

Liz Wolf

Sculptor

“Drifters”

The origin of the Drifters started with a trip I took to Lake Superior in the mid-1980s when I was standing on the shoreline of what posed to me as the most gorgeous gallery I had ever seen. The stone and sand beach was filled with large pieces of driftwood that had been washed ashore by the storm the previous night. Hundreds lined the shore, each a wood sculpture in its own right. It was nature's artwork at its best. I walked among them, some stood upright taller than me, and others were elongated lying on their sides. Then I noticed the little shards of wood, seaweed, and shells in a nest-like design which had been formed by the water. It was a vision of Christmas, and I was a child again. I was stimulated perceptually and emotionally. My eyes zeroed in on a large piece of wood in the shape of a fish, a muskie to be exact. Instantly, I made a mental image of the piece finished. Yes, the driftwood had spoken to me. I had made a connection with the spirit or energy of this piece of wood. It was to be named the Drifter.

I closed my eyes and let my imagination travel back in time to the birth of the Drifter. I visualized a seed falling from the mother tree to the earth where it spends decades growing upward towards the sky, viewing countless sunrises and sunsets, welcoming birds to come rest, build nests, and sing on its branches. Over the years the tree slowly loses its footing on the eroding ridgeline until it finally gives way and falls into the great body of water. Slowly it drifts until it finds itself beached on the other side of the shore. I was fortunate to find that precious piece of driftwood, and ride along as a passenger with the Drifter sharing its magical journey.