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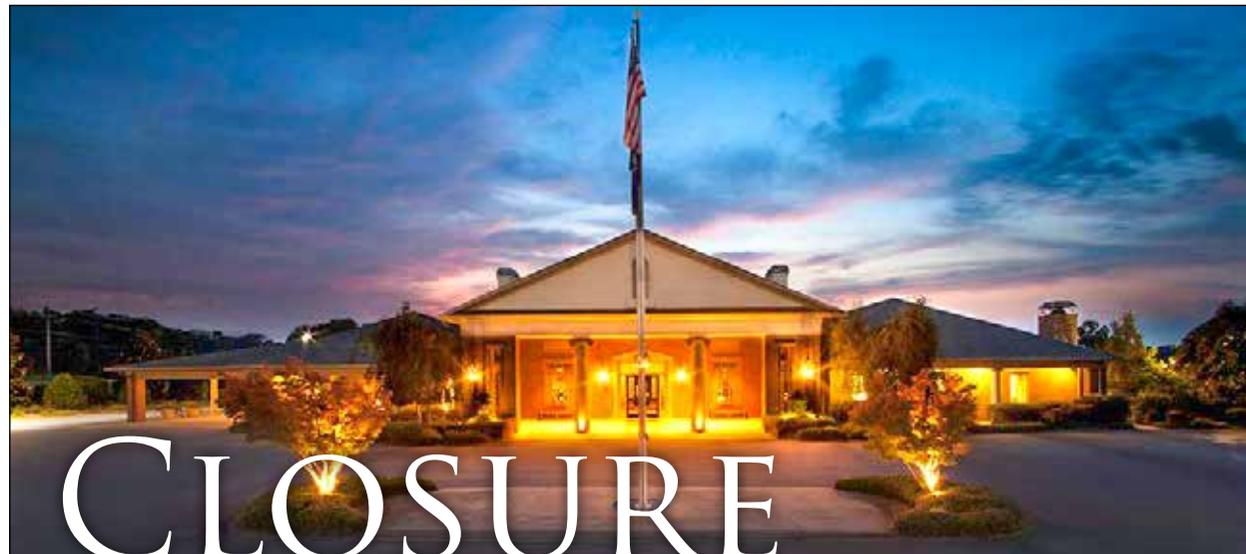
Sullivan-King Mortuary looks back on 100 years of service

Calvin Coolidge became President of the United States. Movies had no sound. And in August of 1923, what would become Sullivan-King Mortuary & Crematory opened its doors for the first time. And while funeral practices have changed over the past 100 years,



Kim von Keller

one thing remains the same, says David C. King: "Grief has been the same since the beginning of time, and the need for personal care by a compassionate, car-



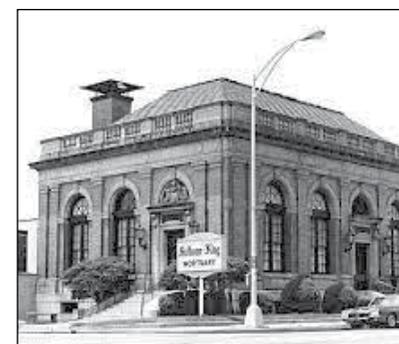
CLOSURE AND HEALING

ing staff has not changed."

As owner and chairman of the board, David leads Sullivan-King with Bolt McClain, who acts as president

and general manager. Since its inception 100 years ago, four generations of

SEE MORTUARY ON PAGE 2



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Mortuary

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

Kings have been associated with the company: David's father, William "Bill" King; David's daughter, Taylor King Young, whose husband, Matt, also works for Sullivan-King as an accountant and licensed funeral director; and their sons, King, eight, and Campbell, four, who often visit their parents at work.

When Sullivan-King opened its doors in 1923, funerary practices were quite different. From the embalming to the visitation, most funerals took place in family homes, with funeral homes primarily providing needed equipment.

"When we opened our first location on South Main Street," Taylor says, "Sullivan-King was among the first to have a facility when it was still somewhat unheard of. In 1926, we moved to Earle Street. This location, which also served as the home to the King family, allowed Sullivan-King to relieve families of the responsibility of conducting funeral-related activities in their homes. In 1941, we moved into the location at the former post office building downtown, but our biggest major change occurred in 2000 when we opened our current facility on North Highway 81, which serves as our current home."

Home is a good word to describe a family business. David remembers an important lesson he learned from his father about funerals.

"We lived near Old Silverbrook Cemetery on River Street, where we kept horses. One day, when I was a boy, I took my horse out for a ride and ended up in the cemetery. That evening, when my father got home, he asked if I had been out riding. It turns out that Mr. Lindsey, the cemetery manager, had spent most of his day cleaning up after my horse. 'Son,' my father said, 'people don't like to walk through horse poop when they're attending a funeral.'"

Sullivan-King is so much a part of the King family that when Taylor and Matt married in 2008, they chose to have their wedding at the funeral home.

"To me," she says, "this setting, filled with history and personal meaning, was the perfect place to continue a family legacy. The event was covered in the 'Anderson Independent-Mail' and picked up by various newspapers across the region. An article in the 'Charlotte Observer' prompted a reader to send a hand-written note to Sullivan-King addressed to Matt and me. The writer shared her story of how, years ago, she too was married in her family's funeral home, and she hoped our marriage would be as blessed as hers had been. Matt and I were immeasurably grateful to Bolt for letting them realize this crazy idea. After almost 1,000 guests left the building that night, Bolt, Dad, and my mom, Sheila, sat alone, pondering the cleanup needed to restore the facility to a funeral home. Amazingly, by noon the next day, the funeral home was fully prepared for a visitation and funeral."

The dedicated staff of funeral professionals at Sullivan-King often meet people at their lowest and strive to make each funeral as personal and healing as possible. Bolt reflects on their efforts.

"Often, families request things that reflect the lives of their deceased loved ones. It could be a video that is used during the service or a display of pictures, even a uniform or something from a life's work. We recently conducted the funeral for a teenager who died in a car accident. Our staff placed his casket in the middle of the visitation room, along with a collection of Sharpies and Magic Markers. His friends were able to write messages on the casket, along with their signatures. It was quite moving."

And while the funeral home bears the King name, David credits its centennial to those who often work behind the scenes.

"Reflecting on the numerous employees who have humbly served our community for a century is overwhelming. These funeral service

professionals have dedicated themselves to serving others, and every employee has had a role in the 100-year-old history of Sullivan-King Mortuary."

Throughout its history, Sullivan-King has been associated with some of Anderson's most notable citizens. The mortuary handled the funeral of Mrs. Virginia "Jennie" Gilmer, founder of AnMed. Anna Anderson Hunter, daughter of General Robert Anderson, for whom the City of Anderson is named, is buried at Roberts Cemetery, which Sullivan-King manages. But they are equally as dedicated to those whose names we may never know. They have assisted with the moving of cemeteries to make way for Lake Hartwell and the Anderson Mall. And as a combat Viet Nam veteran-owned business, Sullivan-King Mortuary understands the experiences of veterans and remains keenly aware of the dignity, pride, duty, devotion, discipline, accountability, and trustworthy sacrifice of service above self.

From a time when funerals were conducted at home to the current posting of obituaries on social media, Sullivan-King has spent 100 years in dedication to the needs and desires of families and their loved ones. As Taylor King Young reflects on the changes her family's business has experienced, she also sees a future with a mission that is the same as it was in 1923.

"Every person handles death, tragedy, and grief differently. Some are very emotional and show their emotions outwardly, while others show no emotion, even though they are hurting just as bad. As we meet and get to know the family, our most important job is to listen to their thoughts and work with them to map out the type of service or celebration that will best benefit them. Our goal is to assist in helping our families attain closure and healing. To achieve this goal requires patience and understanding, realizing that no matter the plan, it must be what the family desires, and our job is to carry it out to the best of our ability."

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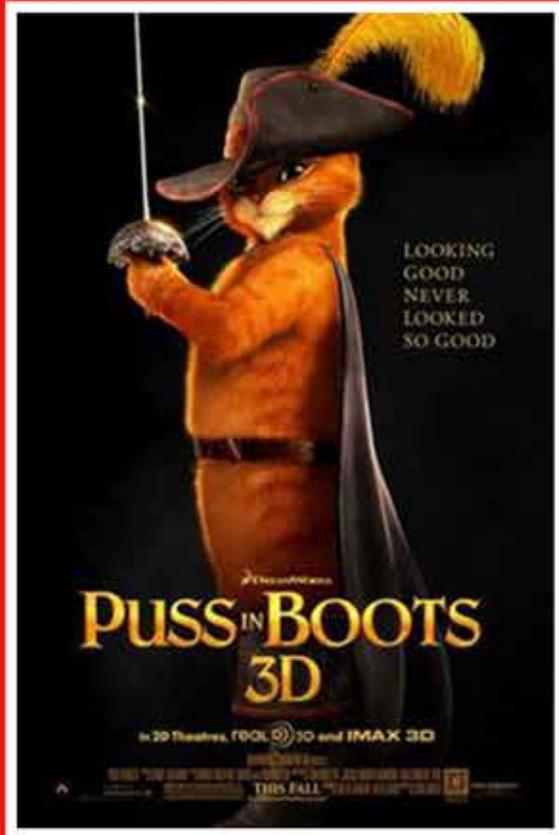
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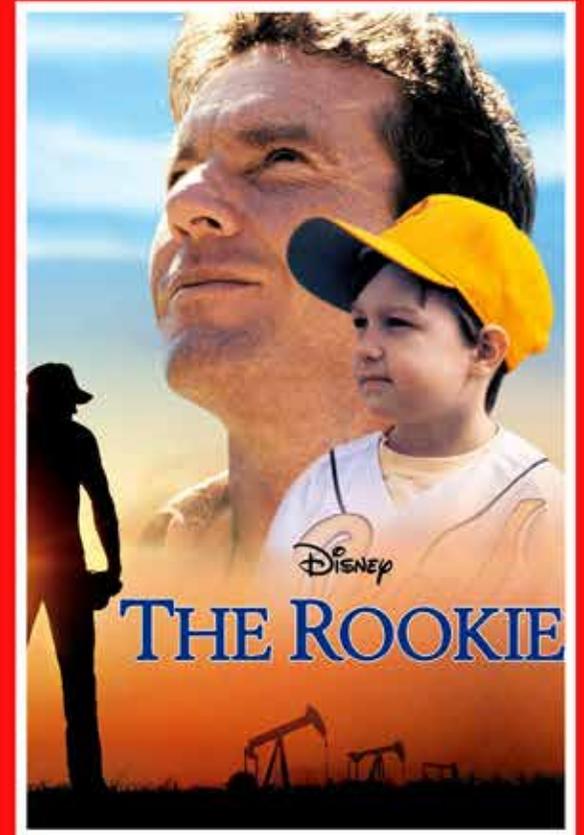
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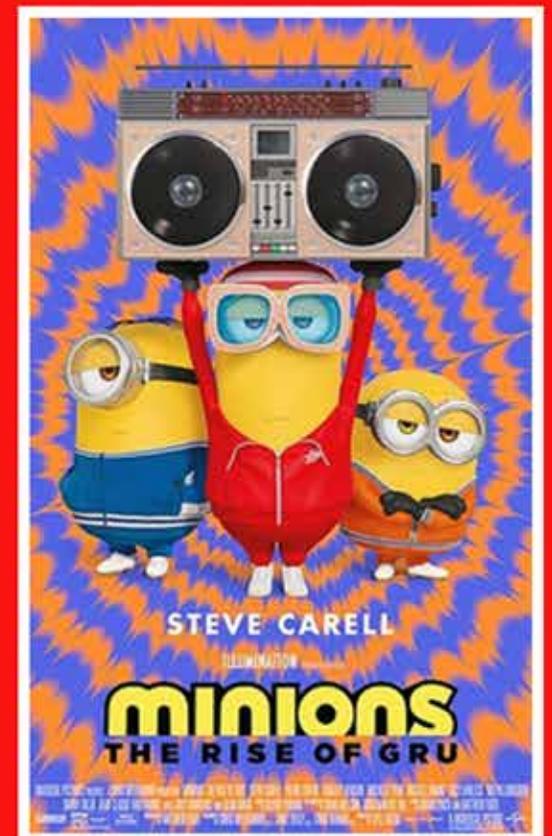
Puss in Boots
Friday, May 12 @ 8:30pm



The Rookie
Friday, June 23 @ 8:55pm



Addams Family 2
Friday, July 14 @ 8:50pm



Minions : The Rise of Gru
Friday, August 11 @ 8:30pm

Look here, Bub

I am, by nature, an easygoing person. Slow to ire. Relaxed. Chill, as the young folks say. I don't suffer from road rage. I don't go postal. I'm pretty much a "You do you" kind of girl.

My husband, whom I love more than air, is none of those things. He expects more from inanimate objects, such as cell phones and remote controls, than they can give. He expects people, such as service techs who show up beyond the three-hour window and all politicians, to behave better than they often do. But I can always tell when he's angry, REALLY angry, when he leads with three short words: "Look here, Bub."

What follows, and never undeservedly, is a frank expression of disappointment or correction or general opinion. He is not relaxed.

He is not chill. In other words, he is not like me.

It seems, though, that I may be more like him than I thought.



Kim von Keller

Last weekend, our daughter and her fiancé went with us on a New York City getaway. We

had not been in Manhattan since before the pandemic. We went to a comedy club. Elizabeth and I saw "Kimberly Akimbo" on Broadway. We strolled through Central Park and Times Square, where we saw two Elmos, an Iron Man, and the Naked Cowboy. One of our most moving experiences, though, was a

visit to the National September 11 Memorial and Museum.

Built on the footprint of the World Trade Center's towers, the memorials are twin reflecting pools which feature the largest man-made waterfalls in North America. Surrounding the pools are tiles with the names of those who died in the terrorist attacks on September 11, 2001, and the bombing on February 26, 1993. The museum houses artifacts, imagery, personal stories, and interactive technology that tell of the terrorist attacks, those who perished, and the first responders who worked tirelessly to rescue as many people as possible.

Largely underground, it is a dark museum, cool and quiet. I have never been around so many people behaving so carefully and politely... except for one guy.

His accent was decidedly Empire State, and he was one of those people who speaks too loudly to no one in particular so that everyone can hear. He was behind me going down a flight of stairs when he bellowed,

"This has gotta be the biggest money grab in New York City. We shoulda taken the kids to Disney World."

Teddy, hold my beer. These are the things that went through my head:

Look here, Bub. Nobody terrorized you into buying these tickets. Nobody threatened you with a boxcutter. What did you think you were gonna get here? Carnival rides? Cotton candy? Selfies with Rudy Giuliani? Quit your whining.

Look here, Bub. Your kids seem perfectly capable of turning off their phones for a couple of hours and learning about America under attack and how Americans respond when their fellow countrymen are missing or injured or mourning. The members of FDNY Engine 54/Ladder 4/Battalion 9 all died in the towers as they attempted to rescue people trapped in the World Trade Center, but if you think that Mickey and Minnie are of more cultural and historical importance, I'll buy you a one-way ticket to Orlando.

Look here, Bub. Do you act like

this at a funeral? In a cemetery? Almost 3,000 men and women perished here. Those volunteers you see? Some of them are survivors of the attacks; you'd know that if you read their name tags which clearly say, "Survivor." The other visitors that surround you? Some of them lost friends or family that day, so shut your mouth and show a little respect.

I should point out that I said none of those things out loud. I've never been thrown out of a museum before, which seems both horrifying and nerdy. Instead, I went to the Memorial Exhibition and found the name of a friend's nephew, Peter Alderman. He was attending a conference at the World Trade Center the day he died. He was only 25. One of his last phone messages to his sister: "I'm scared."

So look here, Bub. You walked in here on your own, and, unlike the victims of the attacks on the Twin Towers, you can walk right back out. If you don't have the common decency to keep your mouth shut, I'll gladly show you the door.

When in Abbeville...

FINDING LINLEY

BY AUBREY NEWBY

As has been noted in the past articles on "Finding Linley," in many cases Linley designs are concentrated in particular neighborhoods that were developed by his father, John Linley Sr.'s Home Realty Company. This is evidenced in Moultrie Square, Bedford Forest Drive and the area of Henry Avenue. One of the most interesting areas in Anderson with several confirmed Linley designs and a few likely but unconfirmed Linley designs is Jackson Square.

Jackson Square follows the typical form of a Home Realty designed neighborhood with wide park like medians and tree lined curvilinear streets that no matter which way they turn all seemed to be named Jackson Square. The houses in the neighborhood are for the most part what would have been considered part of Linley's traditional design period. But there is some evidence that he was beginning to explore more modern designs even in this early development.

610 Jackson Square is the epitome of a Linley traditional design. The house is of solid brick construction, and originally painted white. The small formal portico and simple façade are deceptive of the rather large two-story house. The plan was altered from the original design plans found in the Linley papers, that featured dormers across both the front and rear of the house. In the final design only the dormers on the back would be built. The heavily bracketed eaves, lattice work on the side porch and attention to detail are all indicative of a traditional Linley design. The house was likely designed for Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dawes, sometime in the late 1940s. Harry Dawes a native of England, was the President of Townsend Mills.

Across the street at 605 Jackson Square was the Linley designed home of Mr. and



Mrs. Eugene F. Anderson. Gene Anderson, was the owner and operator of Gene Anderson Department Store for nearly 30 years in downtown Anderson. Linley's design for the Anderson home begins to display a transition to a more modern style. The brick lower portion of the house under the large aluminum windows and the long vertical form shows a stark contrast to the Dawes residence just across the street.

The Anderson house also has a long brick walkway leading to a courtyard or garden area framed by the pierced brick pattern found in so many of Linley's Anderson designs. The curved wrought iron railing and louvered outside door are all Linley's nods to Southern Regionalism. Inside the banks of windows across the façade flood the front rooms with natural light. The family room on the rear of the house is clad in wormy chestnut again a trademark of many Linley homes, likely milled by the Linley family lumber company. Through successive owners the home appears to have maintained many of the unique details which were a part of Linley's design including the geometrically designed open shelving that separates the breakfast nook.

The houses at 610 and 605 Jackson Square are documented by photographs found in Linley's personal papers. They are both aesthetically pleasing additions to one of Anderson's most eclectic neighborhoods. A drive through the neighborhood however raises questions about others on Jackson Square that might be attributed to Linley.

Albert E. Smith, had the home at 2515 Jackson Square built sometime before 1950. The main house does not immediately convey the appearance of a Linley design. Upon closer inspection, a curved brick passageway and pierced brick garage are clues



that the house might have undergone a series of renovations or additions which may have been a Linley design.

Around the square at 2510 Jackson is a house designed for Fred Green, President of the Sullivan-Green Insurance Agency. The exterior is clad in board and batten siding and the small intimate porch entrance has a feel much like many of Linley's early designs, particularly houses on Marshall Avenue and Forest Avenue. The sharp pitch of the roof and

what appears to be a broken gable design facing the rear, calls to mind other Linley designs on Moultrie Square. The house may very well be a transitional period in Linley's design.

Further investigation could prove these houses and others in Jackson Square to be Linley designs or they could be what I have come to call in my research a "Faux Linley." The quest of finding Linley continues throughout Anderson, in Jackson Square and beyond.

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Vintage vibes



I love going to vintage stores. Most anytime I travel, I have to find one. My favorite vintage stores are in Manhattan of course, but there are so many all over the United



Kristine March

States. You can find remarkable pieces that are basically untouched and in mint condition. From turquoise jewelry to dresses from the 1970s, there is no better way to spend the day than thrifting. And don't tempt me with a good flea market.

My grandfather used to take me to one towards the South Carolina coast on our way to the beach every summer when I was a little girl and I became obsessed

and fascinated. Antiquities and art galore. One particular vintage designer that I adore is Gunne Sax. The dresses are from the '70s and were not mass produced. If you get on Etsy or eBay there are still hundreds you can purchase. Not only are they timeless, but they give a prairie girl, hippie vibe. They're absolutely gorgeous to wear and you may even have one tucked away in your grandmother's attic. Who knows? Some people are not aware of how much money they bring.

The best local vintage store that I have found is Honey Pot in Asheville NC. It's just a treat to walk into that store. You certainly will not walk away empty handed. There are endless finds. From sunglasses to hats to boots to jackets to dresses, it's a thrifter's Utopia. There's also a



great vintage antique market in Charleston, South Carolina that even carries luxury vintage items. The Mount Pleasant Mall has everything, from Tiffany lamps to cocktail glasses and even Gucci loafers marked down to practically pennies. You can't go wrong. I've talked about fast fashion before and most of us don't even think about how vintage shopping is actually good for the environment. If fast fashion waste persists, it

will soar up to 134 million tons in our landfills in the next ten years. That's a hard pill to swallow. Vintage is quality and it's upcycled. It tells a story. Who wore this and what were they doing or where were they going when they did. I just love fashion history too.

Where are you going to go vintage shopping this summer? Remember to make the sidewalk your runway and kindness always matters. Happy thrifting y'all.

THE GARDEN SHOP

SHOWY FAVORITES



SUSAN TEMPLE
master
gardener

One of the first shrubs planted at the front of the house, Crimson Velvet Barberry (*Berberis thunbergii*), is a bit of a love hate. A description in SC Botanical Garden's plant sale catalog said "This plant has attracted more attention in the nursery than any other plant. The 'large' bold foliage is a deep purple maroon". Adding yellow flowers in summer and red fall color seemed worthy of trying. Putting this against the gray house also seemed like a good idea. It is deciduous so there's no winter interest unless the spiny stems give some structure. Leaves are only large by barberry standards, not large by most foliage standards. Crimson

Velvet foliage is a consistent go to for flower arrangements. Its stickers may be tricky but with a good pair of gloves, it's pretty easy to strip them off. The hate part is the smell of the flowers. A Bradford pear comes to mind. Blooms are never put in an arrangement, needless to say. This particular variety grows to about seven feet tall and five feet wide. In 20 years, I've cut it back hard, to about two feet, probably three or four times, and it recovers wonderfully. Even though it is so close to the house, deer pass it by. And they eat several other plants just as close to the house. It has put up a few suckers around the plant in 20 years but is a well behaved shrub overall.

Another design stroke of luck, I wish I could say I planned, is a St. John's wort planted in front of Crimson Velvet. It took quite a few years but this shrub, Creel's Gold, has become a favorite. It started blooming about a week ago and will

bloom through most of the summer. Creel's Gold (*Hypericum densiflorum*) is one of the great plants that a gardener can put in the ground and do nothing more. It's a busy shrub, visited by all sorts of bees, damselflies, butterflies, birds, and many other buzzing things. Deer have never even nibbled. Creel's Gold is on the edge of the border going around the corner of the house. It's nice to see all its visitors up close. I would call it a semi-evergreen shrub. After it blooms, seed pods give interest into winter. I've never pruned it other than to use pods in arrangements. Maybe I should cut some of the flowers sometime to see how they hold up. Not sure why I've never done that. Its bright yellow flowers look great against dark foliage of Crimson Velvet. Creel's Gold has grown close to five feet and is probably a good eight feet around. Some limbs have touched the ground and root-



Showy contrasting colors

ed. A few new plants have seeded under it too but nowhere else in the garden. A couple of weeks ago one big branch started laying over into the path. Apparently it got too top heavy and has sprawled out. I've read it can grow in full sun to

mostly shade. This patch is in full sun practically from sun up to sun down. Descriptions saying it will grow in shade are surprising. The sprawling branch will have to be cut back eventually. I'll probably wait until it finishes blooming. Unless a scientific experiment is done to see how it tolerates being pruned in summer, in full bloom. While I'm at it, if there is a baby under it, there is a perfect shady spot behind the house to test that too.

A new hypericum, Sunburst (*Hypericum frondosum*), which has blue-green leaves and grows smaller, to only about two – three tall and wide, was added to another spot in the front garden back in February. It's growing great and deer are leaving it alone too. It is not blooming yet but should be any day. Its flowers are single. Creel's Gold are almost double looking. Another added benefit to both is pretty bark that peels in winter. While Sunburst is small, I may go ahead and bury a limb to root another one. I see potential to add these pretty shrubs among camellias if they do indeed grow in some shade.

THE SNAG

BY ANN BAILES

The snag was there when we first bought our farm property. I could sit on the deck outside the cabin, scan the woods across the field, and see that snag sticking way up above the other trees. It was a long since dead sweetgum tree trunk and limb, and much loved by the woodpeckers on the property. (Woodpeckers almost always prefer dead trees to living ones. Easier to pound holes, and easier to find bugs left behind in the wood.)

Mike often said that the snag wouldn't last. I didn't believe him. Dead or not, it looked very stable up there.

Watching woodpeckers work that long, high branch was fun. Red-bellieds were the best. They'd start just above the line of the other trees and then work their way upward, squawking the entire way. They'd scoot all the way to the top, look



Ann K. Bailes

around observing the landscape for awhile, then fly off, only to reappear soon afterward and repeat the process all over again.



A red-bellied has a red stripe on its head as well as a pale red spot on its belly. We saw that kind most of the time, but we also saw red-headed woodpeckers. They are less common, and people often mistake the two species for each other. Hawks would also sometimes perch up there, or bluebirds. Once a pair of pileated woodpeckers took a rest on either side of the snag. I would love to have had a photo of those huge and prehistoric-looking birds climbing their way up.

Snags can be deceiving. Many times Mike or I have looked at the one on our property, or others elsewhere, and had to decide if what we were seeing was a bird at the top or just a funny outgrowth of a dead tree. There's a snag out in Townville on McAdams Road that fools us every time. It's way off in the dis-

tance, and looks like a little hawk is sitting on top of the old growth. But it's not. It's just a bump sticking up at the end of the limb. And every time we're out there, one of us will say "Is that a bird on it this time?" And every time we get fooled.

One day, in a strong storm, the top part of our snag broke off. A small extension of it was still visible, and woodpeckers and other birds still made themselves at home for a good vantage point. It lasted for a few more months, and then another storm took the rest of it down. So it is no more.

I wish I had gotten a series of photographs of all the birds we saw out there — something I had aspired to do, but never got done. It might have just been a stick up in the air, but it harbored a lot of life. I miss our beautiful snag.

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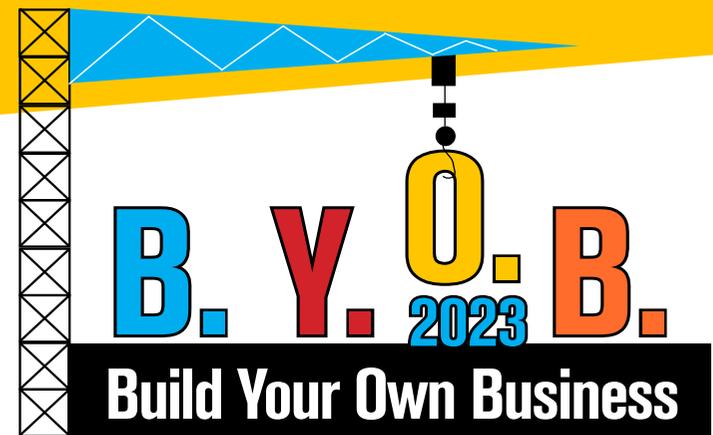
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Balancing act? Low inventory vs higher interest rates

The real estate market is influenced by many factors, and two significant ones in the Anderson area at this time are low inventory and higher interest rates than we have seen in recent years.



Tina Brown

While low inventory creates a competitive environment for sellers, higher interest rates can affect affordability for buyers.

Low inventory occurs when the number of available properties for sale is unable to meet buyer demand. It can create a seller's market, where

sellers have an advantage. This situation can lead to higher selling prices and multiple potential buyers. High interest rates refer to the cost of borrowing money to purchase a home. When interest rates go up, it impacts affordability for buyers, as higher rates increase monthly mortgage payments. This can potentially reduce buyer demand and slow down the real estate market.

When these two factors interact, it creates an interesting real estate situation. Sellers are already in a favorable position due to limited supply, but because of buyers' reduced purchasing power home price growth is moderate. This eases some of the pressure on buyers and allows for more effective negotiations. Regardless of higher interest rates, buyers that are motivated by market conditions, relocation, or lifestyle changes are still active in the home search process. Some buyers are shifting their search to more affordable properties, which can impact the demand for higher-priced homes. Sellers of higher-end properties may experience more challenges due to reduced buyer interest.

In many scenarios, the combination of low inventory and high interest rates can create a more balanced real estate market. Sellers may be less likely to aggressively price their properties, while buyers may have more negotiating power and more options to choose from due to lower competition.

Sellers may still be able to benefit from the low inventory but should be mindful of pricing strategies. It's more important than ever to work with a real estate professional to determine pricing and negotiation opportunities. On the other hand, buyers need to be prepared to act quickly when the right property comes available that aligns with the needs of their family and long-term goals.

GLENN'S LASTING INFLUENCE

BY RICH OTTER

When dealing with juveniles, he was a judge who sought rehabilitation - a punishment that could provide beneficial results, a punishment that could actually be rewarding and hopefully an inspiration to the individual.

How can you make a punishment rewarding? The kids often just lacked direction and providing them with an interesting challenge in some cases could result in an awakening and change in attitude. For instance, a youngster sentenced to have an involvement working in a police department with focused officers could help offer a totally different perspective and exposure with roll models.

Michael D. Glenn was the first member of his family to have received a college education and after undergraduate years at Furman he attended law school at the University of South Carolina. He joined a law firm in Anderson and soon became a part-time Anderson Municipal judge. He then moved on to what became the County and Family Court judge. He actually drafted the legislation passed by the South Carolina legislature that created the court. It handled both civil and criminal cases as well as family court matters.

Through his court involvement with juveniles, Glenn was concerned that juveniles had to be transported to Columbia for incarceration. They could not be kept in Anderson. That was difficult on the youngsters, gave association with others who could be a bad influence, and was a difficulty imposed upon the legal system as well as law enforcement officers. The community also bore cost for the juveniles to be housed in Columbia as well as difficulties for transportation. He had been appointed to the Appalachian Council of Governments and became intrigued by the idea of developing a local facility for delinquent youths.

With help from community leaders, funds from the Appalachian Council of Governments and the Anderson County Delegation, including an agreement the then vacant old County Home building could be used for its facility, the Anderson County Youth Home and Treatment Center was formed. Youths could then be sentenced to an Anderson facility for up to six months and while there receive counseling and direction. Schooling also was continued either on premises or through busing to school.

The home was a minimum security facility. Weekends could generally be at home. As time went on, a building was obtained on Shockley Ferry Road for females and they were brought over to the Youth home during the day for meals, counseling and schooling.

Family counseling was used as most of the young delinquents came from split or dys-



Judge Mike Glenn

functional homes. The juveniles had often been ignored and sometimes brutalized.

The youth home operation was conducted by a separately formed entity and for about 23 years operated from the old County Home building until moved for expansion to a Standridge Road site where it still exists as the New Foundations Children's Home.

To meet virtually the same problem faced

by Judge Glenn, the new Anderson County Detention Center is being designed to provide facilities for youths to avoid similar juvenile transportation to Columbia required under currently existing laws. It will also allow a more intimate association with the family situation, hopefully helping to get to the root of the individual's behavior problems.

In addition to his involvement with juveniles, Glenn handled other County and Family court matters along with guilty pleas passed to him by the Court of General Sessions.

Glenn's unique approach to punishment in later years was also exhibited with adult situations. In one such case a man appearing before the judge had been tied into a drug distribution matter, apparently inadvertently, and had been sentenced. He had an otherwise good record and was totally relied upon for support of his family. They had no other source of income. Glenn sentenced him to serve his time on weekends so he could continue with his regular employment.

After about six years in a judicial capacity for the county, Mike Glenn returned to the private practice of law where he remained until retirement. But his influence survives.

T. L. Hanna High Class of 1973 50th Reunion



Date: August 26th
Place: The Bleckley Inn
Time: 6:00 - 9:30
Cost: \$60 per person
Cash Bar



**The committee needs email address or
phone numbers from classmates**

Contact: Marshfant@gmail.com
Louiseknisley@yahoo.com

Make checks payable to:
Louise Seabrook Knisley
1202 Rutledge Way
Anderson, SC 29621
Memo: T. L. Hanna Class of 1973

NIBBLE & SIP

In a New York minute

I love New York. I have friends and family in Manhattan, in New City, and on Long Island. Ted and I spent our 20th anniversary at Lake Placid. (And no, there are no giant man-eating crocodiles there; I looked.) But



Kim von Keller

one place I had never spent much time was the Bronx, one of the five boroughs of New York City. So I was intrigued when a friend suggested going to the Little Italy neighborhood there for lunch.

"But I've been to Little Italy," I said.

"The one in Manhattan doesn't count," she said. "You need to go to Arthur Avenue."

She was right. Arthur Avenue is a charmingly unpolished Bronx neighborhood lined with Italian butcher shops, fishmongers, bakeries, and restaurants. You can have the freshest oysters you will ever taste, right out of

the ice, on the sidewalk in front of Randazzo's Seafood. Cookies by the pound at Madonia Brothers Bakery. Ravioli stuffed with goat cheese and grilled cantaloupe (!) at Roberto's. I'm not sure I can ever go back to the Empire State without another stroll down Arthur Avenue.

What I also learned is that The Bronx has its own cocktail. Unlike The Manhattan, which is made with rye whiskey, The Bronx is gin-based. To accompany The Bronx, I suggest Bruschetta with Ricotta, Tomatoes, and Prosciutto. That's a Nibble and Sip that you can put together in a New York minute.

The Bronx

2 oz. gin (I like Bombay Sapphire)
 ¼ oz sweet vermouth (I like Carpano Antica Formula)
 ¼ oz dry vermouth (again, Carpano)
 1 oz. orange juice
 Dash orange bitters (I used Fee Brothers)
 Combine all ingredients in a cocktail

shaker filled with ice. Shake until chilled, and strain into a chilled martini glass. Serves 1.

Bruschetta with Ricotta, Tomatoes, and Prosciutto

10 oz. grape tomatoes, rinsed and dried
 4 garlic cloves, sliced thick
 ¼ c. olive oil, plus extra for drizzling
 Salt and pepper
 6 slices prosciutto
 16 oz. good quality whole milk ricotta cheese
 8 ¼ - inch slices country bread, toasted
 Preheat the oven to 350. Line a large rimmed baking sheet with parchment paper

and set aside.

In a small bowl, combine tomatoes, garlic, olive oil, and salt and pepper. Place the tomatoes on one side of the baking sheet and the prosciutto slices on the other. Roast for 25 minutes, or until the prosciutto is crisp. Remove the prosciutto to paper towels to drain, toss the tomato mixture, and roast for an additional 10 minutes. Transfer tomatoes to a plate to cool.

Crumble the crisp prosciutto. Spread the toast slices generously with the ricotta, and top with the roasted tomatoes. Drizzle lightly with olive oil, and top with the crumbled prosciutto. Serves 8.

WHERE ARE MY THIRD-GRADERS?

Third grade is a pivotal year for elementary students. They are spending a lot more time "reading to learn" and navigating different

types of literature. It is important that they continue reading for pleasure, as much of what they read in class is based off of their units of study. We want to continue to foster their love for reading. Reading for 20 minutes each day will help them be more confident and fluent readers! Check out some of the titles below to

find a book series that may interest your child. Once they are hooked, it's easy—just pick up the next book in the series!

I Want My Mummy: Ms. Frogbottom's Field Trips by Nancy Krulik

Minecraft Woodsworth Chronicles Box Set Books by Nick Eliopoulos



Katie Laughridge

Ada Lace, On the Case by Emily

Calandrelli

Unicorn Academy Series by Julie Sykes

Jasmine Toguchi, Mochi Queen by Debbi

Michiko Florence

Pip Barlett's Guide to Magical Creatures

by Maggie Stiefvater

Beatrice Zinker, Upside Down Thinker by

Shelley Johannes

Judy Moody by Megan McDonald

Dog Man: The Epic Collection by Dav

Pilkey

Lunch Lady and the Cyborg Substitute by

Jarrett J. Krosoczka

A-Z Mysteries by Ron Roy

Dragonbreath by Ursula Vernon

Get to Work, Hercules! By Kate McMullan

My Big Fat Zombie Goldfish by Mo

O'Hara

Hamster Princess by Ursula Vernon

The Haunted Library by Dori Hillestad

Butler

Happy reading!

— Katie

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A REFLECTION ON CANCER

This issue I give you not a book review, but a reflection. June marks thirteen years since I started counting time cancer free.

I first discovered I had bone cancer during the holiday break my senior year of college. Barely a month later, I went in for a 7.5 hour surgery. Going in, we weren't really sure what to expect other than it was an aggressively growing tumor erasing my radius bone.



Sara Leady

As I was living in Seattle, I was lucky to have an incredible ortho-oncologist take my case because he'd never seen a tumor like this in the radius, which was exciting (I'm a case study). I'll make my experience bite-sized: I only had two transplant surgeries (cadaver bone and marrow) to treat my cancer. From discovery of the tumor (Dec 2009), to starting the cancer free count (June 2010), I did both surgeries, relearned how to use my arm, worked full time, and graduated college (oh to be young and stubborn). I'm a "lucky" cancer survivor as I've never had chemo or radiation, reason being my recurrence chances were over 1:3, so we expected a recurrence and opted to do one big zapping when it recurred, rather than multiple small ones.

Due to the extent of reconstructive surgery on my arm, I have noticeable surgical scars (both transplants and a later arthritis correction of the ulna) and I'm heavily right hand dominant due to restrictions from fusing my wrist. It's usually the scars that elicit questions from people.

Whenever I say, "I had bone cancer," I get a mix of uncomfortable, and often unintentional, rude responses.

As a 35 year old my age, for whatever reason, throws people. It's like cancer is only for kids, old people, or "unhealthy" people. Saying things like I'm "too _____" (young, pretty, healthy, nice, normal, etc – all things said to my face) to have had cancer," OR, even better, list reasons why I deserved or brought cancer upon myself (must have been a bad person, wakeup call from God to get my life right, or an inspection of my health habits looking for what I did to cause my own cancer – again, all said to my face). These types of comments haven't just come from strangers, but friends and family. PSA: never do any variation of the above, to any survivor of anything. It's hurtful and infuriating, which I assume is never what's actually intended.

My thought in writing this "reflection," is to give an honest, albeit brief, look at what it's like to experience cancer. Due to it being an uncomfortable topic, we don't talk about it, so it creates this sort of 'air of mystery' and all we know is that it's "life ending" – figuratively and physically. It's had an obvious effect on my life. I was an athlete, but now I'm technically handicapped. I ask questions like, "Can I take that prescribed pain med or will it trigger another pain med addiction?" I stress everytime I feel a weird

lump, or there's something 'odd' on a chest x-ray potentially indicating the recurrence has arrived.

I won't even begin to touch on the finances of having cancer—it's expensive and can ruin you financially for years. While all these thoughts and others have been regular for me, they've become less stressful and frequent as my chances of recurrence continue to dwindle (never zero, but close).

I don't write this as a badge of suffering, or a vain attempt at being inspirational (far from it). Was it hard? Yes. Was managing to not just graduate, but maintain my GPA, while battling cancer impressive? Eh, maybe. I honestly never saw not staying in school as an option, so for me it wasn't brave, I was simply doing what had to be done. Do I joke about cancer in a way that makes it seem trivial? 100%. It doesn't feel huge



to me – it's literally been my day to day for years, so how can I not laugh at it? I named my cadaver bone Fester, and he can be a real jerk about the weather, feeling like he's above gripping things some days.

All this to say that yes, cancer is scary, and it's hard, but it's not impossible. What is impossible is getting your doctor to let you keep your tumor in a jar so you can use it for a White Elephant



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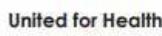
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Excitement and joy abounds at South Carolina Special Olympics Summer Games at Fort Jackson

Fort Jackson was the venue as athletes, coaches, family members, volunteers and fans gathered May 12-14 for the South Carolina Special Olympics Summer Games. The event marked Fort Jackson's 53rd year as host.

The Solomon Center was rocking with Special Olympians, their families and Soldiers to witness the beginning of a weekend of games held on post and in the surrounding community. A total of 16 areas from the state participated, including Anderson County Area 14.

Barbara Oswald, Vice President of Programs, Special Olympics of South Carolina, said the organization provides "year-round sports training and athletic competition in a variety of Olympic-type sports



Anderson County Area 14 athletes, coaches and volunteers

was well-represented with 28 athletes and 28 coaches and volunteers.

Not counted in those totals were the number of recently graduated Soldiers who packed the stands, danced, sang and gave the athletes a rock star's welcome to Fort Jackson during the Opening Ceremonies. "It's a welcome unlike any other we experience," said Debra Ables, an Anderson Area 14 volunteer. "Fort Jackson does a tremendous job supporting Special Olympics in South Carolina." Tessa Hilley, Co-Director for Anderson Area 14 added, "I feel honored to be a part of such an amazing organization that provides opportunities such as Summer Games for our athletes with special needs and their families to participate in. Athletes get to compete in their chosen sports, but they are also making lifelong memories and friendships."

Listed below are the Anderson Area 14 results from the 2023 Summer Games.

Swimming

Athlete	Event	Place
Kathleen Stoller	SW 25 M Backstroke	5th place
Sean Montion	SW 4X100 M Freestyle Relay	3rd place
Davis Parrish	SW 15 M Flotation Race	1st place
Morgan Bates	SW 25 M Backstroke	2nd place
Davis Parrish	SW 15 M Walk	2nd place
Pasha Spainhour	SW 25 M Backstroke	2nd place
Josh Riddle	SW 25 M Freestyle	3rd place
Jacob Sullivan	SW 15 M Walk	2nd place
Dwight Ables	SW 4X100 M Freestyle Relay	3rd place
Josh Riddle	SW 25 M Backstroke	5th place
Dwight Ables	SW 50 M Freestyle	3rd place
Kathleen Stoller	SW 50 M Freestyle	4th place
Morgan Bates	SW 4X100 M Freestyle Relay	3rd place
Dwight Ables	SW 25 M Freestyle	3rd place
Morgan Bates	SW 25 M Freestyle	4th place
Pasha Spainhour	SW 25 M Freestyle	2nd place

for children and adults with intellectual disabilities, giving them continuing opportunities to develop physical fitness, demonstrate courage, experience joy and participate in a sharing of gifts, skills and friendship with their families, other Special Olympics athletes, and the community."

Fort Jackson provided housing for 800 athletes and their families while also hosting aquatics, softball, bowling, bocce and powerlifting events.

Of the 150 coaches and 500 volunteers on post, Anderson County Area 14

Track & Field

Brad Hammond	Shot Put	Score: 5.8	2nd place
	100 M Walk	Score: 52	1st place

Bocce

Nicole Brock/Ashley Morris	Doubles	1st place
Michael Mobley, Jr/Rico Leverette	Doubles	1st place

Softball

Traditional Softball		Place
Lilli Chapman	Tyler Cole	3rd place
Bruce Osborne	Michelle Smith	
Leif Chapman	Laura Goodin	
Killian Barnes	Tony Dermer	

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BLACKSMITH 'KEEPING HISTORY ALIVE'

BY JANA MACKIN

Far from the 21st century, a traditional blacksmith plies his trade at Hagood Mill Historic Site in Pickens. Kevin Thompson bends and shapes rock hard steel softened in the Vulcan fire of his forge into tools, hardware, fixtures and art. This June morning, a handful of middle school boys are at the site's smithy where Thompson is teaching them blacksmith basics. They hammer, bend and shape metal rods into what become wall sconce candle holders. The participants operate the large double bellows to blow air into the coals. They feel the heat and grit, and hear the hammer clang on the anvil. They learn how it was done back in the day since time immemorial.

"I love the fire, the smell of the coals," said Thompson, an artisan blacksmith who owns and operates the Electric City Forge in Anderson. "I love taking a piece of steel, heating it, and manipulating that steel into something I want to be creative."

"I'm a traditional blacksmith and the majority of my work is done by hand using only a coal forge, anvil and hammer," said Thompson, Hagood Mill blacksmith instructor and artist whose metallurgy ranges from more prosaic tools and vehicle parts to ornate home fixtures and ornaments to finely wrought metal sunflowers and one-of-a-kind pieces.

For about 25 years, Thompson has been blacksmithing as well as teaching and demonstrating his trade in folk art and historic reenactment venues and sites. Since March 2020, Thompson has taught his art to students of all ages at the Hagood Mill. He offers a number of classes for various expertise levels. In his introduction to blacksmithing class, Thompson teaches students a basic working



knowledge of traditional blacksmithing, and they make items. Students learn the history of blacksmithing, about fuel and materials, and how to build, maintain and use a coal fire.

Thompson teaches them the five basic techniques of blacksmithing which includes the drawing out, tapering, bending, scrolling and twisting of steel as well as basic finishing techniques. They learn about shop safety and how to stay healthy through proper use of tools and forging techniques.

"I love teaching them, seeing them transformed," he said. "They learn to work with their hands."

"Getting your hands sweaty and cut and bruised is very rewarding," he said. "You can look at what you accomplished by doing something."

"In today's world, we push buttons," Thompson said, "but there is so much more to life than sitting in front of a screen and pushing buttons."

"Our classes are very popular. Kids and adults take our classes," he said. "People are wanting to relearn the old skills and arts from gardening to wood working to preserving food."

Among those middle schoolers in the class was Latham Monroe who spent his morning working on his candle holder, enjoying the hands-on approach to working with hot metal.

"This is perfect," Monroe said. "It's fun. I like trying new things. I like working with my hands. It's something I can control."

Another student, Falcon Bright, has taken a number of blacksmith classes. He enjoys the focus, creativity and skill required to forge objects from raw metal.

"I hope Kevin will take me on as an apprentice," said Bright, whose mother, Amy, teaches leather craft at Hagood Mill. "Last year, we made dinner bells."

Over the years, Thompson has had many different careers such as diesel mechanic,



welder, outdoor guide, automotive parts and service. He has always loved the outdoors, history and working with his hands. When Thompson started doing local historical reenactments where he made his own clothes, accessories and weapons, he decided he wanted to learn how to make metal cooking and other fixtures. Thompson read a book on blacksmithing and has since been hooked. While mainly self-taught, he has been influenced by others such as blacksmith

and historical reenactor, Buck Jolley, who blacksmithed, demonstrated and taught at Kings Mountain National Military and State parks. Like Jolley and others, Thompson had dedicated himself to preservation, promotion and teaching of the old Appalachian life skills and arts so they do not die out but thrive for generations to come.

"We are very excited about keeping history alive," said Jolley. "We don't want the art to go away."





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CONFUSED

You may not know this about me, but I am an encyclopedia of useless facts. My mind absorbs information that others discard like



Neal Parnell

Kleenex. I can tell you that Fruit Loops are all the same flavor, that an octopus has three hearts, or that STP stands for scientifically treated petroleum. Thousands of trivial answers are trapped in me and have no value whatsoever. I don't have a Jeopardy

brain, but I am "Smarter than a fifth grader". I can recall phone numbers from fifty years ago, I know my drivers license number and every password for every service and device we own, but there are certain mysterious things that I've never been able to grasp. For instance, just the other day my wife asked if I would go to the bedroom and bring her purse. I said, "sure". I go to the bedroom and see an assortment of things that could be it. I grab one and take it to her. "That's not a Purse, that's a



Pocketbook". I try again. "That's not a Purse, that's a Handbag". I smile and try once more. "That's not a Purse, that's a Clutch, I knew you couldn't do it". She was right, but I do know that when I go to the grocery store she will ask me to pick up some strawberry jelly, when she actually wants strawberry preserves. I still have no idea what the difference is between a Purse and a Pocketbook. I carry one wallet that was sold to me by a guy at the Jockey Lot in 1978. I told him it looked water damaged, but he said it was dropped by Moses when he parted the Red Sea and gave me two dollars off.

I know the difference between a crocodile and an alligator, a shrimp and a prawn, a mule and a donkey, but I'll never understand

how they know that the New and Improved Meow Mix taste better to my cats. I know they would love for me to open a can of squirrel or mouse flavored cat food. Can something be "New, and also Improved"? I mostly get confused over everyday things such as, why do we park in the Driveway, but drive on the Parkway? Do children that act in R-rated movies get to watch themselves, or do they have to wait until they're older? I just now wondered how old I have to be to die of old age, and where do seedless watermelon seeds come from? I've always been confused as to why the objective



of Golf is to play the least amount of golf.

Oh well, So what if I put a biscuit in the microwave and punched in my ATM pin number, or that I still have a BI-LO bonus card on my key ring. A week ago, I tried to send back the three DVDs that NETFLIX mailed to my house in 2007, but they switched to streaming and didn't want them. I went to Burger King and asked for a WHALER, you know

the big fish sandwich that came out in 1975. The large associate with the ear buds and nose ring told me I shouldn't call people that. It's not my fault that I thought the Farmers Market was a dating app for girls in the 4H Club, or that I told a nice lady that "we don't have them here" when she asked where the SUBWAY was.

A little confusion is a good thing. It causes us to want to know why. I'll end by quoting Confucius...

"MAN THAT STAND ON TOILET IS HIGH ON POT"

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