

January 2000

Wow! I don't know if I'm ready to stand and look forward to the new year. I am still spinning from the wonderment of the last year.

In April 1998 my husband, Bill Harmon, died of pancreatic cancer. The love and acceptance I received from Bill was the most wonderful thing I had ever experienced in my life. The loss of that nurturing love was unspeakably devastating. In time, though, I found in the inky, suffocating maelstrom of grief, that there were lessons; life giving, conscious raising lessons. I am extraordinarily grateful for both the relationship and the learning.

I have again been graced with a truly loving partnership. Billy Minter was my boyfriend when I was in high school in the Oklahoma panhandle. We were great friends. We never really broke up. I just went to college, and Billy stayed in the panhandle. Over the next twenty years, though it was sporadic, we did maintain contact. The last time he tracked me down it was for good, and we were recently married. He is a true partner, both firmly on his own path, and committed to me and our journey together.

I have been blessed in my artistic life, as well. I took a year off from making pottery after Bill died. When I started again, I was both anxious and curious about how the processes of my life would be reflected in my pottery. I could see the movement from the first firing. And you saw it, too, and you told me about it.

At every show this year, I was given wonderful feedback on how refined, finished, and more mature my work was. Longtime patrons were especially forthcoming. Those of you who were introduced to my pottery for the first time were also graciously expressive.

I, of course, depend on your financial support in order to continue my work. But your willingness to share with me the joy and happiness you feel when you use my pottery is what really feeds me. Thank you very much, I will be delighted to see you again.

So I guess I'm looking forward. Happy New Year!!

Rebecca