



HEART OF THE GARDEN

Daksha Baumann - Fiber Wall Sculpture

### ***Ebb and Flow*** No. 3

February, 2015

"I began this piece with a failed section of my mother's, Jean Baumann's, work. It did not begin as a failure. It was a total success. A wedding quilt, all pure white cotton covering the quilt batting. She spent hours on the fine intricately sewn quilting patterns of curves and straight lines. By mistake it was put in the washing machine and the batting, being wool fleece, shrunk terribly. The intricate stitches were pulled into puckers as if smocked. She was heartbroken to see her work ruined but the quilt, still serviceable, lasted many more years.

After I inherited it and used it for many years also, the cotton cover, finally worn, ripped, and threadbare was removed. I was intrigued with the felted impression of her stitches still evident in the wool. I looked at it for a couple of years wondering what I would do with it. Would I repair the weak areas and stabilize the width and length so it might again be used as a bed cover? I considered various options. One day I decided to be daring and cut out the area that drew me in and started my imagination working. So then I began sewing and manipulating it until it spoke to me in a language I understood. Fibers and flowers, plants and pins, willow and wire married together to show where I go in winter while the world is encased in snow and ice, and I dream of the garden as I work with fibers inside in the warmth." by Daksha Bauman

### *Lenten Programs 2015: Celebrating Sacred Space*

"Everything is either sacred or desecrated." So Wendell Berry said in an interview with Bill Moyers. In the midst of our increasingly desecrated environment and an increasingly desecrated public discourse, as an act of protest, as an act of hope, we propose to celebrate sacred space.

- Sun. Feb. 22, 4 p.m. - Celebrating Sacred Space and Time: *Jon Imber's Left Hand*, Richard and Melody Kane-Lewis' award winning documentary. Q&A with Dick Kane.
- Sun. Mar. 1, 4 p.m. - Celebrating Reversing Falls Sanctuary as Sacred Space: Creating a Labyrinth in the Sanctuary with Chris Farrow-Noble and sacred circle dancing with Carl Karush.
- Sun. Mar. 8, 4 p.m. Celebrating Local Farms through the Lens of Art: A slide show with music by Pat Wheeler.
- Sun. Mar. 15, 4 p.m. Celebrating Sacred Places of the World: *The Lost Language of Architecture*, a film by Carol Gregor.
- Sun. Mar. 22, 4 p.m. Celebrating "Thin Places" of Brooksville, the Peninsula, and the Island: A Celtic Ritual Experience.
- Sun. Mar. 29, 4 p.m. Celebrating the Bagaduce as Sacred Space: An Exhibit of Tonyia Peasley's photos of the Bagaduce, the Brooksville Elementary students' art work the photos inspired, and paintings of the Bagaduce by Annie Poole, with a discussion with presenters Tonyia Peasley, Becky Poole, Elaine Hewes, and Annie Poole.

*Other Events* at Reversing Falls Sanctuary during Lent include:

- Every Friday at 4 p.m. Community Sing with Carl Karush
- Tuesday, Feb. 24, 4 p.m. First meeting of Women's Group Fiber Arts Circle. Future dates and time to be decided.
- Fri. Mar. 6, 7 p.m. Emily Blair Stribling reads from her new book of poetry, *The Mercy of Light*
- Fri., Mar. 20, 4 p.m. *An Equinox Celebration*
- March date for joint meeting with North Blue Hill Grange TBA

More information on all events at [www.reversingfalls.org](http://www.reversingfalls.org)



The Opening of ENCODED CONVERSATIONS - FIBER ARTS - Gail Vencill speaks

Photos by Pat Wheeler

Pat Wheeler named the Fiber Arts Exhibit "Encoded Conversations." Among the many stunning art works in the exhibit, none better exemplified the theme than did Lynn Carroll's grandmother's satin diamond quilt. As you will see in Lynnsey's article which follows, inside each diamond on the quilt her grandmother enclosed an encoded conversation.

**"My first memory is grandma's hands surrounded by mounds of green beans. Snap. One piece here, another there, a rhythm of work, kitchen damp with steam. I was an infant on her lap. My hands chubby, moist and pink in hers, gnarled and bent like old tree stems. I snapped with her, delighted at the task. Ma kept the canner boiling and filled the jars, wiping the beads of sweat from her brow. Grandma and I were content in our work.**

**Grandma's hands were the source of her livelihood. At 14, she was sent to a milliners shop on Chapel Street to learn the trade. The year was 1898. Since that day she sewed clothes for her children, hats for the ladies and always a quilt from the scraps of life, nothing to waste. Most of Grandma's quilts were for warmth – beautiful and lovingly stitched. But this one was precious, a fancy quilt of satin diamonds. At age 91 she tried to teach me to make a satin diamond. First you cut a pattern from cardboard or paper, whatever was available. Then the material, roughly cut and ironed over the pattern, pinned, sewed. Hers came out with neat points, mine with rounded nubs. Inside each diamond are words and colors, meaning hidden and unknown. Maybe they were simply magazine ads or tossed away boxes. But I wonder if her words were there too. If not in writing then certainly her thoughts moved into the recesses of the diamonds.**

**These diamonds hold the fabric of her life – the birth of her children, the death of her youngest son and her husband. Grandma worked on this quilt her whole life. I remember her at her sewing table on the sun porch of her tiny home along the Quinnipiac River, the quilt in her lap, thimble ever present on her finger. Windows covered two sides of the porch and were filled with African violets. A big grey tabby held sway over her domain in the sunniest spots. When Grandma was very old, we all took turns staying a night or two each week. My night was Tuesdays. I would come in the afternoon to find her on the sun porch, most often working on this quilt. She was slow then, her eyesight dimmed and some of her diamonds were not so sharp. Grandma sewed her loneliness, her depression at being disabled and old, and I hope her acceptance of what life had brought her, into this quilt. She sewed so she could keep on. This quilt holds not only Grandma's sorrows but her beauty too, gently, respectfully, as she lived. This quilt holds her life."**

On a cold and snowy Sunday, Feb. 1, more than seventy people came to the opening to see the work of eighteen exhibitors and to hear them describe the stories encoded in their work.