



LeadingAge of Ohio  
Bluffton winners

**Bluffton**  **ICON**

# Art and writing show winners from Bluffton

Mennonite Home Communities of Ohio artist and authors once again proved flexed their creative talents in this year's northwest district of LeadingAge of Ohio art and writing show.

Thirteen pieces Bluffton elders entered a total of 18 works in the show. Seven of those works were awarded first place in their category. Here are Bluffton entries:

## 3-D

"My Red Christmas Wreath, Pat Althaus, second place

## Fine Art 1

"Look for the sign," Min Lindsey, honorable mention  
"Seasons," Gloria Bucher

## Fine Art 2

"Fanciful feather," Annie Balmer, second place  
"Color in the Water," Pat Althaus, third place

## Jewelry

"Pearl Shag Carpet," Nancy Williamson, first place

## Large Quilted Works

"Snake River by Judy Martin, Ella Bazzy, first place  
"Toes in the Sand," Nancy Williamson, second place

## Photography

"Hindu Temple," Larry Burkhalter, first place  
"Morning's Surprise – Hoarfrost," Della Salter, second place

## Small Quilted Works

"Arch Echo, Nancy Williamson, first place  
"Castles in Spain, Pat Althaus, honorable mention

## Needle Arts

"A Sprig of Color," Gladys Simmons, first place

## Woven Arts

"Crocheted Pink Baby Afghan, Helen Driver, first place  
"Prayer Shawl," Melvin Lewis, third place

## Prose – Non-Fiction

"A Pocketed Memory," Ruth Naylor, first place  
"The Remember-er," Joanne Niswander, second place

## Poetry

"Driving Home in the Dark," Ruth Naylor, second place

The chipmunk drawing was the booklet cover of this year's show. It is in memory of Jane Hoffman, former Maple Crest elder, who died on May 27 and who would have entered several works in this year's show.



Ella Bazzy - Large quilted work

Larry Burkhalter  
Photography



Helen Driver - Woven arts



Gladys Simmons - Needle arts



Nancy Williamson - Jewelry



Nancy Williamson - Small quilted works

# A Pocketed Memory

By Ruth Naylor  
Prose - non-fiction

The child dressed in a brand new blue-gray snowsuit, was sidelined with her older brother and sister at the back of a bowling alley somewhere near Cadiz, Ohio. Before leaving home with the family on this Saturday night after Christmas, she had slipped three vanilla cream chocolates into the pocket of her jacket --figuring that a little sweetness would add to the pleasure of this unusual evening.

Looking back, from the vantage point of many years, this is the only memory that once-little girl has of her father taking the family out together for play. The hardworking mother invested her life in raising the three children --playing as well as working together at home. But Father was seldom around except at the supper table. Although the children never observed open affection, they all knew that their mother cherished whatever time she had with their father.

To this day, the hungry child/adult still wonders how it would have felt to have Father hold her in loving arms. Maybe that night he could have rolled at least a spare and shared a warm hug? But there are just two things that she vividly remembers from that occasion of watching and waiting at the bowling alley. She can still see her father's back as he strode forward, carrying a black ball to aim for the pins. She does not remember seeing his face or even that of her mother. She knows, however, that her mother was there --in the shadow of the man she loved.

Too warm, Ruthie unzipped her new jacket but chose not to take it off. It was so wonderfully new --not just another hand-me-down from her sister. At one point she reached into the pocket to retrieve one of the chocolate creams. What she found was a sticky melted mess. And this snowsuit was the Christmas gift she had most needed to face the winter storms ahead. Was she ashamed (or afraid) to tell anyone that she had a problem? Surely it would spoil this all too rare evening.

Why didn't she ask her mother to help her clean that pocket when they got home? She tried to wipe it clean herself as best she could, but the pocket was never the same soft flannel again. Until that blue-grey jacket was outgrown the pocket remained damaged and stiff. It has refused to let her forget.