

Jacob's Journey

A FAIRY TALE OF "TRUTHS"



PAINTINGS, PROSE & POEMS

By Rita Wilmers

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by Rita Wilmers, 2016

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Dedication

This book is dedicated to my parents,
Ruth and Sam Deaperak,
who were Holocaust Survivors. It is a testimonial
to the human spirit. To their bravery, courage and
the will to start a new life in a strange country
and their journey.
And to never forget.

It is a celebration of the inner child in all of us
seeking answers.

This is the story of a little boy in search
of his heritage. His namesake. His world.
His universe.



The Sandman's Song

22"x 30"

Acrylic, Mixed Media on Paper

The Sandman's Song

 outside painted leaves of brilliant shades of green and citron yellows playfully poke at one another. Sunlight, glorious in its splendor, floods the room. Miniscule particles twinkle, flittering through the air.

In her rocking chair, my youngest daughter cradles her newborn baby. A blanket creating swirling waves of blue water wraps around his tiny body. In the warmth of his mother's arms he nurses, as she gazes lovingly upon Jacob's face. A proud father fills his eyes with the sight of his first born son.

Filled with joy and admiration I watch. Beside me sits my father. He is the sandman.



To Soar Once More
12" x 12"
Acrylic, Mixed Media on Canvas

To Soar Once More

The sky is a palette of blue hues with scattered puffed pockets of cotton. The face of a kind elderly gentleman garbed in deep crimson with eagle's wings spread wide, soars through the air. He looks down below at a young boy. With laughter the man cries, "I can see you, can you see me?"

The young boy looks up to the blue heavens. His name is Jacob Louis. His quest is to find his namesake and to know his world. Once again the voice from above rings out "Jacob it is me, Pop Pop Sam, and I will guide the way for you."



The Fisherman
12" x 12"
Acrylic, Mixed Media on Canvas

The Fisherman

Jacob runs with his arms spread wide imitating the flying man. He is trying to chase the soaring eagle called “Pop Pop Sam”. Unable to keep up, running short of breath, he unexpectedly is surrounded by a jungle. The sky is now covered by vegetation of lush fruit filled trees. Waterfalls cascade with force down a mountain forming quiet rippling pools of water.

Jacob sees a man throwing something, making slashes through the air. He is the fisherman.

Mindful and with precision the fisherman casts his rod into the swirling waters so that he may find food to feed his family. A frog crouches, hidden atop a lily pad amongst the jungle of palms. He is patiently lying in wait for his own meal.

Observant, Jacob admires the fisherman and the frog. He admires the skills they both possess. Jacob realizes he too is hungry and stops to nourish himself from the fruit filled trees. With his belly satisfied, his hunger gone, Jacob continues on his journey.



Time Traveler

12" x 12"

Acrylic, Mixed Media on Canvas

Time Traveler

Jacob takes notice that the once calm waters are slowly churning and heading towards him. Without warning tides begin to rise, covering all the vegetation, covering the entire jungle. Frightened, Jacob calls out for help to the fisherman and frog while searching and looking up for the winged soaring man. All are unable to hear his pleas to rescue him, deafened by the crushing sound waves of the turbulent water. From the bottom of the ocean floor painted jagged edge chips splitter through the air. Jacob tries to escape the whirlpool and remove himself from the strong undertow. Cresting waves of foam topple Jacob.

A great fish with deep dark menacing eyes of green appears. The giant sea creature with slippery scales of orangey shades of gold calls out to the young boy struggling. The creature reminds Jacob that he was born in the land of many waters and to swim parallel to the shoreline. Encouraged, Jacob listens, recalling all that he had learned in the past.

Intuitively and feeling safe, he straddles the giant fish holding on to its splendid fins. The gentle creature is the time traveler. Fearlessly Jacob navigates his new friend. Shooting stars zoom by as the young explorer and his companion ride above the waves. Upwards they both rise headed towards galaxies unknown.



Constellation

40" x 40"

Acrylic, Mixed Media on Canvas

Constellation

Emeralds, blue sapphires, yellow diamonds and amethysts illuminate the night sky. The gems create the magical constellation of the lyrical songbird. Jacob wonders if perhaps the songbird can help lead the way to finding the answers to his quest. Nearing the vision, its aura, the adventurer tries to reach out and touch one of its pointed star jeweled wings. Hot to the touch he suddenly loses his grip on the magical fish. Slipping and sliding once again he tries to grab and reach the fins of the fish. Reaching out his arms, yet still too short, Jacob spirals downwards, past all the galaxies in what seems to be an eternity. He lands with a thump.



Sirens' Song

12" x 12"

Acrylic, Mixed Media on Canvas

Sirens' Song

A green grass carpet covers a thicket of pine needles and acorns, cushioning his fall. Dazed, shocked and surprised Jacob tries to clear his head. Butterflies flutter about. Birds soar through the air. Bees buzz, as hummingbirds sip nectar from glorious wild colored flowers. Ants create tiny colonies of hills and little creatures scurry about.

Jacob looks around his new surroundings. Watching in amazement at all the activity he begins to daydream. All the forest creatures have friends like themselves, he muses. The fisherman and frog have each other. Why, even the stars have their own companions. Jacob wonders if there is anyone like himself in this great big universe.

As night falls and hearing the lullabies of the sirens, Jacob is enveloped by sleep. The hours pass. Jacob arises with daybreak. Refreshed, from a good night's dream he thanks the sirens for watching over him.

Whistling the lullabies from the previous night with hope of finding others like himself, Jacob skips along the path greeting all the forest creatures. Then, out of the blue he sees an opening amongst the dense trees. There in a clearing, huddled together with heads bent low, sit a group of children like himself.

As Jacob approaches they all jump up making their introductions. Proudly, the first boy, sporting a light buzz cut says “I am Jack. I am the oldest of the group and this is my baby brother Max.” “I am Adam” says the second boy with a crown of short blond curls atop his head. This is my baby sister Gwen.” This he stated as Gwen continued doing head stands. “We come from the land of forests in the north.” “We are your cousins,” they all cry out filled with glee.

Behind the first group of children holding on to the hand of a little boy with hair the color of strawberry blond, is a little girl. In her arms she holds a baby boy with large brown eyes and dark hair. The little girl of crystal blue eyes and light blond brown wavy hair hugs and smothers Jacob with kisses. “ I am your sister Madelyn and this is sweet Robby our newest and youngest cousin and wiggling in my arms is our little baby brother Tyler.” Relieved, she places Tyler down on the ground so that he may roam freely as all eyes are watching.

In unison they cry out, “We have been waiting for you Jacob to come and lead the way! We too are looking for our namesakes!”

So, Jacob tells them of all his adventures and Pop Pop Sam the eagle winged man which have led him to them. Together they ready themselves for their quest to find their ancestors. The band of children gather their sparse belongings.

Hand in hand they walk.



Red String

12" x 12"

Acrylic, Mixed Media on Canvas

Red String

After a long while the cousins come to a massive cave. A giant boulder blocks the cave's entrance. They are all curious to see what is inside. The boys, summoning super human strength push the huge mass out of their way, making room for Jacob to enter the cave.

Jacob decides to prepare himself and to scout out the large cave. To make it safe for his cousins and himself he creates a check list marking the ground. "First, a shield and helmet to protect myself," he shouts out loud. Looking for supplies, scrambling about the dirt floor the cousins find a large turtle shell covered by grains of sand.

"We found something for you to wear," Adam and Jack yell. "Check," Jacob replies and marks it off his list. Jacob then directs the children to gather the long vines covering the ground. "Check!" yells Madelyn. "Make twisted braided straps," Jacob commands. Finishing one task after the other "check" rings out from Jacob's lips. Using a heavy branch stick Jacob pokes holes in his tortoise shield to insert the straps made of vines. Grunting, Adam and Jack lift the heavy tortoise shell. Over Jacob's cloth jacket with shiny buttons, Madelyn ties the tortoise shell using the buttons as an anchor.

Proud of themselves, their first goal of the check list completed they give each other the high five sign. The cousins shout exuberantly, “Check, let’s do it! ”

Jacob bravely, with his new suit of armor in place and stick in hand, enters the cave. Trying to get his bearings on the new surroundings, his eyes try to adjust to the darkness.

While treading slowly, carefully with purpose along the cave floor he becomes entangled in a thick mesh of red webbing. Its spidery tendrils wrap themselves around the shiny buttons of Jacob’s cloth jacket, catching the ridges of the covered turtle shelled armor.

Wondering what to do next Jacob calls out , “Jack and Adam hurry. I need you. I need your help!”

Jack, not wanting to leave his baby brother Max , tells Gwen and Madelyn, “Hold on to Max’s hand and do not let go! Keep Robby safe. Keep your eyes on Tyler! Do not wander! Wait until we call you to come in!”

Entering the dark cave Jack and Adam find their way to Jacob. As they get closer to Jacob the cousins begin to laugh. Their laughter rings throughout the chamber walls. Frustrated and hurt by their laughter Jacob yells at them, “untangle me!” “But Jacob you look so funny. You look like a big red blob,” exclaims Jack. “Sort of like a giant red spider!! All we can see are your shiny buttons,” chimes Adam. Jacob then looks down at himself and he too begins to laugh at what a sight he must be.

Suddenly without warning, interrupting the children's laughter, a loud boom shakes the cave walls of gold. A voice echoes throughout the chamber, "Careful boys, careful boys! Please please be gentle! You are holding holding the string string that leads leads to my heart heart!"

Frightened, all the while whispering to one another, they question who the voice could belong to. "Could it be Pop Pop Sam?" Stunned, the cousins take heed of the voice's plea. Quickly and quietly while looking at one another they complete the task at hand, freeing Jacob of the tangled red web. Gingerly tip-toeing on the cave floors, they continue to clear the path for their cousins who are waiting patiently outside the cave.

The three young adventurers call out to Madelyn and Gwen and their charges, "Follow the trail we have just cleared for you." Relieved to hear the boys' voices, Madelyn holding Robby's hand and Gwen holding Max's, with eyes on Tyler rejoice. The girls with their charges are once again happy to be reunited with Jacob, Jack and Adam.

Upon reaching the gold covered cave wall, Jacob and Jack see a stream of light in the blackness. The cousins, all holding hands, create a human chain following the radiating beam leading them to a series of openings.



Grotto of Heros

12" x 8"

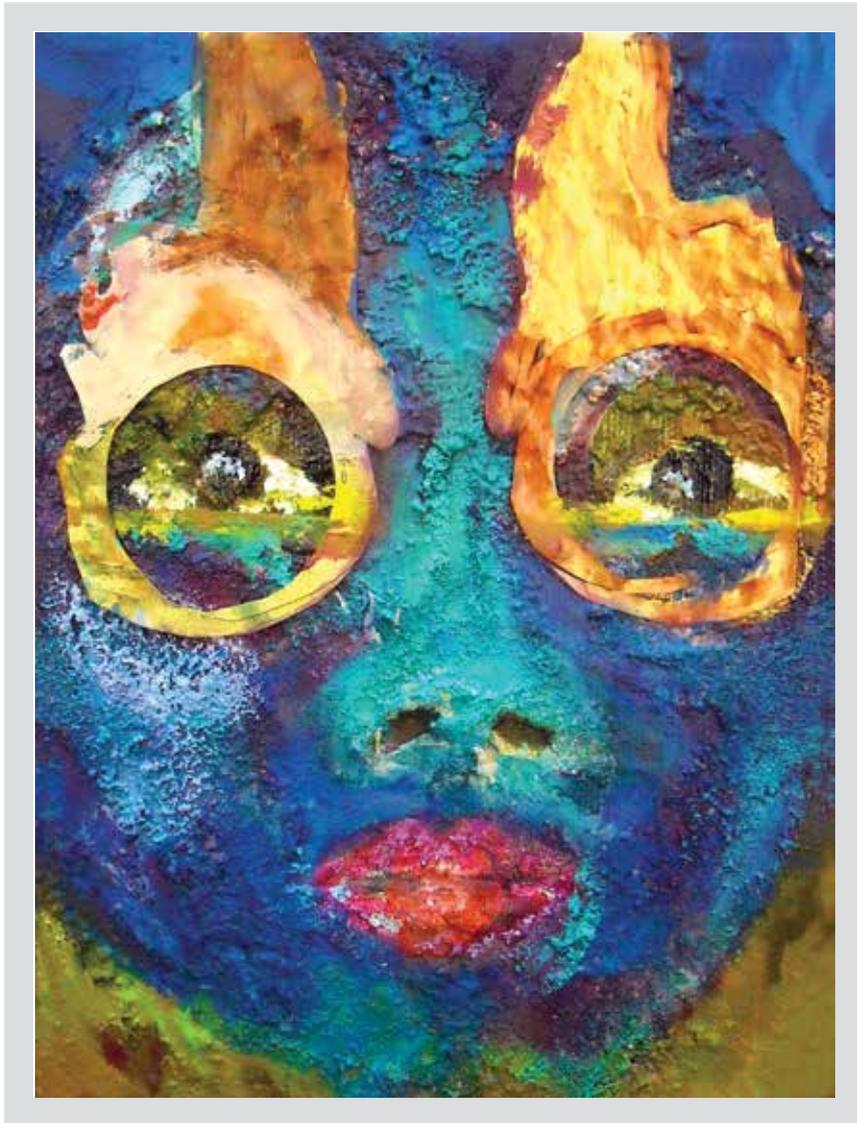
Acrylic, Mixed Media on Canvas

Grotto of Heros

The first is a grotto. Sad, looming eyes
are etched in the walls of stone.

A mirage of melancholy faces appear
as a reflection in stagnant pools of green waters.
In the shape of a dove is a beacon of light, its
light resting upon spirits, bound together forever.
Heroes all, 9/11, in their final resting place.

Quietly, signaling to one another, the children
realize they are in a sacred place. Respectively
they move on to the second opening in the cave.



Lady of the Blue Lagoon
5" x 7"
Acrylic, Mixed Media on Canvas

Lady of the Blue Lagoon

It is a lagoon covered in beds of seaweed filled with seahorses. Encrusted in the ocean walls is a face of a lady painted in shades of blues. Etched out profiles frame her face. Deep set eyes swim in crystal clear pools of water. Within the pools are ice capped mountains covered in clouds.

Knowing of her visitors and their mission she whispers, “Look straight into my eyes and follow them to where the mountain meets the rivers.” Riveted, in a trance like state, the children stare into the eyes of the lady of the blue lagoon. Trusting, they follow her hypnotic gaze.



Land of Contradiction

36" x 24"

Acrylic, Mixed Media on Canvas

Land of Contradiction

As the cousins reach their destination
thunderous storm clouds build.
Alongside the still waters of a river
bank sits a young boy in the shadows of his
friends, the animal kingdom. Wise beyond his
years, the youth studies quietly, reading from
the Book of Life.

Encouraged, with much fanfare, the cousins
greet the young scholar. In unison they ask,
“Do you know where we can find our name-
sake?” As the young scholar begins to answer
he is interrupted. Speeding down the mountain
are cyclists frolicking atop one another. In their
glee they scream out to the young scholar,
“Come join us, we are on our way to the fair-
grounds. Bring all your friends with you !”



The Fairgrounds

30" x 24"

Acrylic, Mixed Media on Canvas

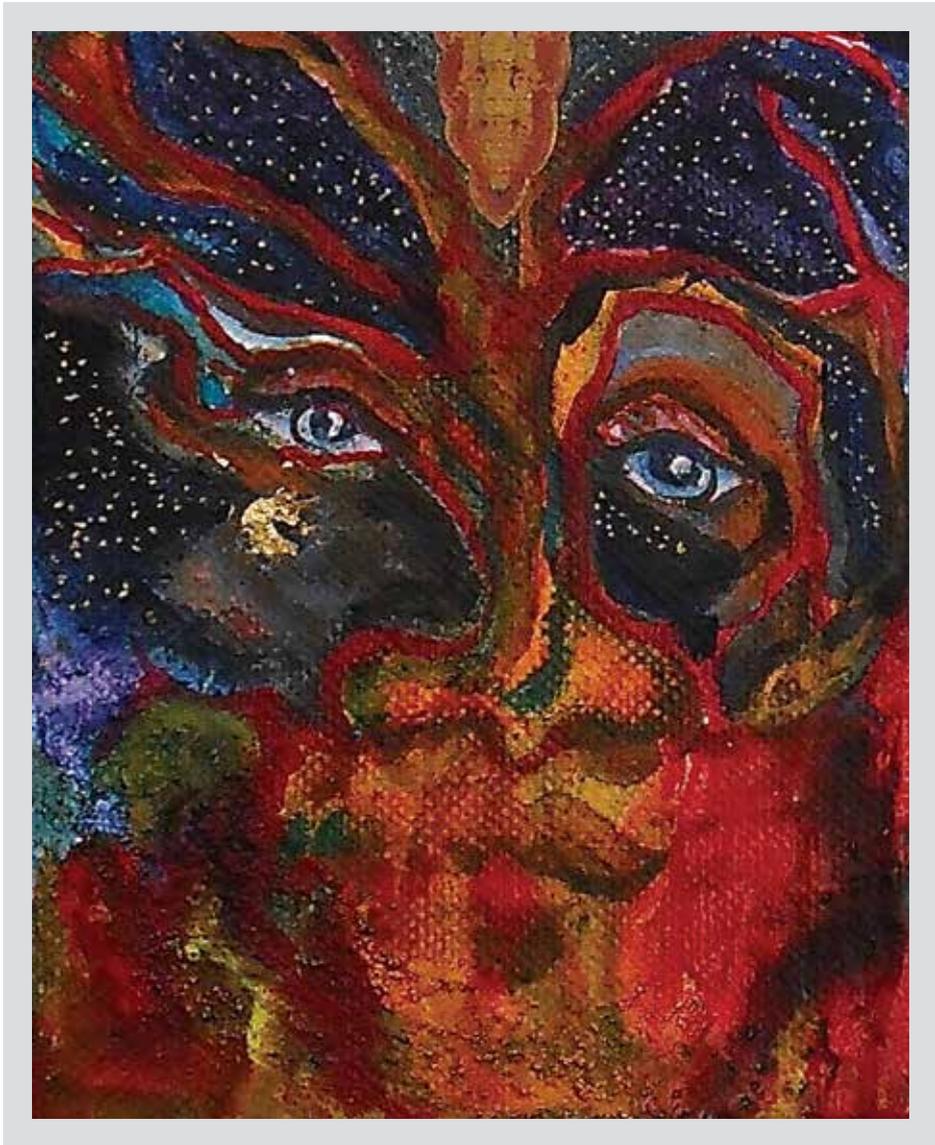
The Fairgrounds

Fancy ladies are dressed up in all their finery. Intertwined in their hair are brightly colored ribbons with bonnets of daisies topping their manes. The ladies twirl their parasols as they flirt with their gentleman friends.

Carousels and ferris wheels spin round and round with twinkling lights emanating from towers. Horns blare, drums snarl, cymbals clang. A cacophony of sounds. The marshal, adorned, resplendent in uniform leads the band.

The children have reached the fairgrounds! Aromas of pink cotton candy float in the air capturing their senses. The cousins and their new friends fill their bellies with ice cream and popcorn. In cadence to the music they march with the revelers until they come to a fork in the road. Wondering which fork they should take, unanimously the cousins decide to take the path that goes right. Their new found friends decide to stay behind with the fairgoers. They all embrace and say their farewells. “Until we meet again.”

Tired, weary, with baby Tyler whimpering, Jacob playfully lifts Tyler up on his shoulder. All are hoping Tyler will stop crying. The girls walk, swinging hand in hand, singing songs to calm the weary explorers.



Starry Night

4" x 5"

Acrylic, Mixed Media on Canvas

Starry Night

Stars dance in the night sky. A nocturnal being can be seen entwined in the branches of the trees. Eyes wide open keeping vigilance, a Buddha nests atop his head. A golden dove perches on a tree limb. Fireflies flicker in the darkness radiating a beacon of light.

The being speaks. "Do not fear Jacob. I am the night spirit that watches over all sleeping children. Rest with your cousins and when morning breaks follow the fireflies. Follow the fireflies and they will lead you out to your next destination on your journey."



Race Against Time

36" x 36"

Acrylic, Mixed Media on Canvas

Race Against Time

Well rested, the children begin the next step of their journey. Before them in the wide blue yonder skies amongst the banks of clouds they see a beautiful lady draped in a bed of roses. Spreading against the heavens of titanium white, blue crystal tresses fly, creating a fan around her face. She sits atop spoked wheels pedaling as fast as she can. Perched on a rear wheel is a rooster of copper feathers. The rooster appears to be navigating as Cossacks clothed in colorful robes merrily play their tambourines and fiddles. They are practicing for a wedding.

The children chase after the rose draped lady. Running. All trying to keep up with the whirling wheels that carry the lady and her band.



Under the Mandap

12" x 12"

Acrylic, Mixed Media on Canvas

Under the Mandap

Approaching their destination, the cousins and the rose clad lady see boys of all ages dancing in the street, all shouting as they bang on drums. The drummers invite the cousins to join them explaining there is to be a wedding and they are awaiting the arrival of the groom. Swinging toy swords, slashing the crisp summer breeze, all partake in the merriment.

Regal in white tunic, upon his head a jeweled turban rests. He is escorted by his brothers and father who is grasping an umbrella of red velvet festooned with gold tassels. In a decorated white horse drawn carriage they all sit. The dashing young man is on his way to meet his bride.

Women are dressed in silk saris of exploding colors of fuchsia, orange and lime. In the backyard, garden poles are thickly wrapped with bright garlands of yellow and orange marigolds. The richly garnished poles are holding up the mandap. A white veil acts as a canopy that blows with the gentle breeze.

Gathered together seated, forming a circle around the mandap, are family and friends. All are waiting to celebrate the union of the two soul mates. There is silence.

Draped in a silk red sari of embroidered metallic threads of gold is the bride. Gold jewels with gem stones adorn her face. Henna markings cover her hands. Tinkling gold bracelets wrap around her wrists. In her jeweled slippers she gently floats down a white path strewn with rose petals She is about to meet her beloved and exchange vows of lasting love.

Jacob with baby Tyler and Madelyn, all their cousins and the rose covered lady with her musicians rise from their seated positions. All are welcomed to witness the union of the two lovers under the mandap. All the children and guests are invited to celebrate in the festivities.

Continuing into the late night and after much food, drink, music, and dance, the cousins realize they must be on their way. Jacob, wanting to reciprocate the generosity afforded them, invites the wedding guests to come with them on their search. He tells them of their shared adventures and of the lands he and his sister and his cousins have visited.

Upon hearing of the children's journey, the bride and groom about to go on their honeymoon decide to go with the young explorers instead.

All the wedding guests nod in agreement with the newly wedded couple to help the children in their quest. They join, understanding that they too may learn something very special.

The entourage, now consisting of the cousins, the newly wedded couple and wedding guests, the rose covered lady and her playing band continue on their long journey making rest stops along the way. This, during their waking hours, all the while animated and talking and chatting, sharing and bonding, as they speak of their lives. All of them navigating paths through lands unknown.



The Sage

12" x 12"

Acrylic, Mixed Media on Canvas

The Sage

Much time lapses and the explorers all notice a wreath of golden flames. Wondering what it could be they cautiously approach.

Quietly he walks with deliberate steps and gentle gait. His footsteps leave no prints on the earthen floor. He comes from lands far far away. Encircling the wise man are his followers floating, illuminating with outstretched arms protecting the man. He is The Sage and his followers are creating an arch of hope and enlightenment.

The children aware of the solemnness before them wonder if this wise man and his followers have the answers to their namesake. Able to hear the thoughts of the young children he says, “No, I am here to warn all those before me of the impending doom caused by man’s folly. Come join me Jacob with all your family and friends and together we will find the answers we all seek.” With pounding hearts the cousins take a vote and unanimously decide to follow the mystical being.



Magical Kingdom

12" x 12"

Acrylic, Mixed Media on Canvas

Magical Kingdom

The Sage leads them to the Magical Kingdom. It is a kingdom of pristine fauna. Sitting in a lotus position is a gold rabbit masked Buddha with a ruby jewel nestled in his belly. Up in the hills a castle sits surrounded by tea gardens with air permeating scents of lilac and lavender. The Buddha masked rabbit invites the adventurers into the sanctuary.

Weaving in and out of the delicate coral reefs are clown fish, sea horses, and all creatures of the sea. A cornucopia of sea life. A great and huge tortoise acts as a guard. He eyes the visitors suspiciously. He is leery of all these newcomers. News of man's folly has already reached the magical kingdom. All fear it is too late...



A Commentary... Man's Folly

40" x 30"

Acrylic, Mixed Media on Canvas

A Commentary... Man's Folly

Beyond the walled in sanctuary, in the far distance, Jacob and all the others hear a commotion. The cousins with their new found friends follow the emissaries of the magical kingdom to the beaches beyond the walls. The sounds grow louder becoming wails of anguish. They spot the once crystal blue ocean heaving up contaminated balls of black tar. The noxious thick air burns the nostrils. Under sweltering skies hazmat-suited men shovel up the slick black slime from what were once pristine beaches of sand.

A large stone like figure, his face grim with anger, can be seen embedded in the ocean floor. It is Neptune, G-d of the oceans. Alongside him on a boulder sit oil covered birds. Sea gulls heavy and laden with the black slime plead to be rescued. Neptune's spear pierces what appears to be paper money as it flies thru the air. With rage he cries out, "What has man done? This universe is a gift to all to be passed from generation to generation." In the contaminated waters ghost like spirits bob up and down emanating muffled mysterious sounds.

Heartsick, Jacob and Madelyn hold on to Robby and baby Tyler, Adam with Gwen, and Jack with Max, all cling together.

The young explorers are frightened by the eery sounds and devastating sight before them. Their newly joined friends and followers confused, look about in disbelief as tears flow from their eyes.

They all look to the Sage for comfort, for answers.

“Children, through the ages mankind has ignored its true heart, its true purpose, its mission. In its haste for immediate gratification we continue to plunder the environment doing foolish things not caring of the consequences of our actions. Greed and avarice serving the few.”

Hearing those words and with much contemplation, Jacob, the cousins and all their new friends understood what the wise man was saying. And so on that day of Man’s Folly both the young and old from lands far and wide took a pledge. They would first find others like themselves and all find ways to nurture and live in harmony with the earth. Their legacy would be to pass on a better world. As the pledge was taken the ghostlike heads bobbing in the ocean began to metamorphosize. Color and shape began to form and distinguish features on the bobbing heads. Names rang out clearly from the lips of the faces now forming. “We are your namesakes, I am Jakub.” “I am Louis.” “I am Mihaly.” Ringing out clearly from their lips came the names Irving, Bella, Max, Betty, Ida, Ruth, Jenya, Leo, Manya, and Elizabeth, a cacophony of names. “We are your namesakes, all names to be carried on forever generation upon generation into a better world.”

With hope Jacob looked up beyond the clouds once again. And there he saw the kindhearted gentle faced man dressed in crimson with eagle wings spread wide crying out with joy, “ My family, my children, it is I, Pop Pop Sam. I have always been with you in your hearts following you on your journey. And now I can see you once again.”

“On the sixth day she created a new beginning...”



On the Sixth Day She Created...

36" x 36"

Acrylic, Mixed Media on Canvas

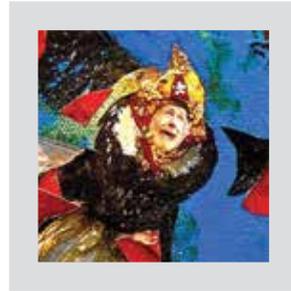
Poems



The Sandman's Song

Outside painted leaves of brilliant shades
of green and citron yellows
Playfully, they poke at one another
Sunlight glorious in its splendor,
floods the room.
Minuscule particles twinkle,
flittering through the air.
In her rocking chair, my youngest
daughter cradles her newborn baby
A blanket creating swirling waves of blue
waters wraps around his tiny body
In the warmth of his mother's arms he
nurses, as she gazes lovingly upon
Jacob's face.

Filled with joy and admiration I watch
Beside me sits my father
He is the sandman.



To Soar Once More

The sky, a palette of blue hues with
scattered puffed pockets of cotton
Garbed in deep crimson with eagles
wings spread wide
He looks down below at all his
loved ones
And with laughter he cries,
"I can see you, can you see me?"
Oh, but to soar once more

And as she lay there
Garbed, in a gown of purple amethyst
Eyes, blue as the sky, closed
Quiet
Still
Resting
Daughters at her bedside taking vigil
Her hand in each
She takes her last breath
To the heavens she cries
"Yes, I can see you!"
Oh, to soar once more



The Fisherman

Rippling water swells,
 circling the fisherman
Behind him waterfalls cascade with a
 force down the mountain
Lush fruit filled trees surround him
Mindful, the fisherman casts his rod into
the swirling waters so that he may
 feed his family
A frog crouches, hidden atop a lily pad
 amongst the jungle of palms
He too is patiently lying in wait for his
 own meal



Time Traveler

From the bottom of the ocean floor,
 painted jagged edge chips
Flying the crests of the waves
A great fish of giant proportions appears
Slippery scales of orange with
 shades of gold
Deep dark menacing eyes of green, pierc-
ing
The sea creature, with a gentle voice calls
 out to a young boy



Constellation

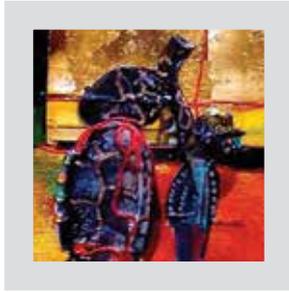
Emeralds, blue sapphires, yellow
diamonds and amethysts
illuminate the night sky
Crystalline flakes of snow, free falling
in the blistering frigid air
Amongst the bare branches, tiny dried
buds appear, hinting of the
spring to come
And the brilliant ruby shaped heart
hangs...
Holding the secret tales of lost lovers
All creating the magical constellation
of the lyrical songbird



Sirens' Song

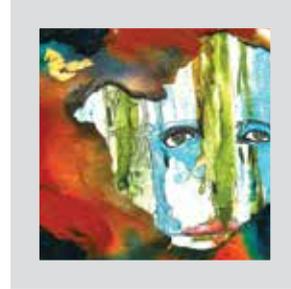
Birds twitter
A mocking bird flutters his wings
He is imitating his fellow friends
Branches crackle as the soft winds blow
Leaves whisper to each other in
the stillness

Dusk descends and the sirens lament
over the children lost and missing
With a soft soothing lullaby the sirens
woo, keeping vigil



Red String

Massive doors of shiny brilliant
gold ingot
Frigid, cold air
Cave floors
Densely packed mounds of dirt
Strewn webs of red string
Two young boys in protected gear enter
Each one covered, with the shell of
a tortoise



Grotto Of Heroes

Sad, looming eyes
A mirage of melancholy faces
Pooled reflections
Outlined by a beacon of light
In the shape of a dove
Heroes all
9/11
Spirits, bound together forever waiting
In their final resting place



Lady of the Blue Lagoon

Encrusted in the ocean walls the face
of a lady
Deep set eyes swim in crystal clear
pools of water
Within the pools ice capped mountains
covered in clouds
Etched out profiles frame her face
Knowing of her visitors and their
mission she whispers
“Look straight into my eyes”
“Follow them to where the mountain
meets the rivers”



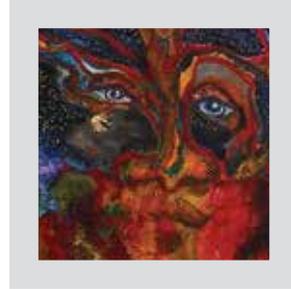
Land Of Contradiction

Thunderous storm clouds build
Loudly in the distant background
they grumble
Alongside the still waters of a river bank
sits a young boy
Dressed in robes of many colors
Cast in the shadows by his friends
The animal kingdom
Wise beyond his years the youth studies
Quietly
He reads from the Book of Life.



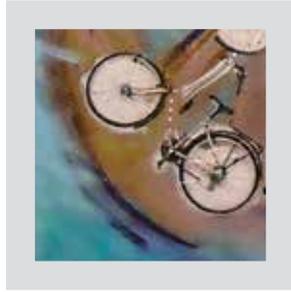
The Fairgrounds

Fancy ladies dressed up in all their finery
Ribbons, brightly colored, intertwine
 loquets of their hair
Bouquets of daisies create bonnets
 atop their manes
Twirling their parasols, arm in arm
 they stride
All the while flirting with the gentlemen
Carousels and ferris wheels spin round
 and round
Twinkling lights emanating from towers,
 glow
Horns blare, drums snarl, cymbals clang
A cacophony of sounds
The marshal, adorned, resplendent
 in uniform
Leads the band



Starry Night

Night falls
A nocturnal being entwined
 in branches
Eyes wide open keeping vigilance
Buddha nests atop his head
A golden dove perches on a tree limb
Fireflies flicker in darkness
Radiating a beam of light
And the being speaks



Race Against Time

Wheels spin furiously against the heavens
A beautiful lady draped in a bed of roses
Blue crystal tresses fly,
 creating a fan around her face
She sits atop spoked wheels
Pedaling as fast as she can
Precariously perched on a rear wheel,
 a rooster of gold and
 copper feathers navigates
Cossacks clothed in colorful robes
 merrily play their tambourines
 and fiddles
They practice for the impending wedding



Under the Mandap

Regal in white tunic, upon his head
 a jeweled turban rests
In a decorated white horse drawn
 carriage he sits
Escorted by father and brothers
A dashing young man on his way to
 meet his bride
She, draped in red sari and threads of gold,
Henna markings cover her hands
Gem stones adorn her face
Tinkling gold bracelets wrap her arms
In her jeweled slippers she floats
Down a white path strewn with rose petals
Poles thick, with bright garlands
 of yellow and orange marigolds
A white veil acts as canopy
Forming a circle are family and friends.
All waiting to celebrate the union of two
 soul mates.
Silence



The Sage

Quietly he walks with deliberate steps
and gentle gait
His footsteps leave no prints on
the earthen floor
He comes from lands far far away
Encircling the wise man are his followers
Outstretched arms create a wreath
of golden flames
They float illuminating the great sage
creating an arch of hope and
enlightenment



Magical Kingdom

A kingdom of pristine fauna
In lotus position a rabbit masked
Buddha sits
A ruby jewel nestles in his belly
Up in the hills a castle sits
Lush tea gardens surround
Permeating the air whiffs of lilac
and lavender



A Commentary... Man's Folly

Oceans heave up contaminated
balls of tar

Sea gulls heavy and laden with black oil
plead to be rescued

Under sweltering skies hazmat-suited
men shovel up slick black slime

Noxious perfumed thick air burns
the nostrils

Tears flow from eyes of humans,
their rescuers

Heartsick, they stand on what were once
pristine beaches of sand

Afterword

I am the daughter of Holocaust survivors. In the quiet of the night I often asked myself how did my parents survive when so many perished? What did they do differently than those who died so brutally? Why did my parents live? What happened to those 6 million Jews who were murdered?

As an artist I continue to ask the same questions. It is in my paintings that I find solace and where I also seek answers to human existence. My art is a spiritual journey as child, as mother, and now as grandparent. Each painting is a story of a past, present and future.

Now, the birth of my first grandson Jacob Louis, has led me to a wonderful realization and revelation. It is through Jacob that I find meaning as to where my recently deceased father has gone and a generation lost.

It is now that I truly understand the meaning of being a grandparent and the joy that takes place each and every day. Time has passed since I first started Jacob's Journey as a series of paintings. My mother is now gone.

I now am blessed with six grandchildren and two grandnephews. It began as my parents' journey and continues on in the generations that follow.

The End