



IN FLIGHT

## Rebecca Johnson

IN FLIGHT (angel's tree). This sculpture looks like a grounded angel.

The stone wings have fossils of shells. These stones were once mud, made of living creatures, the ocean floor. I found the stones in the woods in northern Pennsylvania. Years ago a farmer cleared them from the land to create fields. The same land is now overgrown with oak, birch, and maple. The farmer's wall that once was a boundary for a field slowly tumbles back into the earth. When I saw the stones I was intrigued by their flatness and size. Like misshapen wheels I rolled them, one at a time, out of the woods. It was hot and heavy work. Rolling them slowly over the rugged terrain took time, energy and determination.

The hemlock trunk, the angel's body, I found in Philadelphia. I collect large pieces of wood. In this log I counted approximately fifty growth rings; each ring represents a year's growth. The rings of a tree tell the history of its life: dry years, wet years, storms and health.

A friend of mine died recently. I watched his body after life had left him, I felt a fluttering energy hovering in the room.

The shells and sea dried into rock. The tree grew fifty years and fell, Tony's life came and went in a long fluttering instant. Energy, time, matter, emotions, life, we move in circles. My work is about these circles and the solid and temporal nature of existence. IN FLIGHT (angel's tree) is dedicated to the circle of my friend Tony.