

‘Hearts and Hopes,’ an art show with heart

Guild’s New Show, “Hearts and Hopes,” opens in Kerby with a celebration Feb. 11.

It’s time to celebrate those we love and work on making our hopes and dreams for 2018 a reality. In honor of this time of year when Valentine hearts symbolize the kind of loving relationships that bring joy to our world, the Southern Oregon Guild presents its first new exhibit of 2018 – “Hearts and Hopes” – Sunday, February 11 from 2 to 4

p.m. at the Guild Gallery and Art Center in Kerby.

Whether it’s about honoring special relationships, finding joy in the natural world around us, or simply creating something beautiful or thought-provoking, Guild artists share their vision in this new exhibit and opening festivity. You’ll find some special heart art, as well.

An interactive program will include poetry reading and audience participation in addition

to live music, an hors d’oeuvre buffet, wine tasting and lively conversation.

A raffle ticket also goes with the \$5 admission and if it’s not a winning ticket during this event, it goes into the 2018 Raffle Grand Prize drawing in December.

The Guild Gallery and Art Center is located on the Rogue Community College Kerby Campus, 24353 Redwood Highway in Kerby, Oregon. Phone is 541-592-5019 Website is www.southernorenguild.org

Facebook is Southern Oregon Guild of Artists and Artisans.

“Love Fest” (right) is one of a group of miniatures by Catherine Wiley that are part of the upcoming new show, “Hearts and Hopes,” that opens at the Southern Oregon Guild’s Gallery and Art Center Sunday, Feb. 11, 2 – 4 p.m., on the RCC Kerby Campus, 24353 Redwood Highway in Kerby, Oregon.



A moment with Mary: by Mary Halvorsen

It was almost 9 on a Sunday morning, the weekend nearly gone. The speed of its passing felt relentless, the hope and promise of Friday and Saturday dissolving into the gray, rain-soaked view out the window.

There was a fire to restart in the woodstove, dishes in the sink, slip covers to be washed, and any work outside would require a rain coat and water resistant pants. For the amount of hours left in the day, it seemed there was too much to do, that time had grown short. Then a downward glance at the white digits glowing from the phone, slack in my hand, proclaimed it was an hour earlier, that the little burl clock above the kitchen window was incorrect, that overnight, time had fallen back. In that moment, everything changed; it wasn’t too late. Monday seemed farther away. There was more time.

Random House contains a slew of definitions for the word, “time”, all sounding similar: “...a period experienced in a particular way...,” “...the end of a prescribed or allotted period in one’s life...,” Only one stands out as a little less final: “...duration regarded as an aspect of

the present life as distinct from the life to come, or from eternity...”

When contemplating time, Einstein came to the conclusion that, ‘...the dividing line between past, present, and future is an illusion...’ Other physicists have defined time as, “...what keeps everything from happening at once.”

In our 1500 square foot home clocks hang on three different walls. There is no walking into a room without noting the time. Add to that, two radios in each of the bedrooms, their neon numbers announcing the hour and minute, day in and day out, and it would seem that knowing the time matters. An array of terms is used to describe it, from an instant to an era, and from a moment to a season. It is irretrievable. Once it has passed, even a millisecond, there is no going back. It is unknown when it will be up.

Anticipating our son’s 30th birthday recently, I spent awhile thinking about time, in particular the week leading up to the day he was born. In doing so, I was transported back to the Illinois Valley of 1987, to 8 miles up Caves Highway, to a brown and

green metal mobile home, with knotty pine ceilings and a deck across the front. It sat on a wooded hillside above the gravel parking lot of Woodland Echoes Restaurant, where wax encased Chianti bottles rested on red checked table cloths and the lasagna sat half a foot high off every plate brought from the kitchen. Across the road, a run of orange poppies fronted a row of small rust colored cabins, and behind them, Woodland Echoes Campground (now Country Hills Resort) stretched, with Sucker Creek flowing along its border. Smoke from the Silver Complex and Longwood fires was a concern, as was the impending trip to Josephine Memorial Hospital, now an empty corner lot.

The sayings that incorporate the word are many, from, “have a good time...” to time is running out...” to a personal favorite, “...I need some time...” John Prine once wrote, “...time was once just a clock to me...” then spent the remainder of the folk melody trying to explain what it was to him in the present moment.

Sitting at our worn, round oak table, a bowl of red quinoa, canned asparagus,

and kohlrabi bathed in soy sauce before me, I wonder why I would spend one minute eating such a combination, and know it is in the quest to improve health, to give myself a few more years, to add some time. It seems to be going fast. Our toddler is grown with two jobs and bills to pay. Streaks of hair once blonde in the sun now shine sliver in the light, and the car I drove new off the lot has an odometer nearing 400,000. That is a lot of wear, a lot of miles, a lot of distance.

As a new year begins, it is fitting to take a look back at the last one, at all of them, and remember how things have unfolded, and why. It is all precious, from each of those 400,000 miles, to being outside after a fall rain, and looking up the moment the sun illuminates the stiff tan leaves of an old oak, before a puff of wind sends them spinning to the gravel drive.

One day our children will be 60 and wonder where the time went. I would tell them it didn’t go anywhere, that it is part of the make-up of every individual, part of the story, that it is nothing to beat or race against. I would tell them it is the time of their lives.

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