

Edna on her Horse

She's mounted on her horse and ridden away.

She told some friends, one time, that she had completed what she'd come to do. She wished to go, even if at times she felt just a bit afraid. Since she could not tell the hour or the day, she kept on working.

Even at the "youthful age of almost 87", she created pictures and subdued clay and sketched images which spoke to the soul and spirit of Jamaica People.

She glorified all that was Woman — from the lush round curves of the Mountain Women, to the slender, ethereal lines of her Moon Goddess. She once posed as Mother of the Muses, surrounded by her Jamaican "daughters in the arts".

In more recent times, her sketches of Woman took on new, fluid lines. Deceptively frail, beneath them lay the sinews, the steel which held together the outer form. That, she told us, is what Woman is about.

She had her time to laugh, her time to cry, as she saw her beloved children and her children's children wrestle with change.

In one of the darkest hours, she moulded the figures of a defiant mother and her children with empty eye-sockets, hiding behind her body, mouths open in shrieks of frozen terror.

She hid it for quite a while, afraid to show it or even give a name to the pain it immortalised.

Like all women, she was strong and fragile at the same time. She loved beautiful things — flowing gowns, sparkling hair, baubles and beads.

She had a passion (she said) for owls and goats. She created whimsical sculptures of inquisitive Capricorn symbols and laughed like a child when others smiled. Friends gave her tiny carved owls to warm the palms of her hands.

She loved orchids and dogs and horses. Especially horses.

She carved, with all love, her Horse of the Morning.

She spoke of the days when she could tame any steed and ride free as the wind. She lamented the loss of open spaces.

Today, I see her — Edna and

The Horse - running free and easy now, mane flying against the wind, eyes fixed on a winner's circle carved in Eternity...riding...riding...riding into Forever.

—Barbara Gloudon



'Horse of the Morning'