

Thank you to all our performers and partners:

Diana Delgado
Katie Farmin
Rhiannon Frazier
Madrone Matysiak

Amelia Ampuero
Raven Bright
Josh Browner
Jose Castro
Kane Distler
Joanna Furgal
Alex Knight
Lila Martinez
Dahveed Torres
Allyssa Trujillo

Albuquerque Department of Arts and Culture
AirDance New Mexico
The Albuquerque BioPark
Albuquerque Museum
One Albuquerque Media
Albuquerque Arts Board
And the
Albuquerque Public Art Urban Enhancement
Division

**A Special thank you to Mayor Tim Keller for believing in the power of art
and story**

**Public Story-sharing Hours through September 12, 2021
Saturday and Sunday from 5:30-7:30pm
Installation on view through September 14, 2021**

Thank you for attending

For any remaining thoughts or stories please feel free to email
lostandfound@cabq.gov

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share your email address with us if you want to receive an announcement
about the community story collection compiled from this project



LOST AND FOUND

Art and Stories from the
Pandemic

Jakia Fuller:

We need to honor our community, those who have transitioned, and also those of us here to continue onward their legacy, while also re-emerging from the pandemic. Flowers are befitting of the occasion, specifically Forget-Me-Nots. They are a reminder not to forget these times, the lives that were lost, but also represents rebirth and new beginnings.

Kate Coucke:

I reflected on our shared experiences and everything that happened over the past year. I included commonalities and symbols of our collective challenges as well as my own perspective as an isolated brand new mother with an essential working husband, a mother in healthcare, and an intense longing for family to be together again just to meet my daughter. We all felt these things: isolation, caution, fear, waiting, grief, uncertainty, and the surreal and bittersweet feeling of a slower pace and paused world. We will be forever changed.

Lauren Smith:

I explored the climate of internal place, magnified through the layering of unexpected yet familiar corporal form, the emotional impact of color and the stillness of memory. This reflects the bodily experience of the land and the mirror it provides in times of calm and chaos. I served as a front-line healthcare worker in New York before coming to New Mexico. I provided psychological support to COVID-19 end-of-life patients and their families. I started this series in response to being present for these intimate moments, the immensity of loss witnessed on a daily basis. It explores rupture and repair; the impact of personal and collective trauma and transformative experience on the psyche.

Manuel Hernandez:

There is no doubt that Covid-19 has changed the entire world. In our memories there will be a before and after the pandemic as a “landmark” of what we went through and what we lost. Loss is an inevitable experience in life and the pandemic has forced us to enter this experience collectively. For some it meant losing their jobs, their house, their business and sadly for so many, losing loved ones. “We Are One” is an invitation to recognize and honor what we have lost. In Mexican culture there is a belief that our loved ones don’t leave us when they die. They continue to be present in our memories, stories and in everything we learned from them. As we carry on and walk together during these hard times let us not forget that regardless of how much we lost, we carry in us all of our ancestors, their love and their stories. Whether in this world or in the next, “We Are One”.

Bette Yozell:

“los extrañamos” We miss them. These words could refer to people we have lost, life events missed, or any number of things that were sacrificed over the past year. While there is much to mourn, we can find comfort in the natural beauty that surrounds us.

Susan Roden:

I found one of the greatest hardships resulting from the pandemic was being quarantined without the ability to enjoy New Mexico’s natural environment. With the National and State Parks closed, I resorted to urban walks in streets and sidewalks. Periodically I would pass a roadrunner and many homes were naturally xeriscaped, but I missed being immersed within the fauna and flora of our city that surrounds the mountain range and the trails along the river. Walking without companions enforced the reality of being quarantined. There was a constant silence and feeling of being forlorn.

Celine Gordon:

The dark spaces represent the voids that this crisis has left in our lives, and acknowledges the different types of loss New Mexicans have experienced throughout the pandemic. I dedicate this to those who have lost their lives or loved ones, those who have lost businesses and opportunity, and those who have lost connection and community.

Diane Palley:

A desert cottontail rabbit sits alert among dried out cottonwood leaves falling from a bare tree; the first of many losses to come. The rabbit retreats underground to safety, and also to isolation. The moon is covered with clouds, rain and tears; a lobo howls in anguish. The branches of the bare tree meet those of the living tree; we are all connected even when separated. The rabbit cautiously crawls out of safety underground to eat corn, beans, and squash. A roadrunner struts along a living branch toward an unknown future. A dove-hurt, sick, afraid-hides her head in her wing, protected by human hands; we offered our care as well as our distance to our most vulnerable, and to each other. The dove finally is free to fly, but looks down at her former self, remembering the losses and lessons of the year.

Emma Eckert:

Collectively, we have lost so much over the course of this pandemic: jobs, income, homes. The unthinkable, unbearable loss of millions of lives-family, friends, loved ones. Then there are the more subtle losses. The ones that are hard to define, but we acknowledge there is something missing. This is a tribute to my older son, who experienced the loss of spending time with friends, in-person school, and most activities beyond the boundary of our yard. He lost a part of his childhood. He lost some of the magic. He was sitting on the couch in a sunbeam, his hands playing with dust motes in the light. It was all at once sad and endearing, yet hopeful. To me, the image is symbolic of the many lives lost, like stardust-gone but their light not forgotten and reaching out towards a hopeful future.