



The Arts Insider

February 2020

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ArtsFest Weekend is June 12 - 13 - 14, 2020!



Three Days to Enjoy Music - Arts Festival - Plein Air!

Mark your calendar, invite your family and friends, and plan to celebrate the arts over a three-day weekend!

On Friday, June 12, the La Plata Town Hall presents a FREE outdoor concert beginning at 7:00 pm. The featured band is Trilogy, who will bring their acoustic sound to the public for an evening of lively music. Bring chairs, blankets and enjoy the music under the open sky.

On Saturday, June 13, the Arts Alliance hosts its 28th Annual ArtsFest, a day filled with lots of arts vendors, children's activities, music and performances on two stages, food and more. Admission is free and open to the public; registration is open now for exhibitors and food vendors. Go to the [website](#) to download the forms.

The weekend concludes on Sunday, June 14, with a painting opportunity at Mattawoman Creek Art Center. Beginning at 9:00 am, you will be guided by MCAC artist Sally Parker in painting *plein air*, surrounded by the beautiful landscape and waterfront of the Art Center. After breaking for lunch at noon, you will have a chance to have your art professionally critiqued. Bring your own supplies and a bag lunch, and spend the morning experiencing painting outdoors. In case of inclement weather, everyone will move inside to the Center and create a still life painting in the Gallery.

La Plata Town Hall is located at 305 Queen Anne Street, La Plata, MD 20646. Mattawoman Creek Art Center is located in Smallwood State Park, Marbury, MD 20658.

ArtsFest is sponsored in partnership with the Town of La Plata. Funding for this project is provided (in part) by the County Commissioners of Charles County. 🐾

President's Letter

Dear Members and Supporters of the CCAA,



Mayor Jeannine James presented to the County Commissioners an initial request for their support in the development of an Arts and Entertainment District in the Town of La Plata. Several of our Board Members were in attendance to show support for this program.

The CCAA, Calvert and St. Mary's Art Councils participated in the development of a Folk Life and Maryland Traditions hub at St. Mary's College, and made initial plans for a Folk Life Institute in conjunction with the Maryland State Arts Council to be held in the summer of 2021.

The CCAA Board held its retreat at the Waldorf West Library from 10:00 am to 4:00 pm on January 25, and then enjoyed a Board Appreciation Dinner at the Olive Garden in Waldorf. During the dinner, the Board presented a plaque of appreciation to out-going Board member, Bill "Banjo Man" Adams.

Thanks go out to Fraser Tuffee, one of our newest Board members, for helping to move around furniture and help clean up the office for recycling and disposing of trash.

Our program "Charles County Dances" has been postponed to the next fiscal year to allow for larger participation and to tie in with the Charles County Board of Education's 2020/21 first ever inclusion of a dance component to the high school curriculum.

Our first ever Poetry Out Loud (co-sponsored with the Charles County Board of Education) competition and "Writers Unite Seminar" (supported by the Maryland Writers Association and the Life Journeys Writers Guild) is still on course for March 29 at Old Waldorf School. Stay tuned for more information.

It is with regret that we say farewell to Judy Crawford, our Administrative Director, as she moves onward to the new challenges of a new job. She has been the backbone of our organization for almost seven years, and will be sorely missed by all of us. Her last day in the office will be February 14.

Sincerely,

Robert

Robert K. Rausch

President, Charles County Arts Alliance

Arts Alliance Opened New Art Shows in January

Exhibits on Display in Three Galleries

The Charles County Commissioners Gallery's newest show includes 35 works of art in clay, acrylic, ink and watercolor by Dr. Theresa Alo, on display through April 7, 2020.



Theresa graduated from Alfred University College of Ceramics in 1989 with a Bachelor's in Fine Arts. Continuing her education, she graduated in 1994 from Gallaudet University with a Masters of Arts Degree, from Trinity College in 1996 with her Administrative Degree, from The College of Notre Dame of Maryland in 2003 with an Educational Specialist Degree in Leadership, and completed her Doctoral Degree from the College of Notre Dame of Maryland in 2010.



She has been employed with the Charles County Board of Education for over thirty years as a high school arts instructor. She currently holds the position of Fine Arts Department Chair at North Point High School in Waldorf, Maryland.



The Gallery is located at 200 Baltimore Street, La Plata, MD. Gallery hours are weekdays, 8:00 am to 4:30 pm. The Gallery can also be viewed online at <https://charlescountyarts.org/galleries/commissioners-gallery-2>.



Joshua Owen is the featured artist at the University of Maryland Charles Regional Medical Center through April 8, 2020. He is a young artist from Southern Maryland who had his first show when he was only 7 years old. Now, at 11 years, Josh has had multiple solo shows and participated in numerous group shows with the Charles County Arts Alliance.

Inspired by Jackson Pollock, Joshua entered the art scene as an action painter. He loves to experiment with many different styles and techniques and that experimentation has led him to create *The Light Year!* with 25 new works for his current show.



Why space? Joshua received positive reviews with each new space painting and decided to dedicate the last year and this show to that exploration. He hopes that you enjoy this show as much as he enjoyed putting it together and that you find inspiration in the vastness of the universe!



The Gallery is located at 5 Garrett Avenue, La Plata; gallery hours are daily, 8:00 am to 8:00 pm. The show can be viewed online at <https://charlescountyarts.org/galleries/charles-regional-medical-center>.

Galleries continued on next page

Galleries continued



Arnold Hurley's solo show is on display at the Community Bank of the Chesapeake, Charlotte Hall Branch, through April 23, 2020.

Images on paper and canvas have been part of Arnold J. Hurley's life since childhood. He fondly remembers the influences of his mother and an uncle, who both were creative and were sources of encouragement to him.

As his interest in art grew, his mother provided creative inspiration, his father provided art supplies and his high school teacher steered him along a path toward developing painting and drawing skills. His budding artistic skills led Mr. Hurley to enroll at Tufts University where he earned both a

Bachelor's Degree in Education and a Master's Degree in Fine Arts, with a major in painting. His skills helped him land a Ford Foundation grant in 1964 to attend the School of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston.

A native of Boston, Mr. Hurley taught painting for 12 years at several area colleges and museums including Emerson College and the School of the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston, Fitchburg Art Museum, Lowell University, Milton Academy, Boston Public Schools and Wesleyan University in Connecticut. He currently teaches art at Crossland High School in Prince George's County, Maryland. Mr. Hurley's approach to painting involves a realistic or representational style and his works vary from still life drawings to portraiture. He paints every day and follows this precept: "Never forget the basics—they will serve as the foundation throughout your creative life. Challenge yourself, and remember your art will change and grow. And always draw, draw and draw some more."



Mr. Hurley has earned more than 40 awards for his oil, watercolor and pastel paintings and his pencil drawings. These include the 1998 Robert Dodge Memorial Prize, the 1993 Laurel Art Guild Award and the Prince George's Juried Annual Exhibition for three consecutive years. His work has also appeared in numerous national publications including Scholastic Art Magazine Inc., as a 2003 Honoree at the National Awards ceremony at the Kennedy Center in Washington, DC.

The Bank is located at 30165 Three Notch Road, Charlotte Hall, MD 20622; gallery hours are Monday - Thursday, 9:00 am - 4:00 pm, Friday, 9:00 am - 6:00 pm; Saturday, 9:00 am to noon. The Gallery can also be viewed online at <https://charlescountyarts.org/galleries/community-bank-of-the-chesapeake-charlotte-hall>. 🐾

Deadline to Apply for a Scholarship is March 6, 2020

Visit <https://charlescountyarts.org/program/scholarships> to download an application. Students can also obtain copies from their career counselors.

For more information, contact the CCAA office at 301-392-5900, or info@charlescountyarts.org. 🐾

Cindy Johnson, CCAA Vice President



Cindy began her involvement with the Charles County Arts Alliance in the late 1980s, when meetings were held at SMECO in White Plains. She has served on the Board off and on as its Secretary and Treasurer and now Vice President. She was part of the transition to the United Way House when the Arts Alliance moved from the Smallwood Village Center to La Plata.

Cindy has chaired many of the 33 State of Maryland Theater Festivals for the Maryland Community Theatre Festival Association. She also served as a Washington Area Theater Community Honors adjudicator for 10 years for Port Tobacco Players.

As a second generation thespian (her parents were Marian and Joe Myles), Cindy is a Past President of Port Tobacco Players, and directed, produced and acted in many of their productions beginning when she was 8 years old. Her own children and husband Zeke have also been on the PTP stage.

Cindy loves to visit New Orleans, especially for Jazz Fest. Her job as a community manager for Meredith Management keeps her busy. Cindy is pleased with the growth of the CCAA Board and looks forward to a busy remainder of the fiscal year. 🐾



Meet Colin Mably

Joined the CCAA Board of Directors FY 2020-2021



Colin Mably is an experienced educator and teacher at all levels from K-12 through university post-graduate. He has been a curriculum developer for a number of published science and mathematics productions and is also an accomplished educational TV/video producer and multimedia specialist with more than thirty productions. His television broadcasting experience includes programs for Discovery’s Science Channel. His academic career included designing and teaching bachelor and master’s degree programs; the co-founding of the International Society for Teacher Education (ISTE), now about to celebrate its fortieth anniversary; and the promotion of international study research and exchange programs. More recently, Colin has been an independent evaluator for a number of government-funded programs. For the last twenty-five years, he has worked from his own company, Educational Visions, producing innovative curricula and multimedia learning materials, mainly in science and mathematics. These include products and services commissioned by the British government and major professional scientific organizations and government agencies in the United States.

Colin is also an illustrator and graphic artist. His illustrations have been featured in a number of major science curricula and other teaching and learning materials, many in use across the U.S.A.



He is currently working on two children’s books, each featuring one of his pet passions - cats. One story revolves around Mickey, the cat who can never find the right place to take a nap.

Another tells the story of Spatz – a cat whose obsession with bacon leads him to open not only his owner’s refrigerator, but also those of his neighbors.

Colin, originally from London, England, has lived in La Plata for about 25 years and is married to Dr. Ann Benbow, a graduate of La Plata High School and former teacher at Thomas Stone High School. He says: “La Plata has been very kind to me over the years and serving on the CCAA Board allows me to put something back into its community.”



Welcome, Colin, to the CCAA Board of Directors! ☺

CCAA Artist Recognized by the Charles County Commissioners Citation Presented at the Commissioners Meeting



On a rainy Tuesday, February 4, morning, Charles County Arts Alliance member and artist Gina Durgin was recognized with a citation at the Charles County Board of Commissioners Meeting.

Commissioner President Reuben Collins presented Gina with a citation, noting he thought it was appropriate for the Commissioners “to recognize the artists,” who display work in the Commissioners Gallery because the artists “are not given an opportunity to actually provide to the public a brief description of their work.”

Gina’s work was on display in the CCAA-sponsored gallery from September 4, 2019 through January 7, 2020. In response to the recognition, Gina thanked the Board of Commissioners and the Charles County Arts Alliance for their help and support. 🌀



Congratulations, Gina!

Softball Widow by Yvonne Medley



It was April 1, known to some as April Fool's Day. Softball fever was in the air and that made my husband giddy. I'm ashamed to admit it, but I stopped feeling giddy about it the moment I said, "I do."

The first phone call of the season invaded our peaceful love nest. It was the coach telling my husband that the Holy Grail had been entrusted to the United States Postal Service. "You'll receive it shortly," the coach assured. Hubby was speechless, but his grin successfully transmitted through the receiver and the two man-children hung up. For the next few days, fate released my husband early from work. It turned out to be a blessing in disguise as I was promptly relieved of my mail-fetching duties. Good, I thought, I've got too much to do, as it is.

Exactly three nights and three days from the phone call, my husband stood at the end of our driveway bathed in the sun splashes that had dried a fresh rain. As if a sign from God, a rainbow haloed him and our mailbox. Both stood on Holy Ground. My husband retrieved a golden manila envelope and struggled with a trembling hand to free its contents. I stood slumped over the kitchen sink, peering through kitchen curtains. I wasn't snooping. I have a right to watch my destiny turn to crap, I explained to myself. He jammed the ripped envelope under his armpit, to cradle the sacred scroll with both hands. This was the word from on high—the practice and playing schedule. A show of smiley teeth lit a pathway to my kitchen window.

Like Moses, I shielded my eyes from the spiritual glow. His chest bulged with glee. I withered in dismay. I retreated to the living room couch to ponder the pain-and-suffering the season would heap upon me.

Coach Vinny Malachi, pronounced "ma-la-chee," is a good ole Italian-American boy: short, stocky and muscular. He has thick, wavy coal-black hair and a thick bushy mustache hanging over a welcoming smile. His company, Malachi Builders, is in Kenosha, Wisconsin, just beyond the Illinois state line. Malachi formed his softball team and joined a local league about ten years ago. His employees—relatives and in-laws—and some close-knit neighbors, comprised the team.

We're a military family, African-American, native New Yorkers, city dwellers, who are stationed at Great Lakes, Illinois. My husband met Malachi through one of his military friends. They clicked, hung out and Malachi introduced him to the family. That was about three years ago. About that time, the team wanted to improve its stats. It was time to recruit a Great White Hope—of sorts.

My husband isn't the Michael Jordan or the Willie Randolph of his sport, but he is good. His contribution pulled the team up, respectably. My husband and his teammates became paisans on-and-off season. Molto bene for him.

As for my side of the story, the mother of all marriage compromises had begun. I said goodbye to the grown, cautious man I married and greeted the exuberant little boy, who sprinted by me, heading upstairs to rip off his military uniform and adorn his play clothes. Until season's end, I would know my beloved protector, my soul mate as my third child—which presented a slight problem. By way of marriage and childbirth, I had agreed to be the mother of two toddlers. However, my contract never included mothering a thirty-something-year-old toddler. There were no rules or instructions to cover this—not even in the Bible. And sadly, my previous years offered no wisdom, only horrifying experiences.

The first official thing my hubby did was to test all his softball equipment—in the house. He lugged his equipment bag straight from the garage and plopped

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LITERARY News

it down, dead center in the living room. A cloud of last year's diamond dust mushroomed and almost shrouded us both. My eyes watered. My throat tickled. I erupted in a coughing jag that lasted at least five minutes. My husband wanted to come to my aid, but he was on his knees, shuffling around the contents in his equipment bag. "You, all right, Hun?" I think I heard him say.

He stood and caressed—hard—the grip of his bat. A twinge of jealousy arose inside me. I squashed it. He inhaled with gusto, the settling of dust fluttering about us. The first swing of his bat barely missed my head. The centrifugal force sprouted the top hairs on my head in an Alfalfa-do. Being the man his mother made him, he smiled sheepishly, stepped aside a few inches and said, "Sorry, 'bout that baby."

The second swing almost demolished the lamp his mother had given us. I hated that lamp. It had a turned-up glass shade, shaped like a cauliflower. Before his third swing, I considered jumping into harm's way on purpose. Imagine. If it didn't kill me or render me a lifelong vegetable, his guilt would make him my slave forever. Forget it, I thought, pools of blood would ruin the carpet.

After trying out every piece of equipment, he decreed that each needed replacing. Off he went to the sporting goods store. I tagged along because I needed ammo for my next shopping spree. At least when I buy gloves, I get two.

His crisp new uniform, baseball cap and jacket arrived during the third practice session. They were top-of-the-line, too, embroidered with his team name on the front, his number and surname on the back. It was a memorable moment. Overcome with emotion, he hugged his team jersey. Overcome with emotion, I wanted to cry.

The big day arrived and he was psyched. He looked striking in his burgundy and white getup. He stood in the kitchen, fussing over himself, making sure everything was perfect. It was.

Overseeing the operation, my eyes skimmed over the cut of his skintight shirt and leggings. I wondered how in the world, he got them on, especially over that cup. I

had a roll of imaginary quarters bouncing, one by one, off his sculptured butt until he broke my concentration. "Honey, how does this look?" he asked. I gave him a halfhearted once over and offered a limp, "fine." Then I felt guilty and was about to say something suggestive when the tiny indentations on my brand new kitchen tile caught my eye. I traced them to his cleats. All suggestive thoughts aborted.

He called my name. I looked up at him and was compelled to zero in on his mouth. For a second, I thought he had two tongues. But no, it was just his tongue and an entire pack of pink bubblegum. My husband wouldn't touch a cigarette with a 34-inch bat, but during softball season, he likes to pretend he's chewing tobacco. It makes him one with the big league old-timers. I didn't comment because my mama said, "If you can't say nothing good ..."

He was about to pop the question. I waited in submissive silence, for it was the question, I had dreaded for months. Slowly, he turned toward me, blinked his sexy brown eyes and flashed his polished smile, set in toasted coconut skin. Off-season, those attributes rendered me helpless. Now, they just got on my nerves. Oh hell, I thought, here it comes. Shooting from his juicy mouth, came his loving, words, "Hon', you coming?"

Now, there were times when I said, "no." But a "no" brought about a different set of problems. Long after the game ended, my husband would still be a no-show at home. That produced worry. The Bible says that worry is a sin. Now I've got two problems.

The worry sent me running back and forth to the bedroom window every time the beams of a car's headlights sheared across the living room curtains. It was a sad sight to see, like watching a puppy pine after her master.

How would I live if my darling, the father of my children, lay unconscious and bleeding in some filthy ditch after an automobile accident? Well, at least I didn't have to hear those tired softball stories.

After weighing the pros and cons of worry, regret and not having to hear baseball stories, I decided that it was

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my duty to cheer him on at his first game. Love and honor summoned my loyalty. To his loving question, I answered, "Yeah. Give me a minute to get the kids ready."

The lion had relented to the lamb and April saw three weeks of unseasonably warm weather. Even the flies rejoiced. Game One unfolded on a beautiful day. Fresh dirt crunched under new cleats. Each time a bat pinged a ball, the aluminum chimed in perfect pitch. Handclaps and supportive cheers, the game announcer, along with children playing, completed the spring score.

The second inning popped off. My husband manned second base. His team was down. Fate called on him to make a flying leap. He powered his body upward four feet and snatched the ball from its appointed journey to home plate. It kept the team alive.

Holy Cow! He soared upward like a Cherubim—half man/half bald eagle. Incidentally, bald, were the heads of most of the opposing players. My adrenaline pumped fierce. Pleased to see those good-looking pants airborne, I cheered and offered a few inspiring words of my own. "That's right," I yelled, "You catch that sucker, baby." Everyone around me jumped and cheered. They congratulated me vicariously. I vicariously accepted.

However, after my fit of jubilation, I noticed that neither of my children was by my side. My 18-month-old daughter was just settling down beneath the bleachers in a self-made dirt-mound loaded with ants. My four-year-old son was just about to sup communion from a discarded beer bottle. I leaped off the bleachers, as if the devil had given chase.

Superhuman strengths are traits mothers of young children acquire shortly after giving birth. I had to split myself in half to accomplish a double play—pulling both children from revulsion and germ annihilation. After the children were safe, though, I bristled. Where was my fanfare? Where were the cheers and the pats on my back? Envy was one of the seven deadly sins, so I fought it.

At the top of the fifth, my son was hungry—again—and my daughter had dropped her pacifier in dog-do. I threw it in the trash. Her withdrawal was wrenching. However, it was not as punishing as when she soiled

her diaper, much to everyone's distress. Pulling one child in each hand, I searched for the Promise Land. For I'd heard that off into the distance, the restrooms were plenty. We marched through the thicket of the new ballpark's unfinished landscape—in the wrong direction. I glanced at my hubby as we tracked. He stood at the plate braced to knock one out of the park. I prayed for a popup to hit him in the head.

It was the top of the seventh. Someone asked me who was winning. I answered, "Who cares?" I know the fumes of my little angel's dirty diaper assaulted everyone, but it wasn't the worst thing that could happen. The ballpark lay next to a field of cows. It was the first time I'd seen cows in-person. From a distance, they appeared huge with hearty appetites. Waste disposal seemed their strong suit. Long-awaited breezes tainted our nostrils at will.

By game's end, dusk was blanketing the countryside. Both children, thoroughly covered in playground dirt and unknown substances, had collapsed in the backseat of our car. Mr. Mosquito had finally tired of my salty flesh, but the gnats moved in like a plague of locusts. I walked over to the dugout and had to struggle to gain an audience with my beloved jock. I wanted to congratulate him for the team's win and cross-examine him about our imminent departure. I also wanted to throw in how tired I was and that we were ready to go home. For special effects, I yawned. He smiled at me and gave me a gritty kiss. Then he spun me around, planted a dirty handprint on my back and pushed me toward a cluster of Stepford wives. I could see that all were elated to stand by their men, no matter how long it took. They reveled in the merriment. I was horrified. I turned to plead for mercy, but the celebration was on.

A few points about post-game fellowships: they take place, be it win, lose or called because of darkness. Sometimes the celebration moves to a second location, like the sponsoring restaurant. If that happens, participants draw their second wind during the transport. That means the fellowship may not end until two in the morning or later.

My eyes moistened. I have to go to work in the morning,

Softball Widow Concludes on Next Page

my inner voice whined. A smile in the darkness walked over and shoved a soft drink in my hand. I know I was being selfish, but it wasn't enough. I prayed for a second-location reprieve. My fears were real because everyone around me seemed so pumped.

"Dear God," I called out toward the heavens, "I've fallen in hell and I can't get up. Deliver me, please."

I think He said, "No."—some mess about helpmate, patience and some other stuff.

Leaning against our secondhand lima bean-green Ford chariot and longing for the moment it would whisk me away, I entertained thoughts of vengeance. I should pack up my allegiance and drive off, I thought. That's when I remembered doing just that last year. I even tried to make a show of it by burning rubber. The crowd laughed, thinking I was being cute. My husband failed to notice my absence until he was ready to leave the ballpark. Someone told him I'd left earlier and was just fine. That celebration moved to location two. His teammate parked him at our front door at 4 a.m. A peaceful rest escaped me because I spent the night doing the puppy-at-the-window thing. He stumbled in the house, prepared for bed, fell in and pecked me on the cheek. I asked him what took so long and he mumbled some replays. Mid-sentence, he drifted into a coma. I'm still probing for details/confessions. The next morning he thanked me for getting home safe.

Plan B. What if I joined a softball team, I mused, and show him how it feels to hang around waiting for me half the night. Yeah, what if? Then, my mind boiled on the unthinkable, What if he liked it and got all psyched about it? He would force me to practice with him. He would, you know. He was just that underhanded.

Then I really would be doomed. ☹

About the Author . . . Yvonne Medley

Yvonne has an extensive list of accomplishments:

Former writer for *The Washington Times*, *The Washington Post*, *People*, *Gospel Today*, *United Methodist Connection*, *The Urban Sentinel* and many other publications.



Recipient of a Governor's Citation from Maryland as well as from the Charles County House Delegation and Charles County Commissioners; nominated for Woman of Impact and Woman Trailblazer awards; and her novels (both situated in Baltimore City), *God in Wingtip Shoes* and *Jubi Stone: Saved by the Vine*, were traditionally published.

Her indie-published novella (that takes place in Charles County), *The Prison Plumb Line* was adapted for the stage, and optioned. *The Prison Plumb Line, a Lyrical Drama!* was performed locally in Maryland, Washington, D.C., and behind bars.

Founder of the Life Journeys Writers Club, Inc./DBA is Life Journeys Writers Guild (2007), a 501(c)(3) nonprofit organization. Established and involved in several critically acclaimed writers programs and showcases such as Baltimore's Enoch Pratt free Library's Writers Live Series (Central Branch), Maryland Humanities One Maryland One Book, and literary prison programs, conducting writing workshops.

Creator of Literary TherapySM and a New York Writers Lab screenplay finalist. Medley, who is also a ghostwriter, editor and writer's coach, moving writers to authorship—professionally with skill and integrity—is most happy to have received recognition from President Obama's 2012 White House.

Yvonne Medley can be reached at info@yvonnejmedley.com. ☹

Maryland Arts Day is Thursday, February 13, 2020

St. John's College, 60 College Avenue, Annapolis, MD 21401



Maryland Arts Day is the largest annual gathering of arts professionals in Maryland. With more than 500 participants, representing every county in the state and Baltimore City, this statewide arts advocacy event connects artists, educators, administrators, volunteers and trustees with lawmakers from every legislative district in Maryland. Maryland Arts Day needs your participation to show strong support for the arts in Maryland and the impact they have on the economic and cultural vitality of the state.

At Maryland Arts Day, you spend the day networking with colleagues from around the state, all while learning about the arts advocacy process. After a networking breakfast, participants will gather for the morning session which includes greetings from lawmakers, presentation of the Sue Hess Maryland Arts Advocate of the Year Award, a keynote speech featuring this year's theme (Arts Ecosystem), and a state budget overview. After all of this great information, you will be prepared with talking points and best practices for meetings with your legislators.

The next portion of the day will be meetings in your county delegation rooms with your legislators. Guided by the county arts council directors that represent your district, you will have an opportunity to tell legislators about the importance of the arts in Maryland, and specifically your community.

The day will close with a networking lunch back in the Miller Senate Building to meet with your colleagues and discuss everything you have learned and experienced at Maryland Arts Day.

Schedule:

- St. John's College, Key Auditorium
- 8:15 am Registration and Networking Breakfast
- 9:00 am Opening Remarks and Greetings from Elected Officials
- 9:30 am Sue Hess Maryland Arts Advocate of the Year Award Presentation
- 9:45 am Keynote Address – Joyce Scott
- 10:15 am Budget Realities and Legislative Talking Points
Delegation Rooms, Lowe House Office Building
- 10:45 am County Delegation Coordination
- 11:45 am Legislative Visits
President's Conference Center East, Miller Senate Building
- 1:00 pm Lunch and Networking
- 1:50 pm Maryland Arts Day Wrap-Up
- 2:00 pm Buses Depart to Stadium Parking



Keynote Speaker: Joyce Scott

Registration is \$40 and includes parking, transportation to and from the Stadium, and a box lunch. Click [HERE](#) to register. For more information, contact the Maryland Citizens for the Arts at 410-467-6700 or info@mdarts.org.

Thanks CCAA Members for Your Support!

Platinum Circle

Charlotte & Abbott Martin
Diane Rausch
Robert K. Rausch

Corporate

Community Bank of the
Chesapeake

Gold Circle

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Andy & Jessica Dixon
Bert & Emily Ferren
David & Nikole Smith
Chris & Kate Zabriskie

Silver Circle

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Roy & Kathy Jenkins
Gale Kladitis
Stephen & Linda Dent Mitchell

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Boutique

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Arts Activist

Nancy Hannans
Cynthia & Zeke Johnson
Colin Mably
Joseph Wimberly

Family

Jessica Andreas
Angelique Berry
Burkey & Margaret Boggs
James Brewster
Suzanne & William Cassidy
Richard & Margery Coppola

William F. Eckman
Arthur & Rosalind Ellis
Donald D. Faust
Ellen Flowers-Fields
Glenn & Ursula Lawrence
Susannah & David Lynch
Roy M. Maier & Jimmie
Roberts
Henry McPherson
Leighann Owens
Norman & Peggy Palmer
John & Mary Lou Rutherford
John & Lucy Snell
Chancy & Sandra Wood

Individual

Beverly Adams
Frederick L. Allen
Debora Almassy
Dr. Theresa Alo
Monika Faust Barilla
Amy Blessinger
David Boarman, II
Brent Bovell
Justin Bowie
Kim Bowie-Hendricks
Alison Brooks
Jackie Bryant
Johnathon Clinkscales
Judy Crawford
Danelle Danzy
Roxana Gonzales
Cynthia Paige Gossage
Barbara L. Graves
William M. Graves
Olga Herrera
Rebecca L. Hutchinson
Angelica Jackson
Linda Jones
Lori Joseph
Fitsum Lakew
Holly Leymeister
Dianne E. Lyon
Vicki L. Marckel
Julie A. Meisel
Sandi Middleton
Judith Miller
Nadira Nunez
Jennifer Pinto
Cynthia Snyder
Monique Walker

Non-Profit Organization

African American Heritage
Society of Charles County
Charles County Department of

Community Services
Charles County Fair, Inc.
Charles County Public Library
Chesapeake Choral Arts Society
Friends of Chapman State Park
Ivy and Pearls of Southern
Maryland Community Charities
Life Journeys Writers Guild
Maryland Writers' Association -
Charles County Chapter
Mattawoman Creek Art Center
Music Teachers Association
of Charles County, Inc.
Nanjemoy Community Center
Port Tobacco Players
Sagepoint Senior Living Services
Southern Maryland Carousel
Group
Southern Maryland Decorative
Painters
Town of Indian Head

Senior

Ruth Bailey
Norma Baretincic
Cindi Barnhart
Susie Bender
Virginia Bridges
Rose Burroughs
Judy E. Cabos
Carol Y. Charnock
Brenda Clayburn
Martha Knight Clements
Carol Corbett
Dorothy Crown
Frank M. Culhane
M. Evelyn Dashiell
Jack Dennis
Holly Dilatush
Cecelia Dunay
Patricia Duncan
Nora Eicholtz
Gale Y. Euchner
Geary Fisher
Gwendolyn A. Fleming
Penelope H. Gold
Richard Gold
Sally Marie Goldsmith
Joyce Williams Graves
Doris J. Hall
Gary Hammack
Billie Harley
Bernadette Harmon
Patricia P. Harrington
Carl F. Harris
Sally Hopp

Barbara Hufford
Charles F.M. Hughes
Arnold Hurley
Renée Jefferson-Copeland
Mary Ann Jenkins
Gordon Ray Johnson
William Jones
Mary Kercher
Robert Kyle
Carl Lancaster
Philip L. Lang
Addison Newton Likins
Beverlie J. Ludy
Karen McIntyre
Lew McIntyre
Connie Miller
Constance E. Moore
Chuck Morse
Margaret S. Neal
Kathleen L. Noel
Jan Norton
Mary Jo O'Neil
Nancy Owens
Marie C. Parham
Shirley A. Perez
Jerome E. Peuler, Jr.
Sandy Rohde
Buddy Scott
Dorothea H. Smith
Roger E. Smith
Jill Smithson
Nancy Swenson
Ruth A. Thomas
Evans Thorne
Paul Toscano
David Zippi

Youth

Kayla Berry
Ja'Leana Graves
Jaden Hendricks
Joshua Owen
Cali Quade

We  Our
Members

CCAA Membership Form



The mission of the Charles County Arts Alliance is to stimulate, promote, encourage and provide recognition of the arts and the creative spirit in Charles County, MD.

Show Your Support for the Arts by Joining the CCAA!

The benefits of CCAA membership last year-round:

- CCAA Arts Insider monthly E-newsletter
- CCAA Arts Newsflash weekly E-update of arts events
- \$1 discount for each ticket purchased for Port Tobacco Players theatrical productions
- CCAA voting privileges
- And most importantly, the satisfaction that comes from actively supporting the arts in Charles County!

Membership Categories (check one):

- Platinum Circle – \$500
- Gold Circle – \$250
- Silver Circle – \$150
- Arts Patron – \$125
- Arts Sponsor – \$100
- Arts Activist – \$75
- Family – \$50
- Individual – \$30
- Senior (60+) – \$20
- Youth (under 18) – \$10

Business & Nonprofit:

- Corporate – \$500
- Business – \$250
- Nonprofit Organization – \$75
- Other (Donations) _____
-

The CCAA is an IRS 501(c)(3) nonprofit charitable organization.

All membership dues and donations are 100 percent tax-deductible.

- Renewal** **New Member**

Name (exactly as you want it to appear in print):

Organization/Business (if applicable):

Address:

City: _____ State: _____ Zip: _____

Phone: _____

E-mail _____

Want to volunteer? We'd love the help!

- | | |
|---|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> ArtsFest Committee | <input type="checkbox"/> Grant Committee |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Budget/Finance/Audit Committee | <input type="checkbox"/> Membership Committee |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Scholarship Committee | <input type="checkbox"/> Outreach/Marketing Committee |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Events Committee | <input type="checkbox"/> Administrative/Office Work |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Gallery Committee | <input type="checkbox"/> Technical/IT Support |

Charles County Arts Alliance
P.O. Box 697, White Plains, MD 20695
www.charlescountyarts.org / 301-392-5900
info@charlescountyarts.org

Master Calendar **FY 2020**

2019

- Saturday, July 13, 10:00 am – Noon
CCAA Board Meeting
United Way House, La Plata
- Wednesday, July 17, 5:30 pm
Artists without Limits" Public Reception
Charles County Commissioners Gallery
- Saturday, August 3, 10:00 am – 4:00 pm
CCAA Summer Retreat
Solomons, MD
- Saturday, September 7, 10:00 am – Noon
CCAA Board Meeting
United Way House, La Plata
- Thursday – Sunday, September 12 – 15
Charles County Fair, P.D. Brown Fine Arts Building
Charles County Fairgrounds, La Plata
- Saturday, October 5, 10:00 am – Noon
CCAA Board Meeting
United Way House, La Plata
- Saturday, October 19, 2:00 – 4:00 pm
Meet the Artists Public Reception
Waldorf West Library
- Saturday, November 2, 10:00 am – Noon
CCAA Board Meeting
United Way House, La Plata
- Saturday, November 16, 6:00 – 10:00 pm
CCAA Annual Gala
Old Waldorf School, Waldorf
- Saturday, December 7, 10:00 am – Noon
CCAA Board Meeting
United Way House, La Plata

2020

- Saturday, January 25, 9:00 am – 4:00 pm
CCAA Mid-Winter Retreat
Waldorf West Library
- Saturday, February 8, 10:00 am – Noon
CCAA Board Meeting
United Way House, La Plata
- Thursday, February 13, 8:15 am – 2:00 pm
Maryland Arts Day
Annapolis, MD
- Saturday, March 14, 10:00 am – Noon
CCAA Board Meeting
United Way House, La Plata
- Sunday, March 29, 1:00 pm
Poetry Out Loud and Writers Unite
Old Waldorf School
Waldorf, MD
- Saturday, April 4, 10:00 am – Noon
CCAA Board Meeting
United Way House, La Plata
- Saturday, May 2, 2:00 – 4:00 pm
CCAA Annual Membership Reception and Meeting
Waldorf West Library – Main Gallery
- Thursday, June 4, 7:00 pm
CCAA Board Meeting
United Way House, La Plata
- Friday through Sunday, June 12 – 14
ArtsFest Weekend
La Plata Town Hall and Mattawoman Creek Art Center

Note: Dates and times may be subject to change.

Arts Insider

Board of Directors

Robert K. Rausch – President

Cindy Johnson – Vice President

Ronald G. Brown – Secretary/Treasurer

Gale S. Kladitis – Past President

Johnathon Clinkscales – Director

Barbara Lord Graves – Director

Bill Graves – Director

Angelica Jackson – Director

Keith Linville – Director

Colin Mably – Director

Lew McIntyre – Director

Diane Rausch – Director

Fraser Tuffee – Director

Cindi Barnhart – Honorary Board Member

Judy Crawford – Administrative Director

Monique Walker – Administrative Specialist

February 2020



The most wasted of all days
is one without laughter.

~ e.e.cummings

www.charlescountyarts.org

info@charlescountyarts.org 301-392-5900

Office Hours: 9:00 am – 2:00 pm, Monday – Friday

Street Address: 10250 La Plata Road, La Plata, MD 20646



P.O. Box 697

White Plains, MD 20695



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