

April 1, 2003 Issue

By Land Or Sea



Nature is so eloquent when she puts on her Spring garments. She clothes her bosom with palest shades of yellow green that shimmer with dewy diamonds in warm sunlight. She wraps herself in a velvety grey mantle that billows in the howling winds churning around her shoulders. Her feet are embraced by the daintiest of blossoms in a multitude of tender colors. And on her head she wears a band of ephemeral substance, a rainbow of enchanting brilliance, fading to a mere hint of glorious ruby, amethyst, sapphire, emerald and gold. The companions she hosts are four legged or winged; roaring or timid, always trusting in her bounty. Spring is Nature's moment to shower mankind with surprises. If she is petulant, thunder storms beset us. When she is moved to gentleness, delicate, warm breezes caress us and coax us to remove the outer garment protecting us from the chill of a day not yet matured into robust summerhood. I wax poetic. Spring is my favorite time of year.

Next Issue: Gallery Update

How often have I longed to see
 The nation stretching out to me.
 Beckoning with open arms
 To scrutinize its many charms.

I yearn to travel over land,
 Experiencing at first hand
 The grasslands waving 'neath the sun
 With miles of golden grain as one
 Large blanket laid out neat
 In undulating fields of wheat.

I'd ride the rails from hill to vale
 Until the moonrise waxes pale
 Upon the cloudless nighttime sky,
 Then rest as miles and miles slide by.

**"...miles of golden grain as
 one large blanket laid out
 neat..."**

What wonders will I gaze upon
 When sunrise blushes a new dawn?
 Will snow clad mountains tower high
 Caressing morning's ice blue sky
 That stretches far as eye can glance
 Inviting eagles' mating dance?

I'd thrill to tumbling waterfalls
 As wanderlust within me calls,
 "Come; rugged, rocky course invites
 An artist to these mighty heights."

From town to village, ranch to farm
 I'd soak up all this nation's charm,
 To paint in pastel, oil, or gouache
 Or render in the carefree wash
 Of watercolor light and free,

My next adventure as I roam
 Will be to seashores close near home
 Where soaring seagulls lift on high
 And skree their calls upon the sky.

Where whales and dolphins ply the
 waves.
 Where seals seek shelter in the caves
 Formed by the water, wind and rain.
 They splash away and back again
 And bark their harsh demanding calls
 That echo on the dank, dark walls.

I'd stroll the dunes of golden sand
 Where rolling surf meets constant
 land.
 I'll set my easel up right there
 To capture all these joys "plein aire"

And then I'd sail the silver sea
 With God's own glory over me;
 Umbrella sky of sapphire hue
 O'er steady ship, trustworthy, true
 With cotton clouds to fill my day
 And midnight stars to guide my way.

**"To paint in pastel, oil, or
 gouache"**

Oh! To travel port to port
 And see the varied type and sort
 Of peoples dressed in native garb, or
 Sense the pulse of foreign harbor.

From snowy bay to tropic clime
 I'd see the sea before the time
 I wend my way back home again
 To paint the things I'd seen, and
 then.....
 I will once more ready be
 To trek the world by land and sea..

Carol Thompson

Featured Artwork

Fall Beginning



"The day is bright and a warm Autumn breeze stirs. We can almost see the colored leaves of 'fall beginning' to turn, on a high Mount Rainier meadow."

Summer Shadows



"It is early in the morning and the fields lie dew-drenched as the sun begins it's journey. The fields and farm buildings are party to long 'summer shadows'."

A Time Away



"A tropical island sunset burns the sky and sea. The sand is warm and the tall palms gently sway in the soft evening breeze."