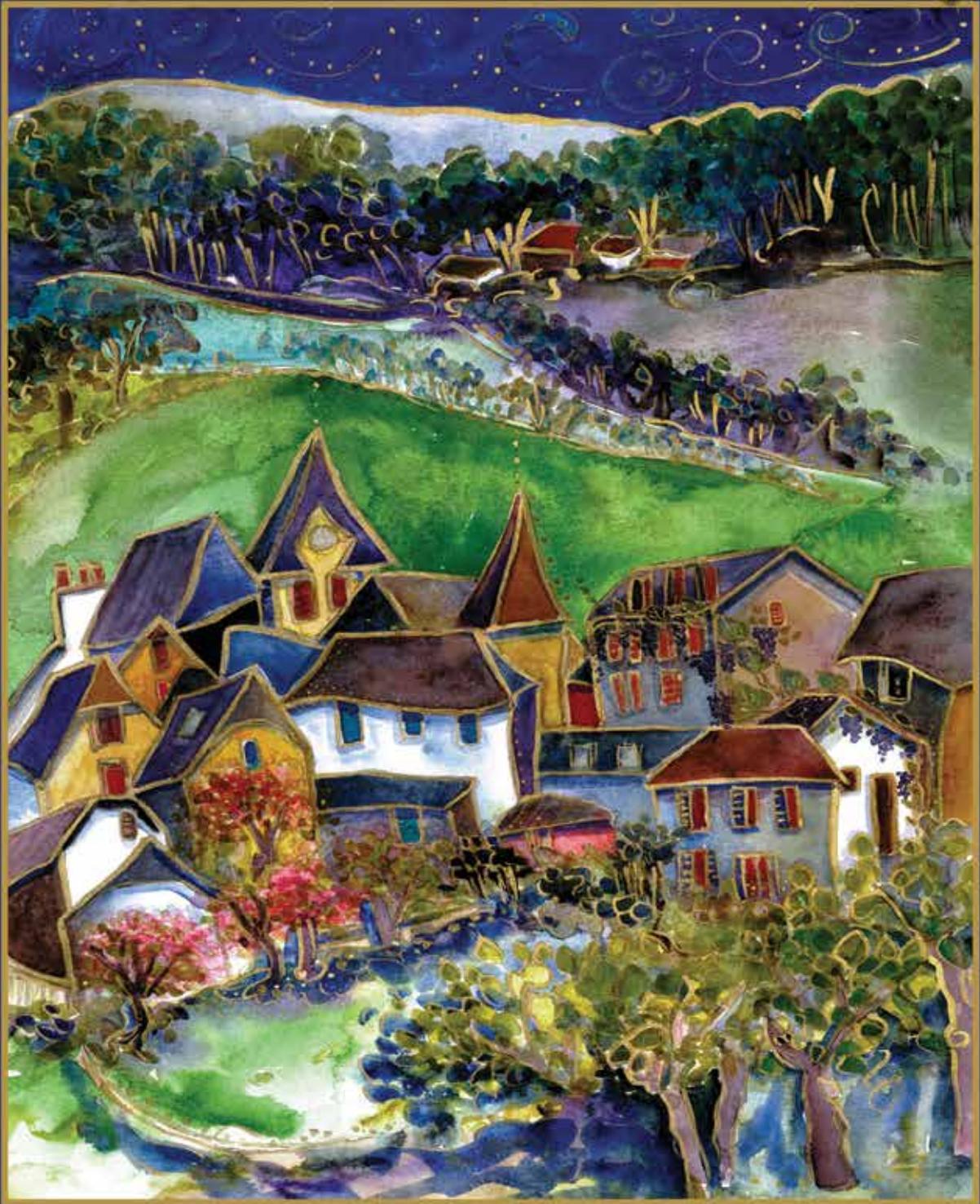


# *Inspired Journeys*



*the art of* **Jill Louise Campbell**

## France Collection

Provence was our home for a school year. In 1989 we took our two young daughters to a tiny hamlet in a remote part of France. We lived in a centuries old stone farmhouse close to our neighbors who with their families cared for their land. Neatly divided plots allocated to grapes, lavender, herbs de Provence and orchard trees. Our neighbors have farmed these small holdings for centuries. Harmony and deep contentment is the pulse that sustains this life - a celebration each season. Truffle hunting in the Fall, shots resounding in the back woods as hunters aimed to fill their winter caves. I can still smell the heady scent of the leftover grape crush and smoky burn of clipped vine stocks. Winter snug in cozy homes warmed after a brisk walk, settling into a book, and sample of market cheese. The Spring

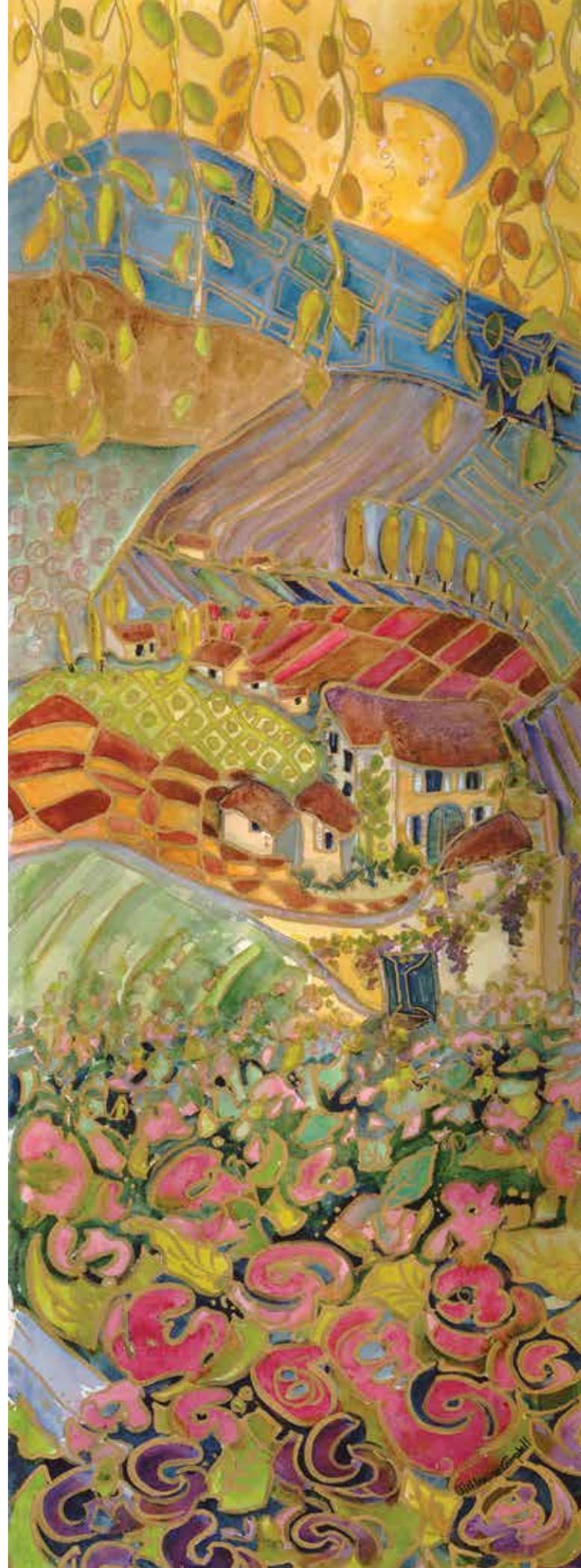
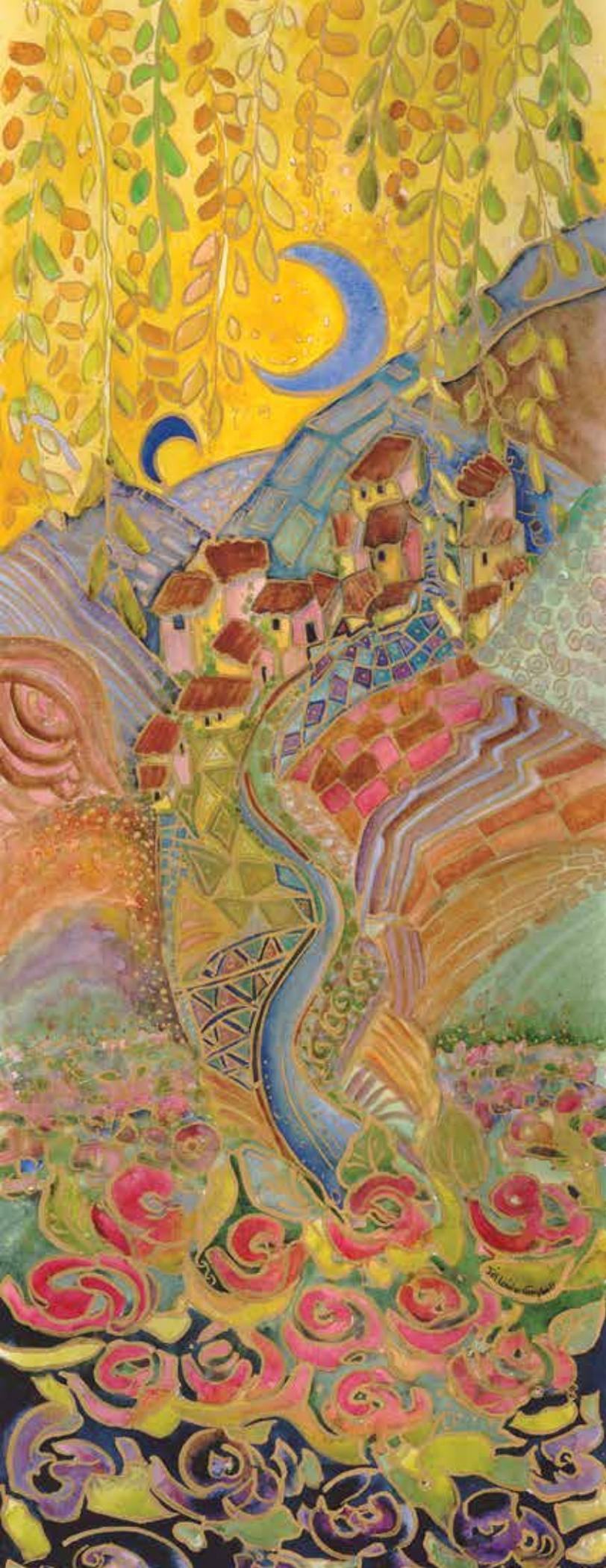
too was magical. Each week it seems new blossoms framed a farm or patched a bit of land in apricot, then soft pinks of cherries and then creamy whites of apples. The vineyards slowly came to life. Viridian green of new leaf brightened the gnarled highly-pruned stock. Every wayside was bursting with life. The summer, a steady pace of ripening, as the intense heat sent bursts of energy through the rocky soil. The people would feast and play, chat and socialize, go to market and work the land. The pace unhurried, steady, happy and lively. I witnessed funerals and births, communions and children's school plays. Families lived with grandparents, roosters crowed all day and always the background hum of bees. Such a rich and full life lodges a longing for this simple existence.

### *I Have A Dream I & II*

*A fairytale land of patterned field climbing to a centuries old hamlet. I can blur my eyes and see the sweet softness of rural life steeped in centuries of history. Stone bastide and ancient chateau fit into a landscape not quite real, imagined and yet I have been there!*

### **Provence Patchwork (following two pages)**

*...is a view of our little valley in Les Alazards. I remember hiking a trail, coming across a family pruning their trees. The newest member, lovingly bundled is passed from mother to father to grandparent. Proudly they show me him. "Ah les yeux, beau coup de lumière!" It was true, there is a beautiful light in Provence and it is captured in the eyes of these people.*



***Chauvin's Mas***

*Marcel and Madame Chauvin, well into their late eighties, became our neighbors for a school year while living in that remote hamlet in Provence. Thumping his chest with pride M. Chauvin proclaims "Je suis un paysant," while reminiscing on a life rooted to soil, rock and sun. High gates, "privé", hid a courtyard, a charming enclave. Buildings, layered and added, housed his family for generations. Their land, a wide patched skirt of orchard, grape vines and scattered bee hives, meets the rubble of rock and scrub trees at the base of mountains that hugged their lives.*





***Provence Fairytale***

*Legendary hilltop chateaux, many still inhabited by the original families, perch with sweeping vistas to soft purple lavender and neatly lined-vineyards. Stone farmhouses collect in field junctions. I imagine chamber music wafting from opened windows and the clink of boules played in the courtyard. The heady perfume of herbs de provence mingles with eau de lavande. Roosters crowing at all times of day complete a life loved and in harmony with the region.*

# *Inspired Journeys*

Inspiration arises when my heart is open.

I feel stirred to communicate energetically with the visual beauty of a land I am visiting. Music and the stories of their culture speak a truth I can feel.

That is Ireland for me. The depth of belonging I feel while staying awhile in a coast guard cottage on the Ring of Kerry swirls deeply like the peat fire we burn. The legends of the Tuwartha de Danon and

the land of Tir na Nog seemed very close. Dreams and walks in the countryside become one. They fuse and I know with certainty I have lived here before. Brilliant starry nights, the lapping of a tide at the garden edge, the gentle lilting accent of country folk I meet, all resonating a music in my head. A vision for a painting, the words for a story take form, gel into images that birth when brush and paint meet paper. It is in the action of doing that magic

## *Celtic Moon*





*Celtic Crofts*

happens, a surrender to outcome, a joining with the expansion of love I feel.

Inspired journeys are also in sweet experiences of treasured times in nature with friends.

Journeyed visions done with intention, to the beat of my drum, allow me to visit for awhile unique adventures. Spirit helpers gather with caring attention accompanying me on more astounding experiences than I could ever imagine. Following on the path of the Shamans that for millenniums communicate to

more worlds than our intellectual self. I have taken many kinds of instruction on the art of “journey” to connect with my spirit friends. Most journeys I write or record. My helpers continue to inspire and urge me to communicate as so many of the lessons I receive are of a deep caring for the earth and our personal unfoldment for being better people, called medicine for the earth. I am committed to be of service to my soul, gratefully inspired journeys are a gift.



*Allow The Flow*

Many years ago while in a healing treatment I fell into a dream like state. Not asleep, as I was aware of the treatment being given. What took hold was a powerful vision. I saw an elder native man dressed in soft doe skins and knee high moccasins. With outstretched arms he held a carved stick of feathers and woven sinew. From a large medicine pouch around his neck, he was giving me something.

As years busily slipped by, this vision would spontaneously surface. I had no context for him yet, but it was not the sort of dream that fades.

Early Spring 2010 I had reached a point of anxiety saturation. Clearly the world events could not be solved with my worry. The financial crisis, needless wars, and environmental calamities had taken me to a place of depression for the future of our civilization.

I..... more



Born in Canada 1951. Educated in Quebec, Canada and a year of study at The Sorbonne, Paris. Jill immersed herself in museums and galleries soaking in the art and history of Europe. She followed in the footsteps of her Grandmother and Aunt, both exhibited artists in Montreal.

Jill commands the positive and exuberance for life through a romanced fairy-tale interpretation of her home surroundings and travels to Italy, France, Ireland, India and Tibet. She is deeply influenced by Marc Chagall. Her whimsy has a depth that resonates at a soul level. Home, a small island off the west coast of Canada, feeds her

reverence with nature. Her medium is watercolour, gouache, oil and a mixed media of gold leaf, fabric, and pen and ink.

“.....passionate, watchful, meditative, curious, a dreamer, a creator, an appreciator. I celebrate life exploring people, history, and the music of life. With a love for nature, kayaking, hiking and resting in wild places, I balance my quiet time with embrac-

ing world cultures. My travels have taken me to Tibet, China, India, and Japan. The American SouthWest deep into Navajo Land and the lands of my Celtic roots, Ireland and Scotland. I have painted in the south of France, retreating for a year in a small farming community in Provence. Umbria, Italy, another painting retreat on the side of Mount Subasio close to Assisi and in a tiny village deep in Languedoc, France, I painted in the rolling hills. Walking the Amalfi Coast in Italy and the Chemin St Jacques in France with only camera and sketchbook I recorded a way of life my ancestors had inhabited.

Ever watchful for my truth of what I am experiencing, I photograph, sketch and journal to document this amazing world. My paintings come about from hundreds of experiences, dreams, and philosophy. I am exploring, yoga, meditation, travel and music. These are my resources. They are rich with a depth of my passion and caring for our humanity and natural world.”



## *Learn More and Keep In Touch*

***www.jlccgallery.com***

..... website for her gallery on Salt Spring Island, BC, Canada.

***www.jilllouisecampbell.com***

.... website for her writings, some featured in this book such as “Walking with Grandfather” and “Water Chi”.

***www.artloversgetaway.com***

.... on-line magazine developed by Duart Campbell features interesting video interviews on the varied artists calling Salt Spring Island home.

***www.inspiredjourneys.ca***

.... Read more artist thoughts about the Inspired Journeys book.

....The Inspired Journeys book is also available for purchase on the **Ipad**  
The **Ipad** version includes personal videos and slide shows.



*Since 1991, Jill Louise Campbell has presented her art across Canada. Her personal gallery is located at Mouat's Landing in the heart of Ganges, Salt Spring Island.*

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