

Black Cherry Chevy Nova stems from the unexpected death of my father at age 65 from a brain aneurysm. When I lost my father, my heart was shattered and my life began to change irrevocably. This work explores grief, memory, the illusion of linear time, self, , what remains after death, marriage and motherhood. Through photographic imagery, I explore these concepts as I attempt to make sense of how the way I see the world, how I remember my father versus reality, my self as a person and as a daughter, my marriage, my role as a parent in creating memories and how life itself has changed since the death of my father.

The death of my father was a sort of awakening or rebirth for me of a sort. I found myself reexamining what I had focused on in life and found that certain interests no longer held my attention and I was forced to confront issues that I had tucked away into little spaces in my head.

My father and I were very close and he had strong opinions about my marriage that I had long disregarded. His death resurrected thoughts and memories of conversations we had prior to my marriage nineteen years ago. The veil was lifted and things that I had long turned a blind eye to in my relationship with my husband came roaring back to the surface of my consciousness.

I have so many poignant memories of my father and since his death have felt even more strongly that my job as a parent is to be a sort of memory maker for my children and to help pass on memories of those that have gone before to them. My legacy to them should be not things or objects rather their inheritance should be a riches of recollections that will carry them through their grief when it is my turn to leave this world behind. Some of these will reside solely in their minds while others will be sustained through photographs.

I will be incorporating photographs from my childhood as well as my father's as I continue making this work. As a small child, I always loved to get out the photo albums my parents made and kept for us and to look at photographs, and they were really my first introduction to imagery.

Some photographs are all that remains of places and objects that I have strong ties to from years past. The title, Black Cherry Chevy Nova, comes from a car my parents had that they purchased right after getting married in August of 1970, and that was unfortunately totaled in car accident in the mid 1980s. It was a 1970 Black Cherry Chevy Nova that my sister and I christened the Purple Cow when we were very small and my brothers had yet to be born. I have strong memories of riding in that car, particularly in winter, my face pressed against the cool glass on a frigid night when the heat in the car was turned up full blast and I almost couldn't bear the heaviness of the air.