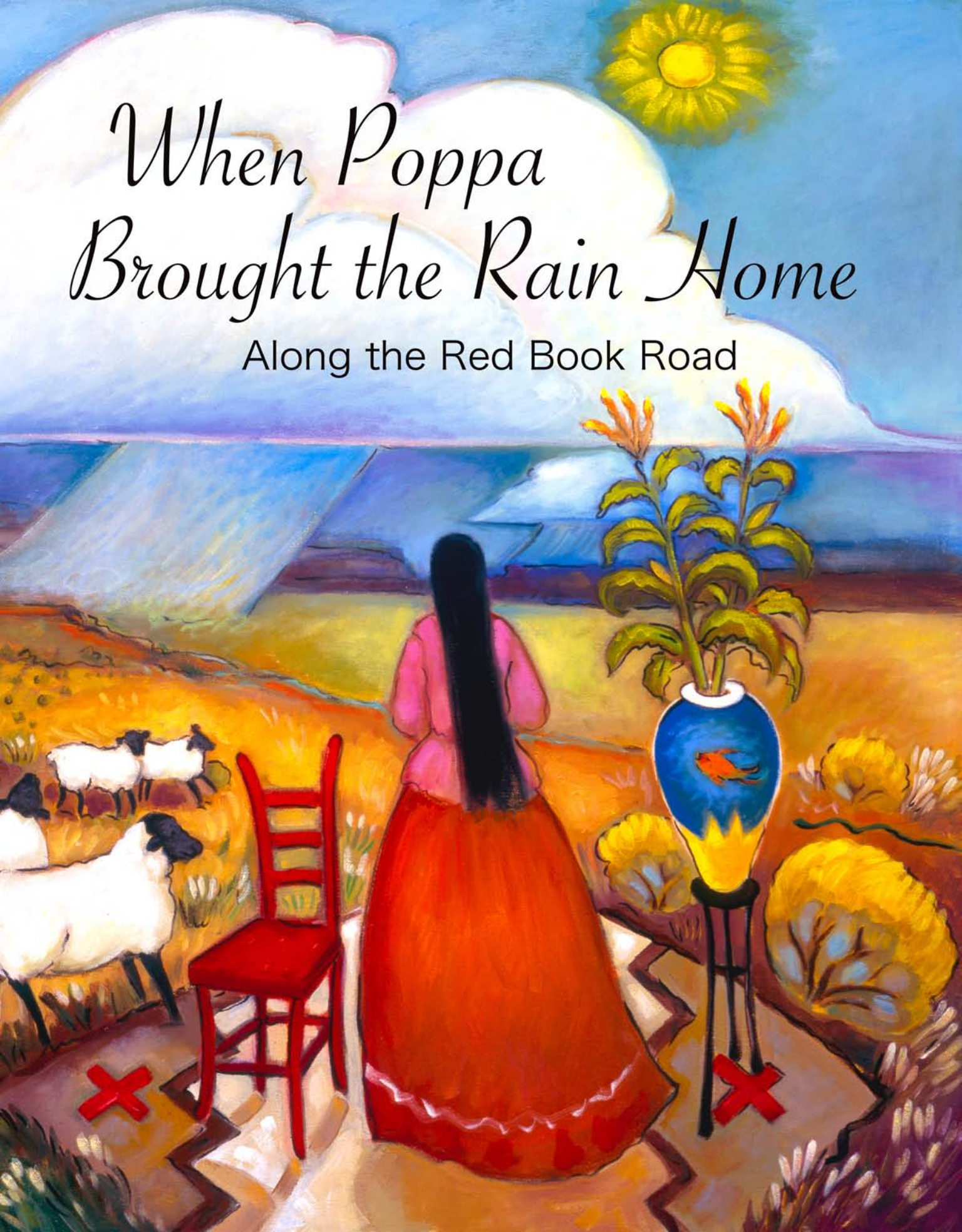


When Poppa Brought the Rain Home

Along the Red Book Road





When Poppa Brought the Rain Home Along the Red Book Road

Verse and illustrations
by Linda Carter Holman

When Poppa Brought the Rain Home
Along the Red Book Road

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On the Pollen Trail

Introduction

Over twenty years ago
in another life we lived in Arizona
at the foot of Superstition Mountain.
One evening while walking through
the yard I noticed one of my favorite
kind of clouds in the distance.



And that little cloud began to tell me a story.
I imagined that Poppa was bringing the rain
home to us. I could see him driving his red truck
over a dusty desert road with that little rain cloud
close behind keeping up.



Around ten years later, the story-telling spirit came
to visit again. And I began work and completed
a series of desert genre paintings imagining
what might be happening along the way on that
special day when Poppa brought the rain home.

We are lucky to have family visit at Christmas. And as usual we get to spend time together in town shopping. On the way home from one of those trips we met with a gentle cloud burst and traveled for several miles together, up the hill, on and on, and down the driveway, all the way to our house. There in the kitchen I heard Max, our grandson say, "Hey,···we brought the rain home."



Then at the first part of the new year I found myself cleaning and rearranging my desk work area, getting ready for what was to come (not knowing for sure what that might be, but trusting myself that I should be ready). And in the process I came across a note in one of my many journals written a few years ago. And there it was again, "When Poppa Brought the Rain Home."

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The Guardian



One Glorious morning.....

Poppa drove his pickup truck
To do shopping in the town
dog came along for the ride, as usual.

The desert was dry. It seemed
like there had been no rained for eons
which was usual for that time of the year.

But this was not a usual day for Poppa.
For he realized shortly after leaving town
that he was being followed by
the strangest little rain cloud.

And "so be it" from every desert
"nook and cranny" all the many creatures
of the land were called to witness that day
when Poppa brought the rain home.



And now friends
let the story begin.
Come dance and play.
See.



For the blazing night
has risen hotter bright
and filled the morning air.

Poppa's on the Way



And Poppa Brought the Rain Home

Blue fox stood up tall
and whispered eye to eye.

Poppa's on the Way



Little girl and donkey
paused to reconnoiter
and rabbit bush on desert floor
sweltered skyward in a curl.



Blue Fox

Scorpion pinchers flared

I tell you true.

I swear.



In distant rumble tortoise mumbled

sniffing, there's moisture in the air.

See Poppa's on the way

just right over there.



In Distant Rumble

From all four corners

desert blanchd

miracles ripened

not by chance.



Every moment

was a wonder

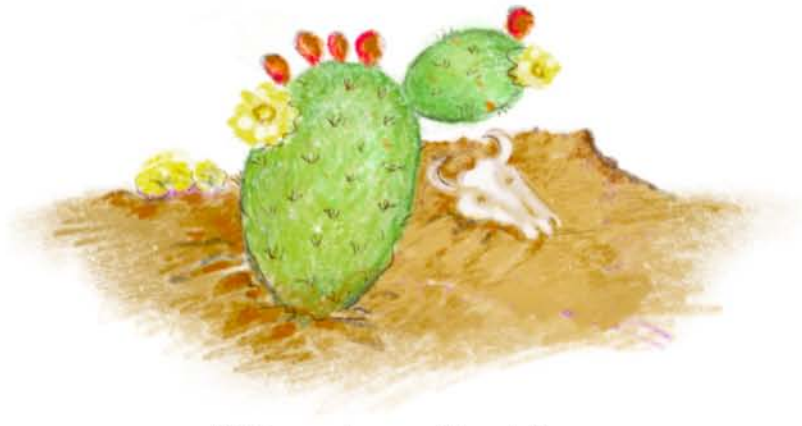
hushed and still

it came.



My Little Corner of the World

Where purple mountains
block the sky
and prickly pear here
live and die.



Little snake and tortoise
oh hurry come and go
javelina snacking
now taking in the show.



Javelina Snacken Friends

Poppa's on the Way

In distant thunder mountain
the sky had turned to blue.
We huddled close together
as shepherdess had us do.



Poppa's on the Way



In Distant Cloud Rain

The dreamer
dreamt it all before
and then she dreamt it
just once more.



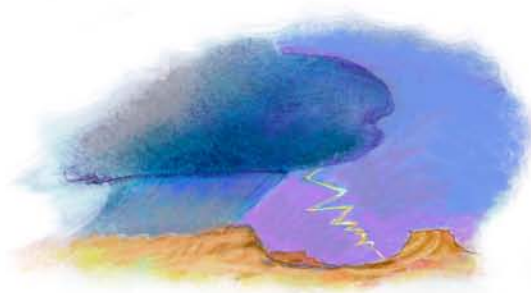
Poppa's on the Way



Floating High on Blue Mesa

Thunder claps!

Creation rocks!



here it comes...it comes again

tremble...crackle

Wow!

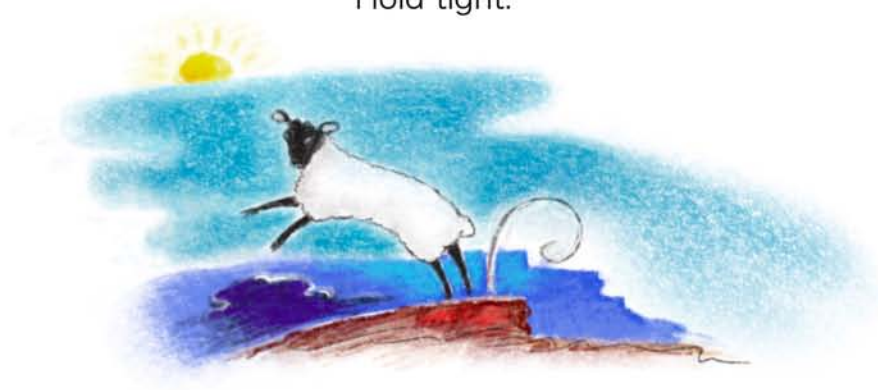
Poppa's on the Way



Thunder Cloud

Poppa's coming
truck a'roaring
through the narrow gate.

Hold tight.



Look out...come see

up...up here.

Behold friends

the time is near.



Look Out

From here high

as raven fly.



She thought...she thought

she touched the sky.

What a day...what a day



Red Cloud

Love in bloom

raven cawed.

Poppa's on the Way



With a gentle push and pull

a gentle push and pull

flutter, flutter, flutter by.

Poppa is on the Way!

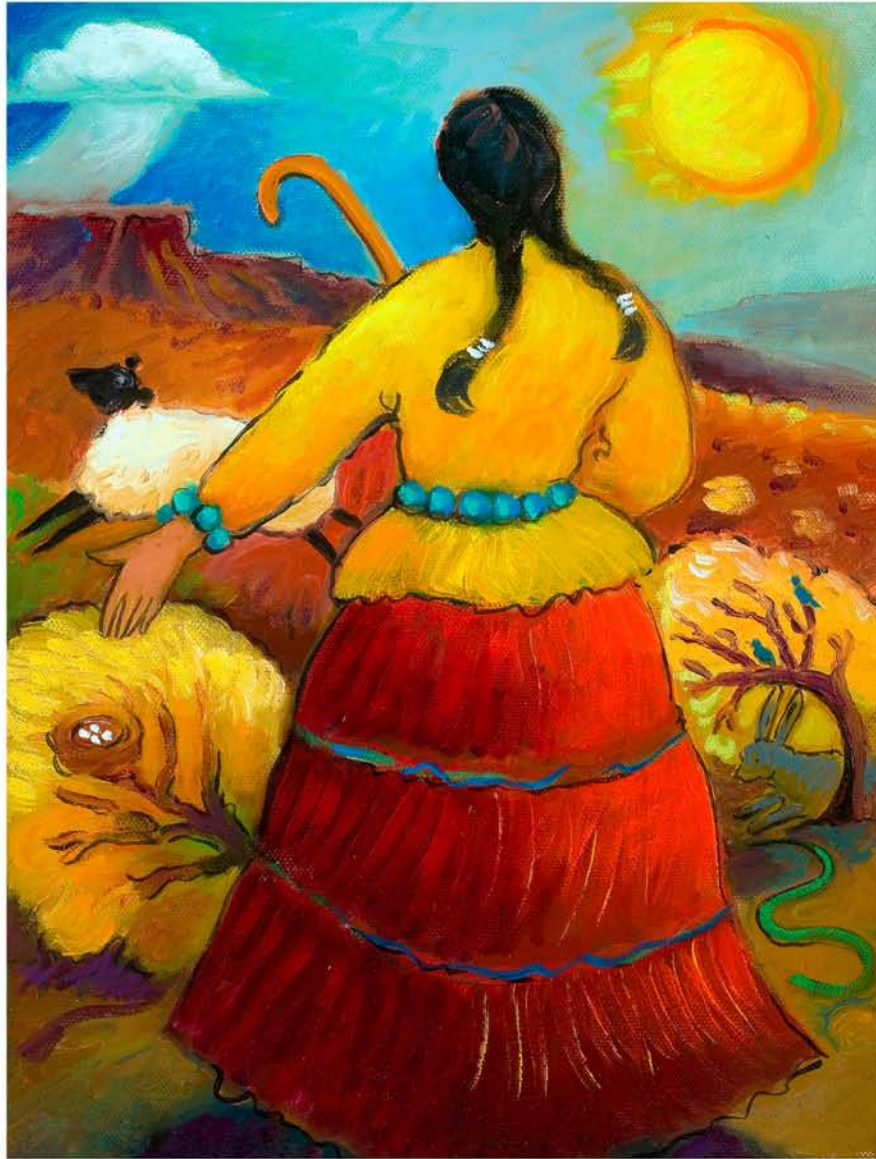


Crow Love in Bloom

Nest eggs waiting
here to hatch
while mother's on the breeze.



Please
come back
with speed.
Poppa's on the Way



Come Back

Hold still

oh steady heart.

Poppa's on the Way



Cloud walk

see standing corn

in silent prayer.

Poppa's on the Way



Cloud Walk

Oh what fun in the finding
playing all at the nothing.



Yes.

Life is a beautiful balancing act
a balancing act
a beautiful balancing act.



Balancing Act

Home in sight
Poppa is glowing
with delight.

All is well



At the end of the day
with the smell of the rain
wafting through the air.

All is well



Cloud Burst

Participating each as one
in the now flowing here to there.

All played well.



The heavens opened
and rained for joy.

Reigned for joy.

All is well



Little Wind

All is well

Poppa drove to town that day

and after all returned.

Rain cloud torrent stormed and poured.

Even good things must come to end.



The sun rose and the sun set.

And all is well

All Is Well



The Sacred Field



“Everything an Indian does is in a circle,
and that is because the power of the world
always works in circles, and everything
tries to be round...the sky is round and
I have heard the earth is round like a ball,
and so are all the stars. The wind in its
greatest power whirls, birds make their
nest in circles, for theirs is the same religion
as ours.”

Black Elk from “Black Elk Speaks”



WHEN

When an idea comes
That feels right
Hold on to it
Plant it
And return periodically
When it calls
Add to it
In thought or action
Keep judgment aside
It may not go where you imagined
Trust yourself
Gestation occurs in its own time
Patience
Watching
Recognizing when the stars have aligned
And it's time to begin or end
Is all part of the game

The creation of art
In all its diverse forms
Allows each one of us
To sing the song anew.

LCH



Linda Carter Holman considers herself a naive, self-taught painter.

The characters she paints are mostly women and children. Nature, animals, and her personal symbols tell positive stories.

Being more of an observer than a participant, she says that she gets to play all the parts on the canvas, even the birds in the trees.

LCH has been creating art for over 50 years. Although known primarily as an oil painter, periodically she does tend to venture out into a variety of other art forms for the fun of it.

Today she is exploring story telling with words, and images, having fun experimenting to see just what is possible in the process.

Albert Einstein said,
"play is the highest form of research."

More Books from Linda



"Evolution of a Self-Taught Painter"

"The Rubaiyat (of Omar khayyam)
Along the Red Book Road"

"Creation"

"The Friend"

www.carterholman.com

Linda Carter Holman

When Poppa Brought the Rain Home
is an ode to the circle.

It reminds us that in this world
everything has a beginning and an end.
And every creature has a role to play in
the story.

Poppa travels the road home followed
by little rain cloud.

And as he passes, each witness along the
way gives that moment homage according
to their own nature.

When Poppa reaches home little rain cloud
has become big rain storm.

And all is well.

The sun rises and the sun sets.
It's all good.



To learn more about Linda's art
www.carterholman.com
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