

I call this grouping of work visual narratives. There is something very metaphorical about taking an image, cutting it apart, and reweaving it back together. It is healing as each row is reconnected to the last one.

There have been so many events in my life that I needed my creativity to voice that which I couldn't say. A breast cancer diagnosis at age 46, was not something I ever anticipated, and having young children and I had hoped a long creative life ahead of me, I was brought up short by the diagnosis itself, and all that scary scientific stuff that went along with it. Body destruction, chemotherapy and all its side effects, and an uncertain future created turmoil in my daily life and creative practice.

When my beloved mother-in-law died, at age 99, the loss of her seemed monumental. She was a weaver and a spinner, and a master bobbin lace maker, and we had such a connection through fiber that decades later, her voice is still clear in my head. I was beside her when she died, and I drew a quick sketch of her and the grace she showed, even in death, on a hospital napkin, which I carried with me for months, until I thought to preserve it digitally. In *Watching Death Come*, it was the perfect image to print on silk, cut apart, and carefully weave her life and her constant presence back together row by row. *Margaret*, a diptych, showed her at 20, and her at 90, the eyes and the playful expression unchanged for over 70 decades.

In August of 2001, my husband and I decided to spend the week in NYC with the children, seeing all of the things tourists see, that locals take for granted. One of the highlights of the trip was traveling to the top of the World Trade Center and I captured the playful innocence of two children on "Top of the World". Little did anyone know that in two short weeks, the towers would no longer exist, and my children's innocent childhood would come to an end, as the United States embarked on endless conflicts in the middle east.

*Secrets* is a detail of a larger piece, which was sold many years ago, that showed the innocence of two sisters, (my younger sister and I), as we looked at a book and communicated in a way only sisters can. *No Fear* was woven from a photo printed on cotton, from our first Christmas Card showing our new son, surrounded by the tribe of animals who we also thought of as our children. These are the moments we hold on to and recreating them row by row, etching them into the memories that define us.

*Still Life* is just a fun piece, though challenging technically with only a small desk printer. It is woven from a digital print on cotton from a small Color-aid study made in a color studies class in college, in the 1970's. Drawing on motifs and images from my youth bridges the years between then and now and helps define who I was and who I became. *The Spouse*, one of the Personal Post Series, was woven from an image also created in a photography class in college. I still had the negative and have used it repeatedly in my work over the last 20 years.

-Daryl Lancaster