Place of Inspiration
A peaceful retreat enhances an artist's work

STORY & IMAGES BY ANNA ROSE BAIN

NATURE'S PALETTE – Beautiful sunsets at the lake are one of the cabin's simple pleasures, says artist Anna Rose Bain. At her husband's family cabin, she is moved to replicate these vivid colors in her oil paintings.

For me, one place that holds some of the greatest memories and moments of inspiration is my husband's family cabin on the Chippewa Flowage near Hayward, Wis. This rustic abode is especially meaningful because it's where my husband, Steve, proposed and also where we spent our honeymoon.

I am always grateful for the time we have there, because it is usually a much-needed reprieve from busy, everyday life. With no cell phone reception, cable or Internet, we are literally forced to "unplug" and give in to the simple things: riding in the canoe, fishing off the pier, playing cribbage at the kitchen table, charcoal grilling, and watching the sun set over the lake.

I am an artist specializing in fine-art oil paintings and commissioned portraits, so I always take my painting equipment to the cabin when we go. Even though people are my primary subjects in art, I find that time alone amongst God's creation brings me a kind of spiritual calm that leads to my best work, no matter what I'm painting.

For an artist who is usually forced to work within the confines of her studio, it is always exciting to get outside and paint en plein air or have a willing sitter pose under the natural light streaming in through the cabin windows. One year, I even painted the cabin itself and gave the painting as a gift to my mother-in-law.

I am grateful for every opportunity I have to be with family and friends in this special haven, and I will always cherish it as a place of renewal, peace, love, and inspiration.

ON THE WEB
To see more of Anna's paintings and photographs, check out our gallery at www.CabinLife.com/cabintales.

One man realizes his childhood dream of lakehome ownership

STORY & PHOTOS
BY CHARLES C. LOVERDE

I grew up in industrialized urban America, never learning to swim, fish, water-ski or any other water activity. My childhood city, Pittsburgh, is renowned for its three rivers surrounded by rolling green hills. These rivers are the highways for barges filled with coal and iron ore.

I yearned for an ocean or lake, surrounded by nature and its amazing beauty. While in high school, I dreamed of living in the lake community that I read about in an issue of Life magazine. It was a man-made lake surrounded by beautiful custom homes and the activities of a resort. I imagined developing a community like this in my metropolitan area.

Life changes fast. I met the perfect girl, married her and bought an amazing house.