30th Annual ArtsInspire™ Awards Ceremony

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DISTINGUISHED ARTS
DISTINGUISHED ARTS

Adalyn Mains
“Knitted Smocking Dress”
Army Residence Community
Distinguished Arts

Ethel Harvey
“Welcome Home”
Querencia at Barton Creek
HARD CRAFTS
HARD CRAFTS

David Garber
“Walking Sticks”
Army Residence Community
HARD CRAFTS

Howard “Mac” McDonald
“Pablo’s Madam”
Blue Skies of Texas West
HARD CRAFTS

Bill Eubank
“The Shrimp Boat”
EdenHill Communities
MIXED MEDIA
MIXED MEDIA

Ethel Harvey
“Jamming in the Park”
Querencia at Barton creek
Dorothy “Dottie” Wallingford
“Savor San Antonio Texas”
Blue Skies of Texas West
MIXED MEDIA

Ann Kriss
“The Cyclists”
Westminster
WRITTEN ARTS: PROSE
A Day in My Journey with Dementia

Yesterday was my birthday, July 12th. I was born in 1937 but I told the CNA who ask me, that I was 73. My husband corrected that I was 83. Oh well, it doesn’t matter. My husband came to the fourth floor to have lunch with me. He brought a balloon, cards and cookies for all. He gave me the cards and I was able to open the ones that weren’t sealed. I always take out the card and smile and look around. Sometimes I forget to read it. My husband asked if I knew who had signed the card in my hand; it was signed Judy. I said that was Judy Reynolds, I believe. I put it back in the envelope and put it in the stack and picked up one that was sealed with a return address. I recognized the name; it was the teeter’s. I remarked that they were our neighbors. I put the card back in the stack unopened and picked up another. I had cards from family and friends and my husband mentioned other people who sent their regards. The nurse and CNA’s set up a special table for me and my husband to eat. We were later joined by another couple, Jack and Virginia Shultz. We had a lovely salad as a starter. I told my husband the salad was good. He agreed. My husband, that’s what I call him, opened all the cards and read them to me. I smiled and said they were nice. I said the salad was good. He agreed. One card was from all the Nurses and CNA’s. They had each written some words and signed the card. As my husband read what they wrote to me, his voice cracked a bit and he got tears in his eyes, but I didn’t really notice. I told my husband the salad was good. He agreed. My husband brought me a single cup cake with a candle on it. He lit the candle and I blew it out. Rather than the cupcake, I had a cookie for dessert and enjoyed it more than the ham salad sandwich. We finished our lunch and I wanted to take a nap in our apartment. It’s 4:22. I know because my name is on the display box by the door. I went to sleep while my husband put my cards on my display table and sat in one of the chairs. After about thirty minutes, one of my friends opened the door and came in. It was Vicki; she doesn’t talk. Vicki stood and stared at me, walked around my room and looked at the paintings and things. After a few minutes my husband said it was time to go, so he helped me get my shoes on and led Vicki by the hand out to the hallway. We walked down to the TV lounge. I sat on the couch. A 1999 black and white movie was playing. My husband kissed me and said he had a meeting to attend. I kissed him and said “Love ya! See you later”. I can’t remember why he was here.

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A NARROW ESCAPE

It was spring of 1986, before the fall of the Iron Curtain. It was during the rule of the brutal Communist dictators, Nicolae Ceausescu, considered to be one of the most brutal leaders of the 20th century. My husband, Jim, and I traveled by train from Munich, Germany, through Austria and Hungary to Romania. My husband had been invited to teach undergraduate Bible classes to Romanian pastors. It was a new experience. We didn’t know what to expect.

During a stop in Vienna, we were given a map, and were advised not to make marks on it. We were told to stay at a hotel that was a stop on the map during the next day to pick up our maps. My husband was to wait at the bus stop there at 7:00 a.m., holding a newspaper under his arm. A Romanian woman would contact us and then take us to the apartment where the classes would be held. It sounded like this was a spy movie.

As we arrived near the bus stop at the park, 9 of the people standing there had been the ones we had been told to find - except one. Could this be our contact? We waited, wondering - unsure of what to do. The man made no effort to approach us.

My husband and I stood facing each other so we could be aware of what was happening around us. Then I saw a man walking through the park toward the bus stop. When I looked at him, he cocked his head, then turned around, walking away from us. I told my husband about what I had seen, and said, “That’s the one!” Just replied, “Are you sure?” I said, “Yes, he keeps looking back at us if we are coming.” So, we followed him through the park and across the street, where he opened the back door of a car and motioned for us to get in.

He spoke broken English as he verified his identity. He then drove us to an apartment when a few Romanians were gathered. Others continued to arrive discreetly for about two hours, usually coming in pairs. Since the Romanians were not allowed to meet for Bible study, they always hid their Bibles - often in grocery bags. My husband taught a Bible study that was part of a correspondence course they were taking. For three months, they would study and do homework, then a period of time from the wall would come to teach a class and answer their questions. It was a long evening as they were eager to discuss what they were learning about the Bible.

After class we were driven to the home of a Romanian pastor and his family to spend the night. But at about midnight, someone woke us up and said we had to leave immediately. We were driven to a motel on the outskirts of town. But it was closed. So the driver took us to the house of some gypsies. We were welcomed into their home, where places to sleep were quickly set up in their living room.

(continued)
WRITTEN ARTS: PROSE

William Schleuse
“Durham”
Westminster

Durham

He always called himself “Durham.” Durham’s going out in the country; would Billy like to come along? He lived across the street on 3½ and was a big part of my life from before I could remember till after the first grade when we moved to Shaw Crest.

He was about sixty, bald with white hair and sun-parched skin. Much later I thought of him as like a grandfather. He often took me along for trips in the country or to his office. He was a land agent and broker and he had a second or third floor office right at the curved corner of the old Littlefield building. It had a view across Sixth & Congress to Scarborough’s department store on the opposite corner and the window had his name in gold-leaf lettering outlined in black.

During our trips in the county, Durham would stop at different places. He must have been collecting rents and dealing with problems. Often he’d introduce me, always as his “pardner,” but sometimes he’d have me wait in the car. The drives were long, but being with Durham and seeing the country was special. He would point out interesting things and tell me about them, always in a way I could understand, and he would always answer any questions I had. Sometimes there were a couple of bamboo fishing poles tied to the car, and we’d stop at some pond or stream and go fishing, having our hooks from a bucket of worms in the trunk. We’d usually catch a few perch, sometimes a catfish. It took me awhile to realize that some of the fish I caught had been secretly put on my hook by Durham. I don’t remember how I figured that out, but he was delighted when I caught one and told me I was smart. One time I asked about where the fishing worms came from, and as soon as we got home, Durham showed me how to dig for earthworms, and I was amazed to learn they were available in most any backyard. I learned lots of amazing things like that from Durham.

(continued)
DRAWING
DRAWING

Robbie Certain
“Texas Summer”
Blue Skies of Texas West
Erik Lindquist
“Abraham Lincoln”
Westminster
Kathie Long
“Memories of New Mexico”
Morningside Ministries at Menger Springs
SOFT CRAFTS: DECORATIVE
SOFT CRAFTS: DECORATIVE

Brad McPherson
“A Cornucopia of Thanksgiving Memories”
Eden Heights
SOFT CRAFTS: DECORATIVE

Dixie Mullins
“Redwork Peek-A-Boo”
Clarewood House
SOFT CRAFTS: DECORATIVE

Renata Lauden
“Texas”
Querencia at Barton Creek
SOFT CRAFTS: SEWING
SOFT CRAFTS: SEWING

Sandra Edsall
“Indian Dream”
Army Residence Community
SOFT CRAFTS: SEWING

Mary Dobbs
“The Backyard”
Army Residence Community
SOFT CRAFTS: SEWING

Sue Gilliam
“Circles Inspire”
Westminster Manor
SOFT CRAFTS: TEXTILE
SOFT CRAFTS: TEXTILE

Karen McDonald
“Cardinals”
Blue Skies of Texas West
SOFT CRAFTS: TEXTILE

Eloise McGinnis
“A New Use for My Grandmother’s Buttons”
Morningside Ministries at Menger Springs
SOFT CRAFTS: TEXTILE

Katherine Rajczi
“Como Se Llama”
Blue Skies of Texas West
MASTER WORKS
MASTER WORKS

Erik Lindquist
“Portrait of a Woman”
Westminster
Douglas Frazee
“Mayan Dancer”
Blue Skies of Texas West
Ceinwen Coe
“View de la Cite, Pont Des Art”
Blue Skies of Texas
WRITTEN ARTS ~ POETRY
Maureen Mulrooney

“A Sonnet - Ode to the Virus”
Querencia at Barton Creek

SONNET
... AN ODE TO THE VIRUS...
She sat in the moonlight and braided her hair.
The music played softly a melody.
That seemed to enhance a beauty so fair;
Creating a semblance of harmony.
And yet it seemed as if she had to bear
On her furrowed brow a weightier thought
Of memories carrying burdens of care;
Of things left undone and thus left to naught.
The rhythm of fingers entwining now ceased
And became as uneven as sputtering rain
The braiding undone, as if it was the least
Thing she needed to vanquish the pain.
She uttered a sigh remembering strife;
The battle, the loss of the love of her life.
Masked

If I were Juliet, I'd wear my jeweled mask to the masquerade to find Romeo, the stranger at the ball.
If I were a bandit, my disguise would be my kerchief to lead the desperados into the boatload with stolen treasure.
If I were a surgeon, my KN95 mask would protect you, my eyes untied with smile, last thing you see before waking up, whole.
If I were a child on Halloween night, my monster mask might frighten you while I grab handful of your candy.
If I were a firefighter, my oxygen mask would let me fight through the flames to rescue a child from the inferno.
If I were Florence Nightingale, I'd wear a strip of clean bandage around my face because we learned about germs.
If I were a Zuwa warrior, my carved mask would show you my inner spirit, my true self revealed to all in the arena.
If I were a fighter pilot, I'd breathe blasts of oxygen through my mask, soaring in thin air, high above my mission.
If I were the Phantom, I'd cover my ugly scars until the love in my voice could enchant your heart.

But I'm not any of these characters.
Instead, I'm a silvering grandmother, living in this season of virus.
I wear a hairband mask because I love my life.
And I wear this flowered mask because I love your life too.

Susan Sabino
"Masked"
Army Residence Community
They Tried to Escape

We flew all day long toward the east then the west;
From Cuba, we’re just off the coast.
We searched the broad sea for her commotion guests;
Our presence destroyed at noon.
Those clear summer days in Key West were the best;
The sun baked us brown as our travel.

We’ll fly to the west and then back to the east;
We’ll truck all the ships on the sea.
We’ll photograph ships down the sea to tossing far;
We’ll search for them, Cuba to Keys.
We’ll look at those coming and those who’ve escaped;
We tracked both the Russian and free.

We searched the bright sea of celestial blue;
We knew we could see the deep.
This bright Caribbean whose swells were inhaled
With color so vivid you’d weep.
We found a destroyer that had a red bar;
Her guns followed in our sleep.

One day we discovered some men in a boat;
They tried to escape in the north
In big inner tubs that were hardly adult;
They paddled for all they were worth.
We flew to the west and returned to take note;
The sun disappeared from this north.

Did their roll come apart; did their inner tube leak;
Did all the men go below?
How long did they paddle a day or a week;
Did Castro’s old papa hear them call out?
Or, did they succeed, were their frames too thin;
The answer is, we’ll never know.
PHOTOGRAPHY
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William Schleuse
“Inside Ellsworth Kelly’s AUSTIN”
Westminster
PHOTOGRAPHY

Peggi Klubnik
“Carmel-by-the-Sea”
Querencia at Barton Creek
PHOTOGRAPHY

1st Place

Linda H. McMillion
“Ants on a Plant”
Blue Skies of Texas West
PAINTING: ALTERNATIVE
PAINTING: ALTERNATIVE

William Schleuse
“It's Complicated”
Westminster
PAINTING: ALTERNATIVE

Elizabeth Lautner
“My Flower Power Blast from the Past”
Eden Heights
PAINTING: ALTERNATIVE

Sue Gilliam
“Abstract Brown Bark”
Westminster Manor
PAINTING: OIL/ACRYLIC
PAINTING: OIL/ACRYLIC

Karen McDonald
“Celebrating Summer”
Blue Skies of Texas West
PAINTING: OIL/ACRYLIC

Ethel Harvey
“Flying Together”
Querencia at Barton Creek
PAINTING: OIL/ACRYLIC

Peggi Klubnik
“Galveston Sunset”
Querencia at Barton Creek
PAINTING: WATERCOLOR
PAINTING: WATERCOLOR

Elaine Leander
“Three’s Company”
Querencia at Barton Creek
PAINTING: WATERCOLOR

Louise Bagg

“Happy Hour”
Army Residence Community
PAINTING: WATERCOLOR

Janet Olson
“Here’s Looking at You!”
Army Residence Community
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