



From The Ground Up *By Debbie Mitchell*

Spring has sprung and just like the three "r's" of education, our Buildings and Grounds (B&G) team has embraced its own three "r's" this season – Remove, Replace, Repair. If you've been too busy enjoying the sunshine (or hiding from it), "Don't Worry – Be Happy," because I've got you covered with all the juicy details of what's been happening around Cypress Landing.

The CL Habitat Ready for More Than Just Pollinators

Spring means blooming flowers, buzzing bees, and, thanks to B&G, a much more welcoming vibe! B&G has made the two entrances to the Habitat even more inviting and much safer for foot traffic. They constructed some beautiful stone block walls at the Habitat crosswalks and topped the walls off with capstones. Many like this look better than the bridge; step out there and see what you think!

Jungle Adventures and Bridge Repair Missions

Armed with bug juice (aka bug spray or "the good stuff") and fighting against poison ivy, B&G bravely trudged through the nature trail with their battery powered drills and saws. Their Mission: to repair two bridges. Although the substructure and railings were fine, B&G removed and successfully replaced over a dozen floorboards. Mission accomplished!

Sinkhole Saga Continues

If you've noticed the craters popping up around town, don't worry, it's just Cypress Landing's own version of "Crater Park!" The storm drainpipe associated with the Thames to Cypress Landing Trail sinkhole was cleaned out and a video inspection was performed. An inflatable vinyl sleeve should be threaded through an existing 250-



foot pipe (yes, you read that right) to complete the repair by the time you're reading this. After this, the two smaller sinkholes on the other side of Cypress Landing Trail will be addressed. A sinkhole and storm drain were also repaired near golf hole #10. We hope to have this whole sinkhole drama wrapped up soon and finally retire the detour signs. Phew!

Poolside Shenanigans and Water Works

When the pool committee called for backup, B&G answered the call and removed the pool chairs from storage

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From The Ground Up

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and set them up. Needing more work to support their strength training goals, B&G removed and replaced pool fence posts, dug a trench and installed an irrigation line for flower beds behind the marina wall, repaired broken sprinkler heads on the irrigation system, and repaired a water leak on the pool lawn hydrant. Ten to fifteen B&G members answered the call for "Wet and Wild Fun" donning the name "Two Men and a Truck" and agreed to water newly laid sod a couple of times a week, for a month, along Cypress Landing Parkway until it rooted.



The Need for Privacy

In response to the dinghy racks' cries for privacy, B&G delivered! After several rounds of auger-powered fun (digging holes isn't as glamorous as it sounds) and inserting posts, the team installed brown privacy lattice to give the dinghies the peace and quiet they've been asking for. Concrete was poured, posts were straightened (with the precision of a scientist, mind you), and now we have a classy little privacy screen that might just need a little landscaping to complete the look.



And a Few More Highlights for You...

Other things you might have noticed

- Muhly grasses? Gone. They were taking over the Bay Club entrance.
- The banner at the second entrance? Repaired and flying high.
- Those parking lot bumpers at the Bay Club? Removed.
- Brightly colored annuals are popping up like it's the Fourth of July.

And, after a few failed attempts involving drones, extension poles, and a touch of frustration, the Bay Club flagpole rope was finally fixed. Who knew flagpole maintenance could be such a comedy show?

What's Coming Up?

- B&G isn't slowing down anytime soon. Here's what's still on the horizon:
- Sidewalk Grinding: So, you don't trip, fall, and sue us (just kidding, it's for safety!)
- Bay Club Garbage Corral repair: Because even trash deserves a little class.

Stone for Storage Lot B

So, as we welcome the hazy, hot, and humid days of summer, you can rest assured B&G has it covered – one (or three) "Rs" at a time. Stay cool, stay safe, and stay tuned for more updates!

Cypress Landing Social Committee

Our Youth Committee (YC) has taken off with planned events. They brought back Friday night at the movies on the fourth Friday of the month at 8 p.m. They are at the Bay Club pool every Tuesday meeting up at 0930. Information on our YC can be found on their Facebook page CYPRESS LANDING YOUTH AND YOUNG PROFESSIONALS.

May 3 – Youth Committee Family Night Meet up at Hopcrafts

May 9 - Dinner with Friends – Pre-akness Celebration - Food and fun



May 13 - Wine Club - Marina Lounge

May 23 - YC Friday Night Movie

May 26 - Memorial Day

June 3 - Youth Committee Pool - Weekly

June 5 - Wine Club at the Golf Club

June 5 - Sunset Swims at the Pool - Weekly

June 18 - Youth Committee Family Yoga Session at the Marina

Coming up on September 20 there will be a Planning Meeting for 2025 Dock of the Bay (and 30th anniversary) – Time is TBD

Have a great summer!

Cypress Landing Community Read A History of Building Community

by Pat Wheelock

For the past 20 years or more, your Cultural & Education Committee has not only provided monthly programs to educate and entertain the residents but has also encouraged activities that help build community. One such activity is a community book read, designed to bring people together from different backgrounds with a shared experience of reading and discussing the same book. Many communities, states, and colleges use this type of program to broaden friendships and community connection.

You can take part in this community experience on Sunday, September 14. **The Measure** by Nikki Erlick has been chosen for the 2025 "Cypress Landing Community Read". Take time this summer to read this nationally acclaimed book and join your neighbors

in September. This C & E program is your opportunity to take an active part in an evening of conversation, sharing, and community connection. Several copies of the book will be available on loan outside the HOA office, or you may decide to independently purchase your own copy.

Books selected from previous community reads have been **The Keeper's Son** by Homer Hickam, **The Worst Hard Time** by Timothy Egan, **The Cellist of Sarajevo** by Steven Gallo-way, **The Boys in The Boat** by Daniel James Brown, and **The Last Ballard** by Wiley Cash. Through a variety of book genres, we have found a way to connect, encourage literacy, stimulate conversations, and build friendships, benefiting the individual as well as the community.



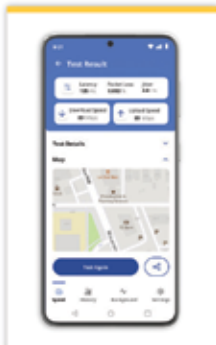
"The measure of your life lies within."

The author, Erlick, explores the results of one knowing the exact length of his life. Following eight ordinary people, the novel features the doorstep arrival of boxes containing a string representing the recipient's lifespan. How do the "short-stringers" and the "long-stringers" handle this knowledge. Some people may call this novel dystopian or fantasy, but **The Measure** is a contemporary ethical drama with a romance element thrown in.

GET ONBOARD AND READ!

FCC Mobile Test App: Improving Cell Tower Connectivity

If you're frustrated by the lack of connectivity in Cypress Landing, read on to learn how you can become part of the solution by helping to crowd-source important data needed by the Federal Communications Commission (FCC).



The FCC has introduced the FCC Mobile Test App. This application is designed to provide users with tools to measure and report the quality of their mobile connection, impacting the enhancement of cell tower connectivity.

5G Fund for Rural America

The FCC's 5G Fund for Rural America aims to ensure rural communities benefit from the advancements of 5G technology. By providing financial support for the deployment of 5G infrastructure in underserved areas, this

initiative works in tandem with the data collected from the FCC Mobile Test App to improve connectivity across the nation.

What is the FCC Mobile Test App?

The FCC Mobile Test App is available for both Android and iOS devices. It allows users to perform tests measuring download and upload speeds, latency, and signal strength. The app collects data anonymously, ensuring user privacy while contributing to a database of network performance.

How Does It Help Improve Cell Tower Connectivity?

The data collected through the FCC Mobile Test App helps:

- Identify areas with weak signal strength or slow speeds, highlighting regions needing infrastructure upgrades.
- Assist the FCC in making informed decisions regarding telecommunica-

tions policy and planning the deployment of new cell towers.

- Empower users to make better choices regarding network providers and plans.
- Enhance transparency, allowing consumers and advocacy groups to hold network providers accountable.

Getting Started with the FCC Mobile Test App

Downloading and using the FCC Mobile Test App is simple. Visit the Google Play Store or Apple App Store, Search for "FCC Mobile Test App" and download it. Open the app and follow the on-screen instructions to start testing your mobile network.

By participating in this initiative, our community can improve cell tower connectivity, ensuring reliable mobile communication for all. Download the app today and join the movement towards better connectivity.

Learn more by visiting <https://www.fcc.gov/BroadbandData/speed-test-app>.

The Dockmasters: Cypress Landing's Ambassadors

By: Alex Diffey



You may be wondering what Cypress Landing's Dockmasters do? Get comfortable, because it's a long list!

Morning and afternoon they walk our five main docks and side docks as necessary with a six-foot brush in hand to clean up the 'calling cards' left behind by our River Otters, Blue Herons, Sea Gulls, Ducks and other wildlife visitors. While performing these twice daily rounds the Dockmaster (DM) makes note of dock lines in the water and other irregularities with boats and lines and will notify the respective boat owners. They make sure life-rings and other safety items are in their places on the docks. At night they make sure the main dock gate is closed. This activity takes place 9 to 5, 365 days a year, except during unsafe water and/or weather conditions.

DMs are there to assist Cypress Landing and itinerant boaters who may need help at the C dock 'pump out' facilities.

Monitoring the hailing and emergency VHF channel (16) and a few other stations along the Pamlico River (as proximity allows) for CL boaters coming in, and for distress calls on the Bay and Pamlico River, the DM is always prepared to contact Chocowinity EMS, County Sheriff's office, Search and Rescue, Coast Guard, etc., when necessary.

Upon entering Cypress Landing, visitors and prospective buyers are greeted by several signs encouraging them to stop at the Marina Lounge for more information about our neighborhood. Since the

DMs are on the premises daily, they are often the visitors' first personal contact. With 'ambassador smiles' they welcome visitors, provide information, offer a cup of coffee, and share personal stories of what makes Cypress Landing such a wonderful community, including pointing out the fantastic features of our marina - floating dock system, finger piers between boats, three-side sheltered location, proximity to the Intracoastal Waterway and so much more. During the workweek (M-F), DMs will suggest visitors speak with HOA employees down the hall for even more information. DMs also brag about our highly rated CL Golf Course and the many other top-notch amenities of our heavenly CL Campus. I don't believe there is anyone who has referred more first-time visitors to realtors, the HOA, to boaters with slips for sale, resulting in home and lot sales in CL than our DMs. They are there to receive and welcome visitors 365 days a year!

The Marina Lounge (the DMs' office) is open to all CL property owners. The Lounge is especially noted for a daily 9:30 am gathering, loosely termed, 'The Table of Knowledge.' Residents who enjoy this time are active and former boaters, people who like talking about boats, cars, sports, fishing, and any number of subjects, and drinking coffee (prepared by the DMs). I don't think there is anywhere else in CL that offers hot coffee every morning (a little after 9am); so, join us for a 'cup of Joe' - and bring a coffee fund donation

while you're at it! Boaters and others can get a quick update from the 24-hour radar weather map in the Lounge window. For safety purposes, a 'Docks Closed' notice is placed on the dock gates when the weather has sufficiently deteriorated. The DMs keep a list of recent sales, slips for sale, and can offer information on how to initiate a sale/purchase. They also lock the Marina Office and Lounge at night....and take out the trash.

What about Maintenance? DMs note repair needs along the docks, and some are members of the Dock Maintenance Team that performs needed repairs and upkeep. And to make the premises attractive, DMs open the umbrellas on the Bay Club Patio. And, you guessed it, the DMs also prepare the Marina Office for meetings of the: CL Marina Association, Yacht Club, Pamlico Sail and Power Squadron, CL Fishing Club, and special events like the Annual 'Blessing of the Fleet.' They also help prepare the patio for functions like Oyster Roasts and other outings as well as explaining policies on fishing and crab pot use, etc.

Another especially important aspect of the DM's constant presence is the added level of security for the Marina Lounge, the docks, boats, the Bay Club, and the lower parking lot.

They are unofficially but quite realistically the 'Topsiders on the dock, eyes on anything that moves.'

DMs provide special services to boaters including keeping keys to all boats, in case, for instance they need to be moved due to stormy weather. DMs also provide access to mechanics, Tax Assessors, NC Wildlife Officials, US Coast Guard, Law Enforcement, Chocowinity EMS, yacht brokers, and more.

We have the DMs to thank for their constant presence at the Bay Club, allowing the Marina Lounge and the lower entrance to the Bay Club to be left unlocked all day, for unrestricted access to the docks, for clean, sanitary docks, for their vigilance keeping the docks safe, the lower Marina lawn and lower parking lot safe. So, next time you visit stop in and show your appreciation to the DM on duty. The Dockmasters' contribution helps make Cypress Landing's Marina 'The Crown Jewel' of Cypress Landing!

Chocowinitudes

Chapter 27

By Tom McCluskey

On Birthing a Sea Urchin: a Kidney Stone Memoir

Let me start by saying I'm not one to exaggerate pain. I'm the type of person who walks off twisted ankles and proudly ignores symptoms that might send many folks sprinting (or limping) to the ER. A couple years ago when I lunged and caught a toe on our (then) recently constructed pickleball courts and began my inevitable journey forehead-first toward the green non-skid court surface, I outsmarted the orthopedic surgeons who invented this cruel sport so popular with plump people like me and tucked myself into a porcupine ball that after a couple rotations rolled right back up onto my pearly new white kicks like nothing happened. "I'm ok, I'm ok" I sputtered—after completing my two orbits and sticking the reentry—as players on two courts exhaled in relief. All was good until the next morning when I tried to orbit my nether side out of bed and into my slippers...

So, on this fine morning at the New Bern Marriot Courtyard where I was attending a Rotary District Conference when I first felt the twinge in my abdomen's right side, I chalked it up to a bad night's sleep, possibly augmented by poor life decisions or a bad sleeping position on a lumpy hotel mattress. I popped a Tam; drank some water, then more water. The pain persisted and gnawed at my insides like Catholic guilt. "Probably just a muscle knot," I muttered heroically into the mirror, while attempting to stand upright like a human being instead of a herniated orangutan who lost a bar fight. I stretched. I drank more water. I popped two ibuprofen like a seasoned athlete, even though my only recent physical activity involved walking across the parking lot to Persimmons for dinner.

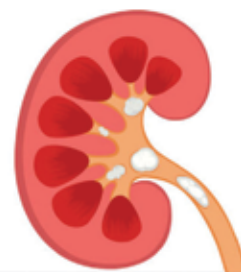
Soon, the "muscle knot" had evolved into what felt like a gremlin with a hot crowbar rooting around my insides. I

was still in denial. I told my fellow conferees I may have eaten some bad salmon, but the others in my party from the evening before who'd had the same thing were all fine. Still, at this early stage, saying "I'm harboring a jagged sea creature hell-spawn in my urinary tract" just hadn't entered my thinking. I didn't know what was happening, but I knew it wasn't good.

Eventually, the pain reached a point where I could no longer function as a participating member of society. My body began to spasm in protest, as if to say, "HOW DARE YOU IGNORE ME, YOU FOOLISH MEAT PUPPET." I finally did what any self-respecting adult does when faced with excruciating physical suffering: I googled my symptoms. The internet responded variously with something like:

"You may be suffering from indigestion, appendicitis, food poisoning, a bad gall bladder, constipation, the flu, growing pains, the aforementioned Catholic guilt, residual effects of your pickleball tumble, Covid, a kidney stone, cancer, ankylosing spondylitis, or gas. Good luck, you idiot."

It was then I began to suspect I might be in trouble. I sheepishly bade farewell to my fellow Rotarians and headed home—only to decide en route that it might be best to head straight up Route 43 to the ECU Health Medical Center Emergency Room in Greenville—mostly because I couldn't walk,



drive, or breathe without making noises normally reserved for medieval battlefields. I called my bride and in my calmest voice possible (between stifled whimpers) told her not to worry.

At the ER, the intake staff kindly asked me to rate my pain on a scale from one to ten. "Full-grown rhino rooting its horn into my side!" I nearly blurted while trying to stand fully upright. "Eight" I rasped, determined to maintain some semblance of dignity amidst the normal ER carnage and chaos. Having worked in an inner-city ER during college, I had begged my wife over her objections not to leave her own previously scheduled event only to sit needlessly next to me while I waited to be seen. True to expectation, I was perfunctorily directed to a section of the waiting area and told "let us know if the pain gets worse". When the pain did get worse, after what seemed like a three-day journey through what I can only describe as Dante's 10th Circle of Hell: The Urological Edition, I drank more water than exists in the Great Lakes. And I peed out repeated S-O-S's (dash, dash-dash-dash, dash-dash)

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On Birthing a Sea Urchin: A Kidney Stone Memoir **Chocowinitudes** Continued from page 5

in morse code with the cautious dread of a man defusing a bomb. Navy vets, aging mariners and experienced kidney stoners back me up here!

Three hours later, I'm hunched over in the ER waiting room, clutching my side like a Shakespearean character with a mortal wound, determined not to look like I'm in pain, even though my internal organs seemed to be staging an insurrection.

The ER waiting room is a fascinating place when you're in pain but trying to be chill. There's the guy with the sprained ankle, scrolling TikTok sans headphones or earbuds—the latest trend. There's a woman coughing like she swallowed a kazoo. And then there's me, the stoic one, sitting as still as possible because every breath feels like it might trigger the next wave of agony. I play Wordle until I see double, then quit in fear of ruining my undefeated status because I can no longer read the letters.

The nurse calls someone else's name. Not mine. Then another, and another. That's fine. I can wait. I'm not going to be that person. The one who dramatically groans and moans incessantly or paces or demands to be seen. No sir, I'm composed. I'm a picture of patience. Everyone there has a story. Chances are it's worse than mine. Meanwhile, my internal monologue:

"Okay... okay... no big deal... it's just... someone jamming a white-hot railroad spike through my lower back and out my abdomen... totally manageable... this is fine..." I repeat the mantra that got me through my one completed marathon: pain is temporary, pride is forever.

My mind wanders, I wish the lady across from me would stop wailing to wake the dead as if continuing will somehow hasten the arrival of a nurse to suddenly whisk her into an available treatment room for whatever is ailing her. I try to imagine if her pain could possibly be any worse than my own and pray silently for the both of us. I secretly wonder if all this is happening because I didn't forward that email to ten other people.

More hours pass. I feel my face and

know that it has gone pale. I'm sweating profusely. I've contorted myself into some kind of evolutionary throw-back to relieve the pain — hunched over, one arm across my torso, the other gripping the chair like it owes me money. A nurse walks by. I make eye contact. I try to smile. It probably looks more like a grimace, but I am still determined not to whine. Meanwhile, in my head:

"Is this how I go? Is this the end? Death by mystery abdominal shiv?"

Finally, I get called back. The nurse asks for my pain level on a scale from 1 to 10. I want to say "I don't want to be dramatic, but it feels like I've been stabbed with a molten ice pick and then kicked by a mule," but instead I smile weakly and say, "It's a ten, a solid ten." First time ever for me. We're talking Bo Derek territory here. Drop dead, pass out, she's so fine there's no telling where the money went. Ten.

Hours later, after tests, bloodwork, and the kind of CT scan that makes you rethink every life choice, and finally, an IV, mercifully, I receive pain medication. For exactly three hours until the pain med wears off, I chase the rhino away. Its fat ugly behind disappears into a cloud of dust in the distance. I doze. Shortly after midnight, the doctor strolls in, looking far too calm.

"Good news," he says. "It's just a kidney stone."

"Just a kidney stone?" I croak, imagining a flaming hot sea urchin trying to pass through a soda straw, while I've been dying a slow, sweaty, gremlin-induced death for the last 18 hours. "Why is my throat so dry?" I think to myself before I realize that they are letting me die slowly from thirst, so they don't have to unhook me and lead me to the restroom while I'm high and thus a falling risk. They don't know that I know how to tuck and roll like a porcupine.

The ER doctor nods cheerfully. "Small to medium sized one, too. You should pass it in one to three days."

Now my mind generally functions like my internet browser even when not on morphine. I have 14 tabs open; five

are pretty much frozen, and I don't usually know where the music is coming from. But imagining three more days of rhino wrestling while weighing the options of how to birth (naturally or otherwise) this angry sea urchin inside me was more than I could fathom. I was ready to hit Control/Alt/Delete. Note: For any younger readers who don't have a life and may still be reading this column, the aforementioned term is a personal computer version of chucking your nonworking cellphone into the Chocowinity Bay. A personal computer is that boxy machine that collects dust on the desk in the spare guest bedroom in your grandma and grandpa's house.

"Don't worry, the doctor said, jolting me back down from my number 9 cloud, I'll give you a prescription for FloMax to stimulate natural passage and something for the pain. Unless you want us to bring in the Roto Rooter to force its way upstream and then blast the rock like an invading asteroid, I can discharge you to lay comfortably on a heating pad while drinking heavily and taking pain pills." "I'll choose that last option." I said in about a nanosecond.

True to form, in just under three days—it happened. There was a moment of pressure, a brief jolt of agony, and then... freedom. I had delivered it. The stone. My spiky little tormentor was a boy! I named it Max. Mr. Max Pain. If it was a girl, she would have been Flo—after the wonder drug FloMax which had been prescribed in the ER.

So now I am, like those of you who have also been through this, a changed person. Wiser. Humbled. Slightly traumatized. I've made peace with my kidneys and sea urchins, and I now drink enough water daily to irrigate a small farm.

One last thing: If you happen to drive by our home and notice me discreetly relieving myself in one of our mulch beds, it's only in an effort to keep our water bill's sewer charge from climbing any higher—and also to keep the weeds down. So, drink up my friends!

In Our Backyard...

By Joseph Fehrer

"We must not forget that humans also have relationships with the landscapes around them. Fully functional residential landscapes must meet the physical, cultural, and aesthetic needs of humans while generating ecosystem services required by diverse other species. Local extinction, the disappearance of a species within, say, the woodlot down the street, or even your front yard, is now predicted to compromise the productivity of that woodlot and your yard."

—Rick Darke



We've been spending an inordinate amount of time working in our yard since we've moved into the CL community, and,

judging from many of the yards we see, we're certainly not alone. Our neighbors throughout the community take great pride in their landscaped yards and their small "woodlots", if so lucky to have one on their property.

Another obvious feature of the community is the relative abundance and diversity of wildlife that use our properties; whether it be seasonally or year-round, it's quite amazing. One of the more familiar species being the Eastern Bluebird, which is both a seasonal visitor [northern birds moving south in winter] and year-round resident [our "local" birds]. As an aside, the Environmental Committee has undertaken a bi-weekly monitoring of the Bluebird boxes on the golf course. This is the first time regular monitoring of the nest boxes during the breeding season has been done, and will provide a glimpse into the number and species of birds [and mammals] using the boxes.

In our yard, it's the ever-present chipping sparrows that entertain us. These small gray-breasted sparrows have a prominent rufous cap with a black line that runs through their eyes and a white line above. These are also the most insectivorous of the sparrows, with insects making up 42 percent of their diet; spiders and caterpillars account for most

of these. Along with our resident birds, of which there are too many for a comprehensive listing here, the springtime influx of neo-tropical and migratory songbirds to our yard only adds to this diversity.

One of the most recognized reptiles we see is the Eastern Box Turtle, with their dome shaped and colorful shells. In our yard, we have two regulars, but have counted as many as five different individuals, based on their distinctive shell patterns. These are long-lived omnivorous terrestrial [dry land] turtles who frequently show themselves after rain events when they leave their shallow burrows. Please don't take them as pets; they're an important part of our local ecosystem, best enjoyed in their natural surroundings.



We also have at least two pairs of Broad-headed skinks that call our yard home. These are remarkable creatures and second only in size (they range from 6 to 13 inches in length) to the Great Plains skink. They're a member of the lizard family, not amphibians, and are arboreal, residing and nesting in tree cavities, often at great heights, and using decaying logs on the forest floor during the winter months.



The larger mammal species that call our community home - the Black bear, Coyote, Bobcat, and White-tailed deer - may be the most charismatic of our wildlife, but also the most maligned, generally because of our pre-conceived fears. That's not to say they're blameless [when a bird feeder goes missing or your shrubbery is munched on], but we need to realize and accept that we are occupying their space.

A few other interesting species we have in our yard are the Southern Fox squirrels, which enjoy the sunflower seeds we put out in the cooler

months, and the Opossum, which helps to keep the yard tick-free in the warmer months.

Our choice of landscaping can also greatly benefit our native wildlife [I'm using this term as a catch-all now] or greatly diminish it. Numerous studies have shown the benefits of using native species versus non-native, and sometimes invasive, species for attracting, holding, and providing for a myriad of wildlife. By limiting our use of herbicides and pesticides around our house and in our yards, we can allow for the full potential of beneficial species to thrive. The "Habitat" garden and the smaller butterfly gardens scattered throughout the community are excellent examples of this.

We try to plant native species to the extent possible, but not exclusively; we have several non-native species planted as well. Choosing non-native plants brings some responsibility too; we're very careful to use only those that will not go invasive. We stay away from plants such as Bradford pear, English Ivy, Bamboo, and Burning bush to name just a few. Crepe myrtle is another non-native species that has a tendency to become invasive, as evidenced by the hundreds of tiny sprouts that we've been removing from our garden areas and lawn.

The clay soil we must work with here, while maybe more conducive to making bricks than to growing flowers, is non-the-less important to the overall health of our yards. While perhaps not as fertile, or as easy to plant in as loamy soils, clay does have some redeeming qualities, such as holding moisture, a plus when we have a dry spell, as well as nutrients such as potassium, calcium, and magnesium.

We live in an area that is naturally rich and needs little done to improve it, save for the small tweaks to our yards that benefit the overall environment, wildlife, and ultimately us.



Pickleball Spring Fling 2025



By Patrick Kinlaw

The event planners learned that CFD members had been learning and practicing their pickleball skills. They marked off a court inside the fire station and secured a portable net, paddles and balls. With the support of some players/instructors from Cypress Landing, the firemen have embraced the game, and several have become quite proficient. Additionally, it has become another opportunity for firemen to remain physically fit in support of their demanding roles. It was rewarding to have several firemen play pickleball alongside residents at the Spring event. It was also great to have two fire trucks available on site for children to enjoy.

Pickleball players, their guests, residents, and local firemen enjoyed a day of sun and fun on the Cypress Landing Pickleball Courts on Saturday, May 3, 2025. Approximately 30 adults and children enjoyed pickleball games, special pickleball challenge activities (such as a dinking contest and a target challenge), and corn hole games. There were also delicious sandwiches, chips, sweets, along with water, wine and beer. Significant funds were raised to support the Chocowinity Fire Department.

Each year members of the pickleball community hold a Spring event and designate a group for charitable donations. The Chocowinity Fire Department (CFD) was selected this year. CFD is a critical component of the broader community's infrastructure. Their members are always ready and willing to support Cypress Landing in any way that they can in addition to the valuable safety, lifesaving, and welfare responsibilities that they have.

The amount of funds raised was quite remarkable. With substantial assistance provided by Nutrien (our Aurora neighbor to the East); Larry and Corina Bezrouch (CL residents); and contributions from participants, a total of \$7,500 was generated for the CFD. The collective effort was the best to date for the Spring Fling event. Many thanks are extended to all who donated. Mike Harmon, who represented the CFD, was most appreciative of the community's generosity. During his remarks, he delineated several specific ways in which the funds would support his department's efforts. Basically, we all benefit.



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Standing HOA committees have priority to print their articles and pictures. We also invite other Cypress Landing groups and individuals to contribute. Submitted material may be altered by the editorial staff who is charged with publishing a community newsletter financed by our advertisers and shared with potential residents.

Issues of the Landing are published in winter, spring, summer, and fall. Issues can also be read online by visiting our website at www.cypresslandingnc.com

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