



February 15, 2007 Issue

The days are slowly lengthening, and I am aware that Spring is not yet upon us, Rain, sunshine, and the budding of plants all beguile me, but I am not gullible. I have lived here in the Northwest since 1969, and I am cognizant of Nature's foibles. Just when you are ready to dig out the t-shirt and shorts attire, a blast of chilly Canadian air sweeps down from the north and snowflakes swirl around outside your windows. Then the sun comes out and renews your justification for spending longer time in the yard and garden. There is so much to do to get everything ready for the coming of the "gentle" days.

I do enjoy February. There are three birthdays in my family this month. My grandson Alexander Paul and my nephew Arlin both share the 2nd, (Groundhog's day), and my husband celebrates on the 21st. Some famous presidents were born this month as well, (although I hardly notice the passing of *their* respective days). February is not especially an active month for art shows, but it is a splendid time to organize, prioritize, and fantasize concerning upcoming events. In the meanwhile, I busy myself with "nesting". I plan and sketch a new way of arranging the furniture in the dining/living areas. "Yes, that situation is viable", I say to myself. Then with the strength of my husband assisting me, the buffet goes here, the dining room table goes there. The desk and filing cabinets are moved over here...etc. Next week I may tackle the disorder in the great room. Wait! Wasn't that the call of a robin? The sun is shining. I'll be out in the yard for awhile.

Next issue: What is it like to be "famous"?

A Lighthouse Adventure (Heceta Head)

First, I want to let you know that I consider every visit to a lighthouse an adventure! There is an inherent romance concerning the lofty loneliness, the raging storms, the stories of heroic survival and rescues at sea. There have been women keepers of the lights (Had I been born a century ago, I may have aspired to be one such). I have been atop some of the lighthouses in Washington, Oregon, Florida and California. I am always enchanted and awestruck by their presence. And I paint the beacons as I see them.

"There have been women keepers of the lights"

Heceta (Hay Thay' Ta) Head Lighthouse on the Oregon coast is as approachable as it is picturesque. For many miles along the coast highway, it is visible to the wanderer. Its beacon shines out to sea, visible from at least 21 miles away. Glorious sunsets, foggy mornings or on clear sunny afternoons, the Heceta Head Lighthouse can be observed from the Sea Lion Caves, the many vista turn-outs, or from south on the beach below the rugged cliff. From there, her exalted position inspires poets, novelists photographers and artists. Since her service as an aid to navigation is no longer required, the beautiful, popular lighthouse is a marvelous tourist attraction. There is an accessible trail that is easy to ascend. On a warm summer afternoon, I begin my trek. It is a steep and winding hike through towering evergreens to the

top of Heceta Head, 205 feet above the sea. Along the way I passed the Coast Guard quarters, now a popular Bed-and-Breakfast retreat. The grounds are immaculately kept. And the building glows with the pleasant ambience of a well cared for establishment.

"There is an accessible trail that is easy to ascend"

But I press on. The trail is mostly a gentle downhill course. Suddenly I break out of the forest and am facing the tall, sturdy lighthouse, with its white painted fence and groomed lawn surrounding one of the most universally appreciated beacons in the world. It seems anchored to the solid crest of rock upon which she has held forth since 1894. I am in luck! A tour of the tower is about to begin. The guide takes a small group into the cool interior of the tower, up the many steps to the base of the lantern room. Owing to the delicacy of the still usable equipment inside, the group is denied entrance to the lantern room itself, but my day is complete. I will carry the memory of the magnificent lighthouse, and in my studio, paint it again and again in all her glory.

Featured Artwork

Heceta Head



On the spectacular cliffs of the Oregon coast, stands the lighthouse at Heceta head, named for Spanish explorer Don Bruno de Heceta who first sighted this scenic area. Built in 1894, it boasts an English made first-order prismatic lens, which has never failed, even when transferred from oil lamps to electricity in the 1960's."

Heceta Head Lighthouse



"From a vantage point on the top of a headland overlooking the Pacific, the Heceta Head Lighthouse beams it's spectacular first order Fresnel lens twenty one miles to sea from an elevation of 205 feet. It is one of America's most beautiful and most photographed lighthouses."

The Lighthouse On Heceta Head



"The early morning sunshine competes with the brilliance of the light that shines from the 'lighthouse on Heceta Head'. The setting is warm with a luminous glow lighting up the scene. It looks like we are in for a perfect Northwest day."