

J.M.W. Turner, *Snow Storm: Steam-Boat off a Harbour's Mouth*, 1842



****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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I had a spin-out yesterday. I woke up with it. My morning was drenched in fear and anxiety leading to tears. "What ifs" dogged me no matter how I tried to push them away. Everywhere I turned felt precarious, like there was no safe place to land. I could not settle my mind to focus on today much less what was in front of me. The future was just a mass of scary unknowns and misfortune felt certain. I had entered a fear storm.

By the afternoon I had cried, written, and talked myself through it. I found internal shelter again, just living in the now. And I felt the honesty in this wallop. What had been building up under my skin needed airing. And I didn't even know it. So, it had to sideswipe me to get my attention. I felt humbled at my own disconnection. And compassionate towards my frightened mind. There is, after all, a lot to be afraid of these days.

Living with loss, with the experience of death can get under our skin. It can lodge itself in our brain reminding us at any time how many things can really go "wrong." Yesterday my fears were allowed the light of day and my tears their shedding. And today the storm has mostly moved on.

Q.) Write about your "fear storms." What are you afraid of? Are there specific scenarios that keep playing out in your imagination? Try to feel the emotions that emerge as you write, crying the tears that may need shedding.