

SANCTUARY

Art & Artists Catalogue
August 2024



Teetering, Trish Crowe

**Firnew Farm Artists' Circle at
Woodberry Forest School's Baker Gallery**

**898 Woodberry Forest Road, Woodberry Forest, VA
22989 August 1 – 31, 2024**

Opening Reception: Thursday August 1st, 6:00 PM.

The Firnew Farm Artists' Circle will exhibit its 8th Woodberry Forest art show: SANCTUARY. A multi-media art extravaganza to welcome back its students, families and our community. The excellence and variety of the art represents a culmination of the incredible collaboration of these artists. From water to oil painting, realism to the abstract, from jewelry to ceramics, there is something to delight all.

The Firnew artists selected the theme of SANCTUARY as a place that is safe, peaceful, and a comfort of refuge and rest in this noisy, chaotic world. It is their hope that as the students return to their academic studies, this body of artistic creativity will provide just that.

The Firnew Artists' Circle inspired by the Ekphrastic event co-held with the Virginia Poetry Society at the Arts Center in Orange in March 2024 will exhibit some of the Sanctuary art with poetry created specifically for the art.

Sale of Art. All art is offered for sale by Firnew. If interested, please email FirnewFarmArtistsCircle@gmail.com with name of the artist, title of the art, and include your phone number. You will be contacted to discuss method of payment, delivery or pick up of the art, and any additional charges for mailing art via UPS.

To learn more about our artists you are invited to view our website: <https://www.firnewfarmartistscircle.com/>

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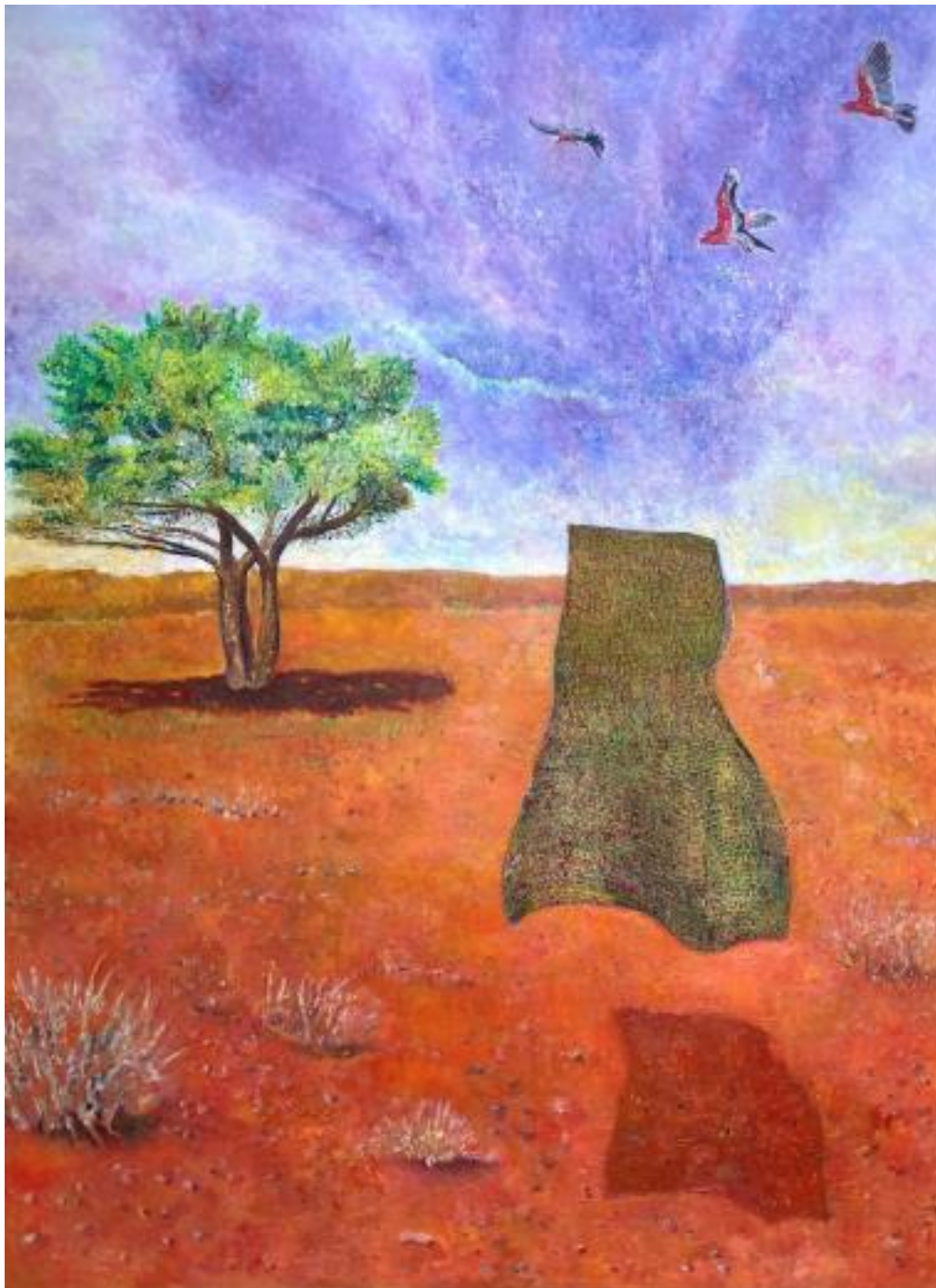
Kelly Lonergan, Guest Artist

In The Desert

Oil on Canvas

48 x 36

\$1,500



3

John Berry
What happens when ...

Photographic Print

96 x 60 x 1.25

\$600



What happens when
A lifetime together
Isn't enough
Their ends and yours
Goes on without?
And you're left here
Wondering where is my
Comfort for when
My sanctuary
Has left?
Why is it the only thing
Worth choosing in this
Fragile, human life,
— Love, connection, adventure —
Bring more pain?
And yet,
Are all that make
An existence
Worthwhile?
We walk willingly into the traps
Who will love this senior dog
To the end they deserve,
Who will I have enough
To let into my home,
Knowing that comes with
Seeing me at my most human worst,
Triggering the floodgates on
Each other? — Why?
When we think of "healing",
We picture the beauty
Not the pain at the edge of
Baring, welcoming humanity
From our spirits,
So tired in these fallible bodies,
So very troubled by our world.

I've come to some conclusions,
Though they're likely not
Better than yours.

One, I recommend you get a dog.
That breaks your heart open,
But if how, because you love.
Then, the more open your heart,
The more pain can seep in when
They leave this world, the life
Always too soon,
Even when their time is right.
— And the only tragedy worse —
is a dog outliving their person.
For I have found the only comfort
In this selfish cycle we choose for
ourselves.
Again and again,
Is the pure-hearted illusion of us,
Elves with long lives
And the magic of opposable thumbs.
When viewed through the eyes
Of our beloved pets.

Two, I recommend you let in
Others, welcome, seek out,
All the beauty you can in this life,
And with it, expect pain
In similar amounts.
You cannot open yourself to one
Without the other flowing in.
— To shut one out is to
Banish the other.
And I wish there was any
Other way I could tell you about
— If you find it.
Please let me know —
But once again,
I'll have you look to dogs.
Living without them
Seems worse than knowing
They'll die sooner than forever.
For every time they get
A meal they watch
Waiting your mouth.
It aches and comes out of their
Every needed greeting,
For waiting, hoping, parting,
And they can never seem to
Leave, whether they're excited
For the delivery or need to come
Or proud to have chased it away.
Dear again,
Many of the best things in life
Are fleeting.
The pain is not negotiable
— You'll even cause it
Trying to escape it —
But if you're willing to
Open wide,
The beauty is near constant too.

© John Berry

What happens when
A lifetime together
Isn't enough;
Theirs ends and yours
Goes on without?
And you're left here
Wondering: where is my
Comfort for when
My sanctuary
Has left?
Why is it the only things
Worth choosing in this
Fragile, human life,
—Love, connection, adventure—
Bring more pain?
And yet,
Are all that make
An existence
Worthwhile?
We walk willingly into the trap;
Who will love this senior dog
To the end they deserve,
Who will I love enough
To let into my home,
Knowing that comes with
Seeing me at my messy human worst,
Triggering the fuck out of
Each other —Why is it
When we think of "healing",
We picture the beauty
Not the pain at the edge of
Baring, wringing humanity
From our spirits,
So tired in these fallible bodies,
So very confused by our world.

I've come to some conclusions,
Though they're likely no
Better than yours:

One, I recommend you get a dog

That breaks your heart open, But
know, the more you love Them,
the more open your heart, The
more pain can seep in when They
leave too soon, for it's Always too
soon,
Even when their time is right. —
And the only tragedy worse, Is a
dog outliving their person; For I
have found the only comfort In
this hellish cycle we choose for
ourselves,
Again and again,
Is the pure-hearted illusion of us,
Elves with long lives
And the magic of opposable thumbs,
When viewed through the eyes Of our
beloved pets.

Two, I recommend you let in,
Cultivate, welcome, seek out, All
the beauty you can in this life,
And with it, expect pain
In similar amounts;
You cannot open yourself to one
Without the other, flowing in —
To shut one out is to

Banish the other,
And I wish there was any
Other way I could tell you about
—If you find it,
Please let me know—,
But once again,
I'll have you look to dogs;
Living without them
Seems worse than knowing
They'll die sooner than forever,
For every treat they get,
There's a meal they watch

Go into your mouth

While drool comes out of theirs,
For every excited greeting Is a
whining, moping, parting, And
they can never seem to Decide,
whether they're excited For the
delivery truck to come Or proud
to have chased it away Once
again.

Many of the best things in life
Are fleeting,
The pain is non-negotiable
—You'll even cause it
Trying to escape it—
But if you're willing to
Open wide,
The beauty is near-constant too.

Ellen Penn Berry

Window to the Woods

Oil on Canvas

24 x 36

\$600



8

Jae Dyche

Nathaniel Mountain at Dusk

First notice the limbs of white pine
in opposition to the baroque
whorls of oak, fine-handed strokes
of pigeon cherry. Next, lower
within the laurel-scrub, a suddenness

of lightning bugs
babbling in a language of light: ask
what they say in their small vespers. Or
the calico bush after it folds in its petals

as close as hope.

The wing of a nighthawk flickers,
then secludes into the slink of
treeline running just under the violet
meridian of twilight, mountain and
sky abandoning themselves there

to each other until neither is
mountain or sky, but instead a depth
so fathomless you could drink the
aether until only the residual warmth
within your breath separates you

from the dead wandering among pillars
of old-growth while you wait, still and
soundless, eyes strained against the
approaching night
for any kingdom to come.

Pat Brodowski
Petunias in the Moonlight
Oil on Canvas
14 x 14
\$400



10

Jae Dyche

To Be with You under the Moonlight

Did you know Earth and moon had once been
one body formed of shared whirls of matter

that had already drifted long age after
age across still-expanding endlessness
before

settling together in some small and unremarkable
corner of the cosmos, rock and dust pulled

to a singular point of gravity, there cooled
and hardened, inseparable, seemingly ready

to spend eternity dwelling in the bones of
one another, until that moment, the moon

at once, in some awesome event, cast out
hopeless into the black and cold, and
perhaps

I think of the moon when I think of you because
I had lived millions of lonesome lifetimes

before you, and how only you fill that
heartsose emptiness as if after all these eons,

your lips still never fail to find their way
to mine, drawing our two bodies through

the remaining dark waves of matter that part us,
before gracing gentle like the night's first

moonbeam falling now across the open,
trumpeting petunias, the lavender and little

moths, whatever else may be gathered here
with us under the full lonely moon tonight.

11

Pat Brodowski

Lonely Road

Oil on Panel

14 x 14

\$350



12

Jae Dyche

Morning with Walter Benjamin near Criglersville, Virginia

Mist's licking the tin,
it must've rained earlier
not really enough to matter
but enough to perk up some
the rhododendrons
& Granddad's tomatoes,
the small moon-petaled strawberries
little rust-capped birds
collect under porches before
disappearing into the wood pile,

& then into anonymity

in the oak scrub, except for
their song & the occasional
rustle of wing shaking
free the gathered rain

still clinging to undersides
of wide upturned leaves
& young yellow apples
growing plump & joyful
in orchards tucked up

some timeworn recollection
carrying up with it
bits of memory
fluttering through the mind
like milkweed floss

freed upon the breeze
while others come steady,
a gust through the maples
announcing the rain
approaching the valley,

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of course, there were more
maples then, more yellow
apples & milkweed blossoms,
Granddad's tomatoes
& the tiny strawberries were as

red as rubies in the
garden, & the wood pile
behind
the out building foreign,
dangerous, the last post
before the treeline &

entering the endlessness

of mountain time,
the stretch between your next
coming breath and the
moment when the Shenandoah

& the Blue Ridge shot up
from the primordial ocean
no longer than the hop
of a robin grubbing
in the leaf litter

or the break of rain
against the tin roof,
no longer than the stirrings
of a memory before
it, as well, is gone.

14

Ramey Campbell

Cathedral on the Rapidan River

Oil on Linen

24 x 30

\$2,800



One evening in July, as I waded into the water of the Rapidan, it seemed like I was entering a cathedral. It took a moment for my eyes to adjust to the sanctuary's cool darkness and the canopy's radiant foliage, like stain glass windows of awe and reverence.

15

Ramey Campbell
Autumn Pastoral
Oil on Canvas
18 x 18
\$1,750



16

Maria Festa Carter
Above the Staircase

Acrylic
40 x 30 x 1.5
\$2,000



17

Maria Festa Carter

Pivot

Acrylic

24 x 20 x 1.5

\$495



My sanctuary is my art studio. I can retreat to this space to create, contemplate and have fun with my paints. These two pieces are a result of time spent in this special place.

18

Shannon Carter
Home Sanctuary

Acrylic on Vintage

Fabric 10' x 3'

\$950



19

Ellen Copeland
"June 20th, 2024"
Original Oil on Canvas
72 x 48
\$2,500



As an abstract painter, I am seldom beholden to the way that light actually behaves for the strength of my paintings. However, as a human, I'm totally engrossed and appreciative of the daily phenomenon that is sunset. I love the feeling of peace that comes over me when I watch the slow way light scatters to change the colors of the sky at the end of a long summer's day. This painting, titled "June 20th 2024" (the longest day in over two centuries), is my reminder to capture this magic every day in any way possible.

20

Trish Crowe

Teetering

Watercolor

34.5 x 27 x 1

\$2,500

Available on December 1, 2024



21

Teetering

Nel travaglio
of sunstreams and long
shadows House Orvieto–

glass gables, a rose
tondo of Christ,
Redeemer, montage of

Mary.

Mother's demeanor
uncertain, her own aerie
teetering over

volcanic tuff cliffs,
spiked heels caught
by stone pavers.
Camera tilt shifts–

her photograph, a selfie
or portrait of her baby?

Cathy Hailey

22

Kitty Dodd
FALLING SPLENDOR

Oil on Board
24 x 18
\$450



The Cardinal, aside from being the State Bird of Virginia,
is also the soul of loved ones.

23

Kitty Dodd
Well Taken Care Of
Color Pencil
16 x 10
\$375



Lea Doise
Sunlit Fields
Oil
24 x 30
\$2,200

Kimberly Engle
Hay Is For Horses
Oil on Linen Panel
10 x 10
\$380

The beautiful horse who resides in this barn came over to my easel to say hello while I was painting. A fellow artist captured the scene with a cool photo.

26

Kimberly Engle
It's All About the Hex Symbol
Oil on Linen Panel
11 x 14
\$495

I love barns, so when I saw this one with the hex symbol glowing in the sunlight I knew I had to paint it.

27

Kimberly Engle

All In One

Oil on Linen Panel

11 x 14

\$495

This old, historic one room schoolhouse with a bell tower made me wonder what it would have been like to attend school there 150 years ago.

28

Kimberly Engle
Red Reflections

Oil on Linen Panel

8 x 10

\$345

I was very attracted to the serene location with the red reflections of the bridge, the sound of the water flowing over rocks, and the dappled sunlight. Also, can you spot the ducks?

29

Kimberly Engle
A Bird's Eye View

Oil on Linen Panel

8 x 16

\$445

The barn and valley were bathed in warm sunlight, and I loved the way the curves of the old corn stalks lead the eye into the vista view of the valley. So out came my easel and paints!

30

V-Anne Evans
Not Far From Home
Based on the Poem by Steve Bucher
Oil on Linen
24 x 24
\$1,800

Not Far From Home by Poet Steve Bucher:

Not Far From Home

By circling edge
Of sheltering pond
Amid swoop and
Swell of swallows
June swirling clouds and
Waves of spring grass
Gone fast to seed

Haven's hush
Not far from home
This heart-held pond
Leaves all strings
Finely tuned
Whorled resonant
With the next

Measured air
Earthy-moist and musky
Like memory plucked
From willow roots

Time and again
Like swallows' sweep
I return to you
By circling edge

Sitting warm
In grassy while
Harkening back
As I did my feet
Beneath the still
Shivery surface
Shivering like June

Ripe remembrance
Warm like nettle tea
Not far from home

32

Sultry summer days
Barefoot toes
Wiggling delight
Between tufts of
Sun-warmed grass
Plunging to
Welcome chill

Brisk reminder to
My every inch of
Whole-hearted

Belonging

Or fishing with a friend
By circling edge
Lines rippling beneath
Like afterthoughts
Catching only
The yarns we spun
From spilling strands of sun

My bare feet ripple now
Beneath the still
Shivery surface
Afterthought embraced by
Circling arms
Sheltering pond and
Swallows' swoop and swell

Nestled swirls of
Sacred solitude
Enshrined
I cast off cares and
Shadows' weight unbidden
Like leaves let go
Fallen to forgetfulness

Swallows circling
And I...circling
Like leaves let go
Not far from home

33

Swallows by Poet Steve Bucher:

Swallows

Dawn-lit swallows
Swoop and sail
In brindled bliss
Atop trilling grass
As breaking sun
Gives airy lift

And winged gift
Beneath a spreading sky

Let me spread sky
In feathered flight
And morning light
That I might stir leas
In your secret self
And give airy lift
Your fledging wings
As swallows slip
The drawing dawn

Jane Goodman
Wild Tigers
Acrylic
24 x 24
\$600

Jane Goodman
Among the Summer Woods

Acrylic
24 x 18
\$500

36

Katie Griffin Hand

Sunken Rock Lighthouse (1847)
Bush Island, St Lawrence Seaway
Thousand Islands, New York

Oil Pastel

18 x 24

\$500

The Thousand Islands region on the St. Lawrence River is a place where I find SANCTUARY. The Sunken Rock Lighthouse is a constant and dear friend on the river, which I've sketched many times over the decades.

37

Patty Kennedy Hudson

Tintagel – Centuries of Sanctuary

Acrylic

48 x 36

\$1,895

Tintagel, home of the legendary King Arthur, is located on the southwest coast of England, with spectacular views of the Atlantic coast. It is no wonder how this place, with its sacred beauty, has invoked a feeling of safety and refuge over hundreds of years.

38

Kate Krause

Reflections

Oil on Wood Panel

18 x 24 x 2.25

\$1,100

Davi Leventhal

Nature's Altar

Oil on Board

24 x 18

\$5,750

Nature's Altar is inspired by my personal belief that the flourishing and expansive nature that surrounds us is the truest form a sanctuary can take. As a force, nature is truly sublime: at once beautiful and terrifying, harmonious and destructive. The painting represents this idea in the way that the light cleanses and permeates the space, illuminating Nature's bounty as symbolized by the cheerful bouquet arranged on the high altar.

40

Michael Meredith

Lee's Ferry, Grand Canyon National Park

Acrylic Gouache on Paper

18 x 36

\$2,500

41

Michael Meredith

Hermit Trail, Grand Canyon National Park

Acrylic Gouache on Panel

18 x 36

\$2,500

42

Linda Ashley Miller

Summertime Sanctuary One

Watercolor

25.75 x 41

\$2,100

43

Linda Ashley Miller

Summertime Sanctuary Two

Watercolor

22.5 x 32

\$1,200

44

Linda Ashley Miller

Summertime Sanctuary Three

Watercolor

22.5 x 32

\$1,200

Jon Perry
Deep Woods

Acrylic
30 x 40
\$850

Some people think of woods as dangerous and threatening. In many ancient cultures, woods were considered to be the domain of evil spirits. I personally find refuge in the woods, as I imagine deer, and other wildlife, also do. The woods are a restful place, where I can commune with nature and its Creator.

46

Jon Perry
Gifts of Sanctuary
Acrylic
24 x 13
\$350

Gifts of Sanctuary, by David A Sam

First Case:

Along Highway One in California,
cold, wet, sick, he left the road to
find a well-worn arcing path to a
shelter long prepared:
a hole in a mossy redwood,
home for a green lizard
and a human for one night.

Too weak to make an evening fire,
too tired to eat the hard tack
in his knapsack, he saw a sudden ghost
emerge sodden from the mist. Lean and
tall like the Redwoods, a hitching sailor
freed from the Navy asked to join him in
the hutch of tree. Seeing how sick he
was, the sailor made a fire, cooked him
food, offered him a menthol in hopes it
would clear his lungs, and told him
stories of the sea so he
could drift into a safer darkness, and
so be ready for the morning road.
Anemic smoke of the wet fire rose as
fog, congealed in pine needles and
plopped down to the forest floor, as
rhythm to his sleep. The tree closed
around them, drew them into itself,
like water, made them flow inside. He
breathed himself into mist.

Second Case:

Alone again, he hitchhiked hot north
through Oregon to Washington where
thick brown thunderstorms introduced
him to Rainier. He could see through
the mist as lightning

48

fingered the mountain, and two
rainbows arced above the pass Rainier
rained daily, the driver told him, as he
offered him a lift on US 12, and
laughed at him for arriving tentless to
a rainforest. From his trunk the driver
offered him a box of Nilla wafers and a
plastic tube tent to string between two
trees. Near Deer Creek, he camped,
the valley echoing with thunder, the
water channeling in the ruts he'd
carved around the blue canopy. He

slept in exhausted peace
within the gift, alone, dreaming the
rain drops plopping near his head.

49

Terrence Pratt
My Porch, My Sanctuary
Pastel
22 x 17
\$450

50

Cheryl Ragland
Place In The Heart #1, Necklace
Copper & Sterling Silver
3" x 1.75", 21"chain
\$125

These necklaces were created to convey the belief
that a sanctuary can be a “place in the heart”.

51

Cheryl Ragland

Place In The Heart #2, Necklace

Sterling Silver

2.5" x 2.375", 23" chain

\$175

These necklaces were created to convey the belief
that a sanctuary can be a “place in the heart”.

52

Cheryl Ragland
Place In The Heart #3, Necklace

Brass & Sterling Silver
2.375" x 2.5", 20" chain
\$125

These necklaces were created to convey the belief
that a sanctuary can be a “place in the heart”.

53

Chee Kludt Ricketts
It's Going to Be A Beautiful Day
Watercolor on Canvas
24 x 36
\$1595

Janice Rosenberg

Emergence

Oil

30 x 40

\$1,400

Our mountains are a sanctuary for wild birds. In this painting, the flock emerges at sunrise from its secret night time refuge.

55

REGENESIS

Last night I danced the universe
to a multitude of pulsing hearts.
Gravity, a partner, assisted me
as I spun my way around the earth

and outward through the galaxy.
I dreamed the moon and sun and stars, and
through my eyelashes found them near. I
found my path the Milky Way,
greater than the grandest fireworks
display, and joined with angels who flew
ahead
to lead me back to earth.

I breathed the waves and all the winds. I birthed
the verdant hills and crystal streams. I weaved a
tapestry of fur, feathers and intelligence. And then I
danced again, with joy,
for life.

By Sara Schneidman

56

Sara Schneidman

Joy

Watercolor on Handmade Paper

15.5 x 30

\$1,900

57

Sara Schneidman

Peace

Watercolor on Handmade Paper

15.5 x 30

\$1,900

58

Cecilia Schultz
Delivery to Sleeping Girl
Acrylic
20 x 20 x 1.25
\$450

59
Cecilia Schultz
The Provider
Acrylic
20 x 20 x 1.25
\$450

60

Cecilia Schultz
The Dream

Acrylic
20 x 20 x 1.25
\$450

61

Cecilia Schultz

Wildflowers and a Lady

Acrylic

24 x 24 x 1.25

\$500

Ida Simmons
Sanctuary for a Family of Foxes
Oil on Canvas Panel
20 x 16
\$250

This barn is usually a sanctuary for hay bales, but a couple of years ago, a family of foxes made it their home. Mom, Dad and 4 kits settled in under the hay bales until the children were old enough to leave home. The mom brought the kits to our back door a few times. We still see some of the offspring from time to time.

63

Ida Simmons

Sanctuary for Small Creatures

Oil on Canvas Panel

20 x 16

\$250

Wildlife specialists suggest leaving a pile of brush for the shelter of small birds and other little creatures. Whenever we have a fallen tree, we cut it up and pile it up for them. When this painting was in early stages, I left it in the garage overnight, ready to take out onsite for more work the next day. That night, we accidentally left the garage open, and a raccoon came in to explore. He left his “signature” in the lower right corner. I think he approved.

64

Ida Simmons

Sanctuary for a Great Blue Heron

Oil on Canvas Panel

20 x 16

\$250

We are fortunate to have a creek running through our farm. From the first time we walked down to the creek, we have seen one or two herons fishing in it. A few years ago, the summer drought was so bad that the creek almost stopped running. When the rains returned, though, we were delighted to see the herons return.

65

Gail Trimmer-Unterman

From the Garden

Watercolor

20 x 16

\$400

Gail Trimmer-Unterman
Tranquility, Hollowood Lake, PA
Watercolor
20 x 16
\$400

Tina Wade
Forest Refuge

Oil
24 x 30
\$800

Two things in my life that have always been a 'sanctuary' for me have been peaceful hikes in the forest and books, in particular fantasy. In fantasy, there is a long history of the forest being a safe refuge as well as a place that is mysterious and wild, untamable. Fog and mist are symbolic of the transitional spaces between reality and the spiritual or fantasy.

68

Barb Wallace

Fritillaries on Butterfly Weed

Oil

48 x 30

\$875

Barb Wallace
Spiritus fermentis
Oil
10 x 8
\$375

Vickie Watts

Elegant Sanctuary

Handdyed, Handspun, Handwoven Wool

19 x 70 plus 3" twisted fringe

\$375

Find sanctuary wrapped in an elegant shawl made from a wool fleece from a local farm. After washing and carding, the wool was dyed, spun and woven by hand. A commercial yarn was used as an accent.

This shawl may be washed by hand in cool water and dried flat. It may also be dry cleaned.

71

Vickie Watts

Cozy Sanctuary

Handspun and Handwoven Wool, Silk and Llama

21 x 68 plus 6" fringe

\$375

This lofty handspun yarn makes this shawl extra plush and warm. It will provide sanctuary on a chilly day. Silk blended with the wool adds extra softness. The commercial gold thread adds a bit of glitz.

This shawl may be hand washed and dried flat or dry cleaned.

72

Vickie Watts

Boho Sanctuary

Handdyed, Handspun, Handwoven Wool

22 x 72 plus 4" fringe

\$375

These shawls provide sanctuary for me as I create them and for the wearer enveloped in them. This shawl is made from 100% local wool and completely hand processed. Unspun wool locks are used as an accent.

This shawl may be hand washed and dried flat or dry cleaned.

73

Emily West
Foundational Hues

Mixed Media

48 x 36

\$1,200

Foundational Hues

Reds and blues and yellows blend, An
abstract dive that knows no end.
Primary colors, a symphony song
true, Each shape and line, a tale
pursues.

Red like passion, fierce and
new, Find its solace in a watery
blue.

Yellow whispers, soft and warm,
Delights unfold in pigments charm.

Learn from their chaos, but also their
calm, As they take each other palm in
palm. Look for the beauty, but expect the
dark, Every hue must make their mark.

Each moment has beauty, rarely the
same, Each moment find beauty, not just
a stain. Enjoy your color, embrace your
ride, Enjoy the variety in full stride.

So let all colors speak their tale,
In this sanctuary, we prevail.
Where primary colors boldly
soar, In artists' embrace,
forevermore.

Emily West

\$695

My backyard is a forest.
Many creatures find sanctuary there, including
me. The trees enfold us.
The breezes caress us.
The quiet soothes us.
For a few moments we find peace.

76

Claudia Wisdom-Good
ROOTED

Oil/Cold Wax on Canvas
framed in Pecan Wood Floater

36 x 36
\$1,475

Recently experienced 'Cozido das Furnas' dinner cooked underground using geothermal heat in the Furnas Valley on Sao Miguel Island in the Azores. This painting depicts the roots of the incredible trees that are deep and grounded, and provide a natural sanctuary to ponder, paint, walk and also make the daily 'Azorean Stew' of mixed meats and local vegetables. To me, a Sanctuary cannot be if you are not rooted, or grounded in your being. You must have these roots that bind you to a peacefulness, to a higher level of calm content. Whether it is the land you live on, here or wherever in the world, or your roots that you embrace. I hope this piece will have you think about how you can become fully rooted in your daily life and find your sanctuary.

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