Live Edge Wood Sculptures
Artist’s Statement

Our old black walnut tree no longer stands out front; it fell with others in the tornado of 2018. Its history is inscribed in the sculptures: the insults from droughts, storms, man, and diseases – engraved for us to see with lines that show the years which suddenly came to an end. Quite unexpected.

Our black walnut tree was planted around the time our Democracy was formed and it stood straight and tall as has our Democracy for all these years until it has now been weakened by disease and threatened by insurrection.

These were my thoughts as I cut and sanded trying to capture the feelings and emotions of the pandemic of 2020/21 and the social unrest created by an inept response by our government: hunger, isolation, guilt, pain, fear, sorrow, anger, dying alone. But I also found some flickers of light: love, passion, comfort, forgiveness.

All sculptures have live edges with sap wood and bark to pay homage to the many trees that have fallen on our farm.

Patrick Eggena, M.D.
2. *Falling black walnut tree.* Front, Black walnut, height 62”, width 23”, thickness 2”, weight 50 lbs.
2. Falling black walnut tree. Back view.
2. Falling black walnut tree. Side view.
3. *The inner life of a black walnut tree.* Backview
3. The inner life of a black walnut tree. Sideview.
3. The inner life of a black walnut tree. Hollow slice of a 250 year-old tree, height 5”, width 57”, thickness 7”, weight 26 lbs.
5. Who is watching out for us? Back view.
6. *I'll stand by you.* Back view.
8. I had this dream again. Front view. Black walnut, height 54”, width 24”, thickness 2”, weight 32 lbs.
8. I had this dream again. Back view.
10. *All will be fine.* Front view. Black walnut/cherry, height 79”, width 26”, thickness 2”, weight 56 lbs.
10. *All will be fine.* Back view.
14. Things will get better. Back view.
15. Why *me*? Front view. Black walnut/cherry, height 85”, width 21”, thickness 2”, weight 51 lbs.
17. *I don’t know what to do.* Front view. Black walnut, height 67”, width 29”, thickness 2”, weight 37 lbs.
17. I don’t know what to do. Back view.
20. Truth has died. Back view.
23. Where will I work? Front view. Black walnut/cherry, height 84”, width 22”, thickness 2”, weight 54 lbs.
23. Where will I work? Back view.
24. Where will we live? Back view.
27. Why did he leave me? Back view.
29. *I can’t take it anymore.* Front view. Black walnut, height 71”, width 21”, thickness 2”, weight 35 lbs.
29. I can’t take it anymore. Back view.
32. No end in sight. Front view. Cherry/black walnut, height 88”, width 23”, thickness 2”, weight 41 lbs.
32. No end in sight. Back view.
34. You worry me. Front view. Black walnut/cherry, height 89”, width 23”, thickness 2”, 59 lbs
34. You worry me. Back view.
36. *We will survive.* Front view. Black walnut/cherry, height 85”, width 17”, thickness 2”, weight 36 lbs.
36. *We will survive.* Back view.
37. *I love you.* Back view.
39. I’m hungry Back view.
40. I’m safe with you. Back view.
41. *The end.* Back view.
42. I'm lost. Front view. Black walnut, height 66”, width 24”, thickness 2”, weight 37 lbs.
42. I’m lost. Back view.
43. Help me. Front view. Black walnut, height 54”, width 29”, thickness 2”, weight 41 lbs
43. Help me. Back view.
44. No longer together. Back view.
45. It’s all I can do. Front view. Cherry/black walnut, height 85”, width 18”, thickness 2”, weight 47 lbs.
45. *It's all I can do.* Back view.
47. Praying by the river. Right pew. “Give us today our daily bread” (inscribed in German), length 77”, width 5”, thickness 2”, weight 93 lbs.
47. Praying by the river. Left pew: “and forgive us our sins” (inscribed in German), length 78”, width 16”, thickness 2”, weight 87 lbs.
47. Praying by the river. Front view.
47. Praying by the River – 7/2020

Watching families in cars lined up for food assistance during Covid 19 brought to mind a picture of families praying at the river bank. The river, a slice of 130 year-old black walnut, is flowing through a landscape of red cherry wood. The base is made from a 250 year-old black walnut tree. The church pews are red cherry and black walnut.

While cutting and sanding boards from fallen trees on our farm in the Hudson Valley, my thoughts drifted back to 1945 when I was the “English boy” in a convent that had been refurbished as a hospital during the War in Freckenhorst, a small village in North Germany. I was seven at the time with Impetigo from poor nutrition in a room with five German soldiers.

I pushed aside the pile of blood- and iodine-stained bandages on my bed the nuns had given me to untangle to make room for the food tray that was about to arrive. I could hear a nun down the hallway chanting her usual prayer which I now have inscribed on one of the pews: “Unser taeglich Brot gib uns heute.” And when she reached our room the old soldiers answered as I have inscribed on the other pew: “Und vergib uns unsere Schuld”.

I did not understand the meaning of these words at the time, for we only spoke English on the farm assigned by the British Occupying Force to house us upon returning to Germany after internment on the Isle of Man during World War II.