

IN

THE

BEGINNING

PART I





Footprints are there for us to follow.
This island is like a footprint on the sand,
submerged and then revealed again,
each time unchanging.

Take the path that leads to adventure:
the wilderness calls me to encounter
silence and holiness
in ways both new and ageless.



The encounters stay with me,
feed me and heal me,
providing riches for reflection,
worship, prayer and remembering.



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Christians believe that the sound with which life began was not just a noise or a bang.
It was the most powerful sound possible; it was God's Word.

Here on Holy Island the echoes of that sound are all around. Every atom which God ever breathed is arranged here as anywhere. The ones that have formed our bodies since our birth will be liberated at our death, free to reform God's next great project. Lichen is one tiny echo of that creative word. These ancient life forms live for centuries. Here on Holy Island they are vibrant and varied.



They reminded me that 'In the beginning...'

The first part of this remembered gospel is a remembering of the beginnings of life itself. In these pages that remembering is laid out in photographs, watercolour, felt and words.







On a post in the sea, on a stone
in a wall:
These lichens have lived here
forever.
They were here when the Vikings
raided.
They have seen it all.
They have survived.


The felt lichen pieces are
made of wool;
wet felted they are then
applied using dry needle
felting
to a base wet felted from
Orkney wool.
The batik lichens are water-
colour and wax on paper.









The background of the image is a soft, out-of-focus photograph of a sunset or sunrise over a body of water. The sky is a mix of light blue, white, and pale yellow, while the water below is a deep, dark blue. In the upper center, a person is seen from behind, standing on a small boat or pier, looking out at the horizon. The overall mood is peaceful and contemplative.

The sea and the sky come together
like justice and peace.
They kiss at the horizon
and are forever melted into each other.



There is life in the sand;
waders probe it constantly.
There is life on the sand:
pilgrims cross it persistently

















This view of plant stems was dry felted with needles onto Vilene freehand, as an experiment. Most of the felting shown here was not really planned. Felt is hard to plan. You can lay out the fibres but once you add the water anything can happen.

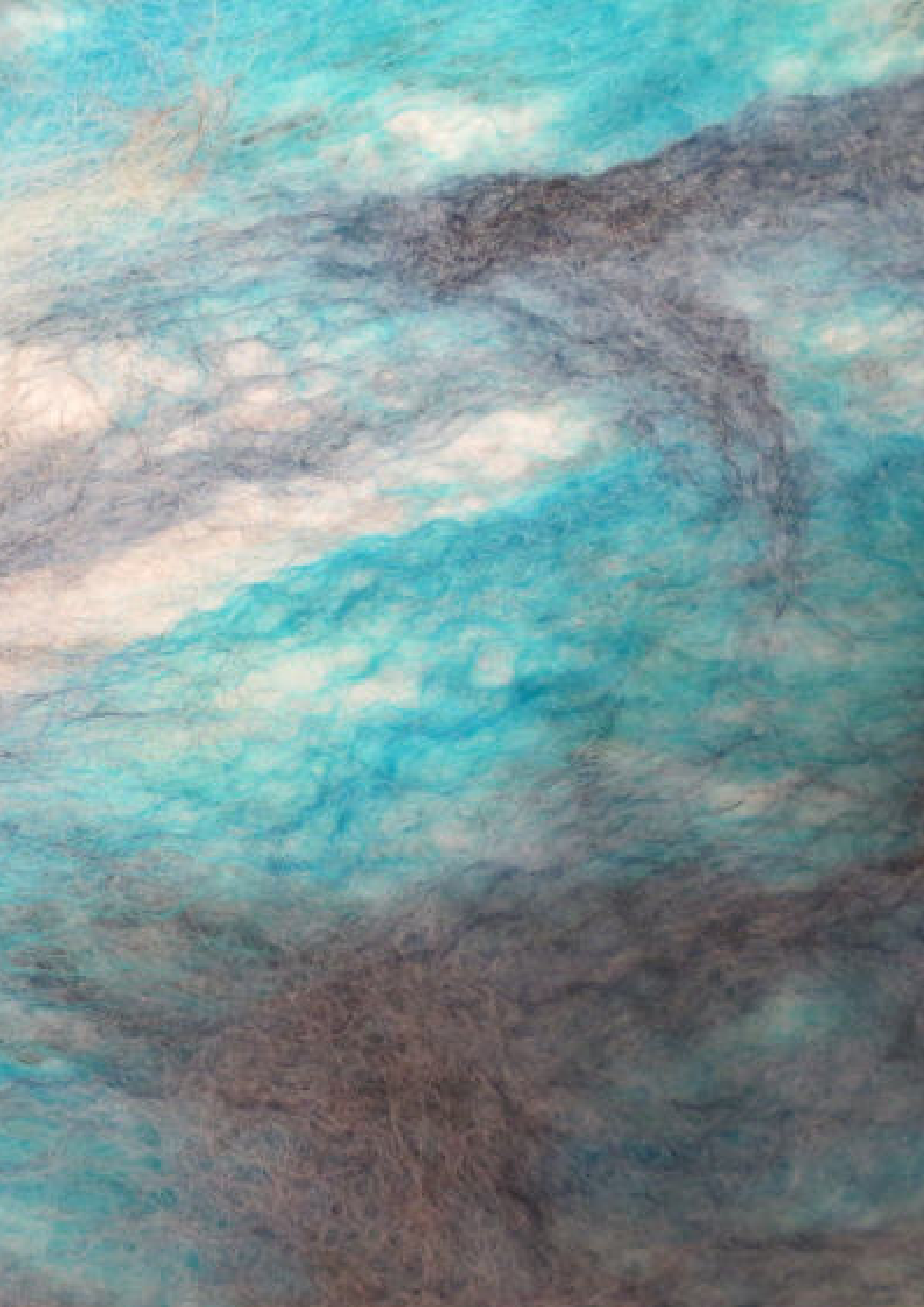


Holy Island is a sea of plants, waving and nodding in the wind, flowering and flowing as the seasons waltz past.



















The butterfly balances
on the edge,
showing us a way to live
that is risky as it is beautiful.





Page number	details
1/front cover	batik: wax on paper with watercolour
2	photograph: Holy Island/
3	photograph: Holy Island/
4	felt: background is Orkney wool, appliqué is merino and Orkney
5	felt as page 4
6	photograph: Holy Island
7	photograph: Holy Island
8	photograph as page 7, batik: wax on paper with watercolour
9	batik: wax on paper with watercolour
10	photograph: Holy Island
11	photograph: Holy Island
12	felt: bamboo and merino
13	felt: merino, photograph: Holy Island
14	photograph: Holy Island
15	photograph: Holy Island
16	felt: background is Orkney, appliqué is merino
17	felt: alpaca
18	photograph: Holy Island
19	photograph: Holy Island
20	felt: Orkney on Vilene
21	felt as page 20, photographs: Holy Island
22	photograph: Holy Island
23	photograph: Holy Island
24	felt: bamboo and merino
25	felt: alpaca
26	photograph: Holy Island
27	photograph: Holy Island
28	photograph: Holy Island
29	photograph: Holy Island, felt: merino
30	felt: merino
31	felt: merino
32/back cover	photograph: Holy Island

