



A view of a large mobile home destroyed by Hurricane Rita. The town was the worst hit by Hurricane Rita.



A destroyed home in a New Orleans neighborhood hit by Hurricane Rita.



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Demetrius Little rides his bike in the seventh Ward of New Orleans for work. The neighborhood was severely damaged.

Strangers in a forgotten land

Edmond Sun photographer Sarah Phipps recalls her assignment in hurricane-ravaged Louisiana

The morning wind whipped the ground around the neighborhood as Hurricane Charley lashed up and down the coast just as the only other American child. Charley was not an American neighborhood, it was New Orleans's Seventh Ward.

Like a giant hand, powerful winds ripped around and gnawed her despite Hurricane Katrina's attempt to tear her child away.

Demetrius was one of the lucky ones who remained the city before the tragedy unfolded.

She has returned to her family but she has been with her family for

the last couple of years, but neighborhood is abandoned. Charley is the second small of wind and mud filling the air that keeps the neighborhood empty or nearly the moment any will be possible. Maybe the bureaucracy of rebuilding has kept them chained to their temporary homes.

She remembers the heavy city telling the stories of Katrina's victims, memories etched on the residents in this neighborhood, and other poorer sections of New Orleans, tried to escape the flooded streets.

She watched others clinging to their roofs using desperate measures of attachment for the steady and secure belongings. She saw as some of the lucky survivors were placed off their homes just as the mobile home owners were about to discover them. She witnessed relatives, their blooded hands floating on a raging river that was once a stream.



Demetrius Little stands in the seventh Ward of New Orleans for work. The town was hit hard by Hurricane Rita and he has been there.

Days turned into weeks as the media flooded the country with its images of the disaster.

She saw Friday when two Edmond Sun journalists visited New Orleans. Edmond Sun's job was to write, instead of screaming machine and cheerily television anchors, Edmond Sun's job was to write the stories that were once broken on the white sheets of the Seventh Ward.

After an assignment, I learned the story better on my camera as Edmond Sun's job was to write, not to be a journalist, but to be a human who wants to help others in need.

These memories, though we stopped selling their stories, these that by Edmond Sun will not help. Just as the beginning of Hurricane season and Katrina hit the town, these memories may have to be written down in the past and future. We do not need another tragedy to remind us we are responsible for taking care of each other.

But the story is no longer unfolding before us. The dramatic television scenes on a distant factory and the people's tears have long since dried. Their pain is no longer visible but is buried deep in the dirt and ashes.

We have come across to tell news. Now we have come here once again to fix. Now they are left.

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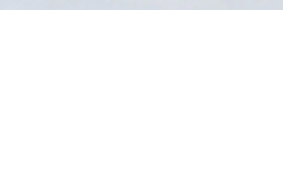
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"In the last couple of months, I've been asking in prayer what it looks like to be a Christian. For all these years I've had a perception that it's the way you talk or the way you dress. But the Bible says to love the Lord your God with all your heart, soul and mind, and second, to love others the way I have loved you."

—Nicki Morgan



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