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The Ocean Calls

"Star light.
Star bright.
First star I see tonight.
I wish I may.
I wish I might.
Have the wish I wish tonight."

When you were a child, did you speak this rhyme as the first star twinkled in the waning light of a summer evening? Did your wish come true? Mine did. (Although not always in the way I was expecting!)

My first wish, as far back as I can remember, was for a pair of roller skates. Every night as regular as "clock work" I would express that desire in the form of a very sincere wish. I don't recall how long it took (for a child it was forever!) before my dream came true. One Christmas, under the tree, THERE was a pair of roller skates. They were old and well used, but my wish had come true.

Next I wished for a horse. The day came when my Dad came home with a horse to help with the farm work. It was a work horse that would not abide being ridden by a wriggly, anxious young girl. (He would walk in a circle and return to the farmyard gate, no matter how I tried to motivate him.)

With that kind of a track record, you would suppose that I would give up "wishing on a star". Call me hopelessly romantic, but I still tried. My next wish, as a teenager planning a future, I wished to become a movie star. Night after starry night, "I wish I were a movie star." My third wish came "true" in an unusual way. I became an extra in the movie "The Greatest Story Ever Told". I was so far away from any semblance of a camera, I might as well have been a flea on a camel..

Now, you may think that I would give up this endeavor (Remember that hopeless romantic?). I cannot resist the first sparkling star of the evening "Star light. Star bright.".....

Next Issue: Cat Tales

By now, you know that I love to paint the ocean. My studio holds several canvases in various stages of completion. There is a sunset sea unfolding; a rendering of the ocean in the moonlight, three-quarters completed; several versions of the misty rain; and in the planning stages, bright beautiful sunny days with aqua translucencies topping rolling breakers. Having so many pieces to work on satisfies the yearning to be walking on the beach with the roar of the surf in my ears.

Well, I am satisfied for only a short while. Soon I will be packing a picnic lunch, loading camera and sketch pad into the back of the Suburban and heading West. Within an hour and a half I will again be there, observing the mistress as she beats relentlessly against her limitations; the shorebirds wailing their plaintive cries; the rain slanting across the horizon, driven by the persistent Southwesterly wind.

"the shorebirds wailing their plaintive cries;"

I am enamored of the sea in all her moods. I have sat at the edge of the water and watched as a gray foggy captor held the mistress subjugated in elusive silvery-white bonds, to release her only when sunlight burned its way through the overcast sky. I have thrilled to the thundering breakers crashing upon volcanic rocks that jut out into the surf in majestic defiance of the never-ending onslaught from lace edged deep green water. On some very special afternoons the brilliance of the diamond cast glitter scattered by the hovering sun, lingers in my memory long after the last balmy breeze settles upon the murmuring ripples. Other occasions present the ocean's surface nearly as calm as any inland lake. Billowing white clouds reflect upon the water as far as you can see. A huge ocean going vessel seems a speck on the

horizon. One of my favorite times to stroll the shoreline is during a misty rain that drifts gently across the scene, refreshing my senses, yet not penetrating enough to get me wet. These are the times for pondering the problems that now seem so easy to solve. There is time to watch the rollers push toward the beach and dissolve into the sand, edging the dark wetness with a collar of glistening foam. I contemplate the gliding seagulls as they skim the peaks of the waves.

All these intimate moments add up to a painting forming in my thoughts. As I watch the unfolding of the beauty before me, in my mind I am already spreading oil paint onto a stark white canvas. Here a line, there a splash of color. In the sky will be a gathering of gulls. There will be a group of dark rocks on the left, a headland to the right.... And so the musing takes form.

"There will be a group of dark rocks on the left, a headland to the right"

The ocean calls me. Since I was a child the lure of the sea has been beckoning me. I am not the only one. Around the world men and women "go down to the sea in ships". Coastal real estate is in high demand (and high in price). It appeals to all the senses.

See the magnificence that is the ocean. Taste the salt air. Smell the dampness of the earth. Touch the roughness of the rocks. Hear the ocean call.



Featured Artwork

Edge Of The Sea



"You are standing at the 'edge of the sea' and drinking in the pure beauty of the rolling surf under a clearing sky. The moment is perfect for enjoying the aqua breakers and sapphire blue ocean, as clouds drift away before your eyes."

Eagle Rock



"Standing at the edge of the sea, enjoying the last rays of sunset, you suddenly realize the dark mass before you literally represents the symbol of strength and freedom of this great country. It is known as 'Eagle Rock'."

Tidal Watch



"The tide is rising and winds begin to gust as a storm blows in from the Northwest. It is an awesome and breathtaking sight to stand at a distance and 'tidal watch'."