THE COASTAL COURIER AND LIBERTY COUNTY \star \bigstar \star High School proudly celebrate \star \checkmark \star

MONTH



BY TWONZETTA SAMUEL For the Coastal Courier

The military child brings a special experience to the communities around them. Often, these children are faced with relocating, making new friends, separation from their parents and the emotional struggles

I am a Military Child

BY EVA BYCZKOSKI

- I am a military child. I wonder if he will Be safe and careful. I see on the news someone was killed. I want this madness to end.
- I am a military child.
- I pretend that he is here with me. I feel almost empty and lost without him. I touch my heart and know he's there. I cry because I miss him so much.
- I am a military child. I understand it is for our country's freedom.
- I say that he's a sniper so he'll be ok. I dream that he'll be here on my birthday. I try to hold in the tears when he doesn't make it. I hope he misses me as much as I miss him. I am a military child.

Editor's note: For one additional

average military child moves every two to three years, sometimes more frequently if a deployment requires the child be placed with a relative.

At Liberty County High School, we acknowledge that this special group of students endures a significant amount of sacrifice as their

I saw vou leave

Out the house

Like usually

As time goes by

The Deployment

You said I'm going to work

But vou didn't come home

You tricked me to believe ...

Your job keeps you there

And you are still not here

With your combat boots and fatigues

I didn't understand I wondered why ...

You left me filled with hurt and fear

You stayed away for years upon years

Like you didn't want to come back

Aloud I cried with pain-filled tears

I knew you would return home

I understand what your job was

In your arms we shall not part

I just didn't know when

It must have been fun

The soldier of my heart

Until you came home with your rucksack

Your job was protecting me and the United States

that go with military family life. The parents serve and protect our nation.

> In conjunction with the national celebration of the Month of the Military Child, Liberty County High School hosted a contest themed "Walking in the Shoes of a Military Child." All students were encouraged to submit poetry that

expresses what it is like to live the life of a child whose parents serve in the military. We're pleased to feature the winning entries here in the Coastal Courier.

LCHS salutes military children for their constant sacrifices and commitment to a challenging lifestyle. Liberty County High School

The Longest Year

- My greatest fear came true, all because of the red, white, and blue Two last kisses on both of my damp cheeks, I knew I wasn't going to get this for the next 52 weeks.
- It broke my heart to see her leave, on that sad, cheerless midsummer's
- Over the computer, she would brighten my day just before school, And before I rest my head she'd hope I didn't drown in my own drool, Past Christmas, past my birthday, all these months gone by, I wonder what she's doing right now maybe she's practicing her war cry...

The next morning I went to school without her call, Now I'm sitting here in math staring at the wall.

My principal came in and said a guest will teach us the Pythagorean Theorem.

But then I heard familiar boots with a beautiful rhythm

I looked to my left and couldn't believe my eyes, She finally came home and gave me a priceless surprise, I can't get mad at the Army, it's part of her career, But that was definitely my hardest and longest year

So when you see a soldier, think of their family too, Because these are the most hard and difficult times to get through.

I Wanna Be Just Like You

BY DEJA CURRY

- Slowly slipping the large oversize jacket on small shoulders
- Fingers fought against the zipper dragging it upwards Stepping into the pants ignoring how the legs
- flowed to the ground like a puddle Pulling the laces tighter as they threaten to fall off
- Carefully; however, rather quickly positioning the hat correctly
 - Which hide the determine filled eyes Stepping in front of the mirror Feelings rushed thru the body
- Emotions played out across a face staring back at itself
- From the minute I stared into my eyes I knew

will continue its military-child celebration with a breakfast from 7:30-8:20 a.m. Thursday in the JROTC room for military children and their parents, who serve our great country and this community.

Samuel is an English teacher at Liberty County High School.

What it Means to be a Military Child

BY LEVI WILLIAMS

What exactly does it mean to be, The child of a loved one in the military?

- It's the fear in your heart at the news of deployment,
- Then when reunited, utter enjoyment. It's moving somewhere, and meeting new friends,
- And as soon as you've bonded, moving again.
- It's seeing so many things, people and faces
- And learning the customs of all different places
- It's hearing the tales when your loved ones come home, Inspiring you to do the same things
- when you are grown. It's accepting the risks that your loved
- ones take And feeling the pride of them keeping
- you safe You learn early on the importance of
- the rules, And tough repercussions for acting a
- fool. And though when you're young, you
- don't understand it When older, it's sure that you won't
- take it for granted The places, the faces, and the sights you see
- And everything else about the military.
- Because even though the lifestyle is sometimes rough,
- You've learned how to love, and grown to be tough.
- You've learned what joy your family can bring
- Which is so much more precious than
- material things.
- So while the lifestyle at times is distressing,
 - In its own way, it's really a blessing. Now you know exactly what it mea

poem, turn to page 9A.

BY ADAM K. ALLRED

Oft I walk, in spontaneous thought, with my fledgling sister to school.

- Round the trees and teeming streets we make our way amongst the cool.
- We each will walk and hardly talk in our hasty, mundane commute.

Both she and I see eye to eye though our hearts quite differ.

An unspoken bond of which we are fond ties me and my sister. The world is their And as we walk we have a conscious thought of this rule page. beyond repute.

Going to School

this roam. The people I see, however, are not the worldly sort.

They are mothers and children going to school on the fort.

children others do not know.

own.

alone.

dren do, but can sense their resiliency. They don't represent their

To explain the lives of those I see would surely be in vain, For their lives are unique

strength grown of adversity.

I see them walking, as chil-

in their uniqueness-none of them the same.

As we arrive, my sister and

I, I resolve my epiphany and decide: Walk in the shoes of any one

nilitary child, your hardship

Different this time is, as we arrive, I see beyond my eyes.

about their day. My sister and I are labeled "Military Child" and likewise

are our peers. Given to us are places numerous and great, but costing us some fears. For who has borne that which we have worn, except-

ing our home? Today I see those just like me, yet varying in age.

tures to know, many prefer

For today I look, in insightful thought, at the People

They are the mothers and

They wish for America's peace that they may have their

They often find that their sacrifice makes their hearts They strive for a life of love,

despite the trials quick to

hardship, their countenance being too great.

BY ALSHONTI ROBERTSON-RICHARDSON BY COYRIANA WHITE eve

they're here awaiting the next

With places to go and cul-

show. The children have the

is implied. But seen afterward it will be. as a fond experience by thee.

I wanna be just like you A Soldier.

to be, The child of a loved one in the military.

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