



# Windsails

While staying on Lindisfarne, I was fascinated by the spaces between the stacked crab creels.

Sketches became structures made of thin cane. A triangle, bound with string, formed into curves. I filled these with meshes of paper, string, thread and stitch until they became sails. Connected and hung from one another, they become mobiles, responsive to the slightest breath.

As we slow down and watch them, these 'Windsails' can bear all kinds of meanings. Some people find that the battered textures of some of the sails speak of pain and suffering, while many comment on the tranquillity of their gentle movements. Some see relationships and family trees, held in balance in the presence of God. What can you see?

Sometimes the triangles become tangled but as we wait and watch, they resolve and continue their journey.

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