



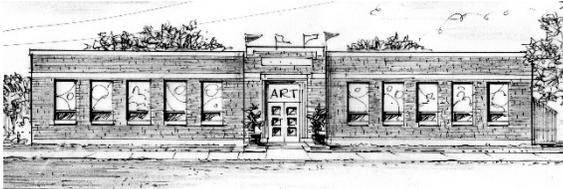
LONDON VISUAL ARTS GUILD

LONDON ARTS CENTER

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TRYING TIMES

My grandfather was born in 1868 and died in 1966. My dad was an avid storyteller, but my granddad was no slouch. However, when he ended his stories he always said, “They really had it rough back then”.

Well, we have been living in ‘trying times’ for over a year now, but we may soon be stepping into the light at the end of the proverbial tunnel. I, as well as a few million others, have had the vaccine. My two Moderna shots left me with no side effects, and I am, supposedly, immune for which I am thankful. But, we did have it rough the last year and a half.

The Arts Center is complete, clean and ready for the display of any and all art works the members and public wish to display on its permanent and moveable walls. We simply need to make a phone call to our landlord and receive permission to announce that we are now open to the public.

Because of some health issues on my part, I am a little later than usual getting the news out this month. I will, however, print the following as it was received.

STILL TIME TO ENTER

Members, it’s time to bring your entries to the community show “Changing Horizons”. Although it is our 6th annual show it will be the first show at our new location. Entries will be received Saturday May 1st, 11am to 2pm and Sunday May 2nd from 11am to 2pm.

Finally, after a year of cancelations from Covid restrictions and remodeling delays, we are ready to open.

The show begins May 6th and continues until June 6th, 2021. Demos and Open Studio will also begin in May.

Encourage your nonmember friends to join you in showing their artistic talent. For more information contact Sandy Fox at 937-207-7400.

When this show ends the next show will feature Kay Majka’s oil paintings titled “New Seasons/New beginnings. Kay’s show runs from June 17 thru July 11

We are currently accepting applications for the 2022 shows. Artists may apply for a one person show or combine with other artists for a more unique show.

FOR CLASS AND DEMO INFORMATION CONTACT

Pam Stanforth at: studiolittlegirl@gmail.com phone 937-794-5183 or **Kim Burdette** at kimbavision@gmail.com.

If you have an idea for a special class or demo you would like to attend they will be glad to help.

Sandy Fox

FROM THE PAST

Since our current shows are just beginning I am, once again, going to give you a glimpse of the past. There have been thousands of pieces of art displayed in the LVAG venue over the past five years I have been doing the newsletter. The following are a few I have chosen for the month of April. I hope you enjoy them. And remember, if you have anything to contribute to the newsletter contact me Jim Donohoe at donohoejames7@gmail.com.





Now let's see what happened to the unfortunate person who was facing a ferocious bear while holding an armload of split wood.

Angel

Part three

I decided the load of wood was more of a hindrance than a weapon, so I began unloading a piece at a time. When the first piece hit the ground, I heard a grunt from the bear. He was fifty feet away, so running was probably a bad idea. Piece number two fell. This time there was a growl, and he slammed his other two feet on the ground. Now he was ready to chase me if I ran.

I had a habit of always locking the truck, so it was not an option since the keys were in the cabin. If he came at me in the garage I was trapped. His paws were the size of tennis rackets, so one swipe would have removed me from mother earth in seconds, and he was looking at me as if I was already drawn and quartered. I decided I was in deep trouble.

I had a few seconds to contemplate my death after the second piece of wood hit the ground. As he let out this unbelievable growl I saw a white streak come across the yard. It was my dog. She placed herself between me and the monster bear in a split second. She was close to the bear, but far enough away that he could not hit her.

Her head was down but, tilted up a little. She was firmly planted with nails dug into the dirt, fangs showing and a low guttural sound coming from somewhere within her body. I could see portions of her face. The bear got the entire front view. I don't know how the bear felt but it scared me half to death. She was a wolf. No doubt about it. Standing before me was my wolf showing full military gear and letting it all hang out. I was beginning to feel a little better, but a little sorry for the bear.

The bear returned to his upright position and let out a roar that had to shake the windows of the cabin. She then stepped forward about two feet and let out a hideous growl that must have started at her toenails and worked its way through her entire body before it ever hit the air that

bright crisp morning in Arizona. As the growl was released I noticed some saliva beginning to drip from her lips. Boy, was she a wolf!

The bear immediately began to have second thoughts about trying to make a meal out of me. After assessing the situation for nearly a minute he dropped to the ground and lumbered toward the forest line that was the boundary to my property followed by a big white wolf which was still growling as she escorted him off her land.

I dropped the wood and slid down to the ground with my back against the garage wall as my mind digested the details of the last few minutes. Soon she was at my side licking my hands and looking as if she wanted affirmation that she had done a good job, just like Silver

With the gentlest voice I could muster I said, "You did a great job. If you are a wolf you're the best one I have ever known. You're my guardian angel you know. Say, that would be a good name for you. Angel."

After deciding to keep angel I asked the vet to come out and give her the shots she needed. I owed it to her. After all, she was a hero you know.

I explained the bear incident, confided that I was apprehensive about keeping her and received some advice I had not expected.:

"From what you told me about the bear there is no reason to worry about her hurting you. Because of your kindness toward her she has adopted you. You are now her caretaker, and she is yours. I pity the person who tries to harm you with her around. They will have to go through her to get to you and that you can't control. It is instinct.

You know, she was probably kicked out of or abandoned by her pack and was trying to find her way when you set out the food and water. You may have been the first creature contact she made.

Whatever, you were kind to her. You fed her and furnished her water. You were gentle with her, and she will never forget that. As you were trying to adopt her, she adopted you. The fact that she accepted you is an honor but be careful around other people. If she thinks you are in danger she will attack, and it will be similar to the bear. She will go for the jugular."

The vet gave me a dog license for her. According to him she is a two-year-old white German Shepherd weighing approximately one hundred and twenty pounds. As he walked to the car he said, "Take good care of her and call me next year. I will come out and give her booster shots. You know, she may have saved your life but remember she also has laid her live in your hands. She trusts you or I wouldn't have been able to treat her so

easily today. She is the best friend you can ever have. She won't lie to you. She won't cheat on you and if you ask her opinion about any human being she will tell it the way it is, good or bad".

Cooler weather set in a little early that year, and by January we were having some record setting lows. Angel had never been in the cabin over night, but I coaxed her in because of the terrible wind. She soon adjusted to sleeping in the cabin which lasted the remainder of her life.

There were some additional adjustments the following year when I met a lady in Globe. After a few months of spending time with me and Angel at the cabin she moved in with us and we were a family of three.

Cynthia was a little standoffish at first, but Angel won her over and I really believe Angel enjoyed her time with Cynthia more than she did with me.

We all romped and played both in the winter and summer. Angel always had her pool in the summer. She loved to be chased around the yard and, at times, would reverse and chase us. We worked and played like any normal family who had a big white German Shepherd that liked to roughhouse. I think Angel had a great life with us. She made us happy, and I am glad we were able to give her a good life.

Angel has been gone for about a year now. She gave us eleven great years. We both miss her terribly. I miss the way she followed me everywhere. I always felt safe with her around and always felt the animal love she gave us.

Cynthia misses the wrestling matches they had in the yard and when bedtime came it was Angel on the nice soft carpet we got for her.

It is a little strange but over the last few weeks I thought I saw a white animal at the edge of the tree line. It was where I first saw Angel. After the third sighting I told Cynthia about it but wrote it off as just missing Angel so much.

I was a little set back when she told me she had seen it too. She said it was there for about two minutes the other day while she was cleaning the truck.

As we stared at the tree line where we sighted the animal, I turned and walked into the cabin. Cynthia followed me as I walked over to Angels sleeping area. I had never removed the soft pad I made for her. As I stared at Angels bed I felt Cynthia's hand on my shoulder.

As we stared at the bed I heard, "Maybe we should go to town and get a small bag of dog food and a couple bowls."
The End

As we say goodbye to the virus we will say hello to a new and better LVAG. Hopefully, our new surroundings and new look will be a welcome addition as well as a great benefit to the local and surrounding artists and the community in general.

It has taken an enormous amount of work and patience on the part of the LVAG members who put this project together and carried it through to the upcoming grand opening.

The patience, labor, finances and planning to complete the project was a task well spent. Much was done by a group of members, but much had to be contracted to satisfy the requirements of the landlord for the safety of all those involved when we open, but it was worth it, for the community will now have one of the better art venues in centra Ohio.

The London Arts Center will open with new doors, new rest rooms, new flooring, new window decorations, new paint, new classes and a new love for the art world of Madison and the surrounding counties.

When you visit the new London Arts Center or have your upcoming show there remember to feel the love as you walk through our doors.

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