

“ In Green Pastures”

## **Works by Liz Burow**

The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want  
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures:  
He leadeth me beside the still waters.  
He resoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of  
Righteousness for his name's sake  
Psalm 23 1-3

Sunday mornings I watch as a local congregation makes its way to and from a church, which is obscured by the façade of my building. I can only watch as they cross the intersection, double-park their cars and mingle in front of the corner market below. The event has a rhythm all its own and I stand bashfully in the space between my two windows and watch as this community takes over the street for hours, sometimes lasting half of the day.

These Sunday happenings are as constant as the sounds of the Frito-Lay delivery truck on Monday mornings; the 4 am ambulance to the adjacent assisted care facility; the silhouette of a seated man in the window across the street from mine. The images produced here attempt to capture the feeling of my detached, watchful eye. The importance of details and identity fade and are replaced with distilled images of patterns, repetitions, gestures and composition.











*In Green Pastures*

