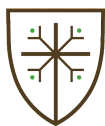


HELP ME SEE



Photography by Cassie Marino

Poetry by Mary Kat Cone & Courtney Thrash



ALL SAINTS PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

GALLERY • LENT 2019

SHOW STATEMENT

Recently, Cassie Marino, Courtney Thrash, Mary Kat Cone, and I gathered around a table to discuss their art, faith, and this exhibition. We were eager to see how their collaboration could best represent the Lent season. What we didn't necessarily expect was to see how God was curating this show way before they were asked to be a part of it.

We were all drawn to the photo *Help Me See* for different reasons, especially after Cassie explained how she asked the little girl to push her hair out of her face, so that they could see each other. Years after this photo was taken, the Lord knew this day would come. He knew Courtney needed to hear this story so that she could then write *The Mother*, a poem that she had been wanting to write for months, but just didn't have the words. He knew that Mary Kat needed that story to give her the courage to brush aside her vision for the poems and write with the eyes of faith. These are just a couple examples of how the Lord is weaving together their lives, their thoughts, and their creative processes, preparing them to give us the gift of this art during the Lenten season.

As we enter this Lenten season, let us take a moment to "push the hair out of our face," so that we can truly see what the Lord has before us. Let us "push the hair out of our face," so others can see what the Lord is doing in and through us. Let us understand better, be understood, and draw near to each other as our true selves. We can be vulnerable about the brokenness of our humanity, humbled by His mercy and experience daily redemption in His abundant grace.

- Missy Wood, Curator

A PRAYER FOR LENT

You might have called the stars
to adorn you in celestial robes,
sent away the sun
and kept the earth alive,
in orbit, by your will;
mountains would toss
themselves into seas,
armies of trees and brush
march into battle, your church
established with just
a word.

You chose to stand on legs,
walk on dirt with tired feet,
to look a dad in the eye
and tell him
his daughter lives.
You, who split atoms
with a touch, broke bread
with skin-wrapped hands, drank
with gladness
at weddings,
kitchen tables.
You, whose glory blinds
surer than any light,
clothed yourself in creation.

To you, in whom we hold together,
we hold out empty hands
heavy with lack.
Replace our wine with mercy,
our rich meat with manna.
As we fast from our pride,
like suckling infants,
with grunts and sighs and gulps,
we eat from your body.
Strengthen our spirit
by your flesh,
and bid our flesh to atrophy.
Teach us to die,
for in dying we live.

-Courtney Thrash



Cassie Marino
Mountains Will Sing
2015
24 x 36 in.
\$300

THE MOTHER

He has half a face
lying on his side,
forehead to my neck,
lips whispering love
and devotion, exhaling
confessions we hold
tight in our chest,
sins we weep on feet—
hair half-swept to the floor—
while voices shake
their heads until,
helpless, we lie
face to breast, breath
hot with sorrow
and sigh,
“Abba”

I brush away veils
of hair from his eyes,
cup cheek, slackened
with sleep, in my hand
and sing,
“My child.”

- Courtney Thrash



Cassie Marino
Help Me See
2015
24 x 36 in.
\$300



Cassie Marino
Out Deeper
2017
24 x 36 in.
\$300

REFLECTING

Dusky morning.

A fisherman pushes off
from the pier
and paddles out
into the foggy atmosphere.

He is heavy

with the routine of it all —
this old dingy
the going out
fog.

When he casts his net,
of course, he catches. The fish
are teeming,
piles of fat, slippery fish piled
one on another.
He hauls up
the bounty.

But, since it is Lent,
our man throws a few back,
a few of the finer in the group:
rainbow trout, in all its glory
a sampling of salmon,
lionfish, two, maybe three,
then his Yeti, ipad,
personal computer, Splash!
The car keys go next,
Plop! followed by the photo
of his long-dead parent,
that payment he can never pay
his sunglasses,
his shoes.

By the time the sun is up
this man
is standing in an empty boat.
He is looking

- Mary Kat Cone



Cassie Marino
Free
2016
24 x 36 in.
\$300



Cassie Marino
Firm Foundation
2017
24 x 36 in.
\$300

REFLECTION

It's impossible, really
to look away
from cavernous fury
like that sea
ferocious
the night He
slept & woke
then spoke —

a rebuke
that did not
slice
like thorns in
His crown
a correction
that did not
pierce
like spear in
His side

that calmed, like a hand stretched out,
from a God whose body
was weak enough, whose word
was still enough for us
to realize
our seat, there,
in his boat.

- Mary Kat Cone



Cassie Marino
Road Home
2015
24 x 36 in.
\$300

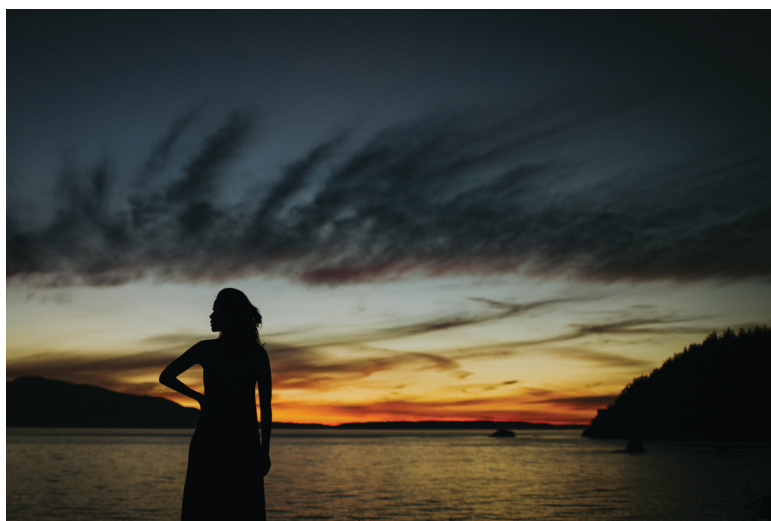


Cassie Marino
Journey
2015
24 x 36 in.
\$300

A LETTER TO THE CHILDREN OF THE DAY

bear the night
with confidence
in the morning.
mourn the darkness,
for no good
will come from
denying it.
beware the starlight
that drains
the color
from promises.
lift your eyes
to the east,
ready for the rising Son,
remembering
the miracle
of clouds
as big
and wet
as whales.

- Courtney Thrash



Cassie Marino
Son Rise
2016
24 x 36 in.
\$300

Photographs and poetry are printed with archival ink on
Hahnemuhle German Etching paper.

Printed by CAMERON CONE
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hc2lab.com

MARY KAT CONE
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ARTIST STATEMENT

I am first a reader, then a writer of poetry. I can hear it when I can't hear anything else. Its beautiful form can slip through any closed door.

Writing poetry helps me open the door to Jesus' knock. In my sitting down to sift through images and words I find He is there. It is my having one foot in heaven, and it teaches me to grow my mind, body, and spirit toward that place.

The poems that I offer here I wrote expressly for this Lent 2019 for All Saints, to encourage all of us to practice the habits of the season, so that we might more fully sense how much we need the Divine Carpenter to enter in and help us grow.

Mary Kat Cone makes a home for her husband and their four children in Austin, TX. She holds a B.A. in English from Davidson College and an M.A. in English Literature from SMU. She writes poetry in her free time.

CASSIE MARINO

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ARTIST STATEMENT

In photography, I feel creative freedom and inspiration. Challenged by every new project, I find that, when I am looking through my lens, time seems to stand still and all the distractions of life fall away. As I tell the story of my subject, I remember that the great Vincent Van Gogh stated, "Great things are done by a series of small things brought together." I am honored to frame the narrative of a wedding day or an afternoon with a family after the birth of a new baby through capturing brief moments and connections that showcase the heart of the story: a sidelong glance, a quiet moment, a kiss, laughter, tears.

I am a woman, wife, and mother to two rambunctious and passionate boys and an active baby girl: my life is full of movement and interaction. I love running, hiking, sunny days, the beach, food that makes your taste buds dance, and good whiskey. My family and I recently moved to Austin, TX from Seattle, WA, and we are loving all the sunshine!

COURTNEY THRASH
courtneythrash@gmail.com

ARTIST STATEMENT

After seeing Jesus revealed in Epiphany, Lent is, for me, a time to plumb my own spiritual poverty apart from Him, developing a deeper understanding of my need for Him. While creating for this show, I considered the significance of forty days of Lenten night reflecting forty days in the desert or forty years in the wilderness—a sort of sober preparation for the ultimate victory that is to come, a foil for grace. Because when you have tasted sand for forty days the feast is that much richer.

It was also important for me to extol the Sustainer in our time of Lenten soul-mining. While writing *The Mother*, I entered into a deeper appreciation of His walking ever beside me, even in the darkest night. I see this poem as a celebration of the four Sundays we encounter during the season of Lent. These are the days on which we abstain from our fast, we brush aside the self-imposed darkness, and we press in to the radiant fullness of His abundant grace.

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