

Peder Severin Kroyer, *Summer Evening on Skagen's South Beach*, 1893



****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:

I have felt the need to see a friend or two every week to be real with the death of Daddy, but also to just be real with death and grief. I've yearned – still am – to talk to others who have been through this, “looking for the thread of truth that extends through all things.” (I Ching). And I've felt so real with everyone, hence intimate with friends. I no longer feel alone, freakish in my grief, isolated.

5 days later . . .

Constant thoughts and emotions sweep through me these days, making it difficult to focus on “the main thing” or even decide just what that is. More smiling and less bleak today . . . been in a dark space these last few days. Time alone seems to help the most, bringing myself back here and just being.

Q.) Grief can be an ever-shifting emotional landscape. Sometimes help comes in the form of solitude, at other times, it is the sharing between intimates. What is this week beckoning to you, being alone or with friends? Or both?