

"THE NIGHTMARE WAS IN THE PAST.  
OVER THE RIVER A GOLDEN RAY OF SUN CAME THROUGH  
THE HOST OF LEADEN RAIN CLOUDS."

STEPHEN CRANE  
RED BADGE OF COURAGE

Art does  
lift our  
spirits  
and free  
our souls.

ARTS INSTITUTE  
AT QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER 1997 - FEBRUARY 1998

OKLAHOMA ARTS INSTITUTE  
A CELEBRATION OF THE SPIRIT

AN ANTHOLOGY DOCUMENTING AN ARTS INSTITUTE AT  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN WITH FAMILIES OF VICTIMS AND SURVIVORS OF THE OKLAHOMA CITY BOMBING  
MADE POSSIBLE BY SOUTHWESTERN BELL

AT QUARTZ MOUNTAIN IN GREAT PLAINS COUNTRY...

ON OCTOBER 19, 1995, EXACTLY SIX MONTHS AFTER THE BOMBING OF THE ALFRED P. MURRAH FEDERAL BUILDING IN OKLAHOMA CITY, SURVIVORS CAME TO QUARTZ MOUNTAIN IN LONE WOLF, OKLAHOMA, TO PARTICIPATE IN A FOUR DAY INSTITUTE IN THE ARTS ORGANIZED ESPECIALLY FOR THEM BY THE OKLAHOMA ARTS INSTITUTE.

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY ADULTS, TEENS AND CHILDREN TOOK PART IN THIS "CELEBRATION OF THE SPIRIT."

PARTICIPANTS IN THE WORKSHOPS STUDIED PERSONAL ESSAY, POETRY, CHEROKEE BASKETWEAVING, MEMORY BOX SCULPTURE, MASK MAKING AND MIXED MEDIA. THERE WERE TWO CLASSES FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, AN "ARTS ADVENTURE" FOR CHILDREN GRADES 1-6, AND A PAINTING CLASS FOR TEENAGERS. ADDITIONAL ACTIVITIES INCLUDED GOSPEL SINGING AND DANCE CLASSES. NATIONALLY RECOGNIZED ARTISTS CAME TO QUARTZ MOUNTAIN TO TEACH THE WORKSHOPS.

IN THE PROCESS OF MAKING ART, SURVIVORS AND FAMILY MEMBERS OF VICTIMS HAD AN OPPORTUNITY TO SHARE THEIR EXPERIENCES WITH EACH OTHER AND TO PERSONALLY EXPRESS THEMSELVES IN THE PIECES THEY PRODUCED. THIS WORK TELLS A POWERFUL STORY ABOUT THE ABILITY OF THE CREATIVE SPIRIT TO BUILD HOPE AND FAITH IN THE FUTURE AND TO CREATE COMMUNITY.

FOLLOWING THE WORKSHOP AT QUARTZ MOUNTAIN, AN EXHIBITION ALSO ENTITLED "CELEBRATION OF THE SPIRIT" WAS ORGANIZED FOR THE GOVERNOR'S GALLERY AT THE OKLAHOMA STATE CAPITOL. THERE, DURING ITS SIX MONTH SHOWING, THIS CELEBRATION OF POEMS, ESSAYS, BASKETS, SCULPTURE, PAINTING, AND TAPESTRY BECAME A SYMBOL OF HEALING.

COMMUNITIES STATEWIDE REQUESTED THE EXHIBITION WHICH TRAVELED TO TULSA, WEATHERFORD, BARTLESVILLE, ARDMORE, TAHLEQUAH, MUSKOGEE, POTEAU, ALTUS AND DURANT. AFTER TOURING, PHOTOGRAPHS, POEMS AND JOURNAL ENTRIES FROM THE EXHIBITION WILL BECOME PART OF THE ARCHIVES OF THE PERMANENT MEMORIAL AT THE SITE OF THE BOMBING.

THIS ANTHOLOGY DOCUMENTS MUCH OF THE WORK PRODUCED BY SURVIVORS AT QUARTZ MOUNTAIN AND FEATURED IN THE EXHIBITION. EXCERPTS FROM PERSONAL JOURNALS, TOGETHER WITH ESSAYS AND POEMS, GUIDE THE READER AND OFFER INSIGHT INTO THE LIVES OF THOSE WHO SURVIVED THAT TRAGIC DAY AND ITS AFTERMATH.

A "CELEBRATION OF THE SPIRIT"...THE WORKSHOP AT QUARTZ MOUNTAIN, THE EXHIBITION, THE ANTHOLOGY...ARE OF HISTORICAL SIGNIFICANCE TO THE PEOPLE OF OKLAHOMA AND TO THE NATION.

THE OKLAHOMA ARTS INSTITUTE IS HONORED TO HAVE WORKED WITH SURVIVORS OF THE BOMBING. THIS ANTHOLOGY IS A MEMORIAL TO THEM. IT IS A CELEBRATION OF THEIR SPIRIT.



CAREN COOK, OKLAHOMA CITY  
MIXED MEDIA WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995

"I worked for H.U.D. Thirty five of my co-workers died in the bombing. On April 19, 1995, our world exploded. There is a tribute inside my exploded world to some of my favorite people who died in the bombing."

CAREN COOK



AUTHOR JUDITH KITCHEN FROM BROCKPORT, NY CRITiques A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH BY ONE OF HER STUDENTS IN THE PERSONAL ESSAY WORKSHOP.

## OFFERINGS

I'd seen the pictures on TV. And I'd thought about the people in Oklahoma City, how their lives had suddenly — instantly — changed. But then there were other pictures, and the instant empathy was swept away under a barrage of new news, other sufferings, my son's wedding, my father's death, a trip to Ireland. So when I came home to a message on my answering machine — from the Oklahoma Arts Institute — I certainly couldn't imagine what it might be about. And when I was asked to come and participate in "A Celebration of the Spirit," I wanted to be a part of it, yes, but I was also a bit suspicious. Writing takes place in solitude, over a period of time, with lots of hard work, and no promise of success. Writing takes care and attention to detail. In three short days, what could I have to offer?

When I arrived, I was still asking that question. All I knew was that words are powerful, that emotions were likely to be unlocked, that I might be in over my head, that I wanted to leave my group with a sense that they had tools for the future — something useful for that necessary solitude.

But what happened in our wind-wracked trailer defies description. For three days, nineteen people talked about writing, about what they had written, about what others had written. Our "stories" ranged from memories of childhood to adult meditation, from humor to sorrow, from anger to speculation, from ecstasy to loss. They were filled with compassion and understanding, with imagination and creativity, but most of all with an honesty that leaps from the page. That was the gift we gave each other: we were honest about our thoughts and feelings and our aspirations. We acknowledged each other's pain — and we went on.

I knew things were going right when we were able to tease each other about our tears. I knew things were going right when we discovered how old our youngest member really was — and she instantly gained eighteen surrogate parents. I knew things were going well when we discovered that our oldest member had spent a night in a convent — and he could tell us all about it. Most of all, I knew things were going right when the group decided it wanted to continue to meet and to write and the Oklahoma Arts Institute quickly responded to fulfill that desire.

My group offered me the gift of friendship and an example of courage. On the last day, on the way to the airport, Wilma stopped so I could pick some cotton. I'd never seen cotton growing before. It turns out that picking cotton takes a lot of care and attention to detail. The pure white ball on my windowsill proves that it wasn't so hard to learn.

The pieces in this collection are the product of our hurried three days — and they represent the scope and variety of what was produced. They are beginnings. Reminders on the windowsill. But they are firsthand accounts of growing up in Oklahoma, of recognizing the bonds of family and friendship, of what it is like to live through a tragedy of this nature. In short, the pieces here are a tribute to the spirit of this nation, are representative of its greatness, are truly a celebration of the spirit.

JUDITH KITCHEN



POET PETER FORTUNATO FROM ITHACA, NY LISTENS TO A POEM CRAFTED BY A STUDENT IN THE POETRY WORKSHOP.

AT QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
*in memory of the Oklahoma City bombing*

What do buzzards think  
rising, wheeling up into the sun —  
Now I am the dazzling blue.  
Now I don't have a name.

What do buzzards think?  
Feathered vulture crown  
of Egypt Goddess Nekhbet.  
Naked turkey vulture head  
amid great shoulders.  
Soaring wings extended,  
blades spiral skyward  
or slice down —

Now I feed upon the dead.  
Now I raise them with me.

Do they distinguish adult humans  
from their children?  
Discriminate the chickweed green  
in the darker green of the shadow of the pavilion?

Now I see from a great height down.

Now I yearn for the slow flight off.  
Moving in and out of fields of vision:  
some birds, a cloud, these rocks, a lake.  
Behind my eyes, people I love.

PETER FORTUNATO



ROBERT GARLAND, DANCER AND CHOREOGRAPHER FROM THE DANCE THEATRE OF HARLEM IN NEW YORK, TEACHES MOVEMENT AND DANCE TO PARTICIPANTS.



MELISSA HUFFMAN RECEIVES INSTRUCTION IN CHEROKEE BASKETWEAVING FROM MASTER CRAFTSMAN, MAVIS DOERING, OKC.



SINGER STEVEN ROBERTS FROM OAKLAND, CA PRESENTS HIS NEW COMPOSITION, "CELEBRATION" WRITTEN FOR THE SURVIVORS.



ARTIST TIM ROLLINS FROM NEW YORK, NY EXPLAINS PAINTING TECHNIQUES TO CHRIS COVERDALE IN THE TEEN PAINTING WORKSHOP AT QUARTZ MOUNTAIN.

*Art is the enemy of death.*

*Art is the way when there  
is no way out.*

*Art is hope made manifest  
and I am a witness.*

TIM ROLLINS





VOCAL ARTIST WILLIAM WARFIELD FROM CHICAGO, IL PERFORMS CLASSIC ARIAS, FOLK MUSIC AND GOSPEL MUSIC IN A SPECIAL CONCERT FOR WORKSHOP PARTICIPANTS.



SCULPTOR MARGEAUX FROM CHICAGO, IL SHARES HER IDEAS WITH PARTICIPANTS IN MEMORY BOX SCULPTURE WORKSHOP.



MIXED MEDIA ARTIST IREN SCHIO FROM SANTA FE, NM RESPONDS TO QUESTIONS ABOUT MASK MAKING AND MIXED MEDIA CONSTRUCTION.



LYN ADAMS, DIRECTOR OF CITY ARTS CENTER IN OKLAHOMA CITY, WORKS WITH ANDREA COOPER IN THE CHILDREN'S ARTS ADVENTURE WORKSHOP.

**0830: Team meeting - 90-day treatment plans to be updated today. Business as usual: we are encouraged to keep track of the mileage, visits made, report infections and so on. Shortly after 0900, a shaking of the building and a loud blast.**

**There's a look of surprise, shock, fear - and then someone says, "That's just the construction crews at it again." We resume the meeting for several more minutes. For some reason, the phones are ringing off the hook...**

"I am a registered nurse employed by VA Medical Center for over 22 years. Making home visits is part of case managing and I have several patients living in boarding houses near the Federal Building. Ironically, I was not in the area that day, but my husband, John, who works at Langston University, 65 miles from the scene, was downtown in the Social Security office picking up donated equipment for the university. He received minor injuries, was treated and released. The Celebration of the Spirit is the first thing he has participated in dealing with other survivors. This arts institute was a very positive and upbeat accomplishment for me and John. It allowed me an avenue to write down my emotions and feelings. It gave me a chance for release that was so badly needed."

LULA SMITH

"At 2 minutes to 9 on April 19, I left my desk on the 7th floor of the Murrah Building to get a cup of ice on the 4th floor snack bar. It saved my life. My desk and my Public Housing workmates who remained on the 7th floor all fell to their deaths.

This workshop at Quartz Mountain has increased my self-esteem, was fun and relaxing. It left me with a sense of achievement".

KATHLEEN SILOVSKY

KATHLEEN SILOVSKY, OKLAHOMA CITY, WORKS ON HER MASK IN THE MIXED MEDIA WORKSHOP.



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IN EACH OTHER'S BLOOD

Do you remember the tree on the corner between our buildings?

We all saw it. We all walked past it.

We walked past each other too. We didn't look at each other but we all saw the tree. There it was on CNN! — on that little screen they showed it again and again... it stood there in the smoke. It grew out of the cement, nourished by pavement, I supposed — with leaves all BLOWN AWAY!

It seemed so unimportant to the picture, but we all saw it.

Then, on THAT day, when the buildings didn't shelter us.

When the glass murdered us, slit our throats and cut out our eyes. When Sarah cried and Royia couldn't scream because of YOUR plaster in her lungs, and YOUR walls on our stomachs and OUR roof on your shoulders and the red lining of your roof slapped at GOD and tried to surrender, ON THAT DAY, the leaves and rocks broke our teeth, glass was in our hair and

We walked in each other's blood.

Now, here in this place with rocks, trees and wind water-calm, still like glass, Barbara, Terry, Anna and Patrick speak together and Melissa smiles. Martin laughs and I am allowed to feel it.

My ears don't hurt when they remember.

Sally speaks of her daughter and we ALL smile.

We come to this place together now.

We never would have touched or spoken or looked at each other.

The tree on the corner will shelter birds again in the spring and we will look at it and

WE WILL GO ON!

JODY COLLIER, OKLAHOMA CITY  
POETRY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995

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MY SOUL MATE

Music from the car radio saturated the interior of the car like dancing fairies fiddling an eternal wedding tune. With one hand on the steering wheel and the other one clasped within my hand, we drove toward our destination. His hand was short and wide, calloused from working in the yard. We always held hands, no matter where we were — alone or in a crowd. It was as if we were one entity joined together for life by a bond unbreakable. No words were necessary. It was as if we could read each other's thoughts. The mundane aspects of everyday living were far from our minds. We flowed as one with the rhythm of the universe, all fears and disappointments transformed into nothingness. As if to say I'll be strong for you if you'll be strong for me. Fifteen years and never a day that we didn't hold hands.

After the bombing, while Bobby lay in the hospital bed, his face and hands were almost unrecognizable. His hands — I noticed instantly were swollen and like porcelain. I couldn't hold them. For two and a half days I stroked his feet instead, even though they too were like fine porcelain, until the pints and pints of blood were pumped into his body. Only his feet looked normal. Strong and sturdy. They carried him to distant lands and brought him home again to me safe and sound. I kissed and stroked his feet. My love, please don't leave me, my heart cried. Walk and hold my hand.

Oh God, please hold my hand.

GLORIA CHIPMAN, EDMOND  
PERSONAL ESSAY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995

"Robert and I met while we were both stationed at Scott Air Force Base in Illinois. He left behind a devoted wife, three children and two grandchildren."

EXCERPT FROM GLORIA CHIPMAN'S JOURNAL

# "At Quart I laughed

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## A BOX FULL OF LOVE

*"Nothing will ever be the same. In my mind there is 'before the bomb' and 'after the bomb', a permanent marking point 'a hole in my heart'."*

EXCERPT FROM VICKI HAMM'S JOURNAL

I bought the box before I had anything to put in it. It was big, square and golden, about the size of a hat box. How could my heart know at sixteen what precious memories this box would come to hold?

He was nineteen and in the Navy, far away in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba. I was eighteen, expecting our only child and living at home with mama. The letters came about every three or four days. Beautiful letters, a white envelope with a picture of a navy ship imprinted in blue. His return address written with his neat handwriting and then my name written with the loving hands of this nineteen-year-old man. I saved every letter. I put them in the gold box.

It has been thirty years. I have tried once to go back and read the letters that I know by heart — I could read only one. There is such intense emotion in each letter that the tears fall on the pages again. Two teenagers so in love with each other. Soul mates, indeed. We were destined to be together. Love of a lifetime, yes.

The gold box now sits in the top of my closet. All of his beautiful letters are in the box. When he returned home, he gave me something else to add to the golden square box. He had saved each and every one of my letters too.

VICKI HAMM, MOORE  
PERSONAL ESSAY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995

Mountain,  
and smiled  
for the first  
time in

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A COLD DAY

The day began on a cold January morning after a drive to reach our destination in the mountains of New Mexico. I awoke at 5:00 a.m. with great anticipation, much like a child at Christmas time. Looking out the frosted window of our cabin, I felt at peace with my surroundings. It was cold outside, but warm inside my spirit.

After a short breakfast, the fun began. First it was the trek to the garage for our snowmobiles and then we were off — to a winter wonderland. The pristine snow was beautiful — so pure and white as it sparkled in the morning sunshine. We continued our climb toward the top of the Baldy Range to be greeted by many aspen trees, bare and dead-looking, but fully alive. Upon reaching the mountain top, I stood in awe as the cold wind stung my face. At that moment I felt that oneness with God and nature. It was beautiful. It was at that instant that I think I really began to understand life and to appreciate its beauty.

I have longed for that day again many times since the Oklahoma City bombing because it gives me hope to go on with life even when it is unfair and hard. Memories can be bad or pleasant, but for me, I'll choose to remember that cold January day with that wind on my face, where I am free and able to smile again.

CECIL ELLIOTT, OKLAHOMA CITY  
PERSONAL ESSAY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995

months.

EXCERPT FROM CECIL ELLIOTT'S JOURNAL



" My poetry classmates and my instructor have made me think, let me talk, and cry tears of joy instead of sadness. My husband, William Stephen Williams, was killed in the bombing. We have three children, Sara, Allysome, and Meryl, who miss their Dad very much. Meryl and I came to the workshop for different reasons. I came to try to release some of my thoughts, to get them on paper, and to hear other people's stories."

EXCERPT FROM BARBARA WILLIAM'S JOURNAL



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THE ANNIVERSARY.

APRIL 15, 1995

Steve,  
laughing, shining face,  
the smell of the grilled onions and peppers,  
the laughter of friends surrounding  
our celebration.

Steve,  
handsome, smiling face,  
clinking glasses for a toast to  
our celebration.

Barbara,  
beaming, happy face,  
the world is, indeed, a wonderful place  
for such a miraculous celebration.

Friends,  
beautiful, precious faces,  
remembering times past, telling stories  
of the beginnings of our celebration.

Steve,  
my partner, my comrade,  
my best friend for twenty-three years.  
"Each year better than the one before. Here's  
to the next twenty-three. Love, Barb."

BARBARA WILLIAMS, CASHION  
POETRY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995

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QUIET TIME

Well, I had finally made it – old enough to be a part of the "elite group" in the neighborhood. I don't think being a particular numeric age (I was ten at the time) really counted, but how well you could run, jump, climb and be quiet.

This elite group would assemble at least twice a week to make plans for the upcoming hunt for the forbidden fruit. Early one evening, my first run, the sun slowly descending the sky, wanting to hear every last detail of our fearless journey, and the moon finally filled the sky with its faint rays of laughter. We were sure to wear worn t-shirts and shorts so if need be it would be easier to move or break free. We waited on pins and needles for the activities in the targeted household to become perfectly still. Thinking back, that was funny, because just outside the fenced-in compound an array of neighborhood kids larked about whispering, impatiently waiting for their chance to pounce.

Then it came – silence. A lone "one, two, ready, go" was hollered. It was "on." Bodies went flying over the fence, tumbling headfirst. The pitty-pat of feet racing to luscious green fruit trees to see who would be first to unburden the swollen ripe tree of its precious gift. Apparently, no one would win this race because no sooner did we charge the tree when a light clicked on and a voice bellowed "who's there?" Racing to get back over the fence was even faster than racing to the tree. Feet went flying back over the fence, and down the street we went, elbows swinging back and forth and our feet actually kicking our butts to the original meeting place.

With laughter and excitement in the air, we related our uncontested viewpoint of the hunt — our victories and most certainly everyone else's agony of the "feet." Although the pickings were few, all was not abandoned altogether because plans were already in the works for the next fearless meeting and subsequent raid. One last reminder — we must be quiet the next time.

BEVERLY PITTMAN, OKLAHOMA CITY  
PERSONAL ESSAY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995



*clockwise from top left:*

**TAKEISHALYN PITTMAN, OKLAHOMA CITY**

**MELISSA COOPER, OKLAHOMA CITY**

**MICHAEL BOLES, OKLAHOMA CITY**

**CONNIE ZIEGELGRUBER, GUTHRIE**

**STUDENTS IN THE ARTS ADVENTURE  
WORKSHOP DISPLAY THEIR TAPESTRY**

**CHANNING LOCKETT, CHOCTAW**

**DEBRA BLACKWELL, EDMOND AND  
BOBBYE JEAN CAWTHORN-BRYANT,  
OKLAHOMA CITY**



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## UNTITLED

Growing up in southern New Mexico and Arizona, having a healthy respect for rattlesnakes is not an option. It is simple. They bite, you die. It was not a lesson tired parents have to keep teaching their seemingly deaf children over and over again. No need to repeat the lesson for me. I got it down pat.

Growing up in the southwest also taught me to accept suffering as an everyday normality. No trees, no shade. No grass, just dirt, cactus for as far as you can see and, yes, plenty of sunshine. The sun never seems to sleep in the desert. You merely accept heat and thirst — you learn to adapt.

My family sat snugly in my dad's car as we travelled through the dry, hot desert to visit our aunt and uncle. They lived in the southeast corner of Arizona, just another shade of heat. These trips were always long and hot. My dad didn't believe in air conditioners, especially for a car. "They waste too much gas," I can still hear him say. The seating order was always the same: Dad drove while Mom sat next to him in the front seat. I was always sandwiched in between my three older brothers in the back seat of my dad's grand car. We weren't allowed to move; I was content to sit still and sweat.

As the long hot road loomed straight out before us, I noticed something different on this particular trip. In the middle of the road there was something making a ribbon-like movement toward the other side of the road. A rattlesnake! I froze as my dad calmly just drove the car over the snake. I regained the ability to breathe when, all of a sudden, my dad stopped the car. Without a word, he got out and, very matter-of-factly, rolled up his sleeves.

Following the direction of his intense stare, my eyes widened as I noticed the snake was still moving. I began to shake as the weather seemed to get very cold. My eyes remained riveted on my dad's face. The snake wiggled and thrashed as though my dad had really, really made it angry. I knew we were all in trouble now!

Then it happened. Thinking he would get back in the car, he clenched his jaw, walked up to the half-crazed rattlesnake and crushed it with his foot. As I watched in amazement, my dad seemed to get taller. He never said a word as he put the dead snake in the trunk and got back in the car.

We resumed our trip without a spoken word about the tremendous act of bravery Dad had just performed. Instantly, I knew my dad had to be the bravest man I had ever known. I didn't feel the desert heat as we drove on. I could only look at my dad and swell up with pride, knowing that I was being protected by a giant.

As the deafening sound seemed to rape all of my senses that fatal day in April, 1995, all I could think of was my brave dad. He would not be afraid, he would just roll up his sleeves, kill the snake and keep on driving. I knew what I had to do. I felt no fear, no emotion. I had to face the snake, roll up my sleeves and go to work.

After having made three trips into our shattered three-story building located across the street from the Federal Building, I focused my attention outside on a young woman, frightened and crying, lying in the street. She was hurt, but she would live. I took her name and the name and number of the person she wanted me to call. Flagger a passing car, I gave them the piece of paper and told them to make sure to tell them she was alive and was being taken to a near-by hospital with minor cuts.

At 3:30 that dark afternoon, I finally walked away wondering if my dad would have been pleased that I, too, had killed the snake that day. I did what you did, Dad. I was brave like you had taught me to be. Did I do it right, Dad?

No response.

He is probably busy killing snakes, I rationalize as I walk away into oblivion.

STELLA DE LA PAZ, OKLAHOMA CITY  
PERSONAL ESSAY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995



POETRY WORKSHOP MEMBERS SHARE THEIR WORK.

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## UNTITLED

I never pass up a historical marker. We took a break from the writing workshop and I walked over to the lake shore to read the corroded bronze marker. I could see the big top line: Chief Bugler's Grave.

This was in the rugged outback of southwest Oklahoma, so the thought came to me that some famous Indian chief was buried here. Then I read the rest of the marker. It was a short, concise piece of reporting:

On 5 March, 1869 William Gruber, lad of 20 of Topeka, Kans., chief bugler of the 19th Kansas Cav. was killed in a hunting accident while his regiment was in bivouac with supply train. Gruber, "a favorite of everybody" was buried at dawn with "honors of war."

A crushing weight of sadness fell on me and I was moved to tears over the death of a young man in a desolate spot over 135 years ago.

Like everything else I've experienced recently, it reminded me of my own grievous loss. Not that the memory was ever far away.

Here was the grave of a youngster who died violently, with no one in his family to hold his hand and to comfort him in his dying minutes. There was that feeling of guilt again. It was just like when we lost Suzy.

In an instant her world ended. Her office disappeared and she and her desk, by the front window on the 8th floor of the Murrah Building, fell to the ground. She was buried under tons of debris, not to be found for several days.

And nobody in her family was there to comfort her. I'll always feel guilty that we were out of state on a holiday. We never saw our beautiful child again.

How did the Gruber family feel when they learned they had lost their Billy in the God-forsaken mountains at an un-named place in Indian Territory?

Billy was buried at dawn with "honors of war." Suzy was buried at dawn on a hill overlooking the high school. Though she died in an act of war by misguided men, there were no honors. There were just the surviving Ferrells, the family that lived next door when she was brought home from the hospital as our firstborn, and the preacher who didn't really know her. We would have asked the preacher who baptized her, but he was busy burying his own firstborn and namesake, killed in the same disaster.

While the preacher prayed, the box containing her ashes was cradled in my arms, much as I had carried her into our house the day we brought her home from the hospital.

Today I wondered how the Gruber family was able to say goodbye to their Billy. And I wonder if we will ever be able to say goodbye to our Suzy.

DONALD FERRELL, CHANDLER  
PERSONAL ESSAY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995

"The bombing claimed our daughter,  
Susan Jane Ferrell, 37, the  
oldest of our two daughters. She  
was an attorney at Housing and  
Urban Development."

EXCERPT FROM DON FERRELL'S JOURNAL

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REFUGE

I'd like to go back to Aunt Stella's house  
just across the road  
where sister and I could always go  
for a smile and listening ears,  
a Bible verse and occasional "Land O' Liberty!"  
There we know that she and  
God will make everything all right.

I'd like to sit again in her still, dim parlor  
brightened with lace and crochet,  
to hear the mantle's ticking clock count on  
throughout the day.  
Where not a thing is out of place.

I'd drink some Ovaltine with her, or Postum,  
and pretend to like it — "Good for you," she'd say.  
We'd spend the night or maybe two, at this place for us,  
sister and I, two young, next-door nieces.

Oldest of a brood of nine and no children of her own,  
this dear aunt so thin and tall, a baptized Baptist,  
had hope, salvation for us all.

I'd help her hoe the garden, with all those "pesky" weeds.  
She'd wear a sunbonnet, cotton housedress,  
and her long, grey hair wound around in a regal crown  
of braids.

No work too hard or rough for her, she was the oldest one;  
the first to ride her horse astride, just like a man,  
heard condemnation from the pulpit next Sunday morning.

I'd like to go back to her old, red rock house  
where it would be unthinkable  
the little girl I'd have one day to hold, to love,  
would die in terror, an explosion  
from a bomb that evil ones would make, ignite,  
not even very far away from Aunt Stella's house.

SALLY FERRELL, CHANDLER  
POETRY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995



PATRICK McCULLOUGH'S FATHER WAS KILLED IN THE BOMBING. PATRICK CAME TO THE CELEBRATION OF THE SPIRIT WITH HIS MOTHER, SHARON, WHO ATTENDED THE CHEROKEE BASKETWEAVING CLASS.

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UNTITLED

*See the people dying, hear the babies crying, and I mourn.  
Want to wake up so I pinch myself, and sadly enough,  
it is far worse than a dream.*

*And I can't help but feel hate to the cowards that did this.  
I know that the lord above will turn this tragedy into love.*

*Some thought they heard thunder  
but how could they have guessed it was a bomb?*

*Physical and emotional pain throughout the world.  
169 some.*

PATRICK McCULLOUGH, EDMOND  
CHILDREN'S WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995



DAN DEMOSS, MOORE  
"FEATHER OF HOPE AFTER THE TRAGEDY"  
MIXED MEDIA WORKSHOP

"In this piece, the yellow gold leaves represent our surroundings at Quartz Mountain. The red leaves represent the lives lost in the tragedy. We can now see hope in the white feather as it rises above the past, and we will be able to soar again."

DAN DEMOSS



IREN SCHIO, SANTA FE, NM  
FACULTY ARTIST  
"QUARTZ MOUNTAIN OFFERING"  
MIXED MEDIA WORKSHOP



JOHN L. SMITH, EDMOND  
"FRAMES OF LIFE"  
MEMORY SCULPTURE WORKSHOP



GARDNER AND SARAH KELLEY, OKLAHOMA CITY  
 "ETERNAL LOVE"  
 MEMORY SCULPTURE WORKSHOP



MARGIE CASH, MEEKER  
 "APRIL 19"  
 MEMORY SCULPTURE WORKSHOP



ROBIN STROUD, OKLAHOMA CITY  
 UNTITLED  
 MEMORY SCULPTURE WORKSHOP





CARLA NEWTON, OKLAHOMA CITY  
DREAM CATCHER: "A GLITTERING OF  
PEACEFUL DREAMS"  
MIXED MEDIA WORKSHOP



JUANITA BATTENFIELD, OKLAHOMA CITY  
DREAM CATCHER: "LOVE"  
MIXED MEDIA WORKSHOP



KATHLEEN SILOVSKY, OKLAHOMA CITY  
DREAM CATCHER: UNTITLED  
MIXED MEDIA WORKSHOP



CONNIE ZIEGELGRUBER, GUTHRIE  
 "IN THE WOODS WITHOUT THE FOREST"  
 MEMORY SCULPTURE WORKSHOP

"Each item has a very special meaning to me and represents a particular time of my life. In the process of assembling my box, I found that in sharing work, laughter, and sometimes tears with our teacher MARGEAUX and the people in my class, I was able to allow some long buried feelings to surface. Since that weekend, I have turned loose of some of those feelings, and more importantly, I am attempting to deal with the rest."

CONNIE ZIEGELGRUBER



CHERYL LATHAM, OKLAHOMA CITY  
 "QUARTZ, FALL AND WINTER"  
 MEMORY SCULPTURE WORKSHOP



DON CHESLER, OKLAHOMA CITY  
 UNTITLED  
 MEMORY SCULPTURE WORKSHOP



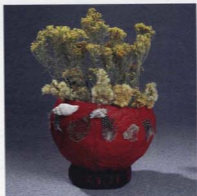
NANCY SHAW, DEL CITY  
 "CHOCOLATE ASSORTMENT"  
 MEMORY SCULPTURE WORKSHOP

"I worked on the first floor of the Federal Building for 15 years. My best friend was murdered in the bombing along with 15 other dear friends who were my co-workers. This horrible tragedy has brought our family closer. The workshop has exposed me to a whole new way to express myself. I now have a few skills that I can use at home to get out of my rut. I feel more confident."

NANCY SHAW



CARLA NEWTON, OKLAHOMA CITY  
 "NATURE'S SPLENDOR"  
 MIXED MEDIA WORKSHOP



JULIE DEMOSS, MOORE  
 "TRIBUTE TO NATURE"  
 MIXED MEDIA WORKSHOP



RAY STROUD, OKLAHOMA CITY, AGE 6  
 "A KID VIEW"  
 CHILDREN'S WORKSHOP: ARTS ADVENTURE



ROSEMARY KOELSCH, OKLAHOMA CITY  
 "BEAUTIFUL WOMAN"  
 MEMORY SCULPTURE WORKSHOP

"I made this box to share Valerie, our lovely daughter, with her nephew and niece, my grandchildren who will never know her. The inside includes things I took from her growing-up years. The outside is covered with things I took from her purse which I brought out of the Federal Building. It was just something I had to do."

ROSEMARY KOELSCH



ROSEMARY KOELSCH, OKLAHOMA CITY  
 "BEAUTIFUL WOMAN" (INSIDE)  
 MEMORY SCULPTURE WORKSHOP



JANE PRICE, NORMAN  
 UNTITLED  
 MIXED MEDIA WORKSHOP



NANCY SHAW, DEL CITY  
 "GEORGE'S BUSY BOX"  
 MEMORY SCULPTURE WORKSHOP

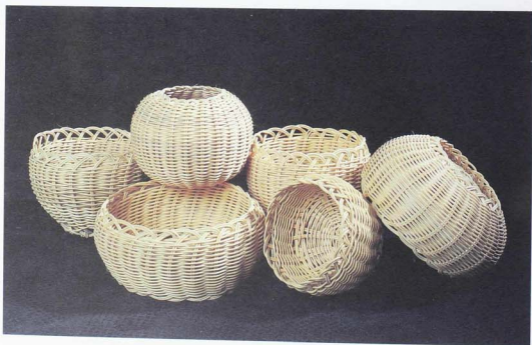


CHILDREN'S WORKSHOP: ARTS ADVENTURE  
 "HOPES AND DREAMS"  
 COLLABORATIVE TAPESTRY

### *Thoughts of a Bomb and a Tapestry:*

*"It was important for us to share our messages of hope and our dreams for tomorrow. Our little band of survivors diligently recorded messages on paper, crinkled them up and stuffed them inside our hand painted Quartz Mountain tapestry. When we stood underneath our tapestry of happy thoughts and dreams, we could hear the rustle of them all talking to us. It was fun and we needed a laugh."*

LYN ADAMS, FACULTY ARTIST  
 CHILDREN'S WORKSHOP: ARTS ADVENTURE





**CHEROKEE BASKETS BY:**

- JODIE ANDERSON, OKC
- JENNIFER BOLES, OKC
- CONNIE CAMP, MOORE
- VICKIE COOK-LYKINS, MCLLOUD
- LYDIA FOOTE, OKC
- ELLEN GOBIN, HARRAH
- CYNTHIA GONYEA, OKC
- GLORIA GRAVES, OKC
- JANN HOOK, EDMOND
- MELISSA HUFFMAN, OKC
- EMMITT JONES, OKC
- CINDY KING, SHAWNEE
- LOU KLAVER, OKC
- VICTORIA LOCKETT, CHOCTAW
- SHARON MCCULLOUGH, EDMOND
- BRIAN MORGAN, EDMOND
- KIMBERLY MORGAN, EDMOND
- RENEE PRESTON, OKC
- CASSIE PURIFOY, YUKON
- EDNA RICHARDSON, OKC
- MARTHA RIDLEY, OKC
- TERRI SPARKS, ARCADIA
- BECKI TILLOTSON, EDMOND
- VIRGINIA VALDEZ, EDMOND





"These are but a few of the items representing some of the many, many people who lent a hand, those who were injured, and the many friends and loved ones we all lost. All are not represented here; there's not a memory box large enough. But none will ever be forgotten."

DEBRA BLACKWELL

DEBRA BLACKWELL, EDMOND  
"WE WILL NEVER FORGET"  
MEMORY SCULPTURE WORKSHOP

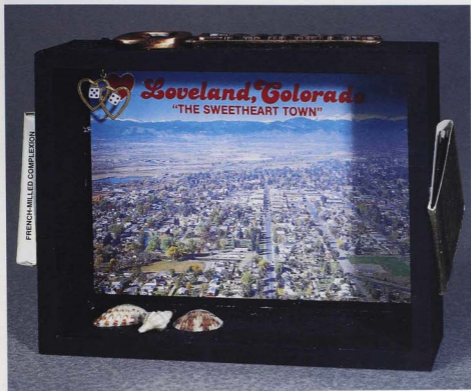


"I came to the workshop to relax. I am amazed that with all the pain we are still able to laugh. This piece expresses the peace and stillness I found while walking on a trail near our cabin at Quartz Mountain."

MARGIE CASH

MARGIE CASH, MEEKER  
"MY PATH"  
MEMORY SCULPTURE WORKSHOP





MARGIE CASH, MEEKER  
"IT STARTED WITH A DANCE"  
MEMORY SCULPTURE WORKSHOP



MARIANO BADILLA, MACOMB  
"LIBERATION"  
MEMORY SCULPTURE WORKSHOP



KIM BURT, OKLAHOMA CITY  
"FREEDOM AND BABE"  
SCULPTURE WORKSHOP



JULIE DEMOSS, MOORE  
"TRIUNE BEING"  
MIXED MEDIA WORKSHOP

"This mask is looking inward, trying to find balance, soothing myself with comforting colors and dried flowers given to me by my mother, my daughter and my son."

KATHLEEN SILOVSKY



KATHLEEN SILOVSKY, OKLAHOMA CITY  
"SEEKING"  
MIXED MEDIA WORKSHOP



JUANITA BATTENFIELD, OKLAHOMA CITY  
"JOY, LOVE, FUN"  
MIXED MEDIA WORKSHOP

"I am a mother of a victim. She was not killed, but walked out from the seventh floor. She is a single mother with a 12 year old son. The mask is for joy."

JUANITA BATTENFIELD



DAN DEMOSS, MOORE  
"UNMASKING, COMING OUT OF MY SHELL"  
MIXED MEDIA WORKSHOP



CARLA NEWTON, OKLAHOMA CITY  
"BUTTERFLY OF HOPE"  
MIXED MEDIA WORKSHOP

"THE NIGHTMARE WAS IN THE PAST.  
OVER THE RIVER A GOLDEN RAY OF SUN CAME THROUGH  
THE HOST OF LEADEN RAIN CLOUDS."

STEPHEN CRANE, 1895  
RED BADGE OF COURAGE



TIM ROLLINS AND THE KIDS OF SURVIVAL, OKLAHOMA CHAPTER  
"BADGES OF COURAGE"  
TEEN PAINTING WORKSHOP

COLLAGE OF PAINTED MANDALAS AND  
PAGES TORN FROM RED BADGE OF COURAGE.

*My badge stands for courage and faith. My  
mother was killed in the bombing. Her  
name was Christie Jenkins. Mostly all  
her life was working and going to church.*

SHELBY JENKINS, EDMOND  
SHELBY'S TWO BROTHERS, SHIMAR AND SCOTT,  
AND HIS SISTER, SHAWNA, ALSO ATTENDED THE WORKSHOP.



AT QUARTZ MOUNTAIN, ARTIST TIM ROLLINS WITH THE KIDS OF SURVIVAL, OKLAHOMA CHAPTER.

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## ART IS THE ENEMY OF DEATH

When the Oklahoma Arts Institute invited me to teach this workshop, I jumped at the opportunity to work with these kids of survival.

I used the same techniques that I've developed in 15 years of work with at-risk teens in the Bronx, New York, where I formed an organization called Tim Rollins and the Kids of Survival. I based this workshop on the literary classic, *RED BADGE OF COURAGE* by Stephen Crane and asked that each student read the first and last chapters before coming to Quartz Mountain. The book's hero not only survives the horrors of war but gains strength from the experience.

The teenagers made individual paintings of their own badges of courage - heraldic shields, flags representing the nation of the heart - all self portraits. Some used dark, moody colors, others chose bright, celebratory colors. I had thought that they might paint their wounds but instead the images which evolved were more like planets or suns.

We made something beautiful out of something that was horrible. It is very important for us to make beautiful things in times of tragedy, as only beauty can change things. The most direct way we can make beauty is to create art.

I said to one of the kids, "What is your relationship to this?" He said, "My mom, [who was killed in the bombing]" and we went back to work.

As people at Quartz Mountain related their stories, you could see the pain in their faces. The workshops were like life preservers in a sea of pain. There was quite a joyous atmosphere.

TIM ROLLINS, NY  
FACULTY ARTIST  
TEEN PAINTING WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995

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UNTITLED

Snow in the streetlight  
is like the illumination of silence.

SUSAN ALLEN, OKLAHOMA CITY  
PERSONAL ESSAY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER 1995



JESSICA McCULLOUGH, EDMOND, IN THE TEEN WORKSHOP.

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THE RHYTHM OF QUARTZ MOUNTAIN

Grounded down mountains,  
Dark wood floors,  
Railings, sidewalks, windowpanes,  
Looking inside yourself.  
Fire hydrants, waterpipes, loose lumber,  
Spiderwebs, plastic bowls, coffee cans,  
Craftworks of nature.  
Colorful leaves, children playing,  
Flying insects, trees rustling,  
Blue skies, white clouds,  
Green, rust, beige, orange, gray,  
Fragments of plastic, or broken lives.  
Trapped between pieces of wood,  
Like leaves,  
Blown away,  
Like the wind blowing through the trees,  
Drowning,  
Like leaves caught in puddles of water,  
A faint, but indistinguishable sound.  
Learning about yourself, with others  
standing in a circle round,  
sometimes silence, people's voices,  
You know you are in a place of great beauty,  
ENJOY!  
Answer some questions,  
See the wasp nest,  
Sit on the ground,  
Changing as the grass from green to brown.  
I have made some new friends,  
And I know,  
that now,  
I know the sound of the DRUM.

SABRINA STAFFORD, EDMOND  
POETRY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995



STUDENTS IN THE MIXED MEDIA WORKSHOP CREATE PAPER MACHÉ MASKS OF EACH OTHER.



JACK GOBIN, HARRAH, AND BEVERLY PITTMAN, OKC IN THE PERSONAL ESSAY WORKSHOP.

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## GREEN

Bursting forth of green after the long, harsh, brown of winter. Smell the musty smell of the branch that puts forth the new green bits of leaves.

Put your nose right to the wood – go ahead – breathe deeply. Remember this smell.

Now, slowly move your nose along the branch to the first green that you come to.

Green smells – different – better. Green is good. Life is good!

JACK GOBIN, HARRAH  
PERSONAL ESSAY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995

"I am a State Plant Health Director and was officed on the 5th floor of the A.P. Murrah Building for nearly 16 years. Ten were present on the day of the bombing. Seven fell five floors to their death when the building collapsed. Myself and two others were on a piece of the floor on the southeast corner which held. This workshop has been one of the highlights of my life."

JACK GOBIN



"I will in  
time reach  
what will  
be for me a  
new normal."

EXCERPT FROM JACK GUBIN'S JOURNAL



PETER FORTUNATO, FACULTY ARTIST, WITH TERRY HOOK, EDMOND,  
AND MARK MCKEE, OKLAHOMA CITY.

## THESE OKLAHOMA WINDS

It felt like the end,  
I thought I would die.  
I heard someone yell,  
and another one cry.

A man began to yell,  
"Everyone get out of here!"  
My co-worker grabbed me,  
I never felt so much fear.

One way was blocked.  
The hall was blown away.  
The stairwells were full.  
What an unforgettable day.

The air was filled with dark dust,  
So thick we could not see.  
I started to choke.  
Someone please help me.

Once out of the building,  
we could not believe our eyes!  
I began to see the wounded,  
I began to hear their cries.

The end it was not,  
though the pain did not end.  
I can still hear their voices in  
these Oklahoma winds.

"Help me!" I heard a woman yell.  
"I have glass in my hand."  
It crunched beneath our feet.  
Blood covered the land.

A bomb exploded the Federal Building!!!  
My friends are in there!  
Another bomb, run away!  
We need to beware.

She directed us quickly.  
Down the road we must go.  
Some of our people were missing.  
But who we did not know.

Several badly injured  
helped by angels dressed in white.  
Right here in Oklahoma.  
The search went on into the night.

The worst day in our history.  
The smoke filled the sky.  
I can still hear the wounded.  
I can still hear them cry.

The end it was not,  
though the pain did not end.  
I can still hear their voices,  
in these Oklahoma winds.

"If you're not a relative,  
You must go home."  
I had to see his face.  
Then I was alone.

I turned on the news,  
They all showed a lot.  
I began to cry again.  
It was worse than I thought!

My friends are in there!  
I need to know more.  
How many got out of there?  
Who's been accounted for?

I wanted to go to sleep forever.  
Why am I still alive?  
I continued to pray.  
How many will survive?

Joining together to help.  
Working till who knows when.  
Helping the rescue team.  
Many women and men.

My friends did not live.  
Some church members lost.  
Everybody knows somebody.  
Evil has such a high cost.

They have found no more living.  
Though the pain will not end.  
I can still hear their voices,  
in these Oklahoma winds.

The only survivors now found.  
The deed has taken its toll.  
How can a human be so stupid!  
What makes people so cold?

The nation sends its sympathy.  
Saying this makes them sad.  
Sending gifts and kind words.  
Many of them are mad.

Moms and Dads taken from us.  
Little children to grow no more.  
Grandpas and Grandmas are gone.  
Taken to Heaven by an act of war.

Did you hear about Oklahoma?  
Have you seen the building yet?  
They blew up our people.  
They destroyed where we met.

It was not a dream.  
The world became different that day.  
Fear, confusion, and anger,  
are somehow here to stay.

The end it was not,  
though the pain never ends.  
I can still hear their voices,  
in these Oklahoma winds.

PATRICIA FLY, OKLAHOMA CITY  
POETRY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995



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BEYOND APRIL 19TH, 1995

The bomb of April 19th hit America,  
affecting every man, woman, boy and girl.  
In the hearts of people,  
it was felt around the world.

The detonation was automatic,  
but the aftermath is very traumatic

Many tried to help,  
while others watched and cried.  
One hundred sixty-nine died.

Because the heartland shook,  
the event will be written in every history book.

DEANA BERRY, OKLAHOMA CITY  
POETRY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995

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TRANQUILITY

Peace and quiet contentment, inner feelings I had  
forgotten that I was capable of and pure, clean thoughts.

Looking at all the surroundings as fresh and pristine  
with no hint of the world I had left behind a few hours  
before.

Had there not been a workshop to occupy my  
rambling mind and daytime hours, I would still have felt  
as though I had been purified and washed clean of all the  
ugly things I deal with in people's daily lives.

But the writers' workshop was a complete surprise!  
The almost instant bond that began to develop between  
the individuals who had signed up was magical. Where  
else could you gather people from all walks of life, differ-  
ent educational backgrounds, different occupations and  
spanning an age bridge from J.B. (80) to Sara (16) and  
find common ground on which to build a long-lasting  
friendship that will persist in the memory of each person  
for many, many years to come?

Yes, Quartz Mountain was a catharsis for us all.

RICHARD LATHAM, OKLAHOMA CITY  
PERSONAL ESSAY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995

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IN MY TREEHOUSE

On a hilltop  
In my treehouse  
Clouds drift, surround me  
Sent by the mountains,  
They cushion the sun as it relieves the sky.  
Bathe my spirit with radiant floods  
Touch my horizon, cleanse me.

On a hilltop, in my lookout  
My mind's view seamless  
Distant callings beckon my soul  
Seeping the fear from my bones.  
The time has come to leave the nest  
Built for me but not by me...

Yet, flight falters without Belief  
Beneath my wings, currents of Trust become my Savior.  
Fly onward, though no Haven in sight  
Return me to my Peace

PATRICK KREYMBORG, OKLAHOMA CITY  
POETRY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995

"The bombing  
has been the  
hardest thing  
in my life  
to deal with."

EXCERPT FROM DENNIS PURIFOY'S JOURNAL

"I was sitting at my desk on the seventh floor, using my computer at the time of the bomb. The building sheared off along the north side of my desk. My head, spine, and back were hit by the exploding building's concrete, glass and debris. After the smoke cleared away, I was able to look north and see that the building I had worked in for 25 years and my friends who were there a minute ago were gone. But I also saw beautiful light streaming through the rising concrete dust and I had a strong feeling that this was the dawning of a new day.

My car exploded with the building. My credit union with my checking and savings account exploded with the building. I went home to take care of my children without a car, money or family nearby. I took care of my children alone and in total shock."

PAMELA COOPER

Andrea Christine means strong Christ light and she is strong and forgiving. Her form is solid and squared against the world. Her emotions are stern, cautious, almost humorless. She is on guard to protect herself. She demands that her needs be met even though her need for a father has never been met. Her mind is tough and persistent. She has a no-nonsense approach to life.

Her art work is bold, bright geometric patterns. No frills and lace for her. She knows what she wants and is direct.

As the youngest, she's accustomed to having everyone cater to her. She knows how to ask and leads the family procession whenever she can.

Andrea is very observant, quick to size up situations. This Sagittarius darts off from the family for solitary exploration. In search of her true family, she plans to join them on greener pastures.

One sister takes ballet, the other tap and jazz, but Andrea loves her Tae Kwon Do. Punching, kicking, running and some discipline captivate her. Confrontation captivates. As a baby, she took on her sisters.

She sings and yodels and should study to be an opera singer, if only her family could bear the volume. Boys are her best friends and teach her more rude scuffling.

As her name foreshadowed, strength and light will face and forgive the deep wounds that she has built her shell around.

PAMELA COOPER, OKLAHOMA CITY  
PERSONAL ESSAY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995

## RUNNING THROUGH DARKNESS

Some summer evenings when our mothers were generous, we got to stay out well past sundown to play our special game. The porch lights were turned off, as the game depended on darkness.

We positioned ourselves in teams on opposite sides of the house. One team yelled out "Alley Over!" — and launched the ball over the house.

The rules of the game are not important. What mattered was waiting for the ball to come down through the darkness, trying to hear where it might bounce off the roof. Then launching ourselves, racing around the house, avoiding the swing set and other obstacles we knew were there in the darkness. The sweet hon-yusuckle, and the feel of the grass or the driveway on our barefeet, guided us.

But the other team was racing around at the same time, and we didn't know from which direction. We could collide at any moment. So we strained to hear any footstep, to see any glimpse of the other team, our senses totally open.

Exhilarated, we raced on through the darkness.

DENNIS PURIFOY, YUKON  
PERSONAL ESSAY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995



RAY AND GRETCHEN STROUD, OKLAHOMA CITY, IN DANCE WORKSHOP.

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## FRIEND

When life feels like death,  
and it seems your joy is gone

When you're fighting a battle,  
which appears cannot be won

When you're feeling so down,  
your heart is physically aching  
& you want to scream about the  
turn your life is taking

When you think you just  
can't take anymore  
& just getting up becomes a chore

Focus on all that is good in your life  
no need to be molded by  
envy and strife

Look to someone on whom  
you can depend  
someone to lean on,  
someone to call "friend."

CAROLYN QUICK, OKLAHOMA CITY  
POETRY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER 1995

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## THE LATE INSTRUCTOR

Walking up the path — they are waiting. Expecting me to consume and transform the top of the mountain. As if I could breath in the confusion and exhale order...

One Two Three Four

I count the steps to discount the sequence of my transition. The rubber soles of my tennis shoes slide on the round river rocks, teasing the control of my march. My legs feel like the bones of a bird's wing, trained to stumble well rather than fly.

Why must I always be becoming?

I stop — refusing to deny my weakness. The pine trees stand mocking my independence as they respond to the breeze.

EVA OSBORNE, EDMOND  
PERSONAL ESSAY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER 1995



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APRIL 19TH, 1995 — A MARINE'S LAST DAY

*In memory of Captain Randolph Guzman*

I heard a loud bang is all I recall.  
"Excuse me sir,  
what is all the commotion?"  
People are running around  
with stone cold emotions.

This burning sensation,  
tall walls built of flames.  
Part of this building is missing.  
Part of it is swaying.

The dust is so thick  
I can barely see.  
Why are all these firemen  
looking down at me?

Nobody would answer  
or tell me a thing.  
"What's happened,  
Where are they,  
my other Marines?"

I'm going home now;  
it seems like I'm flying.  
"Honey, I'm home  
Why are you crying?"

Tell me what's wrong."  
It's just a bad dream;  
everyone running around  
with so many screams.

"Please Lord,  
would you kindly explain.  
What's happened?  
Who is to blame?"

"Do I have to come now?  
There is so much to do.  
Oh Lord! My God!  
It really is you!"

I'm floating away,  
everything's so quiet and calm.  
The children are sleeping  
in the Lord's palm.

I'm going to heaven  
to be your guardian angel.  
To watch over and protect you  
from every angle.

T. MARK MCKEE, OKLAHOMA CITY  
POETRY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER 1995

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DONNER PASS IN WINTER

What a unique experience. It was a pleasant afternoon. The highway was wet, but the ice was all melted. The sun rays were bright, warm to comfortable. What a contrast! The dirty white snow banks at the sides of the highway were 18 to 20 feet tall. My thoughts could not help but dwell on the pain they felt there so many years before — and on the pleasure of being there with a new and wonderful wife.

J.B. FOOTE, OKLAHOMA CITY  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
PERSONAL ESSAY WORKSHOP  
OCTOBER 1995



"I can now  
see things in  
perspective.  
Living is  
wonderful."

EXCERPT FROM  
MELISSA ELDRIDGE'S JOURNAL

JASON JOHNSON, EDMOND  
IN DANCE WORKSHOP.

"Liking is  
wonderful."

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RUGGED HANDS

As I sit here on this patch of grass,  
and look around me to the beauty of the lake —  
the water is moving slowly with the wind.

As I look across the lake,  
I see land that looks like a different country.

Ah, the Country —

Why am I here?  
Why am I alone?

I wish I could lay down on the  
water and let my body flow.

Flow with the waves caused by this wind —  
This shivering wind that hits my back  
as I sit here on this patch of grass.

My body is leaving me now —  
floating on the waves,  
to find so desperately  
that secure place across the lake.

I stop — I am there.

I see my father upon a horse  
looking for a cow that has gone astray.  
His rugged hands are holding the reins.

My father and the horse seem like one soul,  
one being, as they move through the woods.

Occasionally his rugged hands  
hold onto his sweaty hat  
to keep it from flying off  
from this shivering wind  
that brings color to his cheeks.

He rides his horse around cactus and trees,  
when he comes upon his cow  
which is laying on the ground.

Her belly is remarkably round —  
and blood flows all around from her.

She cries —

My father goes to her —  
His rugged hands reach inside her.  
He maneuvers this wet silky  
living creature into the world.

His rugged hands have been through  
the torments of war —  
and have rocked me to sleep.  
My love for him runs so deep.

Sitting on this patch of grass,  
looking across this lake  
I see giant rocks.  
They have lines and curves.  
They are tough and they are rough  
like my father's rugged hands.

And, as I sit here on this patch of grass,  
I realize that at last,  
I am SECURE.

MELISSA ELDRIDGE, OKLAHOMA CITY  
POETRY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995

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## A FLASH OF GRAY

"On guard!" you say, a small voice imitating might and maturity. A flash of gray darts by, followed by a spinning top of a boy. Ah, the joy of pretending.

Are you a knight or is it a ninja? Your outstretched hands clutch your sword. "Come stand by me. We'll defend the universe!" The laughter is contagious, but short-lived. "Come on," I say. "Let's brush your hair. It's time to go."

"Come here," you say. "Let's seize the day."

A day begins, full of wonder, longing for expression. I brush your hair, each wavy lock surrounds your cherub face. Disappointed eyes look up at me, not understanding the need for promptness.

The sword is dropped; the smile disappears.

Someone else will have to defend the universe. A flash of gray, one more piece of childhood lost as we head out the door.

JEANNIE COUCH, EDMOND  
PERSONAL ESSAY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995

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## THE ONES I NEVER KNEW

April 19th is when it all started — the flash, the thunderous sound, the tragedy. People rushed by in their saturated attire, desperately searching for that one familiar face. The panic on their faces is etched in stone, trying to make sense of it all.

As the days passed by, images of faces appeared on the screen, but these are the ones I never knew. How many times had I stood in line at the Athenian, or walked past them on the street, but never knew their names? What made them laugh? What made them cry? Who was also watching the screen, waiting, wondering, hoping?

As I sit here now, I still can't help but feel the tremendous loss and, sometimes, guilt because my life was spared. They had places to go, things to do, and families. These were all extraordinary people with dreams and hopes of a future — so tragically cut short. I feel they have all become a part of me, maybe even me a part of them, but these are the ones I never knew.

ALLISON HATTON, YUKON  
PERSONAL ESSAY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995

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## NEVER IN A HUNDRED YEARS

If there had been a fragrance designed for my mother, it would have been called *L'essence de Livres* or "the essence of books." Ever since I could remember, my mother would load my sister, brother and me into the car and off we'd go to the library. In that old majestic place, full of carved wooden doors, spacious wooden bookshelves and creaky wooden floors, we'd explore all the fantasies of childhood, spending hours on end browsing through the many aisles filled with precious books. Mother, not one to divulge anything too personal, even took us to the library for our sex education indoctrination. As much as Mother wished, the books she chose did not do justice to the "essence" of that particular material.

For every great work of art in our home, there would be a corresponding children's book of the same work. We read the *Children's Book of Shakespeare*, *Mythology for Children*, and *Children's Fairytales and Myths*. But above all others stands *Winnie-the-Pooh*, for my favorite memory of my mother was being snuggled in bed with her and my siblings reading the next adventure of Pooh and Christopher Robin.

I found a card in a bookstore once with Christopher Robin and Pooh hugging a fence overlooking a picturesque forest bathed in pastel blues and greens. Pooh looks up at Christopher Robin with that special bear-love look and says, "Promise me you'll never forget me. Never in a hundred years."

No, never in a hundred years.

DIANE HOEHN HYDE, OKLAHOMA CITY  
PERSONAL ESSAY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995

"After April 19, 1995, I particularly realize just how fragile life really is - that our lives and our physical wholeness may as well be hanging by threads - that from moment to moment we're unaware of what awaits us - that life is sometimes a balancing act."

EXCERPT FROM ANNA STERLING'S JOURNAL

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#### SMALL-FRAMED WOMAN

Sometimes I see my future before me. She dances there, just out of reach, always clinging softly to the things I hold most dear. She whispers to me, singing in the faces of strangers, winking slyly on the demanding posters on the wall, and confronting me defiantly in the critical gaze of a small-framed woman. She pulls me along, leading me through the maze of corridors that make up my life, with a mere hint of promise, signing to me in the gestures of an unknown speaker.

Some days, as I sit alone in the soft warm sun, she comes to me, slipping silently to stand back and lay a comforting touch, featherlight, on my shoulder. Then I can feel her clearly, without turning to face her I am certain of her presence. Strangers' faces reveal familiar hearts, glaring posters become mere images to amuse the eye, critical gaze blesses me with a smile.

And when I turn to thank her, she leaps away, over the rocks, through the trees, so that I can only see the back of her tall strong figure, flitting through my present, her footsteps leaving a tangled trail to follow.

SARA GETTYS, NORMAN  
PERSONAL ESSAY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995

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#### THAT APRIL 19TH MORNING

Thin fragile threads...

thin

fragile

threads.

Hanging by spun golden cords am I.

Cords lovingly chosen

delicately woven

devotedly connected.

I think

I speak

I move

balancing aimlessly on my own

across the rough picketed fence.

Pulled decisively

directed impeccably

maneuvered masterfully —

a crystal sphere placed around me...

I am protected

I am perfected

I am whole.

ANNA STERLING, OKLAHOMA CITY  
POETRY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995

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BETWEEN THE RAINDROPS

I am that brief space in time.  
I'm so fast, only Rhythm  
can clench my presence.  
I come before and after tears,  
I was here before a 1000 years.  
I hardly last, barely there.  
While in between, I wave at WET,  
who waits to soak my stroke.  
I can't be weaned, I cling in and in between  
the drips, that drop.  
rarely noticed,  
I am a blink,  
A wink, quicker than a flicker.

I'm before the clock's tic-toc.  
I'm after the drop hits the rock.  
I'm over when the sea covers me.  
Rest, I can't rest, I won't rest,  
cause I don't wanta rest.  
If I rest, I'll be washed away to nowhere.  
I'm in a place, as queens are seen:  
impeccable, flawless, and non-retrievable.  
Yes, I'm there; I come, whether seen or unseen, I'm  
between the

Raindrops!

BOBBY JEAN CAWTHORN-BRYANT, OKLAHOMA CITY  
POETRY WORKSHOP  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN  
OCTOBER, 1995

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BRACED AGAINST THE WIND

From *Braced Against the Wind*, a literary tribute to the victims  
of the Oklahoma City Bombing.

Nothing gentles down from  
A mild Heaven here.  
We are always braced  
Against the wild wind.  
We were ever hand in hand  
As far as the eye can see.

Cataclysms are the story.  
Our cities sprang up overnight,  
Are flattened at a tongue-lashing  
By clouds, and bush-whackers and  
Bonnies and Clydes  
Struck fast and hid against  
The land, stretched and pegged  
Flat to the Four Corners  
Of the Earth. We do not cower  
At disaster.

We join hands, sing hymns.  
We share tears, and  
Bend our backs, raising  
A neighbor's barn.  
Do not think your  
Abrupt terror will  
Destroy us.

Wide horizons stretch our  
Vision. We do not believe in limits.  
We shift with the red dust,  
Dance golden like the wheat fields.  
We believe. We move on.  
We bend and dance  
On the tallgrass

The prairie sings our pain.  
The land shouts our praise.  
the wind calls us together.

CAROL HAMILTON  
OKLAHOMA POET LAUREATE

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CELEBRATION OF THE SPIRIT  
QUARTZ MOUNTAIN WORKSHOP - EXHIBITION - ANTHOLOGY

To **Jane Alexander**, Director of the National Endowment for the Arts and to **Dr. Michael Anderson**, Senior Minister of Westminster Presbyterian Church for believing that the Oklahoma Arts Institute could do something important to directly assist survivors and families of victims. Their faith in us provided the moral and financial support which initiated the Quartz Mountain workshop, the exhibition, and the anthology. To date, scholarship assistance for survivors to attend the Oklahoma Fall Arts Institutes continues from Westminster Presbyterian Church;

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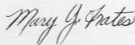
To **James R. Allen**, MD, who used the *Celebration of the Spirit* Institute as an example of alternative therapy in his paper *Uses and Abuses of a Disaster: Perspectives on the Construction of Meaning: Oklahoma City After the Bombing* which was presented to the Academy of Child and Adolescent Psychiatry;

To all the survivors and families of victims who taught us at the Oklahoma Arts Institute that artists who are beginners may in fact be our most creative students. In times of loss and suffering you have inspired us and reinforced commitment to our community;

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And finally, to **Governor Frank Keating** and **Cathy Keating** for their outstanding leadership following the bombing, and for their support of the exhibition at the Capitol.

Thank you all for making possible the important work of the Oklahoma Arts Institute.



MARY Y. FRATES  
PRESIDENT  
OKLAHOMA ARTS INSTITUTE

OKLAHOMA ARTS INSTITUTE  
A CELEBRATION OF THE SPIRIT

A WORKSHOP WITH  
FAMILIES OF VICTIMS AND SURVIVORS OF THE OKLAHOMA CITY BOMBING

October 19-22, 1995 • Quartz Mountain • Lone Wolf, Oklahoma

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