

From the first moments of my memory that I can recall, I see my Grandma's smile and feel her warmth. There was no one more generous or empathetic in my eyes. Growing up she was the hero I wrote about for all school assignments and the person I knew would provide me with nothing but love.

Through her passing this past January, I experienced the death of a loved one for the first time as an adolescent. Due to the COVID precautions in the hospital and her sudden passing I dealt heavily with the loss of closure. I wasn't able to say goodbye nor find comfort in how my grandmother felt. When dealing with this grief, I found the most comfort in the words my mother spoke to me about fulfillment within death. She told me my grandmother had moved on to a place of peace, one where she didn't have to deal with the weight she had been carrying and where she was reunited with the loss she had endured.

While at Oxbow, my mom called me in a rush to tell me of a dream my sister had experienced. The dream was my grandmother flying, speaking words of affirmation that she was at peace and alright. This experience was that much more impactful as my grandmother had always dreamed herself about being a bird. The portrait lies on a poem my grandmother wrote, representing the dreams we have while in our current forms. Atop it all, the raven symbolizes these dreams coming to fruition, flying into the next life. I hope through viewing my piece the viewer is able to reflect on their own view of death and come to peace with what the meaning holds within their own heart.

*A CREATURE OF SPIRIT*

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