Breaking Ground 2018-19 Annual Arts Issue – Issue #95 - Text Only

Cover: The cover shows a lovely pastoral painting by Teresa Johnson. There is a row of white birch trees embedded in a field of tall, green grass. The leaves on the trees create a canopy of fall-colored leaves. It is a bright day, so there are shadow lines falling on the ground from many of the trees. Above the painting, the letters of the words Breaking Ground are filled with the same fall-colored leaf patterns.

Teresa’s artist bio reads: Teresa Johnson lives in Huntland, TN. In her words: “When

life-changing events happened, art became more than just a random creative outlet, it became therapy. I am self-taught and work mostly in acrylic and watercolor. In my studio, I am free!”

Page 2 is the Table of Contents. There are three photos on this page which highlight three of the articles in the magazine. These photos will be described when they appear later in the articles. The table of contents includes:

Writing Cowboy Dreams by Patricia L. Powell

Fine Art

Penny Candy by Judy Neal

To My Disability by April Meredith

Hope by John Paul Tetzeli

Unmasking Brain Injury by Lisa Morgan

Fine Art

The Story of a Cloud by Brian McHan

The Fading Away of Summer by Brian McHan

Sometimes by April Meredith

Ascending by David Pointer

Seasoning by Kathy Tupper

Fine Art

Changing Lives through Art by Jane Baxter

This page also includes the state seal and the following promulgation statement: Tennessee Council on Developmental Disabilities, Authorization No. 344067, Dec. 2018,

30,000 copies. This public document was promulgated at a cost of $0.61 per copy.

Page 3 is comprised of three short introductions by this issue’s co-sponsors. At the top there is a headline that reads: “Welcome to the 2018-19 Arts Issue of Breaking Ground magazine!” The page contains heads shots of the three women who are representatives of the co-sponsoring agencies. The first intro is by Wanda Willis, Executive Director of the Tennessee Council on Developmental Disabilities. Her intro reads:

One of my favorite times every year is the production of our annual Breaking Ground Arts Issue. We continue to be moved and entertained by the breadth and quality of art submitted to us – the gorgeous paintings, lovely photographs, and poignant and inspiring poetry and prose that grace these pages, and tell the story through words and images of the disability experience.

In this bountiful issue, we hope you will take the time to read the articles about a writer with autism who has published a novel; the Healing Arts Project, which encourages people with mental health issues to express themselves through art, and provides opportunities for these artists to showcase their work; and the Chattanooga Area Brain Injury Association’s Unmasking TBI initiative, that combines biographical storytelling with multi-media.

We are also thankful for the efforts of our co-sponsors, the Tennessee Arts Commission and Borderless Arts Tennessee. We admire their ingenuity in developing unique arts programming for individuals with disabilities that allows these sometimes unheralded artists to shine in their communities. This year we helped fund a series of Borderless Arts Tennessee workshops for artists with disabilities, to help them “professionalize” the work they do. Regular readers of this magazine will know how much we value and seek to promote the meaningful employment of Tennesseans with disabilities, and exploring ways to assist them in developing full-fledged careers in the arts is part of that mission.

The second intro is by Kim Johnson, Director of Arts Access for the Tennessee Arts Commission. Her intro reads:

The Tennessee Arts Commission is once again honored to be co-sponsoring the Council’s annual Breaking Ground Arts Issue. We have had a busy year as arts programming has expanded into new populations including older adults and individuals serving in the military, veterans, and their families, many of whom are living with disabilities.

Older adults are one of the most rapidly growing demographics in Tennessee. Many of these Tennesseans experience a range of cognitive and physical disabilities, which will result in a significant demand for services and programs over the coming years.

This past year, the Tennessee Arts Commission partnered with the Tennessee Department of Veteran Services in an initiative to provide arts programs that serve military members, veterans and their families. The arts are one way to help members of our military community express themselves and share their stories. Through a new grants category, Tennessee Military, Veterans & the Arts, funding was awarded to nine organizations who serve these populations through arts programming and activities across the state. In both of these demographics, the arts are a proven way to improve quality of life, increase positive outcomes and support people regardless of their ability to remain active, healthy and engaged for a lifetime. For more information on these initiatives, visit our website at tnartscommission.org.

The third intro is by Lori Kissinger, Executive Director of Borderless Arts Tennessee. Her intro reads:

Borderless Arts Tennessee is a statewide organization committed to inclusive and accessible arts programs for people with disabilities to enhance educational curriculum, enrich creative expression, empower career development and encourage community engagement. We were honored this past year to represent the United States in a disability forum in Egypt with 31 other countries as our artists with disabilities are now sharing their talents throughout the world.

Borderless Arts is always excited to partner with the Council on Developmental Disabilities and the Tennessee Arts Commission as we share with you the artistic talents of individuals with disabilities in Tennessee, and also the stories of how the arts have impacted their lives. We are very grateful to both entities for supporting our work over the years, through funding and a core belief of the beauty and personal empowerment in the creation of the arts. For more information about Borderless Arts, please visit borderlessartstn.org.

Page 4 features the article, Writing Cowboy Dreams by Patricia L. Powell. An intro to the article reads: Cowboy Dreams is a novel by Patricia Powell, a participant in the 2018-19 Partners in Policymaking™ class. Partners in Policymaking is the Council’s free leadership and advocacy training program for Tennesseans with disabilities and family members of people with disabilities.

This page has a photo of the author. She is looking at the camera and has her hands at her sides. She is wearing a white blouse over a dark shirt, and jeans. This article also contains a graphic of the cover of Patricia’s book, which features a man and a woman close together in front of an outdoor scene. He is wearing a cowboy hat.

The article begins here:

From the book’s description:

Tricia Perkins knows first-hand the struggles Asperger’s Syndrome can bring to daily life. Despite a privileged upbringing, she was raised in a lonely home and has never had a boyfriend, much less a first kiss. Only her best friend, Kate, seems to understand Tricia’s loneliness.

Clay Gibson, a race car drivin’ cowboy from North Carolina, is the hottest name on the NASCAR circuit and getting hotter with every race. Unfortunately, his personal life hits the wall when he discovers his soon-to-be fiancé Nikki has been untrue with another driver. Understandably, Clay’s heart is on caution when he meets Tricia.

When I began writing Cowboy Dreams, it was my intention to simply tell the story of my transition from earning my Associate’s degree in general education to finishing my education with my Bachelor’s degree in liberal arts and sciences with a minor in early childhood education. I had a desire to write about a fictional adventure so I decided to use my life’s current circumstances for its background. Of course, as the author, I allowed myself some embellishments for my namesake, Tricia Perkins. These creative qualities gave me the ability to truly imagine myself in a different way that would allow me to better relate to the reader.

As I typed each word that eventually turned into a paragraph and then a chapter, I found I was able to fully immerse myself into my imagination in order to describe, in detail, what I wanted my readers to feel and experience as they read my book. For me, my writing process is simply just typing out my thoughts. There’s no brainstorming or pre-writing practices in order for me to organize what I want to say. Really, the only time I ever jot something down is if I have dialogue or a description I want to add and I’m not at my laptop. Otherwise, the only tools I need are my imagination, a laptop, and my Logitech mouse for easy correcting and synonyms.

However, as I progressed into the storyline and had family, friends, and a professional editor on Craigslist critique it, I found that I still had a lot of work to do. A desire for writing a story and putting that desire into action only requires more work and a lot more time until the story’s edges are smoothed out and the unnecessary scenes are deleted. As with all forms of art, editing the format until its completion is a process. For me, that process took a little over a decade. In fact, it took me from 2006 to 2018 until it was finally ready for publication on June 22.

Despite the long wait for my manuscript to take its final form and be ready for the public to read, the editing process allowed me to learn more about myself and how my Asperger’s Syndrome shapes my writing and my creativity. Through it, God has blessed me with such a detailed imagination that I often found myself reliving the emotions I desired to trigger in my reader as I reread my own writing. At times, I also found it very cathartic as my writing gave me new insight into how God views me. The writing process for my fictional story turned testimony was a learning adventure for me not only in my writing, but also in myself. In asking others for their constructive criticism, I was able to write a story that represents me in the best way for those I will never get a chance to meet. It tells of the real life heartache I dealt with from the emotional scarring caused by bullies, to me expressing my thoughts and fears through a fictional character. Tricia Perkins is the embodiment of me in fictional form while Clay Gibson, the race car drivin’ cowboy after her heart, is the fictional embodiment of the man my heart desires.

For those interested in finding out more about Cowboy Dreams, it is available on Amazon.

End of article.

Page 5 contains two beautiful paintings. The first is by Nancy Olson and is entitled “Tennessee Farm Feeding Time”. It shows a farm at the base of a mountain. There is a red barn with a silo and a white house. A picket fence winds toward the barn and house. The ground is covered with snow, and some tall pale grasses make their way through the snow covering. Nancy’s bio reads: Nancy enjoys painting in watercolors and often chooses beautiful scenes she has visited and the exquisite beauty of Nature. She enjoys painting

with the class at Our Place Peer Center in Murfreesboro.

The second painting is an untitled piece by Christy Earheart. It features three purple tulips on the end of three long, thin, green stems, and three stems that have not released their buds yet. The background is painted blue. Christy’s bio reads: Christy has been a licensed master social worker since 2011, and is a Partner’s graduate. She is currently employed as a Quality Assurance Analyst with Greater Nashville Regional Council. She is a long-time

volunteer, equal rights advocate and peer mentor.

Page 6 contains a photograph and a painting. The photo is by Yadira V. Calderon and is entitled “Thomais the Artist”. It is a close-up photo of a young child in a yellow shirt staring up at the ceiling. The child’s hair is dark brown, and there is an array of paintbrushes woven throughout the hair. Yadira’s bio reads: Yadira is a dedicated warrior, advocate, podcast enthusiast, director of short films and author of the soon to be published –

Autism: The Happy Kingdom. She holds a MA in International Relations and Diplomacy.

The painting is by the previously-mentioned Nancy Olson. It is a gorgeous scene of green grass and trees, a small red barn, a blue-ish mountain range, and a red, yellow, purple and blue sky.

Page 7 contains two paintings. The first is by Hope McKee, and is entitled “Oasis”. It is of a colorful bird perched on a brown branch, in front of a brown mountains and a greenish-blue sky. The bird is various shades of green, plus blue, yellow, orange, pink and purple. Hope’s bio reads: Hope is an artist who strives to showcase we are all differently-abled, doing her part to change the world. She works in a variety of media (painting, mixed media, and drawing) with a special emphasis in comic book art. Hope is also involved with Borderless Arts Tennessee.

The second painting is by cover artist Teresa Johnson. It is untitled, and shows three purple flowers on vines with green leaves peeking through light brown and gray wood paneling.

Page 8 features a prose memoir called Penny Candy, by Judy Neal. It contains two very old family photos of Judy as a child with her brothers and cousins. One photo is black and white, and shows Judy holding her baby cousin. The other is in color, and shows Judy wearing white gloves and a pretty dress. She is pointing out her dimples. The page also has a graphic of several different-colored pieces of penny candy. Judy’s bio reads: Judy Neal is a 1998-99 Partners graduate. She has a visual disability. She has worked for several Centers for Independent Living and served as Independent Living Program Coordinator for the Colorado Division of Vocational Rehabilitation. She regularly contributes to Midtown Living magazine in Memphis.

Her memoir begins here:

I hear the whirring of the window fan as it draws hot air out of the kitchen and pushes a warm breeze through the open living room window. The flimsy curtains lift lightly and wave at me with the mixed fragrance of cookies in the oven, roses in full bloom, and just a hint of rotting apples. I am sitting on the cool linoleum rug, faded blue roses with ridges worn white defining every floorboard. My bare legs keep sticking to the floor as I position myself in front of the brown paper bag with the top rolled down to the bulging bounty at the bottom.

Grandaddy has brought us treasure from Click’s store on this hot summer Saturday. All the kids, but me, have to go outside. Grandaddy chose me again to do the dividing. I get to do it by myself with nobody watching. Not just because I’m the oldest, but because I’m good at arithmetic, too. The other kids think it’s because I’m a smarty-pants, and they think I won’t be fair. I uncurl the top of the bag and dump the candy out in front of me.

The familiar sight of Safe-T-Pops, Kraft caramels, peppermint sticks, Double Bubble, peanut butter logs, Kits, and Beich’s banana caramels tumble onto the floor. When I see the banana “kisses” my mouth begins to water, and I can almost taste the soft and oily banana taffy. It is my favorite of all the penny candy that we get at Click’s store.

I fan the candy out with my palms and delight in the abundance. I turn toward the kitchen where Mamaw is rolling out more cookie dough and ask her, “how many of us?” “Just you, your brothers, and Floyd’s girls. Except for Cindy,” she replies. “Bertha kept her home today.” Six of us, I think. I need to make six piles. As I turn back to the candy, my wilted pony tail gets caught between my collar and my damp neck. I flick it back out again. I push my raggedy bangs out of my eyes and approach my task with all due seriousness. I have to make six even piles of candy. There are more peppermint sticks than anything else, so I divide those first. Two apiece. They must have cost a nickel for a dozen. There’s a piece of bubble gum for everyone and three caramels. Two of the caramels are fudgies, a dark chocolate version of the chewy cubes. I have to decide who should get the fudgies. What would be fair? Finally, I think that since there are only two boys, and only two fudgies, the boys should get them.

Next, I line up the jewel-toned suckers. I know that Patsy has to have the red one, even though her real favorite color is yellow. I pick up a lemon sucker threading my finger through the soft looped handle and hold it to my eye like a monocle. The whole room looks like sunshine. I try the green one next, but the color is too dense and all I can see is the outline of the window. I pick up the orange sucker and notice that half of it is crushed inside the cellophane wrapper. I sigh and put it on my pile. There are eight packs of Kits, four candies in each pack. I give one pack to each of us, then unwrap the other two. I put one of the small candies on each pile, then set aside the two extra pieces. None of us especially like Kits, but four pieces of candy for a penny make a great bargain.

When I get down to nothing but the banana kisses, I see that there are only five of them. I look all around me, and even under me, hoping for that sixth piece. I shake the bag. Twice. Still only five. Someone will get left out. Someone will say I cheated. How can I make it work? I suddenly feel the oppressive weight of the humid air. The sound of Mamaw tapping the rolling pin against the side of the table sounds like thunder. The rotting apple smell grows stronger, and I feel like the skin is tearing away from my thighs as I shift uncomfortably on the floor. Nowhere in the universe can five be divided by six. This is more than a mathematical dilemma. It is a tragedy.

I close my eyes and try eeny-meeny-miney-moe. That will be fair, won’t it? My finger lands on Donna’s stack of candy. Donna is just getting over chicken pox. That isn’t fair. I could leave out Janet. If she isn’t wearing her glasses, she might not notice. I can’t pick Patsy. She would even notice if one of her peppermint sticks was too short. No, that won’t work. I have to live with my brothers. I can’t pick them. I close my eyes again and grit my teeth. When I open my eyes, I spot the two leftover Kits pieces. I put a banana kiss on five piles of candy, and put the leftover Kits on top of my crushed orange Safe-T-Pop. I drop my penny candy back in the paper bag and rock my way to my feet. “I’m done,” I yell.

I jump aside as brothers and cousins elbow each other to get in the room. They scoop up their candy and run back out to the porch in one fluid motion. I put my bag of candy on the lamp table by the old green couch. I think I’ll see if Mamaw will let me help with the sugar cookies.

End of memoir.

Page 9 contains two poems. The first is by John Paul Tetzeli. It is entitled “Hope”. John Paul’s bio reads: John Paul of Memphis expresses his own hope in the poetry he writes. He shares his thoughts in this poem Hope which was published in the HAPI book of writings “Faith, Hope, and Recovery in Letters 2018.”

The poem begins here:

Hope, in any language

Is a permission to become.

It is imagining that there is someone out there

Who is listening to your words

As your voice, unformed,

Emerges from the damp darkness.

Hope is a greeting

Or merely an acknowledgement,

A wink of the eye.

Hope is a warm embrace,

A kiss.

Hope is a striving

For something beyond the immediate.

Hope sees in the darkness,

Listens in the stillness,

Knows and understands what is not yet here.

The second poem is by April Meredith, and it is entitled “To My Disability”. April’s bio reads: April Meredith is a 2014-15 Partners in Policymaking graduate who currently works for Empower Tennessee. She loves God, her family, diversity and creativity.

The poem begins here:

I am joyful because

I am me

I am joyful because

I have three

I am joyful because

I can see

I am joyful because

I observe beauty

I am joyful because

I love deeply

I am joyful because

I am free

I am joyful because

I think thoroughly

I am joyful because

I try

I am joyful because

I cry

I am joyful because

I live passionately

I am joyful because

I fight with fury

I am joyful because

My spirit is strong, though my body is weary

I am joyful because

I take, but give more gratefully

I am joyful because

I feel heavy

I am joyful because

Of my abilities

I am joyful because

There is nothing else to be

I

Am

Joyfully

Me

End of poem.

Page 10 features an article entitled “Unmasking Brain Injury” by Lisa Morgan, CTRS, Executive Director Service Coordinator Chattanooga Area Brain Injury Association. This article contains three photos, which were taken by Lisa. The first is a large group photo of many people sitting and standing around a large table that is filled with an assortment of art supplies. The caption reads: “Putting it all together”. The second photo is of a man, Orlando Manghane, in a winter coat and cap, holding up a mask he has created. The second photo is of a woman, Terry McNeese, holding up a mask that she has created. The border of the article contains many different masks created by artists who are Traumatic Brain Injury survivors. Each one is decorated in a unique way, with paint, words, stickers, feathers and other multi-media. The masks were photographed by Drew Forsey, a TBI survivor.

The article begins here:

Traumatic Brain Injuries (TBI) occur in a matter of seconds and can change a person’s life in an instant. The Centers for Disease Control (CDC) estimates 2.5 million Americans each year sustains a TBI. Of that number, 52,000 die from their injury. It is estimated another 3.5 million individuals after injury require long-term care in the United States. TBI is referred to as a “silent epidemic” because often problems caused from TBI are not as visible as some disabilities. The general public typically does not understand or have awareness of the consequences of a TBI.

In January of 2018, the Chattanooga Area Brain Injury Association, also known as CABIA, embraced a project started by Marty Foil, Executive Director of Hinds’ Feet Farms in Asheville, NC, called “Unmasking Brain Injury.” Participants who attend CABIA’s monthly support groups in Chattanooga and Cleveland, TN eagerly engaged in this opportunity.

Foil wanted a way for survivors to be heard and “to show others that persons living with disability due to their brain injury are like everyone else. They deserve dignity, respect, compassion and the opportunity to prove their worth.” He created a separate non-profit just for this project called Unmasking Brain Injury.

The mission of Unmasking Brain Injury is to promote awareness of the prevalence of brain injury; to give survivors a voice and the means to educate others of what it’s like to live with a brain injury; to show others that persons living with a disability due to their brain injury are like anyone else, deserving of dignity, respect, compassion and the opportunity to prove their value as citizens in their respective communities.

This project turned out to be an amazing therapeutic and inspiring activity for these two groups. Once they grasped what this project entailed, participants felt that their story was important, that it needed to be heard, and that it might help others learn just a little more of what they go through on a day-to-day basis. The creativity and expression of emotions filled the room as the survivors engaged in multiple hours to complete “their story”.

Drew shared, “I had recently received my degree in chemistry from Southern University in 2015 and was looking forward to furthering my education and getting married to my best friend, Emily. My life changed instantly when I was found unconscious in a ditch from a biking accident. I was in critical condition and diagnosed with a severe traumatic brain injury. I went through extensive rehabilitation both in inpatient and outpatient facilities to get to where I am today. The bike helmet on my mask symbolizes the long ride back on a new path.”

Annette wrote, “My injury was caused by physical abuse on multiple occasions. I would not wish a brain injury on anyone. People do not understand what it is like to walk in these shoes. They can’t see the problems that are hidden on the inside. The purple on my mask represents my favorite color. It gives me HOPE. The black on my mask shows the pain and darkness around me. I keep going because God is my strength and helps me keep going. Never give up!”

In 1994, Carolyn was in a horrible automobile accident and sustained a severe TBI. She expressed, “When I awoke from a coma, I had 10 years missing from my memory. I was married at the time and did not even remember anything about my husband or that marriage, as it was a part of the 10 years erased from my mind. I went home from the hospital and rehab with ‘a complete stranger’. My process to learn information changed but not my ability to do it. The frustrating part of my injury is the information is there, I temporarily can’t always access it when I need it.”

She describes the tags sticking out of her mask as representation of her memory loss. She adds “these are explosions of my memories that I lost as thoughts escape my brain”. She wants others to know “I Put My Best Face Forward as this displays my need to always be put together. I want to present to the world an image of always being the best I can be and do the best I can in all that I try to do.”

CABIA is excited that Erlanger Hospital has chosen some of the masks to be on permanent display in their facility. The others will travel around the Chattanooga area to help promote awareness about brain injuries.

From all around the world, masks are created, stories are shared, and the final products are posted on the project’s website [www.unmaskingbraininjury.org](http://www.unmaskingbraininjury.org).

End of article.

Page 12 contains a painting and a ceramic creation. The painting is entitled “Safe Patio” and is by John L. Butts, Jr. John’s bio reads: John lives in Clarksville and brings variety to his pictures with different settings and themes. He attends the Centerstone Clarksville Peer Center. The painting depicts a patio outside of a house. There is a table in the center with a bowl of flowers. The entire painting is done in muted grays, whites and browns. There are no people in the scene.

The ceramic creation is by Louise McKown. It is entitled “Leaf”, and features a brown, speckled leaf in the middle of a black and brown background. Louise’s bio reads: Louise is a potter who has a rare progressive neurological condition. She worked for 20 years at the East TN Technology Access Center, and is a Partners graduate. She takes pottery classes at the Oak Ridge Art Center.

Page 13 contains a photograph and a painting. The photograph is Joey McNinch and is called “Self-Portrait”. It is a highly abstract digital photo which has a face with closed eyes in the center, with rays of gold, brown, blue and red emanating from it. Joey’s bio reads: Joey is a 13-year-old student at Kings Daughters Center for Autism. He loves taking photos with his iPad. This self-portrait is Joey riding in the car. “It reminds us of how bright and special he is,” said his mom.

The painting is by Laura Hudson and is entitled “Airborne Bird”. It is very vibrant and colorful, and has a yellow, orange, purple and red bird flying proudly with wings outstretched, against a background of blue sky, big, tropical, green leaves, and what appears to be a merry-go-round in the distance. Laura’s bio reads: Laura portrays beautiful scenes of lush tropical settings with colorful birds, foliage and flowers. She likes to make her pictures detailed with lots of interest for the viewer. Laura lives in Nashville and has enjoyed making art part of her life for many years.

Pages 14 and 15 feature five poems. The first is entitled “The Story of a Cloud” and is by Brian McHan. To accompany this poem, Brian wrote, “I have schizophrenia which kept me from earning a Meteorology degree, but I love the weather for the most part anyway.” His actual bio reads: Brian C. McHan has schizophrenia. He is a 2002 Partner’s Graduate. This poem represents his feelings on aging.

The poem begins here:

I was born on the Kansas plains

A little tyke learning how to fly

Like a bird with new wings

Suspended in time

I sucked on a precious water supply

With warm air below me

Into the cool above

Those were the days I loved

I was content for a long time

Then I became a storm

Unstable and angry

I flew madly into the stratosphere

And fired flames of angry fire out of my mouth

To the plains down below

I grew mighty and tall

But the anger continued to grow

Youthful rebellion perhaps

Or just learning that I can die

I tried to prove otherwise as I towered into the sky

My energy poured down as rain and hail

And my angry words of rebellion

Came as tornadoes and gusts of wind

Then my strength began to sag

And I weakened and partially collapsed

And other clouds formed

As my children

From a tempest who was now my wife

And they grew strong and tall

As we grew old and weak

As midnight approached

I grew frail

As my withered head grew white

And the fire died away

And I recounted the glory of being young and strong

On the Kansas plains

As my eyes gazed far and wide

Across the glorious sky

And my anger grew to calm and reflection

As I faded into the pale blue of the calm morning

End of poem.

The second poem is also by Brian McHan. It is entitled “The Fading Away of Summer”, and begins here:

The 4th of July is long past

Kids are back in school

The days are getting shorter

It’s not getting as hot

The Sun is at a lower angle

It’s the fading away of Summer

My youth has faded too

My stomach juts out

My beard has grey in it

My hair has thinned

My muscles are weaker

Time moves along

Isn’t it funny though

That in a fading year

That the brightest colors

Shine across the land

Before they fall to the ground

And death takes hold?

My restlessness is less

My wisdom is greater

I don’t worry as much

I am settled in my heart

Perhaps I shine more

Before dusk approaches

And I am covered by the snow

End of poem.

The third poem is by David S. Pointer and is entitled “Ascending”. David’s bio reads: David is a 2017 Partners in Policymaking graduate. He has recent publications in the Indiana Horror 2018 anthology. David lives in Murfreesboro with his daughters and kitty cats.

The poem begins here:

When the heart is bigger than a

hospital

window

you can roll places-the way I heard it:

a kid once rubbed surfboard wax on a

car hood until the vehicle grew tailfins,

that was in 1957 according to my grandpa

now what robotic surgeon, or med nurse

wouldn’t want to ride a high hot shotgun

jumping puddles, sun, Route 66 rainbows,

until the ever abundant fun on 4 rubberized

floater-feet zips off fast as a machined bee

End of poem.

The fourth poem is by Kathy Tupper and is entitled “Seasoning”. Kathy’s bio reads: Kathy has nearly 50 years fine and professional art experience as art and creative director for advertising agencies, public projects and as an art instructor.

Her poem begins here:

Revel, glorious chameleon.

Spend your last dance without thrift –

furious to fade,

grateful to drift into familiar dreams –

counting the probable odds of a return

of possibilities.

Recharge to awaken again

in the cataclysmic birth of breath and wonder.

Chartreuse and pink giggles of imagination

thrive in the curious.

Fling your seeds of raucous colors

free to flourish where they may.

Muddle luscious green shapes and shades

in shocking storms

to make a sultry slurry.

Simmer to a rich red-golden brown –

a stew fit for a feast -

a glorious recelebration of the return

of possibilities.

End of poem.

The fifth and last poem is by April Meredith. It is entitled “Sometimes”, and begins here:

Sometimes I feel like I am barely clinging on to a glimpse of hope

Like the last brown leaf

On a dying tree

In Fall

Sometimes I feel like the endless space

Speckled with starry spots of brilliance

But tortured

By infinite choices

Sometimes I feel powerful and purposeful

As crucial as the air we breathe

But just the same, taken for granted and unseen

As if not there at all

Sometimes I am as motivated and determined as a hungry lioness

Prowling for prey

While other times I am completely immobilized

By my internal voices

Sometimes I am the bomb

Because of my awesome attitude

Great works

And wit

Sometimes I am a bomb, primed to explode

Because everything

Or nothing

Matters

Sometimes I feel I can take on the world

With sound mind

Bursts of energy

And high spirits

Sometimes I feel the weight of the world on my shoulders

Sometimes I am numb

The pain, much less dangerous

Than the latter

Sometimes I feel happy and blessed

But I know

These highs and lows

My smiles and frowns

The ups and downs

Will never end

My friend

Unless…

End of poem.

Pages 16 and 17 contain four paintings. The first is by Hope McKee, and is entitled “Sitting Meow”. It is an abstract of a yellow, brown and golden cat on a dark blue background.

The second painting is by LeAnn Wilson and is entitled “Aquarium”. LeAnn’s bio reads: LeAnn of Clarksville has gained confidence in her artistic choices of subjects. She applies her talents of visualizing spirited images in her paintings. She also creates beautiful ceramics, pencil drawings, and oil pastel and acrylic paintings. The painting is very vibrant and shows a deep red angelfish swimming in an environment that contains a dark brown bridge, dark green rocks, bright orange corral and a pink flower with green leaves.

The third painting is by Christy Earheart and is untitled. It is an abstract watercolor of sailboats on the water, against a yellow and orange sky.

The fourth painting is by Laura Hudson and is entitled “Mr. Parrot”. It shows a red, yellow green and white parrot perched regally on a tropical plant that has lush red flowers and green leaves. There are other grays, blue and greens in the background.

Pages 18 and 19 feature the an article entitled “Healing Arts Project: Changing lives through art. The article is by Jane Baxter, the director of the Healing Arts Project. There are several photos of individual artists standing with their creations. These photos are by Jennifer Stow Photography. The following artists appear in the photos: John L. Butts, Jr.; Barbara Shirley; Kathy Tupper; Laura Hudson; and Deborah Hanson.

There are three pull-out quotes in the article. The first reads: “Art is a tool. Recovery comes with a whole list of tools and art is one tool. For some of us, it’s almost a centerpiece...I happened to be one of those people...[art] opened up a whole new world for me.”

The second reads: “Art has made me believe in myself more than I did before. I thought that I couldn’t do art, couldn’t do anything. I do believe in myself now.”

The third reads: “Art makes me feel positive about myself, get through my problems and helps me feel good about myself.”

The article begins here:

Art can be a powerful tool in the recovery process, as it is approachable, empowering and broadly appreciated. Healing Arts Project, Inc. (HAPI) exists to provide this unique tool through arts opportunities for Middle Tennesseans in mental health and addiction recovery. Founded in 2004, HAPI began as an advocacy group that produced public exhibitions of art created by individuals in mental health and addiction recovery. The goal was to raise awareness and understanding in the community.

As time went on, the individuals HAPI served began asking HAPI’s volunteer leaders for more artistic opportunities – more art exhibitions, art supplies and art classes. The organization grew and changed to fill more needs in the community. HAPI now provides 250+ free art classes at 14 peer-support centers, over a dozen public exhibitions and numerous outreach programs and publications every year. HAPI’s mission is to provide artistic opportunities for persons in mental health and addiction recovery to promote healing, community awareness and inclusion.

HAPI’s art classes serve approximately 500 individuals in mental health and addiction recovery each year. HAPI’s professional art teachers create curriculum focused on basic art principles and techniques, with the flexibility to adapt it to students’ particular needs and interests. Some class participants have been drawn to art for a long time, but never before had the support system to pursue it as a consistent part of their lives. Others had never made art before and are amazed at what they can create and the joy it brings them. All participants enjoy exploring new, artistic ways to express themselves and interact with others in the classroom and beyond.

The differences HAPI has seen in the lives of the individuals it serves have been extraordinary. HAPI participants have reported on art class surveys how art has influenced them, saying that art classes make a positive impact in their lives, gives them a new way to cope, and that artistic practice increases their self-esteem and ability to interact socially with others. Many participants who were shy and withdrawn have now become active members of the artistic community, forming friendships with classmates and attending public HAPI exhibitions and programs.

When participants see their art displayed in a HAPI exhibition, it builds their self-esteem and personal fulfillment. The exhibitions share a message of hope and understanding with the community. They are free and held in public libraries and community centers, ensuring that all can have access. Viewed by approximately 29,000 people annually, HAPI exhibitions celebrate the abilities of the artists and build support for their artistic activities in the recovery process.

Many of the artworks on display at HAPI’s exhibitions and programs are available for purchase. When their artwork is sold, artists receive a commission. In this way, HAPI connects the beautiful artwork created by talented individuals in recovery with the public to enjoy and purchase, which has in turn made the artists feel respected, proud and hopeful. Members of the community have more understanding that persons in mental health and addiction recovery make positive contributions to the community.

HAPI also presents a fundraiser, the Phoenix Art Gala, every February to promote the artists and allow art lovers to contribute to HAPI by being a sponsor or by purchasing art. HAPI artists attend to share their art and interact with community advocates who can meet the artists, purchase special artworks and contribute to HAPI’s services.

Participating in Healing Arts Project, Inc. and gaining positive recognition for their talent has helped many individuals gain self-confidence and self-respect, which carries over into their everyday life and empowers them in their pursuit of recovery. Participants find that creative arts help them focus, control their thoughts and bring them peace.

Healing Arts Project, Inc. is supported by generous funding from Tennessee Department of Mental Health and Substance Abuse Services, Tennessee Arts Commission, Metro Nashville Arts Commission, and other funding partners.

End of article.

The back cover contains a painting by Amanda Ellis. It is untitled, but has this accompanying note: This is a piece by Amanda about a student, Kaylynne, who is active in band and enjoys the beauties of nature found in butterflies. The painting is of an old-time black, yellow and brown Victrola with a long-playing record sitting on a dark brown side table. Coming out of the fluted horn of the Victrola are five orange, black and white butterflies.

This back cover also has the logos for the three co-sponsors: the Tennessee Council on Developmental Disabilities, the Tennessee Arts Commission and Borderless Arts Tennessee. Below the logos it reads: “A publication of the Tennessee Council on Developmental Disabilities in partnership with the Tennessee Arts Commission

and Borderless Arts Tennessee”. At the top of the back cover it reads: Tennessee Council on Developmental Disabilities, Davy Crockett Tower, 1st Floor, 500 James Robertson Parkway, Nashville, TN 37243.

End of magazine.