

Resident's Corner

From Inspiration to Creation

By: Richmond Stubbs

Starting a work of art for an artist is the hardest part about creating a work of art. It's like a large lead ball that's bigger than you are and when you try to move the ball, it will not budge. However, what does move the ball is some form of inspiration. And that inspiration comes in many forms: the late great English sculptor Henry Moore was inspired by bones and river rocks and the many passions of his life.

This work, "Heaven's Full Moon", was inspired by a dream I had forty years ago and little did I know then that the dream would foretell the story of my life. In the dream I was walking on the Crystal Sea with Jesus. And I remember the surface was slippery...it had the consistency of ice and water but it was not cold rather comforting as it touched my feet. Just as I was about to fall, Jesus took my hand and said to me steady as you go Richmond steady as you go. I could not tell where I had been or where I was going, but Jesus knew and I was just going to trust Him. So we walked a ways and there was a ripple on the Crystal Sea like the wake of a boat on water. And once again as I was about to fall He took my hand and said to me: steady as you go Richmond and relax, it's easier if you trust and relax. Yes, Jesus. So this happened to me many times and every time Jesus took my hand and guided me along. Then a giant wave came along as tall as a tall building. Jesus took my hand and said: we'll ride this one together. Follow My lead and so I did. And after we rode the wave we came to a level place. Jesus reached down into the Crystal Sea and pulled out a multi legged furry thing with bulging eyes and spitting all over the place. Jesus looked at the creature this way and that like a great artist would and decided I don't think this creature is done yet, and put the creature back into the Crystal sea and we both saw the creature swim away. Without thinking I thrust my hand down to the Crystal Sea and my hand was met by a thousand crystal slivers piercing the palm and fingers of my hand. Every bone was broken and every tendon severed. Blood was shooting out my hand like a geyser.

Blood everywhere: blood on Jesus, blood on the Crystal Sea and blood all over me. In that moment between nerve and brain connection, He once again took my hand and it all went away, like it never happened and he said to me: "patience my son you will create many works that will glorify my name". And then I woke up. That's my story and I'm sticking to it. The painting does not look like the dream but every time I see the painting I am reminded of the dream because that's what got the ball rolling.