



Monday Morning Rise & Shine

CENTURY BANK

November 24, 2008

Venice Office Hosts Art Show/Benefit



The doors opened and the lobby filled quickly with Venice art lovers and Garden Club supporters.

On Friday November 21st our Venice Branch was transformed into an art gallery, with large, vibrant, floral prints displayed in the lobby and offices. A steady flow of visitors began arriving shortly after 6 PM. Many were art enthusiasts eager to view the works of accomplished artist, Mai Yap, while others were Venice Garden Club members happy to support a great cause.

After all, this was not just an ordinary art show. In a nicely orchestrated plan, this show would use a raffle of one of the artist's works to benefit the Venice Garden Club's Garden Therapy Programs for Children and the Elderly.

With sponsorship by Century Bank and the Collectors' Gallery

and Framery, Mai Yap was able to showcase her artwork while supporting a wonderful community therapy program that makes a difference in the lives of the very youngest and oldest Venice residents.

"The visual arts community and the Venice Garden Club are both very important to us and the Venice community," noted Branch Manager Diana Remillard. "This show raises the profile of Century Bank in Venice and brings in guests who may otherwise not know of our commitment to the area." Congratulations to Diana and her crew for a super event!

*May your stuffing be tasty
May your turkey plump,
May your potatoes and gravy
Have nary a lump.
May your yams be delicious
And your pies take the prize,
And may your Thanksgiving dinner
Stay off your thighs!
~Author Unknown*



Our Venice hostesses: (L-R) Audrey Riggs, Diana Remillard, Sue Burke & Marjorie Dellecker



Gathered around the artwork to be raffled, L-R: Diana Remillard, David Sherman (co-owner of the Collectors' Gallery), artist Mai Yap and Leah Sherman co-owner of the Collectors' Gallery



The Tree

I hired a plumber to help me restore an old farmhouse, and after he had just finished a rough first day on the job, a flat tire made him lose an hour of work, his electric drill quit and his ancient one ton truck refused to start.

While I drove him home, he sat in stony silence. On arriving, he invited me in to meet his family. As we walked toward the front door, he paused briefly at a small tree, touching the tips of the branches with both hands.

When opening the door he underwent an amazing transformation. His face was wreathed in smiles and he hugged his two small children and gave his wife a kiss.

Afterward he walked me to the car. We passed the tree and my curiosity got the better of me. I asked him about what I had seen him do earlier.

“Oh, that’s my trouble tree,” he replied “I know I can’t help having troubles on the job, but one thing’s for sure, those troubles don’t belong in the house with my wife and the children. So I just hang them up on the tree every night when I come home. Then in the morning I pick them up again.” “Funny thing is,” he smiled, “when I come out in the morning to pick ‘em up, there aren’t nearly as many as I remember hanging up the night before.”

We all need a tree.

*Life isn’t about waiting for the storm to pass,
it’s about learning to dance in the rain.*