

## On My Way to the Fair

Written 6-6-15 in my car while watching Jordan at Skate Park in Cheyenne

It was a hot, windy day in Cheyenne as I sat on the bench mesmerized by the beautiful heart of my great grandson. He had such a joy and tenacity about him and I just enjoyed every second of watching him. As I sat there, I became overwhelmed at the breeze playing with my hair – When my hair was long I didn't consider the beauty in the breeze; however, when you lose your hair there is a period of time that sensation is removed – for me unnoticeably. Then, suddenly, I'm overwhelmed realizing the beauty in the breeze as it played with my hair. My heart began to sing of this feeling and I had to go to my car to write the words as they came to me.

There's a cool breeze blowin through my hair.  
I'm a survivor on my way to the Fair  
I was on my way long ago  
Then got sidetracked in a heart break show

I did my time and now I feel the wind blowin  
Gentle breezes once forgotten  
Delayed down a lane of needles and crosses

Faith put me on my road to gain  
Strength and restoration  
No more pain – my hair is blowing in gentle breezes  
Survivor – soaring

It's a place in the valley survivors know well  
Only a place the few can tell  
Pain and suffering, they have endured  
Overcomers by name  
Survivor their fame.

Cool breeze blowin through my hair  
Taken for granted no more  
I'm on my way to the Fair

After writing this, I subsequently designed the piece that I called "Survivor". However, I was unaware at this time of design that this piece was related to what I had just written. In fact, the writing was put aside and forgotten until I just found it again last week (11/4/15). As I read it, I myself was overwhelmed and then it wasn't until a few days ago that I realized the "Survivor" piece followed the writing. Often a piece is formed and in the beginning I didn't understand myself that it evolved from within me. After designing "Survivor" – I looked at it and what I saw was someone with their arms in the air shouting – yeaaaaa I did it!!!! Surviving and triumphing over whatever that obstacle was for them – thus "Survivor". So I experienced the affair of my heart and hair and wrote it and then designed

it, unaware until now that they are related. Whew – even I am surprised at what I continually learn about who I am.

11/11/15