



## The Stone Was Rolled Away

Oil on stretched canvas with cotton gauze and ribbon

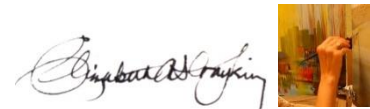
2007

90 x 40cm

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I woke one morning with this picture on my brain. I could see the vaulted ceiling of a huge cathedral and I could see a small person - in a corner, apparently ignored by the immensity of the institution of the Church. But as I painted, I couldn't manage the person in the bottom right hand corner and realised that s/he shouldn't be there.

Suddenly fabric burst forth with colour and movement and shape. As I watched this grow, it became a statement of my distance from, yet attachment to, the institutional Church. The Church and its core creeds have told me of love when I wished particular people might have. I have been ordained and upheld by the Church, even with my own deep critique of it. I both belong to it and fly out of it.



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