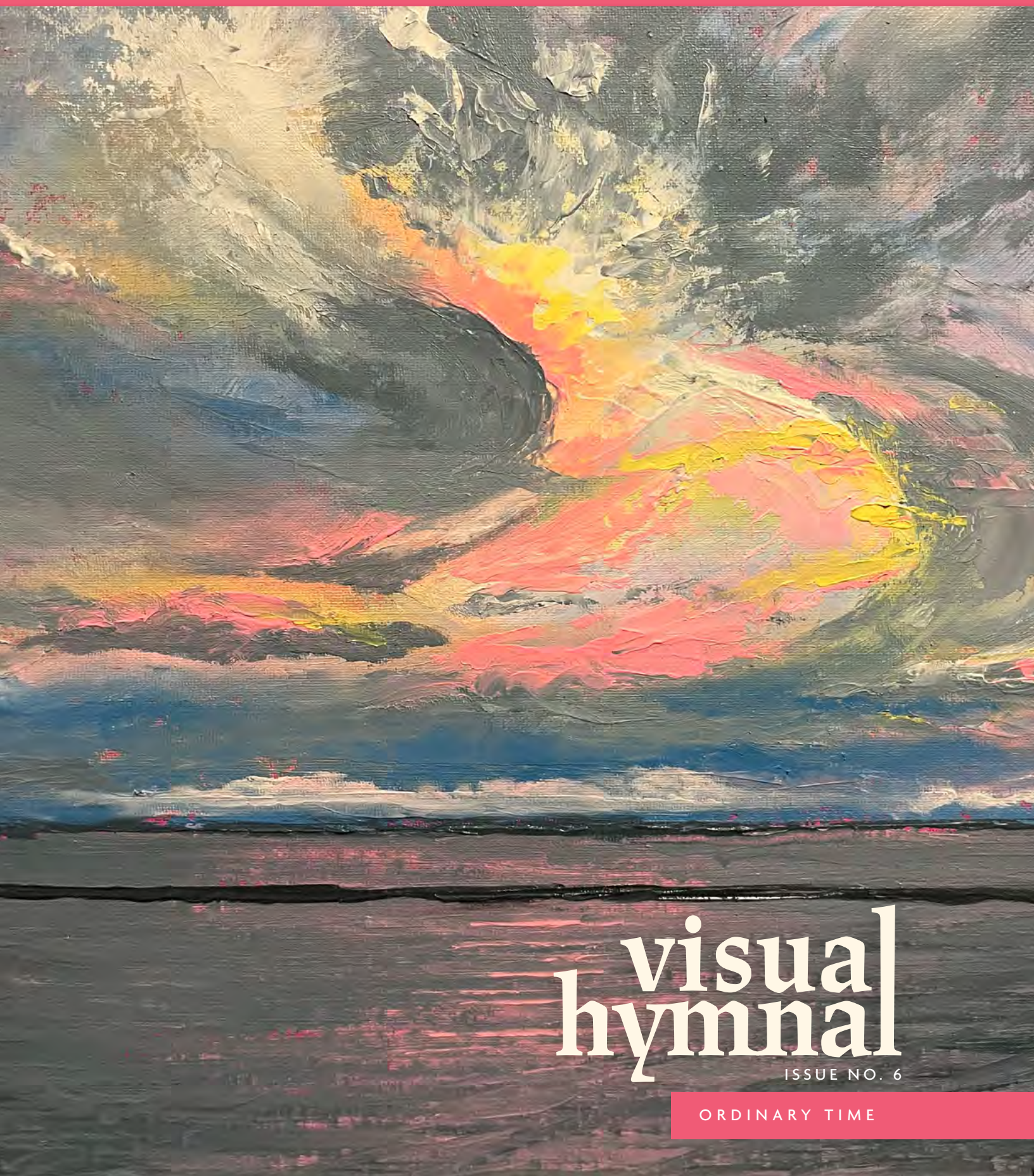
MURALS ON THE MENU ■ PRAYERS FOR PARDON AND PEACE ■ MESSAGE ON A BOTTLE
THIS IS THE DAY ■ SUFFERING IN HOPE ■ CULTIVATING A CREATIVE LIFE
HOLY HANDIWORK ■ AND MUCH, MUCH MORE. ***THIS IS VISUAL HYMNAL.***



# visual hymnal

ISSUE NO. 6

ORDINARY TIME

# NOTE FROM THE EDITOR

## *How we spend our lives*

Two themes emerged as this issue came together, both especially fitting for Ordinary Time. One is that of *process*. More than a few of these pieces pull back the proverbial curtain to show us not just the work itself, but how it was made. Daisha Lynne Sheets, whose painting graces our cover, walks us through her artistic process from inspiration to completion. Jennifer Drury shares behind-the-scenes photos and commentary on the construction of the robin puppet for a stage production of *The Secret Garden*. Christina Leach tells us how she found herself wielding a paintbrush at the top of a 15-foot ladder. And my own creative neighbors, Michael and Robin Bateman, take me on a tour of their art-filled home and studios.

A second, closely-related theme to look for is *journey*. In Kristin Webster's opening prayer, drawing from 1 John, we ask for the Lord's help to "walk in the light." Footpaths wind their way through Veronika Kulichenko's painting "A Perfect Summer" and Daisha Lynne Sheets's "Give Thanks: Psalm 118." A slight detour in the Hawkes family's road trip results in a moment of quiet reflection. I love what the statue of an angel in a famous Savannah cemetery says to Carly Hermanson as she beholds it (though you'll have to turn to page 20 for that). And Jenni Young's reflection on an excerpt from Charles Spurgeon's *Morning & Evening* reminds us that sometimes the journey feels less like dirt under our feet and more like being tossed about in a raging sea.

Recently our family has been attempting to learn some French in preparation for a summer trip. I am late to this game, but I liked learning that in French, "day" is "journée." Each day a little journey of its own. It made me think of a well-known line from Annie Dillard: "After all, how we spend our days is how we spend our lives."

As it happened, this issue's journey to completion proved longer than expected, for reasons both ordinary and extraordinary. We're so grateful for the participation and patience of all who contributed. Thanks for holding on. I pray these pages bring you joy and strength for the journey and an ardent longing for our glorious destination.

*Bonne lecture!*

***Katie Hautamaki***


## VISUAL HYMNAL

Founder: *Leah Shewmaker*
Editor: *Katie Hautamaki*
Copy Editor: *Karen Hawkins*
Art Director + Designer: *Sara Davis*
Photography Support: *Daniel Hautamaki*
Web Design: *Mike Houghton and Daniel Hautamaki*

***Submissions, support, and general inquiries?***
Email us at ***VisualHymnal@gmail.com***

Find us online at ***VisualHymnal.com***

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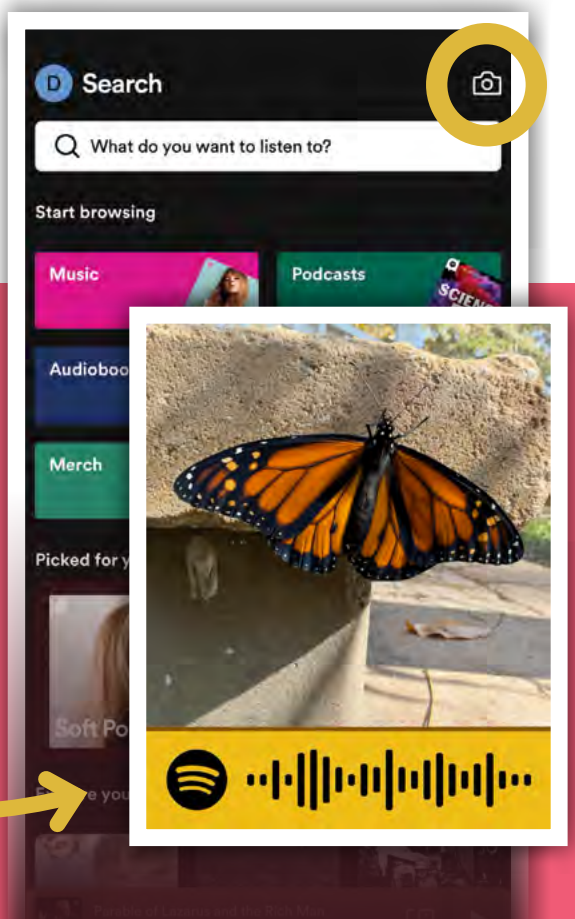
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## Ordinary Time Playlist

How to listen: *Open the Spotify app, click the camera button near the search bar, and scan the yellow bar.*



# *CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS*

**Jennifer Drury** is a sinner loved by Jesus, thankful for her amazing husband and sweet kids. She loves truth, goodness, and beauty in many forms, from sunsets to poems to water molecules.

**Jay Colle** started drawing on folded Order of Service sheets on Sunday mornings at church–an attempt on his mother's part to tamp down the restless activity of a toddler. The restlessness never waned, so he just kept drawing and painting and creating stuff. There is no sign of it stopping any time soon.

**Vicki Davis** is new at expressing herself creatively. She's always been an avid observer of art and art forms, but never really a participant. She enjoys learning and growing, adventuring with her family, and growing closer to Jesus.

**Benjamin Lee Davis** is an energetic kid who likes playing board games, sports, and fidgeting with electronics. He has a big imagination and loves bringing laughter and conversation to about every situation.

Once upon a time, **Mike Houghton** would make up bedtime stories for his four children. Then one day the stories all went away. He had no reason to believe they would ever come back again, but they did. And here we are. The end.

**Justin L. Hughes** serves Christ Classical Academy as Upper School Principal, and he serves St. Peter's Anglican Cathedral as a deacon. He and his wife Allie have four children ages eleven to sixteen.

**Karen Hawkins** is a native Floridian who grew up in Panama City on beautiful St. Andrew Bay. She moved to Tallahassee in 2007 for an editing job at FSU. When she's not advocating for the Oxford comma, she can be found hanging with her cat Hamilton and quoting Shakespeare to anyone who will listen.

**Nora Jackson** enjoys writing stories and making craft projects. She loves nature and can be found outside most of the time. She is in fifth grade and is 10 years old.

**Naomi Askey** is 10 years old and can often be found at the houses of her friends who live up and down the street. She likes being outside and coloring with new markers.

**Kristin Webster** is a mom, college instructor, wreath-maker, and mystery connoisseur. She enjoys Bible study and walks in the morning with her husband.

**Sara Davis** grew up in the age of Left Behind vs. Harry Potter and, frankly, is still working through all that. Spoiled rotten by her husband, she enjoys homemaking, hosting dinner parties, and the more-than-occasional midday nap. Mom/Coach/CFO. Sometimes she designs magazines.

**Lucy Young** is a happy eleven-year-old who loves her family, animals, and friends. She notices people around her with generosity, and she loves to stay busy doing creative things.

**Jenni Young** is a homeschooling mother of four who is regularly in awe of God's kindness. She is married to Jay, and they both walk with Jesus, who finds them every time they get lost.

**Holly Hawkes** currently teaches sixth, fifth, and first grades at home. Mom of three and wife to Jeremiah, she has an MPA from UGA and is part owner of the Green Bay Packers.

Held in Christ and delighted by wonder, **Daisha Lynne Sheets** creates art that seeks to reveal glimpses of glory in everyday moments. Influenced by a background in theatre and classical education, her work explores the timeless pursuit of Truth, Beauty, and Goodness through the quiet language of brush and canvas. Whether through oils or pencil, her hope is to invite others into a space of stillness, wonder, and worship.

**Catherine Miller** is a singer-songwriter, writer, and pianist. Catherine met Henry in college and they started writing songs together. Three kids, two cats, a dog, and 17 anniversaries later, they still think they do their best work together. Catherine has her Master's in Worship Studies from the Robert E. Webber Institute for Worship Studies in Jacksonville, Florida.

**Henry Miller** is a poet, amateur photographer, and father of three rambunctious boys. He enjoys Nerf battles, food preservation, and agri-ventures with his family. Fun fact: he proposed to Catherine with a sonnet.

**Christina Leach** is a sophomore at Florida State University studying violin performance. She is originally from Greenville, South Carolina and loves to paint in her free time.

**Peter Schamp** often expresses creativity through music-making or instructional design. He's grateful to have another outlet to share creative pursuits now via Visual Hymnal.

**Natalie Schamp** feels most alive when she is being creative, whether through music, art, or words. Since fall 2022, she has moved across the country, started a job at FSU's College of Music, and welcomed two children. When she's not working or chasing toddlers, she loves discovering great restaurants with her husband, listening to podcasts, and reading.

**Eli Myhre** is a creative writing student at Florida State, originally from Tallahassee. He comes from a family of artists and has found writing to be one of the best ways to connect with others, himself, and his faith. He has never gotten over the beauty of Jesus, and is glad he never will.

**Veronika Kulichenko** is a high school junior and an unprofessional critic, born and raised in Kyiv, Ukraine. She hates her accent and loves pastries.

**Annie Hautamaki** is a sixth-grader who enjoys acting, singing, swimming, and arts and crafts.

**Nora Hautamaki** is in fourth grade. She likes to impress and entertain her friends and family with her jokes, creativity, ideas, energy, reading, grammar, writing skills, and imagination.

**Katie Hautamaki** is a wife, mother, writer, editor, and disciple of Christ. A native of Tallahassee, she likes driving canopy roads, walking in the woods, and swimming in cold spring water. She suffers from a worrying peanut butter M&M's habit and an intense aversion to board games. She would like to attend more parties with dancing.

**Daniel Hautamaki** is a husband, father, and follower of Christ. He spends many of his workdays riding the pastures and forests of North Florida. He enjoys, among other things, dogs, music, sailing, and smoking meat. He is currently fixing up his grandfather's 1988 Ford Ranger.

**Thomas Argersinger (Baltus)** has been a musician, educator, and follower of Jesus Christ for over 40 years. A native New Yorker, Thomas has always loved reading and writing poetry, working in a variety of genres from haiku to more metaphysical poems akin to Gerard Manley Hopkins. The name Baltus is derived from a distant relative, Hans Baltus Ergerzinger, who flourished in the mid-16th century in central Europe. It speaks of rootedness, heritage, and home. Thomas's life calling is to connect life in God with life in the world, and the creative and performing arts provide a wonderful vehicle for that life-giving work.

**Catherine Deininger** is an avid walker, baker, and pre-bedtime nap-taker. She enjoys baking in the evening when the house is quiet. While she likes good quality food, her favorite culinary treat is a McDonald's Coke and french fries. Catherine and her family live in Southern Appalachia.

**Carly Hermanson** has lived in Tallahassee for more than 20 years and loves design and travel. A few of her favorite places are the UK, St. Croix, and any beach or large body of water.

**Ryan Ellis** is a newly minted Texan, originally from a ranch town in Buffalo County, Nebraska, who recently completed a 20-year stint in Wisconsin.

**Christy Hayner** is an artist and art teacher living in Florida. She studied painting and the human figure at Asbury University and New York Academy of Art. She is inspired that God created everything so beautifully out of his own fullness and love. And that as "sub-creators," we get to not only see his beauty through his creation, but participate in making beautiful things as well. You can find more of her work at christyhayner.com and whaletailestudio.etsy.com.

# A Prayer Based on 1 John

By Kristin Webster

Leader: Dear Lord, you are Light; in you there is no darkness. Help us to walk in the light, as you are in the light, so that we have fellowship with one another.

**All: Lord, let us walk in the Light.**

Leader: We praise you as the atoning sacrifice for our sins, and not only for us, but for the sins of the whole world.

**All: The darkness is passing, and the true light is already shining.**

Leader: The world and its desires pass away; Lord, help us to do your will.

**All: Let us love one another, for love comes from you.**

Leader: Not that we have loved you, Lord, but that you loved us and sent your Son, Jesus Christ, as the atoning sacrifice for our sins.

**All: You are love complete and fulfilled.**

Leader: Lord, live in us and help us to live in love for you and our community.

**All: Let us love one another, for love comes from you.**

Leader: Thank you for the blessing of the Holy Spirit, so that we know we live in you. Help us to show our love for you, Lord, by keeping your commands.

**All: Lord, help us to live in the Truth.**

Leader: We praise you for Jesus Christ the Son of God, and that all who believe in him may have eternal life.

**All: You are love complete and fulfilled.**

Leader: Keep us from idols, Lord Jesus.

**All: Let us walk in the Light.**

Leader: Bless us with grace, mercy, and peace from you,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

**All: May our joy be complete. Amen.**



Photo by Natalie Schamp




Photo by Holly Hawkes

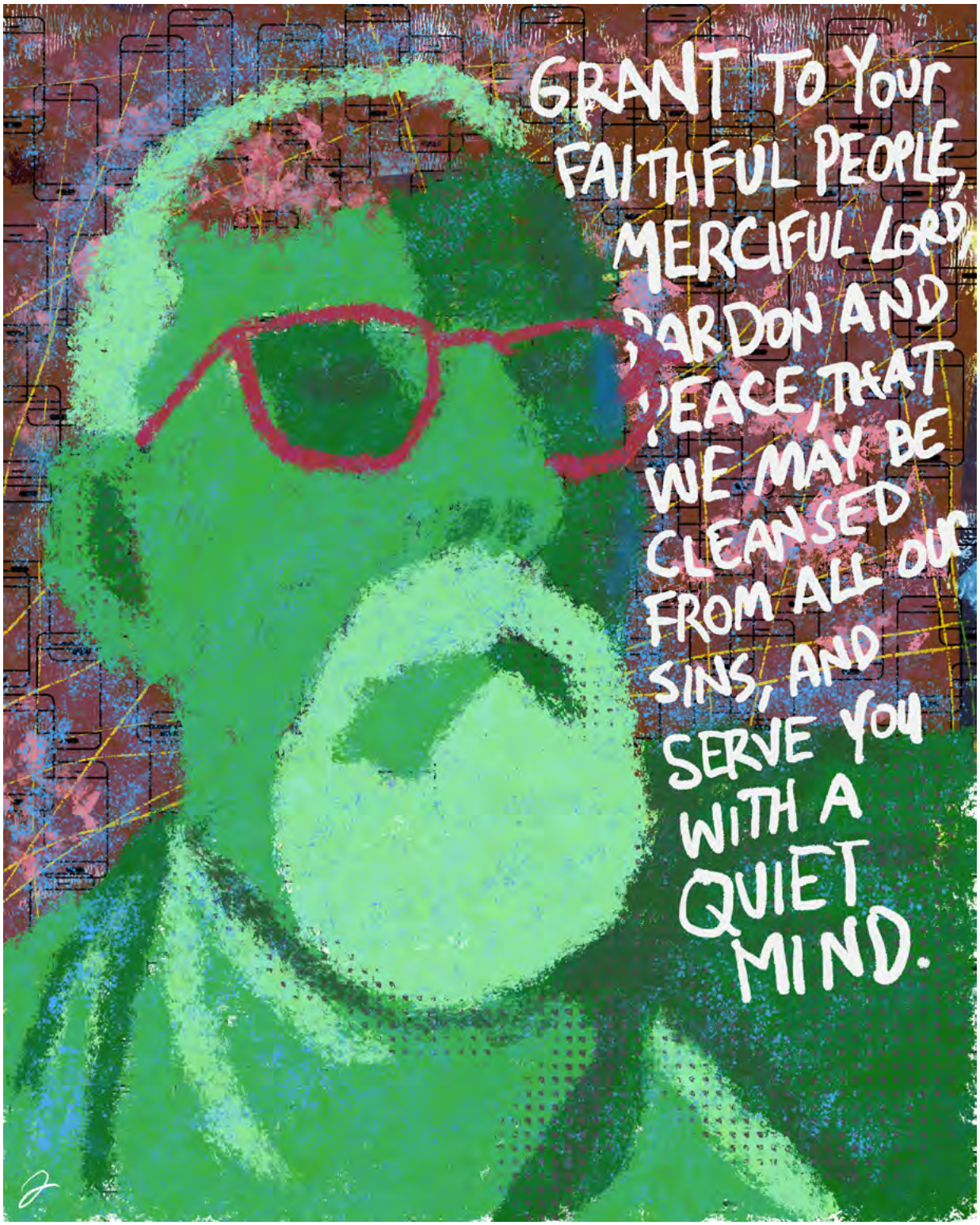
We took a detour on our vacation this summer. In a quiet corner of Gray, Maine, a number of my husband's relatives are buried. In a departure from our regular schedule of "fun," we came upon a cold granite marker inscribed with "Hawkes." My last name.

I'm grateful for that pause. And for these beautiful words from another Mainer.
– Holly Hawkes

*Tell me not, in mournful numbers,*
*Life is but an empty dream!*
*For the soul is dead that slumbers,*
*And things are not what they seem.*
*Life is real! Life is earnest!*
*And the grave is not its goal;*
*Dust thou art, to dust returnest,*
*Was not spoken of the soul.*

*– From "A Psalm of Life" by*
*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

Read the full poem at *PoetryFoundation.org*




Digital painting
Jay Colle

We desire and need a quiet mind to serve and honor Jesus in our daily lives, but our world of distractions makes that so very difficult. The handwritten prayer is from the *Book of Common Prayer*. It has become one of my favorite passages to ponder. – Jay Colle



"Magnum Opus"
Lauterbrunnen Valley
Berner Oberland, Switzerland
Peter Schamp, 2024



## Ordinary Time

By Eli Myhre

In my ordinary life
I've had an ordinary time
Love to be better
But I seldom climb

If your eyes wore me, maybe they'd see
Why I long to change my ways
But my love's a bust, counted lust
My skies are thick with haze

Clay on a wheel
Waiting for your hands
This love's real, a struggle
To embrace and let go of my plans

Speak, O Shepherd, brush the hyssop over me
Cleanse and purge
Your heart is lowly
Please shape me by your words

My days are still, so very quiet
My mind whispers lies, I won't buy it.
Will the risen Son show me his face?
Only then will I walk toward truth and grace.

# The Perfect Summer.

By Veronika Kulichenko

I'm not a fan of summers in Florida. It's not just hot–it's the kind of heat that feels like it's sticking to you all the time. The humidity makes the air feel heavy, and no matter what you do, you're always sweating. The sun is super strong, too. Even just stepping outside feels like you're getting burned, even through your clothes. Just walking around can be exhausting because the air doesn't move much and everything feels still. And while the idea of summer makes you think of relaxing outside, that's hard to do here in Florida. You can't even walk outside without worrying about getting attacked by fire ants, gnats, and mosquitoes. It sort of ruins that peaceful and carefree summer feeling people always talk about.

But it hasn't always been this way for me.

When I think of the perfect summer, I imagine something way different. Something that was imprinted in me since the day I was born. I imagine a summer in central Ukraine. Not too hot, not super humid, barely any bugs. You can lay in the grass, feel a breeze, and just enjoy being outside without feeling miserable. You can take a hike in a forest where you can actually see between the trees, with no walls of vines in between. I think of summer where you can pick sour cherries, apricots, and apples from the trees in your neighborhood. Summer where a thunderstorm brings freshness. Summer with fields of blooming wildflowers, weeping willows bowing down to lazy rivers, larks and swallows flying in the sky.

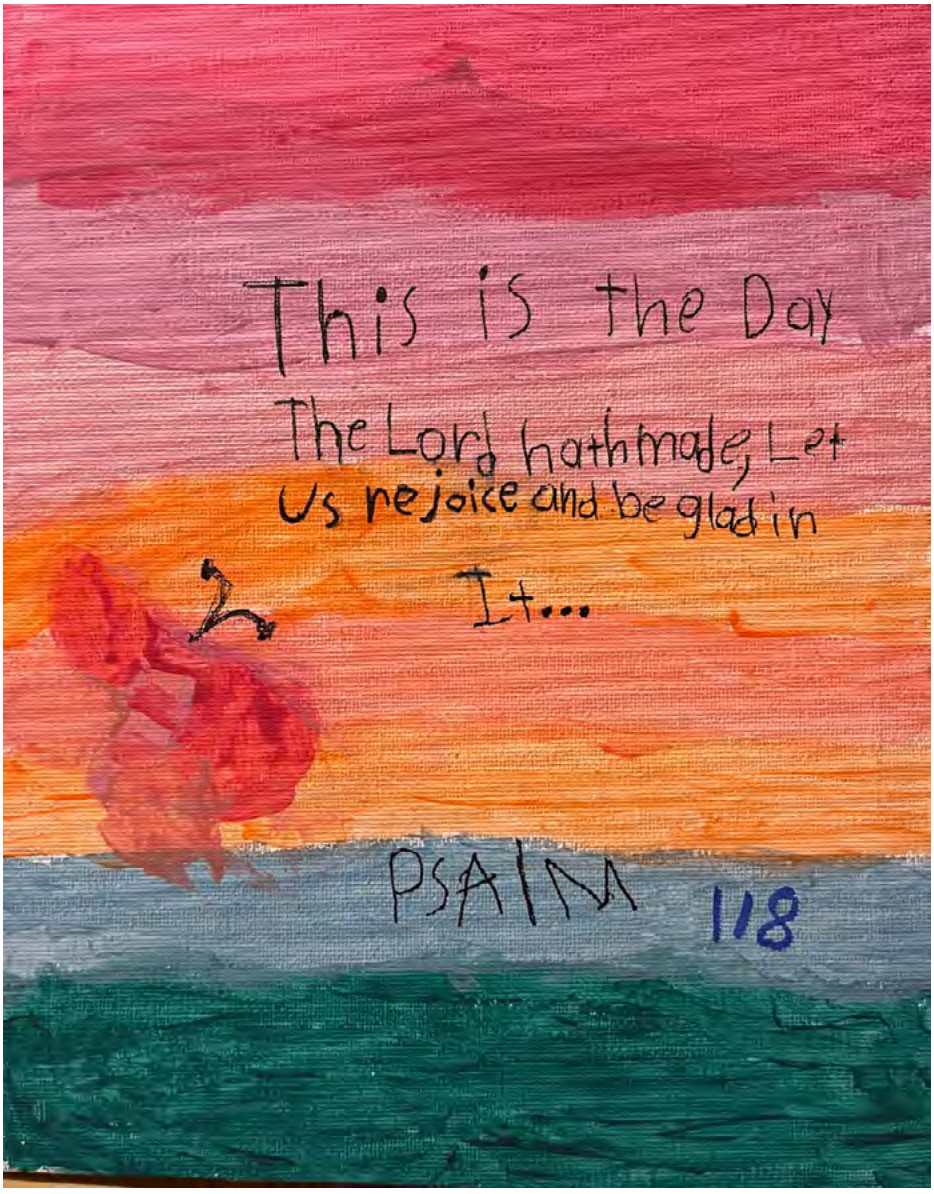
My perfect summer. THE perfect summer.
The summer I miss so much.

"The Perfect Summer"
Pastels on paper
Veronika Kulichenko, 16





"Sun"
Watercolor
Annie Hautamaki, 11




"This is the day"
Acrylic on canvas
Nora Hautamaki, 9



"Psalm 118: Give Thanks"
Acrylic on canvas
Daisha Lynne Sheets

## First Written Poem

By Lucy Young, 11

O my soul, rejoice in Jesus the King
Who loves mankind and died for thee.
The Lord loves me; how can it be?
He opens my eyes so I can see.

He loves me so, He loves me so,
Oh, how He loves me so!

I'll fly away to a home more real
Than the land we live in now.
He is the One we look up to
And the One to whom we bow.

He loves thee so, He loves thee so
Oh, how He loves thee so!

Peonies photographed by
Natalie Schamp






*Composed in 2020 during the pandemic, this song is a prayer for ourselves and our friends struggling with mental health issues, especially anxiety, depression, and the related feelings of being "lost" and alone. We hope this serves as a song you can cling to when you're struggling or give you the words to pray when they just aren't coming.*

**Credits:**

Catherine Miller, piano & vocals
Jennifer Nicholson, guest vocalist
Jean-Luc Cataquet, violin
Sally Hernandez, viola
Katie Troy, cello
Chris Hall, electric bass & electric guitar
*Davi Mello, acoustic guitar
*Joao Paulo Drumond, percussion

Arr. by Joshua Rivers
String arr. by Alan Elkins
Guitar arr. by Chris Hall

Recorded, mixed, and mastered in Valdosta, GA by Lee Dyess, EarthSounds Records

Strings & piano recorded by Wells Gordon, Alchemy Sound Studios, Tallahassee, FL

Produced by JRiveMusic

Cover Art photo by Henry Miller

Song, "O Great Physician" (c) 2020, 2025 Catherine & Henry Miller

Recording (c) 2025 Catherine & Henry Miller, Joshua Rivers

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**Appears Courtesy of* Musiversal

## #3

Is there greater real than this?
A cooler peace?

Eternal sweetness juicing waters clear and cold
That run like horses galloping free,
Abandoned to a liquid love that, once purified,
sustains a soul so parched, so shriveled, so alone.

Ah, yes, these waters are beyond me now,
Yet so clear and real and ready to be drunk–
I have drunk the dregs of fear poured out on willing ground,
Creating space for a generous tippling of the deeper magic.

Smiles grow from such seed, present,
As we are, to such a blazing better.

And this is the place, my place, geography aside,
where happy inner smoothness frolics finally in the late light turned now,
And realms of Greater grace the bows of love on lifetimes yet unborn.

Great God! Great One-In-Three!

Greater than my reverie!
Inebriator of my soul, break forth again.

That “i” I know, transformed in Your light,
refracts a beam more solid, more winsome, more divine.

And when the vista opens and I see the Home where I began this journey,
I weep the golden tears that cleanse a soul,
Washed perfect by the ruby blood of sacrificial love,
So late in time, so drawn in beauty through the night,
I live.

baltus 05 22



Orchid cultivated by Joshua Askey

# Cutie Cards




By Nora Jackson, 10 and Naomi Askey, 10

My brother has always been really into Pokemon cards and I was wondering why there isn't a girl version of Pokemon cards. After seeing a friend's homemade collector cards, I decided to make my own. I tried to think of something that most girls would like and something that was fun that I could make. Cutie cards are mostly animals and they're all really cute. Each Cutie card has a rating for cuteness, edition, name, and what animal it is. Cutie cards are trading cards. There is one special edition called "Super Edition." It takes a normal Cutie card and adds a point to it and it makes it a superhero.

– Nora Jackson



Acrylic rendering of the Sprinkle House
Christina Leach, 2025

# The Sprinkle House

By Catherine Deininger

The Sprinkle House was the first home we owned. The previous owner had painted some of the raised bricks in varying blues, greens, and white. While at first we thought we would paint the whole house white (classic millennials!), one of our first visitors, a precocious two-year-old, shouted, “Sprinkle House!” upon entering. So it stuck. Thank you Violet.

We arrived as just the two of us and quickly added a rambunctious dog, Howdy. We also raised chickens–a total of 13–named after country music stars, social activists, Supreme Court justices, and athletes. Later we brought home our daughter and then our son. While our girl had just over two and a half magical years tromping through the backyard amongst the fruit trees and inspecting all of the small creatures within, our son spent just five months in our candy-coated bungalow!

The walls of Sprinkle House held us through a destructive tornado, a surprise late winter snow, and countless hurricanes. Its wood stove kept us warm for a week straight during that glorious snow, drying off damp socks and proofing sourdough bread to heights never before seen. (We love the stove so much we moved it with us!).

It was relaxed, comfortable, and cozy: our family’s preferred state.

While our children will soon forget, we will remember fondly our sweet time raising up a family at the Sprinkle House.

*Photo courtesy of Catherine Deininger*



Photo by Carly Hermanson

Angel atop the gravestone of Aaron Wilbur

Bonaventure Cemetery; Sec C, Lot 13.

Savannah, GA

“There are a couple of other angels there that point directly up to God, but I like how she’s more pointing onward–like, ‘Just keep on going, you who are still here.’” – Carly Hermanson



Photo by Carly Hermanson

"The Good Shepherd"

Gold on rare African marble

Vatican Museum, Rome, Italy

Rudolf Marschall (Austrian, 1873-1967); commissioned by Emperor Franz Joseph I of Austria as a gift to Pope Leo XIII

"I am the good shepherd. The good shepherd lays down his life for the sheep." John 10:11



### The City

Distortions mirroring old sunshine wave in bent windows
Remind me of a time when innocence broke and the City welcomed us with open arms;
And so began our journey with many perilous trips and steps and risings, falling all over one another;
Even as Grace poured out rings of mercy that kept us bobbing in a raging, ridiculous sea.
The energy of Spirit lives here, too, alongside the hope-starved cultural flow that threatens to sink the coracle of mercy beneath us.
Yet the ever-there mercy-arms kept/keep us breathing new breath, even as we zealously slept and fought and lingered in the doubts of children.
Greater than our hearts He is.
And so, transcending pain and failure–mistakes without number–comes a making all things (mostly) right;
'Til that quickening dawn finally buries every brokenness in Beauty.

BALTUS

NYC 02 2024

# A Function of Help

By Ryan Ellis

This season has been curiously quiet, the weight of change slowing anticipated chaos. There was a milestone birthday, the first career change in 15 years, and a move 1,100 miles south.

Change had always been marked by anxiety, a fear of loss indulging a need for control, but this time it presented differently. It left space and chose to pause. The pause was a reprieve from the set of standard schemes, time to think, and space to ask for help.

As a preacher's kid, social acceptance was a function of discipline and self-control. To be righteous meant taking responsibility and defaulting to action.

To be seen in need was weakness. To ask for help? An act of shame and confession.

Help was something you did for the other, for the needy, for the impulsive, for the weak.

Discipline subdued the need to ask and receive (ironic for those inhabiting the story of redemption). I broke the things I tried to control. I insisted my wounds' only hope was to heal themselves.

But eventually I gave in to the temptation to let go.

Hope is a function of help.

And help was there, waiting patiently with those nearby.

I'm still learning how to ask, but in this season of change I know it's an option. An option that has proven gracious and kind.

It took me forty years to understand that in my need, I haven't lacked a thing.

*"The Lord your God has blessed you in all the work of your hands. He has watched over your journey through this vast wilderness. These forty years the Lord your God has been with you, and you have not lacked anything." – Deuteronomy 2:7*

"BQE"
Brooklyn, NY
Daniel Hautamaki

## Milk & Honey

By Natalie Schamp

Sitting on
the porch bench
infant boy at my breast
    a hummingbird
    flits here
        now there
Seventeen pounds of baby
    Three grams of delicate feathers
    among blooms and buzzing bees
feathery hair, lashes fluttering
a pink bloom on cheeks
    shimmering emerald
    peek of rosy throat
little arm embracing
baby hand in mine
    a tiny gem flashing
sapphire eyes, ruby mouth
    baby beak searching
darting tongue
    wings beating faster
    than the naked eye can see
    Drinking nectar, the honey of the flowers
Mama's milk flowing, just as sweet

Rocking and bonding
    Nurturing and pollinating
Humming
    Humming
A fleeting season
before
        migrating south
maturing to solid nourishment

In this holy moment
Peace
Union
Satisfaction

Foretastes of the
Promised Land



*Photo by Chris F, Pexels 3494383*



## A bird

By Jennifer Drury

What a simple thing to make a simple little bird.
I've seen dozens today, hundreds this week, tens of thousands in my life.
Rarely do I give a second glance as they hop and fly and effortlessly move about, singing soft or shrill.

Yet now I strive to make just one.
Not a living thing, a breathing thing, not one that can hop or fly or sing.
No, just a copy, and a feeble one at that.

I study and study the birds outdoors, the birds in photographs, trying to mimic what I see,
what I barely glanced before, each movement a wonder.

Yet they're everywhere, made with a word, and He knows when even one falls.
He knows the intricacies of their form, the physics of their flight.
He knows, and He makes.

Craftsmanship beyond the finest artist, for who can craft flesh and nerves and breathe into it life itself?

What a simple thing it is for Him to make a simple little bird.
How can I believe that anyone else could control the world?

## Orual's Complaint

By Justin L. Hughes

Ere death's pale face stares coldly through me, and
Then, to my joyless soul announces the
Slow journey which I must take soon to leave
This world made terrible by your short stand
Beside, with angry cries to sea and land
Must I, pained, publish unrelentingly
The great agonies with which love cursed me
In this life. I will have the upper hand.

The gods, whose calls for life and beauty are
But whimpers of shadows, claimed my loved one
For theirs. May they do such? Gods they must not
Be! None e're loved. They all covered and barred
My face and Unlovely named me. Let run
My hate apace to them as theirs me sought.

*Orual is the narrator of C.S. Lewis's novel* Till We Have Faces.

# Marvel & Mimicry

Jennifer Drury on creating the robin puppet for Community Christian School Theatre's production of *The Secret Garden* (based on the novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett)

"Leonardo da Vinci studied birds, observed them carefully, and sketched them as he was trying to create his own flying machines. We needed our wings to be able to move in more than just a simple flapping up and down motion; I was looking for a way that our bird's wings could take both a position back against the body, but then also move out into flight. By making two holes and running a paper clip through, the wing was able to rotate on that paper clip, which gave it that range of motion that was a bit more natural."





*Process photos courtesy of Jennifer Drury*





"Barbie has this wonderful ball-and-socket joint that allows her head to move up and down and side to side. But her head is tiny–not nearly large enough to be our robin–so we decided we would use a tennis ball to make the head. This actually makes a new ball and socket joint–the Barbie's head now serves as the socket."

"When I'm constructing things for plays, I'm always looking at inexpensive or free household items that we can use." Here, two plastic spoons became the robin's beak.

*Being the robin was a really unique experience for me because, although he didn't have any spoken lines, he played a pivotal part in the story. I had never had any puppet experience before, but learning how to maneuver the robin was super fun! It was really interesting learning to give so much life and expression to such an adorable puppet. I feel like the more I worked with him, the more room he took up in my heart. Mrs. Drury was such an amazing puppetry teacher, and she did such a fantastic job creating him!*

*– Emory Haner, 13*

*CCS Theatre*

Photo by Sarah Gray



"Fighting Conch"
Watercolor
Mike Houghton

# On the Shaping of Shells and Souls

By Jenni Young

*"Come in, O strong and deep love of Jesus, like the sea at the flood in spring tides, cover all my powers, drown all my sins, wash out all my cares, lift up my earth-bound soul, and float it right up to my Lord's feet, and there let me lie, a poor broken shell, washed up by his love, having no virtue or value; and only venturing to whisper to him that if he will put his ear to me, he will hear within my heart faint echoes of the vast waves of his own love which have brought me where it is my delight to lie, even at his feet forever."*

– Charles H. Spurgeon, *Morning and Evening*, April 12 entry

What is it to be arrested by the love of Jesus?

It is to be a shell so small in an Ocean so vast, to experience death and emptiness, to be covered and drowned and washed out.

It is to be tossed about in the often unpredictable rhythm of the Incomprehensible Sea, to sometimes find a still place for a little while and then to be tossed about again.

It is to learn to let–to let the Ocean form and move and fill and guide, to let it wash away the dead parts, to let it replace them with a constant stream of Living Water.

It is to be surprised one day to realize that the Terrible Sea was always kind, maybe most especially when it seemed Terrible.

And in the end? Where does the love of Jesus lead in the end?

It leads to His feet.

It leads to rest.

It leads to faint echoes of His own Love.

And those echoes of that kind of Love from that kind of shell–those echoes are almost as incomprehensible as the Sea Itself.

*"Come in, O strong and deep love of Jesus..."*



Charles Spurgeon was a preacher in England in the 1800s. Often called "the prince of preachers," he preached many good, true, and beautiful sermons and wrote about Scripture with the eloquence of a poet.



PSALM 19:

# His Handiwork

PAINTING & PROCESS
BY DAISHA LYNNE SHEETS

I was gearing up for showing my work in the gallery at St. Peter's Anglican Cathedral. I knew I wanted to add some new paintings, but didn't know what to paint.

In a Facebook post, I asked my followers to DM me some of their favorite photos, hoping that one would inspire me. Several photos that were sent in captured my attention, but the soft pinks of Jennifer Drury's photo of Eastpoint, FL was the photo that I knew I had to paint!

The warmth of the painting led me to do an underpainting of magenta.

In the underpainting, I wiped off the paint in the areas where the movement of the clouds formed light and shadow. This allowed me to roughly block in the proportions of the painting.



*GRIEF AND JOY, WRESTLING AND PEACE... THE CONTRAST ALLOWS US TO SEE THE BEAUTY OF THE GROWTH HE IS WORKING IN OUR LIVES.*

*For God, who said, "Let light shine out of darkness," has shone in our hearts to give the light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ.*
2 Corinthians 4:6

Photo by Jennifer Drury

*GOD USES THE CONTRASTING SEASONS OF OUR LIVES TO BRING FORTH BEAUTY AND SCULPT US MORE INTO THE IMAGE OF JESUS.*

Once I did this layer, the movement of the clouds began to speak to me more than the soft pinks of the original image. It was almost as if God's hands were sculpting the sky. The swirling motion in the middle expanding out captured my fancy.

As I added the layers of blues and grays for the shadows, and layered on the yellows and pinks, I marveled at how God uses the contrasting seasons of our lives to bring forth beauty and sculpt us more into the image of Jesus. Grief and joy, wrestling and peace...the contrast allows us to see the beauty of the growth He is working in our lives.

"Psalm 19: His Handiwork" became the name of this painting.

## Psalm 19

The heavens declare the glory of God,
and the sky above proclaims his handiwork.
Day to day pours out speech,
and night to night reveals knowledge.
There is no speech, nor are there words,
whose voice is not heard.
Their voice goes out through all the earth,
and their words to the end of the world.
In them he has set a tent for the sun,
which comes out like a bridegroom leaving his chamber,
and, like a strong man, runs its course with joy.
Its rising is from the end of the heavens,
and its circuit to the end of them,
and there is nothing hidden from its heat.

"Psalm 19: His Handiwork" is part of The Psalm Collection by Daisha Lynne Sheets. The paintings can be viewed at DaishaLynne.com and are available for purchase.



"Tuscan Sunset"
Oil on wood
Tuscany, Italy



"Cape Canaveral Beach"
Oil on canvas
Cape Canaveral, FL


DAISHA

# On Loss and Grief

By Vicki Davis

When death happens, it stops everything around you.

It's all running at a high pace and then suddenly you are sitting in a haze. I remember going to a friend's party shortly after the death of my husband and everything seemed to be moving without me, as if I were watching a movie. It was a surreal moment. I was trying to keep things going–to be normal–sort of. I left that party feeling so strange, wondering if I'd ever feel normal again.

Grief is this giant weight strapped to your back and no one really knows how heavy it is on any given day. We get good at pretending we are okay, those of us carrying deep suffering. Pain is invisible, so people would say to me, "You always look so bright" or "You appear to be handling this well" or "You always have a positive attitude" when in reality, I was forcing myself forward, knowing that I could not, under any circumstance, give up.

I was not okay though.

How could I be? My other half, my soulmate, had been ripped from my life. It's no small thing. How does one disentangle themselves from the one they have vowed their life to?

And what if I don't want to?

I had no choice though. Some people would say, "Oh, but he's still with you" or "You can always say, 'we.'" And as much as they are trying to be helpful, their words are painfully incorrect.

No, he is not here. No, he will not always be. And yes, I am alone. There are no minced words about it.

Some lose the one they love instantly, in a car accident or sudden death of another kind. And that kind of shock I don't know if I could have managed.

I lost my husband over the course of 15 months. I watched as he quietly lost many facets of himself. I can almost not write about this pain. I'm not sure if I can put into words what it meant to lose my person like this. Others saw some, but when you are the wife you see most. You see him pull himself together for a work call or a friend's hangout. You know that he's given every ounce of energy to his family, but when he settles back down he will come to you and you will see it all. This was not an easy thing. It was the single hardest thing I've gone through in my life. Both of us knowing what this loss meant and will mean was almost more than we could bear.

What does a good daddy never want to do?

Hurt his children.

And even though it was not his own fault, he knew that this happening to him would hurt them.

And of course, it has.

I would will myself forward, searching for answers–a way out for him. A way towards healing. We searched the world for treatment or a plan that would be promising. But his cancer, intimal sarcoma, was coming at us like a freight train. It wasn't stopping for anyone. One of the hardest parts of our experience was when I would tell people about what was going on and within two minutes of talking to me, they were directing me to this or that that would be the answer or help. I felt so discouraged. And overwhelmed. Lee tried everything as well. He even let me make him garlic-laden smoothies (with chunks of garlic–not even completely blended in) to see if that would be the thing that made all the difference.

It didn't do the "trick."

*One thing is sure: suffering is the greatest teacher.*

We did have some laughs about him trying to eat those awful shakes. He was such a positive man. Never one to complain. When I look back at him, I see incredible strength and perseverance. Never worrying more than he should and a dang determination that I couldn't fathom. He was amazing.

We kept being pressed beyond our limits. I found a to-do list a few months back and I was flabbergasted at the number of tasks on it! Just keeping the kids going, and the home, and the



Photo Credit: Pexels,Asya Vlasova

appointments–not to mention a tree fell on our garage as all this was happening.

The barrage was nearly more than we could trudge through.

What came out of all of this surprised me. We never know what will happen when we are surrounded on all sides. I did my fair share of whining, for sure. When I was complaining about how hard it all was to a friend from work he said, "So, what are you going to do about it?" And you know, that was a great question. It wasn't helpful to sit and whine and cry, which I still did of course. But more than anything, I had to figure out a way forward. And I couldn't wallow in self-pity and accomplish that goal. No matter how many people helped me–and a ton did–I still had to take on roles and responsibilities that were more than I could handle.

It helped to accept that things were hard and press on.

***And time and time again, God was there, ready to reach me in my pain and love me.***

Out of the pain, frustration, and intensity came something unexpected. One early morning, when we were all sleeping in the same room, a poem flooded out of me. Poured out. I didn't know feelings and words could come like that. It's just that they had nowhere else to go. This poem, "If We Could," was about how we would do absolutely anything to keep our kids from this pain. We would move worlds for them if it would protect them. Sadly, as much as we wanted and wished we could will things to be different, our pain and theirs was here to stay. And then I began to ponder,

What if there is purpose in the pain? Could there be?

As the months rolled on and we went through Lee's open heart surgery, brain surgery, chemo and immunotherapy, music and poems came.

Can music really be a healer?

My daughter, son, and I started writing songs and I started learning the piano and ukulele and God met us. God spoke to me when I sang and He helped Lee and I in moments of great physical pain.

I was amazed that this tool could be a conduit of healing.

Music was somewhere I learned to go when I was hurting and when I had no place to go with the pain. And time and time again, God was there, ready to reach me in my pain and love me. I sought God that way and He and I wrote songs and poems together. I cried out to Him and He heard me.

***I've found God to be faithful when I was wrecked beyond measure.***

It's now been a year since Lee entered heaven. No matter how much grieving I did as I watched things change, I still wasn't prepared for the piercing reality of his absence. So many thoughts, feelings, and emotions were left with no home in which to place them. And even though I am surrounded by an enormous, loving, and generous friend and family group, I was still alone. When you don't have your person anymore it means that all of those intimate, silly, important pieces of information just stay with yourself. You can try giving them to friends or to God, but it honestly is not the same. How could it be? He was your physical husband on this earth. Can a friend somehow take his place? No. As much as people wanted to say I wasn't alone and that they were there for me, that simply isn't true. My sweet man had left. I was left to raise my kids by myself, handle finances, make large life choices, make all the food, do all the chores, haul all the heavy loads, do all the homework help, always be the driver, decision-maker, hugger, and encourager. I have been alone and I have had to make peace with this. It's just the truth and I would rather embrace the truth.

Some argue that God is always there for me and is enough. And I can't say that this is fully true. I don't mean that God is not sovereign or God is not able to meet my needs, but I had a physical husband who was my lover, friend, confidant, life partner, and father to my kids. I don't believe that God can be him because He wasn't him. At times, I've been very angry about those kinds of statements. But anger doesn't help, though I wish it would. It doesn't make things better and it isn't useful in the grieving process for long because, if left unchecked, bitterness can take root.

Running to Jesus and having the hope of what Jesus offers does.

I've found God to be faithful when I was wrecked beyond measure.

It's been a curious thing, this grief. It's so heavy, unbearable at times, yet there is this pure, steady hope that streams from heaven onto me. I know that I know that God is sovereign. That He knows best and that He doesn't give his children a stone when they ask for bread. How beautiful is that? Can He make me full again and purposeful?

Yes, He can.

I've wrestled with deep emotions, of course. I had a counselor friend say to me, "You never know how God will restore this family." I thought, "Restore? How can this word be coupled with my experience now? I mean, my husband has been ripped from my family. Our kids are brokenhearted. How can 'restore' fit here?"

And yet now, I'm seeing that.

I'm seeing hope again and I know that there is good to come.

I'm not sure how you sum up all I've learned in this last year. How? There have been so many ups and downs. One thing is sure: suffering is the greatest teacher. What has come out of me is music and a deep desire to know the Lord more.

So now,

What?

How is life now, just over a year after he left?

We are working on rebuilding. It came to me that what happened to us was like a hurricane. Our whole house was destroyed–all of our clothes, things, bedrooms, special items, and all the knick-knacks that make a house a home. And at first, we were standing in the middle of that disaster looking around to see who was left. We found our people: me, my daughter, and my two sons were left standing. But we'd lost our hero. Aid rushed in and provided for us–gave us meals, cleaned our house, folded our clothes, sat and talked, ran kids around, gave money, and just gave time. They helped us all stand up. Our bewildered crew began to gain strength. I went back to work and the kids went back to school and we tried to create a new normal. And just when we felt like we were creating some semblance of normal, doctors found a tumor in my youngest child's brain (that story I will leave for another day). When all of my son's treatments were done and there was a bit more certainty in life (can there ever really be certainty?), we came back to the wreckage of our lives and began to look around. We saw lots of wood and items that couldn't be used anymore, so we set that in the "throw pile," and then we rummaged through what remained and found bits and pieces that could be used, so we set that in a "can-be-used pile." We gathered this and that and finally, we cleared a new space and took items from the can-be-used pile along with new wood and ideas and we began to build again.

So that is where we are: rebuilding. And I have hope that there will be good in the future.

***...we either have to decide that God is sovereign and He is good or He isn't. And if He is, well then He's worth trusting.***

There is hope.

Overall, I have learned that we aren't in control of anything, we can't hold on to tomorrow like we own it, and basically, we either have to decide that God is sovereign and He is good or He isn't.

And if He is, well then He's worth trusting.

So, I will trust Him as I make my way through this life. I choose to trust that He is good. ■

***In all of my wrestling, I wrote this song, "God or Not."***

## Just Words

By Vicki Davis

The we became I
against my will,
less than a year ago.

And now I forgo
that reality that
used to define this
entity, my family.

I'm forging through
this jungle
my words ransomed
by this new identity.

Tripped up in conversations
forgetting to substitute
me, for us.

Redefining me when
we and us
was always best.

*Life is a balancing game.*

*Sometimes you fall,*

*Sometimes you make it across,*

*and sometimes you're just stuck in the middle.*

– Benjamin Lee Davis, 9



"Thy presence my light"
Acrylic on canvas
Christy Hayner, 2024

# HOOBLAD

A BEDTIME STORY
BY MIKE HOUGHTON

On the sixth day of November at 7:52 in the morning, Josiah P. Stephenson III noticed a glimmer of sunlight on a green bottle. The bottle was mostly hidden beneath a moldy mattress leaning against a large pile of discarded items.

Josiah had walked past the junkyard on his way to school for as long as he could remember, but until that day he could not have told you about any particular item within it. Josiah preferred looking straight ahead, arriving at his destinations without distraction.

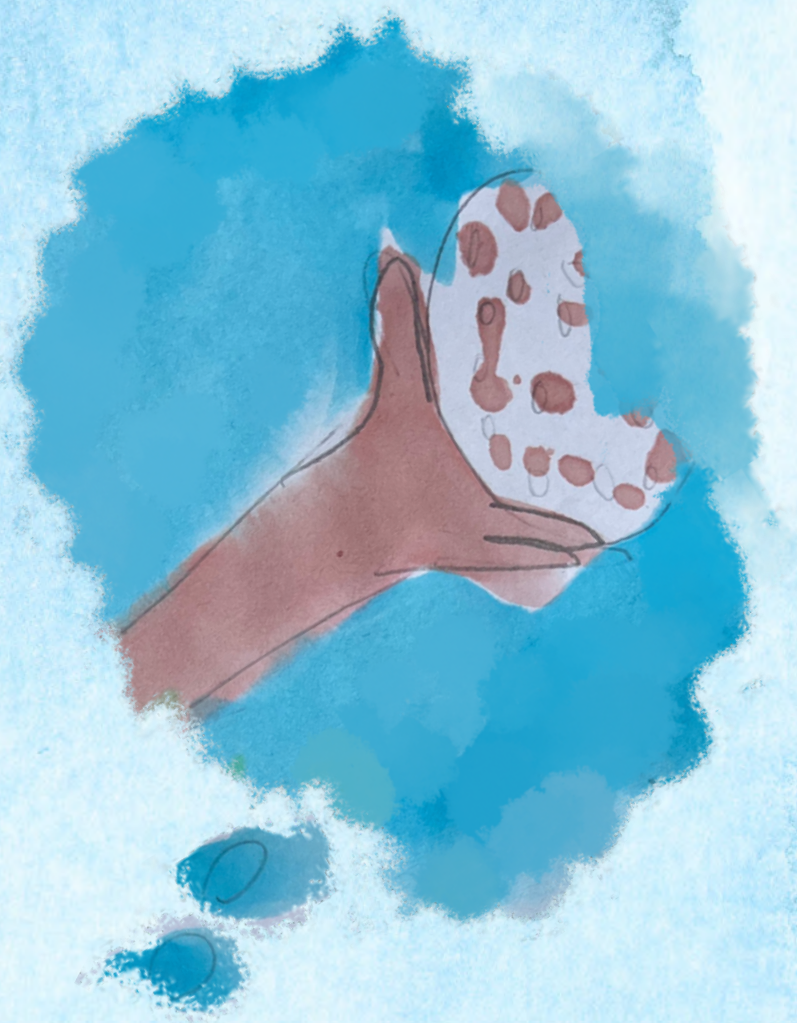
If you were to have asked him later why he stopped that morning, and turned, and then gently pulled the bottle out from under the mattress, he wouldn't have been able to explain. All he could tell you was that there was something about the light that drew him in. And then he would add that when he looked more closely at the bottle, he noticed the raised letters on its side that spelled out the word "Hoobladoo."

Josiah ran his pointer finger very slowly across the letters embossed on the bottle, sounding out the word as he moved along. "H-OOOOO-BL-AAAAA-D-OOOOO," he said. Just as Josiah reached the last letter, he felt a sting on the tip of his finger. Josiah winced, and an image appeared in his mind.




"Hoobladoo"
Watercolor
Annie Hautamaki, 11

# HOOBLADOO



He was four years old, and sunlight shone through the clear glass jar sitting on top of the tall oak table in the kitchen. Josiah's mother had filled the jar with fresh homemade polkadot cookies. The family recipe went as far back as his great-great grandmother. Probably farther.

Josiah's mother had told him that there was something unusual in the recipe that was important to remember, and it was this: the cookies remained sweet when you gave them as a gift to someone else, but they turned desperately sour when you took and ate them all by yourself, so he should never eat them on his own.

Until now, Josiah had only received the cookies from the generous hand of his mother, and in his opinion, they were the most delicious thing to eat in the entire world. But his mother was not in the kitchen that morning, and he wanted one. Badly.

Josiah did not wait for his mother. He reached up. He removed the lid from the jar. He grabbed the cookie at the top of the pile. And he bit into it. While it tasted sweet on his tongue for a very brief moment, he felt a sour sting in his stomach as soon as he swallowed. Josiah felt scared and ashamed that he did not heed his mother's warning. The ache in his stomach began to surge, and so did the fear in his heart. *It was the first time that Josiah could remember not trusting someone who loved him.*

Josiah took a deep breath. He decided to look for his mother and tell her what he had done. Stepping onto the back porch, he noticed an old recipe book beside her rocking chair. As he picked it up, Josiah heard the door to the screened porch creak open behind him. He turned and saw his mother looking at him, concern and knowing in her eyes. He began to say, "I'm so sorry," but before he could finish speaking she had already taken him up in her arms and held him close. By the time his mother loosened her grip and gently set him back down, the ache in his stomach and the fear in his heart were gone. He looked up, noticed a misty shine in his mother's eyes, and wondered if they now held what had become of his ache.

Josiah opened his eyes and blinked. He beheld the light shining through the green glass bottle in his hand. Then he turned the bottle over and discovered a label. Had it been there before?

The label read: **HOOBLADOO** *is both an extract for baking and a word found in the oldest known language. Storytellers from long ago used it to describe a powerful memory formed by the fusion of fear and trust. Some even believe that speaking this word will invite the remembrance of similar moments long forgotten and bring them back to mind with a bittersweet clarity.*

Josiah turned the bottle back over. He moved his finger back to the beginning of the unusual word, and he smiled.

# The End




# Murals on the Menu

This past summer, FSU music major Christina Leach traded in her violin bow for a brush and ladder. Now, two Greenville, SC restaurants' walls are bursting with whimsy and color. Here, Christina talks about the (literal) ups and downs of making a mural.

**On how it all started:** I started chalk murals on a chalkboard wall in my room about four years ago. The owner of the restaurants (Community Canteen and The Orient in Greenville, SC) gave me the opportunity out of the blue last summer after seeing some of my chalk murals.

**On the design process:** The restaurant owner gave me a general gist of what elements he wanted in each mural. Both murals had to do with the food they were serving at the restaurants! For the first one ("Let's Eat") I was basically given free reign, so I just designed it on a piece of paper and spontaneously added to it each time I painted. The second one ("Sea") was a lot more planned out and the owner sent me some inspiration photos. For both designs, I sketched out a general idea but a lot of the finished product just came from on-the-spot decisions after I began painting in the space. I love bright colors, so that definitely impacted both murals.

**On what was most challenging:** The most difficult part was how tiring it was to crane my neck and having to go over the same things multiple times so the wall wouldn't show through. It took a lot of time–for the first mural especially–because it was so high up that I had to go to the top of a 15-foot ladder to reach some places.

For the second mural, the most difficult part was capturing the features of the lady I was trying to paint, especially painting on a wall. It was a new experience, trying to make her appear more realistic.

"Let's Eat"
Community Canteen, Downtown Greenville, SC
Christina Leach
May 2025








"Sea"
The Orient,
Downtown
Greenville, SC
Christina Leach
May 2025

A



B

# A HABIT OF MAKING

*An Afternoon with Artists Michael and Robin Bateman*

Words and Photos by Katie Hautamaki

In a quiet, wooded neighborhood on the east side of town, longtime Tallahasseans Michael and Robin Bateman have, over many years, crafted a home that spills over with beauty, creativity, and making.

Inside is Robin's studio, where she designs and makes jewelry out of all sorts of materials, using a variety of techniques. "I do all kinds of stuff," she said as she showed me beadwork, copper cuff bracelets etched with intricate designs, silver earrings fashioned with turquoise, and more. The day I stopped by, she had most recently been working in metal clay–a mix of powdered silver, binder, and liquid–rolling it out, cutting it into shapes, using textures and templates and molds, setting stones in it, and finally firing it all together in a kiln. "Really, whatever you can imagine, you can design," she said.

Robin enjoys working in ceramics, too, and her pottery can be found throughout the house and yard–vases, bowls, coasters, and other pieces, all bearing motifs from the natural world. Over the years, she's taken and taught pottery classes at Lafayette Park Arts & Crafts Center in Midtown. "When I was teaching kids, we did a lot of nature stuff," she said. "I would say, 'Today we're going to go outside and pick nature!'" She still enjoys hosting groups of children in her studio for all kinds of crafting.



C




D



E

**A** Michael compares two boulder opals, which form in the cracks and crevices of ironstone boulders in Australia. **B** Robin loves working with silver, taking endless inspiration from nature. **C** For these vases Robin pressed foraged leaves and berries into the clay. **D** "I'm a fish person," Robin said. **E** Robin at work in her sunlit studio. **F** Robin's tools of the trade.

"REALLY, WHATEVER YOU CAN IMAGINE, YOU CAN DESIGN."




F





A



B



C



D

**A** Robin's water lily pond. "Fish and turtles eat all the plants, so I decided I would have a pond just for the plants," she said. **B** Tiger and Solomon, two of the koi that populate the Batemans' backyard ponds. **C** The Batemans cultivate pear, plum, peach, and fig trees. "Sometimes I come out here and eat breakfast," Robin said. **D** The Batemans' dog, Lewie, a constant friendly presence.

Stepping into the Batemans' backyard feels like entering a botanic garden, with fruit trees, flowers, ferns, ponds, and waterfalls in abundance. The lush green space has taken fifteen years to cultivate. "It's a labor of love," Robin said, and her delight in each flower, fruit tree, fish, and turtle was evident as she strolled the garden on what was arguably the hottest afternoon of the year.

Trailed by the couple's dog, Lewie, we made our way to Michael's workshop: a full working metalsmith studio officially known as Koi Gems. There, as a lapidary artist, he cuts, polishes, facets, and fashions rare and precious gemstones into fine jewelry. A self-described "rockhound," he sources stones from all over the world: fire opals, boulder opals, abalone, jade, emeralds, amethysts, moonstones, lapis, sapphires, and many more.

"I USED TO GET INSPIRATION JUST BY DOING SIMPLE THINGS, BUT I'VE GOTTEN TO WHERE I LIKE TO MAKE COMPONENTS," MICHAEL SAID. "SO I CAN FIDDLE WITH STONES AND LOOK AT IT AND SAY, 'YOU KNOW, THAT MIGHT GO WITH THAT.'"




















Koi Gems jewelry photos by Michael Bateman

**A** Michael in his workshop, a full working metalsmith studio. **B** A flat lap machine is used for polishing flat areas of a rock into smooth, even surfaces. **C** Wheel grinders with multiple levels of grit allow for grinding, shaping, and polishing stones. **D** "He's out here morning till night," Robin said of Michael's backyard workshop.

Michael first began working in the lapidary arts in 1975. "My geology teacher did a lapidary class after school, and I got the bug and I loved it," he said. "Then I went to college and got a job and had a career, and played with it off and on. My son James and I went rock hunting all over the place. I had all these rocks–I had to do something with them. So I retired in 2018 and started doing it full-time."

A graduate of the William Holland School of Lapidary Arts in Young Harris, Georgia, Michael now returns each year to teach there. He enjoys working with students on innovative techniques, like setting faceted stones inside of other stones, or incorporating delicate gold bubbles into their designs. Robin attends the weeklong classes there, too, and enjoys the fully immersive atmosphere. "You stay on campus, and from Sunday evening to Friday at noon, all you do is whatever class you're taking, and it's just fun," she said. "Anyone is welcome to come, and in the summer they have Junior Rockhound classes for kids."

Koi Gems also takes the Batemans to art shows–in addition to shows in Tallahassee, they've sold jewelry and won awards at shows in Gainesville and Sanford, and hope to get into established art shows in St. Petersburg and Winter Park. "Our shows basically pay for our habit right now,"

## ROBIN AND MICHAEL ARE PRACTICED AT BEHOLDING THE EXTRAORDINARY BEAUTY IN THE ORDINARY OFFERINGS OF THE CREATED WORLD.

Michael said. They especially look forward to the Tucson Gem & Mineral Show in Arizona, where thousands of lapidarists and mineral collectors converge to showcase everything from enormous amethysts to dinosaur skeletons. "A venue might have 300 vendors and there are 25 venues, so there are thousands of vendors," Michael said. "It just takes over the whole town."

When at home, Michael and Robin find joy in sharing their many creative gifts with their community. Their studios are scattered with pieces they've made for friends–a ladybug pendant for a friend of Robin's who loves them, a collection of leaf earrings made for a friend's "Tree of Life" art show, a silver cross on Michael's workbench for one of their pastors. And friends at church are the lucky recipients of fennel pieces bearing caterpillar eggs–for adding to their gardens, of course.

Whether stones, metal, and clay, or koi, pitcher plants, and pear trees, Robin and Michael are practiced at beholding the extraordinary beauty in the ordinary offerings of the created world, recognizing their potential, then lovingly crafting and cultivating them into something new. "There's so much you can do," Robin said. "It's just your imagination that's your limit."





**ABOVE:** Robin at Artisans in the Garden, the annual art show held at Tallahassee Nurseries. **BELOW:** Robin and Michael enjoy taking Koi Gems on the road.



Photo courtesy of Robin and Michael Bateman



## HOW TO MAKE A WATER LILY BOWL

"I rolled out the clay and pressed the lily pads into it. I carefully cut each one out and arranged them in a mold using slip [liquid clay] to hold them together. Once the bowl was fired I used a variety of glazes to get the color variations. It then gets fired again and is ready for use."

— Robin



*Cover Image by Daisha Lynne Sheets*

Visual Hymnal exists to celebrate and cultivate the creative work of Christ followers in our local community and beyond. Founded in 2024 in Tallahassee, Florida, we feature writing, visual art, music, pottery, sewing, cooking, gardening, and more. We encourage submissions from those who may not think of themselves as "artists" but who, as bearers of the Creator's image, are creative nonetheless.

Visual Hymnal is run and funded by a small staff of dedicated volunteers. Want to learn more, get involved, or support this project? Write to us anytime with inquiries and submissions at visualhymnal@gmail.com!

VISUALHYMNAL.COM