

SOUL ROOTS

HOMAGE TO MY GRANDFATHER

As a woman, I have struggled to connect with a satisfying masculine principle. Only after much soul searching did I realize that there was a man in my own family who offered an inspiring model upon which to base my values. Because I had focused on what I did not receive from my father, I had forgotten what my grandfather had given me. It has been a joyous journey to claim the gifts which he seeded in me: my connection to nature, the power to envision a positive future, and the symbolic richness of my imaginal world.

When, as an adult, I finally looked closely at early family photographs, I saw that my paintings were deeply rooted in childhood sense memories. These photographs brought three voices together: the felt-sense memories of childhood, the expression of these memories in symbolic imagery, and the mature verbal skill which integrated them into a conscious narrative.

My grandfather was an architect and he set the tone for the strong artistic voice that expressed in our family. He loved to document family life and I am grateful for his heartfelt photographs that bring my memories back to life. I am moved by the power of his masculine energy to create the container out of which the quality of our lives issued.



*This is the only photo I took of you,
my grandfather.*

You were 89 and I was 19.

*Now that you have left,
the ripples of your being
awaken in me an awesome
timelessness.*

*It has been an arduous journey
to claim the gifts
which you seeded in me.*

*You were a man
and I looked for you in other men.
Today I know that you live
in my own Soul.*

*It is not wrong
to take a bite out of the apple.*

It is beautiful to be naked.

*It is petty of a God
to kick his children
out of the garden.*

My Grandfather taught me this.

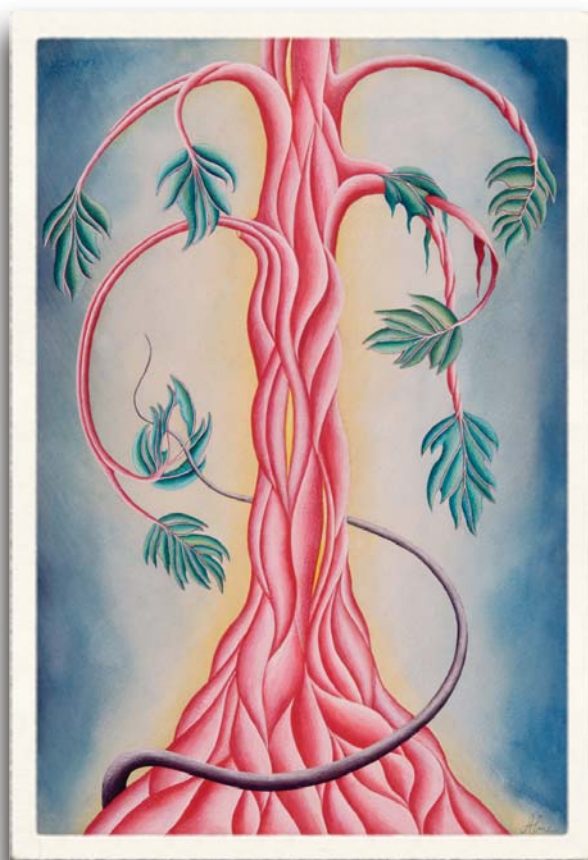




*Very young
you sat me against a tree.*

*Branches drawing in
the light from heaven;
Roots pulling up
the richness of the earth.*

*And at their meeting place,
my young body.*



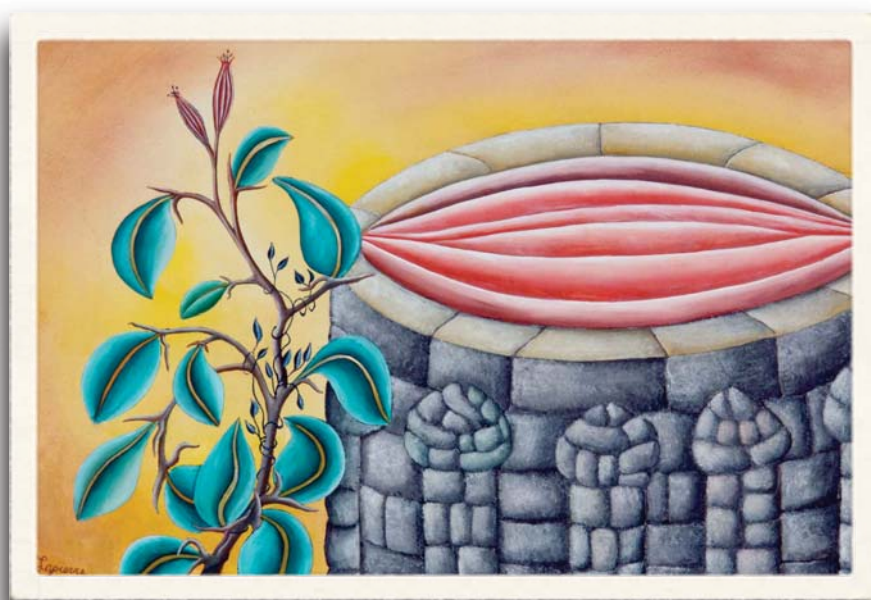


*Every evening,
we walked the stone path
to check the water level in the well.*

*The water travelled deep underground
you said.*

*You taught me to use the plumbline,
to lower it until I felt the bottom,
and measure the moisture
on the string
as I retrieved it*

*With you I probed
the moist darkness of the earth,
its musty smell forever etched
in my senses.*





*I remember the wind on this day,
it was particularly friendly
blowing through my hair.*

*I remember the sun on this day
gently filtering through the leaves,
flickering on my face.*

*I turned to see you
pointing your camera at me
as if you knew that I would need
to remember this moment.*

*I am grateful to you
for this image of my young self.*





*My mothers! My many mothers.
Protected as we were amidst the trees that you had planted,
on the land that you tended,
they cared for me with generosity and expansiveness.*

*Lovingly you created a place
where we could enjoy Essential Beauty.
Pauline, Suzanne, Helene, Lise . . . Aline...your daughters all.*





*I called the squirrel
to show my father
how gently to approach him.*

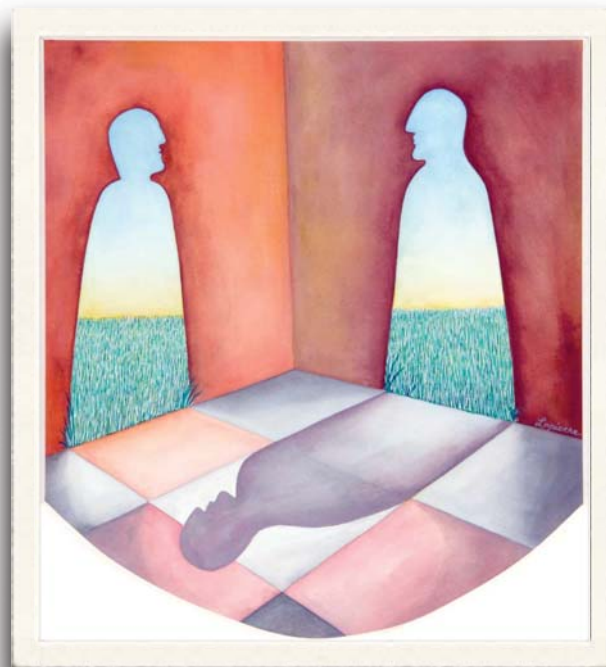
*I feared this man for reasons
I could not fathom.*

*My sadness was deep
at the thought
that he did not understand
as you did, what could be.*

*"Children," he said,
"are like animals...they should
be tamed and disciplined."*

*The problem was
he did not know
the true nature of animals,
and even less about children.*

*Because of you,
I knew that he was wrong.*





*You taught me how to shoot
straight for the center,
to delicately balance
my weight on the water.*

*You gave me tools to my size
so that I would not feel
the limitations of my small body.*

These things were important to you.

*I thought it was only play.
Now I see that you were teaching me
the wisdom to go my own way.*



There is an eye which is not an eye, yet sees like an eye.

There is a vision in my feelings.

"Come deeper," I hear the call...

"You must be fearless on this journey of no return."





*This new dance must be
Ethereal exploration within the strength of muscle.*

*Seeking to perfect the form, yet
living as though free of it.*

Lithographs and Giclée prints are available for certain images.

For more information go to: <http://DrAlineLaPierre.com/gallery.html>

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