

Title	Artist's Narrative	Themes for discussion
<p>exodus Oil on canvas with wire frame 2015 99x78cm</p>	<p>The news shouts out about people fleeing, escaping, seeking refuge, trying to make home anywhere but home. This painting began in a post news-flash anger, giving rise to the spikes, drips and splodges of paint. The dark across the middle became a sea of people and as I painted them, I recalled a Biblical tale of movement. I began to see that I had the beginnings of a pillar of fire and a pillar of cloud. I was reminded that being human is about movement, yet the wire frame reminds us that movements are seldom freely chosen. This is Exodus.</p>	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What people do you think of when you think of people fleeing? How is their journey? 2. Every journey has an element of leaving something and of arriving somewhere. Of the other journeys you thought of, what are the starting and end points? 3. If one of the crowd is you, what do you see?
<p>One oil on stretched canvas 2013 96 x 96cm</p>	<p>This painting began as a surface to paint out my brushes and palette at the end of each studio day. The more I painted out my brushes, the more human shapes appeared. One day I noticed that some of the shapes made a single large head and then I realised that this canvas wanted to speak. As it did, I realised that no matter what colour, shape or size we happen to be, somehow, we are all one.</p>	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. There are all sorts of people in this painting. Who do you see? 2. What does all the mass of colour of people say to you? 3. If one of the crowd is you, what do you see?
<p>Padonna Oil on canvas, framed in copper fabric 2015 139x96cm</p>	<p>I heard the news of yet another male star able to devastate children's lives. And I thought, not all men are like that. This image of a father and child came to mind, but it was a struggle to paint. It wasn't until all four hands were showing that the relationship felt safe. Then I saw parent and child—mother and child—Madonna. And I realised this was Padonna. Then the background became Madonna blue. And that blue had hints of delft pottery and indigo dyes—the patterns and colours of empire imposed into African states. Then the fabric frame presented itself in the colour of copper; a colour of what has been removed from the African continent.</p>	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. What do you think as you see a Father and child rather than a Mother and child? Does it jar with a feminist perspective? 2. There are images of empire here, of wealth of some nations taken to other nations. What does this make you think about? 3. Knowing what inspired this piece, what issues are raised for you?
<p>Octave Oil on canvasses 2015 (and 2013) Avg 30x30cm</p>	<p>This set of eight began with Leap, painted in 2013. The person just emerged, flying peacefully into flame. He deeply moved a very inspiring man to declare to me that there should be more; there should be pieces which allowed him to dwell and to consider his very humanity. So Leap told me of other opposites; watching a flaming night, flying out of water, chilling on a cliff edge, calling casually from a height, waiting peacefully in darkness. The first piece with its buzz of colour asks us not to see, but to hear. The last piece, with its collage of flesh and fabric, asks us not to be busy, but to Be. However, and wherever we are.</p>	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Each of these pieces has a tiny puzzle, a confusion. What puzzles do you see? 2. Which of these pieces says most to you? 3. If any of these pieces is most like you, which is it?
<p>Bourdeilles Triptych Oil and beads on canvas stretched through three frames, mounted in wood 2001 49x157cm</p>	<p>This set of canvasses started life in Bourdeilles, the Dordogne in 1996. August 6, 1996 saw our family in Perigeux, buying me Birthday presents of canvas and stretchers, paint brushes, and turpentine. All was new. The first images on these canvasses were of summer sunflowers and French cottages, painted while I listened to our sons play guitar. In the summer of 1999, flowers and cottages gave way to three couples in differing types of relationships. In 2000, the canvasses whispered a deeper message and reminded me of the classic medieval triptych declaration of the Trinity. This is my version. Three parts, three dimensions. Undefined.</p>	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1.
<p>That you may have life 2007 Oil on canvas mounted on glass 63cm x 30cm</p>	<p>Rainbows are huge for me. I love them because I have to find the dark to see them. Placing my back to the light, pursuing the search in the dark clouds, there they are – all the colours in the universe arching in one (or two) shining bows, reminding us the dark clouds are only vapour.</p> <p>I tried so often to paint rainbows, finding twee results. This just catches a moment. It is hard to</p>	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. If rainbows are special to you, how are they special? 2. What does "that they may have life" mean to you? 3. What does abundant life make you think of?

	<p>see on this photo, but the painting is mounted on glass, of which you can just see the faint outside edge. The glass mount is just that, glass. See through to whatever, reflecting whatever. The rainbow is the light, the glass almost water.</p> <p>The title is from the gospel of John, my favourite theologian, who has Jesus say, "I came that they may have life, and have it abundantly".</p>	
<p>Word Becomes flesh 2012 Oil on stretched canvas with damask 127cm x 82cm</p>	<p>This began with three persons of the Trinity, imagining the top person to be Creator, the centre person, Spirit and the one of the edge, the Incarnated One. But as time went on, I recalled the theologian Carl Rahner's note that any one of the Trinity could have become The Christ.</p> <p>I enjoyed watching the female creator with her blond plait, but began to see that she could easily be Spirit Light and that the Incarnated One could be female. I enjoyed working with Spirit as an African Caribbean male with his warmth and energy, yet, as he plays with energy, he could be Creator and that the Incarnated One African Caribbean. As the Jesus figure holds light with no fear he could be Creator, and as an Arab, he could have been Spirit at anytime in Old Testament Prophets. What we know is that Word becomes flesh.</p> <p>The heavy damask cloth reminds me of heavy curtains in church alcoves and side chapels. Under the fabric bounces Trinity symbols, pushing through the traditional church fabric to remind us again and again that there is no fixed way of knowing God.</p>	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. How do you imagine the Trinity? 2. What do you think the Church usually says about Trinity? 3. Does how you imagine Trinity make any difference?
<p>We know Only in part 2012 Oil on stretched canvasses, wood, CDs and DVDs 128cm x 66cm</p>	<p>I started this painting by collecting the CDs and DVDs we had finished with which couldn't really be passed on. The top left is an individual canvas, stretched into folds, which grew into its colours on its own.</p> <p>The seven small canvasses also started of their own accord, receiving paint as I cleaned brushes. The centre canvas is an enlarged painting of a drawing I did whilst listening to a theological conference on scripture. It was only when in a new studio, with all the room and light, that I realised all of these fit together and indicate ways of knowing. So often, we fool ourselves to believe that one way of knowing is the only way, or the only correct way to know. This collection shows that we know what we know from images, sounds, movies, data, word, symbol, and so much more; often, just knowing.</p> <p>As we read in the New Testament book of Romans, in this life, we will only ever know in part.</p>	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. How do you know what you know about yourself? 2. Giving yourself permission to not give a "correct" answer, what is your own tried and tested way to know what you need to know? 3. When have you been surprised by the way you learned something? What did you learn?
<p>And it was good oil on tied and stretched canvas 2011 94 x 78cm</p>	<p>I had no idea what this painting would be. It started from the wood and fabric. The uprights are 300 year old yew, given by a neighbour whose family, generation by generation, couldn't bear to throw away the pruning remains. Between 2007 and 2011 the painting grew from its central core, making me think of poetry about the blanket of the sky and the unfolding of the universe.</p> <p>Suddenly I saw the small Yew branch from the left, which felt a little like a magic wand. And there it was, a creative act of sorts. None of us truly know how the universe began or why we are part of it. Scientists know how, more or less, and early theologians of many faiths tell stories about how it and we came to be. All we know is that at some time, it was good. The title comes from our Old Testament Creation stories.</p>	<ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1.
