

Seascape
oil on board, 8 x 10 inches, 1972

Title unknown
oil on board, 20 x 16 inches, c. 1971

Seascape
oil on canvas, 36 x 24 inches, 1976

Crashing Wave in Blue
oil on board, 18 x 24 inches, 1973

In loving memory of

Cynthia E. Bandjunis
January 25, 1934 - January 15, 2005

V. B. Bandjunis
February 3, 190 - July 19, 2016

Self Printing 2017

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2015

Serendipity: Williams House
Onemo, Virginia

4 Winds

Text by
V. B. Bandjunis

Paintings by
Cynthia Bandjunis

Airprint Press

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I was also homesick for Cindy and the family. At home, Cindy's mother flew down from Boston and was visiting. Doris began teaching Debby how to paint with oils, and inspired Cindy to start painting. The children were absorbed with some pet mice. Snowy, of the mice, gave birth to seven more mice. I understand that the mice were all over the place, and the odor becoming unbearable. Cindy was working for the election of Darrel Stearns and met with him at the National Democratic Headquarters at the Watergate. I bought a cassette tape recorder at the Navy Exchange, and sent some recording to Cindy. My birthday passed while I was in Monterey. For many reasons, I was happy to return to Virginia, when the course was over.

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Gus and I did a lot of fishing, mostly in the Mobjack Bay. He had his own flat bottomed wooden boat that he kept at Captain Snow's dock in Motor Run. Gus had two scary incidents involving lightning storms. Once we were fishing in the Mobjack Bay, near buoy 14, and a storm squall came up on us. Before we could get back to Davis Creek, the storm lashed out in all its fury. Our vision was obscured, and there was a lot of lightning striking around us. Gus had a compass on his boat and tried to steer a course back to the dock. The storm unnerved him so much he kept going in circles and could not figure out what he was doing wrong. I finally took the helm and got back safely. Our wives had some advice for us, "Don't wait for the storm to hit before stopping fishing and getting back!" That was good advice.

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Later Ellyson told Cindy that there had been a memorial service for Bob King at the beach on Sunday. When Cindy and I took our customary long walk, we saw that the beach in front of our cottage was covered with dead menhaden fish. When we walked the beach toward the lighthouse, the number of dead menhaden fish diminished. We wondered what caused the fish kill, perhaps the fish weren't needed, and were dumped by one of the commercial fishing boats. Cindy had a special affection for Bob King, and she was saddened about his death.

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The marsh road would surely be under water, and we would be trapped until the waters receded. As darkness fell, the wind and tide increased in intensity. As we looked out our window we could see waves splashing over our dunes, and the strong winds carried the spray over the deck, and toward the house. Around 10:30 in the evening, the wind was whistling around the house. The dune grasses were lying flat on the ground, driven there by hurricane force winds. The electric power went out at 10:50; ten minutes before the end of the movie "Phobia" that we were watching on TV. We never found out how the movie ended or "Who did it?"









