

Paul Klee, *Landscape with Yellow Church Tower*, 1920



****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:

As I took in the beauty of the white highlights on the Asian pear tree, I felt boundaries disappearing, energies palpably rising. Feeling the aesthetic experience as gateway to Grace. Or as Grace. And Daddy as Grace. Without word or thought I began to cry for Daddy, sadness for him losing all of this life. This Paul Klee work feels close to my experience just a little while ago: sunlight, energies of nature, life and death, Daddy around me and in me . . . all united in this forcefield of life. Can I internalize a sense that Daddy, Grace, the Oneness of Spirit looks through my eyes. That the place in me that experiences this rapture is Grace, is where Daddy's spirit has rejoined. Do I need some kind of belief to hold onto? My spirit is dampened down in general right now. And while I don't seem to have much control over this (mourning wills out), I can't help thinking how bummed Daddy would be thinking he was the cause of this. But, he's not the cause. My deep love for him is the reason for my deep grief. I don't spend all day everyday in this world. But, it's the ocean I'm wading in now . . . not swimming, floating, or sinking. And I have to wade as long as I need to, sometimes going in deeper waters, sometimes more shallow. How these momentary outbursts come from nowhere, especially when I'm experiencing great joy or beauty, remind me that I'm wading through all water with Daddy now, in communion with his spirit even when I'm not conscious of it. The unseen, unknowable is very real.

Q.) Where is your loved one now, or rather, where do you experience him or her to be? And in what form? Write about any stirrings in your spiritual life now.