

Life Goes On

There was a time in my life when I was bringing up three children and taking care of a sick husband when I painted my own furniture Peter Hunt Style. They said "Artist" for me was inevitable as my grandmother painted seriously in her seventies. My mother died before she had seen any art work of mine. Yet she told me often, "Marcia", "you can paint. I know you can". At my husband's insistence I started to paint seriously in my forties.

I took the time, set the mood and had the determination. For three years my husband and I operated the Gallery and Frame Shop called the "Pigment and Pine Shop" at our home in Chatham.

My husband died in 1974 at the age of forty-nine. We had twenty two happy years together. He was my heart and soul. There is an old Hindu custom called "Suttee". This is the putting the woman left after her husband's death on a pyre also to be burned. They believed that the widow was no good without the man. Many a widow besides myself, at one time or another, thought that this was not such a bad idea. My children had left me and I was sitting at home crying when a friend who I believe God sent called and told me to get ready as we were going out. She also urged me to get a job as I was only forty-seven and I needed to work.

Then upon much advising and much persuasion by the Disabled Vets, I went to Cape Cod Community College. After work and twice a week for four years I earned my Associate of Arts Degree in 1979 at the age of fifty one.