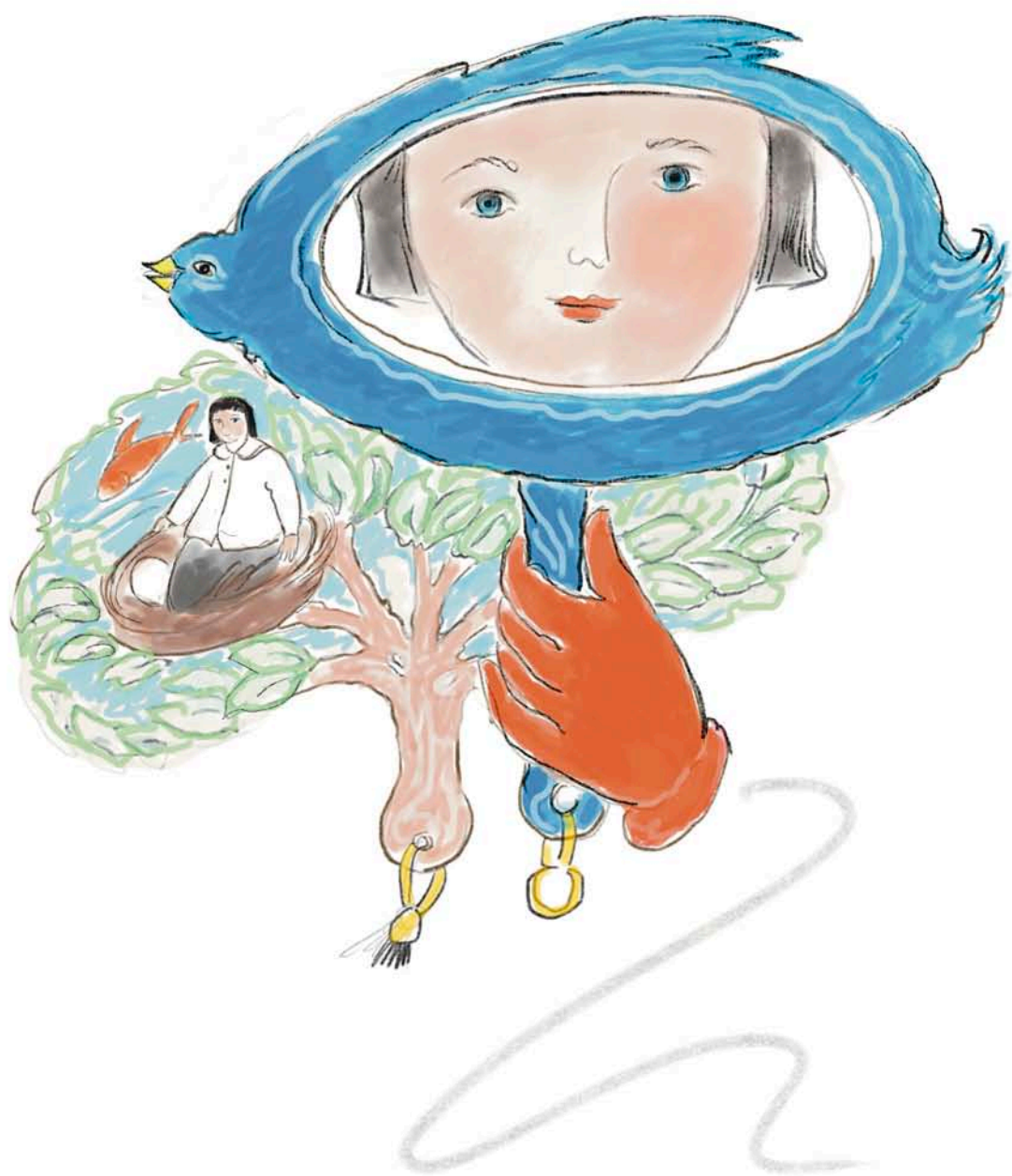




# Blue Bird Memoirs

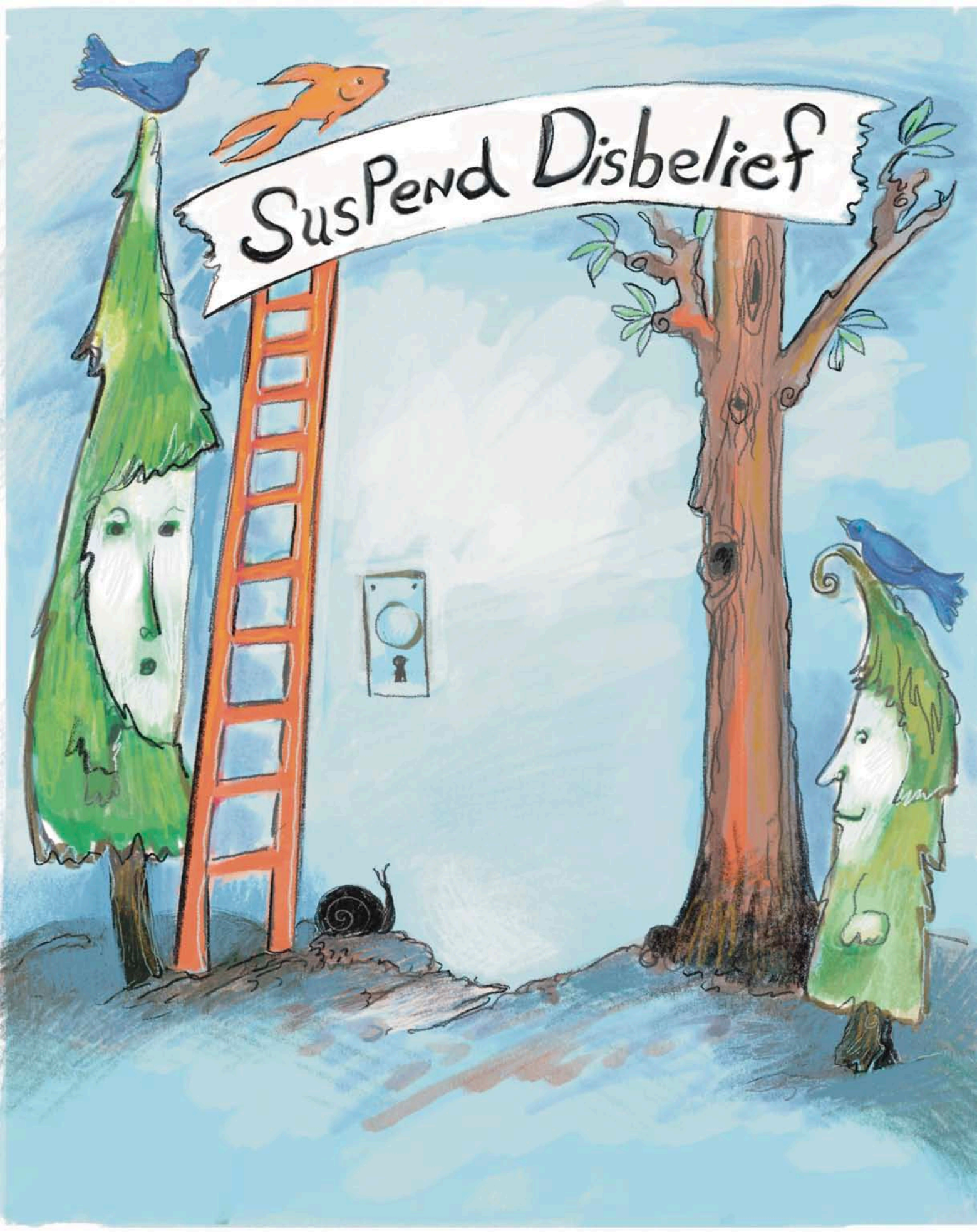
From Linda Carter Holman







# Suspend Disbelief







# Blue Bird Memoirs

Linda Carter Holman  
Here, Along the Red Book Road





What sparks the flame  
and expands and preserves an experience  
into a vivid memory  
that can open the doorway to time past?

This experience has been referred to by many  
as a flash bulb memory.

It can ferry us back into time  
to relive from a personal point of view  
a particular event in one's life.

So emotional, so powerful  
that a flash of light illuminates the moment  
and creates a snapshot that can survive a lifetime.  
That's one theory.





**Blue Bird Memoirs** is a collection of snapshot moments stored in my heart and mind. Remembrances from the distant and not so distant past. Rich in detail they bubble up giving me pause to consider and reconsider. One after another they take form, illustrated fondly. Memories pleasant or not so pleasant—each with value—described and said just so.

“You are the aperture through which the universe is looking and exploring itself.” Alan Watts

I was introduced to the works of Alan Watts and his thoughts on the Universe some years ago— opening doors, playing with ideas, discovering what resonates. In any creative adventure there comes that not knowing what will pop up around the next corner. To my surprise and pleasure it was the Universe that appeared unexpectedly and became an important part of the story. It offered me a new way to look at my memories in a less subjective way. With the Universe as the central character a new game begins. We are presented with a wonderful—what if—magic bean. New and at the same time old. It is a belief that has been expressed by man throughout time.

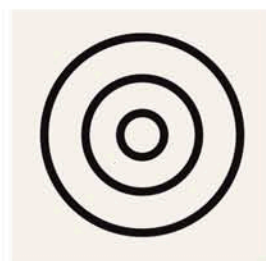
“Who is that invisible one  
who sees through my eyes  
and hears through my ears.” Upanishads



"We are the witnesses through which the universe  
becomes conscious of its glory of its magnificence."

Alan Watts





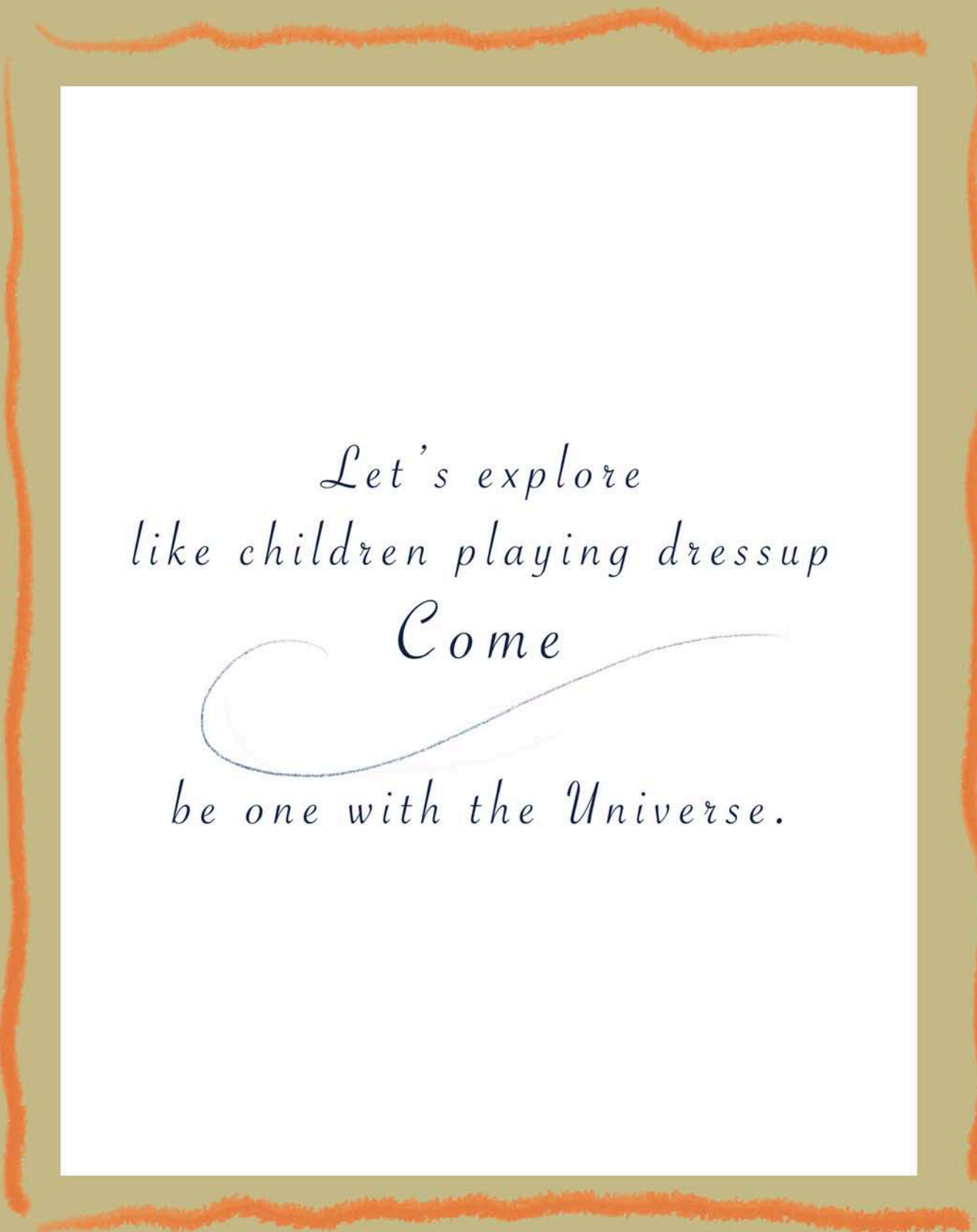
## Vastness of the Soul

“It does not require a large eye to see a large mountain. The reason is that, though the eye is small, the soul which sees through it is greater and vaster than all the things which it perceives. In fact, it is so great that it includes all objects, however large or numerous, within itself. For it is not so much that you are within the cosmos as that the cosmos is within you.”

Meher Baba





A thick, hand-drawn orange border with a textured, brushstroke appearance frames the central white area. The border is slightly irregular, with some lines extending further out than others, giving it a whimsical, artistic feel.

*Let's explore  
like children playing dressup*

*Come*

A light blue, hand-drawn flourish or underline that starts under the word 'Come' and sweeps upwards and to the left, ending under the word 'be' in the line below.

*be one with the Universe.*







“Through our eyes,  
the universe is perceiving itself,  
though our ears, the universe  
is listening to its harmonies.

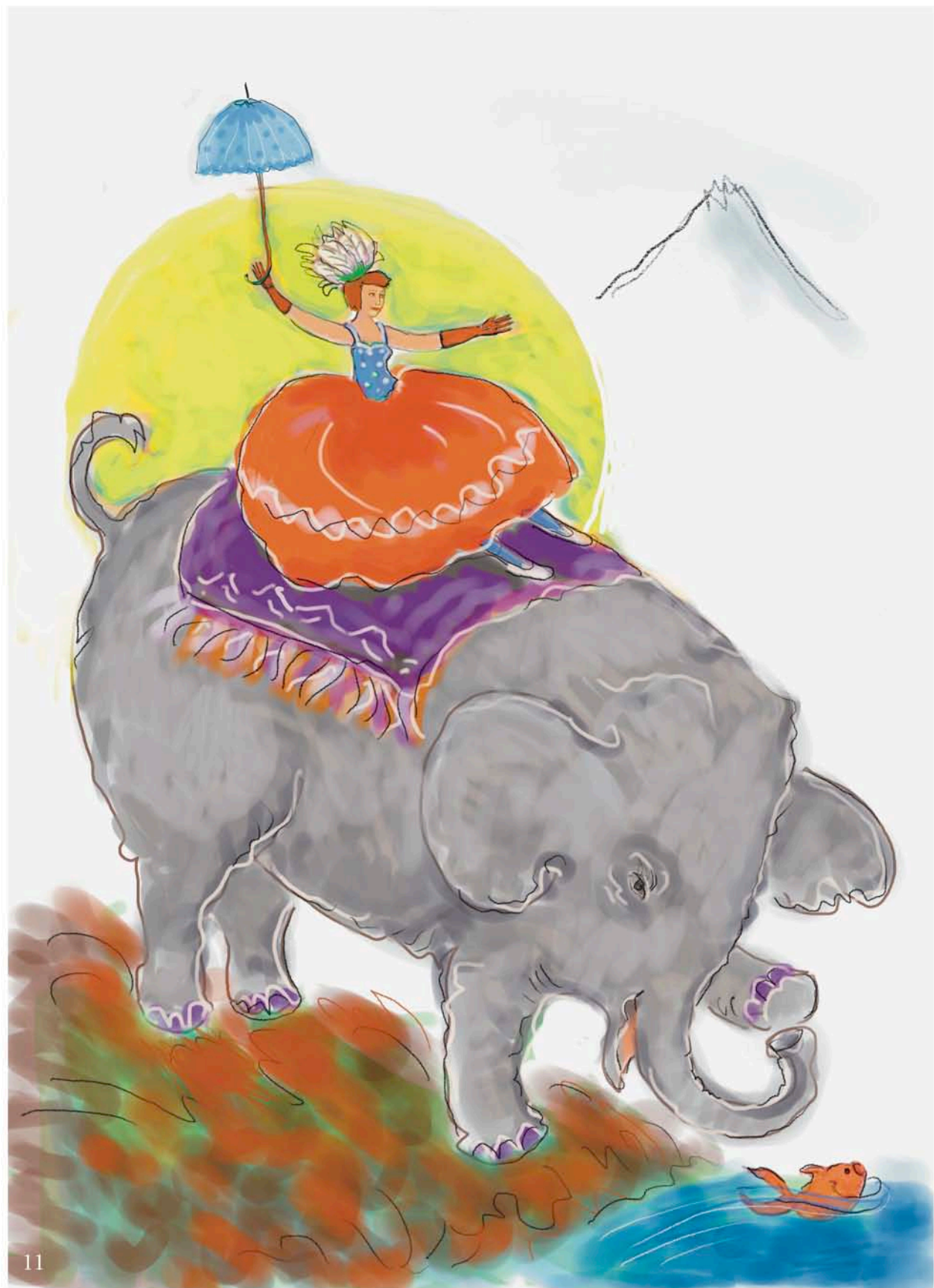
We are the witnesses  
through which the universe  
becomes conscious of its glory  
of its magnificence.”

Alan Watts









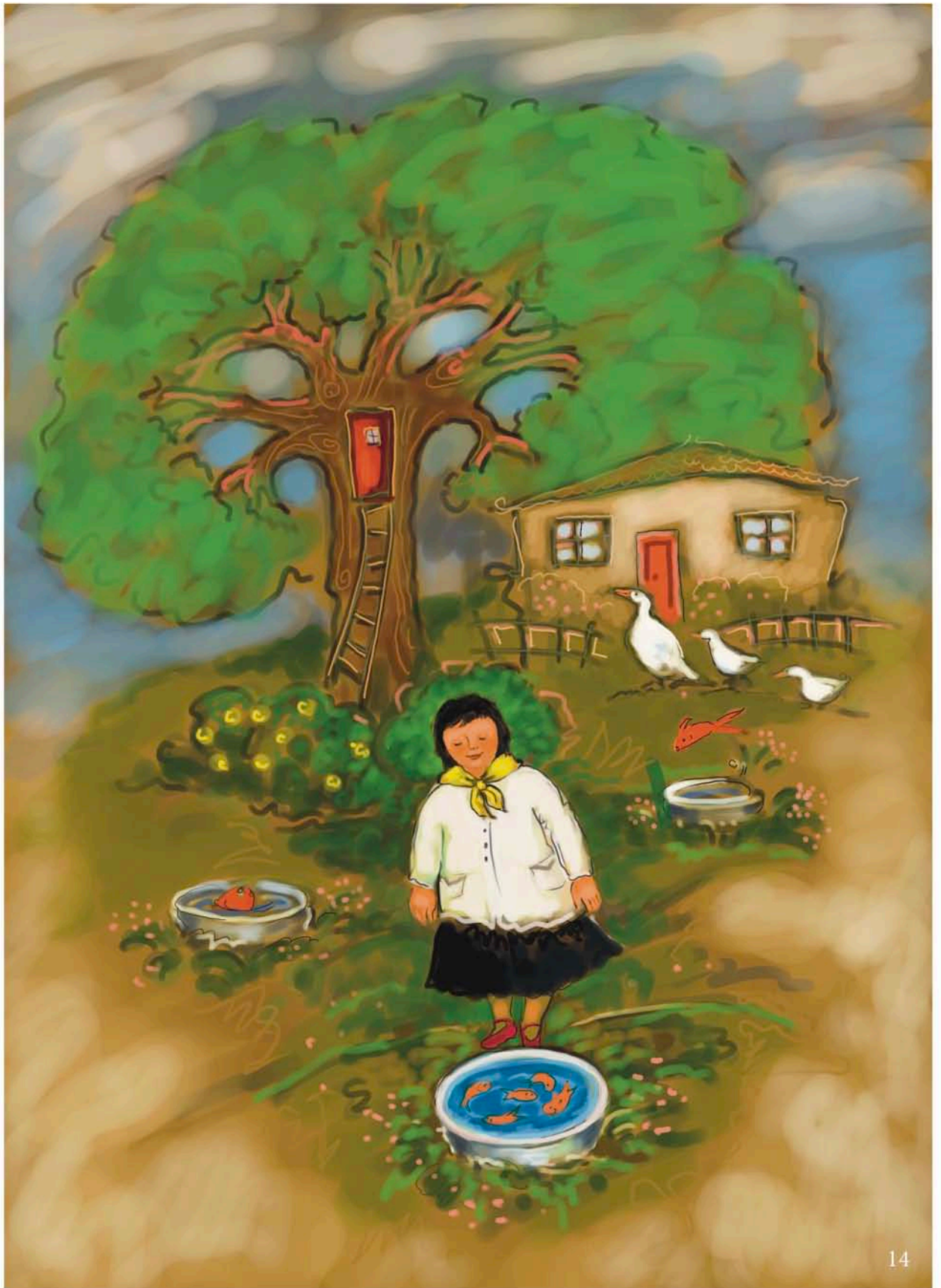


You are the Universe  
pretending to be an elephant  
heading off on a great adventure.



The Universe takes  
a walk with Grandma  
up the road to the grocery store  
and discovers goldfish  
in Mrs. Clouds back yard!





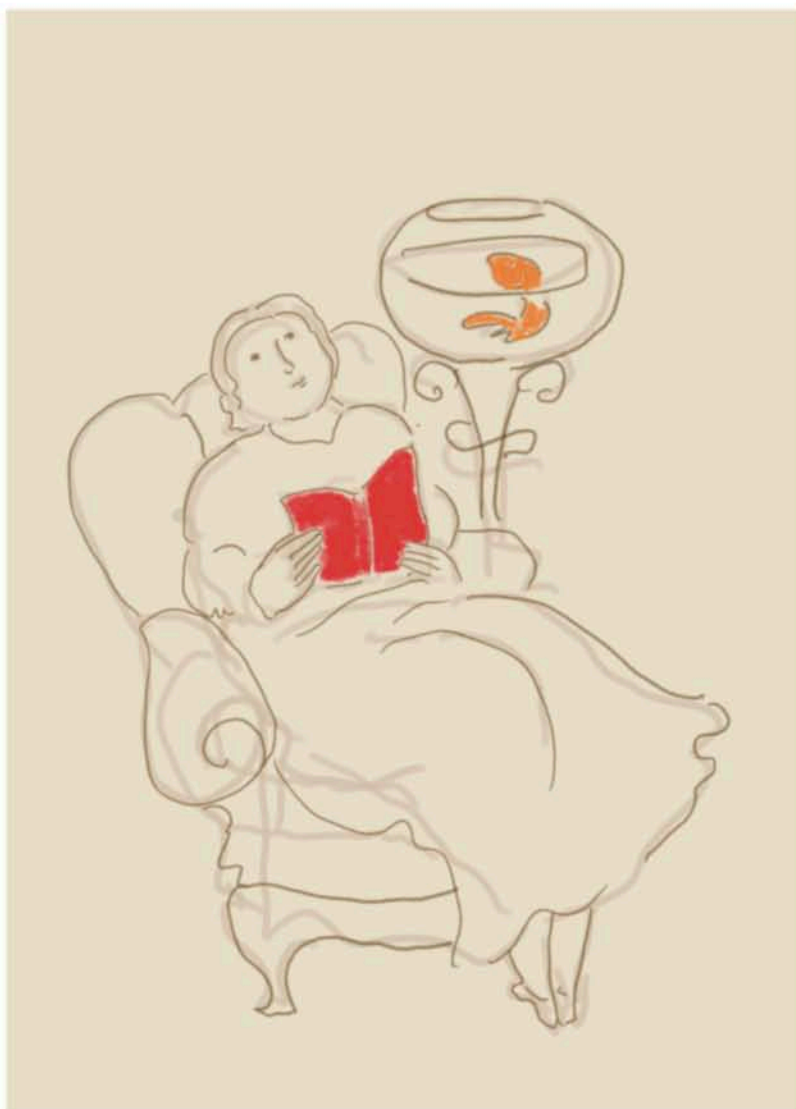


The Universe was there watching  
through your eyes that morning  
and knew that you knew, someday,  
you would become an artist.









From your chair the Universe  
can see what it's like  
to jump from one world to another.

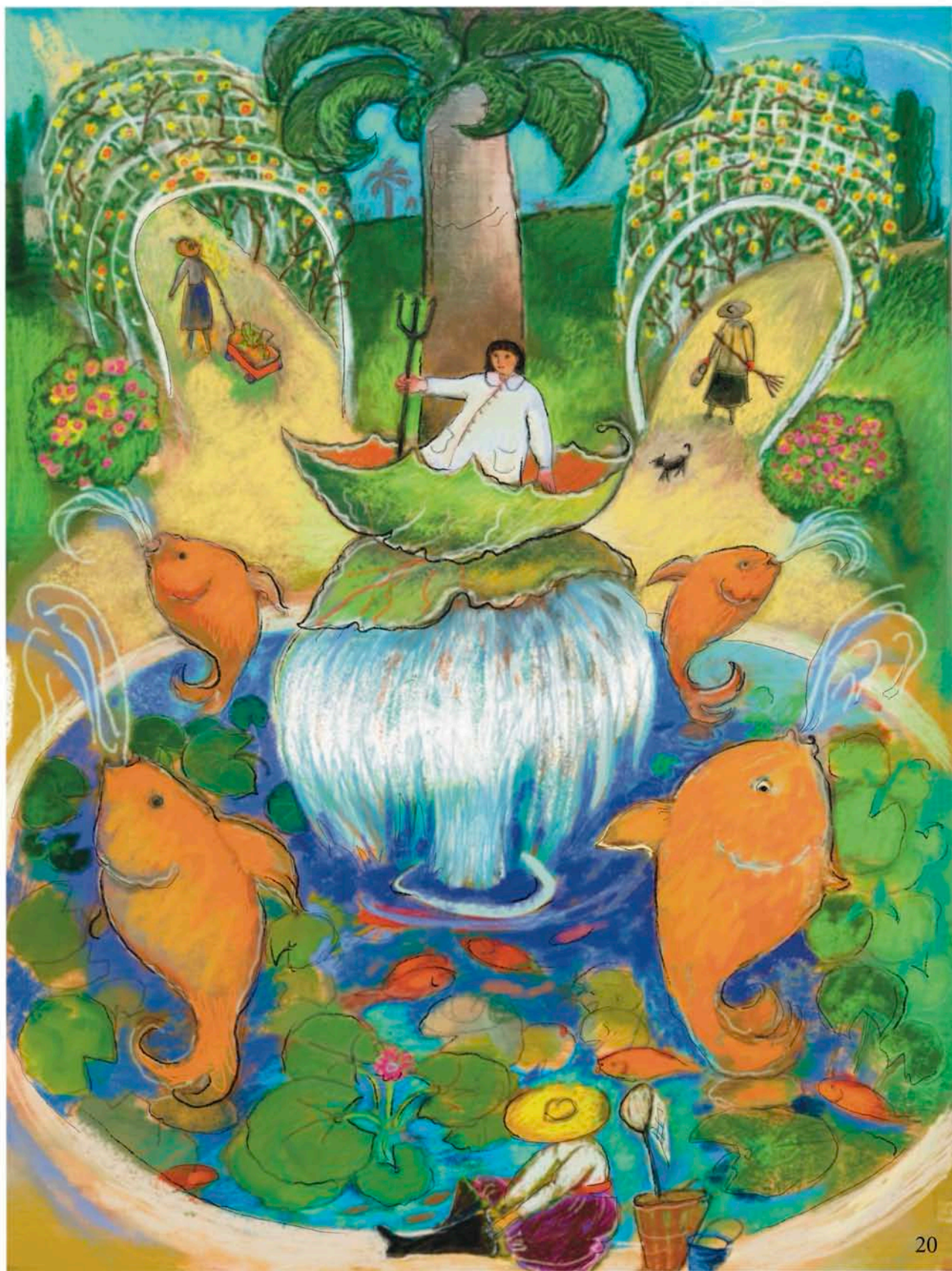






You are the Universe  
opening the door  
to the secret garden.







“The seed of everything is in everything else.”  
Anaxagoras









The Universe pretended to be a cloud  
hung high over the world that day.  
Below, Grandpa, keeper of the garden  
gave interloping turtles the toss, as was his duty.







Together as one experiencing time  
and the changes that come,  
as you awaken to new possibilities.

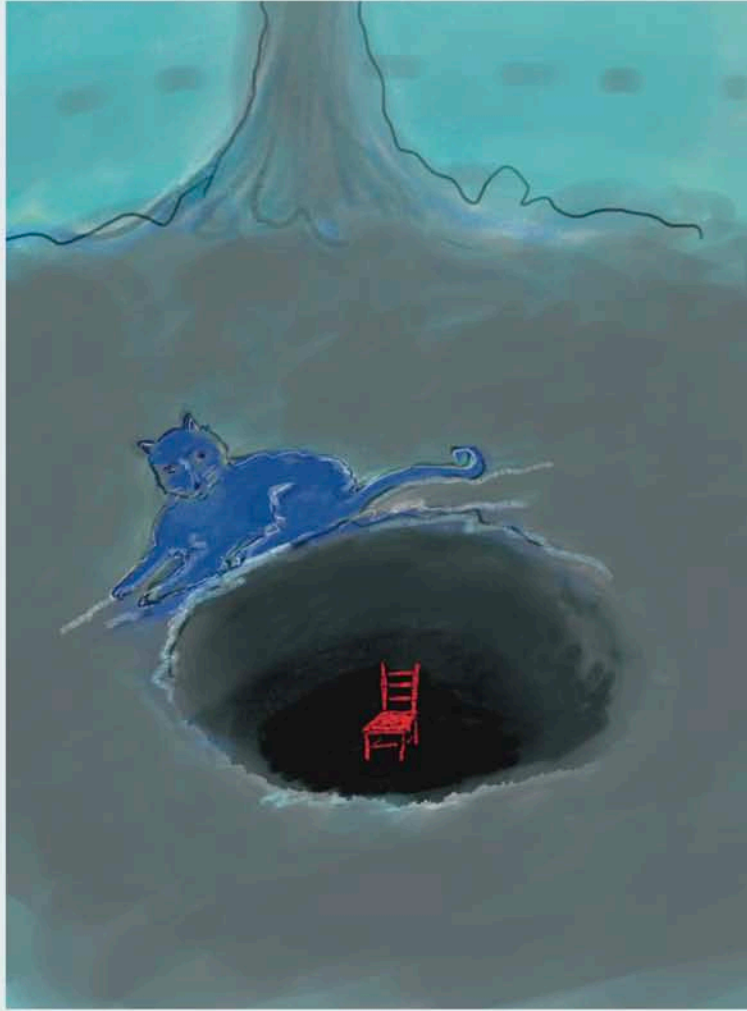




Through you the Universe feels  
the quiet warmth  
of a summer breeze  
in all its glory.



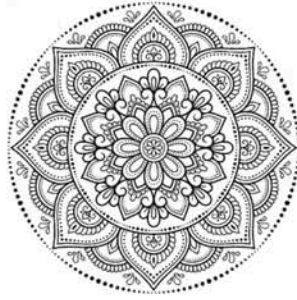




Poppa warned the child  
be careful of the cars  
and the Universe imagined  
what the child imagined.



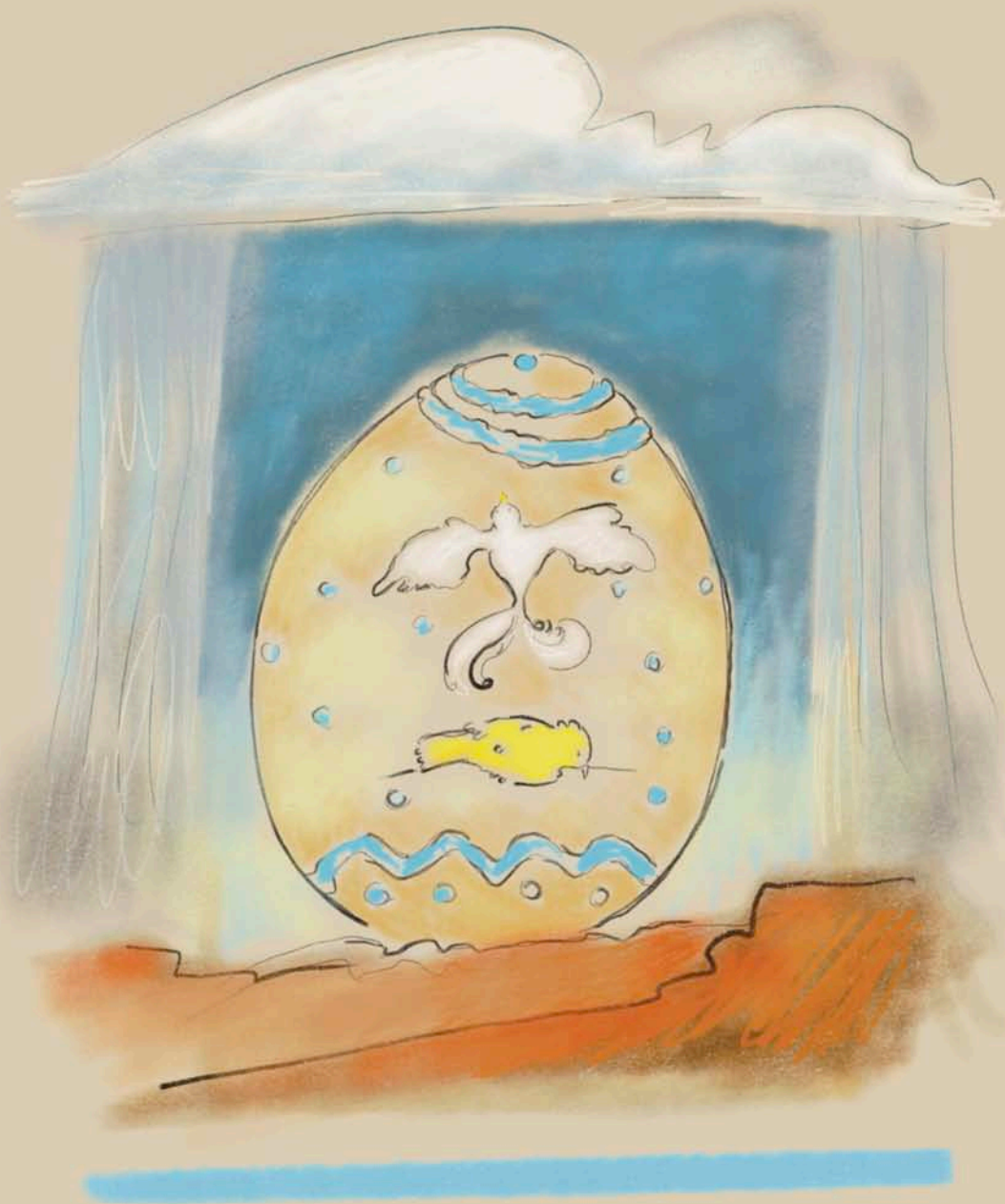




“Now when God plays hide and  
pretends that he is you and I,  
he does it so well  
that it takes him a long time  
to remember where  
and how he hid himself.  
But that’s the whole fun of it  
—just what he wanted to do.  
He doesn’t want to find  
himself too, quickly  
for that would spoil the game.  
That is why it is so difficult  
for you and me to find out  
that we are God in disguise.”

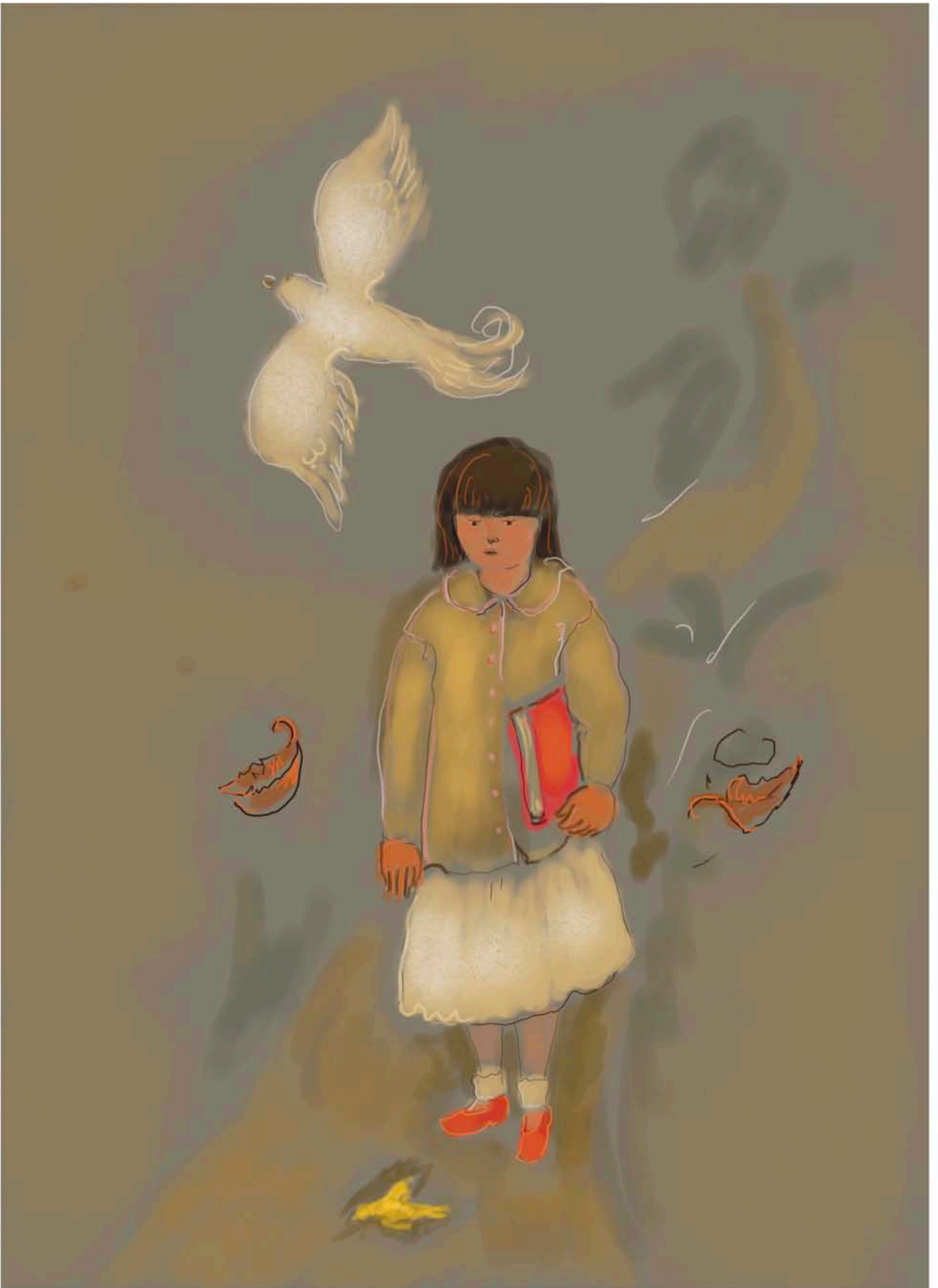
Alan Watts





At the foot of the Universe  
we found death  
radiant as a golden finch.

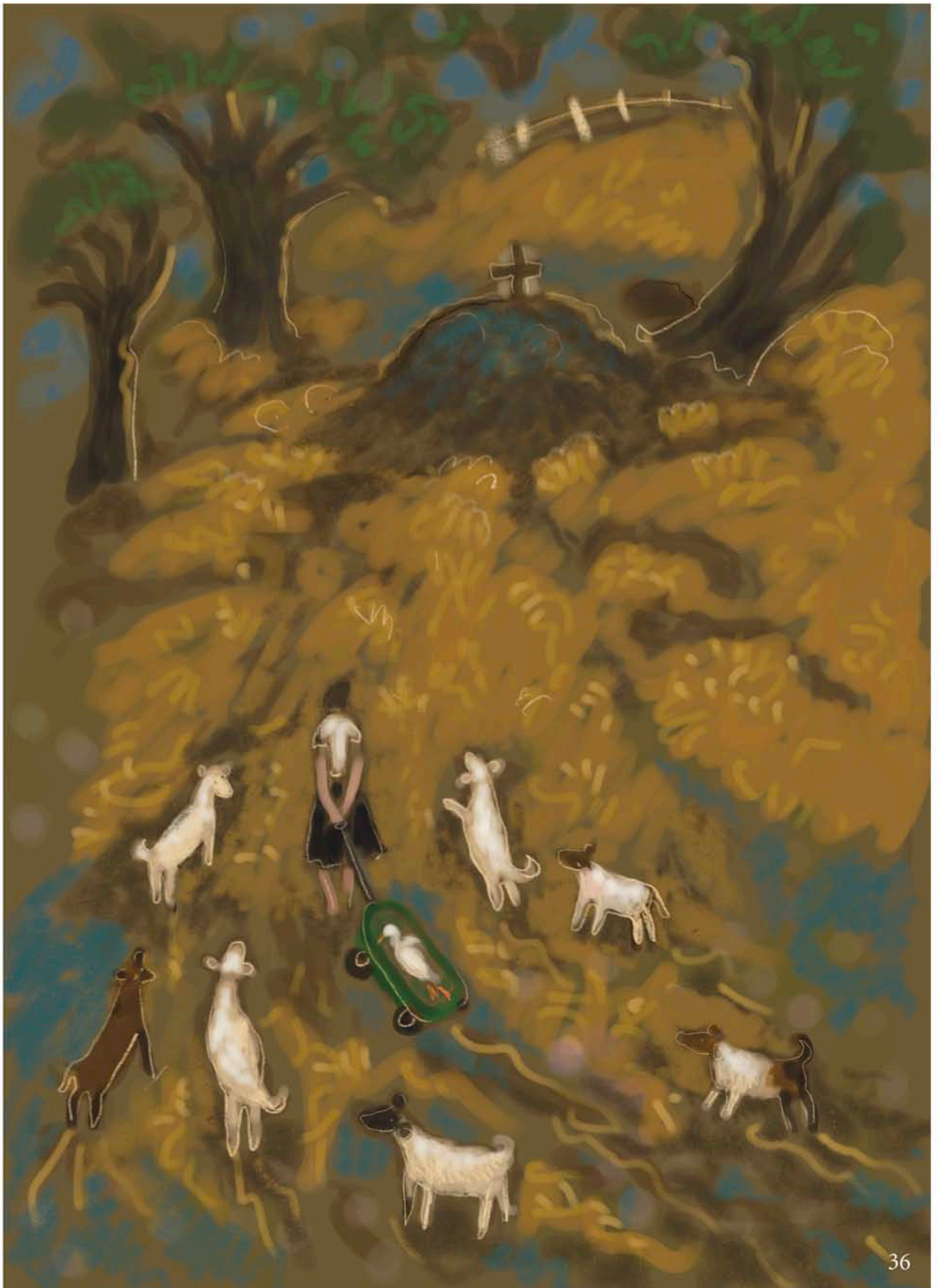






The Universe pulled the wagon across the field  
out to the burial mound  
and there we laid our feathered friend to rest.









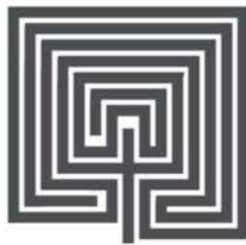
“You have seen that the universe  
is a root a magical illusion  
and a fabulous game,  
and that there is no separate “you”  
to get something out of it,  
as if life were a bank to be robbed.

The only real “you” is the one  
that comes and goes, manifests and  
withdraws itself eternally in as every  
conscious being. For “you” is the universe  
looking at itself from billions of points of  
view that come and go so that the vision  
is forever new.”

Alan Watts







"You are the universe, experiencing itself."

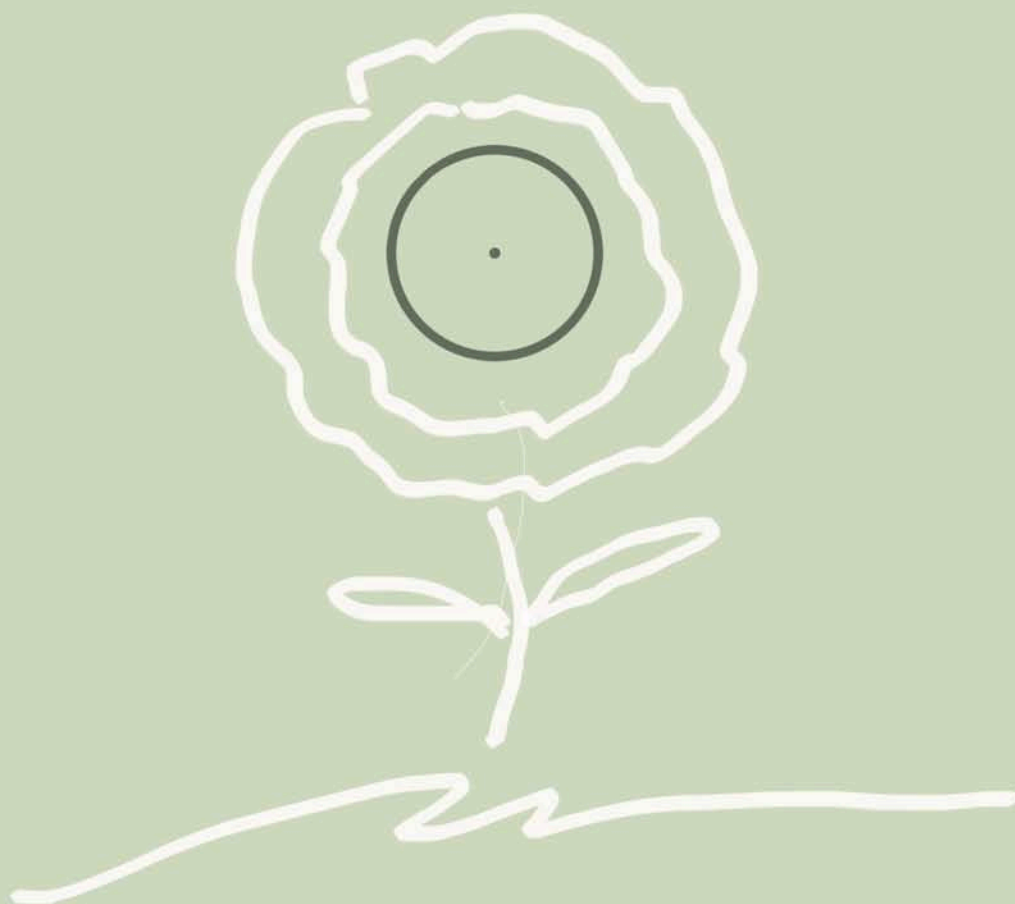
Alan Watts



“There are two birds in the tree  
a mortal one and an immortal one,  
side by side.  
The first one nests and flies about;  
the other watches.”

James Hillman





An intangible gift blooms  
when you and the Universe  
Commingle.

# Alan Wilson Watts

Was born January 6, 1915, Chislehurst, Kent (now in southeast London) England.

He died November 16, 1973, Marin county, California, U.S. at the age of 58.

Watts was a British-born American writer, philosopher, and lecturer who is credited with introducing and popularizing Eastern philosophy and religion among Western audiences in the mid-20th century. Watts was widely recognized for his ability to convey ideas and perspectives associated with Buddhism, Daoism, Hinduism, and other Eastern traditions through writings that were entertaining and accessible to general readers in the West. His writings became influential, helping to spur the counterculture of the 1960s in the United States and Great Britain and making Watts one of the most widely discussed philosophers of his time. In a review of his work, the Los Angeles Times famously described Watts as "perhaps the foremost interpreter of Eastern disciplines for the contemporary West who displayed the rare gift of writing beautifully the unwritable."

Encyclopedia Britannica





# what it means to me

No. 1 — This doodle experiment came before the books concept. This often happens in advance of a project, sketches and ideas will begin to appear and are collected.

No. 4 — “Rejoice” (3’ by 4’) an oil on canvas painting was completed a few years ago and seemed to have been waiting to illustrate this quote.

No. 6 — This color sketch is from the painting called, “Out of the Way.” Caught in the moment of contemplating the Universe—a positive realization of being part of it all.

No. 8 — Here a young woman began as a little Procreate drawing from several years ago. As a collector in many areas, my method when rearranging a room or putting together a book of thoughts—when in need— I look around and see what I already have on hand. The image was rediscovered and developed, revised and embellished to find its place here with the words.

No. 10 — “Tree of Life Birdbath” started out as an illustration for another batch of words. Sketchy, neutral tones bloomed and bloomed on their own and then, when added to the quote bloomed again.



No. 11 — A snapshot inspired by a day the circus was in town. Children from all around came to have their picture taken. The thing that created memory for me was, just before being helped up, the elephant put his trunk on my foot and gave a little friendly snort. The bulb flashed and I was there.









No. 14 — Greatgrandpa and Grandma Carter shared thier simple and rich world with me from birth. Their friend Mrs. Cloud lived up the street. Maybe this memory comes from my first time visit to her house. A first time experience often adds an extra punch to most any event. The yard was adorned with a picket fence and she had a line of white concrete ducks up by the front door. There was a shady tree in the back yard and under it she had put several cans into the ground. They were filled with water and goldfish! Grandpa Carter was my story teller. Grandma Carter introduced me to arts and crafts. The fun you can create in your own yard was a gift from Mrs. Cloud.



No. 16 — As a second grader I enjoyed art class, but I don't remember ever thinking much about it. One day the art teacher said to me, while looking at a picture I had done (I'm thinking it was an illustration for the nursery ryhm "Three Men in a Tub.") "Linda when you grow up you should become an artist." That moment flashed with light and the realization came that she was correct. I would. My course was set from that day on.



No. 18— The goldfish story continues. When I was around twelve years old we had a goldfish bowl in the kitchen. The fish surprised us one day by jumping out of the bowl onto the floor. My first thought was that for the fish it must have been like being shot into outer space, out of his world into another world. I put the slippery fellow back in to he bowl, as fast as possible. That idea of what it's like leaving one world for another is still with me.

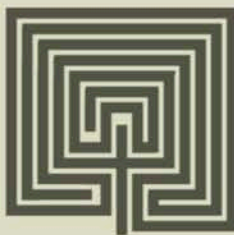


No. 20 — My method of describing the world around me is not photorealistic. What I create is more like what it felt like to be there. Once I painted a picture of my grandfathers garage. It was an average garage for those days in the country, set away from the house next to the garden. Always dark and very mysterious inside. I don't remember venturing in, maybe we were told to stay out? When my mother saw the painting of the garage she said, "that's not the way I remember it!"



No. 24— Grandpa Loties garden was well taken care of. He carried the remains of the depression in his gardening duties. Turtles eat the vegetables that were grown for the families needs, so turtles must be removed. Whenever he discovered one in the garden he gave it a toss into the neighboring field. At that age I did not question his method—not until I was in the 7th grade or so. The lady that lived behind us at that time had a little garden and I often visited with her. One day I spotted a turtle passing through. So I picked it up and tossed it into the open fields. She said to me in alarm, "Linda you could have hurt that turtle." She was right! This time, I jumped from one world to another.



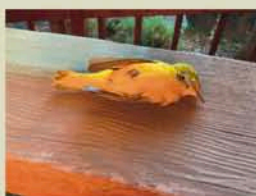


No. 27 — I had a pet crow when I was thirteen or fourteen. He flew away one day without a word. A year or so later he returned and landed on my head while I was waiting for the school bus. I think he came to say “hello—and goodbye.” I never saw him again. I consider the crow my pooka.



No. 30 — What it would be like to be left alone in a big dark hole forever? That was my fathers special way of warning me what might happen.

No. 32 — Part of the early image collection. Just seeing what might happen.



No. 33 —A couple of years ago walking back from the studio, I looked down. There on the gravel walkway to the house I saw what seemed unbelievable! At my feet lay a lifeless little yellow finch. The sight of death and beauty together as one was unexpected. The shock rippled through me.



No. 36 — Ducks and goats have shared our lives for years now.. One of our two white jolly ducks had become the victim of an accident and died. I placed her in my green wagon and ceremonially crossed into the goat field. They followed along and we became a funeral procession trailing out to the the burial mound. For some reason I often see the picture from a view above. Like a bird sitting on the branch, just watching. This picture is a rendering of the snapshot I received that day.

Blue Bird Memoirs

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## After all

“Linda, what will you do, if someday you are not able to paint?”

The reply I remember hearing myself say is,

“I’ll arrange rocks.” I think what I meant by that statement is— have no fear, a creative nature will find a way to express itself with whatever is given. Things seem to come together at the right time.

It happens for me that way.

I’m not a digital designer or that skilled in the Procreate arts.

I know just enough and am lucky to have help to advise me  
and do all the things beyond my limitations.

Words, shapes, colors, ideas appear and are all  
shuffled together and explored to create the story.

It’s a process.

Who knows what will come forth in the endeavor  
to express one’s self. What will be discovered  
and what will be left behind?

Here I am, developing a personal style,  
using what I’ve been given  
and crazy quilting it altogether.

LCH





What sparks the flame  
that expands and preserves an experience?

A super memory!  
Vivid—somehow alive.  
Surreal?  
Dream like, distant  
and yet close at hand.

Not unlike contemplating the Universe,  
both have the ability to tickle the senses!











An intangible gift blooms  
when you and the Universe  
Commingle.

Linda Carter Holman