

the landing

The Official Newsletter of the Cypress Landing Master Homeowners Association

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Hurricane Season Reminder:

By: Bill Staton, Co-Editor

As we enter hurricane season, it's important to remember this: The first 72 hours after a major storm are on you. You shouldn't expect immediate help from anyone. If you know a major storm is coming and you have the means to evacuate, think seriously about doing so. And if you do leave, make the decision early and have a clear destination plan. For those who are staying, here's a practical list to help you get through the first 72 hours:

Food: Have at least a week of food you normally eat, especially shelf-stable items you don't need to refrigerate. Plan for a way to cook if the power's out. Microwaves and electric stoves won't work without electricity. Propane or charcoal grills can work if you're able and willing to use them but never use grills indoors.

Water: Plan for at least one gallon per person per day, but two is safer, especially if you'll cook pasta, rice, or beans. Have a way to purify more water. Rainwater running off roofs can be contaminated, so filter if needed. Options include products like LifeStraw or Sawyer filters. You can also boil water or use bleach carefully. For emergency disinfection, use 6 drops of unscented bleach per gallon of clean-sounding water (water that is visually clear, odorless, tasteless, and safe to drink, with no visible or detectable impurities) or 12 drops if cloudy or has a smell. For full details, you can reference Primal Survivor's guide on purifying water with bleach. <https://www.primalsurvivor.net/purify-water-bleach/>

Medical supplies: If anyone relies on life-sustaining meds such as heart medications or insulin, aim to keep at least a couple weeks' supply on hand if possible. Also assemble a solid first aid kit that includes bandages, gauze, antiseptic ointment, burn cream, pain relievers, fever reducers, and stomach upset meds.

Light sources: Flashlights are safer than candles around gas leaks and kids. LED models conserve battery power. Keep extra batteries and consider LED headlamps for hands-free tasks. Solar landscape lights can be a handy, low-cost option too.



Entertainment: Board games, paperback books, and even a set of dice can go a long way if you're stuck without power.

Solar charger: A small portable solar panel can help keep devices going, and some can charge AA and AAA batteries.

Portable radio: A crank radio can be one of the most reliable ways to get updates. Battery radios work too, but crank models reduce dependence on batteries.

Shelter-in-place guidance: Close and lock windows and exterior doors. If there's danger of explosion or chemical leak: close window shades, blinds, or curtains; turn off fans and HVAC; close fireplace dampers; bring your disaster supplies into a selected interior room and keep a radio available. Bring your pets and extra pet supplies with you. A hard-wired phone in the room is helpful. Call your emergency contact if needed, but don't rely on cellular service, as it can be overloaded. Use duct tape and plastic sheeting to seal cracks around the door and vents into the room. Keep listening to radio or official updates until authorities say it's safe or tell you to evacuate.

Special note: The above is what you are essentially doing during a hurricane. But this could also become very important if a train near us, coming from Aurora, loaded with "Methyl -Ethel- Bad-Stuff", has an incident. Once upon a time, we discussed the possibility of evacuating Cypress Landing if something like this happened. It was just too hard to do. Following the above guidance is your best bet.

Chocowinitudes

Chapter 30

I CAME, I ATE, I ROBOT

By Tom McCluskey

There comes a point in every man's life when he realizes he has achieved nearly everything he set out to do—family, dear friends, career, travel, respectable (mostly) reputation—and yet... something is missing.

In my case, it was this: I had never had a robot deliver my lunch. By robots, I am of course referring to those pesky little ECU food delivery robots that make you stop at a crosswalk on 10th Street in Greenville when you're late for your doctor's appointment, and even when there are no students crossing, you have to wait while this little box cooler with six wheels, a bunch of cameras and sensors, a flag, and apparently, a very large brain, saunters across the street taunting you while hauling up to 20 pounds worth of someone's fast food across campus.

Now, I could have gone on living a perfectly content life without this distinction. But then I pictured calling

our daughters and saying, "We just had food delivered by a robot!" and hearing the deadpan silence on the other end of the phone. That, my friends, is legacy—and also a typical response to just about anything I've ever said to either daughter. Still, sometimes that two syllable "DAA-aad" is just worth it—even after all these years.

So, one recent sunny spring day, my bride and I did what any rational, mature couple would do—we drove to the ECU campus and attempted to blend in—a doomed effort that no amount of training in espionage could mask given that some 50 years separated us (well, me at least) from the average student ordering food delivered by the 20 or so strong robot fleet crisscrossing the ECU campus. It was as if we were undercover officers on a mission for which we were wildly unqualified.

"Act natural," I whispered. My thankfully younger, skeptical, but reluctantly cooperative wife nodded and immediately walked with exaggerated purpose, as if late for a class titled Advanced Post-Retirement Financial Modeling. I tried a casual student stroll myself, which likely looked more like I had misplaced my car in 1997 and got lost searching for it.

We made our way toward the Student Center, attempting to look like we had every right to be there. "Honey, do you have Grubhub on your phone? I read that you must have Grubhub in order to have food delivered by robot at ECU." She pulled out her phone and opened her Grubhub app, unused since her retirement a few years ago, trying to appear as though she did this sort of thing all the time.

A group of actual students passed by us.

One of them glanced over briefly—the way you might look at a pair of tourists clumsily trying to order espresso in fluent Italian but accidentally asking for a hooker.

We nodded back, as if to say, "Yes, we too are young. We simply moisturize differently." I'm old enough to be your grandpa I thought, but that doesn't mean I can't still do stupid things, like I'm doing right now. I mean, who in their right mind drives 20 miles to order bad take-out food just to have it delivered by an alien robot creature so you can eat it on a park bench? At least the weather was nice.

Now came the moment of truth. We placed a carefully curated order—nothing too complicated. This was not the time for substitutions, dietary experiments, liquid drinks with snap on tops prone to spillage, or lengthy explanations about aversions to food allergens. Just a straightforward simple chicken meal; something any presentient robot could respect. And then, ... we waited.

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Chocowinitudes

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We stood outside near a bench, trying to look casual. At one point, I leaned against a wall in what I believed was a relaxed pose. My wife later informed me I looked like a man awaiting parole. So much for my old case officer tradecraft; it was kind of exciting, the waiting. Like we were doing something illicit. Truth be told, you don't have to be an ECU student or faculty to order via robot, you must only be located on the ECU campus. Anyone can do it. Then, the suspense getting to us, we sat on a bench. Then we stood, not sure which way to look for our approaching bot. "Are we going to have to utter a password?" my wife asked earnestly. "No," I responded, feigning something designed to look like confidence. "These things run using near-field communication with your phone so only you can open the top and get your food. It's delivering to your phone, not to you. Nothing personal."

Just then, we saw what looked like a mobile robo-cooler heading towards us on the sidewalk at three to four miles per hour. We stood up and slowly walked towards the creature, "Starship" branded on the front. It turns out there are nearly 3,000 of these machines distributed around the world—many of them on an estimated 65 or so college campuses in the U.S and other urban hospitable environments with manageable sidewalks and curbs and, present company excepted, a knowledgeable user base. Founded by the team that co-founded Skype, these trusty little gizmos use a combination of radar, GPS, ultrasonic sensors, biometrics, cameras and women's intuition to securely deliver food within a couple feet of the person owning the phone that ordered it.

The robot approached with quiet determination, weaving around stu-

dents with backpacks, backpacks with students attached to them, and at least one person wearing headphones with his head buried in a book larger than one of those old permanent dictionaries designed to never leave the library. No worries, the roving moon rock container simply stopped to avoid him and then resumed its trek to us, unperturbed. Once within a couple feet of us, it stopped.

No doorbell. No awkward small talk. No "You want fries with that, hon?" Just silence.

We opened the app, pressed "unlock" and the lid popped open like we had just accessed a high-security vault. Inside was our food, perfectly intact, and still warm, delivered by a machine that had no idea it was fulfilling a lifelong dream—at least for me.

We looked at each other. "This is it," we said in unison. We lifted out the chicken sandwiches and slightly soggy fries with reverence typically reserved for ancient artifacts. Not

wanting to let anyone know that this was our virgin Starship voyage, we resisted our urge to high five each other. Try and act normal and eat your sandwich, was my instruction. I cheerfully complied, barely containing my childlike glee and looking forward to that phone call to our daughters...

As we stood there basking in our achievement, I couldn't help but remember the story we'd read just a few weeks earlier. Back in February, one of these very robots—one of their brethren—had met an unfortunate end. A garbage truck, going about its daily business, had accidentally backed over a delivery robot on campus. Flattened it. End of service.

It was a stark reminder that even in this brave new world, progress still occasionally meets... sanitation. We both glanced down at our robot. It blinked calmly. Unaware of its fallen comrade. Ready for its next delivery. Unconcerned and unaware of its own mortality—yet.

Cypress Landing Aluminum Can Recycling Funds the Local Blind Center

New and Old Cypress Landing residents may be unaware of the aluminum can recycling program providing critical funds for the Washington NC Blind Center.

We encourage all residents to contribute only aluminum cans in closed plastic bags. Place your cans in the green recycling bins marked "aluminum cans" inside the enclosed fenced structure at the marina parking lot.

Each week a resident volunteer delivers Cypress Landing's aluminum cans to the Blind Center's collection point. The Center, Harvey & Third Streets, consolidates cans from several sources, converting them into much needed cash at area recycling centers.



The Blind Center's mission is to educate blind and visually impaired citizens by providing opportunities that will assist them in reaching their personal, physical, mental, and social goals to live a healthy and independent lifestyle.

Recycle your bagged aluminum cans to help fund the Blind Center.

Dirt, or Soil by Another Name, Part I

By: Joseph Fehrer

"Upon this handful of soil our survival depends"

—Sanskrit text, 1500 BC

At a recent Environmental Committee meeting, I was asked what the topic would be for the CL Summer Newsletter; my response was "dirt." One of my cohorts quickly corrected me regarding the term "dirt." She said that "dirt is washed from the hands, but [healthy] soil is what we plant in." I like that definition because it states a basic truth: that good, healthy soil, unlike dirt, is finite, just as clean, fresh, drinkable water is finite. Dirt, in this context, can come from any number of places or things.

Soil, as we know, is the top layer of the Earth's crust and is composed of a mixture of water, minerals, gases, and organic matter. It's also where 95% of our food is grown.

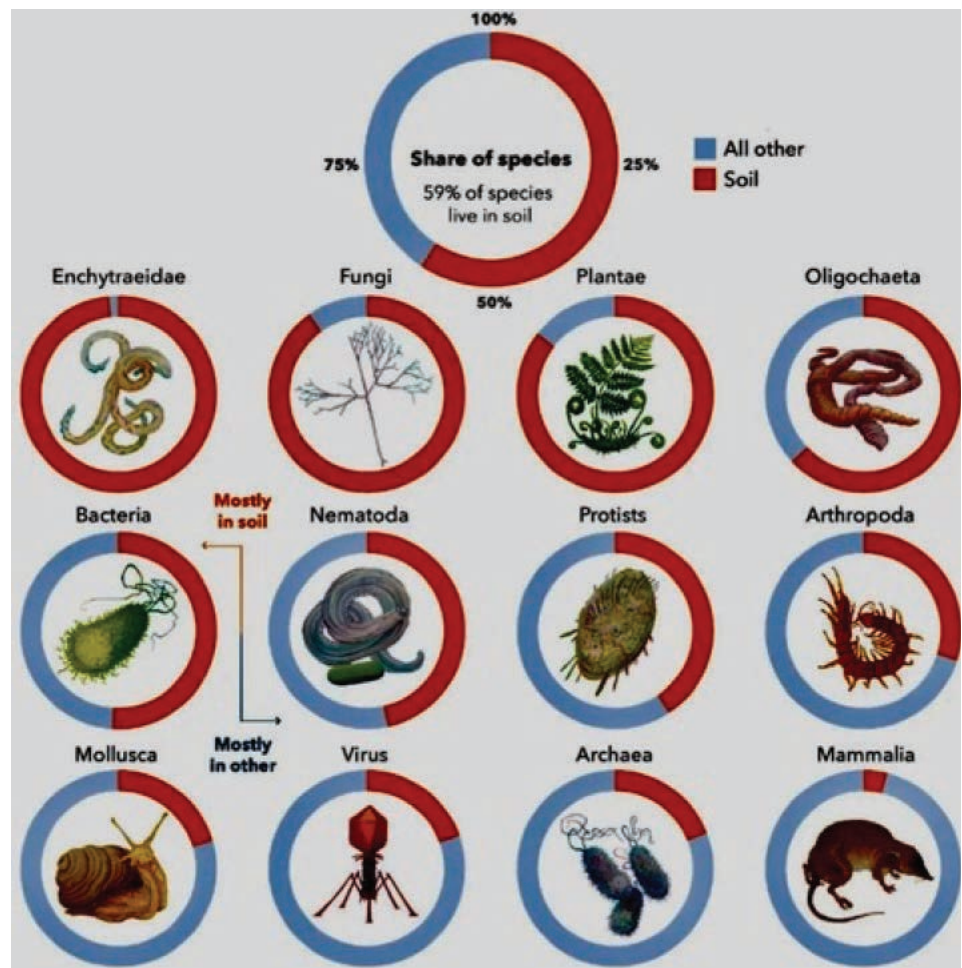
When most of us drive by a freshly plowed field, we probably see "dirt." We might picture a few bugs or worms being present, perhaps a few birds, but essentially most of us see soil as an inanimate substrate into which plants grow.

A few interesting facts about soil:

1) Nearly 59% of all Earth's species live in the soil; this makes the world below ground the planet's single most diverse habitat type. And most of life above ground depends on that below.

2) Depending on the location and environmental conditions, it can take between 500 and 1,000 years for 1 inch of topsoil to accumulate. Soil formation is a painfully slow process; naturally occurring topsoil is considered a non-renewable resource on a human timescale.

3) Healthy topsoil is incredibly diverse, with an estimated 10,000



to 50,000 taxa possible in a square meter. These organisms include the "higher animals": gophers, ground hogs, burrowing owls, moles, shrews, frogs, and turtles, to name a few. Most are bacteria and hundreds of miles of fungal filaments. Nematodes can number in the millions, arthropods in the hundreds of thousands, and earthworms in the hundreds.

So, we need to think about soil as what it is: a living entity, one of the most complex on the planet, and one that is essential for human life through all the functions it provides: water purification, food production, decomposition, pollutant removal or remediation, and carbon sequestration.

One of the important processes that takes place in soil is the decom-

position of organic material. This breakdown of solids (woody debris) builds up the soil structure and the aggregates, which are the structural units of soil. These aggregates determine how well water drains or how well it is retained during a dry period, and how the exchange of gases takes place. The ability to get oxygen to the plant roots is determined by the structure of the soil. What you see when you turn over a spade full of healthy soil isn't just happenstance; you're looking at all the organisms and microbes that build the soil's structure.

Here at Cypress Landing and the surrounding area, we have a "Cs" soil type: Coxville Silt Loam. This is defined as "poorly drained, deeply weathered soil common in the Lower Coastal Plain, including eastern North Carolina. Known for its dark,

Dirt or Soil *continued from page 4*

silty surface layer over a thick, firm clay subsoil, it requires artificial drainage to support crops like corn, soybeans, and tobacco. It consists heavily of silt and fine sand in the topsoil, transitioning into a heavy, plastic, silty clay subsoil, poorly drained with slow to very slow permeability. It experiences a seasonal water table at or near the surface during the winter and early spring.” It was also good for brickmaking, as evidenced by the historical site at the Marina.

Maintaining good soil cover is critical for preventing erosion from wind and water. Keeping leaf litter on the ground seasonally, using pine straw or mulch, and planting trees, shrubs, and herbaceous plants will help achieve this.

How often have you seen, following a heavy rain event, water in a creek or ditch turn a chocolate brown? Somewhere upstream is losing its topsoil or soil in the “soil horizon.” During the Dust Bowl years, when thousands of square miles of native

prairie were given over to the plow and before good land-use practices were implemented, over 1 billion tons of soil were lost, primarily to wind-borne erosion. In some areas, this equated to 480 tons per acre and up to 18 inches [in depth] of soil lost; that’s a staggering amount. It was reported that the “dust” or fine soil lost from those mid-west prairies was cleaned from President Roosevelt’s desk in the Oval Office daily.

Whatever you put on or in the soil generally doesn’t stay there. Over time, it seeps through and out with water. Most of the fertilizers and chemicals applied will migrate to a water body, and the chemical composition of the product may change or degrade as it leaves your property. Whether it’s an irrigation system moving water through the grass, a sheet flow of heavy rainwater across your yard, or the old-fashioned way through sub-surface groundwater flow, it will leave.

I won’t get into the [chemical] processes of freshwater system such

as we have here but suffice to say that overloading a water body with excess nutrients, sediment, and chemicals usually doesn’t end well. Cloudy green or yellow water, algae blooms, and dead fish are usually the result. And none of us want to see that...

This quote from Dr. Charles E. Kellogg (Chief of the USDA’s Bureau of Chemistry and Soils, 1934-1971) really sums up the importance and value of healthy soil:

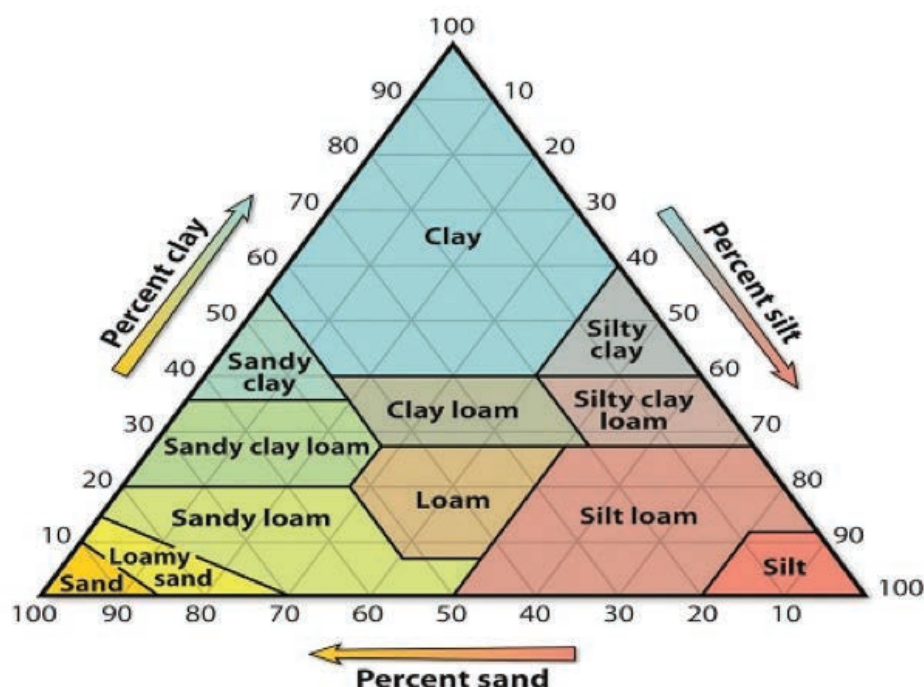
“There can be no life without soil and no soil without life; they have evolved together.”

Wave!

Editor’s Note – This is a reprint by Biff Matthews

As you drive or walk in Cypress Landing, have you ever wondered why some people wave? In Cypress Landing’s early days, some outsiders thought that residents were unfriendly, even snooty. To counter that misconception, some residents decided to wave at anyone and everyone driving and walking in the community.

Recently, Cypress Landing has welcomed many, many new residents who may not have gotten the message about our tradition of waving. Let’s keep that friendly, welcoming tradition of waving alive. Wave at the walkers. Wave at the contractors. Wave at your neighbors. Wave at every car, truck, and van that drives through Cypress Landing because a potential new resident may be inside. Wave!



This is the textural triangle. If you know the percent clay (flat line) and percent sand or silt, you can draw lines into the triangle to figure out what textural category the soil belongs to.

From The Ground Up

by Debbie Mitchell, Buildings and Grounds Committee

The B&G “Spring Awakening” Report: Puddles, Plumbing, and Pool Prep

We survived the winter tundra (okay, okay, it wasn't that bad but how about all the snow that I had to buy a shovel for to clear), bypassed the “green dust” apocalypse of pollen season, and have officially transitioned from hibernation mode to full-blown overdrive. The Buildings and Grounds (B&G) team has swapped out their parkas for baseball hats and sunscreen, and we've been like busy bees buzzing around the community faster than the local mosquitoes.

Grab your sweet tea and see what your favorite ground crew has been up to now that our Eastern North Carolina weather dial has been set to “dry and scorch!”

The Great Concrete Cleansing of 2026

If you've noticed the sidewalks and curbs looking less “post-apocalyptic” and more “country club pristine,” you're not alone. Under B&G's budgeted expense, a contractor's trusty pressure washers were giv-

en a grand tour of Cypress Landing Parkway. No slab of concrete was safe. They blasted the dirt right off the walkways and parking lots at the Bay Club, Marina, Fitness Center, and Golf Course. It was loud, it was wet, and it was deeply satisfying to see that black disappear. In celebration of the communities' newfound cleanliness, we also rehung the Cypress Landing banner at the second entrance to properly greet everyone.

Splish Splash, We Were Prepping the Bath

Pool season is officially here, and we spent a considerable amount of time making sure your poolside lounging is top tier.

The Furniture Facelift: All tables and chairs at the Bay Club pool were washed to ensure zero percent leftover winter grime before setting out the full equipment array at both the Bay Club and Fitness Center pools.

The Walkway Workout: Remember that Bay Club pool walkway we promised to fix in our last report? Done. We cleaned the bricks, rein-



stalled them, and added heavy-duty metal edging so they stay put. No tripping on your way to a cannonball!

Shade Selection: The kiddie pool awning is officially hung. Shade seekers, rejoice

The Irrigation (Our Constant Battle)

Mother Nature is known to bring April showers, but for the most part that wasn't the case this year. She apparently expects us to do the heavy lifting in this area. We spent a large chunk of Spring playing with plumbing and fighting the good fight:

The Prep Work: We de-winterized and tweaked the irrigation system at the front entrance to get it ready for the brutal watering season ahead.

The Contractor Casualty: Landscaping contractors accidentally dinged some of our front entrance sprinkler heads. B&G swooped in to repair the casualties (mobilizing as if they were the Red Cross) and were able to give the flower beds their just dew, alright — due, when needed.

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Great start for your GOLF COURSE in 2026!

By: **Bill Leckemby**
Golf Course Committee Chair

2026 is starting out to be our best year in the history of our golf course! Net profit stands at \$63k through May. As we all know, our course was ranked #8 by Golf Pass amongst all public courses in N.C. and awarded the best course on the Pamlico. These accolades have helped drive revenue from outside play. Outside play revenue is up \$45,000 through May of 2026 vs. May of 2025. Our average revenue per start is up almost four dollars per start through May 2026 vs May 2025. Our range revenue is up close to \$5000 this year, and we are currently discussing plans to upgrade the range grass hitting area and target landing area.

The Green Committee along with volunteers from the Butterfly Habitat did a fantastic job designing and

completing the Landscaping project around the right side of the Clubhouse. Updating the landscape behind the clubhouse is next on the agenda for this fall. Trees impeding sod growth were either removed or trimmed up and several truckloads of sod were put down throughout the course this spring. We estimate our Green Committee volunteers have saved our community over \$30,000 over the last 12 months!

Our grill is in a transition period. We are currently looking for a new grill manager as of June 14th.

The 30th anniversary of our Golf Course was celebrated in July. All dues-paying members were treated to golf, food, course games and prizes.

The entire GCC team is excited to

keep this great year moving along and we thank all of our members for their patronage.

The current Golf Course Committee includes Bill Leckemby (Chair), Eric Johnson (Vice-Chair), Dick Puricelli (Treasurer), Brenda Ihle, and Jenni Tanner. Joe Sevic is the Secretary and Dave Cianciulli heads up our Handicap Committee. These individuals will continue to maintain oversight of the golf course operations, and work with Bobby Jones Links staff to maintain and improve the course and its offerings to the community and surrounding areas.

From the Ground Up *Continued from Page 6*

The Great Trench Dig: In a display of pure manual labor, the team dug a 15-foot trench at the front entrance (boys just love to play in the dirt) to install a brand-new drip system in one of the beds, adjusting numerous other heads along the way.

Babying the Shrubs: Have no fear. All our recently planted shrubs are getting a steady diet of H₂O to make sure they survive the spring drought conditions and upcoming

summer heat. The team has met the challenge to manually water new plants wherever automatic watering isn't available.

On the Horizon

Now that the pools are open and the sprinklers are spraying, we are turning our attention to summer maintenance, repairing block walls and leaning pillars, addressing sinkholes, and keeping the community looking sharp. See you poolside!

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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 to be shared with potential residents.

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

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