

I Remember...

In January, Carolina Country will begin a new series, and we're inviting everyone to contribute. We'll publish your stories and pictures about your memories of times, people, events, scenes, whatever memories mean a lot to you. You don't have to be a great writer to send us something. Just tell it from your heart. Here are some samples:

Meeting my husband

It all started when we were just 13. A boy from my church went to school with David. The boy had a birthday party and invited friends from both school and church. I was there, too.

Fast forward four years. We were 17. David and the other boy were still good friends and were going to a Beach Music Festival in Selma, N.C. I happened to be going with a friend who dated this same fella from church. There, all four of us met up and ended up hanging out together. David offered me some chicken, and we just hit it off.

He called me continuously during the next week, and we had our first official date on Friday night. When he got home, he told his mom that he had met the girl he was going to marry.

The next weekend, he showed me a photo he had kept from the birthday party four years earlier. I couldn't believe it. There I was at the party when we were 13.

Today, we agree we were meant to be together. In 2005, for our 20th anniversary, he took me on a wonderful trip to St Maarten, the setting for this photo.

David & Angela Williams, Emerald Isle, Carteret-Craven Electric



Working tobacco

Working in tobacco in summers on Pawpaw's farm was hard work, but we didn't complain because we had all the cousins and family together. The ladies would talk while they strung, and the boys would whoop and holler getting dirty crawling down the rows and pulling the suckers off the stalks.

By the end of the day your hands would be black. The little ones named the tobacco worms, and they snacked on sardines, crackers, orange soda and moon pies. If we had daylight left, Papaw was sure to let us ride one of the cows as a treat. The old mules would be so tired they would just sit down with you if you tried to ride them!

Toward the end of the summer we were treated with a juicy, ripe watermelon and sometimes had a seed-spitting contest. I learned more in those summers about hard work and pure fun than anywhere else.

Kay Myers, Wallburg, Energy United

SEND US YOUR *Memories*

We'll pay \$50 for those we publish in the magazine. We can put even more on our Internet sites, but can't pay for them. (If you don't want them on the Internet, let us know.)

Guidelines:

1. Approximately 200 words.
2. Digital photos must be at least 600kb or 1200 by 800 pixels.
3. No deadline, but only one entry per household per month.
4. Send a self-addressed, stamped envelope if you want yours returned.
5. We pay \$50 for each one published in the magazine. We retain reprint rights.
6. Include your name, mailing address and the name of your electric cooperative.
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