

Memories of a Distant Past are Like Foggy Days

As my journey continues I reflect upon my grandmother, Bernice Hunter, and her incredible journeys throughout the wilderness of life. I see glimpses of who she was and where she's been.

Her strength and cultural customs remain in her childrens' children. Modern day warriors who face similar prejudices, poverty, injustices, and judgements. Their struggles are similar in a more complex fashion. I am part of this struggle, as well, it was just unbeknownst to me my whole life up until recently. It is through my craft that I honor them all. Especially Bernice, the matriarch, who I feel spiritually connected to even though we never met. I give thanks to her life and those of my ancestors. My creative expressions continue to carry me further and deeper into the complexities of my artistic mind and spirit!

Giving you all a warm embrace from the Pacific Northwest. Love and Light!



Fondly,

Donna



Artist-in-Residence