

ABSTRACT

FRAMED IN GREEN

Just as I have romanticized my own childhood, remembering only times of perfect simplicity, I have also romanticized my rural upbringing. To look back at it honestly, I see that my remembered youth is a reflection of my family's history. My forefathers appeared to have an innate connection to the rural life. But in the writing of this thesis, I have learned that it was far more complicated. My father, with his dual professions, represented a rare juxtaposition of living in and outside the rural community. Behind the simple labels labored a human impulse stronger than wanting to be part of the agricultural landscape. My father and those before him had a dream, a vision that was driven by the desire to be recognized. I have struggled to find my own place in this family line, for I am caught somewhere between simple complacency and restless ambition.

Kelly Grace LaSalle
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