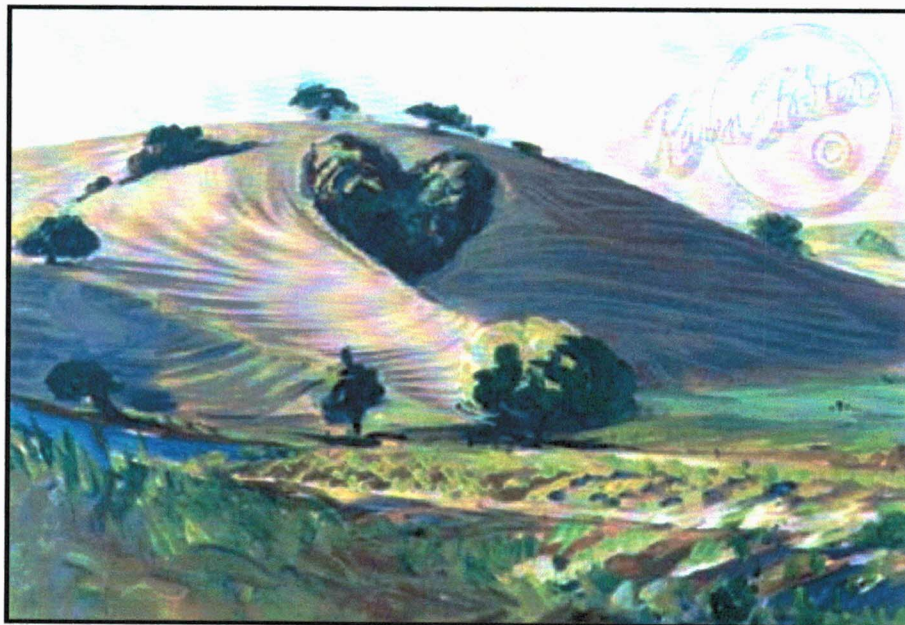


Karen Foster-Wells, the artist.

Booker's Valentine



Booker's Valentine- sold

1998 Professional Class 1 - Oils/Acrylic 1st, Mid State Fair California

Judge: Robert Burrige. A Quote from the Judge "In jurying a show of such high quality and caliber, I can only choose the top painters based upon quality, quality of execution, quality of presentation and quality of concept. Although quality of skill would seem obvious in this style of exhibits, I resort to the paintings that draw me in and the ones I keep coming back to. What is that something that draws me in? Passion! The paintings with the most passion and focus on painting vision always get my attention. The paintings which did not receive an award simply did not because the others stood out as best. But this exhibit is built on all skill levels and that is what makes this years art gallery exhibit so superb. (If only the best birds in the forest sang, the woods would be very quiet.) So, we need all the artists to gather together and sing the music of art. The exhibit is a symphony!" Robert Burrige

I'm glad I did this painting for Claude Booker the night before it was due at the fair. The bugs were biting me, the sun was setting, but I had to do it. It definitely had focus and passion. I gave the painting to him after the fair, with the blue ribbon attached to the back. He hung it on

the wall over his head by his bed where it stayed until he died in May of 2000. I helped him plant his last garden. Along with the lot of others who loved him, we kept his garden going after he died. He planted corn and tomatoes which he didn't eat, but like to give them to his friends. I hung around him and liked to help him so I could learn to be more like him: always thinking of others more than himself, and he was witty! The painting was given to Sherry, a friend who had helped him pick up walnuts off the ground. He cured many pounds of walnuts in the oven at 350 for 20 minutes that last Christmas, 1999, and gave them all to his friends. He tip-toed out to see his garden in his socks a few evenings before he died, just to watch the corn come up. - Karen

[Back](#)

© copyright Karen Foster-Wells 2001 - 2003