

Reflections

On Hope and Love



*With all my heart and strength,
I want Camelot to be. Now!
In our time. It's beauty.
It's loving. It's caring.*

John Feight



Background...

My first painting was copied from a Christmas card of Mary, Joseph and Jesus in 1965. The painting journey lead to one-man shows in the South, a show in Paris in 1974 and then into hospitals around the world in the pursuit of the quest...to comfort and love people in hospitals through art.





These reflections were written over a period of years. They were written in reaction to life around me...during painting trips...in response to love...to people...to understanding my dream...my art.

My two sons and dear friends also contributed poems.

We must find peace within ourselves. I want to share some of my peace with you.

*Love,
John Feight*



Night Love

*Waves of time wash over our souls.
We reach out in the night in search of love.
Touch for a moment with hearts
Warm - then hot.
Turn in the night 'til morning's light.*

Love's Moment

*Love is that moment
when nothing counts -
then everything does.*



January 22, 2010

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Love Will Take Care

I hear that baby's cry.

Love will take care of that baby's cry.

Love will take care.

Love will take care.

Love will take care.



Love is...

The strength we need will come from love.

Love will come from giving love.

Love grows on love.

Our strength is in love...not in strength.

The poor, the rich, the ill, the healthy, the weak, the strong...

All of us will find peace through love.

Love comes from love.



I danced in the morning sun

I ran my mile and danced on the beach.

*I've come half way to my dream and have
the other half to go.*

*Half of what? Don't measure dreams - not
even in miles - because you are limiting
them.*

*Dreams are like your next and your next
- there is no final - no ending - just space in
front of you.*

*Reach and reach - never hold onto
yesterday.*

Go love!





Distant Star

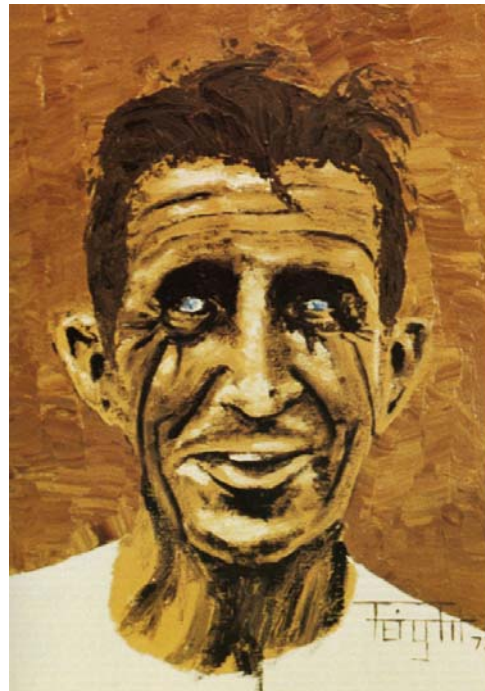
We must move toward our distant star.

That star is created of love and hope.

We must focus on distant dreams and not be confused by immediate problems.

Service to people and love among each other is our purpose for living.

We must believe we have already arrived at our star of love and hope. We must live our dreams. Now.



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Universal Man

Who is universal man? He is that temporary soul reflecting like the leaves of autumn in lakes of time.

The tall structures of man are like the fleeting leaves of fall. From the first cry to the last cry of man - life stretches that distance and no more.

Buildings, roads, museums, man and the leaves are all tied up in a rhythmic beat that rises and falls.

The point - we must live our lives to the maximum. Every day. Every hour. Every minute. Every second. Now!



Oh, Universe

Oh, Universe, so vast and so beautiful.

Why am I here with a desire to be dutiful.

*The Universe is as big as your imagination,
your dreams, your self-realization.*

*Touch yourself and you will touch the
Universe.*





*Oh to be a painter, a talent beyond
my scope.*

*Oh to be a painter, each picture
filled with hope.*

*But if I cannot paint, give me the
eye to see.*

*And appreciate the scenes which
others paint for me.*

Margo Allen



Margo

*Your name fits because of the bold,
positive way you push that chin up,
open your eyes and say, "So what do
you think of that?"*

*Your thoughts of life and being are
from the gut, but surrounded by the
fragrance of Webster at his best.*

*While your poetry is preserved like
sardines and Rembrandts, your
personality is warm and radiant like
the morning mountain sun.*

*You make me want to know and share
your happiness. You are fun and damn
it I like you.*

*There are certain things we can't and
don't have to explain and you are one
of them.*

You're beautiful.



On a Mural

*A mural on the wall
No fantasy, no dream.
An all so vivid picture
Of a restful, rural scene.
A lake reflecting God's wonders,
Tall trees, branches lifted high,
Mountains echoing his thunders,
The sun to light the sky.
So restful, so serene,
The lake, the trees, the sky.
Can god plan less a peace
When our turn comes to die?
It's not for us to fathom
What future God has planned.
The answer to our prayers
Is wholly in his hands.*

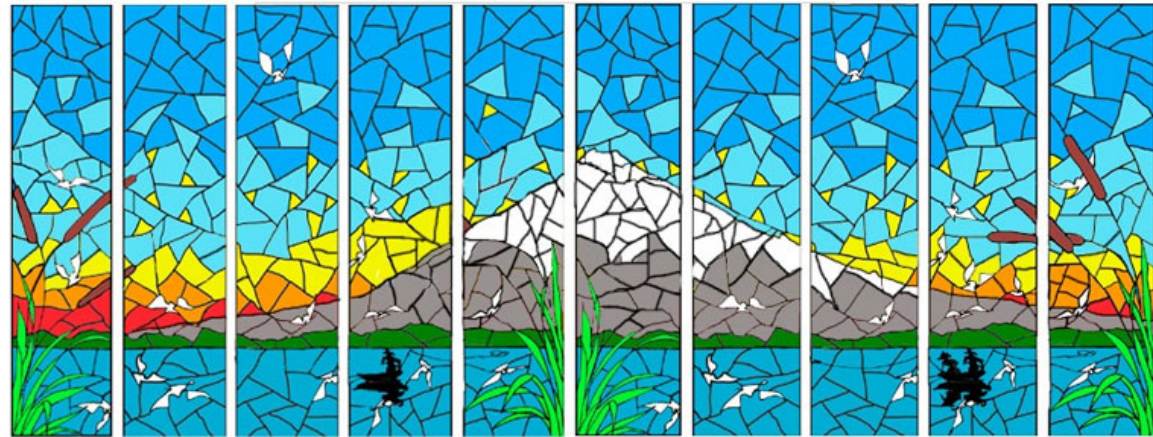
Margo Allen

Lifetimes

*I ran today and passed people
standing in silence.*

*Lifetimes where there. 6 a.m.
and not a word was spoken.*

*But they were there, standing
in front of their lives that are
spent. Lives lived. Lives so
beautiful and invaluable you
can't buy them and bring them
back.*





*Lord, be with those
In intensive care
And with those out here
Who Care intensely.*

*William Davenport
Northside Hospital
I.C.U. Waiting Room*



J.F.

*"Live your dreams," he said -
not your dreams of fantasy,
or the fleeting wishes of what
might be at some distant time
in some far-off place.*

*Dare to live a dream that
only you can bring alive in
the early dawn when faceless,
formless dreams of others are
returned to the visceral
closets where dreams are
stored to waste away.*

*His dream that was lived
gave wings to nestling hopes
for persons to be refreshed, for
persons to be pleased by a
dream that wouldn't die-that
lived to be painted in the
patterns of Care with the
colors of Love.*

William Davenport



J.F.

*Those who live in the sunshine
cast a shadow and leave their mark.
The splendor is that yours casts light
in places where shadows are dark.*

William Davenport



Shore Rise

*At shore rise the world is fresh, forming and unused.
Clouds fly in the sky. Colors change and come alive.
People wander along the beach, walking in nature.
Birds fly low to the earth-searching, searching, searching.
The lone fisherman waddles to the shore in hopes of the catch.
People gather around the fisherman and the world is alone no more.*



On Hope

*Today is more beautiful than yesterday
and tomorrow will be better yet.*

*Hope is in the mind - not in reality -
which is also created in the mind.*

*They - hope and reality - are separate
even though they are both
born in the mind.*

*The shadows of Plato reflecting
through time.*



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Last Leaf of Autumn

*Like the last leaf of Autumn,
I'm going to hold onto my
life with all my might.*

*Why miss a chance to see the
dawn of a new day, to see life
take a turn toward your
dreams.*

*Hope. Hope. Hope. God gave us
Hope.*



Generations in Repetition

Trees that were forever green are losing their leaves. It's the time the young begin to leave.

Nancy has suffered a stroke. Our generation is becoming folk.

Life is but a moment in time. Evolving around love - put together by twine.

Mothers die - children cry. Moments pass - love lives on.

Time will never come when tears cry no more. The cycle of life beats more, more, more.

Life is beautiful looking up. Life is sad looking down.

Cry no more. Cry no more. For life is in the mind. Sadness for a moment is in the soul.

God bless that.



Name on the Sand

I wrote my name on the sand yesterday.

My son immediately tried to save it from washing away.

Our instinct won't let us give up our name, written on the sands of time that never last, but last for all time.



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On Perfection

We live in an imperfect world while we seek perfection.

We must seek perfection through ourselves from within.

We can help each other, but in the final analysis we must help ourselves.

Live through your mistakes and you will find personal peace.

Perfect.



On Seeing

Focus on distant hopes. You know what is close.

Even though the trees passing the train are not in focus, you know what they are.

Look to your distant star and your heart will take you on a beautiful journey.

What surrounds you will take care of itself.



A Baby's Cry

*I hear a baby crying to live.
Her pain is hunger; her tears
are real. Life passes in front of
us with blinding speed. We
hardly see what is real.*

*We live on a thread so thin.
We strive to beat; we live to
win. Days pass on from rise to
set. Age creeps in and our
hearts are beset.*

*The day will come when tears
appear again. We cry to live;
we cry when we die. The baby
was right, the baby was right.
We live in pain, we live in
pain.*

We live to cry again.

The Rag Woman



*The Rag Woman
Washington Hilton - from the 16th Floor
Oct. 10, 1981
(I have everything - she has nothing)*

Washington Rag Woman

*Rag Woman, Rag Woman what's your name?
Where are you from and what's your game?*

Your bags are loaded and you're traveling in tennis shoes. Why would a world leave you like this carrying paper bags filled with empty dreams playing on a world court on a street laid clean.

*The Rag Woman is Back
Washington Hilton - from the 16th Floor
Oct. 11, 1981 - 7:30am*

*Rag Woman, Rag Woman, where have you been?
You're back in your position, again.*

*You're acting like a squirrel in autumn.
Gathering up rags for winter's doldrums.*

People pass and glance and you just stand and stuff your dress with paper - pity those who take your clothes - for your insulation will be exposed.

Your bags are loaded - everything is in its place you must go to nowhere in space in order to return back here tomorrow in this exact same place.

The Rag Woman and the squirrel must know that autumn has the same face.





Why I Dream Of Painting Murals In Hospitals.

People are in hospitals.

Art can be of human value in hospitals.

Hospitals should be soft and warm...not hard and cold.

Art should be used...not made precious.

People are precious...not art.

Art should not be limited to museums, galleries or to framed pieces hung on the wall. Art can go beyond the frame.

We can become part of art. Art can become part of us.



Hope is in tomorrow...



Art of human value...

*Art can become of human value if
we put it where people need it the
most...in hospitals.*



John Feight

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