

Nancy's News 2007

LSAG



May 18 & 19, 2007

This is a picture of me that Janice Smith took during the LSAG convention in May. She made me look pretty good. The propeller hat has become my convention trademark. I got it in Bar Harbor!

As most of you know, this has not been the best year for me, but, I have to admit, I have learned what good friends I have! Well, here we go...another year in the epic life of Nancy Lee! HA!

Snowman Building Contest

I decided that we all needed a vacation so I organized an art retreat to the Bunkhouse. The Bunkhouse is located in the hill country and is a super place to go to rest and relax

and paint! It has the added advantage, if you could call it that, of having Dena Wenmohs as your hostess! She's a little cranky, but has a good sense of humor, which, if you happen to live in the hill country, on a ranch, is something you REALLY need!

Well, because I cannot have JUST an art retreat (how boring would that be?) I also decided we would have a Snowman Building contest (I got the idea for that from Sandy Patton who didn't even come to it...bummer!). Anyway, for those of you in Maine, the hill country has been known to have snow, I imagine, at some time in it's past, but I haven't heard of it since I've been in Texas...nearly 33 years now! Well, okay, maybe they have had a "dusting" of snow but they had to see it and report it fast before it melted. HA! So...it was a real test of our artistic imaginations to come up with how to build a snowman for the contest. Dena was the judge, which only means that, if you have anything to bribe her with, you'd be a shoe-in for the first prize.

We also decided to celebrate Judy Beard's 65th and JK Toler's 66th birthdays. For that event, we were going to have a genuine New Orleans Jazz Wake Parade. So everyone was told to bring mourning clothes, Mardi Gras beads, any musical instruments that they might have and suitably sad expressions for this solemn occasion.

The good times started on Thursday evening when the Conroe Art League bunch got lost somewhere between

Johnson City and Cypress Mill. They had called us when they hit Johnson City and were stopping at a couple of stores to get supplies. I happen to know where the liquor store was in Johnson City, and I was pretty sure, after ensuing events, that they must have hit it. I had recommended coming in the back way to get past Austin traffic which kind'a leads you down a narrow, winding, hill country ranch road called the Old Cypress Mill road. I figured I was doin' them a favor since it was the scenic route. Well, we got a call, after it was good and dark, saying they were lost and needed help. Okay, so what's the nearest landmark? Well, there was a couple of prickly pear cactuses and a cow or two. And...how can you give a landmark when there weren't any? Sigh...okay, have you turned onto the Old Cypress Mill road? Oh, hell, yes a LONG time ago...we are pretty sure we are in New Mexico, but wanted to check with you, just in case we aren't. There was a lot of giggling going on in Shirley Blevins' minivan, and I'm pretty sure JK was the designated driver. It was night and there are not too many street lights out in the boondocks. It was dark and spooky and, apparently, it seemed like a very long, curvy, scary drive coming down that back road. So, Marchita and I took off to go locate the wayward souls. We came up with a secret headlight blinking scheme and intercepted them just before they cruised past us and hit Marble Falls. I look at it this way, the Conroe league bunch may have been a bit wayward, but at least they got there, because the Sugar Land contingent, which consisted of Shida Rad and Patty Browning got confused on when they were supposed to be there. I called and asked if they were lost. Patty says "No, I don't think so." I says, "Well, it's dark now, do you want us to come and meet you?" "Why would I want that?" "Where are you? Are you past Johnson City?" "No, I'm at home." Ooooookaaaay! HA! I says "Well, all of us are here at the Bunkhouse". "Oh, were we supposed to be there Thursday?" Anyway, you get the picture!

We had a pretty good time that night and Friday we all painted up a storm. We had a mixed bag of artists which consisted of watercolorists Shirley Blevins, Sandi Ahart and friend Karen Vandergrift, and JK Toler from the Conroe Art League and Patty Browning and Shida Rad from Sugar Land. We had a couple pastellists, Jean Norris from the Brenham League, Hanna Case from the Galveston league, and Judy Beard from Art League of Ft Bend. The rest were oil painters, me from the Northwest Art League, Diane Furr from the Art League of Bay City, Joyce Kelm, Angie Wilson, and Marchita from the Fort Bend league.

Now, Dena had warned all of us that a skunk had been under the Bunkhouse and had left a little room