

JKß - JOY KROEGER BECKNER - JKß

classical Realism, from hounds to humans & an owl!

NEWS & JOURNEYS OF JOY! :: VOL. TEN, NUMBER TWO :: APRIL 2014

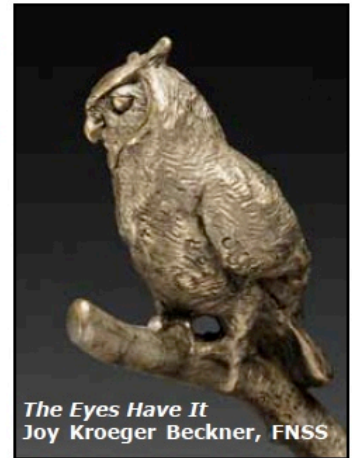
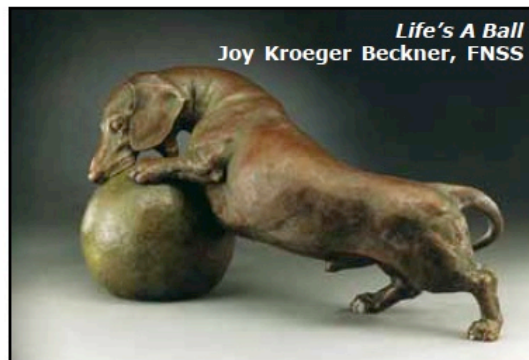
News - straight from the March/April National Sculpture Society bulletin...

NEWLY ELECTED NSS FELLOWS

A Sculptor Member shall become a Fellow upon the nomination by a majority vote (or unanimous written consent) of the members of the Board and the affirmative vote of Fellows and Board Members voting at a General Meeting or special meeting of the members of the Society. Criteria for consideration of election to membership as a Fellow include: professional development in the field of Sculpture, participation in the Sculpture Community, educational contributions to Sculpture, and participation in the National Sculpture Society. This year's class is **Joy Kroeger Beckner, Gary Lee Price** and **Don F. Wiegand**. Congratulations!



Joy Kroeger Beckner, FNSS
Chesterfield, MO



A Huge Thank you to those who voted for me with your love of my work and your acquisitions! I could not have been elected without your encouragement!

I am surprised, honored and humbled to become a Fellow of National Sculpture Society, among sculptors whose works I have admired for years. I'm pleased that the Fellows recognized me as a fine sculptor who specializes in something other than humans. I am completely thrilled.

Early in my sculptural career, 1993, I garnered human commissions. It was in 1995 when I stumbled into sculpting my dear old dachshund, Anna. That's is when my work took off! My pieces are very personal; they touch the heart of those who have or have had dogs. I am very flattered that master sculptor Eugene Daub nominated me and that enough Fellows and NSS Board members voted for me. After all, I have no huge public pieces, but I do have a very inspired piece in the AKC Museum of the Dog, and my work is in collections on six continents. Thank you!

I wish I could share this news with my parents and my early art teachers. THEY laid the foundation. I am so lucky to have had each one in my life. And, I thank my parents for recognizing my natural instincts.

See, touch and be touched by my work in these upcoming exhibitions:

MAY 2 – 31, 2014: 23rd International Miniature Art Show, Seaside Art Gallery, Nagshead, NC.

MAY 12 - MAY 22, 2014: Salmagundi Masters, 131th Masters Exhibition, Salmagundi Club, 47 Fifth Avenue, NYC.



"Squirrel Season" Long ©2007

MAY 24 - AUGUST 6, 2014: America's Parks II, The Wildlife Experience, Parker (Denver) CO
<http://thewildlifeexperience.org/>

SEPTEMBER 13 - OCTOBER 26, 2014: America's Parks II, Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum, Tucson, AZ
<http://www.desertmuseum.org/arts/gallery.php>
(Check with Venues for Dates and Hours.)

AUGUST 23 – 24, 2014: I am to be featured artist! Bo and I will be at the AKC Museum of the Dog, St. Louis, MO! The museum has asked me to bring as many pieces as possible. With payment of your entry to the museum you will see my work, meet Bo - and - explore the entire museum!

please, return with us to San Miguel...



FEBRUARY 12: This evening we have reservations at Mi Casa, a restaurant inside the Instituto Allende, at Ancha de San Antonio #20. For reservations, call +52-415-154-5890 a week in advance.

We hear five amazing musicians, headed by well-known San Miguel guitarist Gil Guittierez who is originally from Oaxaca, which is “almost in Cuba.” Below left to right: a hidden base player from San Miguel, master pianist Gabriel Hernandez from Cuba, a New York jazz flutist, Gil, and a Cuban percussionist and singer, shown by Gil’s hand.

I wish I could send you their fabulous sound!

FEBRUARY 13: Brian and I saw “Nebraska.” Bruce Dern is endearing and the gal who plays his wife is really funny. The story is poignant and the scenery is gorgeous. See it! It is indeed a movie for grown ups.

Today I receive an amazing honor: National Sculpture Society elected me to be a Fellow! The most beautiful part is I did not solicit this; master sculptor Eugene Daub nominated me in December. How good is that?

FEBRUARY 14: I love Richard J. Moylan’s Facebook comment: “Congratulations Joy! You were not “advanced” to Fellow [of National Sculpture Society]. You were properly recognized for your talent and significant body of work.” Richard J. Moylan is president at Green-Wood Cemetery in New York.

Peter Rossi, President of the American Artists Professional League, NY, invited me to become a member. Yes!

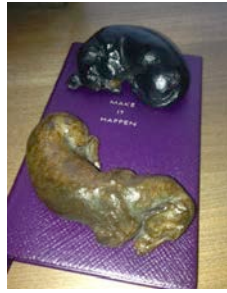
Thank you, collectors! In the past three months, three Dreaming of Tomatoes, MS, have been adopted! Will you be the lucky person to acquire number 10/20, the last one in the edition?



Dreaming of Tomatoes” MS #10/20 is available. After this, the edition will be closed.

FEBRUARY 20: A sweet note and photo arrive.

Hi Joy,
I have been so busy with work I feel bad about not reaching out. I loved the two pieces. They sit on my desk in my home office and I enjoy their beauty throughout the day. Simply put, they make me happy.
Thank you,
Will



Thank YOU to all who send “thank you” notes - and - pictures!
You make my day!

Thank you, too, to my San Miguel friend who ordered my sterling owl pendant, “The Eyes Have It!”

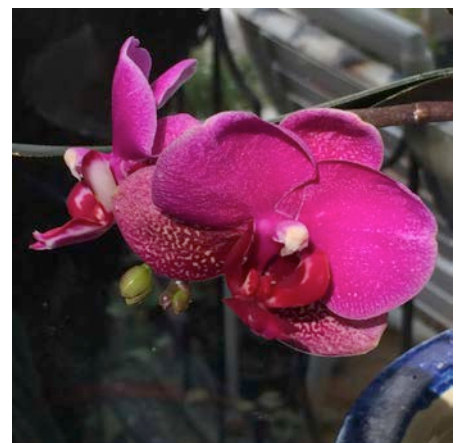


Looking out the front door of our apartment, Bovedas, toward the street - and - the window above my computer. May our landlord live many more years and may we have running water each of those years!

FEBRUARY 22, I have been watching an orchid on the windowsill above my computer for a week or so now. Today it opened and I have to share my picture with you! If I have to have a cold, at least I have a pretty orchid to look at!

FEBRUARY 23, Overnight, I turned a corner; my cold is on the mend. YAY! Brian assured me it is not over quite yet, but it is better...

Today I am going through more old emails in the OLD sbcglobal.net account, and I run across this poem from Shannon Hanna, owner of RS Hanna Gallery in Fredericksburg, TX. This reminds me of Bo Duke.



Elizabeth Pollie had shared this with a very grateful Shannon. ♥♥♥

LITTLE DOG'S RHAPSODY IN THE NIGHT (Percy Three)



He puts his cheek against mine
and makes small, expressive sounds.
And when I'm awake, or awake enough

he turns upside down, his four paws
in the air
and his eyes dark and fervent.

"Tell me you love me," he says.

"Tell me again."

Could there be a sweeter arrangement?
Over and over
he gets to ask it.
I get to tell.

Mary Oliver
(1935-___)

FEBRUARY 25, TUESDAY: We have no running water. Yesterday, friends on San Francisco Street told me they had no water, and that the city turns it off to conserve water. Well, this morning, the rumor is that there was a break in a water main uphill in Atascadero. It's the first time in 13 years of coming here two months each year, that we've had no water. It's a good day for a sponge bath and to balance my checkbook.

My friend sculptor Star York sent a link to a very interesting film: How Wolves Change Rivers. Please cut and paste this into your browser The Sustainable Man is given credit for the film. Enjoy!
<http://www.youtube.com/user/TheSustainableMan?/how-wolves-change-rivers>.

FEBRUARY 27, THURSDAY: My kindergarten girlfriend Shirley writes, "Oh goodness, I pictured you both fully satisfied! I'm so sorry about the water troubles. Even in Nepal, I always had running water, even though it was cold and not potable! Have a safe journey home." Shirley was in the Peace Corps in Nepal.

This morning the shower teases us with a slim stream, then drips, then nothing. How many pots of water does it take to flush a toilet? Wash dishes, rinse dishes, pour the gray water into the tank and add some. I surely appreciate running water and can hardly wait for a shower. Fortunately we have a 5-gallon bottle of drinking water. Suddenly, "in the best city in the world" [Conde Naste] we are experiencing what we've been told the locals experience every 8 months or so – Nowata! This, TOO, shall pass.

Okay, now, for the journey home...

FEBRUARY 28, 2014, FRIDAY: After walking half an hour to retrieve my Suburban, Brian returns to pick up the last few items -- and me and Bo -- and Bo's 25+ pounds of frozen food in our Kool-a-tron.

7:05AM: We squeeze past two illegally parked vehicles outside our door and turn left up the Salida a Queretaro, Hwy. 51. From the Mirador (overlook) the city seems to sleep under misty mountains nestled in pink and violet.

Follow signs toward Queretaro. At the first glorieta (roundabout) go straight; you will be on Mexico 111, the Boulevard de la Conspiracion. When you see Universidad Allende on the right you are on the correct two-lane road. Watch for topes! (speedbumps).

Along the road are patches of desert with large prickly pear (opuntia) cactus and yellow blooming trees. I think they might be mesquite. The desert contrasts with verdant irrigated farmland.

Go around the second roundabout until you see a sign for Dr. Mora. Take that road. It is Mexico Hwy. 1. It is 42 degrees. My vehicle had been parked for two months and is in as dire need of a bath as we three are.

When you come to a split in the road, go straight toward Dr. Mora for about 15 miles. You will be on Mexico Highway One. Cross a highway on an overpass and then turn left on Hwy. 57, that leads toward San Luis Potosi.

7:38AM: We turn northwest on the main four-lane highway, 57, toward home. The sun is to our right rear. Our goal is stay toward San Luis Potosi.

Then take Mexico 57/70 Cuota north toward Matahuala /Saltillo. Free highways are called Libre.

Immediately after the first Cuota (54 pesos) we find a Pemex and gas up. The attendant cleans our windshield! Restrooms are clean and Coffee Express fills a need.

For several sunny miles we pass through blooming Spanish dagger yuccas. Fog rolls over us and it is 51 degrees.



We breeze through a military checkpoint. No questions asked. Dreary cloud cover portends weather to come.

1:13PM: Stay toward Monterrey/Laredo. Cuota: 35 pesos.
Stay right toward Monterrey/Laredo Mexico Highways 40/80. This is a VERY bumpy exit.

Quickly exit right on a smooth Cuota toward Monterrey and Nuevo Laredo.

Oops! We missed a turn and are headed into downtown Monterrey. Dust and no-see-through smog are thick. Yuck!

Three tries and twenty minutes later we are back on the Autopista (Mexico 40) headed toward Nuevo Laredo. Autopista is another name for a Cuota, a toll road. I can breath again.

WHEN IN DOUBT, Check your Map App that came with your phone. Follow that! It seems GPS works...

Cuota: 130 pesos. It's 91 degrees. We almost want to take off our fleece vests, but we are air conditioned and comfortable inside.

Stay straight toward Nuevo Laredo on Mexico 85.
Stay Left toward Nuevo Laredo/Columbia. Mexico 85.

2:18PM: We pass the Aeropuerto. Adios, Monterrey!

One km. past the Aeropuerto stay left on Cuota, Mexico 85. It's just 120 miles to Nuevo Laredo. Through all these miles and three potty breaks, Bo snoozes safely in his crate. We pass the third flatbed truck with three John Deer tractors on it. We did not realize JD made tractors in Mexico.

Below are interesting trucks we found along the way. If it fits, they carry it!





2:48PM: Now that we are much closer to Laredo, the predominant "tree" seems to have changed from Spanish Dagger Yuccas to mesquite. Pretty little yellow flowers bloom in the median.

3:05PM: After hoping the last Pemex stop would include famous corn muffins, we return to the vehicle with one latte to share. Bo comes to my lap where he is mostly content. The terrain has become more flat. We ponder what we will see and hear on the Weather Channel tonight.

Last cuota: 205 pesos.

Oops! Here is another military checkpoint. It's just fifty more miles to the border. Bouncy, bouncy, bouncy. Ah-HA! Yet one more checkpoint!

We find Immigration by easing right at the V in the road. It is the long low white building to the left. We turn in our Vehicle Importation sticker to get our \$400 vehicle deposit back.

After Immigration, we turn right on the same road on which we arrived, then make a right U-turn on the main road going west to Bridge Two. Our windshield is thoroughly cleaned by a very industrious young man. We give him a tip. Others sell various and sundry goods, play music, or juggle, all for tips.

4:36pm: We are on Bridge Two. Brian has driven 566 miles - long hard miles - in 10 1/2 hours. The right hand lane seems to move faster.

4:47PM: We cross the line on bridge into the US, land of the free and home of the brave. Bo says he may be free but he is not so brave. It is 86 degrees. It's the last we will see that for a while.

Five lanes turn into 12 inspection gates.



5:22PM: We are through the inspection station, in the US and on I-35 headed north toward highway TX-59.

Of you want to go to LaQuinta (LQ) by the airport in Laredo, this is the way.

From I-35, exit right, then right again onto TX-59, AKA Lafayette Street. Lafayette turns into Saunders. TX-59 signs are not to be found. Now we are on a stretch of no coordinated lights. Ahhhh, a small TX-59 sign is alongside the four-lane road.

Go about five miles to Bob Bullock Blvd. Turn left. Go to Jacamon Street and turn left. Turn right at Rosson Street and you will soon be at the LQ.

Oh, does this shower feel good! It's Friday and it's been since Monday that we have had showers.

Our dinner is across the parking lot at Palenque, a Mexican restaurant-bar, where you might see everything from a table of nuns, to a wedding party, to families with small children and, a couple of older gringos. Be prepared for a delicious and noisy experience. Convenience is the key. We get a good night's sleep.

MARCH 1, 2014, SATURDAY, 8:05AM: We awaken to an orangey gold sunrise, glittering through our shower steamed window at the LQ. With ice predicted along our usual diagonal route home, Brian heads across southern Texas toward Jackson, MS. Fog shrouds I-35 on our way to San Antonio. Humidity feels good.

Consistently smooth roads feel good. Thank you, President Eisenhower, for your foresight in creating our interstate highway system. And, thank you, US citizens for maintaining our smooth roads. They are appreciated.

Brian commented about the contrast between Laredo, where the city is growing and there is prosperity, and across the Rio Grande where Nuevo Laredo looks as it has looked for many years.

10:59AM: Brian drives us to Marion, TX. Population 1066. It is four miles off the beaten path, I-10. Marion is the boyhood home of our friend big Jim Shultz. Jim's dad or granddad made Shultz Nursery famous. The town is charming.



Penshorn Meat Market smells VERY good! They sell everything from 1/2 cow for less than \$4 per pound to bacon-wrapped filets. Brian indulges in sausages and my Swiss Army knife comes in handy.

1:15PM, HOUSTON, TX: I-10. Brian wonders how there can be a traffic jam on an interstate on a Saturday afternoon.

THANK YOU to whomever is responsible for planting young pine and deciduous saplings for future forests along Interstate 10. I LOVE your lovely foresight!

3:13PM, LOUISIANA: Spanish moss draped trees along the Sabine River welcome us to Louisiana. It is 78 degrees.

I just love riding and watching nature. I wish I could photograph the white wetland birds in rice paddies under these gorgeous diagonal strips of clouds. There might be a bird in the lower right corner.

Middle: Atchafalaya National Heritage Area.



5:28PM ON I-10: We cross the Mississippi into Baton Rouge while listening to Garrison Kiellor. Almost immediately we exit right toward New Orleans and then exit left on I-12 toward Hammond, LA.



"This year thousands of men will die of stubbornness," a billboard predicts. I did not see who posted this.

5:51PM: Headed to Hammond, Louisiana, the light is beautiful. A sign announces "The Baptist Pumpkin Center."

8:18PM: We arrive in Jackson, MS at a trusty LQ. It is 10:02 PM and we three are ready for bed... Night, night.

MARCH 2, 2014, SUNDAY, 7:20AM: I-55 north. It is 63 degrees as we venture into the cloudy gray yonder.

A huge Nissan factory is on the right. Serviceberries or maybe Bradford pears are in full bloom. I-55 is pretty here. Occasional daffodils and dappled sunlight brighten the day.

I-55 is lined with forest of pine and deciduous trees that are just beginning to bud. Occasionally cows graze. The median is wide. What a great drive for a lazy Sunday morning! Three wild turkeys peck beside the road.

Cedars and Sycamores are interspersed with pines and high canopy deciduous forest. Colorful pink red and ochre buds form hazy halos over some trees. Fall leaves cling to others, mostly oaks.

9:35AM: Winter clouds loom ahead. It is 69 degrees. By 9:50, the temperature drops to 46. A little light drizzle dots the windshield. Cypress and birch trees appear. As pines diminish in numbers deciduous trees, including cypress, birch and sycamore and strategically placed magnolias. We are south of Memphis.

10:13AM: We are in Tennessee. It is 35 degrees.

10:25AM: We pass into Arkansas.

11:11AM: Five utility trucks, bucket trucks, caravan north, in preparation to help with possible downed power lines.

Road builders work this Sunday morning to cover freshly laid concrete on a rebuilt section of northbound I-55.

11:18AM: Icy trees. 32 degrees. Hood is clear. Windshield is clear. Road is clear. There are only 241 miles to go. North of Blytheville, AK, rain and wind pick up. An abandoned gas station sign reads: Unleaded, \$1.19 gallon.

11:38AM: In Missouri, the temperature drops to 28 degrees. Ice forms on the lower right portion of the windshield. I turn on the defroster and Brian puts the vehicle in four-wheel drive. The road appears to still be good.

Twenty miles into Missouri, we see our second snowplow; Missouri, the Show Me state, is ready for snow!

12:12PM: Snow at mile marker 40. Oh, oh! Vehicles are sliding. Another bucket truck drives north. Brian is driving a pretty conservative (for him) 55mph. I wish I had a button I could push that would tell the windshield wipers to lift and slap down to remove ice.

Lightening brightens the sky momentarily. Is this Thunder Lightening?

Oops! One is off the road! Our heated side mirrors must come on automatically. The front of the mirrors appear to be coated with about 1/2 inch of ice. Now I hear the tires and ice when Brian changes lanes. He's driving 45. Snow is accumulating between crop rows.

Big splats of wet snow act as bug removers! The wipers are so caked with ice that we turn them off. It is 29 degrees.

12:56PM: A snowplow plows outside Sikeston. Brian comments that most of the 18-wheelers exited about 10 miles ago. We are getting into hilly country. It looks like winter.

1:53PM: Our window to the world at mile marker 135.



2:35PM: It's 22 degrees and 41 miles to home.

3:00PM: MODOT advised people to stay off roads and they did. It is snowing, but there is only about an inch on the ground. Brian retrieved the garage door opener and flashlight from the console in preparation to turn up the water heater. Streets are sloppy. It's 22 degrees. We are home at 3:30, Sunday, March 3.

MARCH 5, WEDNESDAY, 12:30PM: I meet with Joyce Bishop, the designer who helped us with our kitchen 20+ years ago. We are ready to remodel the upstairs baths and, hopefully have money to put in hardwood floors. Baths and grit first, then wood floors. We visit three showrooms and I get home about 6pm. After all that thinking, I am ready to hit the sack at 8:30. That is hard work!

MARCH 7, FRIDAY: Bo Duke is eight years old today. Happy Birthday!

Brian returns after taking my Suburban for an oil change. It needs more – new bearings in the steering column! He noticed a funny sound that happened once before we left Dec. 30, but was assured everything was just fine. He eats a bite and then drives me to a necessary event, a colonoscopy. Thank goodness for a loaner vehicle!

MARCH 14, FRIDAY: I play “grandma” as an extra in a commercial for St. Mary’s Health Center, in Jefferson City, MO. The commercial will air only in Jefferson City.

MARCH 17, MONDAY: My National Sculpture Society Fellow gold pin arrives, and this arrived in my inbox!

**FORMER WUSTL ART STUDENT
NAMED NATIONAL SCULPTURE
SOCIETY FELLOW**

**SAM FOX SCHOOL OF DESIGN
& VISUAL ARTS**



Joy Kroeger Beckner, who studied in WUSTL's School of Fine Arts in the 1960s, has been named a Fellow of the National Sculpture Society. Best known for her series of dachshunds, Beckner has earned international recognition and more than 80 awards for her work portraying these dogs. She has exhibited in seven National Sculpture Society shows. Major awards include the National Sculpture Society Silver Medal and John Cavanaugh Memorial Prize, the Ellin P. Speyer Prize from the National Academy, Best in Show from American Women Artists at the 16th Annual Master Signature Artists Exhibit, and, from the Society of Animal Artists, two Awards of Excellence, the Leonard J. Meiselman Award, and the Elliot Liskin Award for Representational Sculpture. To learn more about Beckner's work, [visit her website](#).

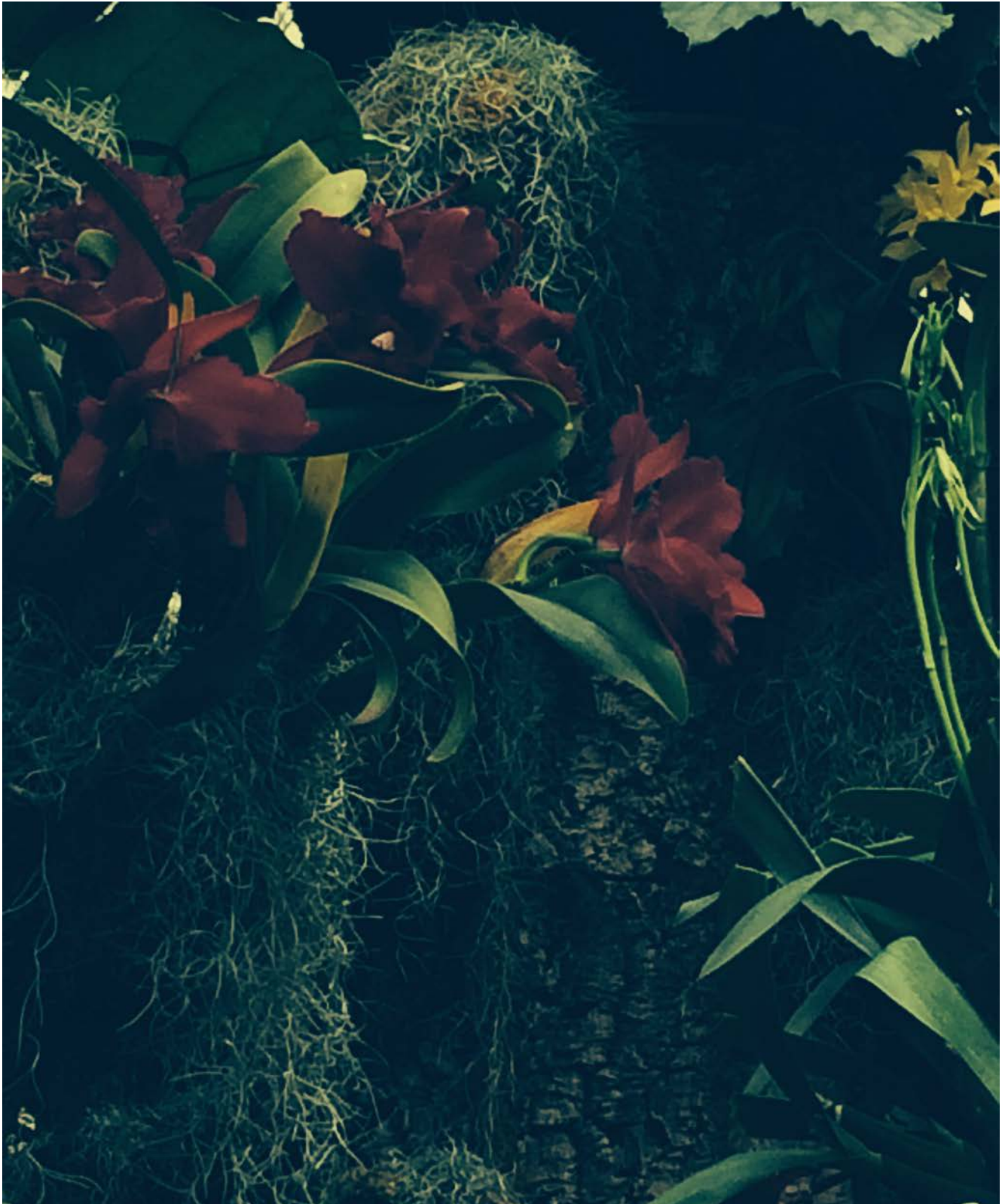
LOOKING BACK: I am among the lucky persons who attended Washington University School of Fine Arts in the early-mid 60s. At the time, I could not make up my mind which direction to go: painting, sculpture? The fact I knew I did not want graphics did not register that I should continue with 3-D. I loved ceramics and sculpture with my teacher Dick Duhme, but, my mind took me to fashion and business. When I wanted to return to art school, I couldn't afford to pay for my final two years, nor did I dare ask my parents to pay for them.

As a child I took drawing lessons from a neighbor, Ruth Ast Anderson. I'll always remember her playing her xylophone and the murals of lions and tigers she'd painted on her living room walls! If the current owners of her house only knew!

In the late 80s, my painting teacher was Tito Gay. When my paint got thick, Tito suggested I try sculpture. I sought specific sculpture teachers. In the order in which I took their classes, they are: Toni Wirts, Jaye Gregory, Robert Walker, Hank Knickmeyer, Rudi Torrini, Eugene Daub and Tuck Langland. The balance of my training has been in the school of life. It's been an interesting journey.

MARCH 19: My friend Jaye and I enjoy the Orchid Show at the Missouri Botanical Garden.





APRIL 2: The following article by Sheila Frayne Rhodes appeared in West News Magazine.





Chesterfield sculptors Don Wiegand and Joy Kroeger Beckner

Two Chesterfield sculptors honored

By SHEILA FRAYNE RHOADES

Chesterfield is home to two acclaimed sculptors, both recently elected as Fellows of the prestigious National Sculpture Society (NSS) – Joy Kroeger Beckner and Don F. Wiegand.

Beckner and Wiegand are two of only three Missouri sculptors to attain this prestigious honor, but they share very good company.

The oldest organization of professional sculptors in the United States, the NSS was founded in New York City in 1893 by America's most prominent sculptors, including Daniel Chester French and Stanford White. The Society was established to "spread the knowledge of good sculpture." NSS members have created much of this country's public sculpture, coinage and medals. The criteria for becoming an NSS Fellow includes professional development, education and contributions in the field of sculpture.

Trained at Washington University School of Fine Arts, Beckner began sculpting in the early 1990s. She has been an Elected Sculptor Member of NSS for eight years. Best known for her animal sculptures, especially dachshunds, Beckner has earned international recognition and over 80 awards portraying these endearing animals. She creates human portraits as well. Her website proclaims her work as "Classical Realism, from Hounds to Humans."

Her sculptures are displayed in collections on six continents and her work is displayed in American museums and corporations including the American Kennel Club Museum of the Dog in St. Louis, the Scott Joplin International Ragtime Foundation Inc. in Sedalia, Mo., and the Dunnegan Gallery of Art in Bolivar, Mo. Beckner's work also is on display and available for purchase at Kodner Gallery in Ladue.

On becoming a Fellow of NSS, she said,

"I am thrilled and honored to be invited into the company of Fellows sculptors whose works I have admired for many years. I'm pleased that they recognized me as a fine sculptor who specializes in something other than humans, and have invited me into their midst. I was completely surprised and obviously pleased to be nominated and confirmed. Thank you, everyone!"

Wiegand's sculptures are included in dozens of public and private collections around the world, including the Vatican and the White House. He says he, "strives to capture the human spirit" by creating life-size to heroic sculptures. His most familiar sculpture in St. Louis is the August A. Busch Jr. bronze portrait at the entrance to Busch Stadium, but he has sculpted other bronze portraits including Bob Hope, Charles Lindbergh, Ernest Hemingway, Amelia Earhart and Mark Twain. Some of his outdoor sculptures can be seen in Chesterfield's Central Park and the Donors Memorial in St. Louis.

An NSS member since 1981, Wiegand said, "I was totally surprised, as the letter of election just came out of the blue. I'm very honored to be in a group of people that I respect."

His latest creation was a commission by the USO to create a portrait sculpture of the late Prescott S. Bush (1895-1972), who is father and grandfather of two U.S. Presidents – George H.W. Bush and George W. Bush.

This sculpture was first unveiled at Wiegand Studios on March 23. Prescott's nephew and former U.S. Ambassador to Hungary, George Herbert Walker III, was an honored guest at the unveiling.

The Prescott Bush piece was later installed near the entry of the new USO Warrior and Family Center in Walter Reed National Medical Center, where it will greet wounded soldiers. Wiegand attended the dedication on March 31.

The little things in life really make us happy!

APRIL 1: The sun is shining and daffodils are blooming! February Gold daffodils and Ice Follies daffodils say, "I'm here; better late than never!"



April 2: Sweet rain fell overnight. Our pond was down by about nine inches, so I mucked it out this weekend.

APRIL 5: After two stormy days and nights the pond is FULL! Today is sunny and cool.

APRIL 7: Gentle rain is falling. Pictured at right is my Greek begonia that normally blooms in early March.

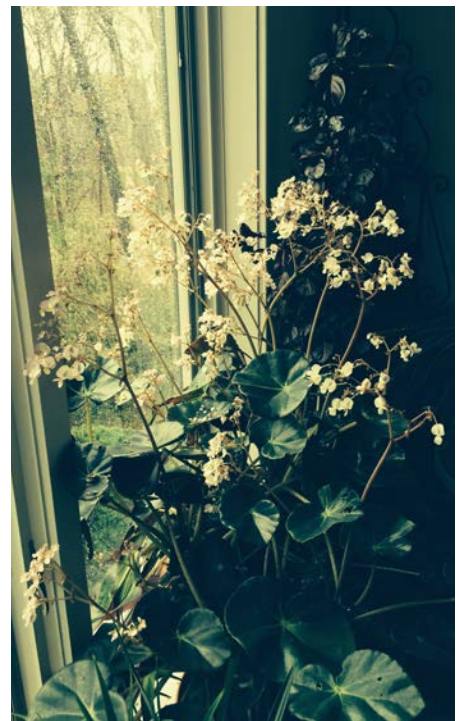
APRIL 10: Spring Peepers survived the winter! I love their shrill song! Redbuds promise blooms.

APRIL 13: The Society of Animal Artists show is entered. Decisions have been made and we wait for a price and to start the remodel of our master bath.

APRIL 14: I accidentally drop an earring in the sink trap of the master bath. When Brian gets out his wrench to try to retrieve it, the 40-year-old plumbing disintegrates in front of our eyes. Demolition has begun! Earring retrieved!

APRIL 15: It's more than just tax day! It's COLD! At 6:42 AM the outdoor temperature is 28 degrees. By 9:15 AM the temperature is 36.

Last night, nurserymen on TV talked about a different way to protect plants from frost and freezing: turn on a sprinkler as long as the temperature is at or below freezing. Brian was very concerned about our Japanese maple that suffered die back from freezing several years ago. I dutifully sprinkled and placed old sheets on everything the sprinkler could not reach. By noon today, the ice melts. At 5PM, it is balmy, 48 degrees. Only one more night of possible freezing temperatures...



APRIL 19, SATURDAY: Spring is here! Three heirloom tomato starts are now in pots on our new deck. I shop for pot feet to raise the pots above the deck in hopes that we won't have fried green tomatoes due to high heat this summer on our beautiful new composite deck. At Lowe's I find the perfect solution: "Pot Pads" by Allsop.

Happy Easter! Happy Hanukkah! what a glorious day!

APRIL 21, MONDAY: Light rain and May Apples greet us today.



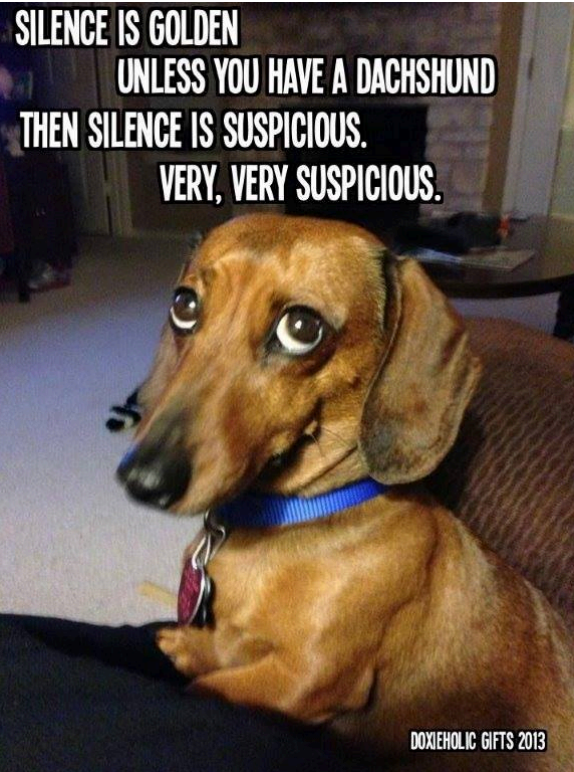
NEW WORKS COMING BY MID-SUMMER:

Deli's Open, Wire Coat 1:6 Scale. Smooth shown.

Plus, I hope to have another 1:6 scale piece of two dogs.

A unique commission of a longhaired dachshund will be complete and shipped.

*A little of what you fancy
does you good.*



Thank you Marilou Callison for Silence, above.

Savor spring!

Love, Joy

www.joybeckner.com