

Beauty Gallery

by the students of Honors 215: Beauty
Union University, Spring 2020

Viewing tips

- to view fullscreen, click **Present** at the top right
- to view the fine details of photographs and art works, click any image to load a zoomable copy in a new tab; click the copy once more to enable zooming

You are encouraged to send comments and words of appreciation to the contributors using the email addresses listed in each project.



Jaime Christley

Sunset Sea

April 30, 2020

jaimie.christley@my.uu.edu

One of the most beautiful pieces of the earth is sunset. As the sun begins to dip beneath the horizon, God takes his palette of warm colors and paints the sky. I love that He begins with a few shades and then overwhelms His canvas with a beautiful delight. Though eventually He fades all of this beauty to darkness — with a whimsical promise of soon painting this all again. I think one of the best times to see this piece of art from our Lord is while at sea. I wrote this song on the piano as a musical version of the visual sight that pleases my soul every time God honors me with His painting.



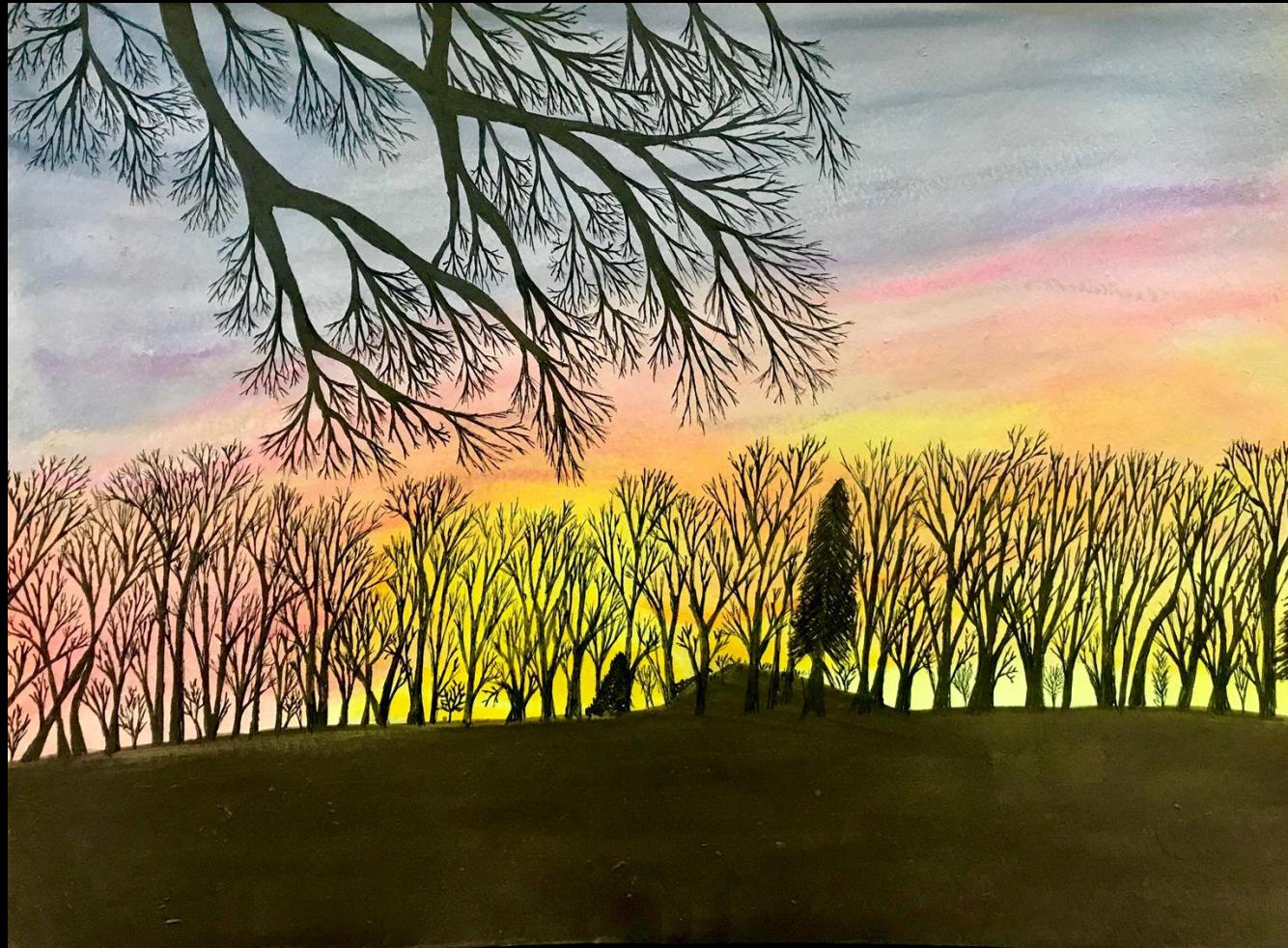
Jaime Christley
Sunset Sea



This piece is an imitation of a sunset I photographed in my backyard. I chose this piece as the one I wanted to model because sunsets, especially from my childhood home, have special meaning to me. I have always been intrigued by space and stars, especially the most prevalent, the sun. Over the time of this course, I have come to realize that the wonder I have felt for space is due to the vastness that only God can understand. Space, like God, is bigger than what our finite minds can comprehend. This picture is especially beautiful to me because the sunset serves as a reminder of my eternal home while the branch extending from the top represents the roots of where I have grown up.



Taylor Overcast
Reflections
April 25, 2020
11" x 15"
ink and gelatos
taylor.overcast@my.uu.edu



Taylor Overcast
Reflections



This gentle portrait of my nine-year-old sister Grace admiring wild daisies while surrounded by nature displays an aspect of how I have learned to interact with beauty. I have learned to participate with beauty by devoting time and effort to intentionally notice it, such as how Grace holds onto these flowers and how she observes them in a simple yet purposeful manner. She is not distracted by the other plants around her, but rather, she only gazes at these flowers so as to fully appreciate them. Here, Grace is dressed in a bright pink dress and a straw hat placed on two braids to emphasize her innocent, childlike perspective. Likewise, I wish to have a pure approach to how I participate with beauty and also have a childlike wonder and appreciation for what is beautiful.

Sarah Rosine

Innocence Admiring Innocence

May 2, 2020

12" x 16"

paint on canvas

sarah.rosine@my.uu.edu



Sarah Rosine
Innocence Admiring Innocence



I found this flower while on a run through my neighborhood. I believe a great part of beauty is its ability to calm the soul and to make it be still. I chose to create a still drawing to reflect on the calming peacefulness that beauty brings.



Collette Truitt
The Flower
April 2, 2020
9" x 12"

pencil on toned tan paper
collette.truitt@my.uu.edu



Collette Truitt

The Flower



Becca Rackley

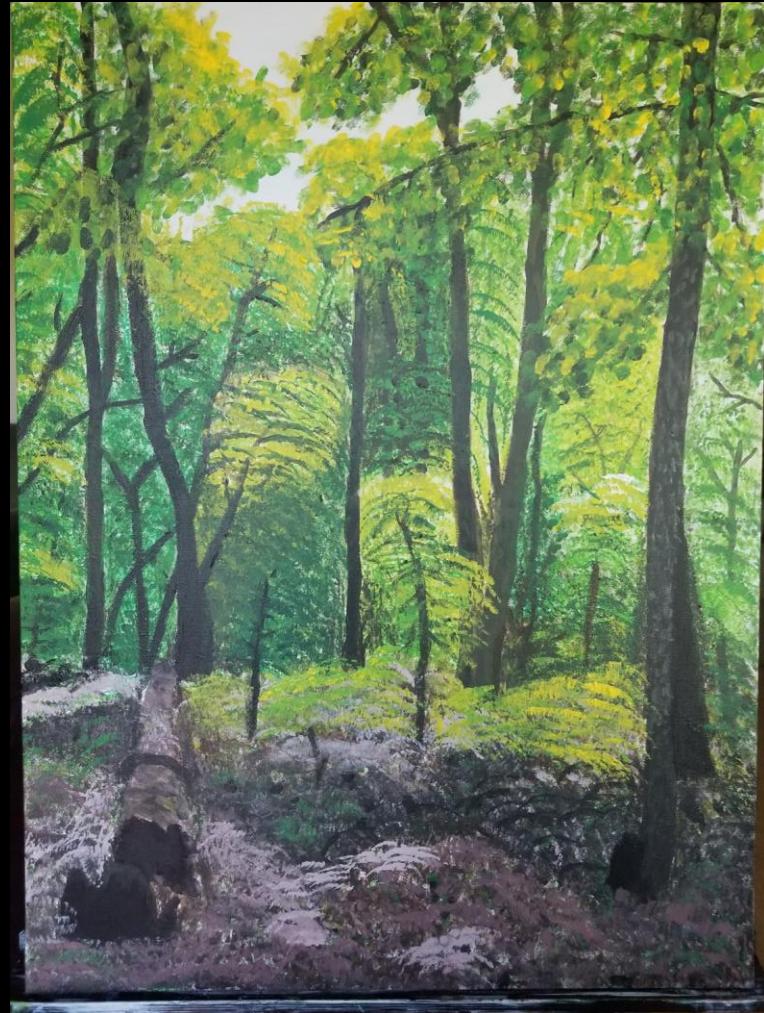
*Forest on an
April Morning*

May 1, 2020

24" x 18"

acrylic on canvas

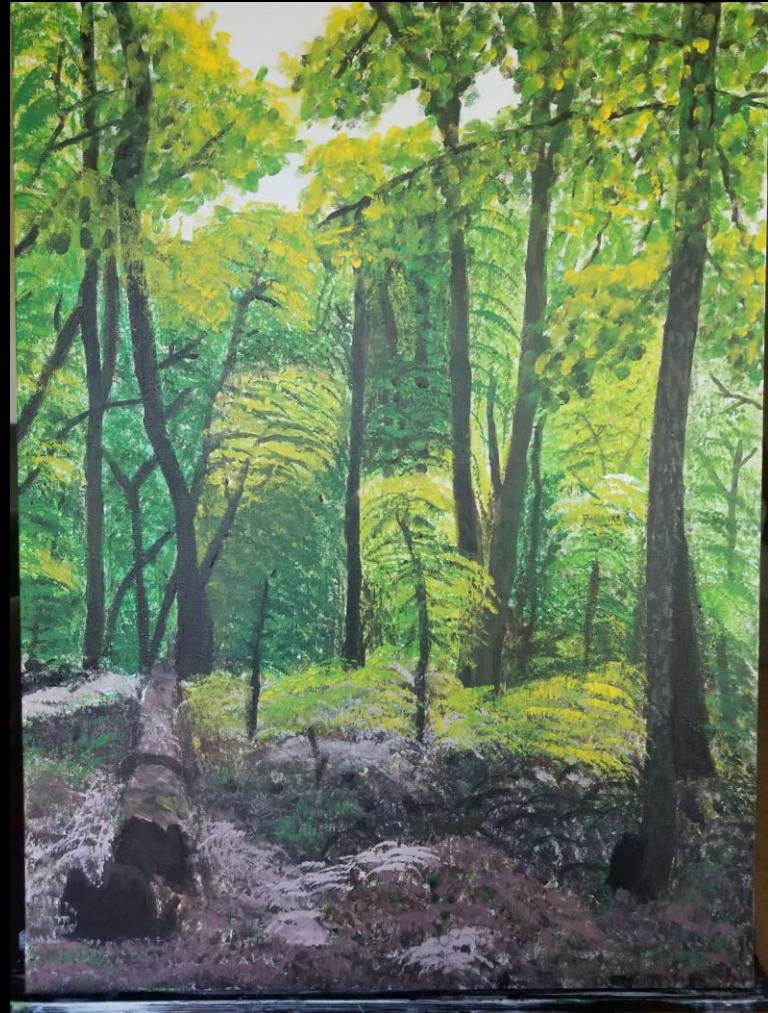
[rebecca.rackley
@my.uu.edu](mailto:rebecca.rackley@my.uu.edu)



Becca Rackley

Forest on an April Morning

I took this photo on a walk with my mother in the woods by Union's campus. I loved the different shades of the new leaves and the beauty of the radiant morning. My main focus was to show the contrast between the bright yellow-green leaves in the sun, and the shadows in the branches. Painting this was an exercise in attention to detail and appreciating the finer points of God's creation.





Jenna Wilson

Unfolding Beauty

May 2, 2020

jenna.wilson@my.uu.edu

Jenna Wilson



Unfolding Beauty

The entirety of this creative project encapsulated my idea of the beauty of art. My thoughts immediately went to the idea of home upon reading our prompt to reflect on beauty. Home for me is Phoenix, Arizona and that is where my photograph comes from- one of the many incredible sunsets that fill our evening sky. I also knew dance would be the platform for my response. Dance has always been the form of art I have connected to the most, allowing me to express through movement and music.

Finding and listening to the song, “19:00 Listen” by Jonathan Ogden, brought the project full circle. It clarified my subject of a Phoenix sunset and provided such profound truth within its lyrics. I loved pulling inspiration from another Christian believer who pursues art in a way different than myself. His words gave way for me to respond to the beauty in God’s artistry. I am encouraged to acknowledge His “masterpieces across the sky” and “listen to the wonders sung from the heavens.” Beauty unfolds every day and the reminder of this truth takes place every Phoenix evening at 19:00.

Maddie Webb
Walking Sunset
April 30, 2020



11" x 14"
acrylic on
canvas
[maddie.webb
@my.uu.edu](http://maddie.webb@my.uu.edu)



Maddie Webb

Walking Sunset

I painted this piece after a sunset I saw on a walk with my mom. When I saw this beautiful sunset, I was reminded that God does not stop making things beautiful even in the midst of a crazy world. I was reminded that He cares enough to paint a beautiful sunset every night, so how much more does He care for us? This sunset also reminded me of God's consistency even in the constantly changing world. Finally, it reminded me of God's creativity. God's creativity is the epitome of beauty, so through observing His creativity, I was inspired to create.



Daniel Green

Summer

May 2, 2020

daniel.green@my.uu.edu

Music of Summer

1985

Bass

Main Tuba

Drums

M. 17
Tuba

M. 25
Violin

High
Drum
Cymbal

(Enter Only Bass + Drums)

ARCHIVES
B105-10 Steve

Daniel Green

Summer

Summer. It is a time of joy, endless possibilities and fun. I named the piece after it in the hopes that this piece exudes the feeling that summer is near. I made it so that others can find the same joy in the longing for summer. If done correctly, listeners will find joy in the song, and joy can be beautiful. This piece should heighten the beauty of summer, and, indeed, call for it.

The image shows a handwritten musical score for a multi-instrumental piece. The title "Music of Summer" is written at the top right. The score consists of ten staves of music, each with a unique name and specific instrumentation:

- Staff 1: Bassoon (Bassoon)
- Staff 2: Piano (Piano)
- Staff 3: Bass (Bass)
- Staff 4: Main Tuba (Main Tuba)
- Staff 5: Bassoon (Bassoon)
- Staff 6: Main Tuba (Main Tuba)
- Staff 7: Bassoon (Bassoon)
- Staff 8: Main Tuba (Main Tuba)
- Staff 9: Bassoon (Bassoon)
- Staff 10: Bassoon (Bassoon) (Enter Only Bass + Drums)

Below the score, there is a small logo for "ARCHIVES" with the number "B105-10 Steve".

Mia Sue Perigo

Making

May 2, 2020



2' x 4'

dirt, greenery,
wood

[miasue.perigo
@my.uu.edu](mailto:miasue.perigo@my.uu.edu)



Mia Sue Perigo

Making

The majority of my reflection upon beauty has been about the process of making. I have come to realize how big of a difference there is between the making of beauty and the creating of beauty. The photo I chose is of a dead tree found in the Union Woods that has vines growing out of the top. The more I gazed at this tree and the life surrounding it, the more aware I was made that as humans we will never be able to create something like that or make life grow out of death. We are not creators; we can only make things out of what God has already brought into existence. I used natural materials to make this work. I shaped the ground, but I did not create it. I placed the moss, but I did not create it. Only He can create.



Nashlie Eads

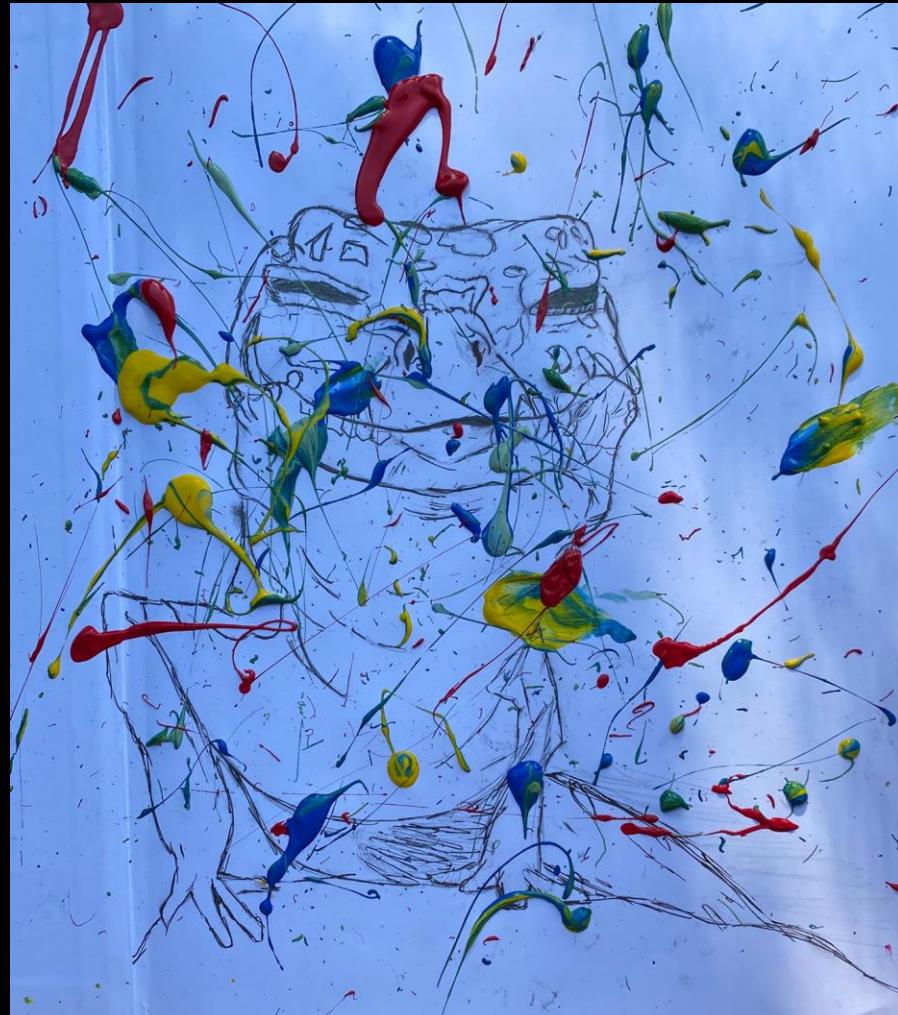
Geck

May 2, 2020

8.5" x 11"

pen, pencil, and acrylic paint on paper

nashlie.eads@my.uu.edu



Nashlie Eads

Geck

I chose to recreate this image of my friend's leopard gecko because I think they are beautiful animals. I wanted to define the gecko's features with a black pen first, and then splatter different colors of paint on top. The colors on top of the gecko were added because I wanted to spruce up the black and white drawing, and I think that splatter paintings are impossible to 100% recreate, which makes them beautiful.





Elisa Williams

*Ballad of
The Lizards*

May 1, 2020

[elisa.williams
@my.uu.edu](mailto:elisa.williams@my.uu.edu)

Once I met a gecko
And her name was Queen
She was the cutest little thing that I had ever
seen

Oh Queen (2x)
When asked if I wanted to hold her

The answer was clear
I'd never seen a lizard
I'd found so dear
It was clear (2x)

My lovely leopard geckos (3x)
My loves

She rode around with me all day
And boy was it swell
She rode 'round on my hand
And on my shoulder as well
It was swell (2x)
She had a little roommate
just as cute as can be
His name is Prince
And he was just delightful to me
Cute as can be (2x)

My lovely leopard geckos (3x)
My loves

Prince he liked to run around
and yeet onto the floor
he liked to scream and scream again
and scream a little more
onto the floor (2x)
he also was a problem child
but that was okay
even when he was a jerk
we'd never give him away
it was okay (2x)

My lovely leopard geckos (3x)
My loves

Once I met some geckos
their names were Queen and Prince
I'd never met their like before
And still I haven't since
Queen and Prince (4x)

Elisa Williams

Ballad of The Lizards

I wrote *Ballad of the Lizards* as a reminder to find beauty in the small things in life. Sometimes I get caught up in feeling like beauty can only manifest in deep and meaningful ways, so I wanted to remind myself that beauty can be anything, even something as simple as carrying a leopard gecko around White Hall. I made it goofy and fun and used words like “yeet” to remind myself not to take things too seriously and get lost in the academia of it all. Being profoundly moved by a painting or a sunset is great, but we can’t let pursuit of that kind of beauty overshadow the simple joys of life.

Once I met a gecko

And her name was Queen

She was the cutest little thing that I had ever
seen

Oh Queen (2x)

When asked if I wanted to hold her

The answer was clear

I'd never seen a lizard

I'd found so dear

It was clear (2x)

My lovely leopard geckos (3x)

My loves

She rode around with me all day

And boy was it swell

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And on my shoulder as well

It was swell (2x)

She had a little roommate

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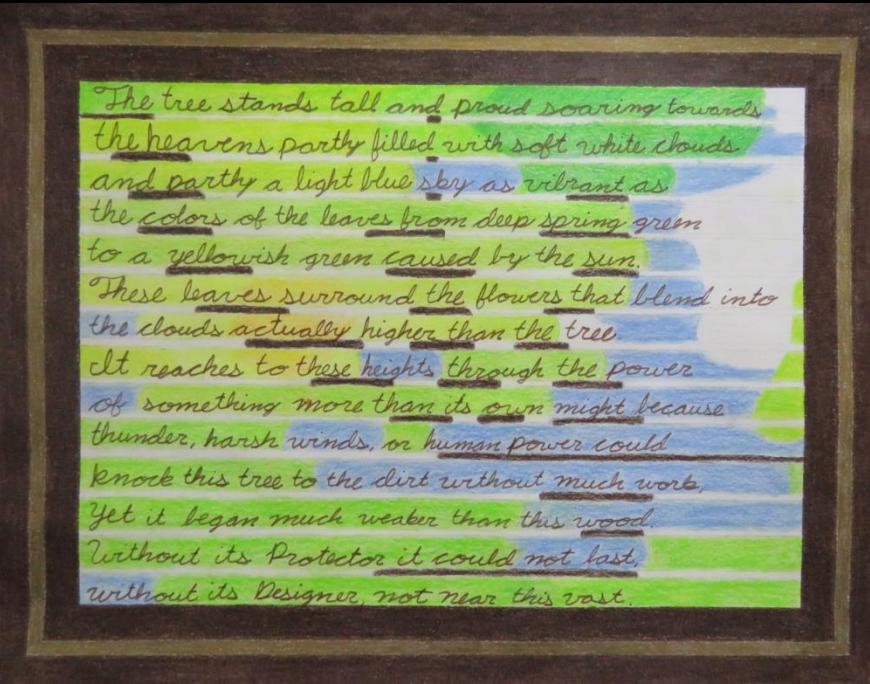
Once I met some geckos

their names were Queen and Prince

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And still I haven't since

Queen and Prince (4x)



Abigail Branson
A Tree Stands Meekly

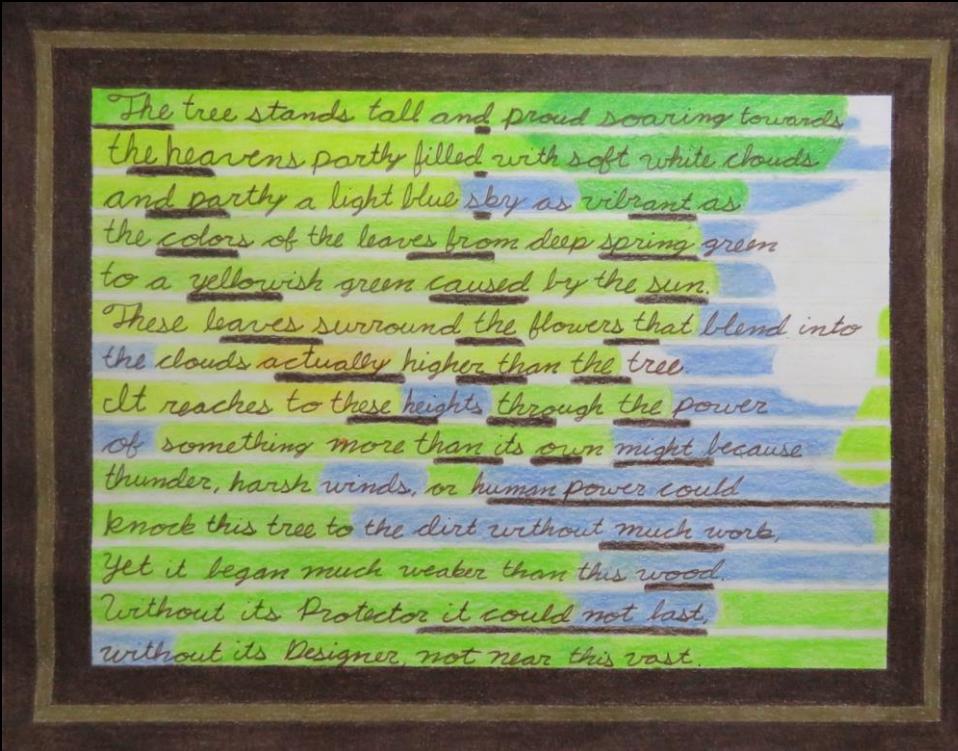
May 1, 2020

8.5" x 11"

colored pencils and marker on paper
abby.branson@my.uu.edu



Abigail Branson
A Tree Stands Meekly



I wrote this poem to be similar to a Shakespearean sonnet. It begins by talking about all the beautiful qualities of the tree in the picture before reaching the 'climax' where it realizes there must be something better than the tree. I designed my poem to be about the same scale as my picture. I then colored the poem as an impression of the photo. The brown words represent all of the small brown branches of the tree. The space between lines have brown in places approximately proportionate to the places on the photo with large branches. The remainder of the space between lines is white to represent the numerous flowers and clouds. The color of the lines is the approximate color of the leaves in that area. Where there are gaps that show sky, the color is a blue similar to the sky color, and white for the clouds. I also added a border that looks similar to a frame on the poem presentation to make it appear more final.



Annelyse Valdivia
A Tragic Descent into Madness

May 2, 2020

9.5" x 5.5"

embroidery floss on cotton square
annelyse.valdivia@my.uu.edu



Annelyse Valdivia

A Tragic Descent into Madness

Life is so fragile and beautiful. Someone can be here one moment and then gone the next. When I first read *Hamlet*, three years ago, I was simultaneously intrigued and horrified by the death of Ophelia. Yet, as I reflected on the picture I took of my sister at golden hour, I could not help but be reminded of Ophelia. I saw Ophelia in the intensity of my sister's eyes, brought out by the dramatic green in the background of the picture I took. Ophelia fell from a branch into a body of water and she just laid there, surrounded by flowers, singing, unaware that the water was seeping into her skirts until she drowned. While the context is bewildering, it is a very fantastical image and I attempted to portray her death in a lighter way than most have.





Nicholas Bitterling

Sharpen or Shatter

May 2, 2020

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Sharpen or Shatter
by
Nicholas Bitterling

Words written down
Pages bound up
By a paper cover
Wisdom and folly
Thoughts and critiques
Questions and answers
Stories, songs, scripture
Short, tall, thin, thick
Like paper bricks,
Line the walls,
Of a scholar's house
A palace of the mind
Made by mining the minds of masters and monsters
Placed on pages for posterity
The authors' soundless voices
Fill the cerebrum vacuum
And supply certain views
Some to use and some to stow
Some to hate and some to throw
Many are false, but there are some
Whose verity can not be overcome
They're never-changing, only fading
Few have tried eradicating
It proved to be too hard a task
For truth simply cannot be axed
Like a brick, a book can break
Warping minds and moving worlds
Lines, ideas can often take
Firmly manipulating with muses fured
Simple Scripts, shaped by their source, sharpen or shatter
Words written without wisdom wound,
But perspicience on a page penetrates primitive places



Nicholas Bitterling

Sharpen or Shatter

I wanted to emphasize the power that words can have, especially when immortalized in a book. I decided to use free verse (although I slipped into meter near the middle) and employ a painful amount of alliteration at times to demonstrate to others (as well as myself) the possibilities and beauty of the English language.

Sharpen or Shatter
by
Nicholas Bitterling

Words written down
Pages bound up
By a paper cover
Wisdom and folly
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Questions and answers
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Lines, ideas can often take
Firmly manipulating with muses fueled
Simple Scripts, shaped by their source, sharpen or shatter
Words written without wisdom wound,
But perception on a page penetrates primitive places



Madeline Blair
Sustenance
May 1, 2020



14" x 14"
mixed media (blackberries, blueberries, carrots, chickpeas, bell peppers)
madeline.blair@my.uu.edu

Madeline Blair, *Sustenance*

When I think about my childhood, I think about the books that sustained me and fostered growth, the books that taught me about my own world by transporting me to another. The novels pictured above will always hold a special place in my heart because they were passed down to my brother and me from our parents. These were the books that shaped their youth and so too would they shape ours. Even in our parent's time, their design rendered them relics of a bygone era at first glance. However, I have always found that quite charming. I think there is beauty in things that last.

As I searched for inspiration, they immediately caught my eye. As I pondered them, nostalgia came knocking, and I gladly opened the door. My mom always said that a good book is like a good friend. They help you grow, and they sustain you when times get tough. This rumination is what led to the idea of using food as the medium for this piece. Food sustains us and encourages growth just as books do. By this definition, their *teloi* seem comparable, only one caters to the body and one to the mind. It seemed a match made in heaven.

As for the particular foodstuffs I selected, it was important to me to be a good steward of my resources, considering the state of society. So, I used what I had on hand. The idea was to form a nonrepresentational depiction of these books and to capture the nurturing effect they had on me through the medium of food.

P. S.: In the interest of good stewardship, this project was converted into parfaits and falafel for my family, providing sustenance and bringing the journey full circle.





Allaina Armstrong
Fall and Spring Trees
May 2, 2020
9" x 12"
acrylic on canvas
allaina.armstrong@my.uu.edu



In this piece, I wanted to capture the similarities and differences between the changings of the seasons. Inspired by *Spring and Fall* by Gerard Manley Hopkins, I wished for my piece to explore themes of change and grief which are clearly marked by the falling of the leaves and regrowth of spring. I hope that the viewer can see the beauty in both images while reflecting on how both seasons present different challenges as well.



Allaina Armstrong
Fall and Spring Trees



Michaela Napier

After a Rain

April 2, 2020

8" x 10"

acrylic

michaela.napier
@my.uu.edu



Michaela Napier

After a Rain

The image capturing this moment has no particular beauty. I was driving home after a heavy rain and was wooed by this scene the striking green against a gray clouds, the mirroring effect of the water on the pavement, the complete division down the middle made up of sky and its reflection all quiet after a storm.

It also felt a bit apt to be seeing this picture through a car window, especially in this time. There's a storm outside and it is messy, so we are being asked to carry on with our lives, not being able to touch any of it just looking at the world through a window, waiting for the storm to pass and the sky to clear. This picture is hopeful to me. The rain has gone and the bright sky lights the road ahead.





David Sheilley

Tree Climbing

May 2, 2020

david.sheilley@my.uu.edu

Tree Climbing

The tree stands alone
no others beside.

A community in and of itself,
branches entwine and leaves overlap
its limbs stretching and winding
ever higher, the towers of Nature's
very own Emerald City.

The tree stands alone
so many inside,

A hearty band of friends
perched in its embrace
arms and legs dangling lazily
in the wind, their laughter rustling
its leaves.

The man sits alone
and alone he resides.

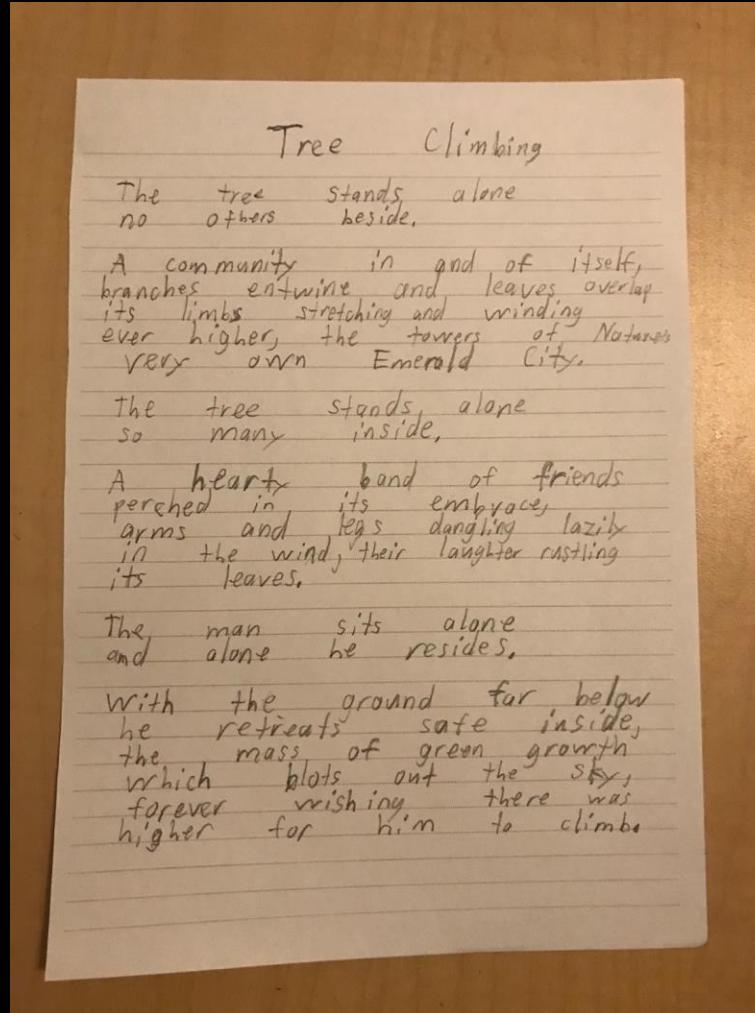
With the ground far below
he retreats safe inside,
the mass of green growth
which blots out the sky,
forever yearning there was
higher for him to climb.



David Sheilley

Tree Climbing

I went through about four different ideas before settling on this one. There's a tree on campus that I really enjoy climbing up into. Since quarantine began, I've been up in that tree a lot, it's a good way to pass the time and it felt like that tree reflected well on the theme of beauty. It is a wonderful example of the beauty of nature and the way that people interact with nature in unique ways.





Merry Ashlyn Gatewood
The Weary Warning
April 27, 2020
merryashlyn.gatewood@my.uu.edu





Merry Ashlyn Gatewood
The Weary Warning

I grew up with this playset. On it, I learned to swing. Under it, I created mud pies with my brother. Around it, I enacted a million childhood fantasies. Now, there remain no children to play on it, and the once solid set grows more dilapidated by the day. But it stands. It stands in memoriam to the gradual passage of time and the childhood I can only now look upon in memory.

The Weary Warning

The dawning of the day,
A swing set bright and gay;
Alike and yet so far away -
'Nothing Gold Can Stay.'

The swing tossed lightly by the wind
As if a ghost draws nigh;
Indeed, a ghost by there does sit -
The ghost of years gone by.

Of springs and summers past
Never knowing "this too shall pass,"
when childhood frolicked on the lawn
with joy profound as newborn fawns.

Now several years have slid headlong;
The swing set's still out back -
It stands a bulwark to the end
Faithful as that Bobwhite's song.

The set, now cracked and bleak,
Weathered by tears of Nature's cheek
Tries desperately, but not in words, to speak
of all the wisdom we fail to seek.

We live yet fail to hear,
The swing set's sage appeal:
"The Dawn has yet to stall,
But timber beams rise up to fall."

- Murry Ashlyn Gatewood



Katie Beth Dowling
All The Days Ordained
May 1, 2020



16cm x 16cm
14-count Aida cloth, DMC embroidery floss
katiebeth.dowling@my.uu.edu



Katie Beth Dowling
All The Days Ordained

Humans live as broken hourglasses. Sin prevents us from living forever, and our days, like grains of sand, spill out into the void. Death, while a sobering reality, is one of the best ways for us to be drawn out of ourselves. Only by learning to see in light of eternity can we appreciate the beauty all around us, beauty that is a reflection of God's glory. Unfortunately, it often takes an encounter with our mortality to see the world unselfishly. Beauty on earth is temporary, just like I am. But that makes its existence a gracious and precious gift from the Lord.

I chose the medium of cross-stitch because it simply takes a lot of time. This was a commitment to sit and cautiously approach my project. Instead of being a waste, the time it took to stitch this gave me the opportunity to meditate on what I was doing and what it meant.



This photograph and accompanying poem depict a derelict fence post and rail. This image is a striking representation of the temporary nature of our human creations, and the beauty that can be found in the most ordinary objects. Its unknown history invites any number of interpretations, which the poem seeks to explore.

Last one standing

Pillar of wood, shaped and carved,
why do you stand alone?

Leaves bright surrounding your domain,
Flowers built and grasses down,

A single rail, nothing else remains
of the once great fence standing proud,
Luminous beauty you possess,
A post from and yet a part of the wilderness.

Crafted from nature, not big hands,
Withstanding storms, not tiring to age,
Relinquishing each such reluctantly,
A battle fought for decades on a green stage.

No one tore you down but crushed still,
A heart hidden beneath the bark,
Down of your bones rot in the dirt,
Packing out like children behind Mother's skirt.

Once a barrier raised between two men,
Now inviting one and all - come in
Nature breaking down the guard we built.
Your bath mere nothing now begin.



Dad wood supports new growth,
small tree gather at your aged feet,
Climbing up your weathered frame
During blossom like rain on a vibrant

Wholly question of long creation,
Crawling through the rotted pathways,
Road through your rough, secured body
Gradually deteriorating day by day.

Main post is composed
By your being,
Your fallen realm tell the tale,
Despite our efforts, nature prevailed.



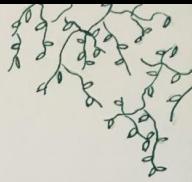
Noah Carbonell

Last One Standing

April 29, 2020

noah.carbonell@my.uu.edu

Last one standing



Pillar of wood, shaped and carved,
why do you stand alone?
Leafy boughs surrounding your domain,
Flowers built and grasses sour,

A single rail, nothing else remains
of the once great fence standing proud,
Lonesome beauty you possess,
A part from and yet a part of the wilderness.

Crafted from nature, built by hands,
Withstanding storms, but bowing to age,
Relinquishing each inch reluctantly,
A battle fought for decades on a green stage.

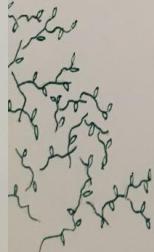
No one tore you down but crumpled still,
Almost hidden beneath the bush,
Dozens of your limbs rot in the dirt,
Poking out like children behind Mother skirt.

Once a barrier raised between two men,
Now inviting one and all - come in
Nature breaking down the borders we build.
Your death means something new begins

Dead wood supports new growth,
small tree gather at your aged feet,
Climbing up your weathered flanks
Swinging themselves like seals on a rock.

Unlikely quarter of tiny creature,
Crawling through the rotted pathways,
Bored through your rough, scared hide
& gradually deteriorating day by day.

Maine pride is conquered
By your decay,
Your fallen ranks tell the tale,
Despite our efforts, nature prevailed.



Noah Carbonell
Last One Standing





Elizabeth Shepherd

Muted Swamp

May 1, 2020

9" x 11"

Japanese ink on paper

[elly.shepherd
@my.uu.edu](mailto:elly.shepherd@my.uu.edu)

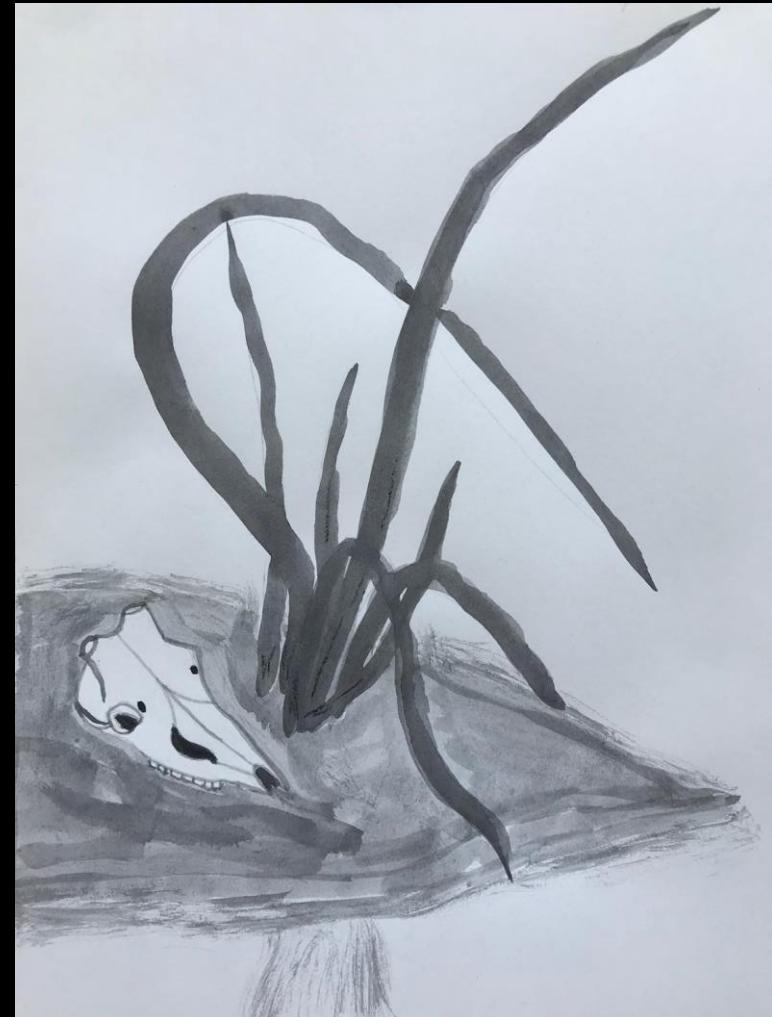


Elizabeth Shepherd

Muted Swamp

This swamp fascinates me. The diversity of the swamp intrigues me; grasses, trees, shrubs, mosses, frogs, and so many different birds all live here. It has different types of soil and different types of water: deep and shallow water, green, brown, or clear water, soggy and dry soil. However, because all the colors are muted, the swamp is unified as well as diverse.

That is why I chose Japanese ink painting to depict the swamp, because Japanese ink painting uses only black ink. In my painting, the swamp is simplified to its most basic elements: things that are alive, dead, soil, and water.





Malachi Gorga

The Corner Tree

May 2, 2020

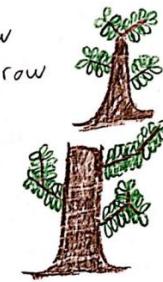
malachi.gorga@my.uu.edu

The Corn Tree

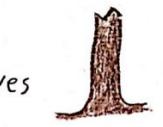
O Seed planted in the ground
A mystery if you shall ever be found
But from the brown comes the green
And sprouting, your glory shall be seen



A Moon has passed and still you grow
Thought now you are just one in a row
A seedling there for human desire
Though for your height you still aspire



Fully grown you reach up high
Birds and bees around you in the sky
A tree with both brown and green
A noble sight for all to see



Thunder, lightning, a storm approaches
On your sky the wind encroaches
To take your limbs, branches, and leaves
Only your trunk is left to see



Your limbs and branches gone, nowhere to be found
But from your trunk grows leaves all around
The growth is slow but you'll soon reach the shore
And shall be a whole tree once more



Malachi Gorga
The Corner Tree

The picture is of a tree that is on the corner of my backyard. It was planted with the house and so it is about 18-20 years old. A year or two or so ago the upper half was blown down in a storm leaving only the trunk. The tree has started to recover and is now covered with leaves. The poem is about the life of the tree and its different stages. The beauty is both in the nature and that fact that even great adversity does not cause the tree to die. Even with most of it lost it does not fall.

The Corner Tree

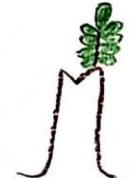
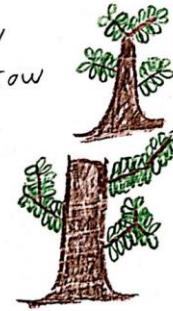
O Seed planted in the ground
A mystery if you shall ever be found
But from the brown comes the green
And sprouting, your glory shall be seen

A Moon has passed and still you grow
Though now you are just one in a row
A seedling there for human desire
Though for your height you still aspire

Fully grown you reach up high
Birds and bees around you in the sky
A tree with both brown and green
A noble sight for all to see

Thunder, lightning, a storm approaches
On your sky the wind encroaches
To take your limbs, branches, and leaves
Only your trunk is left to see

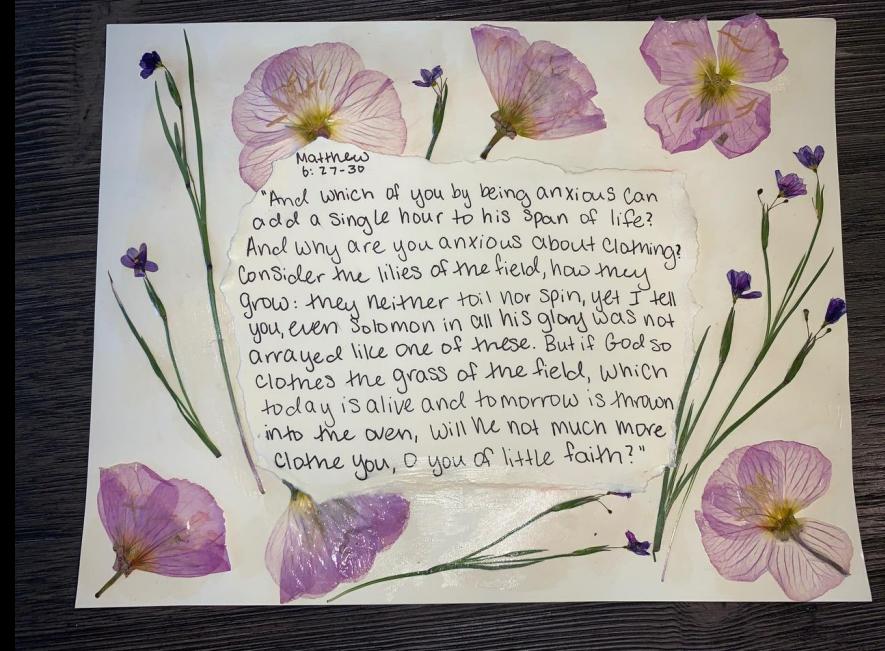
Your limbs and branches gone, nowhere to be found
But from your trunk grows leaves all around
The growth is slow but you'll soon reach the shore
And shall be a whole tree once more





In this piece, I have considered wildflowers and how they represent God's goodness to us. He created them to be beautiful! He took great care to precisely design each flower. God did not have to do this, but he did.

If he takes such care with flowers, how much more must he care for us! He provides, he is faithful, and he keeps his promises. These beautiful flowers remind me of these truths every time I see them in my neighborhood.



Julia Burks

Considering the Lilies of the Field

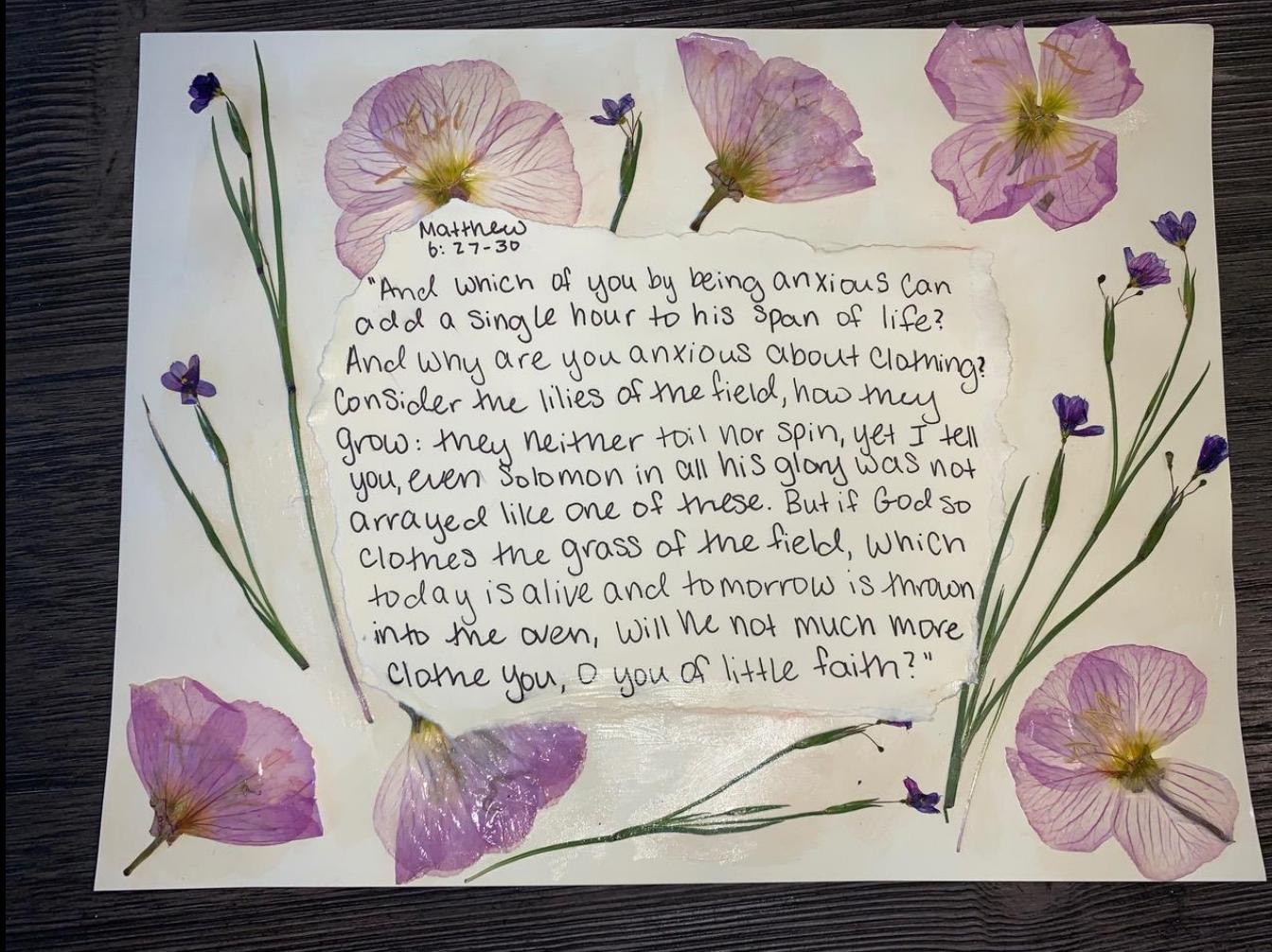
April 30, 2020

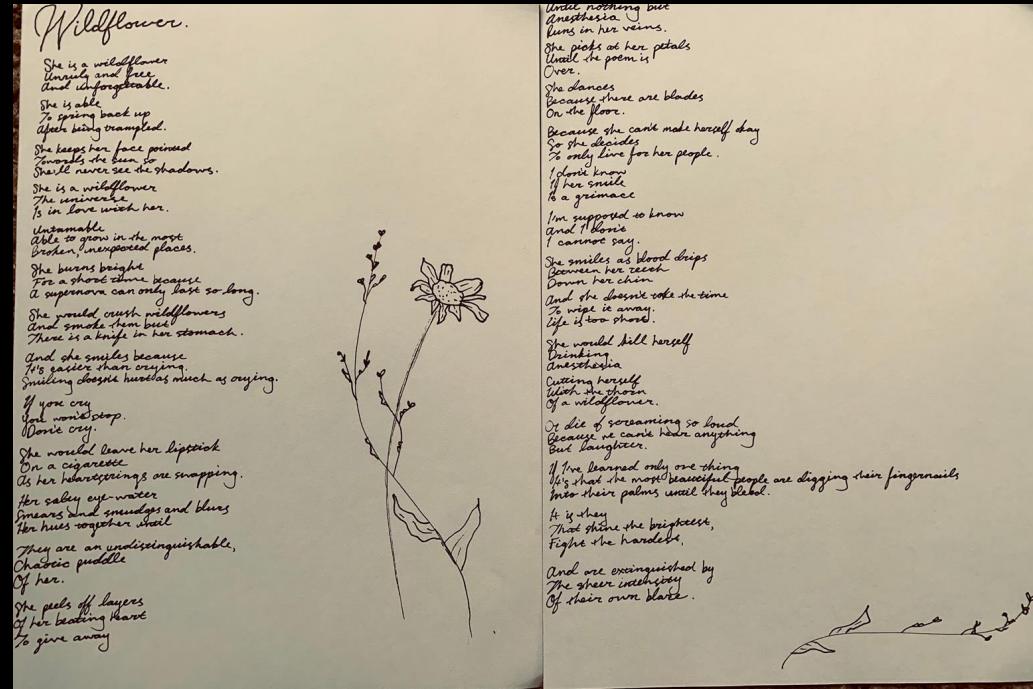
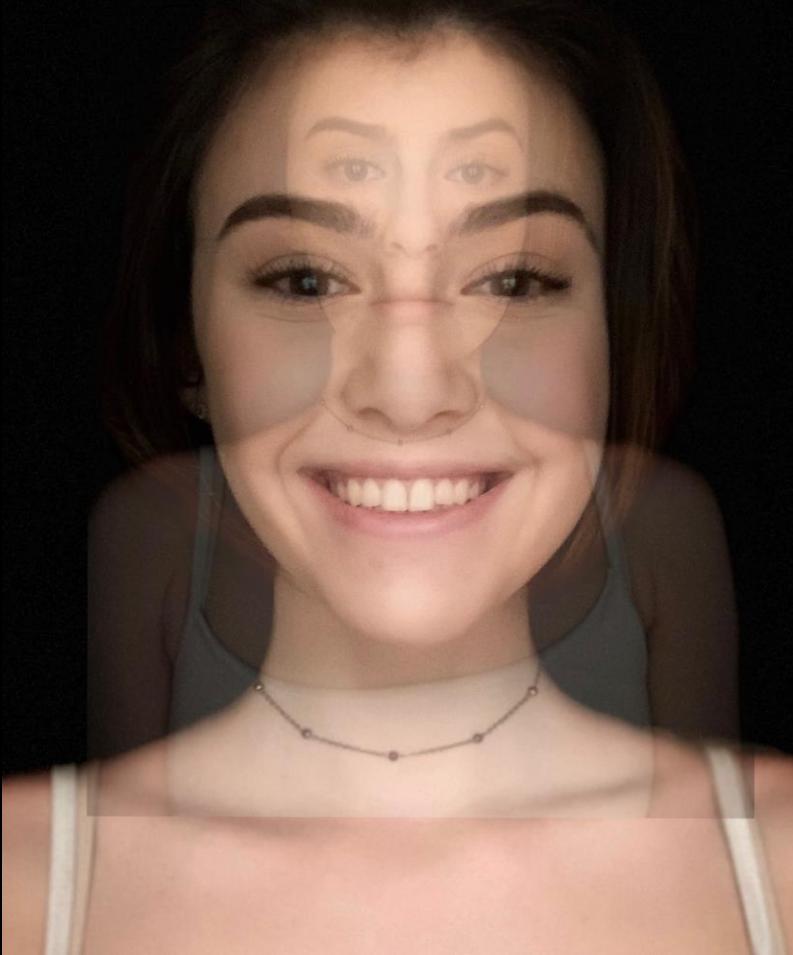
8.5" x 11"

dried flowers, mod podge, and felt-tip pen on cardstock

julia.burks@my.uu.edu

Julia Burks
Considering the Lilies of the Field





Emily Sines

Wildflower

April 18, 2020

[emily.sines@
my.uu.edu](mailto:emily.sines@my.uu.edu)

The girl in the picture is my only sister, Allison. She suffers from a chronic pain disorder in which bodily functions like digesting food and sometimes breathing, as well as normal everyday activities, are incredibly painful. There is no cure. Even through the excruciating, constant battle with her own body, she somehow always has a smile on her face, and an attitude that enjoys every moment that she is given. As her sister and best friend, I am one of the only people who knows what is behind that smile. The poem is for her, because she is the most beautiful person I know.

Wildflower.

She is a wildflower
Unruly and free
And unforgettable.

She is able
To spring back up
After being trampled.

She keeps her face pointed
Towards the sun so
She'll never see the shadows.

She is a wildflower
The universe
Is in love with her.

Untamable
Able to grow in the most
Broken, unexpected places.

She burns bright
For a short time because
A supernova can only last so long.

She would crush wildflowers
And smoke them back.
There is a knife in her stomach.

And she smiles because
It's easier than crying.
Smiling does as much as crying.

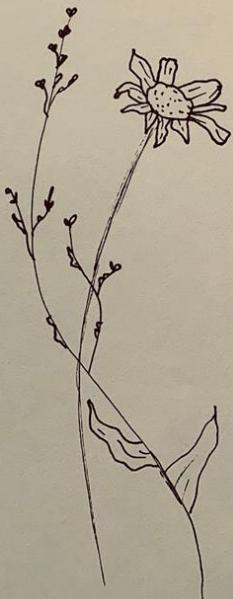
If you cry
You won't stop.
Don't cry.

She would leave her lipstick
On a cigarette
As her heartstrings are snapping.

Her sallow eye-water
Gmears and smudges and blues
Her hues together until

They are an undistinguishable,
Chaotic puddle
Of her.

She peels off layers
Of her beating heart
To give away



Until nothing but
Anesthesia
Burns in her veins.

She picks at her petals
Until the poem is
Over.

She dances
Because there are blades
On the floor.

Because she can't make herself stay
So she decides
To only live for her people.

I don't know
If her smile
Is a grimace

I'm supposed to know
And I don't
I cannot say.

She smiles as blood drips
Between her teeth
Down her chin
And she doesn't take the time
To wipe it away.
Life is too short.

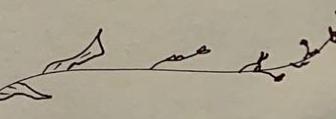
She would kill herself
Drinking
Anesthesia
Cutting herself
With the thorn
Of a wildflower.

Or die of screaming so loud
Because we care for anything
But laughter.

If I've learned only one thing
It's that the most beautiful people are digging their fingernails
Into their palms until they bleed.

It is they
That shine the brightest,
Fight the hardest.

And are extinguished by
The sheer intensity
Of their own blade.



Emily Sines
Wildflower



Anna Litfin

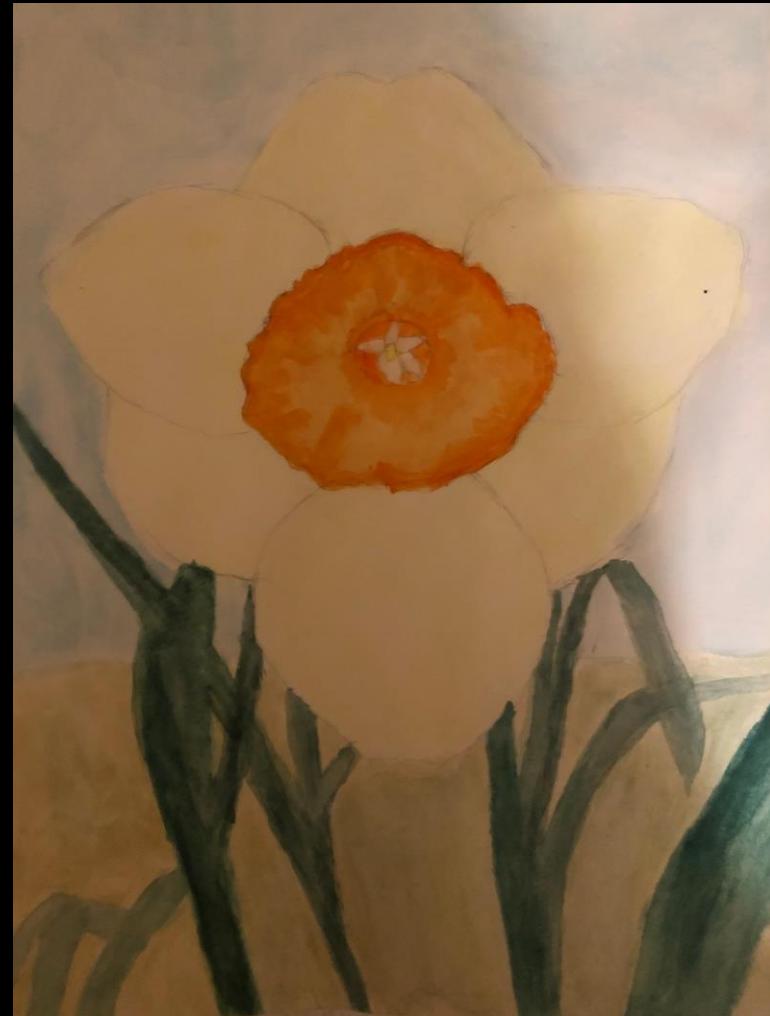
Spring Daffodil

May 2, 2020

9" × 12"

watercolor painting

anna.litfin@my.uu.edu



Anna Litfin

Spring Daffodil

I knew from the beginning I'd probably want to paint a picture, and of something related to flowers. I've always loved flowers, a feeling to which I believe many people can relate. To me their symbolism is especially poignant in this time as they serve as a reminder that life will continue and beautiful things are still growing, even quietly underground and amidst the unexpected. The title is because I found the daffodil in a park with my friend and may or may not have taken it home with me. I chose the medium of watercolor painting because it was something I enjoyed in middle school and even though I haven't done it in five years, I wanted to try it again for the sake of doing something I simply *enjoy*, even if I'm by no means an expert at it. It reminds me of C. S. Lewis' *Learning in War-Time*. Strange and uncertain circumstances are never a justification to deny learning, improving, or delighting in the seemingly simple yet extraordinary beauty of God's creation; in fact, they are precisely the opposite.





Corrin Moore
Growth and Redemption
May 2, 2020
9" x 12"
acrylic paint on canvas
corrin.moore@my.uu.edu

While my family tore apart and recreated my front yard one Saturday afternoon, I was reminded of man's punishment in the Garden. Genesis 3 says, "cursed is the ground because of you; in pain shall you eat of it all the days of your life; thorns and thistles it shall bring forth for you;" Adam's primary punishment is to work and toil over the ground, and this work will not be easy. But once the hard work is done, we are blessed with the sight of new life and growth. So, as I stared at this bush in my front yard in suburban Missouri, I was reminded that God's punishment is just and loving, for when we are rebuked and refined, we bring forth fruit.

My painting shows the efforts and loneliness of the working man, and the beauty that comes from it.



Corrin Moore
Growth and Redemption



Hadie Sowell
Wellspring of Beauty
May 2, 2020
elizabeth.sowell@my.uu.edu

on these ponds of isolation
left hands open magazines like hymnals
Lifting promises to a different god on every page
A thousand voices chime in
All claiming their own words as gospel
After a while, the crowd interrupts itself
With a chaotic chorus of confusion
Because every man seems to have his own song

And in desperate hopes of affirmation
Her card turns, hurriedly to listen
But with every lyric, one thought might fill her
She finds herself yet emptier

With tears in her eyes
She flees in search of a deeper song
And she found it
And he sang it deeply, until he didn't
With branches in her arms
She ran to hear a softer tune
And she found it
And he sang it softly, until he didn't.
Then, with hurt in her heart
She wandered to find a humbler voice
And she found it
And he sang it humbly, until he didn't
Off with fresh rounds of betrayal
She looked for a stronger song
And she found it
And he sang it softly until he didn't

Her search for song looked different after him
She no longer hoped for better
Because she knew how men's songs ended
So, she settled for a halfway tune in a shank
Not expected to be fulfilled.

With the songs of her youth
Always replaying like nightmares in her mind
She made her midday bath for winter
Because she'd rather face a thousand suns
Than a thousand states of confusion

But, the well began telling her a different story
When there, she met a man with a different song
A tune that made all the rest fade
He sang her a song of promise
of a well that never runs dry
And now she doesn't open magazines
Or, sit men to sing new songs
Because beauty is not sweet distraction
or a catalogue to comparison

Beauty is a reminder of that carpenter at the well
from the waters of paradise
The water of life

Hadie Sowell
Wellspring of Beauty



On these pools of isolation
Left hands open magazines like hymnals.
Lefting promises to a different god, on every page
A thousand voices chime in
All claiming their own words as gospel
After a while, the crowd interrupts itself
Within chaotic chorus of confusion
Because every man seems to have his own song

And in desperate hopes of affirmation
She cast them, hurriedly to listen
But with every lyric she thought might fill her
She finds herself yet emptier

With tears in her eyes
She flees in search of a deeper song
And she found it
And he sang it deeply, until he didn't
With bruised on her arms
She ran to hear a softer tune
And she found it
And he sang it softly, until he didn't
Then, with hurt in her heart
She wandered to find a humbler voice
And she found it
And he sang it humbly, until he didn't
Ut with fresh masking of betrayal
She looked for a stranger song
And she found it
And he sang it gently, until he didn't

Her search for song looked different after him
She no longer hoped for better
Because she knew how men's songs ended
So, she settled for a halfway tune in a shack
Not expecting to be fulfilled

With the songs of her youth
Always replaying like nightmares, in her mind
She made her midday walk for water
Because they rather faced thousand suns
Than a thousand faces of condemned men

But, the well began telling her a different story
When there, she met a vision with a different song
A tune that rang all the past fade
He sang her along of promise
Of a well that never runs dry
And now she doesn't open magazines
Or any men to sing new songs
Because beauty is not sweet distraction
Or a catalyst to comparison

Bathing in a reminder of that carpetter at the well
From the waters of promise
The water of life

When I think about beauty, I think about the ultimate source. For me, it is hard to find anything I would rather appreciate than nature. The outdoors is the first place I look for inspiration, clarity, and ultimately beauty. I began to wonder why I was so drawn to nature and so able to sit contently with it. Walking through an art gallery is something that I genuinely enjoy doing, but I never leave it with the peace and joy I feel after a long day in the mountains. When I observe art, I am so quick to glorify the immediate creator of the piece. I leave paintings with a newfound idol of an artist in my mind or even a feeling of envy for such talents. Nature, for me, leaves no room for confusion. I am able to worship God when I am in the rawest form of His creation.

I chose to write a poem about the woman at the well because water is one of the most beautiful things in the world to me. I love the way it tells a story of redemption as a means of transportation, a cleansing tool, and most obviously through baptism. I think poetry is my favorite way to truly dissect anything. It helps me stay engaged with what I am observing, and I feel like it is a very personal way to invite other people in to my experience. Words are beautiful to me.



David Edgren

Sandals of Christ

May 2, 2020

david.edgren@my.uu.edu

SANDALS OF CHRIST

Softly worn leather beginning to crack,
Five smooth indentations fitted to my toes,
A second skin, an extension of my feet,
The summer breeze prickling the skin exposed.
A shield against sharp stones and rough terrain,
Unappreciated relief from pain.

A firm foundation for my fragile form.
The clothes of Christ the GOSPEL of peace,
Feet sure and safe, planted secure in faith,
Plodding the path under God's protection.
Each step spreading the Savior's Good News,
The simple yet unsung beauty of shoes.

— David W. Edgren

David Edgren
Sandals of Christ



The Sandals of Christ is two stanzas of six lines, written in loose iambic pentameter and rhyming primarily in the last two lines of each stanza. This poem gave me the opportunity to take a closer look at the subtle beauty of shoes. My thought process behind this topic was to encourage the idea that there is beauty in the simplistic elements of everyday life, a concept very much inspired from the article, “Brushing Teeth” by Tish Harrison Warren. My poem hopefully illustrates some of the simple beauty in our embodied nature. Looking at the way humans wear shoes to protect and maintain their bodies as a form of worship by acknowledging the sacred nature of our bodies. Furthermore, this poem reminds readers that Christ not only had a body just like ours, but also wore shoes!

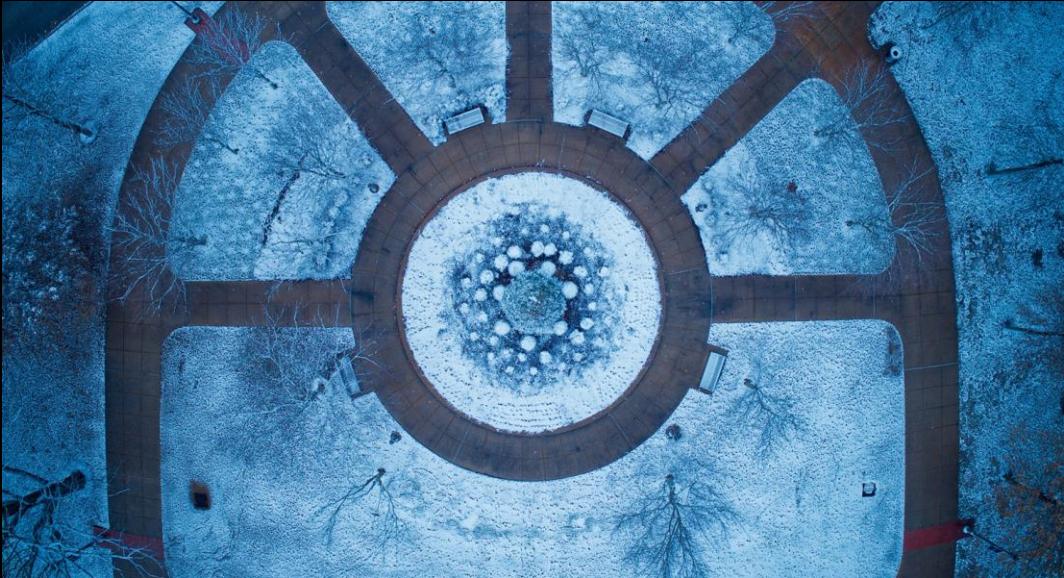
Just as the poem has a very physical concrete nature, the second half of the poem reflects on the metaphorical connections of shoes. For example, In Ephesians 6, Paul mentions as part of the armor of God, feet fitted with the gospel of peace. This got me thinking what it might look like to put on peace, or to don Christ just like you would an article of clothing. I began to see living out the gospel as feet supported and secured by shoes and standing firm. Ultimately this poem hopefully encourages readers to see the beauty in the mundane and realize a physical aspect of worshipping God.

SANDALS OF CHRIST

Softly worn leather beginning to crack,
Five smooth indentations fitted to my toes,
A second skin, an extension of my feet,
The summer breeze prickling the skin exposed.
A shield against sharp stones and rough terrain,
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Feet sure and safe, planted secure in faith,
Plodding the path under God's protection.
Each step spreading the Savior's Good News,
The simple yet unsung beauty of shoes.

— David W. Edgren



My goal for this project was to use a different color and medium to change the mood and meaning of the original, while working within the original's perspective and framework. The photo is a manually merged HDR bracket of three images, taken at F2.8, 1/120s, 185' alt., 4:49 AM, over Union's deepest snowfall of the semester. The result is crisp, high-contrast, sharp, symmetrical and cold image, with bare skeletal trees and benches suggesting the memory of — or potential for — life.

In the response, I attempted to express themes of desiring and projecting warmth, being stuck inside a limiting reality, and yet have optimism and playground chalk in hand, looking through windows. In relation to Beauty, I hope it conveys a desire to dwell on, project, and create light and light and yet not quite being able to reach it ourselves.

Caleb Simpson

Warm Sidewalk

April 2, 2020

8.5" x 11"

sidewalk chalk, ink, and white-out on paper

caleb.simpson@my.uu.edu



Caleb Simpson
Warm Sidewalk



Rhen Milton

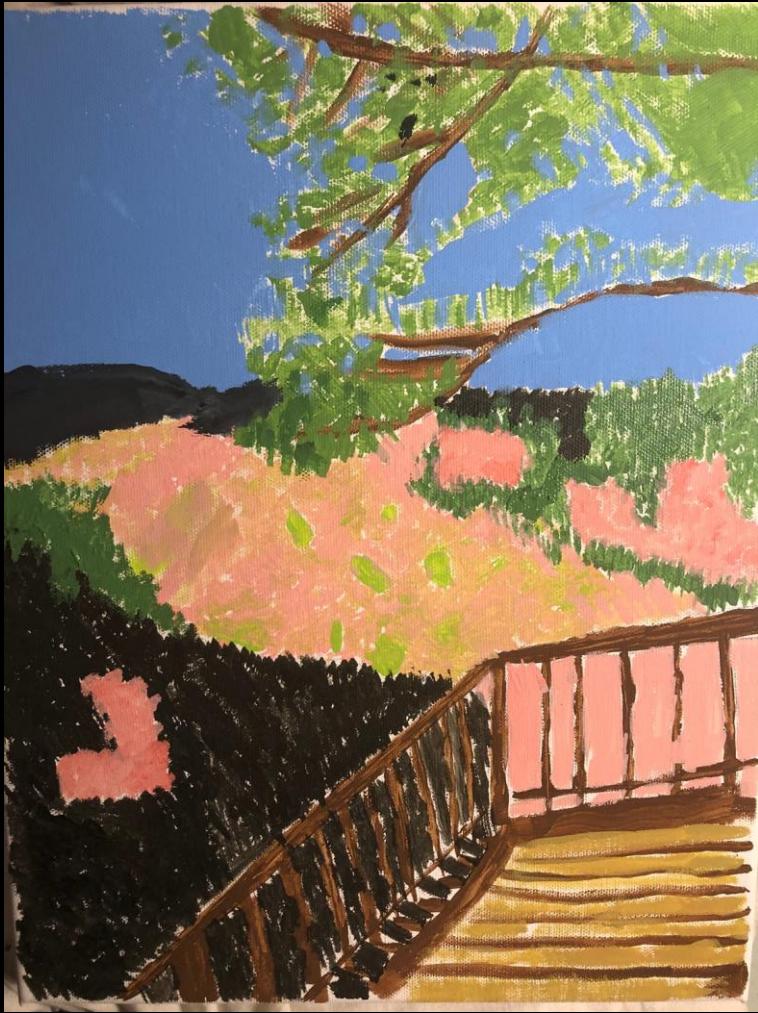
Color Canyon

May 1, 2020

11" x 14"

paint on canvas

[rhen.milton
@my.uu.edu](mailto:rhen.milton@my.uu.edu)



Rhen Milton

Color Canyon

The place where this photo was taken is one of the few places in earth that I have been to that I can say is truly beautiful. I came to this place in middle school and was blown away by the sheer magnitude of what I saw. I recently went there on spring break and was now really able to appreciate it for what it was, God's beautiful creation. Even though I may not be the best artist I feel a deep connection to this place that I attempted to share in my artwork. And even though I may not have managed to convey the grandeur of the canyon in my art, the canyon itself is truly beautiful.





Elijah Matteson

McDowell Mountain Range

May 2, 2020



17" x 3.5"

hot pen, wood block

elijah.matteson@my.uu.edu

Elijah Matteson

McDowell Mountain Range

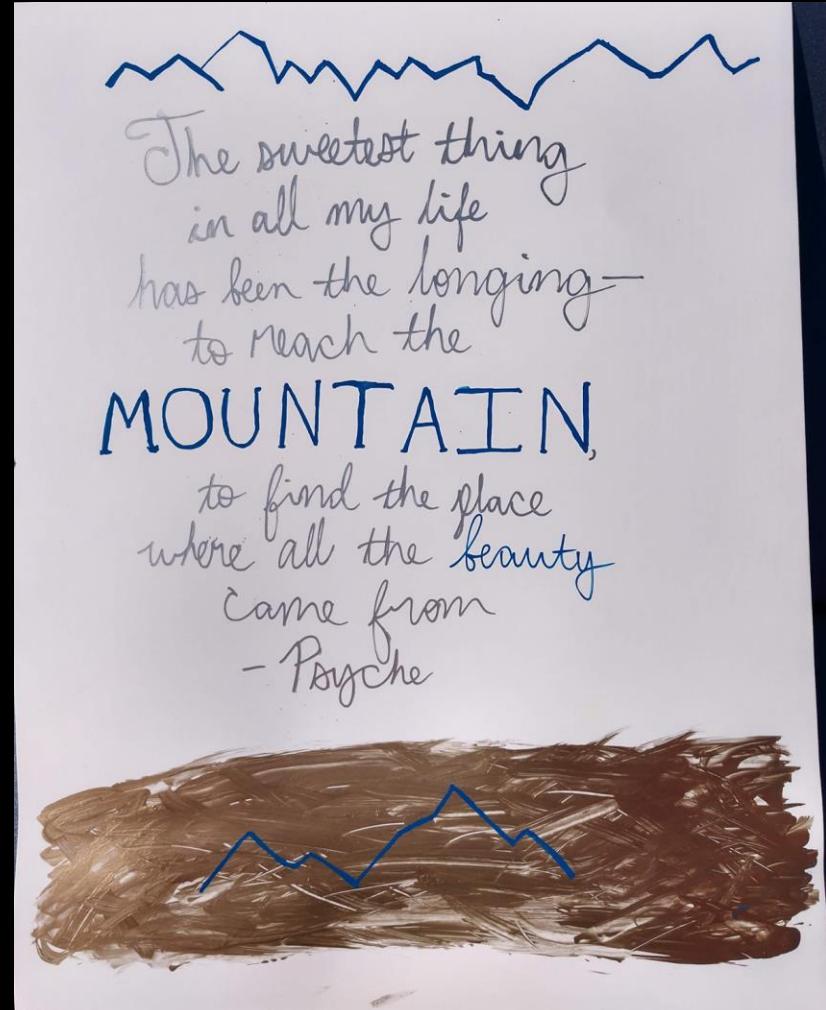


In the place where I live in Arizona I am encircled by mountains. Every day I see this particular mountain range (McDowell Mountains) from a good distance. My approach to this project is unique because I want people to see the mountains how I see them, grainy, shaded, but still fixed and shaped. I focused on the top of the mountains for my project because that is the spot that emphasizes the height and form of the mountains.

Using the hot pen enabled me to accomplish these tasks. The wood, already grainy, aided the burnt wood to create the replica of the faded mountains I see everyday.



Anna Moss
Songs of Longing
May 1, 2020
paint pens and acrylic paint on poster board
11" x 14"
anna.moss@my.uu.edu



Anna Moss



Songs of Longing

Before Psyche is offered to the god in C.S. Lewis' *Till We Have Faces*, she tells her sister Orual that she always ached for the Mountain, her real home. I was born in Southwestern Virginia, and I understand this feeling; seeing that first ridge of mountains always makes me ecstatic, and I feel as if I am returning to where I ought to have been all along. To my surprise, when I traced the melody of a portion of this arrangement, I found that it was the outline of a mountain ridge. I thought this was very fitting, so my physical representation of this piece consists of this contour along with my favorite quote from *Till We Have Faces*.

I chose these songs because the melodies express the longing that I feel for my heavenly home. Arranging this piece by ear allowed me to process my thoughts in a creative way that moved me to hold onto hope. "For here we have no lasting city, but we seek the city that is to come," as the writer of Hebrews says (13:14). If this world is so beautiful, then how much more beautiful is the One who created it! My greatest desire is to dwell forever in the presence of God, beholding His beauty (Psalm 27:4). I hope that, as you listen, you are filled with yearning and joy for the better country that awaits.



Rachel Rhodes

Rain will make the flowers grow

April 24, 2020

9" x 12"

oil pastel on paper

rachel.rhodes@my.uu.edu

I made this art piece in response to a dandelion outside. This flower is known to many people as a weed or a pest, but I found it beautiful. I made this piece to represent the good times with the image of the hill, the bright blue sky and the mountains and the bad times with a fire burning a forest. The fire is here presenting the idea of death and destruction. The blue sky, grass and hill present life and growth. The dandelion in the middle represents that even though the world may be going through times of good or bad, the flowers grow the same. This is why I find the dandelion beautiful because even in this time of quarantine and so many people passing on, the dandelion isn't changed or uprooted by this. It doesn't change its color or die because of these events. It goes about its life to absorb the rain as a blessing from God above.

The title of this piece comes from the musical *Les Misérables* where Eponine is dying from a gunshot wound. It starts to rain and as she's dying she sings a song with someone she loved her whole life but didn't love her back, Marius. She says that a little fall of rain can't hurt her now, meaning she's already passing on, then says rain will make the flowers grow. This gave me my title because even while Eponine is dying and the French Revolution is failing, rain still waters the flowers and makes them grow the same.



Rachel Rhodes

Rain will make the flowers grow



During quarantine, I have found myself increasingly seeking ways I can experience the physical world by myself. The outlet I have spent the most time on is disc golf. I decided to take this basket and then counter it with an image that glimpses into a player's mindset. I took away color to show how in disc golf, everything is very black and white; you either get it in or you don't. I wanted the focus to be on the basket since that is the goal, with the dark areas being spaces that should not even be on the player's mind.



Joshua Kersey

Hole 5

April 2, 2020

pencil on paper

josh.kersey@my.uu.edu



Joshua Kersey
Hole 5



Abigail Cheshier

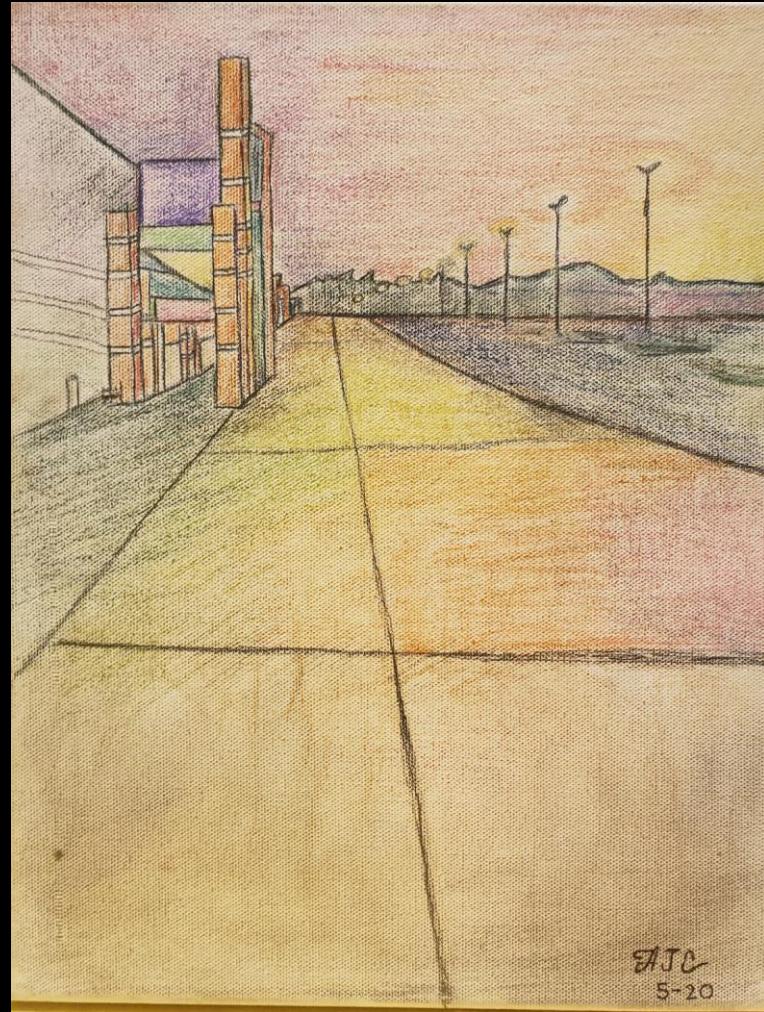
The Columns

April 1, 2020

11" x 14"

colored pencil and
graphite on canvas

[abbie.cheshier
@my.uu.edu](mailto:abbie.cheshier@my.uu.edu)

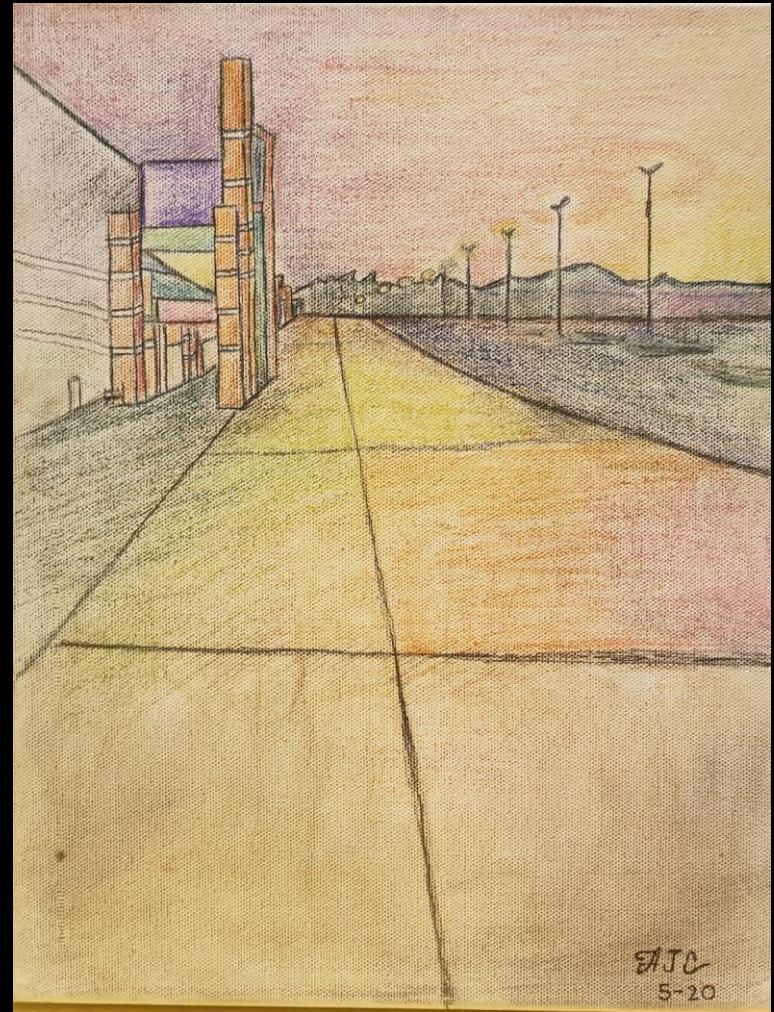


Abigail Cheshier

The Columns

This work was created to capture the unexpected beauty of a vacant parking lot in The Columns of Jackson, TN, during the 2020 pandemic.

This artistic response to the original photograph contains warmer color schemes than the cooler tones embodied in the picture that was taken. Much of the scenic and spatial landmarks are included in the artwork, yet the startling contrasts between the photograph's clouded to sunsetting sky is most obvious. The work is designed to portray a shift of perspective as the gradation between the monochrome/muted colors merge into the chromatic schemes toward the center. Moderately detailed, the work responds to the beauty of the silent world, perceiving it in an alternate way.





Rebecca Wood

Renewal

April 30, 2020

rebecca.wood@my.uu.edu

For this piece, I tried to reflect the beauty that can be found in quarantine. For so many of us, myself included, we find our satisfaction in our relationships and interactions with those around us. However, once the pandemic erupted, all human interaction was ripped away from us, and we were left with a six-foot barrier between ourselves and those we love. However, Christ is the only thing in this crazy time that has remained constant. Since we no longer have other people from which to gain temporary satisfaction, we are left to find renewal in the one thing that can truly quench the thirst of our soul: The Lord.

The six-foot gap between my friend and I as well as the addition of the masks we wear signifies the reality in which we are living, but as the music states, we find our satisfaction in Christ during this time. The beauty of it is that we still dance together in community, but that is not where we find our ultimate renewal.



Rebecca Wood
Renewal



Abbie Duncan
Individuality and Unity
May 1, 2020
11" x 14"
colored pencils and mixed media paper
abbie.duncan@my.uu.edu



Abbie Duncan
Individuality and Unity

I made this piece because I love landscapes of mountains, flowers, and skies, but also because I have always enjoyed pondering the dynamic relationship between individuals and communities. It's very beautiful to me that God created people as individuals all possessing unique characteristics and personalities, but at the same time made us social people that need each other. Communities have to have individuals to exist, but at the same time God decided it wasn't good for man to remain alone and instead made man an innately relational being after the model of Himself. That is why I have chosen to present a community of yellow flowers made up of individuals, and an individual with the 'yellow' of community as a part of who it is.





Anna Nason

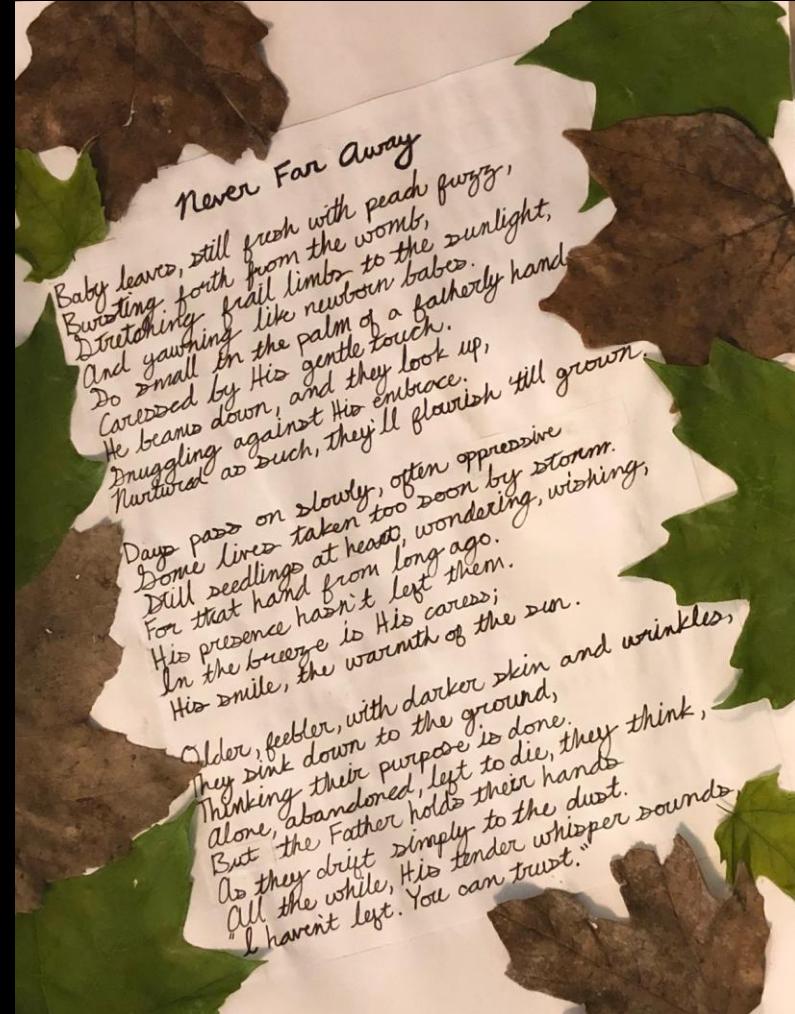
Never Far Away

April 26, 2020

8.5" x 11"

paper, ink,
glue, leaves

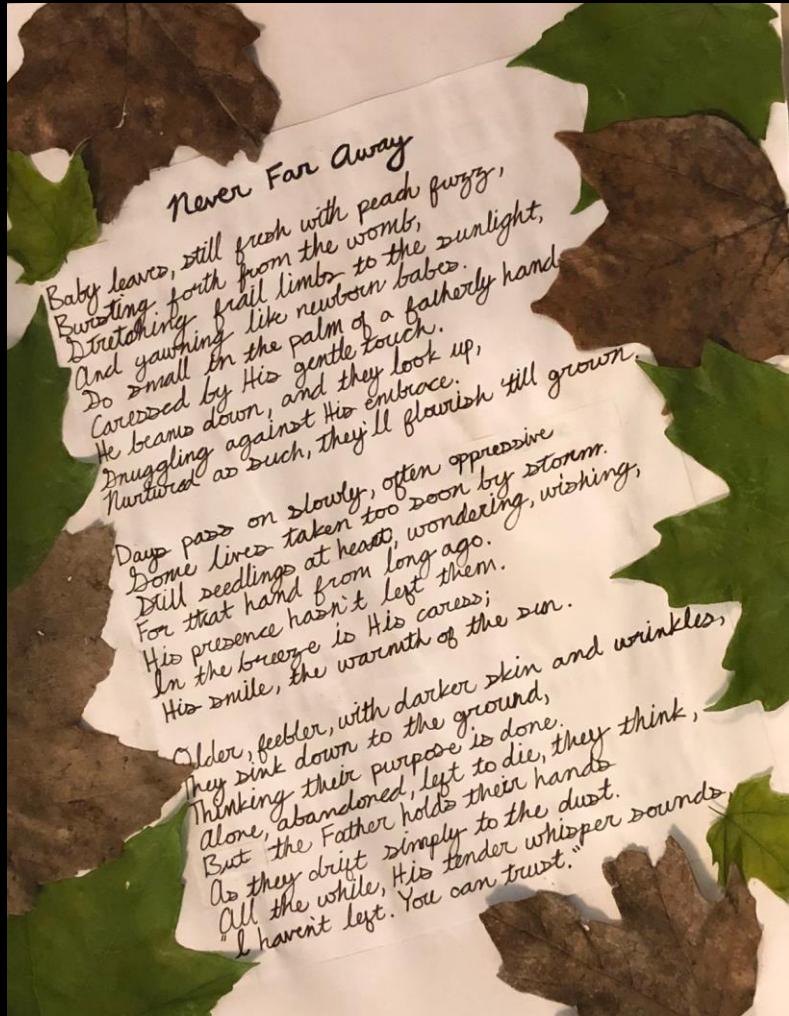
[anna.nason
@my.uu.edu](mailto:anna.nason@my.uu.edu)





Anna Nason, *Never Far Away*

When looking at the tiny leaves in the photograph, I was amazed at the smallness of them and amazed to see that they were fuzzy and even tinted red though they one day would be green. I noticed that leaves begin as infants, too. Those baby leaves, so small and delicate, made me think about how they were crafted so perfectly and given life by a Creator. These leaves, like us and all other living things, have a life cycle. They begin as babes and grow into their work, and then they become old and wither and die. All the while, the Creator is still the Creator, and He is still in control, watching over all His creation. If He creates and notices every leaf that falls from the tree, how much more does He notice His children, who are worth so much more? If God cares for His creation, how much more can we trust Him to care for us? How wonderful that even plants can point back to our caring Father!



Benjamin Scott
Rot and Rebirth
May 1, 2020



43cm x 9cm
watercolor
on oak
[ben.scott
@my.uu.edu](mailto:ben.scott@my.uu.edu)

Benjamin Scott

Rot and Rebirth

The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,
And if ever there was it led forward life.

— Walt Whitman, “Song of Myself”

An unbroken chain of life connects all growing things to their ancestors. But this oak tree was undeniably dead. It was long fallen, and its stump had rotted. I realized as I looked at the underbrush around the log that many of the young oaks nearby were its descendants. In its long decades of life many acorns had germinated. I decided to create a work from the tree that would celebrate the endless cycle of tree generations and give the old oak new life as art.



Jessica Searl

*Have Hand;
Will Work*

May 1, 2020



11" x 15"

watercolor
on paper

[jessica.searl
@my.uu.edu](mailto:jessica.searl@my.uu.edu)



Jessica Searl

Have Hand; Will Work

Hands have always fascinated me. As a young child, I wanted my hands to be strong and capable, ready to tackle a wild animal or tickle my younger brother. As I have grown older, I care less about how capable hands look and more about the stories behind their lines and scars. A little while ago, my younger brother's hand caught my attention. In this picture, he has remnants of a substantial blister he got from working in an elderly couple's yard, scars from knife-making adventures, calluses from years of cello practice, and dirt from weeding with our mom in the yard. The scars and calluses represent years of patient and curious study learning new skills and the blisters and dirt represent hours dedicated to helping those around him. His hand is a testament to beauty- not just to the neatly manicured lawns or weed-free flower beds it has helped create, but to the beauty of thoughtful acts of service and love and a life well-lived.



Jonathan Clemons

Iuctim

May 2, 2020

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IUCTIM
by Jonathan Clemons

Pater meus, filius meus—
In luce albus meridianus,
terra nostra viridis aevō,
resarcimus vitis effrenus
dum arbores olim ad cōxam
attingunt caelos.

Ambulamus iuctim.
Aevus corporum olim forte dimittit
et nunc virtus tuus gero.
Caritas nos astringit
in hāc terrā, intrā terrā, ultra eā.
Pater meus, filius meus—
Ambulamus iuctim.

My father, my son—
In the white light of noon,
our land green with age,
we mend the unruly vine
while trees once to the hip
reach the heavens.

We walk side-by-side.
Age bends the body once strong
and now I carry your strength.
Love binds us
on this earth, in the earth, beyond it.
My father, my son—
We walk side-by-side.



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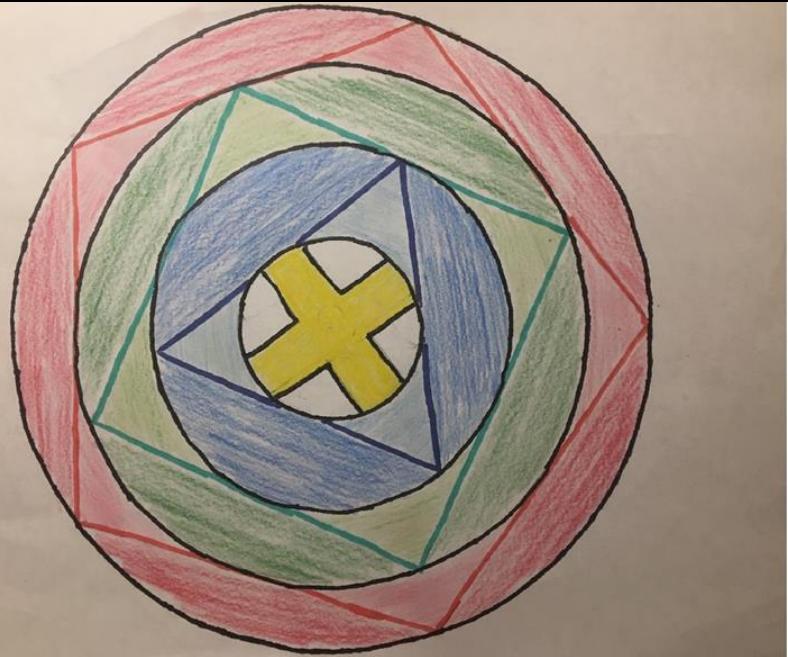
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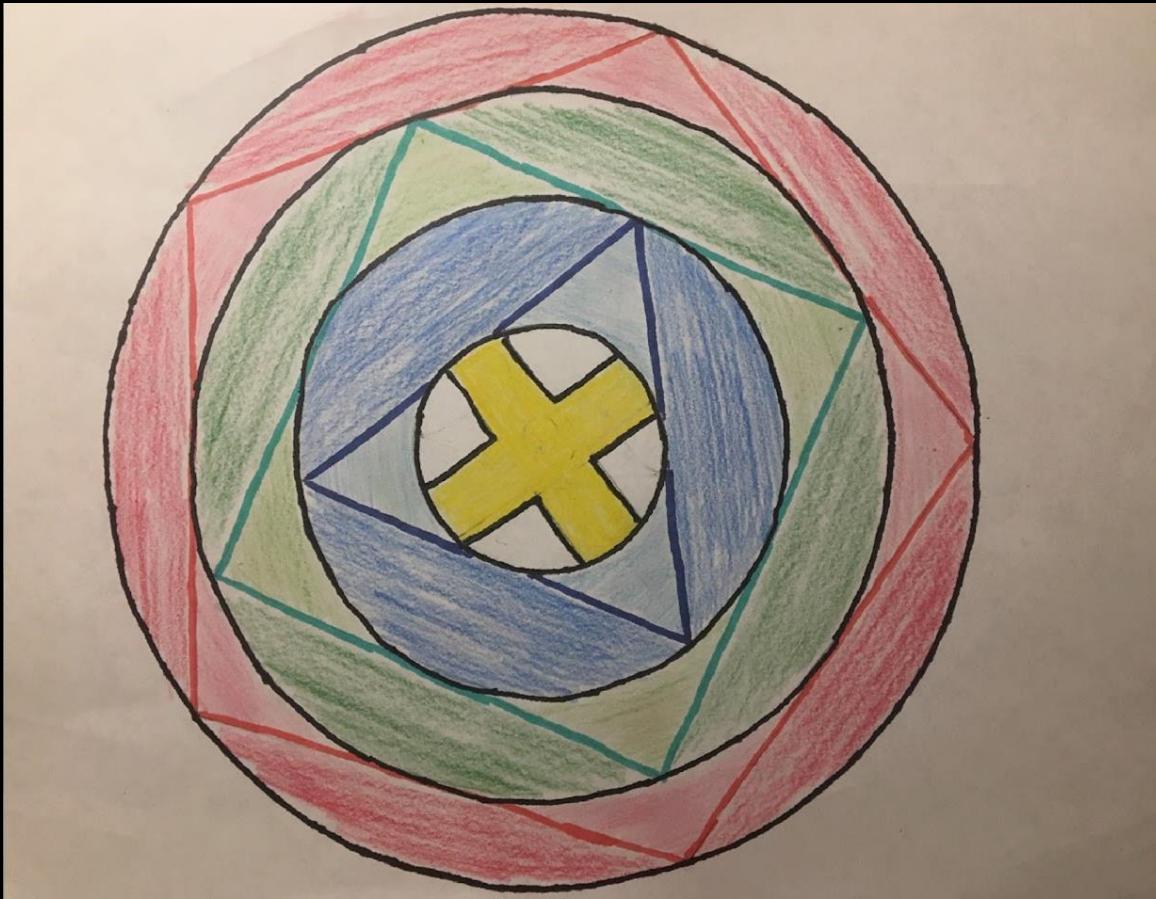
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The wheel is a very simple, necessary object that is often overlooked. The only time wheels are ever noticed is when they cause a problem. However, the wheel itself can reveal many things if beheld properly. The wheel is obviously representative of a circle; in fact, in a polar plane, there are an infinite amount of possibilities to express a single point on a circle. Furthermore, each of these points are the same distance to the center as another point is along its circumference. A circle's existence depends on both a concrete truth and infinite possibility. Returning to the wheel itself, for it to work, it must rotate about its center of mass. Relative to the wheel, there is only one single point in space in which it can rotate. The wheel is both consistent and infinite, and, from it, many theological implications can be drawn.

God is eternal, with no end and no beginning, and he is the source for which all things can exist. Faith, hope, and charity, the three theological virtues, all emit from his gift to humanity. In my piece, I decided to incorporate the fact that wheels can only function from a concrete center, the significance of the number "3" theologically, and the number "5" from the original photograph. My goal is to express how both virtue and life emit from the glory of God.

Samuel Eudy
Eternity
April 28, 2020
3980 x 1516 pixels
pencil, colored pencil,
permanent marker, and dry-
erase marker on
printer paper
samuel.eudy@my.uu.edu



Samuel Eudy
Eternity

Matthias Hargrave

A Medley of Moss

May 1, 2020



10" x 15"

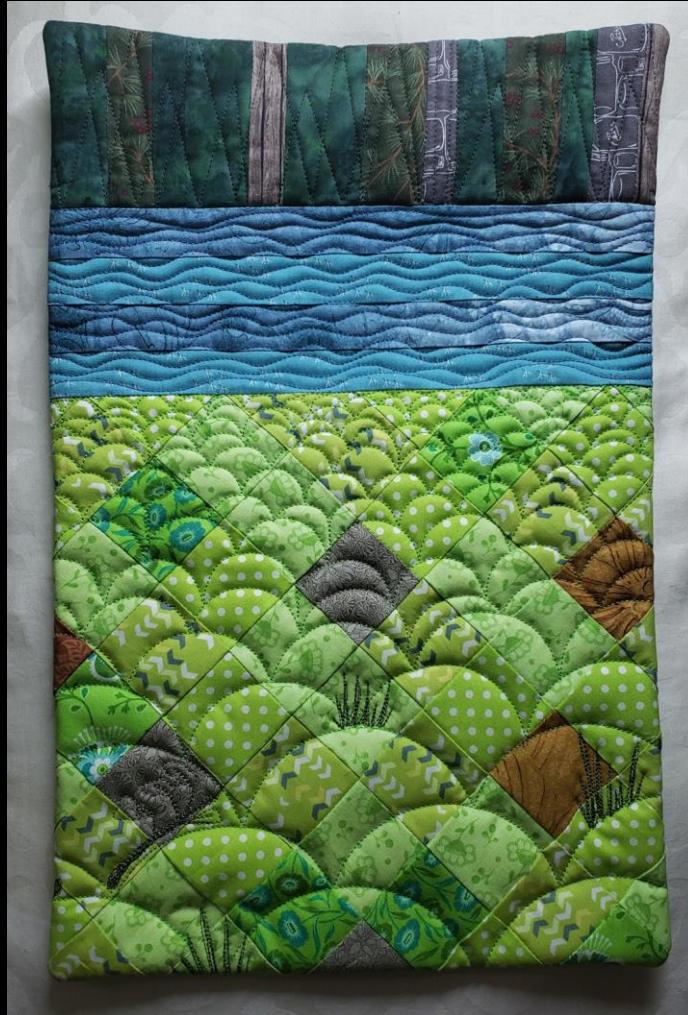
quilter's cotton fabric,
wool batting

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Matthias Hargrave

A Medley of Moss

The innate beauty of creation that testifies to God's sublime beauty should never cease to spark awe and wonder in every man. The three great genres of art – Word, Form, and Song – have been employed over the millennia to capture a glimpse of that beauty and bring it near so that it might complete its great work of bearing witness to the eternal power and divine nature of that Love which moves the stars.



This quilted piece is one small response to the beauty in creation and is an attempt to capture both a visual and a tactile experience of the pied and dappled beauty of every riven thing God has made. It is, in essence, an attempt to see the quiet and inconspicuous pieces of creation with our own eyes.