

Artist Statements Advent - Epiphany



FROM
GENERATION
TO GENERATION...

While we hope viewers develop their own interpretations of the art we create, we offer these artist statements as theological reflections on our process creating these works. You are welcome to share these artist statements in worship bulletins, church newsletters, or online, and you may also incorporate them into sermons or worship liturgy (with credit).

The First Sunday of Advent | FROM GENERATION
TO GENERATION...

There's room for every story



GENEALOGY OF CHRIST

by Rev. Lauren Wright Pittman

Inspired by Matthew 1:1-17 | Digital painting

While creating this image, I spent a lot of time with the women mentioned in Jesus' genealogy because I had a resounding echo of shame in my body that I had received from engaging with these narratives in my childhood. Their stories held a heaviness of judgment. In my experience, it seemed the primary function of recounting their lives was to show how broken and sinful they were, and how, despite their brokenness, God was merciful enough to use them. The shame I felt was also personal; along the way, I had internalized the message that as a woman, this was my potential for being a part of God's

story too. I had been handed some harmful, one-dimensional labels that immediately surfaced when I read their names, such as "harlot," "prostitute," "seductress," and "adulterer," just to name a few. Their importance was not found in the context and particularity of their narratives; instead, they were viewed as rough, oddly-shaped pieces to the puzzle of Jesus' lineage. I had to do some work to unbind myself from the limitations my church had placed on these stories, and I tried to visit these women with a fresh mind and an open heart. What I realized was that these women—despite the loathsome, corrupt systems they were in—found a way to claim their voice and found enough power to survive.

I was inspired by the composition and movement of the *From Generation to Generation...* logo. In this image, I chose to represent Christ using a rose at the center of the composition. The women mentioned in the genealogy are imaged as foundational leaves building and upholding Christ. All of the women are looking at the viewer and holding objects to represent the fact that they took their life and survival into their own hands. They were catalysts who propelled the lineage forward. In the bottom left, Tamar holds her father-in-law's insignia, which represents how she assumes his role as the leader of the tribe of Judah and continues its lineage.¹ Moving counterclockwise, Rahab holds the red cord which she lowered to ensure the safety of her family after supplying Israelite spies enough information to achieve victory in Jericho. Next, Ruth holds the wheat that she gleaned from the field. She knows that she must marry again in order to be protected, and so she takes initiative with Boaz. (cont.)

¹ Attridge, Harold W. From the footnote for Genesis 38:15-19. *The HarperCollins Study Bible: New Revised Standard Version*. (San Francisco, CA: Zondervan, 2006). 62-3.

There's room for every story (cont.)

Bathsheba's name isn't even mentioned in Christ's genealogy; she is referred to as the "wife of Uriah." She withstands abuse from King David, survives the murder of her husband, and ensures that her son Solomon takes the throne. She takes matters into her own hands, becoming, as scholar Dr. Wil Gafney writes, "the queen mother of the united monarchy of Israel."² Finally, there is Mary who looks adoringly at the rose which represents her son. Here she holds the love and pride of a beautiful lineage that leads to the birth of her son, the Messiah.

These women only wanted to ensure safety for themselves and for their children; in the process they ensured the continuation of the lineage of Christ. Without their brilliance, passion, ingenuity, resourcefulness, creativity, and sacrifice, the lineage would have ended.

—Lauren Wright Pittman

**WAR NO MORE**

by Rev. Lisle Gwynn Garrity

Inspired by Isaiah 2:1-5 | Silk painting with digital drawing and collage

When I started this art series, I returned to a familiar medium: silk painting with gold resist and ink dyes. I photographed my creative process, capturing the wrinkled fabric, the wet lines of gold, the inks bleeding into one another. I've collaged photographs of my silk painting into the backdrops of these digital drawings. The silk background represents a tapestry of time, like an interconnected web of beauty and story traced through the generations.

As I reread this familiar passage in Isaiah, I paused at my favorite line about swords that become plowshares and spears that transform into pruning shears. In the past, I've marveled at the poetry of tools for destruction

becoming instruments for cultivation. This year, I contemplated the ways these tools are used and realized that this vision holds gritty promise. Iron plows, mattocks tools, adzes—these are used to break apart rock-hard (often long-neglected) soil so it might receive water, nutrients, and roots. Plowing the earth is a physically intensive process of deconstruction that gives way for seeds to be planted, to be nurtured, and—with all the right elements and some luck—to grow into something worth harvesting.

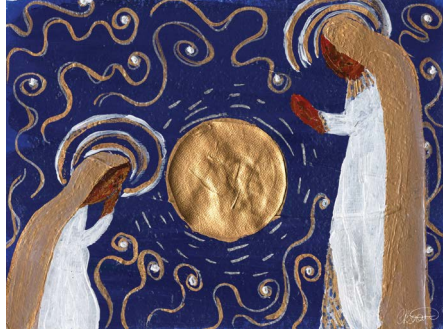
Pruning is a seasonal act of trust; it feels so risky, especially when it takes months for that new life to begin to appear. But pruning away what is dead or in excess allows the plant to direct its energy into growing new shoots and branches once spring comes.

In other words, I realized that both of these tools are used in the process of regeneration, but they are not in themselves symbols of a bountiful harvest. Like gardening, "learning war no more" is a daily practice requiring dedication and lots of trust that we are truly cultivating an environment for God's peace to one day bloom. And so, in this Advent season, what needs to be plowed or pruned? What daily acts of regeneration will provide for you and the generations who come after you?

—Lisle Gwynn Garrity

² Gafney, Wilda C. *Womanist Midrash: A Reintroduction to the Women of the Torah and the Throne*. (Louisville, KY: Westminster John Knox Press, 2017). 220.

God meets us in our fear



MARY'S GOLDEN ANNUNCIATION

by Carmelle Beaugelin

Inspired by Luke 1:26-38 | Acrylic, gilding paint, canvas collage on handmade reclaimed paper

Mary's Golden Annunciation explores the moment of encounter between Mary and the angelic messenger. This unusual encounter may have been startling to young Mary—a soon-to-be teen bride turned, possibly, unwed mother. Yet, with holy bravery in the face of communal isolation, she accepts the call to be a surrogate mother to a son who is to be the savior of her people and the son of God.

There is not much commentary regarding Mary's consent to motherhood. She is often portrayed as a humble, yet passive, "accepter" of a fate predestined for her. But I wonder, what if the angel had appeared to Mary and she had declined? Would her name be erased from historic and religious memory in favor of another willing young virgin?

Mary's Golden Annunciation depicts not only a remarkable encounter, but also the moment that divinity in human form was conceived. It is my speculation that the divinity of God entered Mary's body no sooner than Mary's "yes" went out from her mouth. In a time when women had few options other than marriage, Mary's consent to a potentially unwed motherhood is a brave act of subversive agency. In Mary's "yes," uttered in her Magnificat, we see the transformation of a young teenage girl from fearful to determined, from simply accepting to deciding, from passivity to agency, from betrothed to surrogate mother of God—an honor rarer than gold. Perhaps the most remarkable annunciation in this passage is not the messenger's revelation to Mary, but Mary's "yes" to the call.

—Carmelle Beaugelin

God meets us in our fear



ANCESTRAL

by Hannah Garrity

Inspired by Isaiah 11:1-10 | Paper lace with watercolor

This illustration explores the idea that perhaps the oppressor is not so far away. The lion and the calf, the cheetah and the goat, the wolf and the lamb, the ox and the bear—each predator shares a face with its prey. Each pair of animal faces is connected to the root line of the stump of Jesse. Each generation has been challenged to forward the radical call for peace in this Isaiah text.

As I read this text, I was drawn most closely to the idea of the roots, the past history, the ancient texts from the ancient times expressing the human condition and its possibilities. The practices of culturally responsive teaching and critical race theory come to mind for me, a public school teacher in Virginia. Our governor recently won the election by using the acronym “CRT” as a wedge in our electorate. He stoked fears. Immediately upon his inauguration, he began to defund public education through executive order.

This is racist and oppressive policy that plays on white fear—make no mistake.

By contrast, what is really happening in Virginia public schools is quite the opposite. Honoring the wisdom and the ways of multicultural ancestry is the basis of how my classroom operates. In practice, culturally responsive teaching is an incredibly powerful way to address systemic oppression in education. My white skin represents the oppression of centuries. With a culturally responsive approach, I can lead with love. I can honor each student’s ancestry, lived experience, and daily presence in my classroom.

As a result of these conflicting forces, this year has been both the crown jewel and most difficult of my career. It is the first year I have taught as a fully-trained culturally responsive teacher. There are so many things I did not get to apply, so many ways that my practice can evolve, yet it is incredible to see how my students are thriving. Critical race theory is not the same concept as culturally responsive teaching, though they have the same acronym. Systemic oppression and racism are very real and critical race theory explores that fact. Culturally responsive teaching is a humanizing approach that allows for the boundaries of culture to meld, firmly giving way to incredible curricular access for all students, regardless of their backgrounds. As I walk in each day as the face of oppression, the world arrives, too. My school has 48 languages spoken. We have many recent immigrants. I have a new student added to one of my classes once every couple of weeks. The only way to connect across barriers is to remove barriers with honor and reverence for the collective wisdom of humanity. Culturally responsive teaching creates that space.

Perhaps the asp and the adder not injuring the child and the infant are a metaphor for this. In this image, the child and the infant are represented by the roots. The viper represents the asp and the adder. The threat looms, yet the roots thrive and the sprout emerges from the stump. The prey and the predator are on equal terms; no longer is one superior to another. We must humanize one another. We must honor each other’s ancestry.

In this young moment of my 17th year as a teacher, I have seen the magic, the power, the incredible way that this practice, culturally responsive teaching, transforms my ancestral presentation as the face of oppression. I led with love this year. The fear has washed away.

—Hannah Garrity

The Third Sunday of Advent

FROM GENERATION
TO GENERATION...

We can choose a better way



THE COURAGEOUS CHOICE

by Rev. Lisle Gwynn Garrity

Inspired by Matthew 1:18-25 | Silk painting with digital drawing and collage

When Joseph learns that his engagement has turned into a scandal, he decides to dismiss Mary quietly. While this choice may seem like a compassionate one, it's also a passive choice, one with little cost to Joseph but great consequences for Mary. As an unmarried mother, she and her child would be incredibly vulnerable, shunned by society, perhaps cut off from family support and resources. This choice means Joseph's reputation remains unharmed while pregnant Mary will live on with mounting shame and threats cast upon her.

While Joseph is thinking about all of this, perhaps deliberating about how he will delicately manage the social perceptions of this unexpected turn in his life, an angel comes to him in his dreams. What I find most interesting is that the angel doesn't command Joseph; instead he simply says, "Don't be afraid." He essentially says: "Don't be afraid of the social stigma. Don't be afraid to become a parent through adoption. Don't be afraid to experience a love greater than you have ever known. Don't be afraid to make the courageous choice, the one that will not only change your life, but the lives of Mary and Jesus and so many generations who will come after you."

In this image, I've captured Joseph in the liminal space where his dreams will soon shape his reality. He rests his head on a folded blanket, which represents the woven tapestry of his ancestors who also made difficult choices for good. Gold interconnecting lines, like the roots and branches of a family tree, envelop him, symbolizing the beautiful web of regeneration that will come from his courage.

As we reflect on the Christmas story through Joseph's experience, may we, too, have the courage to choose a better way.
—Lisle Gwynn Garrity

The Third Sunday of Advent

FROM GENERATION
TO GENERATION...

We can choose a better way



WILDERNESS BLOSSOM

by Rev. Lauren Wright Pittman

Inspired by Isaiah 35:1-10 | Digital painting

Hope is difficult to come by these days; the wilderness seems to expand toward the horizon with no end in sight. “The wilderness and the dry land shall be glad, the desert shall rejoice and blossom; like the crocus it shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice with joy and singing” (Is. 35: 1-2). How does one cling to the nonexistent, vibrant purple petals of a crocus flower as they crouch in a barren, dusty wasteland? How does one reach for the cool relief of clear springs in a parched haunt of jackals?

Have you ever looked through a kaleidoscope? A kaleidoscope doesn't expose your eye to anything that isn't there. It takes what is in view, and with light and mirrors, creates a new, dynamic, luminous image. The overlapping, novel perspectives, light, and movement transform mundane and even unappealing subjects into vibrantly dancing masterpieces. Now, how does this relate to this text? I think it's possible that when we face difficult seasons that seem unending, if we immerse ourselves in the light of the voices of prophets, move to a new vantage point, and try new perspectives, we just might be able to see the wilderness bloom.

In this image I chose a few of the many vivid visuals from the text and created a kaleidoscope of sorts. Starting in the center, crocuses bloom, weak hands are strengthened, eyes are opened, bodies leap with joy, burning sand becomes a pool, swamps are formed, and the light of gladness radiates from the entire composition.

We need prophecies like this. Please don't get me wrong; there are certainly seasons of disappointment, devastation, and grief in this life, but we need not make our homes there. We could choose to shy away from such optimism during particularly difficult times while getting endlessly lost and settled into apathy and despair. Or, we could choose a better way, and hold fast to the stories of the joy that is to come.

—Lauren Wright Pittman

The Fourth Sunday of Advent

FROM GENERATION
TO GENERATION...

We see God in each other



THE GOLDEN CRADLE

by Carmelle Beaugelin

Inspired by Luke 1:39-45; 56-58 | Acrylic, gilding paint, canvas collage on handmade reclaimed paper

Mary and Elizabeth have found in each other a sisterhood amid their precarious and unusual circumstances. An older Elizabeth (perhaps losing hope of ever nursing a child at the loss of her monthly cycle) welcomes a young Mary (pledged to be wed at the first sign of her cycle, yet seemingly pregnant before she has even wed). Despite their difference in age, the

two cousins find comfort in each other in the midst of the unconventional timing of their expanding families. All along, as the two women whisper together of the growing promises hidden in their wombs and unconventional lives, Mary and Elizabeth themselves are cradled by the guiding arms of the God who moves them beyond cousins into sisterhood.

Reminiscent of Haitian folk art figures, Mary and Elizabeth are portrayed wearing traditional Afro-Caribbean style headdresses as their silhouettes face one another in a stoic greeting. For new Haitian mothers, a tradition of preparing sacred tea leaves, as well as postpartum herbal baths, offers solidarity between the more seasoned women and a new mother. Often—as displayed by the relationship between the two women in this story—grandmothers, cousins, and other close female community members act as surrogates in this sacred practice for those who have been displaced from their own families.

The Golden Cradle expands on the imagery of Mary's golden "yes" to her call, meeting Elizabeth's "yes" to a holy birth of her own. In their meeting, the promises they carry leap for joy at this first encounter, offering us a picture of the kind of communal solidarity we often find along the journey of the unfolding story of God in our own lives. Even in moments of isolation, we often encounter surrogates who step in with divine provision when we need it the most.

—Carmelle Beaugelin

We see God in each other



DANCE OF THE SOUL

by Hannah Garrity

Inspired by Luke 1:46-55 | Paper lace with watercolor

Passed down from generation to generation, my grandmother's painting palette still had watercolors on it when I opened it the other day. She placed them there so long ago. I think that the last painting classes she took were in 2005. Like her mother before her, she was a painter. Nana loved watercolor. She and I traveled to France during my gap year between high school and college. Despite her hip that needed replacing, we walked to the Mediterranean water's edge every day. I carried many of her things and would get her set up to paint. She painted *en plein air* on the banks while I swam, or drew, or took photographs, or watched her paint. It sounds like a poem as I write these words. What a gift; I can't believe it, really.

The brushes we used for this Magnificat painting were one of the few gifts I received from her over the years, and certainly the most personal and precious. She gifted me two watercolor brushes; she saw the artist in me. My mother, my daughter, and I added water to the paint that Nana had placed on her palette so many years ago. We took turns with the brushes. Adding water, letting generations flow into one another, we painted.

As I studied the text, I was drawn into the energy of praise. "My spirit rejoices..." (Luke 1:47) Drawing inspiration from long exposure images of dancers, I overlaid three poses, which made the flow of light become abstract. The front foot steps forward while the figure leans back. The dancer leaps, one knee pulled up toward the chest, head and hands forward. The head almost touches the toes in a 'c' shape while the arms spin outstretched. The energy of Mary's soul creates a trinitarian flow as she rejoices in the hope, the healing, and the freedom from oppression that her son will provide as a precedent for generations to come.

—Hannah Garrity

Christmas Eve

FROM GENERATION
TO GENERATION...

We tell this story



HOW GOD SHOWS UP

by Rev. Lisle Gwynn Garrity

Inspired by Luke 2:1-20 | Silk painting with digital drawing and collage

This year, I come to this story with deep reverence for the complexity and beauty of childbirth. At the time of creating this art, I am about 6 weeks away from giving birth to my first child—who will be born in the same hospital where my mom died from cancer 20 years ago. My daughter will take her first breath in the same place where I heard my mother’s last exhale. Much of my pregnancy has been a journey of healing—of inviting joy into the house where my grief lives, of preparing to become a mother as a motherless child. The more I learn of others’ experiences around birth, I realize how closely joy and grief can coexist in each of our stories.³

And so, as I return to Jesus’ birth story, my imagination leads me to wonder about how Mary experienced both grief and joy. Apart from Elizabeth, did she have support throughout her pregnancy? Was her own mother involved? Did she have generational trauma she needed to grieve? Did the stress of their travels to Bethlehem cause her labor to happen sooner than expected? As she labored, did a midwife come? Was she afraid?

In this image, as if looking past a curtain, we peer into this threshold moment when excruciating pain gives way to ecstatic joy as Mary draws her baby to her chest and he takes his first breath. As Mary holds her baby, additional hands reach in to support them both. Maybe these are the hands of strangers, of Joseph, or of a midwife who was summoned. Perhaps they are simply the hands of angels.

Each year, we tell this story because it is raw with joy, pain, and the complexities of being human. No matter how your story is unfolding, may you find that this sacred story holds space for you. For this is how God shows up—in a child who cries, in hands that hold, in human flesh, in life and in death.

—Lisle Gwynn Garrity

³ If you have pain, grief, trauma, or longing related to pregnancy and childbirth, we hold space for you. In this Christmas season, may God meet you in grief and joy and every moment in between.



THROUGH HIM, ALL THINGS

by Rev. Lauren Wright Pittman

Inspired by John 1:1-14 | Block print with oil-based ink over gouache painting

In John's cosmic, mysterious creation narrative, the description of the "Word" that particularly sparked my imagination was in verses 3 and 4: "All things came into being through him. . . in him was life, and the life was the light of all people." How does one image a concept so abstract and consequential to the Christian tradition? I find myself asking this question a lot. The words of the text themselves stretch to their limits while attempting to encapsulate the breadth of who Jesus is.

As I considered visual metaphors that might illuminate this text, I thought about a prism.⁴ I remember the first time I used this seemingly magical, transparent stone. I held it to the light, which I could not see, and to my surprise

the light was broken down into the vibrant colors of a rainbow. It was natural for me to think the stone was creating something that wasn't there, but this medium revealed the complex truth that light is in fact made up of all the colors in existence.

In my image, Jesus is a prism. The light that is life that comes from the Creator shines through Jesus, and it is through him that we can see the fullness and beauty of who God is. It is through him that all of Creation came into being. I decided to paint the colors of the rainbow in the order I learned as a child: ROYGBIV.⁵ It was when picking paints that I realized there are seven colors in a simplified rainbow, and there are also seven days of Creation. In this block carving, each of the days of Creation is referenced through simplified patterning in each of the colors of the rainbow. It is through Christ that all things came into being, and it is through him that we experience the abounding saturation of God, who chose to dwell among us.

—Lauren Wright Pittman

⁴ I realized when creating this image that I was subconsciously inspired by an image by iconographer Kelly Latimore called "Christ the Light." In Latimore's image, Jesus is the light, and the Holy Spirit is the prism. I'm grateful for his influence and hope you will also check out his work: kelly-latimore.pixels.com.

⁵ An acronym for the order of hues in the rainbow: red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, and violet.



PONDER

by Hannah Garrity

Inspired by Luke 2:15-21 | Paper lace with watercolor

The hope that Mary was pondering inspired the concept and flow in this watercolored paper lace work. Are you, as I am, most taken by the sense that Mary has given birth to the hopes and dreams of a people who are hurting?

During the pandemic, as I watched the news, I saw so much creativity bubbling up. I saw people imagining a world that could be, a world that should be. The hope that was emerging was palpable. Then, as a teacher, I went back to the classroom this year. Hope seemed absent among my students, among the faculty, among the parents. I began to research the science of hope. Perhaps it's teachable, I wondered. It turns out, there is a whole department at the University of Oklahoma dedicated to the study of hope. I watched a TED talk by their lead professor, Chan Hellman, entitled, "The Science And Power Of Hope."⁶ The next TED talk I watched was, "Hope is the Most Powerful Force in the World," by Somnieng Houern⁷ who runs a school for girls, putting

concepts of the science of hope into action. He says that he focuses on one person. There is no other way. One person focusing on one person at a time, creating space for hope. One person in a family was given a scholarship to a girl's school. She reached back and pulled her siblings forward into higher education as well. The ripple effect of hope was the power of which he spoke.

I was already putting this one-person-at-a-time focus into action before I saw these TED talks, however, understanding more about the science of hope has helped me realize that my work is making a difference. I am beginning to believe that the one-on-one moments I am making time for every few minutes all day long are having a ripple effect on my students. Relationships are improving, students are reconnecting with their studies, students are speaking up about their needs. It is hard to see the benefits of this last one because there is so much need, so much pain among them now. It feels like constant failure, but there is hope in hope. I want to be able to teach hope. The students need to know how to generate it, how to create it, how to expand hope into their daily lives—one person at a time.

In the midst of a difficult life, "Mary treasured all these words and pondered them in her heart" (Luke 2:19). One of these treasures was the hope that her womb had brought forth for the world to return to again and again—and to pass on, like a ripple, one person at a time.

—Hannah Garrity

⁶ Hellman, Chan. "The Science And Power Of Hope." *TEDxOklahomaCity*. May 2021. [ted.com/talks/chan_hellman_the_science_and_power_of_hope](https://www.ted.com/talks/chan_hellman_the_science_and_power_of_hope).
⁷ Houern, Somnieng. "Hope is the Most Powerful Force in the World." *TEDxStMarksSchool*. November 11, 2015. youtu.be/i63givEPq7E.

We keep seeking



THE GOLDEN PILGRIMAGE

by Carmelle Beaugelin

Inspired by Matthew 2:1-12 | Acrylic, gilding paint, canvas collage on handmade reclaimed paper

Imagine the whispers in the town of Bethlehem. The relatives of Mary and Joseph, curious about the absence of the soon to be young mother, grateful to have a sense of distance from the silent scandal of an unwed wife and a man who remains with her in her apparent dishonor. Members of the community whispering of Herod's increasing anxiety

over the birth of one of their own. Those learned in the ways of the stars gazing up to search the dark skies for a prominent golden orb, over which the elders have been speculating.

The Feast of the Epiphany celebrates the pilgrimage of three distinguished individuals to the newborn revelation of God revealed in the Christ child. Whether there were only three wise men, or kings, or Magi does not matter. However many of them made the harrowing pilgrimage to the newborn Jesus, they were most likely foreigners and outsiders.

Often the community we begin a journey with is not the same community that supports us throughout our journey's length. *The Golden Pilgrimage* depicts the kind of surrogacy that occurs when a friend, a sibling, a neighbor, a father, or a pastor steps in as a much-needed friend. Even in the story of our Savior's birth, it is not a matter of whether blood is thicker than water. Instead, what matters are the bonds that tie a community together when love and acceptance flow like the healing frankincense and myrrh of the gift-bearers.

—Carmelle Beaugelin



FLIGHT TO EGYPT

by Rev. Lauren Wright Pittman

Inspired by Matthew 2:13-23 | Digital painting

Our ancestors forge pathways that become a part of who we are. It is difficult to break those patterns, even if you aren't keenly aware of them. In this context, one of the most defining ancestral narratives of an Israelite's life would be the Exodus narrative. Joseph is advised to move in direct opposition to the way his ancestors moved. He must go toward Egypt instead of away. It takes great courage to consider the ingrained patterns of your history and blaze a new trail.

Joseph must uproot his family from their home to ensure their son will become who he was made to be. In this image, the Holy Family escapes the wrath of Herod in Bethlehem and faithfully travels toward the looming unknown in Egypt. They are flanked by flowers: on the left are Star of Bethlehem flowers and on the right are stylized lotus flowers you might see in Egyptian art. In the

background are shadowy figures. On the left, they represent Herod's men seeking to kill Jesus, and on the right, they represent the weight of the past—God's enslaved people and their oppressors. The menacing silhouettes surround the family, personifying the inherent risk in either path they choose to take. The angel of God envelops the Holy Family in an embrace, comforting them from the grief of leaving home and shielding them from the fear of what is to come. In other icons of this pilgrimage, the Nile River often flows below, teeming with fish, but I chose to fill the water with lotus flowers, Egypt's national flower and a symbol of regeneration. God is writing a new story, transforming their destination, which swells with generational trauma and pain, into a haven of refuge and rebirth. —Lauren Wright Pittman

ABOUT THE ARTISTS



REV. LISLE GWYNN GARRITY
Founder | Creative Director of SA

Lisle (*she/her*) is a Pastorist (pastor + artist), retreat leader, and creative entrepreneur seeking to fill the church with more color, paint, mystery, and creativity. She founded A Sanctified Art with the conviction that, in order to thrive, the church needs more creative expression and art-filled freedom.



HANNAH GARRITY Founding Creative Partner of SA

Hannah (*she/her*) is an artist and an athlete, a daughter and a mother, a facilitator and a producer, a leader and a teammate. She is an art teacher at a middle school in Richmond, VA, a Sunday school visual choir facilitator at Second Presbyterian Church in Richmond, VA, an art in worship workshop leader wherever she is called, and a liturgical installation artist at the Montreat Conference Center, Montreat, NC.



REV. LAUREN WRIGHT PITTMAN
Director of Branding | Founding Creative Partner of SA

Lauren (*she/her*) is an artist, graphic designer, and theologian. She uses paint, metallic inks, and Apple pencil to image the layered complexity she experiences in scripture texts. She also helps faith communities share their vibrant stories through branding & design services.



Guest Artist

CARMELLE BEAUGELIN

Carmelle Beaugelin (*she/her*) describes herself as an “Afro-Latin, West-Indian, Haitian-American, Miami-an” artist currently residing in Princeton, NJ. Her daily work swims in the waters of human flourishing and spiritual formation at the intersection of Christian Spirituality & Innovation. She strives to create work that engages some form of “God-talk.” carmellebeaugelin.com