The act of painting moves across the surface, gracefully, powerfully, and passionately leading to the depths of emotions. It simultaneously hides and reveals. It transforms into an ideal

instrument of expression, a brush of self-help and personal salvation when life shows its harsh side. It is considered an immensely beneficial act for the suffering soul when words lose their meaning. The movement of the brush, an extension of the hand, mind, and heart, can release the burden carried by the artist and create a world of their own that they want to share with others.

The works of Sigrid Nassuphis, oil on canvas, are creations that began after the death of her husband. In mourning, the phrase often repeated by relatives and friends is, “I have no words.” Sigrid put words aside—words pierce like nails—and created a series of landscapes with the help of photography and guided by memory. She painted absence. Beauty exists, harmony soothes, the absence of people speaks. Shadows and light, serenity and threat.

Nature has perspective when people depart. It is consoling in its grandeur and beauty.

“I search for you in places that seem immortal,” as if she says. “Look at the mountains where I went with our sons when you left!” The tall mountains she loved, walked, and still walks even in her eighth decade of life, are her link to life. With colors and brushes as her guides, she opens a path. One that the beautiful wooden fences in front of the imposing mountain masses cannot close.