

## February 2023



### *Welcome to Contemplations!*

*This newsletter is new to your IEA inbox and will show up monthly to inspire, uplift, and maybe make you laugh just a little.*

*It is with delight I begin this space for you, and with anticipation I compose a few months entries then invite you, fellow IEA member, to compose thereafter! Do you have a story to tell, an encouragement to share, an insight to inspire? Then please submit to me [Patricia Baldwin Seggebruch](#) and let's begin to see what can come as we all reach out with the desire to help each other rise higher.*

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## It's a RAV4~

My vehicle in life, for the most part, has been art.

Yet it is simply my vehicle.

I keep it in good working order, giving it tune ups, taking it to the garage for repairs, rejuvenating its body when dirty, weary, or worn down.

It's important that I keep it tuned for this vehicle carries the real work, the deeper vein of value that tells of my best life-contribution.

I am doing nothing more here, with brush in hand, than working out the inner struggles and questions that have arisen as I drive this vehicle through my life. I put this working into color, paint, words, in hopes others can benefit.

No that's not true.

I first put it into form so as to see what I am trying to say and see if it makes sense to me.

Always seeking sense. Or something like *proof*...

Development is a life journey  
not a quick trip.

John Maxwell

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*Image credit: Karen Frey*

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Then, if it goes out further-and I don't know if it will as I type this in predawn winter light-then that's enough.

Whether reaching others and sparking the awe and wonder that starts the whole process of driving, or not is not up to me, though it is some of the *proof* I seek, for sure.

I think that's all we can hope for though; to seek and hope and keep on.

Hope being the elusive beast it is, is something ungraspable yet worthy of seeking-after when done with several doses of practical punctuation and transiting proof.

I have driven my vehicle onto these bridges of hope, seeking, awe, wonder, many times over these past thirty years. They've proven strong enough to cross and have landed me on another side where a new, just-firm-enough foundation has set me off once again to travel into the unknown.

I believe some call this growth; change; transformation.

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little by little,  
as you left their voice behind,  
the stars began to burn  
through the sheets of clouds,  
and there was a new voice  
which you slowly  
recognized as your own,  
that kept you company  
as you strode deeper and deeper  
into the world,  
determined to do  
the only thing you could do —  
determined to save  
the only life that you could save.

*Mary Oliver*

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Sometimes this change is evidenced from the outside, most time though, simply within.

It shows up as a more solid, secure sense of self.

That more solid self is the self that is here with purpose and reason.

Sometimes just this sense, just this self, is enough.

Enough to pick up the brush, listen to the inner voice of joy and inspiration, of hope and delight, and place it back down on the blank canvas of one's life.

I am doing this now, placing that paint-filled brush down onto a fresh canvas of my life. For a while I felt too old, too tired, too *tried*, to pick it up again, never mind place it to the canvas.

But life has a way of keeping on.

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It's a funny thing about life, once you begin to take note of the things you are grateful for, you begin to lose sight of the things that you lack.

*Germany Kent*



*Image credit: Patricia Baldwin Seggebruch*

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This keeping-on is the place we can all come to when we've been taken down yet not out. A place we've all been collectively and individually over the past few years and that we have to answer to uniquely, in order to get to the ground where a collective healing and rejuvenating will occur.

You have chosen art. I have chosen art. This is the vehicle in which we travel through life, using its navigation system to steer us into paths and onto roads we have only dreamed or imagined.

It is because of these dreams, these imaginings, that we keep on.

Some become real.

Some fade back into the dirt we use to forge new roads.

All, though, speak to one life-your life, my life-adding to the whole and feeding back to others as well as to *our* next self, the energy, nutrition, *fuel*, to look boldly, bright-eyed, out the front windshield and say, 'Okay, let's do this!'

with brush in hand....

yours in wax,

Trish