 degrees. They all arrived in North Carolina the following Monday.

“I won’t drive any further than eight hours with the birds,” Vicki says. “They need their sleep.”

“I love them,” Vicki says. “I don’t sell them. I rescue them.”

Dave agrees. “Nobody loves birds like she does.” **S**



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*Dr. Randy Lassiter poses for a photo in front of the Utzman-Chambers House.*



*The bedrooms in the Utzman-Chambers House have furniture from the early 1800s.*

# *'hidden* **GEM'**

Randy Lassiter takes pride  
in Utzman-Chambers House's history

WRITTEN BY **SUSAN SHINN TURNER**

PHOTOGRAPHY BY **ANDY MOONEY**



*Dr. Gary Freeze of Catawba College presents historical background on important inhabitants of the Rowan Museum's Utzman-Chambers House. (Salisbury the Magazine file photo)*

**B**etty Mickle and Ed Norvell are longtime fans of the Utzman-Chambers House, located on a shady street in Downtown Salisbury. Now joining them in their admiration is Dr. Randy Lassiter.

Lassiter, 71, practiced dentistry in China Grove for 40 years, but is dedicated full-time these days to his first love: history.

After all, he was a pre-med and history double major at Davidson College. He's a member of First Presbyterian Church. And he's a member of the Maxwell Chambers Trust — a group to which the congregation's former elders automatically belong.

And there's one person who ties all these roles together: Maxwell Chambers. (See box)

The Utzman-Chambers House is the oldest dwelling in Salisbury, built about 1815 by Louis Utzman, a well-known cabinet maker.

"His thumbprint was on it," Lassiter says.

After Chambers bought the house in 1847 — he never lived there — he offered it as a manse for

### MAXWELL CHAMBERS

Maxwell Chambers was born in Salisbury in 1780. He returned to Salisbury some 40 years later from Charleston, a wealthy man. He gave \$250,000 to Davidson College during the antebellum period. For a time, the college was known as "The Princeton of the South." Old Chambers building burned in 1921, and was rebuilt as New Chambers in 1929. Chambers and his wife are buried underneath the session house near the present-day gazebo at Bell Tower Green.





Theresa Pierce shows Anderson and Azalee Everhart how a buzz saw works at the 200th anniversary of the Utzman-Chambers House in 2019. (Salisbury Post file photo)

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*Left: The wraparound staircase to the second floor. Above: An ornate window lets in plenty of light. Below: Beds utilized ropes for support.*



the Presbyterian Church, Lassiter says. “A minister would have never lived in such a nice home.”

The three-story home is built in the Federalist style with a curved spiral staircase and chandelier. The furnishings of Chipendale and Heppelwhite furniture came later.

The home still features its original materials and its original lock and key, Lassiter says. There’s also a set of draftsman tools.

“The plan is to make that the museum of Salisbury history,” he says. “The suffrage exhibit is there. The house has observed so much of history. It’s witnessed so much through the years, good and bad.”

One pastor, the Rev. Jethro Rumble, was installed on Nov. 24, 1860, and served into the 20th century. Until Rowan Museum moved to the old courthouse, the house served as its offices.

The house is open for small-group rentals. Last summer, musicians performed out on the porch. This summer, musicians are performing at Bell Tower Green, and Lassiter plans to have the house open then.

“I’m going to ride their coattails,” Lassiter says.

Lassiter calls the Utzman-Chambers House a “hidden gem of Salisbury right there in downtown that people don’t know about.”

It’s on a secluded, one-way street, it’s blocked from the park by the Wrenn House, and it’s not open daily, he points out.

“If people develop an appreciation of history, they’ll feel more connected, and this will be a better place to live,” Lassiter notes.

The Burlington native says he’s always had a love of history. “That’s partly why we decided to locate here. There’s a wealth of history here.”

Since retirement he’s also continued his membership in Civitan. He’s been the director of Germanfest at the Old Stone House for the past five years, and he’s a board member of Rowan Museum.

“Dr. Lassiter didn’t realize the importance of the house until he came on the board,” says Aaron Kepley, executive director of Rowan Museum. “He has so much enthusiasm. That’s helped give him ownership of the house. We have three full-time employees at Rowan Museum, and our board members are integral to what we do. That’s really the only way we can operate.”

Lassiter and his wife, Martha, have three children and five grandchildren.

“Part of my intent was to stay busy in retirement with volunteering other than just playing golf,” he says.

The Utzman-Chambers House will be open Saturday, June 4, from 1 to p.m. in advance of Pops at the Post on Bell Tower Green. **S**

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The 1856 Courthouse, 202 N. Main St., Salisbury, NC 28144, open 1-4 p.m. on Saturdays. It's the site of permanent and rotating exhibits, as well as the location of the museum's administrative offices. It also houses the Messinger Room, which can be rented for various events. The building is Rowan Museum's headquarters.



Old Stone House, 770 Stone House Road, Salisbury, NC 28146, 1-4 p.m. Saturdays through October. It's the site of special events during the year including Old Stone House Christmas, Spring Frolic, Revolution in the Backcountry (June 11-12), and Germanfest, the third Saturday in September.



*Salisbury the Magazine file photo*

China Grove Roller Mill, 308 N. Main St., China Grove, NC 28023, open by appointment. The roller mill, built in 1903 to mechanize grain grinding for local farmers, closed in the mid-1990s. It serves as the backdrop for the summer farmer's market, each Friday from 4-6 p.m.

## Other properties owned by the Rowan Museum

Rowan Museum will celebrate its 70th anniversary next year. Here are the other properties it owns throughout the county. For more information about any of these properties, call the museum at 704-633-5946.

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## THE SCENE



**First row:** Ethel Morrison, Evyleen Smith, Elfi Houck, Harold Bost, Louise Vaughn, Max Boger, Joyce Yost. **Second row:** Kathy Howard, Michelle Smith, M.D. McKnight, Norma Boger, Mary Ann McKnight, Jeri Seaboch, Virginia Goodman, Venay Seamon, Quita Mullis, Tommy Seamon, Pat Barringer, Glenn Stirewalt, Betty Stirewalt, Helen Correll.



*The group prepares to eat their meal together.*

# China Grove High School Class of 1953 69th reunion

Members and friends of the China Grove High School Class of 1953 gathered for their 69th anniversary reunion on April 22 at China Grove Family House Restaurant. 'We just call it a get-together,' says class member Norma Boger. Harold Bost is the classmate who came the longest distance from Fayetteville, Ga. Classmate Elfi Houck sponsored the dinner in memory of her husband, Bill, also a classmate.

— Photos by Tyrone Jones



**First row:** Harold Bost and Louise Vaughn. **Second row:** M.D. McKnight, Jeri Seaboch, Virginia Goodman, who came from Patterson School to China Grove High School as freshman.



*Max Boger, Norma Boger, Elif Houck, Venay Seamon, Tommy Seamon*



*Olive and Moses DeNise are more excited to eat hot dogs than have their picture made.*



*Bob Loeblein always has a smile. He attended with his daughter and son-in-law, Carolyn and Tim Byrd.*



*Pastor Rhodes Woolly talks with sisters Jane Rowland and Judy Ann Deal and Judy Ann's husband Harold.*

## St. John's Congregational Picnic

More than 125 members and friends of St. John's Lutheran Church attended a congregational picnic at Bell Tower Green on May 1. The event had been postponed because of Covid, so those who came were especially glad the rain stayed away. The Hot Dog Shack provided delicious hamburgers and hot dogs, along with yummy ice cream from Cold Stone Creamery, all compliments of the church. Tom Isenhour, a lifelong member of St. John's, brought his bluegrass band, Nu Hiway, to perform familiar gospel music with a bluegrass flavor. St. John's is observing its 275th anniversary this year, and members love the fact that the park is just outside its front doors.

— Photos by Susan Shinn Turner



*Above: Mike Agee digs into his ice cream as wife Sharon smiles for the camera. Left: Carolyn Byrd, right, talks with Cyndi Osterbus while others enjoy the music and refreshments.*

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