



Art in the Time of Covid

January 29, 2021

IT'S A NEW YEAR, filled with a complex mix of hope, fear, uncertainty, and joy. Are you stuck? Are you inspired? Are you hopeful? Most of all, what are you working on? If your creative work has been inspired by these times, we hope you'll share with your community.

As you've seen from the [last 9 months of this newsletter](#), our sharing takes a variety of forms. Don't hesitate to submit.

We encourage you to participate by submitting your art and describing how it's been affected by Covid. We also welcome feedback and will pass along your comments to the artists. Contact covidart@raac.org.

Carol Fox

Inside a country mailbox ...



"Our mailbox sits out on the public road, at the end of our private lane. Each day we walk that mile-round-trip to retrieve our mail, feeling a world away from our former urban task of picking up the pile of mail that fell through the slot in our rowhouse front door.

This past year, having isolated ourselves in this time of COVID, we have begun to realize that our country mailbox has become a unique communication center.

Holidays and family and community celebrations were interrupted, but one day a bottle of St. Croix rum appeared in the mailbox ... a gift from a neighbor who couldn't visit in person. Hand written holiday cards, minus postage or address, started to appear.

Another day we find an empty mason jar with a thank you note inside, for the homemade soup we sent a housebound neighbor.

A beautiful old, illustrated edition of "The Country Diary of An Edwardian Lady" was a treasured mailbox surprise from a friend with whom we share seeds and plants.

Just today, inside an otherwise empty mailbox, was a giant Milkbone, a treat for our Bernese Mountain dog, Maggie, who along with us, recently lost her constant companion, Babe. This unexpected treat lifted all our spirits. Most likely this was a sympathetic gift from our mail carrier who keeps treats in the delivery truck for all the animals she encounters on her daily rounds.

And so it goes. Our humble rural mailbox teaches us that life goes on. That we will stay in touch. That spring will come, and who knows, an early bouquet of wildflowers might just be waiting for us one fine, sunny morning."

Nol Putnam

"It is late January, grey, snow is suggested although the air does not smell of it. I live in a small hollow on a dead end dirt road. My shop is a short walk through the woods from the house. My work is forging iron - dirty, smoke, noisy. It is good that I am tucked into a corner of the County.

In 1984 I was asked by the Washington National Cathedral to design three grates for the burial chambers, the columbarium. And then a series of railings, and then four candle stands to be used in State funerals, and now accoutrements for the main columbarium - a contemplative bench, with a walnut seat cut from my family's farm in the 1950's, and fashioned to a lustrous seat by my neighbor KC Bosch.



Contemplative Bench, wood work by KC Bosch

"This edifice is not Chartres. It is very much an American building but with natural bows to its ancestral path. The cornerstone was laid in 1904, it is where many of the events of our nation have been celebrated or mourned. It is a repository of hopes and prayers. In this time of Covid, which too shall pass, it pacifies my soul to create light in a time of darkness for a building in which the prayers of a nation for its health and well-being rise to the heavens and our various gods."



Detail of Brown Gate

"Currently I am working on a Paschal Candle stand with an entwining vine."



Naked candle stand, looking for a vine



Leaves looking for a vine



Our mailing address is:

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Questions, thoughts: email covidart@raac.org