

“Teacher, which is the most important commandment
in the law of Moses?”

Jesus replied, ““You must love the LORD your God with
all your heart, all your soul, and all your mind.’
This is the first and greatest commandment.

A second is equally important: ‘Love your neighbor as yourself.’
The entire law and all the demands of the prophets
are based on these two commandments.”



"Hope" Acrylic on canvas, 5' x 5', 2017

Art as Prayer

An Exhibition of Paintings by Angelica Sotiriou Rausch



An exhibition of paintings by artist Angelica Sotiriou Rausch, inspired by the prayerful, contemplative Byzantine process of iconography, her paintings utilize a multilayered application of paint working from the darkest values and to the lightest values.

From Angelica ~ My recent paintings have been a personal journey of uncovering and revealing pathways, windows & portals of light and of spirit. As I face my canvas, I seem to be standing on a precipice. I am witness to voyeuristic conversations exchanged between my mind, my heart and my artist hand. Each new work has illuminated another section of a path that takes me further into un-charted visceral silence. Creating these works has become a wordless cry to find my way back home again. I am grateful.

Visit Angelica's website to see & learn more about her work ~
angelicasotiriou.com

"Illuminated Portals of Light, Spirit and Prayer...."

It Must Be

...It must be
we are waiting for the perfect moment.

It must be, under all the struggle we want to go on.

It must be, that deep down, we are creatures
getting ready for when we are needed.

It must be that waiting for the listening ear
or the appreciative word, for the right woman or the right man
or the right moment just to ourselves,
we are getting ready just to be ready and nothing else.

Like this moment just before the guests arrive
working alone in the kitchen sensing a deep down symmetry
in every blessed thing.

The way that everything unbeknownst to us is preparing to meet us too.

Just on the other side of the door someone is about to knock
and our life is just about to change

and finally after all these years rehearsing, behind the curtain,
we might just be ready to go on.

From 'Waiting to Go On': in 'River Flow: New and Selected Poems'
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"Leap of Faith", 6' x 6', acrylic on canvas 2002

"It is only with the heart that one sees rightly;
what is essential is invisible to the eyes."

~ Antoine de Saint Exupery



"Holy Spirit" Acrylic on canvas, 5' x 5', 2012

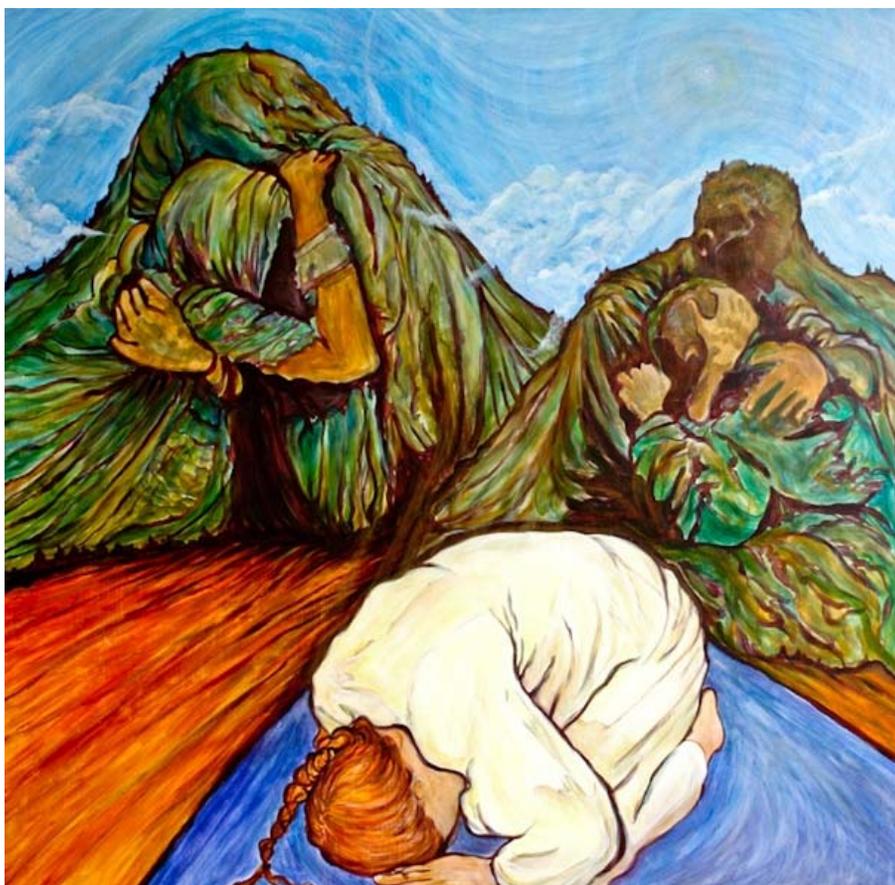
...Grief and resentment, I replace with understanding and agreement.

Revolt, I replace with music that comes from my violin.
Pain I replace with oblivion. Revenge, I replace with victory.

I will be able to love above all discontentment.
To give even when I am stripped of everything.
To work happily even when I find myself in the midst of all obstacles.

To dry tears even when I am still crying.
To believe even when I am discredited...
Thy will be done. Thy will be done."

~ Paul Coelho



"A River of Tears" Acrylic on canvas, 4' x 4', 2002

"I have set my rainbow in the clouds, and it will be the sign of the covenant between Me and the earth." ~ Genesis 9:13



"Noah's Flood ...and the waters receded"
Acrylic on canvas, 15' x 5', 2016



"Have mercy on me, Oh God, in the greatness of Your love, in the abundance of Your tender mercies, wipe out my offence. Wash me thoroughly from my iniquity and cleanse me from my sin for I am will aware of my iniquity and my sin is before me always. It is You alone I have offended."
~ Psalm 50 (51)

"Holy Thursday"
Acrylic on canvas, 6' x 6', 2016

"I was born
as a weak,
helpless
child,
but Your
Angel
spread
wings of
light over
me..

Ever since
then
Your love
lights all
my paths,

Wonderfully
guiding me
towards
the light of
eternity..."

Akathist Hymn
of Thanksgiving
Kontakion 1,
Ikos



"Your Providence"
Acrylic on canvas, 8' x 4', 2018



"Candillia"
Acrylic on canvas, 8' x 4', 2016

Jesus said to her,
"I am the
resurrection and
the life.
The one who
believes in Me
will live, even
though they die"

~ John 11:25

My prayer rose
like incense
in the dead of night,
curling upward
against the sky.
Sweet smoke
coiled, gray shaped
by the night.
Shaped and held
by the dark, which
was itself alive.

I saw the darkness
move. I saw the living
night. It caught the
thin silver of
my prayer and spun,
flared out like wings –
dark & light,
woven close now
and feathered soft.

Stretching sudden,
reaching out... and I
reached back,
narrow arms open wide.
I reached for the
whirling fire-night,
the burning
silver-shadow wings
shining dark.

We did not touch,
the fire that flung
itself out across the
globe, and me with
my featherless wings.

Featherless me, a bony
reflection of the
spreading wings,
the spanning fire,
whose tongues of light
extended in the
crossways of shadow
and splendor,
bent together and
unblent.

And in the wreath
of silver and of dark
...I saw the face
of Christ.

~Ann



"Prayers Rise Like Incense"
Acrylic and gold leaf on canvas, 8' x 4', 2011



"Apostles"
Acrylic on canvas, 8' x 4', 2016

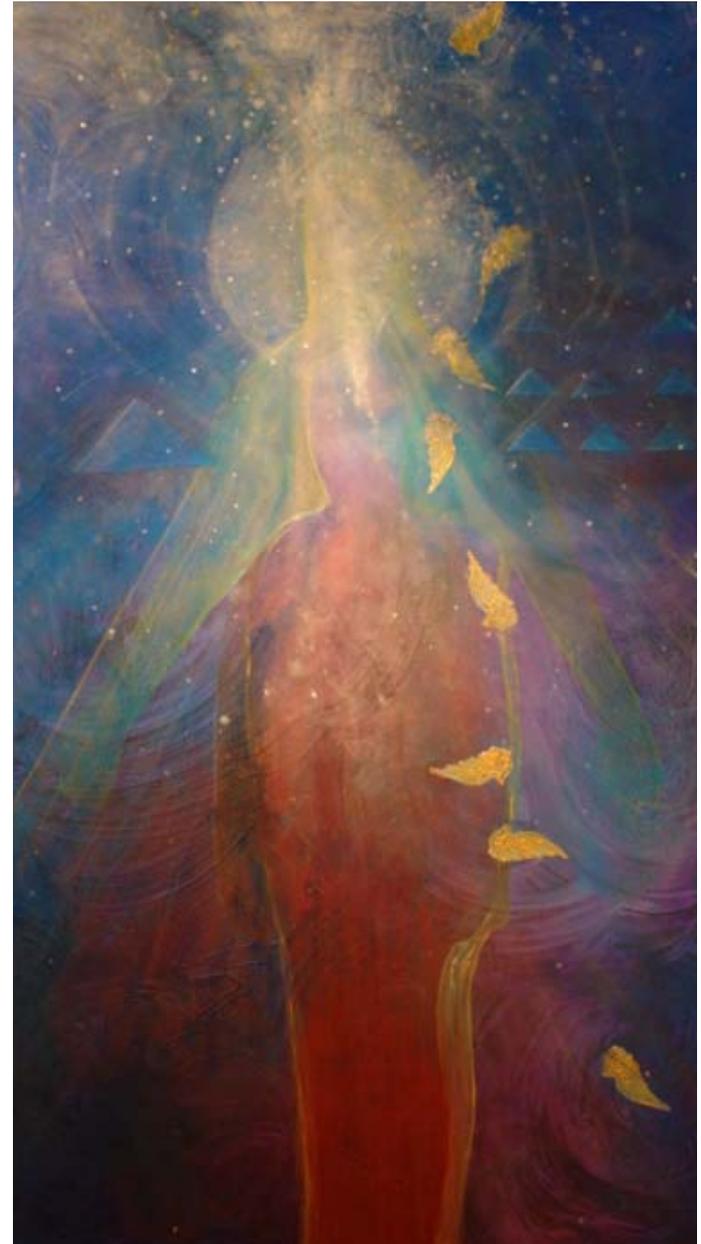
"When
the day of
Pentecost
came, they
were all
together in
one place.
Suddenly a
sound like
the blowing
of a violent
wind came
from heaven
and filled the
whole house
where they
were sitting.
They saw
what seemed
to be
tongues
of fire that
separated
and came to
rest on each
of them."
~ Acts 2

"Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread; and forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive those who trespass against us; and lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil..."



"On Earth as it is in Heaven"
Acrylic on canvas, 8' x 4', 2017

"Nine Orders of Saints & Angels"
Acrylic on canvas, 8' x 4', 2014



"The sun penetrates crystal and makes it more dazzling. In the same way, the sanctifying Spirit indwells in souls and makes them more radiant. They become like so many powerhouses beaming grace..." ~ St. Basil

"The Tomb, He is not there"
Acrylic and gold leaf on canvas, 8' x 4', 2016



"The Sunday of Myrrh-bearing Women falls on the 2nd Sunday following Pascha. The myrrh-bearers had brought funeral spices and ointments to finish committing Christ's body to the grave. They were the first to see the empty tomb & were instructed by the risen Lord to bring the joyful news to the apostles.

There are eight women who are generally identified as the myrrh-bearers. Each of the four Gospels gives a different aspect of the roles of these eight women at the cross and at the tomb on Easter morning, perhaps since the eight women arrived in different groups and at different times. The eight are: Mary Magdalene; Mary, the Theotokos; Salome, the mother of the sons of Zebedee; Mary the wife of Cleopas; Mary and Martha of Bethany, the sisters of Lazarus; Joanna, wife of Chouza, a steward of Herod Antipas; and Susanna."

~ from the GOARCH site

"We seldom notice how each day is a holy place, where the eucharist of the ordinary happens, transforming our broken fragments into an eternal continuity that keeps us.

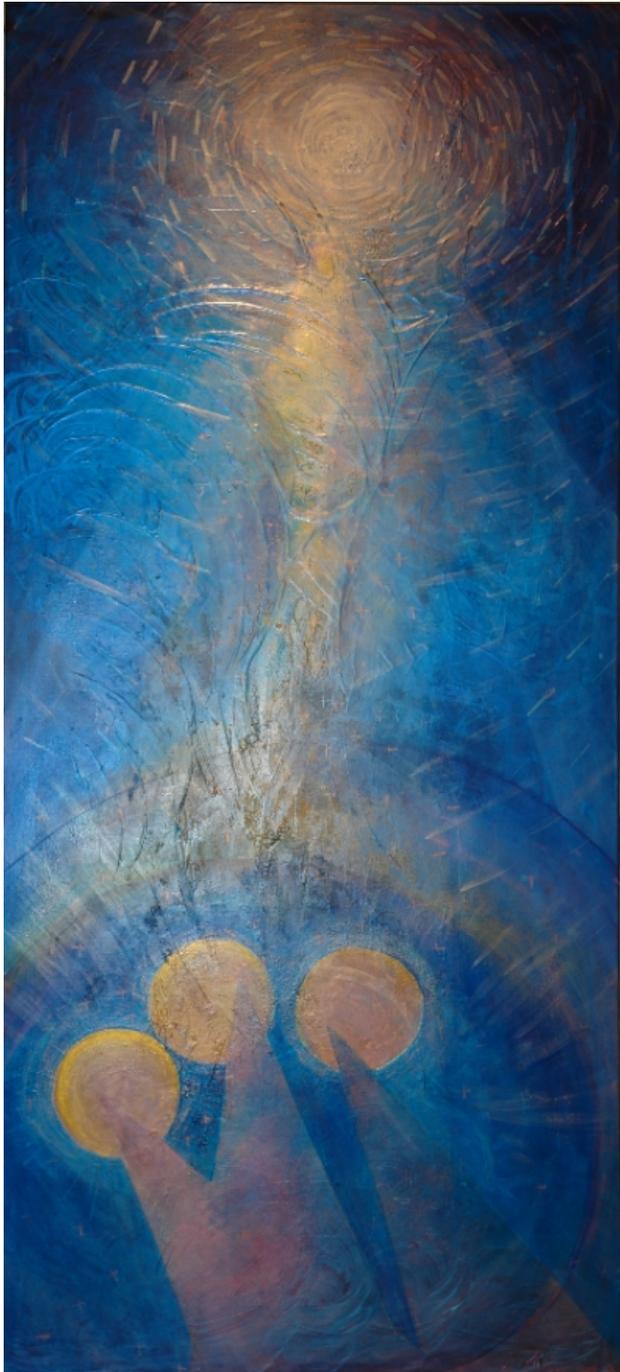
Somewhere in us a dignity presides that is more gracious than the Smallness that fuels us with fear and force, a dignity that trusts the form a day takes.

So at the end of this day, we give thanks for being betrothed to the unknown and for the secret work through which the mind of the day and wisdom of the soul become one."

~ John O'Donohue



"Road to Emmaus"
Acrylic on canvas, 8' x 4', 2015



"Nativity"
Acrylic on canvas, 9' x 4', 2016

For to us a child is born,
to us a son is given,
and the government
will be on his shoulders.
And he will be called
Wonderful Counselor,
Mighty God,
Everlasting Father,
Prince of Peace.

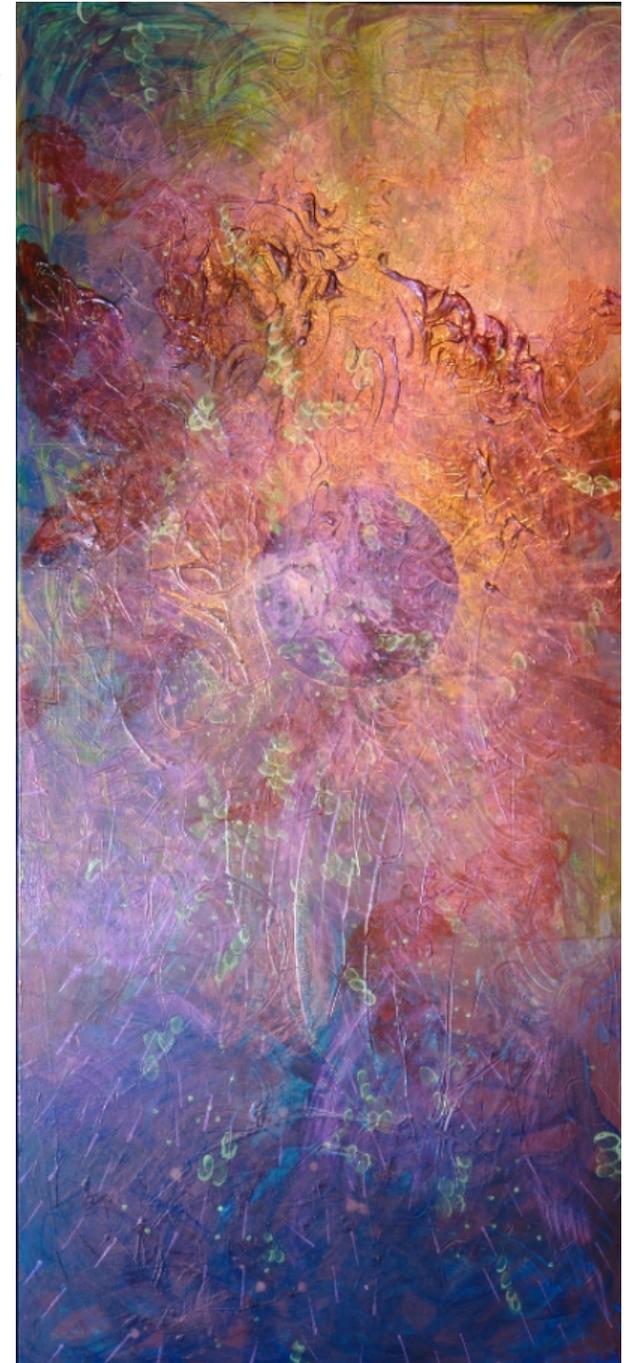
~ Isaiah 9:6

"Forgiveness is not just
a thing nice people do.
It's not a tactic we might
consider for personal
self-improvement
or to tidy up our
spiritual lives.

As the world we live in
spirals toward greater
feats of injustice,
greed, violence, and
bigotry, the reasons
to forgive mount
astronomically.
The cost of
unforgiveness, too,
becomes ever
more apparent.

Forgiveness reveals
itself to be not just
one possible option
for the future but the
only viable chance
we've got to have
a future."

~ Alice Camille & Paul
Boudreau



"Seventy Times Seven"
Acrylic on canvas, 9' x 4', 2014