

## Áskoranir og kærleikur

Innlit í líf og hugarheim listakonu

Þú átt ekki þetta barn



- Charles Henry Wood

## Elsie Anna Wood

- Fæddist árið 1887
- Lést árið 1978
- Frásögnin hér í kvöld byggð á sjálfsævisögu hennar „A gift returned with love”
- Grandpa Wood þekktur prédikari í vesturhluta Bretlands

## Bakgrunnur í babtistasöfnuði





## Engin litagleði í skólastarfinu

- At school there was little to please the eye. Drabness is the only word. Wallpapers were never renewed, our small playroom was also our cloakroom, hung thickly around with coats and hats – woodwork was painted brown – and there were large black fireplaces. A few “Pears Annual” prints were on the walls, never changed. On occasion, a bunch of flowers brought by a child would be dumped into a jam-jar.

## Sem betur fer gátum við farið út

- Perhaps the unlovely background of schoolrooms encouraged a quest for beauty in nature – not very much in evidence in a London suburb. But there was always the sky, with stars and the moon playing hide and seek with light clouds; and some glorious sunsets at which I gazed so that I remember place and detail even now. There were still some green fields around us, and Highgate Woods, near enough for our frequent walks, had then wild white anemones beneath sooty trees. All these gave me intense and unspoken pleasure.

## Highgate Woods



- „neyði einhver þig með sér eina mílu þá far með honum tvær.”

## Uppeldi - virðing

- After Sunday School we used to collect our library books, which, as I remember them, were nearly all stories of poor children and their benefactors, with much sermonising introduced. This reading I suppose induced one of my favourite day-dreams, in which my bosom friend and I were to prepare a large supply of garments and hand them out, as ministering angels, at a street corner – to the deserving poor. Needless to say nothing of this sort ever materialised.

- We knew we were loved, although the fact was not mentioned

- Where lay the impropriety for anyone viewing young woman clothed in navy blue serge – cut well below the knee – with black woollen stockings and pimsolls, it is hard to see.



- Teachers' preparation classes were unheard of. Sunday School teaching was generally given out of Christian experience and knowledge of the Bible, but not with regard to the age or interests of the children.



ANointing the Head of Jesus

"A woman having an unction of the head of Jesus, as he sat at table." St. Matthew 26: 6-13

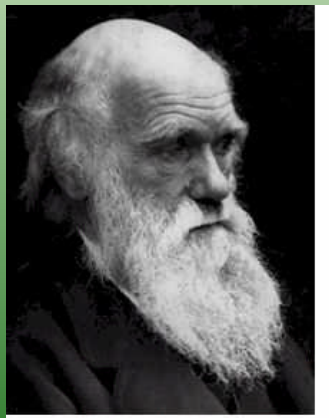
Ekki mann með harmoníum orgel!



...

- My appalling self-consciousness continued until it was given me to think of myself, not as a figure in the centre of a circle of critical or amused folk, all eyes on me, but as myself forming one of the circle and un-noticed. As this picture of myself seeped into my sub-conscious, I stopped the awful blushing – to my comfort.

## Elsie og Darwin



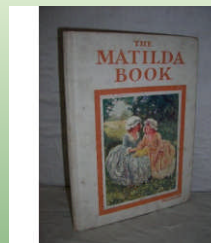
- Here was a great stirring up of my mind, and I got to the point where I almost ceased to have any real hold of religion. Happily God had not slackened His hold on me. ... it was here that habit carried me through. I went on as I had done ... keeping my uncertainties to myself.



- Probably all art schools were more or less alike in the days of my youth. I used to wonder why, apart from the beauty of form in the casts which we copied, there was nothing that one could enjoy – and, like my early schools, no colour. There were no examples of fine painting, even in the form of colour prints – no library – no talks on art appreciation or the history of painting. An exception was a single expedition to a London gallery to see an exhibition of Arthur Rackham's work. It was a period when clean, pure colour was not approved and dingy, muted tints were the thing. I was told that I had no sense of colour.

## Skreytti barnabækur

- The Matilda book
- What Katy did
- What Katy did next



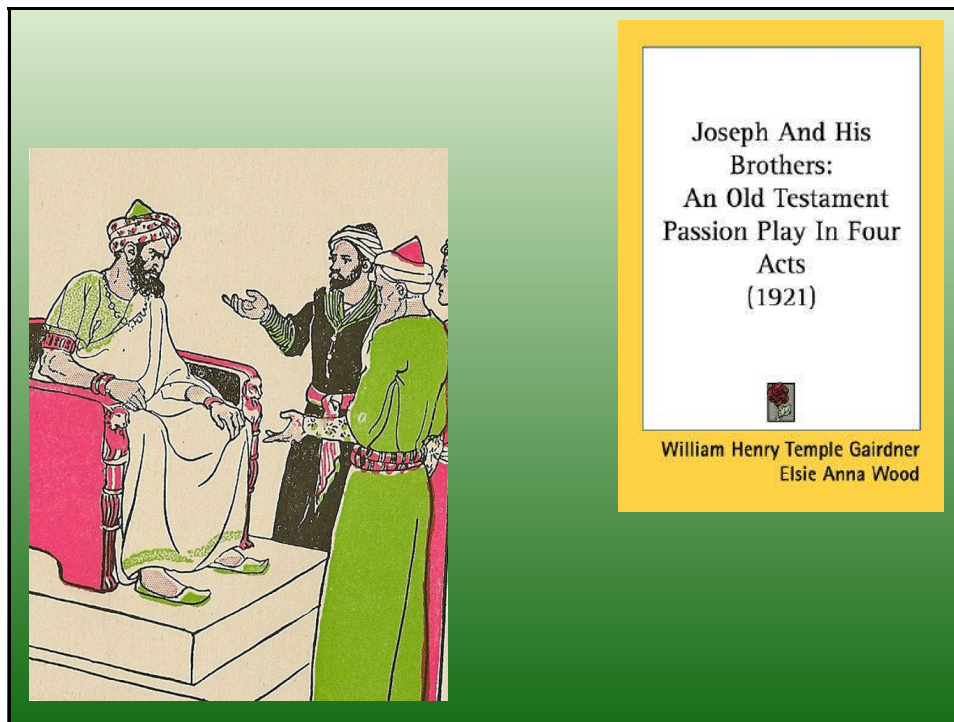
# 1914

## Mother wants you, come home at once

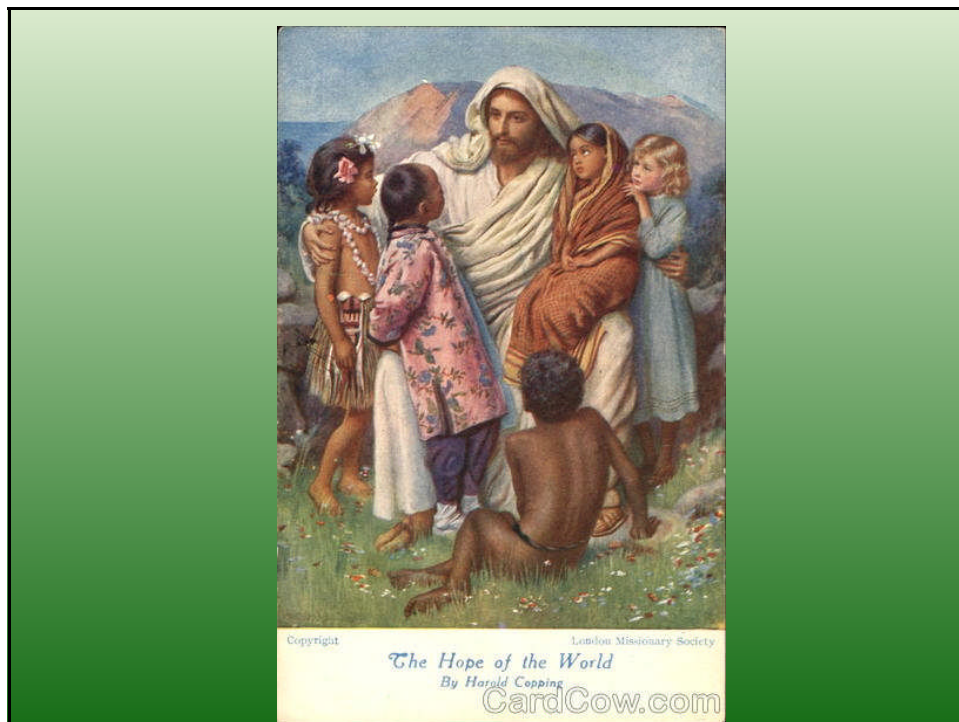
- How much I was dependent upon the Christian community I had never before realised. Rather humbled in spirit, but fully recovered in health, I returned in May 1919 to settle at home with my parents. Or, so I thought.

## Í Kairó

- In this country, in so many ways quite different from my native land, a new approach to an illustrator's job was called for. Not only the features and dress of the people, but even their bodily build seemed different. Necks were shorter, shoulders straighter and broader, legs longer, heads more square. I even heard an Englishwoman pronounce them to be the "wrong" shape.



- One room had the walls lined with Old Testament pictures, another had the Gospel story. In a third we had the Parables, a good animal set, and a series on peoples of other lands. There was also a good set illustrating the life of St. Paul, together with a few interesting oddments – Harold Copping's „Hope of the World“, for example.



- It is striking how real everything in the Gospels becomes when you are in Palestine. It rings so absolutely true. If you doubted everything else you would never doubt that the stories were written on the spot. ... the whole setting of the story is there.



