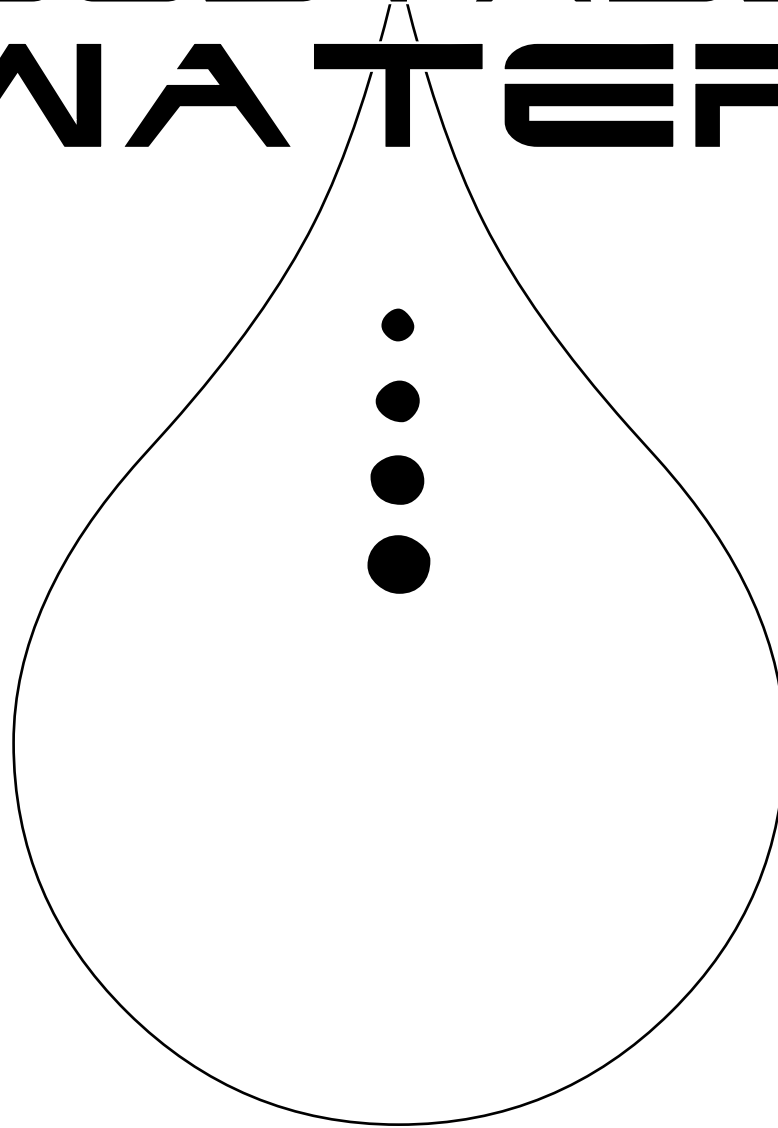
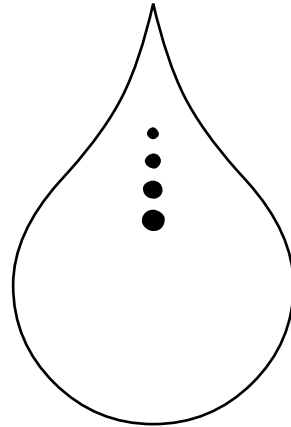


**JUST ADD
WATER**



WHITNEY LOFRANO

**JUST ADD
WATER**



To say "water is life" is trite. But, when you are in pain and start to forget the basics, it needs to be drilled into your head again and again. "Wash your face. You'll feel better." "Have a glass of water. Calm down."

"JUST ADD WATER" is about submerging in self care after the lockdown and watching my sister lose her battle with Ovarian Cancer. So many of her dreams unfulfilled, I decided to live my dream life now without apologizing to anyone. My self care is on display here so it might inspire those who are parched to ask for a glass of water or a boat ride down the river or an island adventure oceans away.

Please enjoy each section of show:

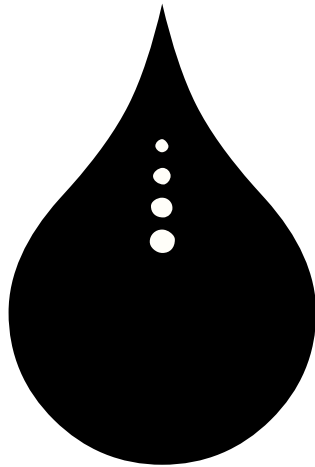
A life changing trip to Japan with my daughter and my personal experience with the formal Kimono dressing ritual (Acrylic on Copper). An equally life changing trip to the North Atlantic, Faroe Islands with my friends Jen and Suzy (Ocean and landscapes with Oil on Canvas).

A collection of flowers for Lisa. Inspired by my morning walks with my beloved dog, Prince. Flowers were my sister's largest indulgence. I have painted a flower for each month Lisa has been gone from our lives. (Oil on Wood Box)

Boating California. Stories from The Captain's Log 2022 - 2023 (Acrylic on Canvas & Acrylic on Copper)

Safety Nets. These nets were manifested by my largest commission to date, a shining reminder that we are all able to survive only because of the strong people around us on firm ground. These paintings are meant to be a visual reminder to toss nets to our loved ones when they need one or for US to shout for a net from our loved ones if we are drowning.

And lastly, the biggest gift of this show is a sprinkling my Gram's work. Shiela Lonie, my first art teacher, will be 100-years-old in 2024. And she is famous for keeping her best work to herself. So, you will see her most coveted paintings and she will be having an art show at The Seasons of Reno simultaneously in January 2024 She gave me the basic skills to create. She promised me that my creativity would always get me out of my darkest times. She continues to be my creative glass of water in many ways.



“WRAP, WALK & WOW”

Just like Anne Lamott’s three prayers, “Help. Thanks. Wow.” In Kyoto last year, my daughter and I were encouraged to experience the formal Kimono dressing.

I thought, “This will be fun!”

Picking the fabrics, sashing and hair bobbles was fun. But, as each of the 7 layers of silk cinched around my curves, my light started to dim. It was hot and it was hard to breath. I was not even in the dressing room for 45 minutes before I had a slight panic. Will I make it 4 hours?

Walking around Kyoto, visiting the temples, while wearing wooden shoes on cobblestoned streets was challenging. Each local I passed gave me the thumbs up of encouragement. The minutes passing like hours, I felt deeper respect for every woman in Japan. The state of grace and zen like calmness the mind and body needs to wear such a harsh wrapping was mind bending.

And then, WOW, the absolute freedom of the Kimono coming off. It was a spiritual experience.

36in x 36in Acrylic on Copper • \$1800 each



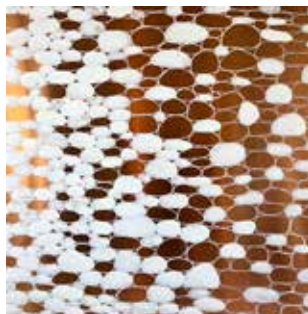
“WRAP 1”



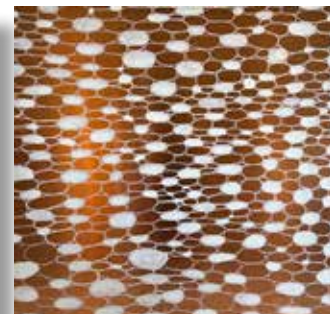
“WRAP 2”



“WRAP 3”



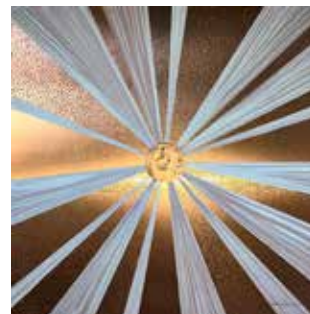
“WALK 1”



“WALK 2”



“WALK 3”



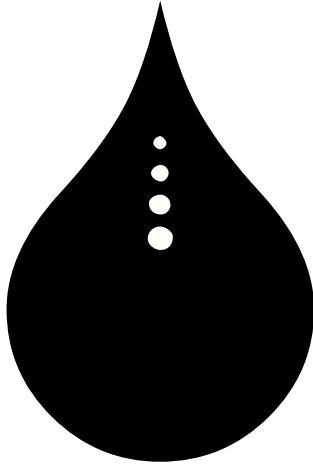
“WOW 1”



“WOW 2”



“WOW 3”



FAROE ISLANDS ADVENTURES *“Highway to Hell”*

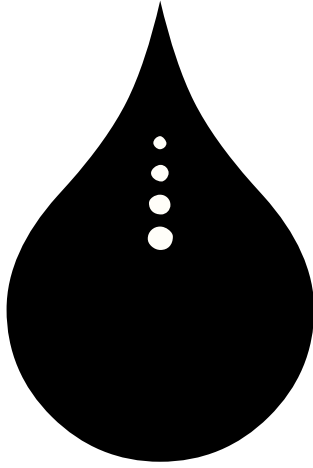
Jen, Suzy and I loved watching the beauty of the Faroe Islands from Instagram for years. We finally made a trip this year and to our delight, it was everything we hoped it would be. Our very first morning we went to look at cliffs of bird colonies by Ribb Boat with Erland. He was the best boat captain we could have asked for.

He ended our tour through tight fitting caves by cranking up the speed to 70MPH while playing “Highway to Hell” approaching the oldest church on the islands.

This vantage point in the painting is from the puffins looking down at us in our Ribb boat screaming with joy.

16in x 20in Oil in Canvas • \$900





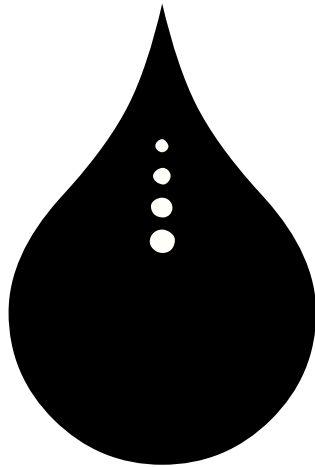
FAROE ISLANDS ADVENTURES *“Suzy Leads the Way”*

Very quickly into our adventure we figured out our jobs. I was the driver, Suzy was in charge of our adventures and Jen was in charge of music, directions and fake pumps.

Jen and I would consider ourselves travelers. But Suzy is one of the most well-traveled people I have ever met AND she loves to hike. The Faroe Islands are a hikers paradise. So there were times that Jen and I were holding her back. She was leading us at every turn. Looking forward in her bright yellow scarf this was the view for me and Jen most of the trip. We were in capable hands.



16in x 20in Oil in Canvas • \$900



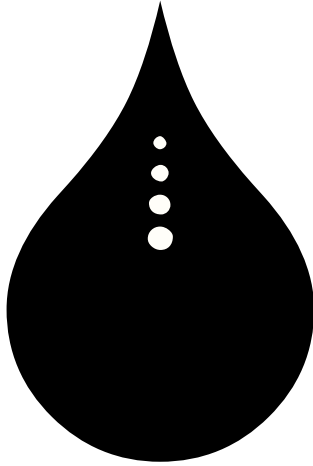
FAROE ISLANDS ADVENTURES *“Puffins Don’t Like Music Festivals”*

We were told that our Puffin Boat ride to Mykines got cancelled due to weather. So we decided to try and get in a music festival on another island that had puffin sightings reported recently.

After a calm and foggy boat ride, we walked and walked and walked on another beautiful green island with beautiful boats and cliffs. No puffins. Instead, we had some horrible coffee and met two lovely English speaking local men in a pub that knew all about Sacramento. They also were impressed that we had eaten whale the night before. So much for Californians saving the whales.



16in x 20in Oil in Canvas • \$900



FAROE ISLANDS ADVENTURES *“Sea You Later”*

Mikladalur was the sight of the Seal Wife statue. A Faroese story about a woman being trapped into being a wife and a mother when she really was forever longing for the sea. She escaped with her seal skin. Her earthbound family was killed by the fishermen because she reclaimed her freedom.

(Typical dudes.)

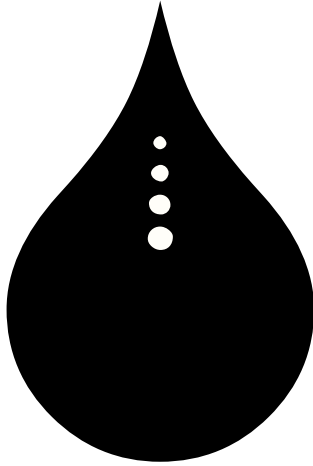
Even today, her curse is well known. It takes the lives of fishermen to avenge the family those murderous fishermen took from the world.

It was fitting that this was the WORST day of weather we had the entire trip. The ocean was rough and the winds were out of control. I could empathize with a woman wanting to sometimes go back to where she started. So, I painted the sight of the statue with her gone.

She was out to sea and out of sight.

24in x 24in Oil in Canvas • \$1200





FAROE ISLANDS ADVENTURES *“Beautiful Defeat”*

Jen decided to sit out our hike to the lighthouse while Suzy and I scaled the windy hills of Kalsoy Island.

(Did I mention, Jen is a certified genius?)

The lighthouse where James Bond has his grave was our destination, but we were overwhelmed by the wild in this perilous place; the worst weather of our entire trip.

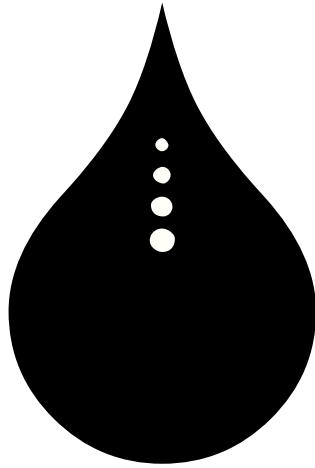
The rain felt like needles on our cheeks. The sheep retreating as we tried to sit and wait out the weather shoving me to the ground. It was visual poetry.

Suzy is a very experienced hiker and probably could have pushed on. She realized my good attitude had its limits, I am a fairweather adventurer and so she took mercy on me.

We turned around and Jen never said “I told you so.” And that is why we have been friends for 26 years.



24in x 24in Oil in Canvas • \$1200



FAROE ISLANDS ADVENTURES *“Torshavn Night One & Two”*

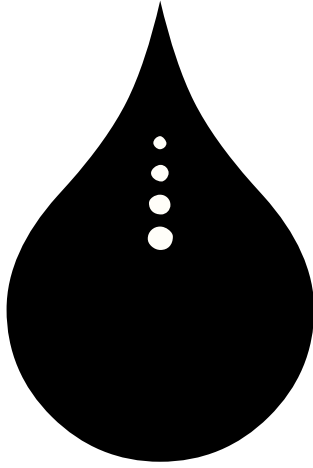
The first and second nights in the Faroe Islands capital of Torshavn we walked around the charming town. We looked at the boats and settled into the dream of being in the most interesting place ever. We accidentally came across the prime minister’s office and laughed about how casual the place was with security. Knowing how hard it was for us to get here, there was not much need for security.

The night seemed to radiate with no real source of light. Buoys glowing while calm waters held them like magic. Thinking about the vivid clarity now makes me long for the Summer we spent in The North Atlantic.

“Torshavn Night One” & “Torshavn Night Two”

24in x 24in Oil in Canvas • \$1200 each





“A Dozen Flowers for my Sister”

Last winter, California was in the grips of the wettest season in years. During this same time, my sister Lisa decided to stop fighting her cancer. She passed on January 16th at the age of 59 with my sister Ann by her side.

Lisa said that one of her largest indulgences were fresh cut flowers. She absolutely loved them and all nature.

No matter the weather I walk my dog in the morning. I talk with neighbors while enjoying the flowers. This year was a super bloom. The color and volume of blooms were so beautiful I could not help but be inspired through my sadness. Please enjoy each goopy flower. I have one for every month Lisa has been gone. And maybe they will bring you joy in remembrance of your sister or friend who also battled through a storm to find beauty on the other side.

6in x 6in Oil on Wood Box • \$250 each



“JANUARY”



“FEBRUARY”



“MARCH”



“APRIL”



“MAY”



“JUNE”



“JULY”



“AUGUST”



“SEPTEMBER”



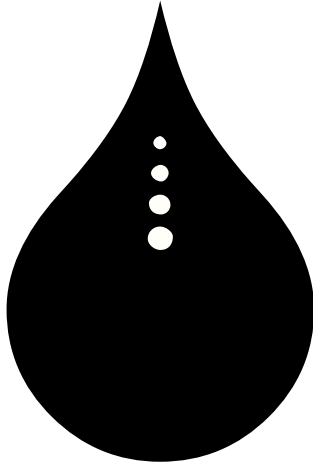
“OCTOBER”



“NOVEMBER”



“DECEMBER”

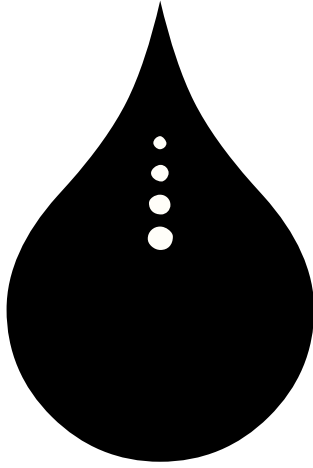


“Captain’s Log - Knot Hot”

Have you ever met someone so good looking that you couldn't concentrate? Well, that happened to me the first time I met my boating instructor Wes. He must have thought I was an idiot without the ability to speak. THIS GUY will be giving me life saving tips and tricks every week on the Sacramento River? How could I be so lucky? He had me tie knots, learn about the wing dams and the tide tables and all the safety info I could use as a boater. And while at first I had fantasies about this beautiful man, he started weaving into our instruction his love of guns and conspiracy theories and my fantasy fizzled. This hilarious twist of fate may have saved my life and the lives of all those aboard my boat for years to come.

16in x 20in Acrylic in Canvas • \$900





“Captain’s Log - Ladies Who Launch”

Anyone can drive to lunch. We like to boat up river for our lunch between grocery shopping and picking up the kids.

Since most of my friends are gals, I am very impressed that my girlfriends, my sister and aunt trusted me as their captain the first year I learned to boat.

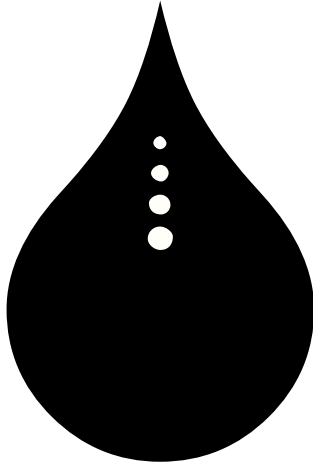
The Sacramento River to lunch up at The Alamar, Tahoe to Sunnyside and then, Sam’s in Tiburon... Each of my brave gals got to witness me harness the magic of the water and have a true power lunch. We left fun in our wake.

“Ladies Who Launch”

16in x 20in Acrylic on Canvas • \$1200

8in x 22in Acrylic on Copper framed • \$1400





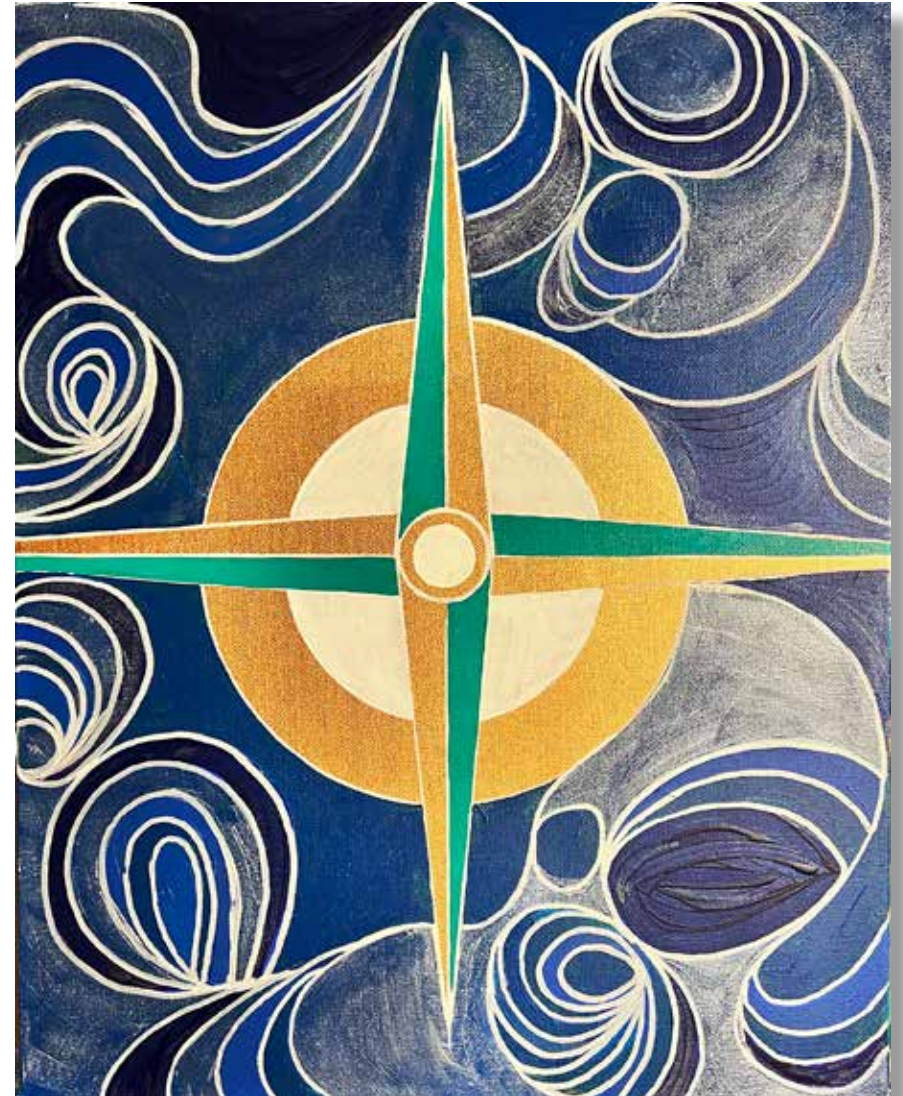
“Captain’s Log - Directions”

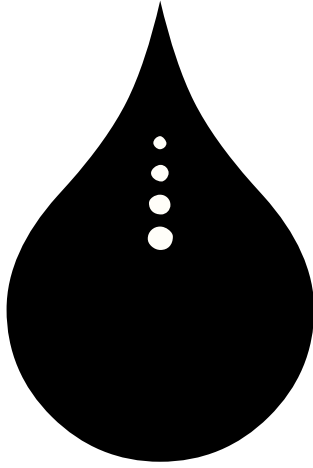
Jose, a young artist and charming storyteller, got to be a passenger on my boat one afternoon after a chance meeting through friends. Amy, my friend, asked rapid fire questions on his hopes and dreams over lunch at The Alamar which I delighted in. But we see that he is struggling with his life.

And working out a plan right in front of our eyes. “Which way should I go?” The question most of us have in our twenties. He says, while kayaking high, he had a thought that the Navy might steady his income and take him all over the world. And by the end of our lunch, he was convinced it was his best option. Amy and I were stunned. Not sure if we just witnessed the worst decision an artist and dreamer could make or the best. But, we enjoyed the day talking to the dreamy Spainard making life choices while the river slowly rippled by.

“Directions”

16in x 20in Acrylic in Canvas • \$900





“Captain’s Log - Rusty”

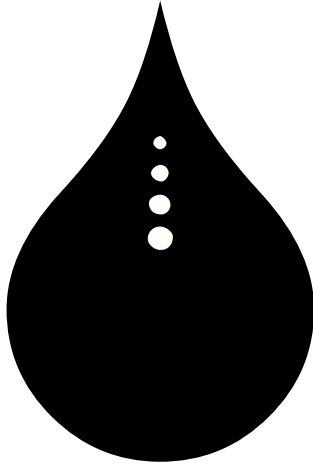
“I can’t believe it, my grandfather had a Stephens Yacht in the 1930s. Can we go on it?” I ask, doubtfully. “I will see if we can go before they leave for Newport next week,” Amy says.

And a dream comes true! Rusty part owner in the yacht he convinced my neighbor Ted to fix up with him two years ago said “YES.” So, Amy and I are cruising like Kennedy’s on the San Joaquin early last Spring. I ask Rusty when he fell in love with boating. He tells me “There was a flood when I was a kid. My Godfather and I went out on a little boat to check the damage. We smoked cigarettes and made the best of a bad situation. That is when I remember being happiest on the water.”

So, in tribute to Rusty making my yachting dreams come true, I painted the bow of the beautiful “Joie.” The shiny port hole reflects the storm Rusty remembers all those years ago as he makes his way south to claim the 1st Place for 2023.

“The Storm Propels Him Forward” or “Rusty”
16in x 20in Acrylic in Canvas • \$900





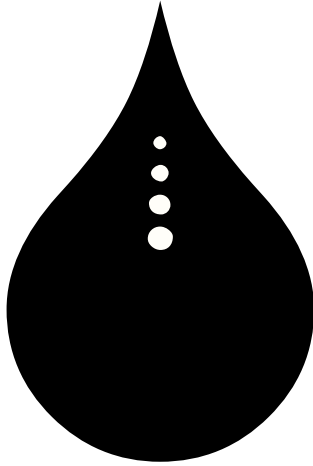
“Captain’s Log - Fleet Week”

Aside from getting my husband out on the Sacramento River, my next goal was to captain a boat for Fleet Week in the San Francisco Bay. Practicing by myself and with my Aunt Syrene over the first year, I wanted to feel confident. Going out with a fun crew to watch the Blue Angels fly and navigate the waters of The Bay with all the boats without intimidation, this was a steep goal for a new boater. And on Friday, October 6th, we were gifted with the most beautiful day I have ever seen on The Bay. The sky so blue as the Golden Gate’s orange red paint complimented the sky and the water. The temps soaring to the 90s. My boat full of folks I deeply love. What could be better? Oh, watching the government spend millions to entertain us for 45 glorious minutes. And a day that I will never forget with my friends and family.

“Fleet Week”

20in x 16in Acrylic in Canvas • \$900





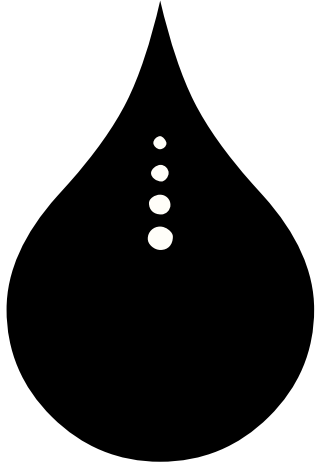
“Out of the Cold”

Sometimes when I get down, I find myself closing off from my family and friends. I want to go into a cave. Something like the Matterhorn in Disneyland. I want to be left alone in a room cold enough that my goosedown blanket can wrap me up warm and I can sleep and sleep and sleep until Spring.

My family becomes my net, pulling me out into the warmer world. Forcing me to leave behind the comfort of the nest I would rather be in. Growling like the monster swiping at the bobsled, I emerge. I know I need to get back in line and just put on my ears like the rest of the world to pound the pavement. It's not healthy to ride the darkness alone.



40in x 60in Acrylic in Canvas • \$2300

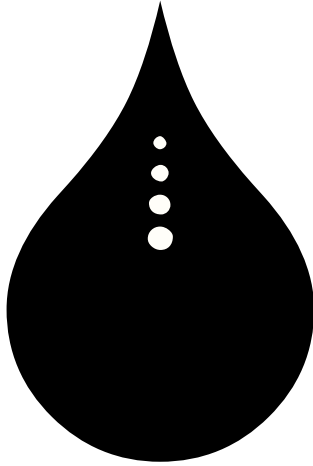


“Toxic Positivity”

I had never heard this term before my step-mother died. It made me think of a huge flower garden and the pollen choking a poor bastard with the worst allergies. Who else would need to be saved from something so good? It turns out, that being too positive can be harmful. It's a coping mechanism to make light of a horrible situation and it can make those suffering feel like they are going crazy for feeling sad in a sad situation. So the net I have created in this painting is faint. A subtle reminder to let someone be sad if they need to be for a bit. Brushing off a bad thing with “Everything Happens for a Reason” or “God won't give you more than you can handle” can feel like a gut punch to someone who is in deep pain. This is a reminder to allow pain to happen. To be witness. To hold up a friend or family member without smoothing it over until they are ready to feel joy.

“Toxic Positivity”
40in x 60 in Acrylic in Canvas • \$2300



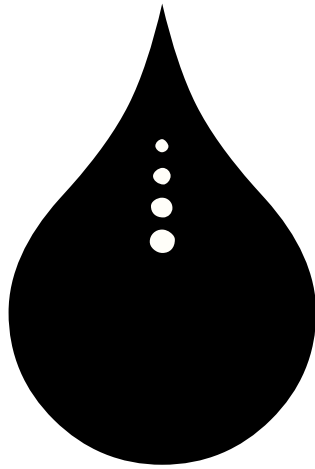


“The Space Between”

“There is nothing more that we can do to save her.”
We held my dad as he sobbed for his wife and her life.
His strong body much weaker from all the years of caring
for her. The loss of his first born only months before.
All the grief finally catching up in one large stormy year.
His arms relaxed around me and I felt the power shift.
In that moment, I became his main caretaker.
I held him and was quiet while he let it all go.
The space between his tear drops held a powerful
lesson, even if that wasn't clear yet.
Could I be quiet long enough to catch it?
And then, a couple days later he decided he wanted a dog.



40in x 40in Acrylic in Canvas • \$1800



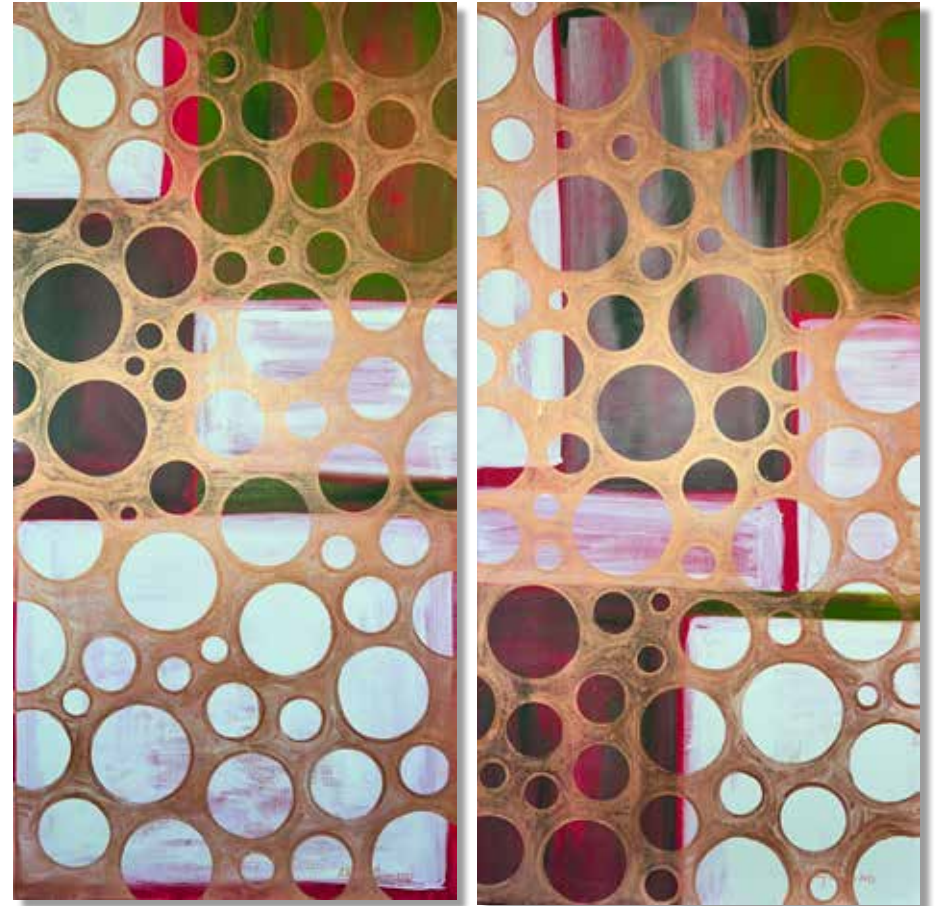
“Stacking Up”

There was a moment in my marriage when my husband required that I know when he did tasks around the house.

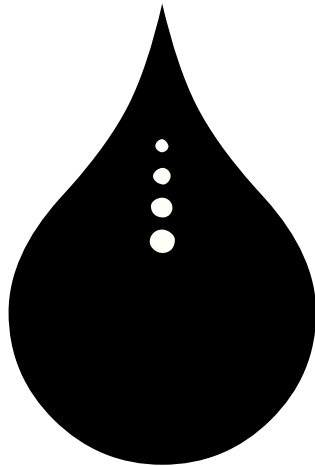
Like a child needing praise, he would let me know, “I just took out the trash.” or “I fixed that light switch.”

It was comical and annoying depending on my level of spiritual fitness. And I would always think, you wouldn't have time to hear me list all the micro tasks that I get done in a day on top of caring for our children. But, as I stack the tasks along with aging parents to care for, I am starting to need that praise too. And my husband gives it often and it feels good. Appreciation might just be what unburdens our

load. Splitting this painting in two, I wanted this to be a reminder that your tasks and your partners tasks should work to compliment each other. Give thanks often and lovingly. Where would we be without the help and praise?



40in x 20in Acrylic in Canvas • \$2100 for both

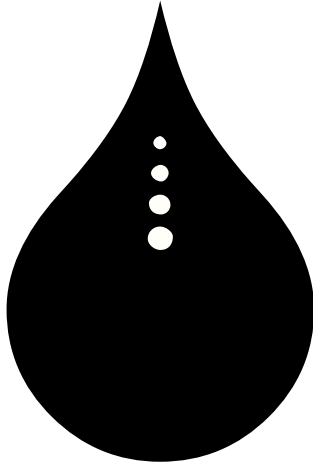


“The Rain”

I couldn't tell where the storm started,
but I felt the rain. Trying to figure out where
it started was pointless. It was here.
How was I to react? Do I get to shelter?
Or do I dance in it and feel
the salvation of letting go?

40in x 30in Acrylic in Canvas • \$1800





“HOW”

“How do you do it all?” and “How do you get so much done?”
These are questions that I get asked all the time.

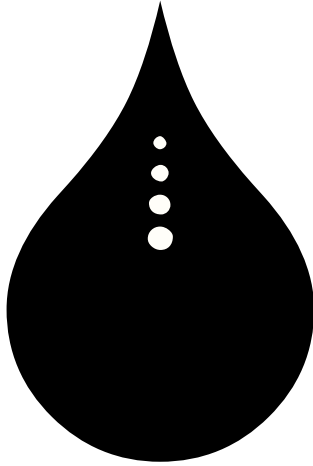
Being Honest with myself and those around me.
Being Open to wonder, miracles and new ideas.
Being Willing to change course at any moment.

This is HOW I get through my day.

When I practice honesty, openness and willingness,
I seem to be blessed with an abundance of breadcrumbs
leading me to the next thing. And it makes my bubble so
bright and exciting that I can't imagine doing it any other
way ever again. The sleep isn't half bad either.



40in x 40in Acrylic in Canvas • \$2100



“Anticipation of The Storm”

If my eyes are open, I can see it coming.
I know that this calm water will eventually
be rough. The anticipation. The excitement.

Try to stay in the moment. Breathe.

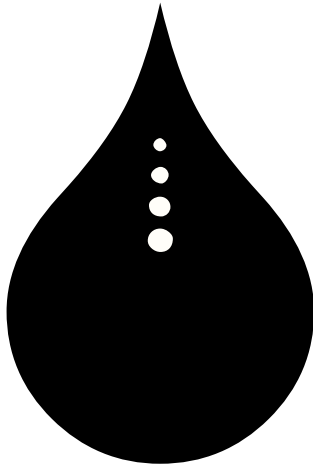
Witness the beauty in the now.

Hold the beauty in the turmoil between worlds.

Beautiful anticipation can be a wonder if we are
off the water before waves begin to crash.

40in x 30in Acrylic in Canvas • \$1800





“Crackling Air”

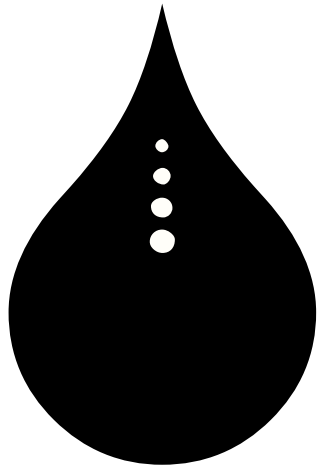
The night before we left, my sister and cousins made fun of the advertisement saying Sedona had air that crackled. But as we stood at the base of Bell Rock and the sun set the air on fire, I was not the only one convinced the advertisement had not lied.

Slightly possessed, standing in the desert laughing, singing, and celebrating the people we were missing, we listed positive qualities and honored their light in our lives. Was it the crackling air? Who knows, but this place was the springboard to the deeper healing our parents were not able to do with each other. The crackling air could not wash it all away.

But it ignited a deeper trust in each other - sisters and cousins - and a beginning of a shared history that involved a bit of magic in our family story.

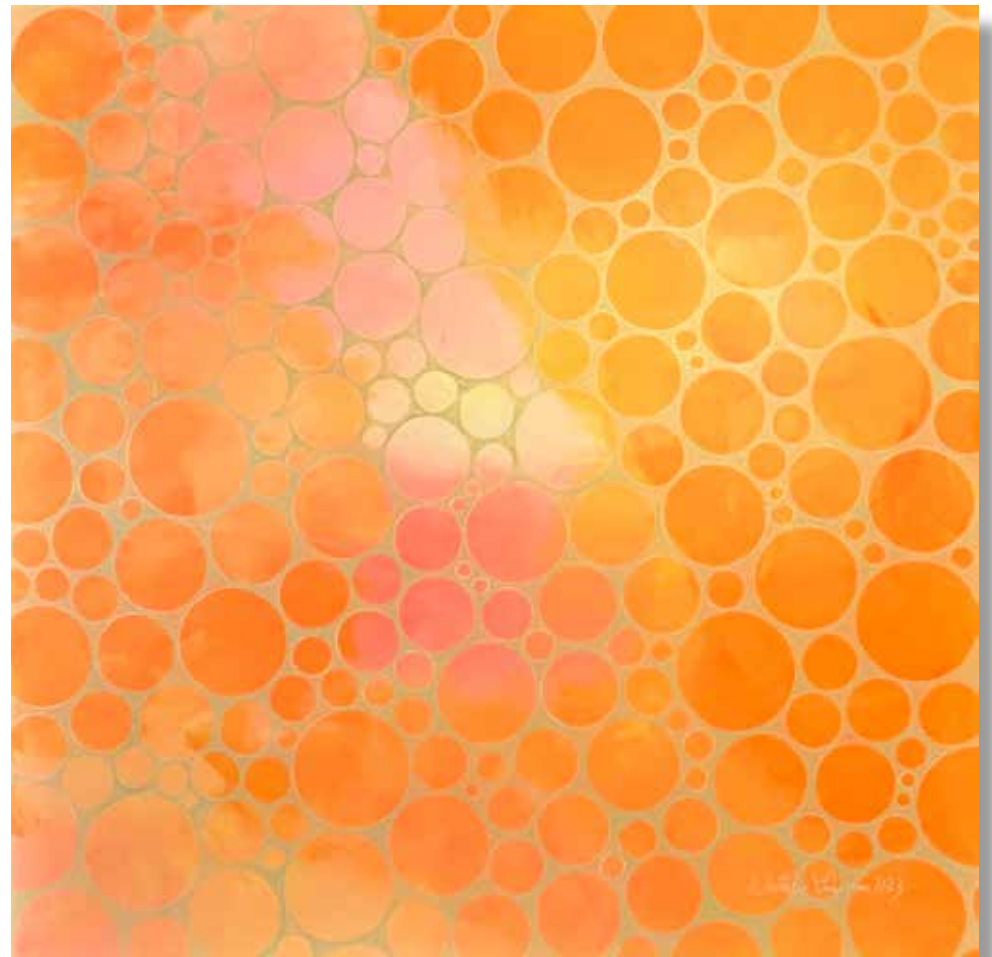


40in x 60in Acrylic in Canvas • \$2100

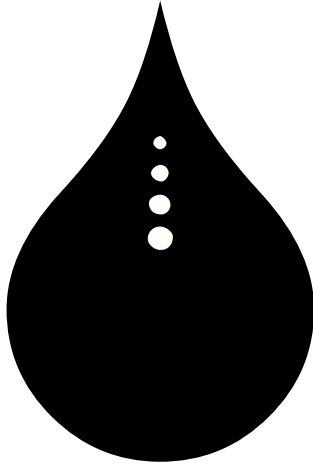


“Vortex Energy”

Can I harness the easy, breezy time on
vacation with my sister and cousin in Sedona
and keep it alive in the real world?
Will the magical vortex energy follow me home?
This net is to remind me to never deny myself
the power of female energy, shamans and crystals.
Even if I think I am too busy for magic,
it's not too busy for me.
And most importantly, if the vortex is serving up
Faroese Atlantic Salmon in the desert,
magic can happen in the real world too.



40in x 40in Acrylic in Canvas • \$2100



“Reflecting on Warmth”

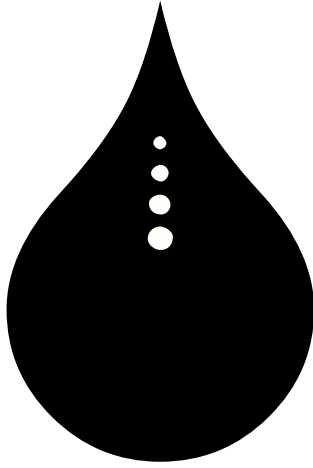
Even more charming than grass insulating the homes in the Faroe Islands, the prime minister’s phone number is in the phone book and old people serve strangers waffles out of their homes for fun.

It’s just too much loveliness for this California girl to take in even now. But cozy is a way of life in The Faroe Islands. The kindness and warmth are contagious.

You might just find me one day, painting in a warm, grass covered home after boating in the sea and tending to my sheep. Probably only one.
To keep my roof trimmed of course.

40in x 40in Acrylic in Canvas • \$2100





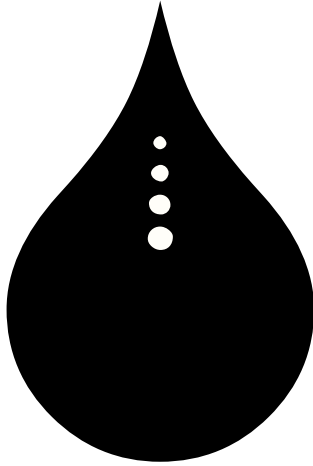
“The Grove”

The deer were eating out of our hands and the light was low in Nara, Japan. I snapped a photo of the grove of trees before we hopped on a train back to Kyoto.

Later, looking for the photo, I thought about it... five trees standing alone. The five of us siblings, still standing together in this moment in time. There would only be one more month before the first of us fell. Our grove changed forever.



40in x 60in Acrylic in Canvas • \$2300



“Tahoe in Winter” by Shiela Lonie

This was painted by my Gram for her oldest friend Alyce Craft. Tahoe was one of my Gram’s favorite subjects. Both gals eventually had waterfront homes in Incline Village. The two ladies grew up in Berkeley together, riding the trolley and ferry to the World’s Fair on Treasure Island after school.

When they speak on the phone to this day, they are like school girls. Both 99-years-young.

I aquired this painting when Alyce decided she didn’t want to come back to Tahoe from Honolulu anymore.

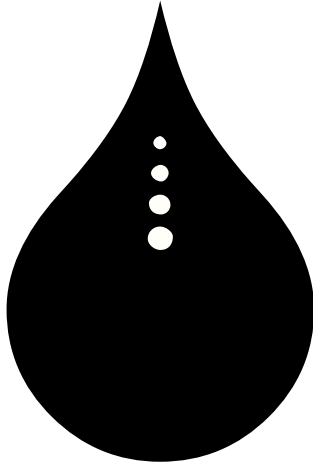
Her daughter called and asked if I wanted the painting while she was cleaning out the house at Tahoe. One of her best.

While my Gram has slowed down a lot, Alyce is still driving.

Watch out for a brand new white Jaguar to headed to The Outrigger Canoe Club in Honlolulu.



60in x 60in Oil on Canvas • NFS



“Poppies” by Shiela Lonie

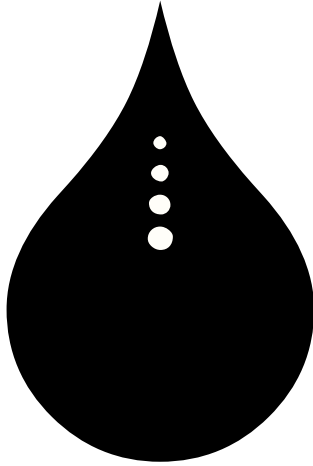
One of the older paintings in my collection from Gram.
I keep this in my closet and look at it while I pick out
my shoes for the day.

This painting still has my real grandfather’s last name,
so I know that she was still working out of her tiny studio in
her home in the 70’s. A converted bedroom, just like the one
that I work out of in my home.

This orange background was so bold for her.
I love how much hope is in this painting.

12in x 12in Acrylic on Canvas • NFS





“Mendo” by Shiela Lonie

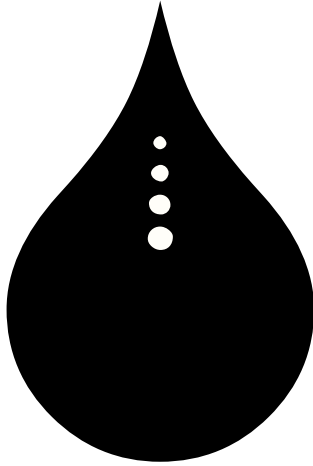
Very often my Gram would have a creative pilgrimage to Mendocino to stay with her friend Vilma.

Vilma was a wonderful friend and artist. When I started to paint and gain traction, my Gram said that I should be like Vilma. “She always knew her worth and never gave away her work. Stick to that and you will go far. I wish I had.”

The two ladies would paint the ocean, the grasses and each other. Often taking photos and painting from the photos. But, every once and a while, they would work in Plein Air.



20in x 24in Oil on Canvas • NFS



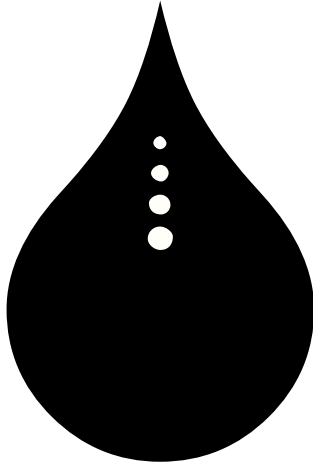
“Reno Sunset” by Shiela Lonie

About three years before my Gram had to move out of her beautiful home at the base of Mt. Rose Highway, she started painting the sky and the sunsets all the time.

I had never seen her work get this dramatic in all my years working with her. It was wonderful to see the reactions of the talented group that she had assembled to paint with her on Thursdays and Saturdays. Her painting community that kept her reading the paper in snow storms and made sure she had enough company when the family couldn't get to her. The artists prolonged her creative life and I was honored to join them all when I could.

20in x 24in Oil on Canvas • NFS





“Ribbons of Life” by Shiela Lonie

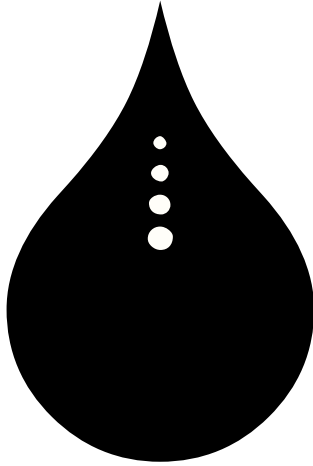
When my step-grandfather Don Lonie passed away in the late 1990s I was still in college. He was the only grandfather I really ever got to know. He married my Gram when I was six and he was fun. He was from Portland (and the reason that I became a Duck). He swept my Gram off her feet. They traveled the world and lived the fanciest life I had ever seen.

Rubbing shoulders with Presidents of the United States and golfing with the who’s who of the 1980s and 1990s. Don was a great dancer and he loved to sing with my Gram at their baby grand.

My gram told me she painted this to process her grief.

50in x 50in Oil on Canvas • NFS





“California Shrub Trees” by Shiela Lonie

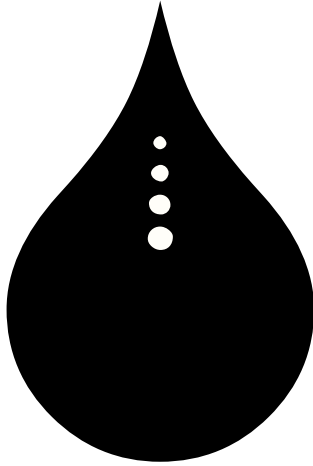
One of the things that I love about my family is the deep roots in California AND Nevada.

My Gram’s family has 200 years of history in Reno. But my Gram was born in the Bay Area, as was my mom and then me. So while we all lived in Reno at some point in our lives, the green hills of the East Bay (specifically Berkeley) feel like home to us. The way they dry out in the Summer and get Irish green in the Spring.

This painting lives in my art studio as a reminder of my childhood looking at Wildcat Canyon.

24in x 36in Oil on Canvas • NFS



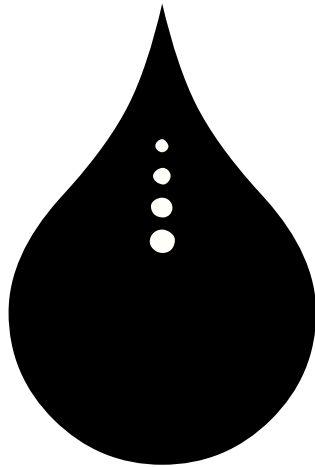


“Persimmons” by Shiela Lonie

I have no history on this painting.
But there was a bunch of them while
cataloguing her work when she moved.
This was the best of them.

24in x 12in Oil on Canvas • NFS





“Same Soil, Three Results”

Siblings grow from the same soil.
Given the same amount of sunlight, love and energy.
They grow in different ways.

As a parent, how do I find that sweet spot to
love them equally and also give the individual care?

Letting go of the results might just be the trick
to watch them bloom.



52in x 68in Watercolor on Paper • \$3200