

MJ Edwards



“The rituals of morning coffee and afternoon tea link the stages of my day and of my life. But just as important as the beverage are the memories each cupful conjures.

“Sweet milky tea transports me back to childhood, to foggy afternoons with family and friends playing games in front of an open fire at our summer cottage, or to times with my mother’s friends when I was asked to pass the cookies around the room, accompanied by my mother’s instructions of “please, take two, one might make you sick.”

“And what of the vessel that holds these cups of comfort? The potter’s craft is hard to resist, so my cupboards are full of beautiful creations. Thirty years ago I bought a beautiful ceramic mug for my father’s birthday, and after he died, I reclaimed it. I used it every day until, in a careless moment, I knocked it against a table and broke it, and I lost a piece of my story connecting me to him.

“These photos reflect my daily reality of reading, knitting, or artmaking while drinking my cup of tea or coffee.”

