



“Ladies of the Lake” series by Kathy Meaney

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It is with great pleasure the jurors announce the winners of the annual 2010 Ladies of the Lake Writing Competition. It was a difficult decision, however, with much deliberation consensus was finalized. A huge thank you to everyone who submitted their stories. The annual event will take place again February 2011. Congratulations to the 2010 winners!

Erika Korbely

Coquitlam BC Canada

1st Place Winner of a free 11x14 unframed print, valued at \$75.00

Ladies of the Lanes

My swim team is a big fan of the “Ladies of the Lake” painting series, maybe because we are older swimmers and we are swimming for the fun and friendship as the painting shows.

In 2009 we decided to make a T-shirt similar to the idea that was on the “Just A Sip of Wine” painting and because we were training for the World Master Games that were held in Sydney, Australia. We thought it would be nice to show our friendship and fun. Our T-shirt got big admiration in Sydney. Because it was an Olympic event, 95 countries entered the competition and 28,000 participants were competing at different sporting events. The “Ladies of the Lake” impression on our T-shirt was spread all over the world. Everybody was taking pictures of our T-shirt. The best part of the event was that we called ourselves as the “Ladies of the Lane” team on the 4x50 meter relays. The Ladies of the Lanes team won the gold and the bronze medals for Canada. When we stood on the podium we were dressed with our famous T-shirt that was motivated by the “Ladies of the Lake” paintings.

I moved to Vancouver in the meantime, but our friendship is holding us together. In November 2010 we will use our T-shirt one more time when we have to line up in Edmonton City Hall for the Most Achievement Award celebration held every year in City Hall and presented by the Mayor.

Enclosed please find the picture of the story. It will demonstrate the big effort that we spent to get close to the “Ladies of the Lake” painting. We didn’t have the lake to photograph, but we did in the Kinsmen Recreation Centre. Our picture with us wearing the T-shirt is still hanging there in the hallway.

Catherine Muster
2nd Place Winner
Receives 12 cards of her choice, Valued at \$48.00

Hay River Beach Scrabble

(In memory of Mee-Mee, 1996-2009)

Of the countless Scrabble games that I have played with my sister, Maria, this is the day that I will always remember...

It was a typical summer day at the beach. The roaring fire, built from an endless supply of driftwood, had waned to a gentle warmth, taking the edge off a cool north breeze. Lunch was over, wood was collected, and the dogs, who had retrieved countless balls to and from the water, were resting lazily near the fire.



"Dusk to Dawn the Game Goes On"
Acrylic on canvas 30"x22"

We set up to play Scrabble on an old comforter, antiqued with small holes from beach fires past. We were so into our game; we did not notice that Mee-Mee, "the big yellow dog", had stealthily belly-crawled within inches of the blanket. The game promptly ended when Mee-Mee made her final move. Rushing to the blanket's center, her tail wagging vigorously, she plopped directly on the game, making it impossible for play to continue.

So we packed up...blankets, towels, coolers, and dogs and returned to the truck to go home. As we pulled out onto the highway and accelerated, I happened to glance in the driver's side mirror. My eye caught sight of the game box sailing off the truck's roof, lid flying, and Scrabble tiles scattering across both lanes of the highway.

As there are no shoulders on this highway, our designated driver immediately stopped the truck mid-lane (it's the NWT so there is no traffic), we jumped out and collected as much of the game as possible.

Although this is not the end of the story, it is where I must end the story. Some memories can only be shared with the people who were there. What's that saying, "What happens on the road stays on the road..."? I can only share this-- incredibly, when we got home, we discovered that every Scrabble tile had been recovered!

3rd Place Winner
Theresa Wynn
Receives 8 cards of her choice, Valued at \$32.00

The Ladies of Johnsonia Beach

It is evening. Supper is finished, more than one empty wine bottle stands proud. The dishes are done, albeit with much frivolity and laughter. My friend Judy with colander on her head as she and Jan dry dishes; dancing to a blasting Keith Urban CD; Nancy gyrating in the living room - after being on cooking duty. Someone suggests we go watch the sunset off the pier on Johnsonia Beach. We take our wine glasses for the short walk. The sun is almost down - the hues of coral, pink and lavender with the dark grey clouds are breathtaking. The boats and piers in the distance silhouette darkly in stark contrast to the growing orange and red as the sun reaches the horizon. The golden orb sinks slowly, seemingly into the water. We linger, in awe for several minutes, me snapping pictures, the others in turn joking, singing and eventually heading back to the cottage.

The four of us have been going to Nancy's cottage on Pigeon Lake for a few years now, usually to celebrate a birthday but sometimes just to get away and let our hair down. If we've planned ahead, there's a spa day on Friday at Essentials at The Village at Pigeon Lake (wine, hot rock or deep tissue massage, pedicure, sea weed wrap; you name it, we've tried it). We lunch at the Eco Cafe and check out the shops in The Village for an hour or so.

This is our getaway, our ladies' weekend out where there are no families, no spouses, no pets, no distractions other than those we make ourselves. We bring DVDs and games, great food and wine. We cook, eat, laugh, dance, sing, read, do Crossword puzzles, play and talk and watch movies late into the night. We go walking, skiing, make snow angels, go kayaking or boating as the season dictates. We make a fire and sit outside watching the stars and bats or bask in the sun on the deck. At Christmas we do a Christmas craft that Judy has cooked up for us. We restore our sanity and connect with our girlfriends. We rejoice at being women and having one another. This is a time when we can really be there for each other, away from the fast paced lives we find ourselves in, seemingly without respite. We charge our batteries. There is nothing like a weekend at the lake with the ladies to rejuvenate.

Honorable Mention
Emily Stark
Receives 4 cards, Valued at \$16.00

On the Beach

When I step on the beach in Maui, the paradise island of Hawaii, I am moved by tears. The rugged brown mountains, created by years of erupting volcanoes, towered over the blue green ocean. Hearing the roaring waves and feeling the warmth of the ocean waters lapping over my bare feet my mind wandered back to my childhood years.

Born in the Netherlands, my life existed on the beach. My family spent every weekend at various beach resorts. Many precious memories were created from this time of my life. I remember how my family would build sand castles on the beach, dig canals for our little wooden boats to float upon and then we wait with anticipation for the tide to come in only to see our creations slide back into the sea.

When our family immigrated to Canada we spent five months living at Edmonton Beach in a rented cabin waiting for our first new home to be built. We bonded during this time developing close family ties that exists to this day. We would build sand castles on the beach, swim in the cool lake water and fish with our father in a small row boat. The cool crisp air of the fall season came upon us in later months but we still continued our many adventures on the beach.

As an adult my friendship with my girlfriends blossomed during the summers visited at Pigeon Lake. On the beach with summer drinks in hand laughter and relaxation began to settle in among us. Splashing our feet in the lake's shimmering waters we all felt the long winter months wash away our insanities.

Now I stand on the beach in Maui my husband beside me, holding hands, a new memory is born. On the most romantic day of the year, Valentine's Day, my husband and I renew our wedding vows after twenty years. The early morning air is quiet and warm as the sun rises. Hearing the birds chirp in the distance and with the soft roar of the ocean waves surrounding us the minister begins chanting the traditional Hawaiian wedding song. Every moment of this day speaks of beauty, aliveness, renewal and abundance.

After our special event I sit on the beach and watch the tide come in and I begin to realize there is entire ocean and many more beaches to explore.

My lifetime memories of yesterday, today and into tomorrow will always remain , **on the beach.**

Honorable Mention
Grace Robertson
Receives 4 cards, Valued at \$16.00

Meet My Grandbaby

I love this picture because it reminds me of the three wonderful women my children have in their lives; my mother who is now passed away, my sister and myself. The ultimate, intense love a Grandmother has for her Grandchildren, an Auntie has for her nieces and nephews, and a Mother for her child is such a gift. It truly is the pivotal point of being a woman to experience the ultimate joy of a new born baby. It's such a strong, unbreakable love. Also the loving bond us woman have together and how we can share such joy with one another is amazing and special. Even though my mother has now passed away the deep feeling of love, care and kindness continues to be felt and passed on.