



The Claiborne Clarion

A Newsletter for the Claiborne Community

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John Scott, January Editor

Barbara Reisert, Clarion Founder and Editor Emeritus

Mary Gregorio, President, Claiborne Association

Claiborne Association Tidbits

As reported by Mary Gregorio, Claiborne Association president

- Thank you for your donations!
 - We received a surprise very generous donation this month. The donor, who wished to remain anonymous, stipulated that the money is to be used to install heating and air conditioning in the Hall;
 - Jake Flory, Tim McHugh and Rob Todd repaired some water damage caused by a faulty chimney in the old kitchen at the Hall (THANKS!);
 - Funding for a storm water management study of the Village Center may become available in January. Similar studies, for Belleview, Royal Oak and Newcomb, were completed recently by the Center for Watershed Protection, using funding from the National Fish and Wildlife Foundation (NFWF).
 - It looks like the project to partner with the County to apply for a resilience grant from NFWF may become a reality. We will hold a procedural vote to get membership approval for this project. Look for an email and a note at the Hall.
 - We held a "waterfront visioning" meeting and clarified our expectations for a waterfront that supports a resilient community and ensures access to the water; residents commented in person and via e-mail. Thank you!



January Birthdays

- 2 - Barbara Haddaway
- 3 - Stephanie Pritchard
- 21 - Koa Cureton
- 23 - George MacMillan
- 29 - Daniel Pritchard



Photo by John Scott

As Promised: The “after” phase of the Claiborne Kids Raku Project

Claiborne’s young Raku artists, Tyler and Ella Murphy and Jadon and Sebastian Cornish, completed the second phase of their work. It was a fun day!

Concert at the Claiborne Village Hall

Gerdan will be performing on Tuesday, January 28th at 6:30 PM.

The music of Gerdan is "diverse, energetic and charming, bringing the fire and the edge of new melodic ideas and rhythms that capture the listener. "

The musicians of Gerdan share the direct life of their Eastern European multicultural music experience from generation to generation.

Check out their website at <http://www.gerdan.info/>.

Adults - \$10
contribution appreciated
Children - Free

Please let us know if you plan to attend. As usual, bring your beverage of choice.



Photo by John Scott



Photo by John Scott

Movie Night Returns!

Please join us for our first movie of 2014 on Wednesday, January 8th at 7PM at the Village Hall. Movie will be either "Waking Ned Devine" or "Zorba the Greek", which may include dancing...

Popcorn will be available in honor of the new season but remember to bring your own beverage.

Please send suggestions for additional movies to Jakeflory@gmail.com or Patflory@gmail.com

We'll See You At the Movies!

What a fun Idea!

Claiborne Clarion's own, Patti Cruickshank-Schott, hosted Claiborne's first, and we hope yearly, Children's Solstice Bonfire.



Photo by Pete Gregorio

Patti says that Yule lore has it that "Yule is when the dark half of the year relinquishes to the light half. Starting the next morning at sunrise, the sun climbs just a little higher and stays a little longer in the sky each day. Known as Solstice Night, or the longest night of the year, much celebration was to be had as the ancestors awaited the rebirth of the Oak King, the Sun King, the Giver of Life that warmed the frozen Earth and made her to bear forth from seeds protected through the fall and winter within her. Bonfires were lit in the fields, and crops and trees were "wassailed" with toasts of spiced cider."

Sweet Voices... Sweet Faces

Patti Cruickshank-Schott

This year's Holiday Gathering was graced by a lovely performance of the Claiborne Children's Choir. The ensemble's members include: Anna Kabler- 4th grade, Ella Murphy- 2nd grade, Ellie Russell- 4th grade, Juliet Muckleroy- 3rd grade, Lilian Muckleroy- 7th grade, Owen Connelly- 2nd grade, Stella Kabler- kindergarten, and Tyler Murphy- kindergarten. The program began with Anna playing Silent Night on the piano. The children, under the direction of the always vivacious and mesmerizing, Sarah Sayre sang Silent Night, Rudolph the Red Nosed Reindeer, Frosty the Snowman, Jingle Bells, and We Wish You a Merry Christmas ... Then there were three individual performances: Stella presenting the Reindeer Hokey Pokey (who know there was such a number), Ella singing, The Closing of the Year, and Tyler (for the first time on stage ever) performing breakdancing a capella! The group came back together for an encore, which Sarah pointed out was "by demand!" Santa Claus is Coming to Town was dedicated to Koa Cureton, who couldn't be here, but has been very focused on that line, "He knows if you've been bad or good" recently...

Thanks to Carrie Gould-Kabler and Danielle Murphy for inspiration and coordination and to Jack Harrauld who gamely offered to play piano accompaniment then decided the children's voices were perfect as they were... And a special shout out goes to Lilian Muckleroy, who ran all the way from Old Claiborne Road in the pouring rain only to arrive after the performance. That was an incredible effort, Lilian!!!

We're hoping this concert will continue to be a yearly tradition...



Photo by Pete Gregorio



Claiborne Girl, Kathy Bosin, leaves town and hits it big time!

A Chesapeake Journal Wins Mobbie Award for Best Maryland Lifestyle Blog
By Kathy Bosin

In November, exactly four years after it began, **A Chesapeake Journal** won first place in the Baltimore Sun's annual Mobbies awards for Best Maryland Lifestyle Blog, and second place for Best Maryland Personal Blog.

The best part is that it won by receiving the most reader votes – who knew that readers would show up every day for two weeks to click through the Baltimore Sun site, finding and clicking on **A Chesapeake Journal**? They did. (whoa!)

It's not only a personal win, but a Claiborne win as well. The blog has featured life in and around this part of Bay Hundred, and in particular, a village called "Mayberry", which is, of course – Claiborne hardly disguised. I hear often from people who have moved away, that the Journal brings a connection to life in Claiborne back, no matter where on the map readers find themselves.

It's nothing fancy, this blog about life here – it's simple, and quiet and a place to notice things. It's a chronicle of days and nights, people and places, thoughts....around a place and time.

The blog talks about little stuff – "Here's the full moon. What a delicious crab feast! Another parade in St. Michaels. Garden updates. Fog. Kirke's ricotta. A horse event at Country Comfort Farm. Mike's wood fired pizza oven. Growing oysters on the Miles River. September's golden light..." Nothing fancy and nothing terribly important to the world is chronicled in the blog's space, except us, and life on our peninsula, and the days that we're living right now. But hey – wait a minute....those just might be the most important things of all!

Thanks for reading! www.chesapeakejournal.com

While its snowy, rainy and cold in Claiborne...



Illustration by Renny Johnson

Courtesy of Renny

Martha, Jim, Emma, Jason,
and Hannah, enjoy the
Holidays in Marathon, FL.

Discovering Tilghman Creek

For a while now the Claiborne Clarion has run an occasional feature on growing up in Claiborne. We've had a "newcomers" story about the discovery of Claiborne. Here's a discovery story about Tilghman Creek.

Nearly 31 years ago this month's Clarion editor and his wife discovered Tilghman Creek, and Claiborne, on the last stop of their sailing honeymoon. Their love affair continues, with the creek, the town and its residents.

Many Claiborne residents have known Tilghman Creek longer and more intimately than they, and others have come to know it in recent years and have developed an attachment similar to theirs. The Clarion would like to capture the experiences that have drawn us to Tilghman Creek so that we can all enjoy them and pay a collective homage to our neighborhood jewel.

This occasional editor takes his role seriously as an editor of stories, not an author. In this case, however, he realizes that he cannot continue to expect others to shoulder the burden of producing stories without doing some of the heavy lifting himself. So, here goes... (and here's hoping that this example will stimulate other lovers of Tilghman Creek) to step forward and express yourselves. ...



Photo by John Scott

The Romance of Tilghman Creek

By John Scott

Susanne and I were married July 30, 1983, in Bethesda, Maryland on one of the hottest days of the year in a church with no air conditioning. I wore white linen pants, appropriate for the occasion and the season, and a heavy wool blue blazer because that was the most practical thing for me to buy for my wardrobe needs... but not the best choice for the season. Susanne was beautiful and dressed in white linen.

After the wedding we headed for dinner at the Treaty of Paris Inn in Annapolis and after that to our boat, Mele, which was waiting for us at our slip on the Rhode River, off the West River on the Western Shore. Our friends had decked her out with lights up and down the stays, sheets on the v-berth cushions, candles and Champaign in the

cooler.

It was slow going the next morning...only one of us really rose to the occasion, which was motoring across the Bay (wind at the end of July on the Bay? Forgetaboutit)... Susanne spent the first half of the trip sleeping soundly, towed in the dingy behind Mele. Several hours later we made it to Oxford and spent a lovely day and night there. The next day we motor-sailed from Oxford to St. Michaels where we proceeded to run hard aground on a shoal shelf off the Inn at Perry Cabin as the tide was going out (and an early August thunderstorm was coming in). So we had a few hours to kill. At first we just sat on the boat and listened to some live music being played on the grounds of Perry Cabin. But after a while we looked for something more exciting, and romantic (after all we'd just gotten married) so we rowed to town and walked to C-Street where we ate popcorn, drank ice cold Genesee 12 Horse Ale on tap and watched Rambo (remember when C-Street used to play videos?). After the storm blew by we walked to Big AL's and bought steamed crabs that we'd eat later that evening. Then we sailed up the Miles River and into Tilghman Creek (see, I eventually got the story to Tilghman Creek).

It was stinking hot. We rowed around to try to cool off (nettles were everywhere so swimming wasn't an option). I was just telling Susanne of my hallucination about drinking a tall, cool gin and tonic when a couple anchored near us in a big, beautiful Dickerson called over and asked us if we wanted to come aboard for a drink. It was too good to be true. They didn't have to ask twice. They had a full bar and asked what we wanted – "gin and tonic for me!" They had more experience with martinis than with gins and tonic, and that became clear when the guy poured a tall drink where the tonic was the equivalent to the amount of vermouth you'd put in a martini. Yikes! But it was cold. And good. And they were great company.

After the drinks we agreed to meet for breakfast the next day aboard their boat (homemade French toast and mimosas!). There was still some daylight, and we were a little sloshy from the drinks, so we rowed into shore, where some guy was painting in a little boathouse on the water. He seemed nice enough so we chatted for a while. He said that he didn't think anyone would mind if we walked up the drive into town to check things out. So we did. When we got there we found a cute little store run by a cute little couple where we bought some snacks and magazines to read later on the boat.

That night we ate our crabs on Mele and in the morning had breakfast with our new friends. Later that day we sailed back across the Bay. When we got back home I did some research to find out who owned all the property on the creek. I learned it was Ms. Ella Poe Burling and promptly wrote her a letter, which I have kept to this day. I often think about how she would have responded. I didn't send it because on rereading it, honest though it was, I was embarrassed by its naivety. I had told her how much Susanne and I love Tilghman Creek and asked if she was ever willing to part with a piece of it to let us know...ahh the innocence of youth.

Fast forward several years, and we are at home on her waters, the middle name of our youngest daughter is Tilghman, and you know the rest of the story (partial hint: the cute little artist was Renny and the cute little store owners were Jim and Martha). We couldn't be happier.