

John Constable, *Cloud Study*, 1821



****First Question First****

What is *your* immediate reaction to this artwork?

Trust it. Write about it. Use the guide sheet for help.

Continue reading for another perspective and journal questions.

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Excerpt from my journal:

Just watched the light clouds “push” the dark ones along. Our [family’s] “Constable sky” comes to mind, dark and light playing together, held in the blue sky, edges blurred, borders porous. I feel like I’m living in my own Constable sky. No thrashing winds ripping me apart. But, constantly shifting internal light, manifesting in energy swings. Not swings; that insinuates manic highs and lows. No. Gentler than that. I do feel like it’s my self-identity right now: “In mourning for my Dad.” And I keep reminding myself I’ve only been home three weeks tomorrow. I had to push away or tamp down my own grief until August 28th. Daddy died July 6th. I’m bargaining with myself, seeing high expectations playing out somewhere in me.

Q.) Look at the sky. At this moment, sit next to a window or go outside. Feel its vastness, its constant movement, the shifting of color and light. What do you hear it whispering to you today? Have you been expecting too much of yourself lately? How so? How can you be gentler towards yourself remembering the vastness of your heartache?