



I am one of those people who didn't fare well during the early days of the COVID-19 pandemic.

My spouse and I had just moved to Providence with the intention of exploring what the city had to offer — both socially and culturally. Then everything shut down. Truth is that I had plenty of art supplies and even a studio where we could safely go. But my spirit plummeted. My creativity waned. It wasn't pretty.

For decades I had painted on silk. I made beautiful things and, over the years engaged hundreds of people in that art making process. An arthritic thumb put that to an end. When we said goodbye to Western Massachusetts prior to our move, I left the equipment and supplies behind with an eager newbie to the medium.

When there was a commission to execute, I worked with my husband as the artist for stained glass windows. At the start of COVID we had one— a synagogue in Maine. There was a design challenge to master, glass to select and to paint. All good. Then what?

At some point a dear friend turned me on to gouache paints. Color. I could manipulate the color— something I had loved to do on silk with the dyes, but couldn't do with glass. I had a new medium to play with. What joy! I even digitized some of my paintings and had them transferred onto fabric. I thought of building a business from it. How can I monetize this work? But that goal put a damper on my initial delight.

Then came a new creative lull.

Over time I found myself engaged in multiple Zoom sessions. I needed to keep my hands busy while listening and glancing at the screen. For the first time in my life I understood why knitters knit. I doodled. I used metallic pens on black paper. The results amused me.

The pieces in this show are representative of the COVID leg of my creative journey— a journey of reclaiming my dormant creative voice, one I feared I'd lost forever.

I am grateful to the Sprout Gallery for the opportunity to share this work with others.
Enjoy.