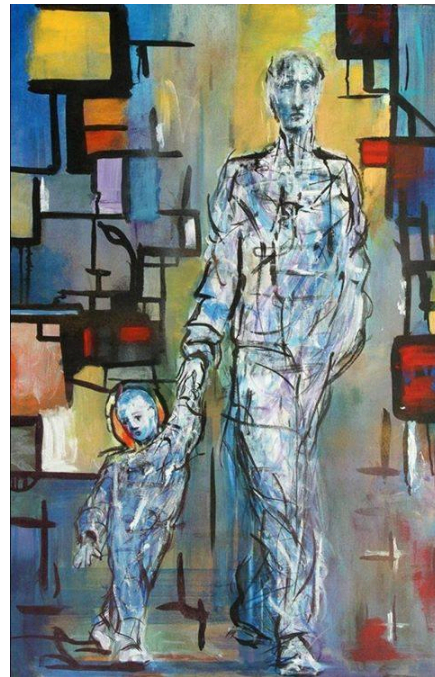


My father, my son, myself.



This painting is of a memory I have of walking with my dad along a road that leads to an orphanage. I just remember my feelings during that walk. For me it is associated with an upsetting time. I was four years old, my sister was nine, we were put into an orphanage run by nuns in Cophthorne, Surrey because my mother was in hospital and my dad had to work.

At that time I believed that this was going to be permanent, that we would be left there, and that we would never see our parents again. I have very strong memories from that time, including being taken out one day by my dad and begging him incessantly to take me home. Of course, we did both return home when my mother was well again. For me, this painting also represents the bond between father and son, and that the adult could be me, and the child one of my sons, hence the title.