

A Candle, a Goblet, & a Crystal Ball: the Paintings and Stories of  
K. E. Ward

## Acknowledgements:

First of all, I would like to thank people I did not thank for my first book and subsequent books.

Thank you to my mother, who edited *The Heart Grows Stronger* and *The Incident* for free.

Thank you also the man who worked at the Chamber of Commerce in Enumclaw, Washington, upon which the fictional town of Maplevue is based. He told me he did not like lawyers. I

would also like to thank my English teachers, who wouldn't be so upset that I have included a few clichés and grammatical errors. Thank you also to my family, who supported me. I will always appreciate it.

Dedicated to my Mother

## Introduction

This book will give you an account of my writing and writing techniques, as well as show you a few of my paintings. I do not assert that I am any good; but I had wanted to tell you and show you my creativity and say that I love it so much, and I urge you to make creations of your own. Some will say that visual art is a discipline; others will say it is fine to draw cartoons and doodle, as long as it is appealing to you. I think that both are good. Look at the pictures I have shared and read what I have written. Try to get inside my mind. I make sketches, paintings, I write poetry, fiction, and children's stories. I once experimented with the automatic writing technique under the instruction of a teacher, and I lovingly call her my creative writing mentor.

I was her student when I was sixteen years old.

The following pages will show you pictures of my art, below which you will find titles and sometimes short descriptions. Following the paintings, I have included two poems which were never put into my short collection of poetry, *Beside Rippling Waters*. Following the poems, you will find pictures of my Tarot art. Let me emphasize that I am not a superstitious Occultist. I simply enjoy painting Tarot cards because I find them very spiritual, which I have meditated about in addition to my time with the rosary. I understand that spiritual people will beg to differ about what is the correct religious dogma, or what is the correct way to pray, but I have a free

attitude when it comes to my belief in a God and my devotion to that which is larger than myself.

Please look at the pictures and read the writing with an open mind. Following the pictures of my Tarot art, you will find the beginning of my next novella, entitled, *Train Tracks*. Finally you will find previous versions and deleted scenes from my first book, *The Heart Grows Stronger*. I have included these because, well, there was so much to the book that could not be included in the final product. Also with this book get an idea of who I am and what I have to say to the world.

I leave you with well thoughts, hoping and praying that you will enjoy this book, learn something from it, and be intrigued by me.

II

My Paintings



First I will show you a collection of paintings comprised of photographs, though crudely taken, of my art. “A Candle, a Goblet, and a Crystal Ball” was the first painting I did with oils, in my late twenties. I changed mediums to oils at that age because I considered myself a magnificent artist, and though I was never instructed with oils, I thought to myself how much more I would enjoy them than acrylics. This particular painting was done with very inexpensive oil paints from the local superstore. I used inanimate objects, sketched them, then painted them, although the checkered tablecloth was never underneath the objects I was painting. You may know me as an author of novels, novellas, and shorter works, but I am also a visual artist, and I have been drawing and painting all of my life. I have been writing, yes, and in the fifth grade I wrote a short story for class which was ten pages of typed work, so very impressive to my classmates that I was considered the best writer. My art talent had peeked out about a year earlier, in the fourth grade, when I drew realistic still life for art class. In the fifth grade, I drew my first realistic portrait.

“K. E. Ward” is my author name, in ode to Great Britain, as the initials are signature of England and the British. I write stories that are love stories, which always do have a happy ending, in different forms. The reason I do this is because I always believed in the concept of hope.

Someone once asked me when I was a child what I wanted to be when I grew up. I told him I either wanted to be an artist or a writer; I couldn't decide which. Later talents which came out of me were the study of ballet: I became a ballerina; dramatic acting: I won praise for my role as Juliet one year; and music: though I never had the vocal range as a child, I learned to sing gradually after picking up a few instruments in my childhood but never going far with them.

I have many talents, really, as we all do. I even tried a little crude animation with a computer application one time. I have worked with clay. Creativity comes in many forms.

The point is, I had wanted to share with you some of my visual works and to talk about creativity in all aspects.

II

Fiddling with a Piano

One never ought to say, “fiddling with a piano,” as teachers would tell you that we do not fiddle with pianos. We fiddle with violins and proverbially fiddle with other things. In my life, I have experimented with all sorts of creative outlets, even using children’s crayons and watercolors as an adult, and designing fashions for women and making jewelry, as many people do.

Talent means that an art comes naturally to us, and yet we need to develop it. So, I tell you that I may or may not be talented, but I have such a love for art and writing that I was going to spontaneously combust if I didn’t share them with you. I think I am talented. I took writing and art classes in my youth and adulthood. I talked about art with friends and joined writer’s circles. I studied art in many forms so much that I can tell you that art is a sort of communication with a subject. It is not a duplication; such a thing is only copying, which we never ought to do. How does the artist feel about the subject? Does it cause him or her joy? All of the subjects must be beautiful, even though some teachers would tell us to depict something that is ugly.

I think that art and creativity is not only a portrayal of what we see or imagine, but also something that conveys our innermost feelings to all whom we dare to share it with. So be careful how much you expose of yourself when being creative. Not everyone will appreciate you, and yet you know mentally that you are good.

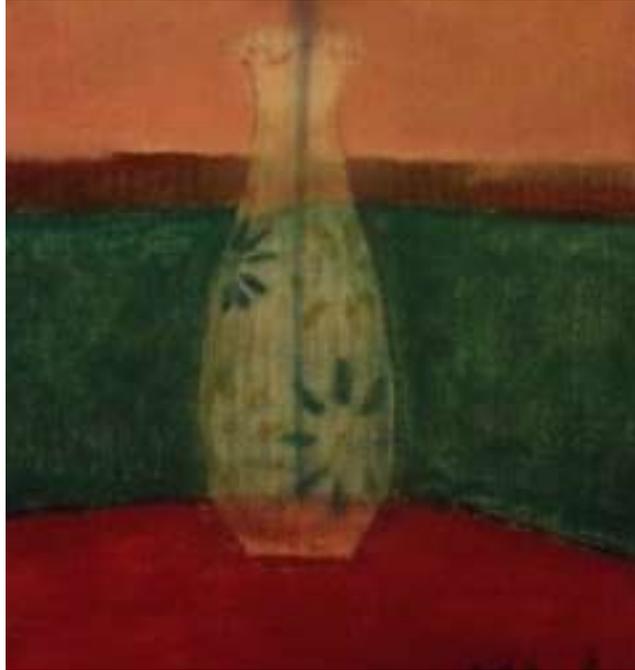
Being a writer or an artist can give one joy. The pains of writer's block or frustration with art come with the territory, but remember that they are temporary. The part that we need is when it flows freely from us, a kind of silent music that invigorates us, or what gives us a kind of euphoria or feeling of flying, for example when our fingers fly across a keyboard. Being on a roll feels wonderful, and it is good. We must gravitate towards that which makes us feel good. The stumbling blocks we always need to take care of.



This is a painting I did years earlier with acrylics. As you can see, it is not entirely realistic. I have drawn two hands embracing a red sun with a goblet inside of it, and with a heart upon one of the hands. Take it as symbolic, but I will not explain what it means.



The second painting I did with oils. As you can see, I did not like the perspective; I thought it was off. And it looks to me like an illustration of a story, rather than a picture by itself, although I do not know what that story is. It is definitely not symbolic. I title it, "Crystal Ball, Flower, Locket, Glove, Deck of Cards, and Perfume on a Background."



I title this painting, "Lone Vase." I was unsure of the dark line of paint behind the vase, but now

I like it.



This is a face I did without any model. I title it, "Pondering Woman." I hope you don't mind that I smudge the paint sometimes.



This is another painting I did of a candle and a crystal ball, although the beam of light coming from the crystal ball is not blended, and I did this on purpose. I did not detail the crystal ball as much as in my very first oil painting, but one can sense a power from it, anyway.



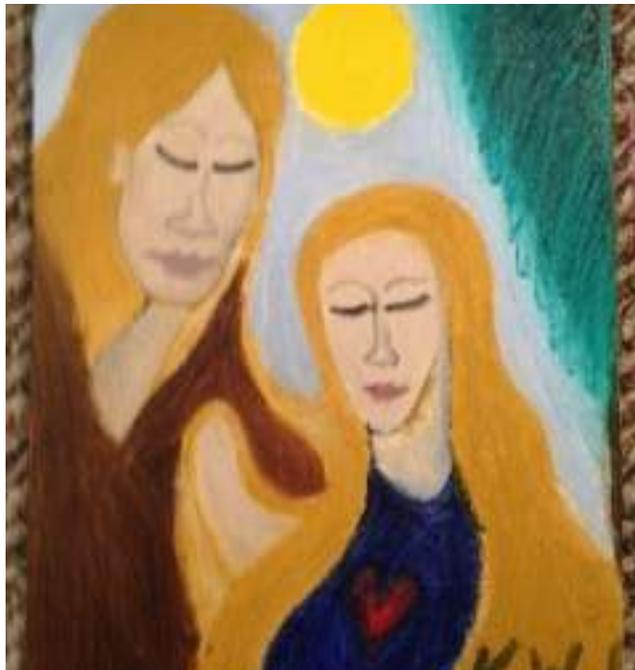
“The Reaching Hand.” My favorite painting, even though it is not realistic, and it is not entirely covered with paint.



A painting I used as an illustration for my children's stories. The perspective is flat, but the colors stand out. One might say the birds are "M" birds, but who cares. I never agreed with that, anyway.



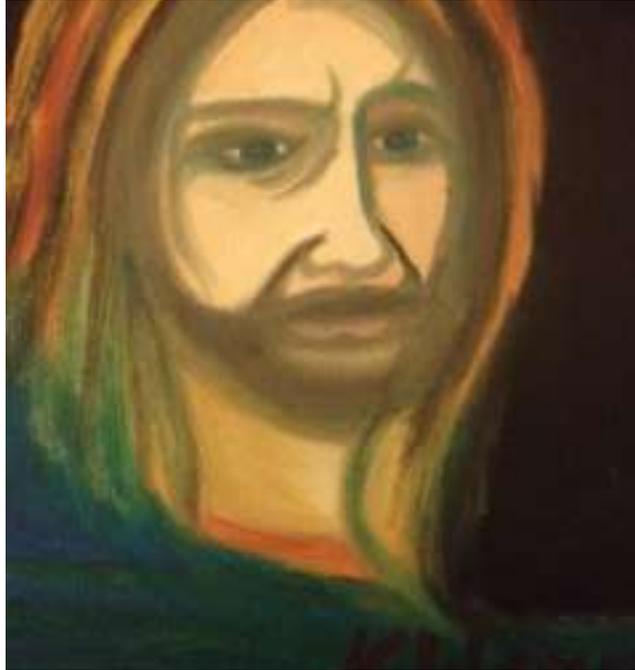
"Cross At Dusk." With a religious symbol.



"Mary and Jesus Praying at Sundown Before His Ministry."



An illustration I was going to use for my first novel, *The Heart Grows Stronger*, but she doesn't look like my heroine.



Perhaps more dimension on a face, but the painting was originally supposed to be someone other than Jesus. I had trouble with it. In this picture he has blue eyes, but no one really knows, do they? And also in this picture he has blonde hair. I experimented with the colors.

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