

## **Patricia Cochran**

### **Artist's Statement**

The land endures. Seasons come and go. People are born, work, laugh, pray, grow old and die. Flowers grow and wilt. Seeds are sown and harvests reaped. Mothers nurse their young and dream of their futures. Wars are fought. Trees blossom and bear fruit. Objects and places are revered and become imbued with meanings lost to time.

I love the small gifts that I find in my daily travels through the fields, to the barn, amongst the copse of oaks: a russet-striped hawk feather, dried seed pods, tender cork-screwed grape tendrils, cones, marvelously curled sage green lichen, papery wisps of bark, the perfectly shaped stone. These tiny treasures, that could so easily be overlooked, make their way back to my studio where they embellish my workspaces with their quiet spirits.

Western culture puts little value in being attuned to the nuanced rhythms of nature. I think we have forgotten the mystery of the deep forests or the haunting arc of night sky. Old instincts and whispered intuition are drowned out by iPods, Blue Tooths, and the constant barrage of mass media voices. Light pollution dims the moon and hides the constellations. Concrete, asphalt, and landscaping smother the soil's power to grow crops, orchards, and gardens. We have forgotten where our food comes from, where our spirits rest, where our souls find God.

In my art, I try to capture aspects of those forgotten truths. I see my glassed figures as haunting little relics that nod to our common past; A time when we lived in tribes, or clans, or villages and worked together to survive. By placing my figures in groupings, and combining tiny treasures of nature with scraps of fabric and bits of bead, I hope to evoke within the viewer an echo of recognition to an ancient time when ancestral voices sang, a tree was sacred, or the earth was venerated. Art has the power to help quiet our busy lives. It gives us a place to focus our attention and allow the inner voices to speak. It can connect us with our past and those who came before us. It's a lot to ask of such small little figures but that is my hope.