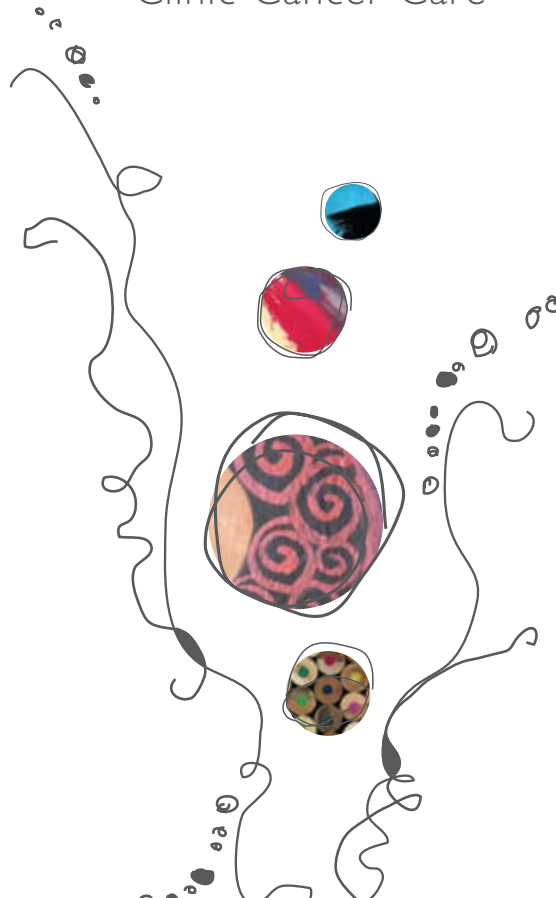
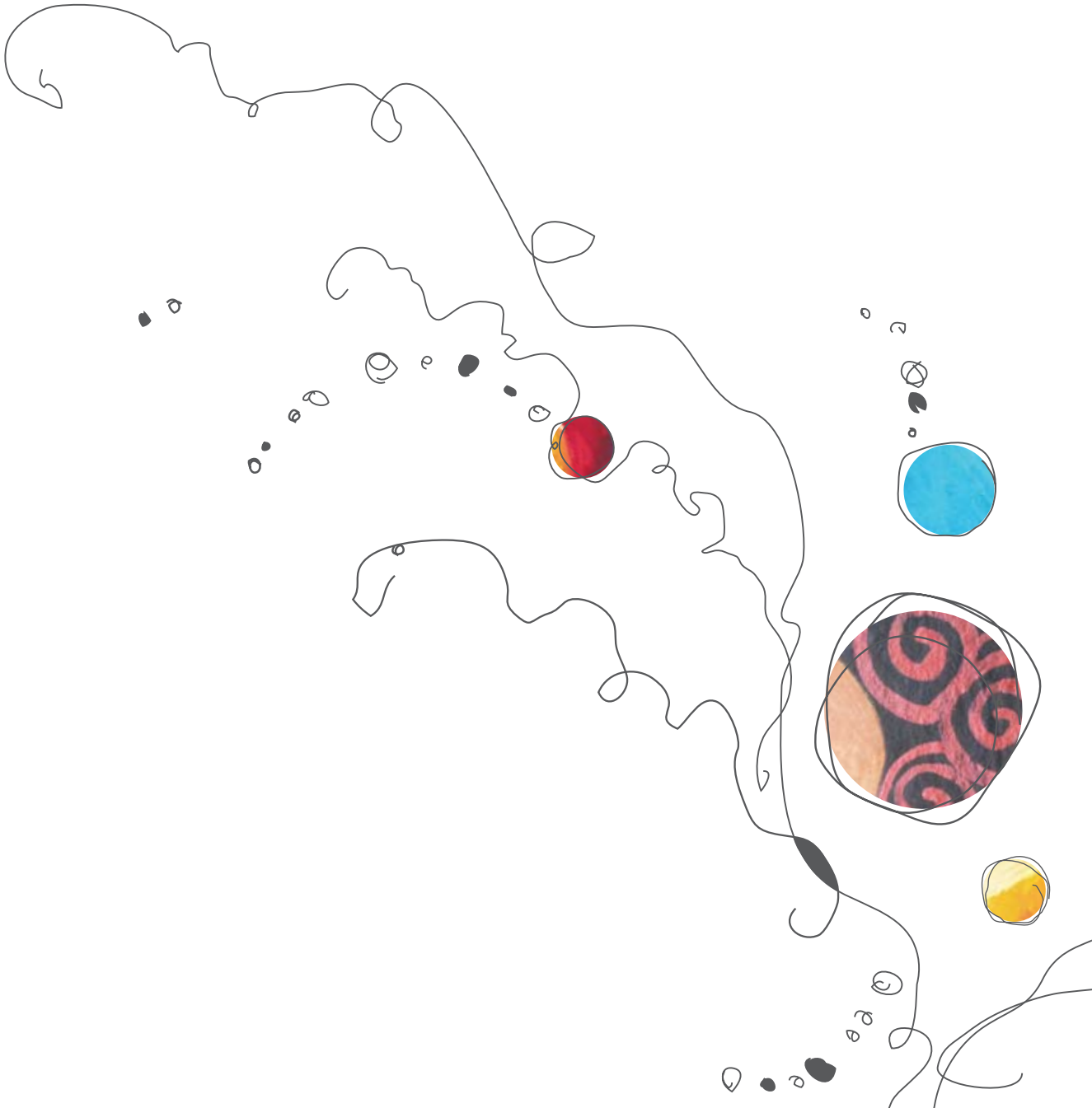




# *The Art of Healing*

an exhibition presented by  
Clinic Cancer Care







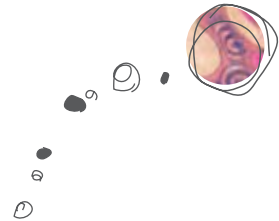
# *The Art of Healing Exhibition*

offers everyone in our community

who has been touched by cancer

the chance to experience healing through

art created by those who share similar stories.

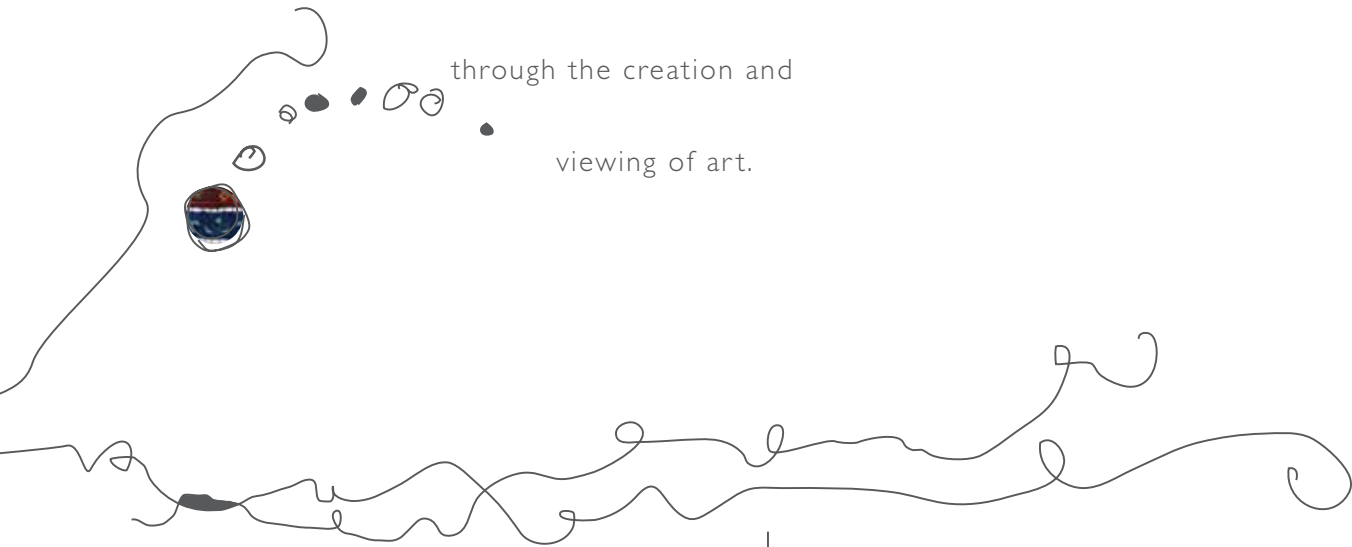


The show is intended to bring hope,

healing and awareness to the community

through the creation and

viewing of art.





Clinic Cancer Care physicians (left to right): Dr. Jeffrey Stephenson, Dr. Karl Guter, Dr. Bryan Martin and Dr. Thomas Warr

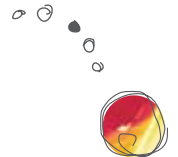


## *Clinic Cancer Care*

The mission of Clinic Cancer Care  
is to assess and meet community needs  
for truly comprehensive cancer treatment  
and be the cancer care destination for the region.

## *Our Values*

- Compassionate cancer care.
- Genuine respect for the continuum of life.
- Open, honest and timely communications.
- Confidentiality and privacy.





*The art of healing is like finding  
a kind of harmony with fate.*

- Orville Chigbrow

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Sharie K. Babb  
Great Falls, Montana  
*Seedling* • Acrylic on Canvas • 30" w x 40" h

A seedling only grows to its full potential when it is nurtured and protected.

My uncle Art Matson, Jr. is a farmer and has been running the family farm for 76 years. He also has been recently diagnosed with a cancerous brain tumor. He has since had it removed, at least most of it.

My grandfather Art Matson and my other uncle Victor Matson also died from cancerous brain tumors. The irony of their plights is that they dealt with farming and growth. They loved to make things live, to feed people. They were eventually overcome by unknown growths, which became cancerous.

It is no coincidence that this painting is a plant in its early stage of growth. Their lives show me that a seedling grows into a fruit bearing plant that can feed and nurture many.

The image "Seedling" was produced during uncle Junior's diagnosis and surgery/recovery. I feel that this painting is a visual prayer for him and my family.

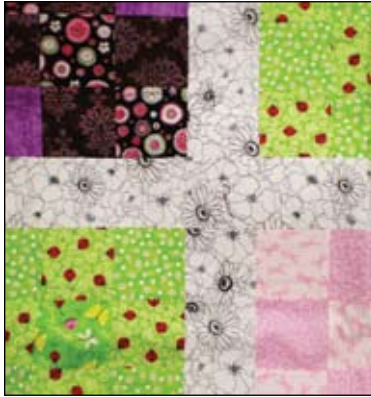
I am praying that with some love, attention and protection, he will be around for a long time to come and my seedling of Hope will grow to its full potential.

Douglas Braulick  
Lewistown, Montana  
*Life Grows Out of Death* • Acrylic • 20" w x 32" h

Through my painting I attempted to capture the fear and the anxiety one undergoes when they first realize cancer has consumed or crept into their life. Death can become an overwhelming and frightening reality. I have had several close friends and family members experience cancer and become paralyzed by these emotions and fears. So much that it can become greater than the illness. Somehow all of them eventually came to terms and were comforted through their spirituality and faith in a higher power. It was amazing to see their adversity fought, and minds set at ease simply by changing their views and turning over their control. I placed a background haze and painted the victim's gaze in my painting to help express the emotions and the comfort of the unknown heavenly presence. I used a black deteriorating field to symbolize this overwhelming control and destruction that cancer caused in each of their lives.

The word Death is present in the lower half of the work to show that even though we all face death, we all can rise above it when we change our paradigm or views of life. When the painting is flipped over; Death can be read as Life. One can say that sometimes death flips our life upside down.





Lenora Burton  
Great Falls, Montana  
*Working for Comfort*  
Fiber Art • 70"w x 88"h

This quilt was made to comfort and provide warmth during Chemotherapy sessions. It was made with extra length to accommodate our tall patients, because as you know, cancer does not discriminate. The black and white fabric represents the good and bad, ecstasy and agony, the ability to transform our pain in to healing and helping others.

The majority of the fabric in this quilt was scraps of nursing uniforms. Although some of the purple and pink leftover scraps were re-purposed they still provide a healing quality. Cancer treatment can be very technical, but personal attention and small touches can be equally as important in the healing journey.

Patricia Bushly  
Great Falls, Montana  
*Putting the Pieces Together*  
Acrylic • 10"w x 12"h

After illness and death touched my life, this was my reaction.

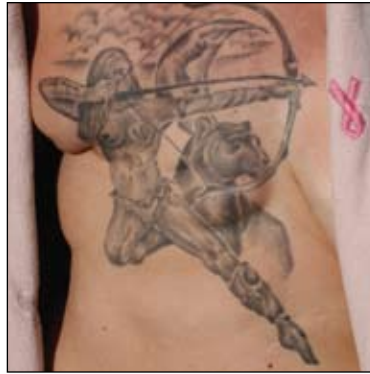


*I continue to move forward with determination,  
stepping out of the chair that is the corner of my life, into  
the fullness of living in this world.*

- Cynthia Demmons



1.



2.

Shirley Cayko

Ulm, Montana

*My Reconstruction* • Mixed Media • 11" w x 14" h

Loss Thought was written exactly one year after my mastectomy, November 1, 2005.

At that time an intimate relationship that I was in before my breast cancer diagnosis had just ended. My feelings about my hopes for ever finding enough confidence about my body to even date had ended.

I did not feel that I could or would enter into another relationship because I was not whole. These are the feelings that inspired Loss Thought.

I then looked into reconstructive surgery and even scheduled it to begin twice. Life events got in the way both times.

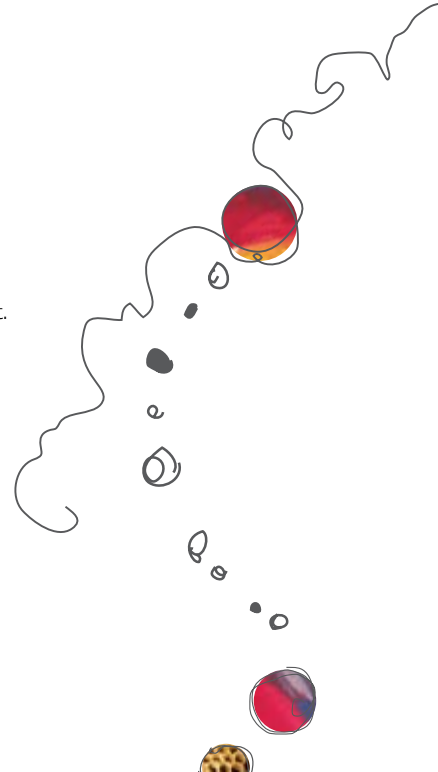
In the meantime my thoughts of getting a tattoo became stronger. At my diagnosis, my surgeon asked me if I was interested in reconstruction. I looked at him and my son, Brian, and said "no, I'll get a tattoo." They both looked at me with quiet surprise.

I had to wait for my skin to heal which gave me more time to think about what I wanted on my chest.

In the meantime, I did find someone who accepted my body and loved me scars and all.

I had heard of the Goddess Artemus, a huntress, who had one of her breasts removed so she could pull back her bow with more accuracy. In a healing session I was told that the black panther was my spirit guide and felt a strong kinship with this animal. The crescent moon is something I have always found beauty and peace in.

The tattoo artisan is Chris Belville. She drew the design and spent 8 hours transforming my chest. Karen Beatty took the pictures. I would like to express my love and thanks to both of these beautiful women.





Orville Chigbrow  
Missoula, Montana  
*RBC* · Pottery · 3" w x 6" h x 4" d

Leukemia killed my father. His cells were supposed to transport good stuff to where it was needed and take bad things away. They were supposed to protect him. Then something happened and his cells mutated. Mortality was imminent.

Time has not changed my image of leukemia cells as dark, livid, distorted, arbitrary killers. A year ago I created a work, *Two Cells*, that embodied that view of white cells. I still think they can be all those things and that bad things do happen to good people. What has changed over the last year is acceptance, that there isn't always an answer to why.

*RBC* is more optimistic than *Two Cells*. It is a rather philosophical view of the capricious nature of fate and all the contradictions that entails. At the end of the day, though, it is what it is.

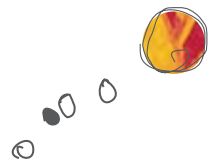
The vessel, arguably ceramic's oldest form and fraught with many meanings, seems an appropriate form for this cell. Time and the process of ceramics have calmed my spirit. The art of healing is like finding a kind of harmony with fate.

Verna Copeland  
Great Falls, Montana  
*Teapot with Tea Cups* · Pottery

*Theme: BREAD AND WATER CAN SO EASILY BE TOAST AND TEA.*

This saying and creation of the teapot illustrate the notion that because of darkness we know light. Due to recurring lung cancer, five times in recovery, and partial loss of voice, coordination, strength, I had to give up a beloved teaching job. Left in the dark, goal-less and struggling mentally and physically, I turned to a former occupation, making pottery! I now can "work" when I am able and turn mud into pottery, moving also from depression and pain to joy and gratitude through these small acts of creation.

Throughout this cancer journey, a counselor and friend, Doris Boyle, helped immensely by daring me, even in absolute chemo and radiation misery, to "look for a miracle every day!" I was challenged indeed, but she was right, I was able to make discoveries! So now I share the miracle of my survival so far, by making and sharing POTS.





Cynthia Demmons  
Hamilton, Montana  
*Choosing Life* · Watercolor  
12" w x 16" h

Sitting in a chair,  
the corner of my life,  
I observe the moments,  
the colors, shapes, lines and form -  
a mandala of my day.  
I see time come and go  
as the Bluebird of Happiness appears.  
The eternal flame within all of us,  
gently flickering, steady, strong  
forever reminding me of the truth.  
My most treasured possession,  
a dancer's shoe,  
the color of kindness beings.  
Flowing movement formed by  
my son Nate's hands,  
his gift - a zest for life.  
I invite the mindfulness bell to sound,  
drinking the tea of grace,  
bringing me home.  
A comfort quilt of friends and family,  
candles that remind us of celebrations,  
times of togetherness, love, laughter  
Paul's promise from the other side -  
a falling star.

The shell of our being  
left behind.  
Arriving here, going there  
I came  
I did the best I could  
Then I left  
This cancer reminded me  
to keep going, learn, push one's limits  
gently yet firmly.  
I am doing the best I can at loving.  
Choosing Life.  
Each moment,  
not always grateful but human,  
my frailties seen.  
I continue to move forward  
with determination,  
stepping out of the chair  
that is in the corner of my life,  
into the fullness of living in this world.  
Again  
Brighter colors  
Deeper lines  
Stronger shapes  
Knowing that the Eternal Flame of my soul  
continues on and on  
through  
eons of time.

*It's never too late to discover who you are  
and never too late to change your life.*

- Diana Ford





Dorothy "Pat" Erickson  
Great Falls, Montana  
*After the First Frost*  
Pen and Ink with Watercolor  
17"w x 21"h

As usual I have sought out intimate scenes designed by Mother Nature, have seen what is there and added my personal touch using my favorite medium.

The Virginia Creeper in my garden is responding to the weather and showing the deep reds of Fall while granite rocks and drying grasses on high slopes tell me that Winter is just around the corner. The change of seasons... like the changes in our lives... beautiful!

Cena B. Ewert  
Great Falls, Montana  
*Orange Pansies* · Altered Photography · 18"w x 22"h

While there is nothing beautiful about cancer, fighting it requires that we find beauty and strength in the smallest of things. As small as these pansies are, I think they speak power and resilience to the viewer, hopefully in their own subtle way they help us to find in ourselves optimism and hope even in the face of cancer.





Doris Ford  
1938 - 2003

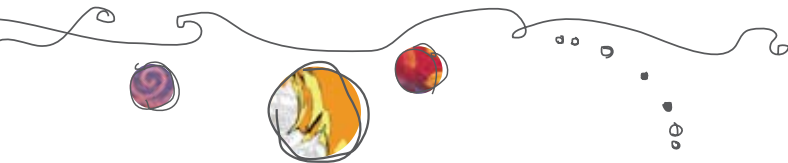
*In Memory of Doris* • Watercolor • 20" w x 16" h

This painting was done by Doris Ford. She passed away a few years ago from lung cancer. She was 65 years young. She was one of the least artistic people I knew but when she was about 60 she took her first watercolor painting class. She battled many things during her lifetime including husbands, smoking and alcoholism. In the last years of her life she found AA, faith, herself and watercolor painting. To me this picture symbolizes that it's never too late to discover who you are and never too late to change your life.

Pat Forrest  
Conrad, Montana

*Lord's Creations for Strength* • Acrylic • 11" w x 14" h

I painted this picture because my husband loves the outdoors and God's creations. He was diagnosed with Prostate Cancer about six years ago and is a survivor. To me this painting shows the calm, peaceful beauty that will continue long after we are gone. There is no pain, it is not weak, it is not afraid of dying. God's lovely creation will continue to help take our minds off illness and to give people hope that they will enjoy it for years to come.



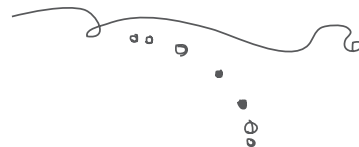
*Life isn't long - a mother's song... And then another's smile... Then romping feet, and then the sweet... Remembrances awhile... From gold to gray, from dawn to day... And then the twilight hours... Life is to brief to hunt for grief... For thorns among the flowers.*

*If hurt today by what men say... If wounded by a friend... Oh let tonight see all things right... Let trouble have an end... Life is to short to let report... Or rumor long annoy... Today has had so much glad... We need it all for joy*

*God's world, God's word, His breeze, His bird, No hand can rob you of... Wrong comes too late for hearts to hate... There is so much to love... Life isn't long just time for song... And love.*

Mary Patricia Gilbreath  
Choteau, Montana  
*Life Isn't Long* • Calligraphy • 11" w x 14" h

Mary was diagnosed with Breast Cancer in October of 2006. She is now cancer free. This piece was inspired by her Irish heritage and speaks to her philosophy on life.



Kathleen "Kitty" Green  
January 16, 1953 - December 24, 2005  
1. *Jubilant* 2. *Quietude*  
Pastel • 23" w x 17" h

I met Kitty at college in Detroit in 1974. We became fast friends. A tall, blue eyed blonde, she was intelligent, witty, and very talented.

Kitty was an award winning professional designer and illustrator. She continued taking fine art classes concentrating in pastel painting. Eventually she taught.

Kitty also created silk scarfs, was an amateur photographer and writer. She was the epitome of single woman success into the 1990s. But underneath she suffered from mental illness, finding out depression ran in the family.

On a visit with her sister in 1999, she suffered a grand mal seizure. An MRI showed a large brain tumor. It explained the tiredness and soreness she had waking up during the past several months. Inoperable, she underwent chemotherapy and took strong medications to control the seizures. Two years later she was able to drive again, seizure free.

It seemed she was on her way to remission when she was hospitalized in spring of 2005 but never went home again. More chemotherapy reduced the tumor. But it was only a pause. By Thanksgiving, the tumor had grown. She passed away Christmas Eve.

Until her last hospitalization, Kitty continued to paint. These two paintings, done in the fall of 2001, are typical of her last works: sensitive, moody, lyrical. *Jubilant* and *Quietude* are from time spent at Sleeping Bear Dunes National Park in Northern Michigan.

I inherited many of her works, along with art materials from her and her parents. Kitty is my muse. I think of her often, especially when I am using those materials.





Sherrill Halbe  
Bozeman, Montana  
*Georgia's Garden* • Oil • 30" w x 24" h

Jean Cocteau's contemplation on the necessity of art has driven my quest and philosophy of art and aesthetics. "Poetry is indispensable – if I only knew what for:" Observing the subject; pushing, layering, and dabbing the pigment is my poetry. I have long felt that aesthetics and art are necessary for enhancing human development and providing a sense of well-being. As a cancer survivor I have found solace in this belief as I have expressed my art forms and have observed people and nature.

Millie Huang  
Surabaya, Indonesia  
*Silent! Listen!* • Acrylic on Canvas • 70 cm w x 100 cm h

*Silent and Listen*, is a perfect matching of 6 letters which are: S – I – L – E – N – T; only the arrangement of the letters makes the different meaning on those two words. It is difficult to listen if we don't keep silent. That's probably the answer of why God creates human beings with 2 big ears and just one small mouth. But, our ego many times drives us to have 2 big mouths and only one tiny ear. If this happened, can we imagine what our look would be?

My name is Millie Huang, 36 years old and mother of one 7-years girl now. Early 2004 I was diagnosed for the latest stage of NPC – nasal-pharynx cancer (head & neck cancer). I was 32 years at that time and my daughter was 3-years old. That time, I felt the world was falling down on me, I was lying on my bed not able to wake up when my daughter hugged me and cried "Mama, please don't die." Suddenly I feel so afraid to die.



After one night, in my dream I felt God Himself came and hugged me. Finally I got my peaceful inside. I could accept the fact, and amazingly I feel happy. Now I can consider myself as a survivor, 2008 is my 5th year all the examinations tell that I'm clear, I feel blessed and I think it's the right time for me to share this story with others. Besides doing the paintings, I have written down several books and they have been published here in my country.

During my journey for peace, so many ideas and pictures were flashing in my mind. After getting my strength back, I started to paint all jumping things on my mind, and that's why I called my painting project "Watching Different Perspectives."

Many times, we see but not watch; hear but not listen; and talk but not speak. And this time, the word watching means bearing into our mind and looking through a thing from several different points of views with opened heart and mind. At this series, we can find sadness or happiness, optimism also pessimism, question and answer, sarcasm as well as funny things, both silliness and intelligence, etc. The journey of these paintings' preparation is my learning process to seek for my enlightenment.

At this *Silent! Listen!* I tried to describe that our ego is reluctant to listen. In my experience, learning to listen to others made me feel love and enthusiasm and finally guided me for my inner healing.

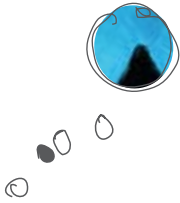


Robin Jiminez  
Great Falls, Montana  
*Merimonie, The Forest Nymph* · Watercolor · 16" w x 20" h

This is my rendition of Merimonie a Forest Nymph. This is my first watercolor painting. This painting reminds me of Autumn on New Jersey. The colors and feel of fall were around me while I painted her. When I look at this picture I feel at home.

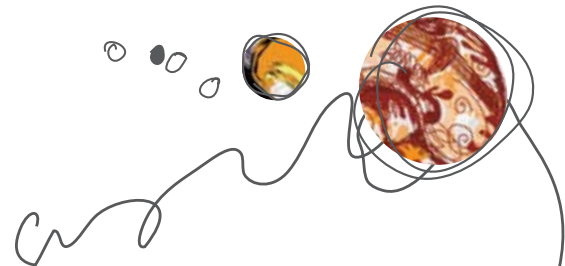
A little about myself: I'm 42 years old, a native of New Jersey I moved here 10 years ago with my son James who is the light of my life, I go on because of him. In April of this year I discovered that I had colon cancer which has spread to my liver. I've since been undergoing Chemo, which by the grace of God, my doctor, and all of my friends' prayers and support has been getting steadily better; my tumors have shrunk by at least 60%. I have every intention of beating this thing.

This is just one more hurdle I have to jump and I'm fully prepared to do so.



*His love, illness and death taught me that the only reason we are here on this earth is to care for each other. It is true: Love never fails.*

- Marcia Lauzon





Patricia Johnson

Lakeside, Montana

1. *The Garden of Friendship* · Watercolor · 18" w × 24" h

2. *How Long* · Watercolor · 18" w × 22" h

3. *The Orchardist* · Watercolor · 18" w × 22" h

#### *The Garden of Friendship*

She was a young woman in her forties who had been a grade school teacher and she was to become my hospice patient. Her husband had made this Garden of Friendship for her so that she could have a place to sit alone or with visiting friends. It was her quiet meditative place and it is where I first met her as I introduced the idea of hospice and palliative care to her and her husband. Not unlike other younger patients, her ability to let go and accept the eventual outcome of her disease was challenging for her and her family. It became a walk in trust where we hoped that her gardens would bring her to a place of peace before her death.

We held her memorial celebration here in this garden of friendship after her death and I played my Native American flute in honor of her. This painting was done by me after taking many photographs of her beautiful yard. That yard with its beautiful colors and flowers was her true *Garden of Friendship* that she shared with so many. I was honored to share it with them.

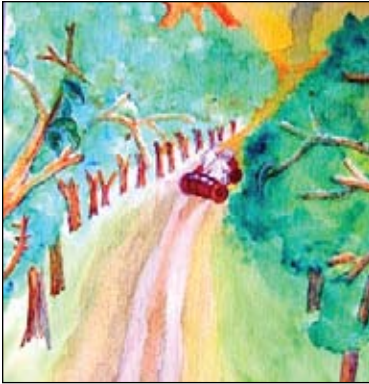
It never gets easy to deal with the dying and death of every patient that I care for but it does become a blessing to my life to be honored with the opportunity to walk them through that challenging time and assist them in the navigation of their care.

#### *How Long*

"Why haven't I died yet?" she asked me. She had a light in her eyes and a big smile on her face as she greeted me before I was barely in the door of her home during my visit. Her spirit was so alive. I was touched by her energy and life. She was not dying but waiting to leave for her next adventure. I did not know how soon that journey would begin and told her so. "Maybe I am still here so I could meet you" she told me. I felt so privileged to have been waited for.



3.



### *The Orchardist*

He was a young man in his early forties with a wife and small child in the home. He had intractable pain from pancreatic cancer and I was bringing him the medications that he needed to help him be comfortable. It was late in the day and so it was planned to be a short visit. I made this visit on Friday at the end of my day as a hospice nurse in the orchard lined countryside of Washington state where I lived. He met me at the door fully dressed and said "Do you want to see my orchards?" How could I say no?

And so, he helped me climb aboard the side and back of his four wheeler as he drove through the muddy roads between branches of fresh and ready to pick fruits.

I did eventually get him to stay still long enough at the end of my tour to hook him up to a subcutaneous button and tube to administer his pain medications. Mindful of the overtime I was incurring, I left him in the care of his wife and family and started my weekend off.

Monday morning I discovered at report that he had died two days later on Sunday. The moment I heard, though shocked, I knew that I had done the right thing by taking the time to let him show me his prize possession... his orchards. Sometimes the most important medicine that we dispense to our hospice patients is the gift of interest and a listening ear.

I learned the best lesson that day about how to be a "real" hospice nurse.

Bonnie Jorgenson  
Raynesford, Montana  
*Thousand Origami Cranes*  
Origami Paper

Thousand Origami Cranes (Senbazuru or Zenbazuru) is a group of one thousand origami paper cranes held together by strings.

An ancient Japanese legend promises that anyone who folds a thousand origami cranes will be granted a wish by a crane, such as long life or recovery from illness or injury. The crane in Japan is one of the mystical or holy creatures (others include the dragon and the tortoise), and is said to live for a thousand years. In Asia, it is commonly said that folding 1000 paper origami cranes makes a person's wish come true. This makes them popular gifts for special friends and family.



These thousand cranes were hand folded by a friend, Noriko and her mother Kazuko Homma in Kanagawa, Japan, and sent to Jack "Butch" Enott who was diagnosed with A.L.S. (Lou Gehrig's disease). The cranes were a daily reminder of prayer being said for Jack from many places by people who loved him. He passed over to a more peaceful and pain free place on July 26, 2009.

Submitted by his mother.



Jane Latus-Emmert  
Whitefish, Montana  
*Angel Cloud Art* • Watercolor • 11" w x 14" h

I was a professional artist when my sister, Amy Latus, was diagnosed with cancer. I couldn't be with her as she went through chemo and radiation because we lived on opposite ends of the country, but I sent her cards, letters and little paintings. We were very close and I admired her determination and strength. She survived the cancer, but a few years later, she was murdered by her boyfriend. My grief

was overwhelming and I couldn't paint. I didn't even want to live. One night I was missing Amy as I looked up at a beautiful, Montana sunset. I asked God for a sign. I needed to know Amy was OK. A few minutes later, in the clouds of the sunset, I realized I was seeing a shape in the clouds that looked like an angel with a trumpet. As the evening went on I saw other joyful, angelic shapes and for me, it was God's way of telling me that Amy was joyful in heaven, free from pain. I began to paint what I now call "Angel Cloud Art." The images represent the joy of heaven and include poems I wrote, based on wisdom my sister and I shared though the years, to encourage and empower others, especially women.

Marcia Lauzon  
Great Falls, Montana  
*Heart of Bliss* • Mixed Media  
18" w x 7" h x 6" d

For my true love, Henry Paul Boyle

My heart was battered, sore and broken. Then I met Henry, and everything changed. Even throughout our thirteen-year walk with cancer, he filled my heart with bliss. It still comes pouring out to the rest of my world. Though he has walked on to The Sand Hills, resting place of the Blackfeet people, the bliss still pours out. He promised to wait for me there, and when we meet again, our bliss will be complete.

His love, illness and death taught me that the only reason we are here on earth is to care for each other. It is true: Love never fails.





Jessie Lesofski  
Choteau, Montana  
*A Time for Healing* • Mixed Media  
10.5"w x 10.5"h

This soft sculpture is a combination of quilting and origami. An online search of colors and what they symbolize taught me that Orange represents Strength and Endurance, Yellow/Gold is for Good Health and Hope, and Green is the color of Renewal. It is the color of life. Brown is representative of Health and Faith. Strength. Hope. Faith. Renewal. They all play a big role in overcoming cancer. You'll notice that each color is interconnected with the others. One without the other would fail. We all cycle through life. There is a time for everything - a time for family. A time for fun. A time for love.

Now... it is a time for healing.

Elizabeth McConnell  
Great Falls, Montana  
*Pills* • Pastel • 22"w x 28"h

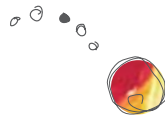
My dad went through treatment for multiple myeloma when I was seven. At the time I didn't understand the significance of the cancer or how hard the treatment was on him, but I remember being fascinated that he could take a handful of pills with no water. He would take his half dozen medications, pour them into his palm, and swallow the mass whole. I thought it was the neatest thing, and he would make a game out of it with me. Now, as I've gone through my own cancer treatment this year, I think about us laughing whenever I take pills.

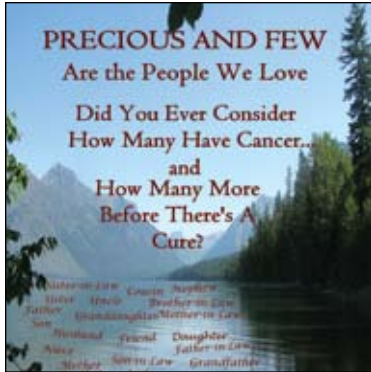
I know he'd do the best he could to bring out the humor in this ridiculous mess if he were still here today.



*In many times, we see but not watch, hear but not listen, and talk but not speak...the journey of these paintings' preparation is my learning process to seek for my enlightenment.*

- Millie Huang





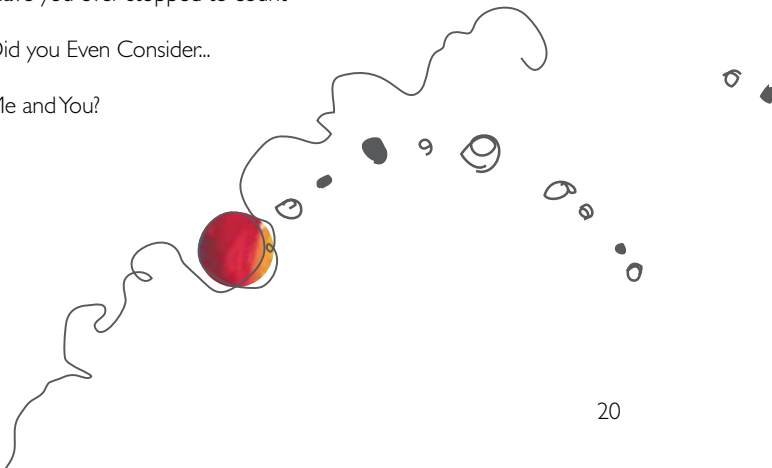
Freda Meister  
 Billings, Montana  
*Precious and Few* · Mixed Media  
 8" w x 10" h

Recently my sister gave me a recording of the song, "Precious and Few." As I listened, the thought occurred to me how our own precious circle of family and friends is declining due to cancer. My heart started to race with so many names running through my mind and I unwillingly started to count. The numbers quickly increased as I included those who are still in treatment...and I couldn't help wonder - how many more, before there's a cure?

Have you ever stopped to count--

Did you Even Consider...

Me and You?



Betty Monteith  
 Great Falls, Montana  
*Stepping Stone to New Life*  
 Mixed Media · 11" diameter

I survived the first year of diagnosis and treatment of breast cancer. A life changing experience. Now, I'm ready to take steps forward, an opportunity to enjoy life which may have been taken for granted. I'm looking forward to the wonders of life with a new appreciation and gratefulness for this second chance to continue life's journey.



Steve Nelson  
 Great Falls, Montana  
*Grace Filled Moments*  
 Pastel · 24" w x 30" h

As a Lutheran Pastor for thirty years, I have accompanied many of my friends in faith and members of congregations during their encounters with cancer. I've walked with them through the terrible and tear filled hours of distress as well as the grace filled moments of healing. It and they have changed my life in both significant and sometimes unknown ways.

I find relief and solace in painting. Somehow the richness of intense color and the brightness of pure light seem to uplift my spirit on the journey and express what I most often feel in my own spirit. In this pastel, for me, the focal points are the mother and child who gaze into the distance and yet are grounded and made secure by the presence of home and of one another as family. The known and the unknown are the enigma of this human condition.



Paul Pacini  
Helena, Montana  
*John and Iva* · Altered Photography  
11" w x 16" h, 5" w x 7" h

My father died of pancreatic cancer on July 23rd of this year. After he was diagnosed, during a family reunion trip to Florida, I took a black and white photo of him and my mother on the shore of the Gulf of Mexico. I am a fine art photographer, specializing in hand colored black and white photos. I printed the image and hand colored it. Many who have seen the piece comment on how it captured the emotion of the moment. To accompany the piece and to give perspective to it, I re-printed and hand colored an old family photo taken in 1957 during our family's prime.



I traveled from Montana to north Florida in October, 2008 to attend my mother's family reunion with her and my 84-year-old father. On my first evening in Florida, Dad was in the emergency room. We spent the rest of our Florida vacation in three different hospitals where he was eventually diagnosed with terminal pancreatic cancer. He was told that he had three to six months to live.

The day before he was released I suggested that I would like to take him and Mom for a ride along Highway 30A, the Gulf Coast highway that was visible just outside his hospital window. Burdened with the recent news, he said "I don't want to go anywhere." The next day however, an hour before he was released, he indicated that he wanted to ride back to the family farm the long way, Highway 30A.

We walked out of the hospital that morning and into a day of blue skies, a slight Gulf breeze, and comfortable temperatures in the mid-70s. Dad and Mom sat together, holding hands, in the back seat of our rental car as I drove. Dad kept pointing out the beauty that surrounded us like the sea gulls and the color of the water. We stopped at a beach access and walked out on the boardwalk to see the white sand and surf at the base of a set of wooden steps. He did not feel strong enough to go down the steps, but he told me to "Go, get wet." I felt that he wanted me to be his proxy. I removed my shoes and rolled up my pant legs. I felt the warm sand between my toes and I waded into the shallow surf to my knees. I felt for him; the peace, security and the beauty of wading into the realms that awaited his coming.

*As I look at the pictures, I realized this yellow hue has meant "hope and sunshine"...For me, it is hope for a better tomorrow, the hope for a better way of life and the hope for a cure for all cancers.*

- Vera Pilgeram



Becky Phelps  
Great Falls, Montana  
*Bridge to Healing* • Oil • 10" w x 12" h

This painting reminds me of all the people who are so important in the healing process of a cancer patient. Each plank in the bridge represents a caregiver; a nurse, a friend, a spouse, a child, a doctor; anyone who has offered support and strength to the patient along their journey to recovery. Each plank is essential just as each person is essential - one missing plank means a stumble and a longer road to recovery. I hope I can be a plank in someone's bridge to recovery.

Vera Pilgeram 1.  
Great Falls, Montana  
1. *Good News and Hope* • Oil • 5" w x 5" h  
2. *Space* • Oil • 8" w x 10" h  
3. *Peace* • Oil • 6" w x 9" h

*Good News and Hope*

Someone asked me why I always had one bright spot in my paintings. When I studied my work, I found I do incorporate one bright contrast in each one - this contrast is almost always some shade of yellow. As I looked at the pictures, I realized this yellow hue has meant "hope and sunshine." For me, it is the hope for a better tomorrow, the hope for a better way of life and the hope for a cure for all cancers. The yellow is also the sunshine that I know will come with a new day or a friendly gesture.



This little picture represents so much of my life - the road to home, the mail box - my communication with the outside world - waiting to hear from my family... a time when I was afraid to hope - the sun just barely peeked out from the clouds.

*Space*

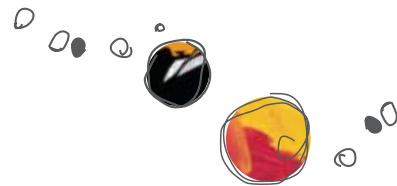
My life has changed so much in the last 6 months - I painted this picture and felt free -- the green and yellow meadow represents open spaces to explore - the meadow is happiness and good health.



3. *Peace*

Peaceful - I could feel a sense of peace as I painted this picture - the water has always made me feel calm - but as I painted the mountains, I could feel their strength - the aspens and their trembling leaves are me - and my hope - my hope for happiness and health.





Sharon "Jae" Pulfrey  
Great Falls, Montana  
1. *Hidden Bloom* • Watercolor • 16.5" w x 17.5" h  
2. *Multiple Blossoms* • Watercolor • 16" w x 16" h

*Hidden Bloom*

The desert is a harsh environment certain times of the year, as an individual's life experiences can be at times. Cancer is such an experience! The analogy being, the harsh desert weather is like a cancer; when that's completed bloom begins. Cactus, which is a harsh plant, begins its beautiful bloom among other flowers; previously unseen benefits spring from the desert floor. All changing the landscape as cancer can change a person's life in a positive way if we choose that path. I've tried to choose the positive path and live in the now.



*Multiple Blossoms*

Counting my many blessings as a person who has withstood the intensity of treatment and recovery is a wonderful benefit to the cancer journey. These blessings are often forgotten and not appreciated in this busy world. There are too many to count as the cactus that continually buds and blooms in the spring desert. I feel I have been very blessed due to my experience.

Shannon Reimers  
Great Falls, Montana  
*Prayer for Stacy* • Mixed Media • 17" w x 21" h

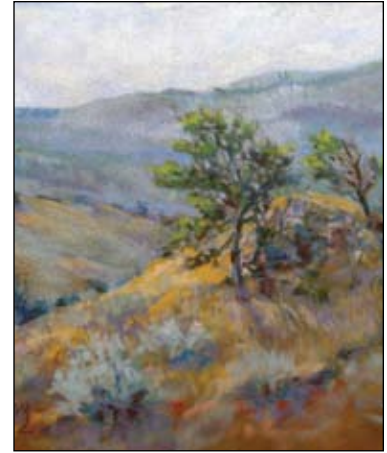
The original drawing used in this piece was created in December 2007 in response to learning of my young co-worker's thyroid cancer diagnosis. The finished piece combines the original drawing with others in a patchwork of stitched paper collage. It is representative of the plans, dreams, and wishes that have been irreversibly transformed by this disease; the reshaping of these ideals into something that looks and feels different, but is still valuable and beautiful.



Anita Ronning  
Great Falls, Montana  
*McCarty Hill Sentinels* • Soft Pastels  
24" w × 21" h

On the eastern slope of the Rockies, west of Augusta (MT), there is an outcropping topped by a few hardy trees. Somehow they have kept growing in spite of all the trials and tribulations of all different weathers. They are entirely unprotected. Words such as 'tenacious', 'resilient', and 'survivors' come to mind. We have seen them covered with ice like a lacy shawl, and brightly colored in fall colors, and catching the last light of a summer evening. Through all this, they have endured.

All of us who have been impacted by the illness of cancer, whether ending in loss or celebration of survival, have found strength with our friendships with cancer victims, and our commitment to dealing/healing with this persistent disease. The view of this artist makes a parallel between the tenacity and will to survive found in nature with our human will to live. We find strength there, and with each other.



Juan and Randi de Santa Anna  
Seeley Lake, Montana  
*Try and Stop Me*  
Photography and Poetry  
16" w × 24" h

My wife and I would like to submit this photo and poem for the Art and Healing Exhibition... I am the Photographer and she the writer. Together we went through her cancer... together we submit this piece. I made hundreds of images of our process before... during... after:  
All the while, I was trying to be the strong one... She showed me how. She is truly my inspiration...

*My Husband's Words*

I've lived organic,  
homegrown,  
active,  
wild,  
but still cancer came.  
Our toxic world  
hard to escape...

Paralyzed by confusion  
then anger... I groped  
for something else I could do  
to face the Fear...  
to feel Hope...

"Lighten up," my husband suggested.  
"Have fun, Love...  
Let go..."  
I had tried Everything  
but that...

So I carry on...  
I live Now...  
grateful for my concave chest  
and remaining breast...  
daily reminders of my husband's words.



Nora Seekins  
Great Falls, Montana  
*Ummi (Mother)* • Pastel  
17" w x 14.5" h

Ummi is dedicated to my friend, Connie. Connie is a breast cancer survivor. I have several relatives living and deceased with this intrusive affliction. I also dedicate Ummi to them.

They ask why me? Why him? Why her?

Cancer fears no one. Cancer consumes anyone. Cancer terrorizes everyone.

Ummi was a strong, frightening individual. She stood strong. Ummi defied all challenges except cancer. Her cancer eventually died. Ummi lives on peacefully in heaven. She became a Christian. Cancer never triumphs.



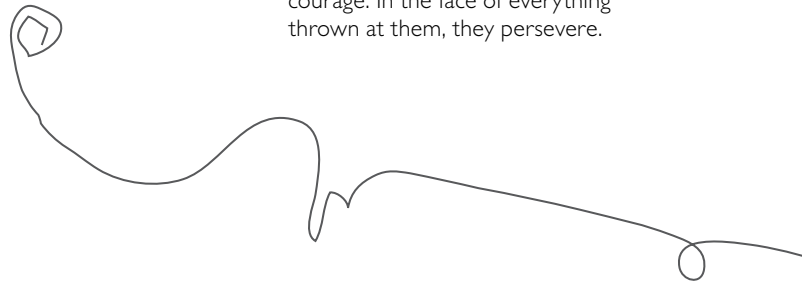
Genevieve Shannon  
Conrad, Montana  
*Optimism* • Cotton Fabric  
20" w x 32" h

A visual interpretation of a positive attitude and a hopeful outlook.



Patrick Shannon  
Conrad, Montana  
*Perseverance* • Photography  
11" w x 14" h

This unconquerable little shed seems the perfect symbol for all who wage the fight against cancer. Just as this lone and tiny building has defied more than one-hundred years of scouring prairie winds, my wife and her fellow patients have inspired me with their tenacity, patience and courage. In the face of everything thrown at them, they persevere.



*Her spirit was so alive. I was touched by her energy and life.  
She was not dying but waiting to leave for her next adventure.*

-Patricia Johnson

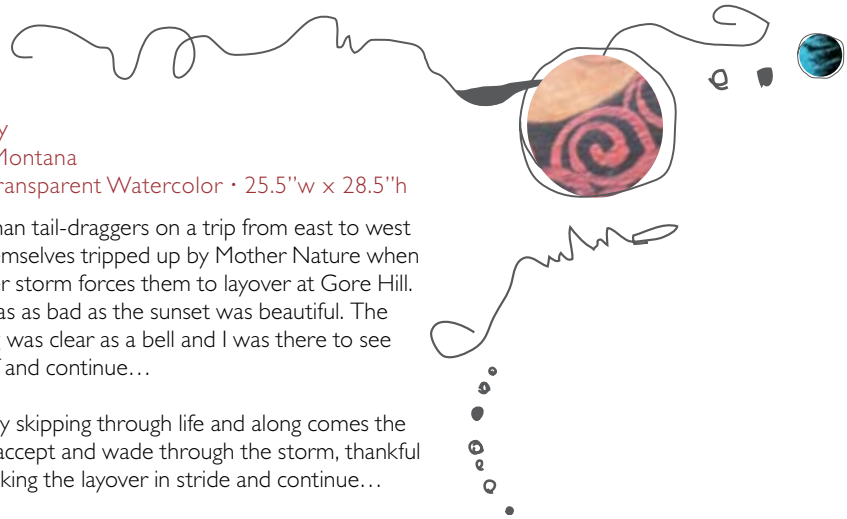




Cecile Smiley  
Great Falls, Montana  
*A Layover* · Transparent Watercolor · 25.5" w x 28.5" h

Three Stearman tail-draggers on a trip from east to west coast find themselves tripped up by Mother Nature when a mid-summer storm forces them to layover at Gore Hill. The storm was as bad as the sunset was beautiful. The next morning was clear as a bell and I was there to see them take off and continue...

We go merrily skipping through life and along comes the "Big C." We accept and wade through the storm, thankful we're alive, taking the layover in stride and continue...



When I was very ill for a number of years, my children often prayed for me. They had so much faith. I have never forgotten that special time in the midst of what seemed a very long siege of chronic illness. In fact, our son was about this boy's age, I would guess, five years old.

This young man is from the very poor country of Moldova. He is and looks most sincere and dear. I think those around us give such great support most definitely by their prayers to the Greatest of All Physicians who Himself healed every disease.

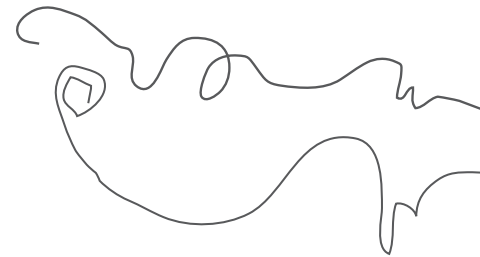


Carol Spurgeon  
Great Falls, Montana  
*Moldovan Prayer* · Watercolor · 11" w x 15" h



Rebecca Stewart  
Havre, Montana  
*Wispy Storm* · Acrylic  
9" w x 12" h

I love greens and browns. I find these colors very relaxing and calming even though my painting is full of commotion and tension. It reflects my attitude towards cancer; it is hard to have cancer in our life.



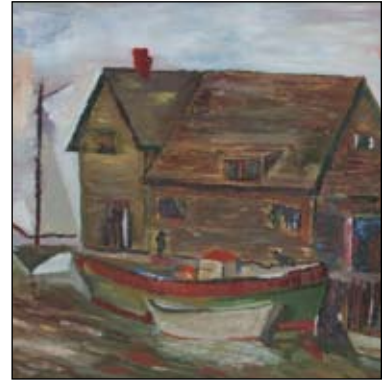


Kelly Toldness  
Havre, Montana  
*Fighting the Cancer Explosion*  
Oil • 12" w x 16" h

I paint as a way to express my hidden feelings. This day I was very depressed, fighting the fear of cancer coming back. There is calm found under the explosion once the fear is released, then comfort and calm can return. I felt better after I painted this, having had cancer, two years later there are still loads of feelings still suppressed. The big one is fear of it coming back, having my leg not work right, and other assorted issues like chemo brain.

Phil Toldness  
Great Falls, Montana  
*Safe Harbor* • Oil • 8" w x 10" h

I started painting after Kelly did art therapy in Great Falls while she was receiving treatment for her cancer. This is my third painting, a pleasant scene of boats sitting in some placid waters. The docks nearly empty, a quite restful scene. Painting for me is a very relaxing way to spend an afternoon or evening. It is a gift that cancer gave us.



*I now can "work" when I am able to turn mud into pottery,  
moving also from depression and pain to joy and gratitude  
through these small acts of creation.*

- Verna Copeland



Alex Tooley

Great Falls, Montana

1. *Bronze Bakugan*

2. *Dragonoid*

Crayon on Paper • 8.5" w x 11" h

My Mom was diagnosed with cancer when I was three years old and now I'm eight years old.

I'm happy she's still alive.

I like to draw. It's one of my favorite subjects.

Allan Tooley

Great Falls, Montana

*Antithestasis* • Digital • 10" w x 12" h

This image is a digital creation, made with 3D modeling and particle generation software and composited in Adobe Photoshop. I couldn't find a real word that literally means the opposite of metastasis, so I made one up *Antithestasis*.

I've always thought of cancer as a creature like those seen in old 1950s science fiction movies like *The Monolith Monsters* or *The Deadly Mantis*. Certainly, my own experience contains echoes of the plots of those matinees: the monster killed my father; and grievously wounded my wife. I wish I could cast myself in the role of the dashing hero who discovers the key to defeating the beast, but I have to be content with the hope of witnessing someone else doing the thing in.

I created this image of a giant, marauding cancer cell to evoke the monster movies of days gone by, specifically the seeming hugeness and insurmountable nature of the beast. But I've made one significant change: while those films always featured a large crowd of people fleeing in terror before the monster's rage, in this case I've chosen to portray the townspeople rushing toward the beast – not running to save their own skins, but banding together to vanquish a common foe. Now that's an end to the movie I hope we can all live to watch and enjoy.





Eileen Torgerson  
Great Falls, Montana  
*Running in Circles* · Fiber Art · 4'w x 5'h

The journey with cancer included my father's leukemia in past months. I dealt with his illness and death as I have dealt with my own struggle with cancer. When I design, the creative processes conquer negative forces and result in a piece of beauty that can be touched and held, physical proof that joy and loveliness exist in every experience of life. I love the colors of the spectrum. To me they represent nature in its finest light. The rainbow is a sacred symbol of hope.

This piece came to life during my father's short bout with chronic leukemia. The circular theme represents the life cycle of birth and death. Life begins. We spend some of that time running in circles trying to figure out the meaning of life. When death approaches, it offers new life and the cycle continues. The rainbow of colors glows from the happy encounters in life while the darkness of the background represents the struggle of illness and death.

Art Tucker  
Lewistown, Montana  
*The Last Supper* · Handcrafted Copper  
29" w x 19" h



From where...? From whom...?

...does one get the inspiration to do a piece of artwork for the Art of Healing Exhibition? For me it was very easy.

My wife Eileen and I were talking about the "show" and she suggested "Why don't you make a 'picture' to enter? The 'picture' could only be one. A hand-tooled copper picture of the *Last Supper*. I don't think she consciously thought about it being a challenge for me.

But a challenge it was and the inspiration to make the picture soon fell into place.

As I worked on making so many fine details on the picture I was constantly aware of all the characters in it. Each one added strength to my inspiration. And, Eileen kept that inspiration going for me.

The nurses in the infusion room, not realizing it, also reinforced my attitude with interest and asked questions about my project.

So where does the inspiration come from to do an art project? It's always close by – one just has to recognize it and accept it.

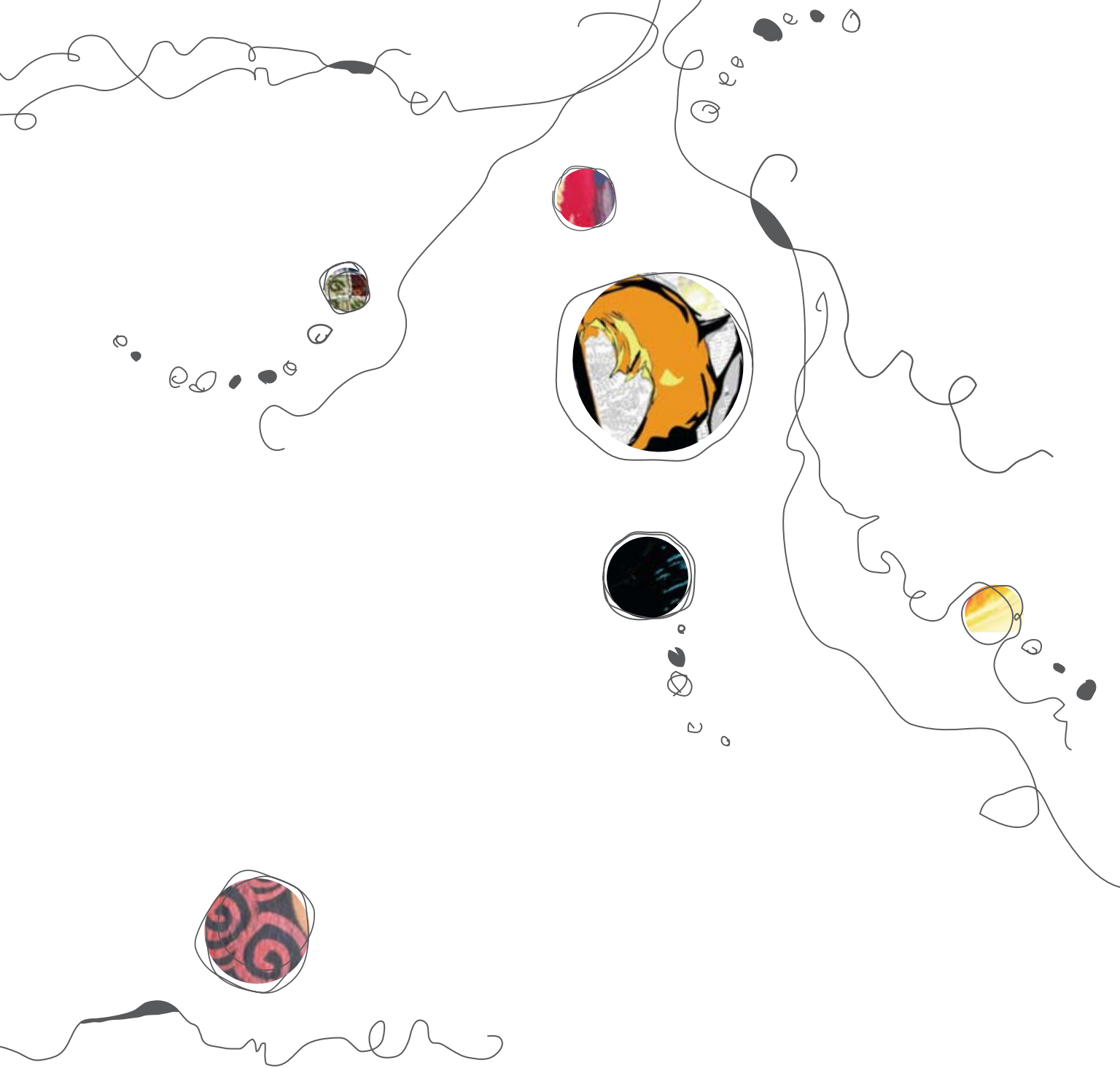
Apostles, from left to right:  
Bartholomew, James the Younger,  
Andrew, Judas, Peter, John,  
Christ, Thomas, Phillip, Matthew,  
Thaddeus, Simon, James



Ellie Weber  
Missoula, Montana  
*Eddie and Kirby*  
Woodblock Print • 5'w x8'h

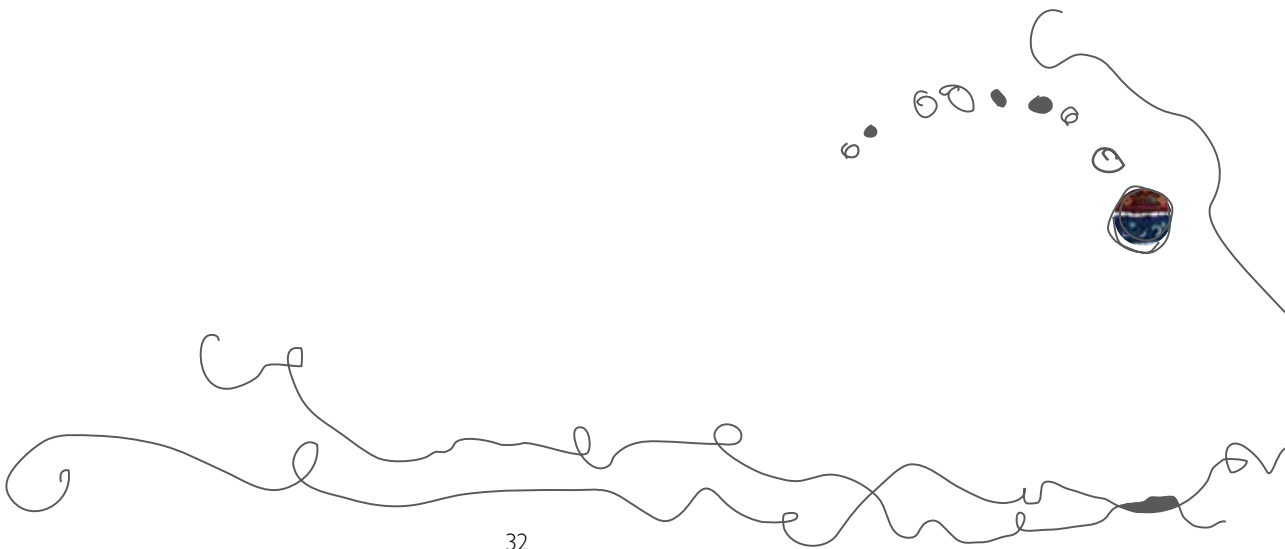
This piece was done in memory of a close family friend who died of pancreatic cancer in May 2008 after a valiant two-and-a-half-year struggle. Her name was Eddie McClure and she lived in Helena. She was an attorney who worked for legislative services in the state capital. She was a friend of Senator Tester's and when it was time to shave her head, she first received a "haircut" to match the Senator's flat-top style. I have a photograph of her with her flat-top with a thumbs up sitting by a Tester for Senator sign. Eddie was an avid outdoors woman and broke her arm cross country skiing during a brief lapse in her chemo treatments, but she never gave up.

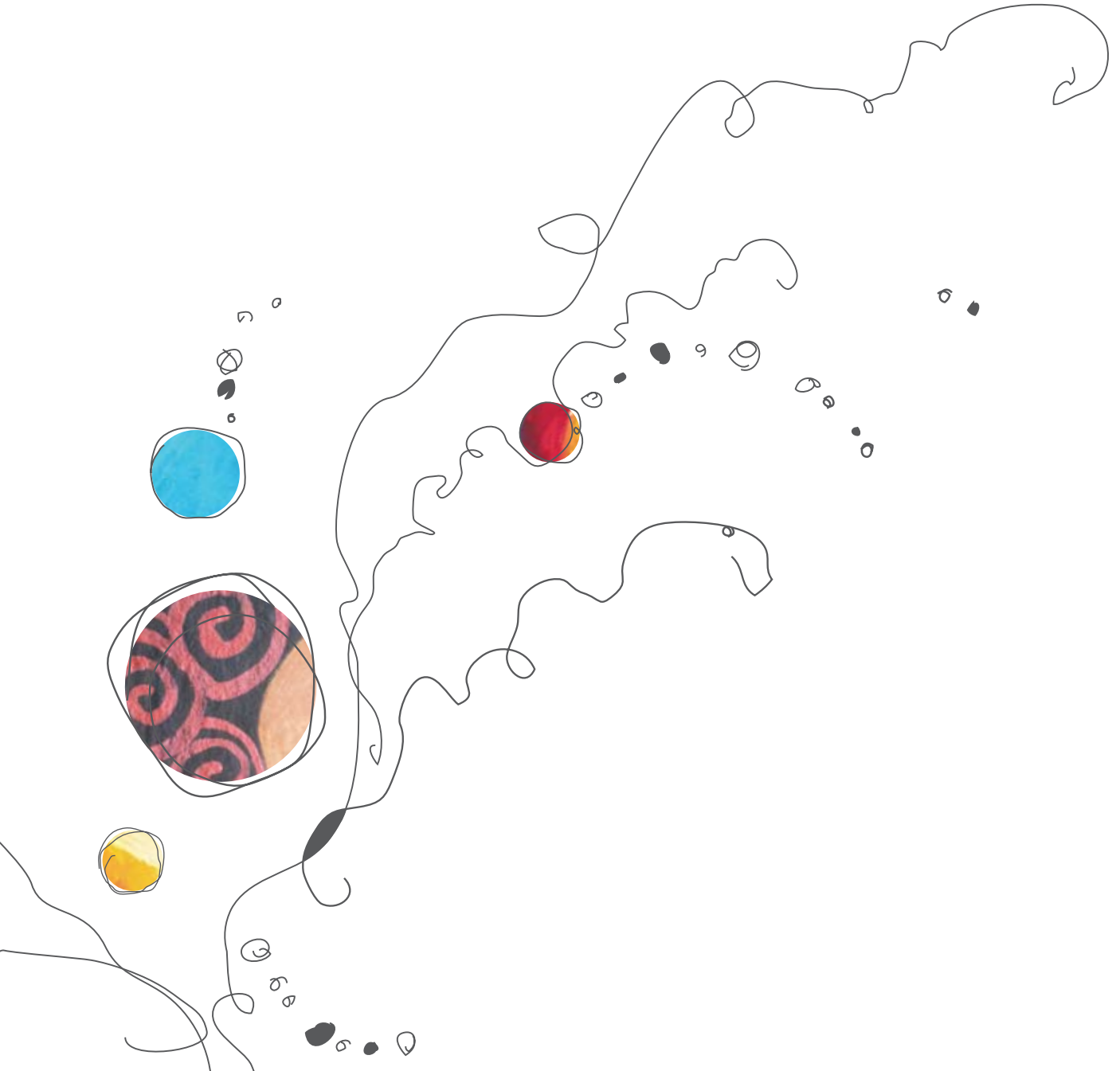
This block print was done in memory of Eddie who loved the Boston Red Sox, who hiked in the Lodgepole/Ponderosa Pine forest behind her house in Helena every day with her faithful border collie, Kirby, who was adopted by Eddie after being found on the curb (abandoned) at the state capital where she worked. In Eddie's early life she was the women's basketball coach for Creighton University and the first women's basketball coach at the University of Montana in the mid-1970s. After leaving the U of M, she worked on the "green chain" at the Bonner mill to earn money for law school. She attended both U of M and Lewis and Clark College law schools and began her second career working in legislative services in the state capital. Her work was varied, but she was known for her legislative bill drafting and committee work on the education bills and Montana tribal issues. She was much loved by her co-workers, friends, and our family. The community of Helena named a forest trail after Eddie in 2007, just six months before her death. This block print represents Eddie walking her trail, you can see she is wearing her Boston Red Sox hat and has her beloved Kirby with her. When she became weaker, she often used a ski pole to help her keep her balance while walking. Her home looked out on the "Sleeping Giant," so that ridge line is depicted in the background at the top of the print.



*I felt the warm sand between my toes and I wandered  
into the shallow surf to my knees. I felt for him the  
peace, security and the beauty of wading into the  
realms that awaited his coming.*

-Paul Pacini







Clinic Cancer Care • 3000 15th Avenue South • 800-421-1649 • 454-2171 • [www.cliniccancercare.com](http://www.cliniccancercare.com)  
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