

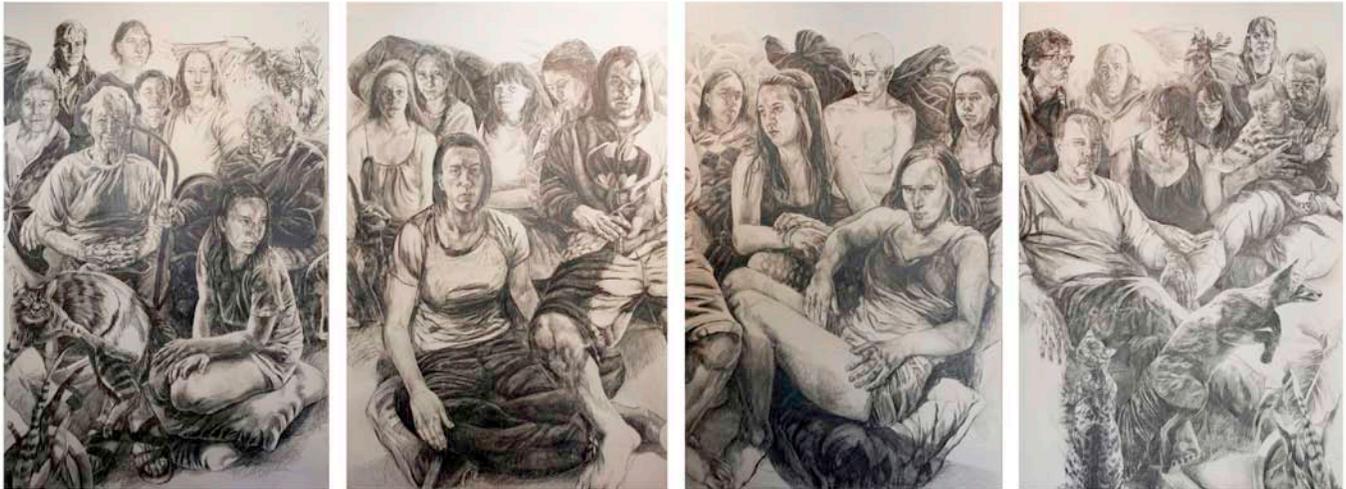
## TWELVE IMAGES: “AN ONGOING LOVE STORY”

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### The Artist’s Statement

Having made drawings since my childhood as a way of feeling time, place, and mood, I continue to build form from my surroundings. I look to family and garden as central themes in creating imagery. I offer the intimacy of those I know as if they were part of your lives, a connected line from one life to another. I am inspired by stories, gestures, and dreamed moments. Seeking frameworks for understanding the complexity of relationships, whether familial, biblical, or presented as fairytale, I find my voice through marks made, felt values, and figurative presence. I search for the beauty of the everyday, and the significance of time adding up, altering, and becoming. The narrative remains the same, connected histories in an ongoing love story.

*Patricia Elliott Schappler*



*Finding Home.* Graphite and cut paper, 88" x 240".

## Finding Home

*What season is this, but any or all. The struggle of the surface is metaphor and I knew in the making, past the worry of loss, that there would be gain.*

*My fingertips hold memory like the lines I place on those pages white.*

*Lines find their way back even once erased or blurred or forgotten, resuscitated. Deny, demand, or defend.*

*I build your form solid, hear your breath sounding and leave openings, even while I close you in.*

*Sit here with us, giants of my world. You have veins like the roots of ancient trees. I follow to gather them to a place.*

*Lines traveling your face like lace, how I love this honor.*

*I am additive, sew and glue, remove and rebuild, my drawings grow stitch by stitch, like the embroidery of my mother's youth. The hare and fox, the owl and cats have come to play, stripes and spots leaping to extend and share in this invented world.*

*It's magic, this strange place of love and loss, of glory and conflict.*

*I see a black and white world pulsing like your heartbeats,*

*like the zig-zag of those mother-in-law leaves I grow,*

*like the curl of your hair, and the lift of your chin.*

*Your edges pull forward reminding me of your form.*

*Hands and more hands. I watch them fold and clench, clasp and drop, hide and sigh like the angel of that world,*

*like the would-be-heroes of this.*

*Hands holding, caress. You gesture, hand up, hand down, circling.*

*Another dance of want and age and demise, folded in prayer, pressed to one's heart, catching the water as it fell between fingers clean, hesitant.*

*March on to deliverance.*

*Those hands watched over as if they had eyes, cared for as if they could love, held still in remembrance.*

*You have hands like my father, like my sister, like my mother and my son, like everything I've ever loved.*

*You have completely different hands, like your own.*

*Eyes counting heads, searching for safety, closing at night.*

*Still, they find you.*

*I remember the dance, the holding of babies, the wiping of tears, the waltzing arms and the rustle of her skirt. He whispered in her ears and our worlds were light, her smile, bliss.*

*These things I hold close, the green in the arid land, and the no and the yes of home.*



*Within This Garden.* Graphite, cut paper, and acrylic, 84" x 96".



*Friends*. Graphite, 53" x 43½".



*Coming and Going*. Graphite, charcoal, photo transfer to acetate, and acrylic, 84" x 144".



*House of Dreams*. Acrylic, 60" x 50".



*Alice.* Acrylic, 42" x 36".



*Michael.* Graphite, acrylic and cut paper, 84" x 42".



*Rebekah.* Graphite and cut collaged papers, 60" x 44".



*Eve*. Graphite and cut collaged papers, 57½" x 38".



*Garden of Secrets. Pastel, 50" x 41½".*



*Ravens*. Pastel, 53" x 41".



*Faith*. Acrylic, 6" x 6".

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\* **PATRICIA SCHAPPLER**, a Senior Lecture in the Department of Art at Rivier University, earned her B.F.A. and M.F.A. degrees in Drawing and Painting. The daughter of Larry and Shirley Elliott, Patricia is one of eleven; her mom, one of nineteen; her dad, one of six, and her husband and she have four children... aunts and uncles, and cousins in the fiber of their walls, and in the laughter and tears of births, and deaths, and well lived lives. She believes creation is innate, a space to search, a place of prayer, a point of departure.