

LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

Lucinda ZehraHaqq 2023.10



LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

In 2020, after my husband's stroke and during the corona shut down, the first 9 Lucinderellas appeared. I am a domestic feminist, basket weaver, seamstress and patchwork quilter, but had never produced anything like this before. Afterwards I began searching for a teacher to help me process what my hands were trying to tell me and found Barb Kobe's Healing Doll Way. It has provided structure, training, encouragement and an international supportive community, which empowered me to continue the work of searching for the fragments of my being that had gone into hiding due to:

- Incest and sexual abuse,
- abandonment, servitude on a foster-farm at the age of 8,
- financial emancipation at the age of 15,
- entering the university at 16,
- marriage to an alcoholic at 18,
- joining a Sufi community at the age of 34,
- running away to Germany with the Love of my Life when I was 40, and
- being an old American, living in Germany with a husband who has multiple illnesses: type 1 diabetes from the age of 8, 5 transplanted organs, aneurysm, triple bypass, spinal meningitis, stroke, kidney failure, dialysis and dementia.

Processing my life through making dolls taught me to respect my unusual experience and skill set, rewrite my own HERstory and essentially re-parent/recreate myself.

My husband's dementia suddenly got worse this month, causing me to re-activate the mental acuity and survival skills I developed as a child. I have been on red alert and operating on pure adrenaline for 13 days now, but have managed to carefully document the decline for his doctors, utilize local dementia resources and draft a strategy. My doll tribe (animate and inanimate) provided valuable insight, reminders and comfort.

Being hypervigilant and establishing a disciplined, compassionate structure has worked. He is more stable; I am ready to de-escalate to yellow alert and get some sleep.

This collection documents the Lucinderellas that deal with my marriage. I offer them as an example (neither typical nor proven) of using and developing the time, talents and treasures I have been given to grow into my own form of wholeness and, inshallah, be of service to the ONE.

Lucinda ZehraHaqq aka Lucinderella 2023.10.25

LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

Lucinderella 1 (unfinished) March 25, 2020

24 cm x 26 cm /9.5" x 10.25

One day Lucinderella woke up and her husband was no longer himself. He was neither rational nor dependable; nothing she said nor did could reach him. She could no longer count on having the support and affection of her best friend. She was far from the land of her birth, with neither family nor spiritual community



in the area. Additionally, a dangerous pandemic had broken out, making everything much more complicated and scarier. Surely, the world was coming to an end!

And the one person she had always turned to was... lost?

LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

Lucinderella 2 April, 14 2020

24,5 x 29,5 cm /10" x 12"

"Keep your heart free from hate; Your mind free from worry.
Live simply. Expect little. Give much."

Norman Vincent Peale

Although he was still physically present, her husband, her best friend, was somehow gone and Lucinderella sorely grieved his loss.



She was, however, very responsible and believed that all she needed to do was work a bit more efficiently to bring him back.

She put on a nice dress, something of a smile and began juggling all the new responsibilities and worries that came with his illnesses.

LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

Lucinderella 1 slash 3 April 16, 2020

29 cm x 33 cm / 11.5" x 13"

Lucinderella was now dealing with all the household tasks, a very complicated diet, financial and bureaucratic hurdles, driving her husband daily to different doctors and trying to keep him from causing too much damage or hurting himself. It was



overwhelming. She didn't dare complain or say anything to him because of his fragile medical and emotional state.

She was no longer juggling responsibilities and sorrows, but throwing her hands up in desperation. Her heart was broken; she felt unseen, unheard, totally alone and, above all, unloved. She felt she had nothing left to give but up.

LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

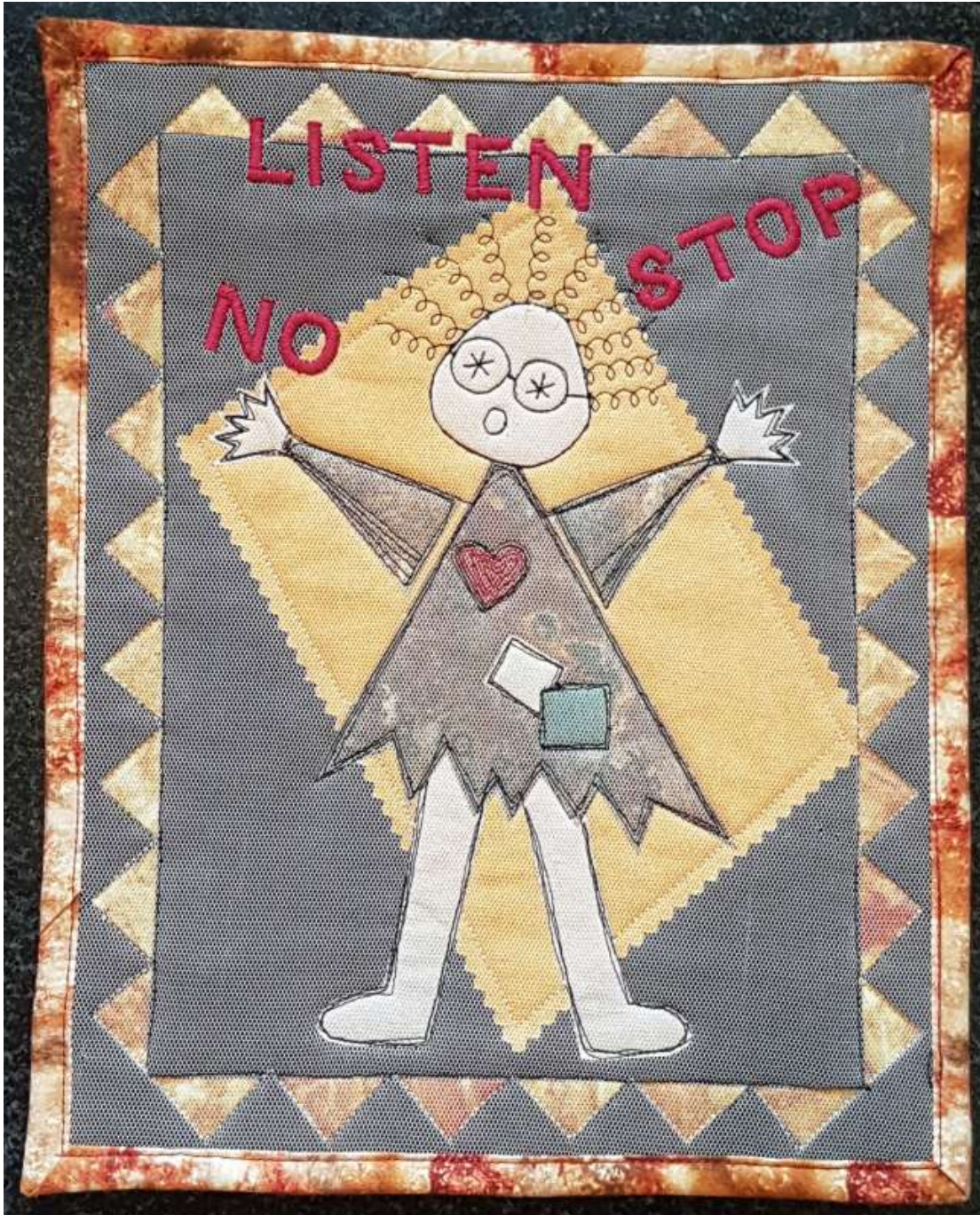
Lucinderella 4

April 19, 2020

23 cm x 28 cm / 9" x 11"

"Trust based on denial of reality is false hope."

Oprah Winfrey



Lucinderella couldn't continue to deny the seriousness of her husband's medical condition; the problems were progressive and weren't simply going away. As she hit what she thought was "rock bottom" she realized that she had allowed shock and fear to silence her. If she was to be effective at all, she had to

reclaim her voice, set boundaries and take care of HERSELF 1st or she would not be able to take care of anyone. She carefully mended her broken heart, pulled herself together and went on...

LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

Lucinderella 5C

May 3, 2020

25 cm x 31 cm / 10" x 12"

"We spend precious hours fearing the inevitable. It would be wise to use that time adoring our families, cherishing our friends and living our lives." Maya Angelou

One night, Lucinderella's husband wandered off into the nearby forest. He was not able to see at night, he had not been thinking clearly all day and his mobile telephone was turned off. Many hours later he somehow made it safely home and promptly forgot all about his adventure. Lucinderella, however, remained beside herself with shock and fear for several days.



LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

Lucinderella 5 May 10, 2020

27 cm x 26 cm / 10.5" x 10.25"

"What you seek is seeking you." Rumi

Lucinderella's husband was the most important person in her life. She considered him her Greatest Gift from God. She felt solely responsible for his well-being and she had failed. This was a new rock-bottom.

In utter despair, in a state of being only a shadow of a shadow of herself, she quietly whispered, "Please help me." Fortunately, the help she was seeking was also seeking her.



LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

Lucinderella 6 May 14, 2020

26 cm x 38 cm / 14.25" x 15"

"A chunk of dirt thrown into the air breaks into pieces. If you don't try to fly and so break yourself apart, you will be broken open by death, when it's too late for all you could become." Rumi.



There was nowhere left to go but to pieces, so Lucinderella did.

In truth, many of the pieces that fell away needed to do so. Despite her fears of changing and being overwhelmed with her current responsibilities, she was "becoming" a new version of herself.

Caring for her husband's

physical needs was, indeed, hard and important work, but she had other, even more important work; to become fully herself.

She gave in; she surrendered, trusting that she would eventually come together again in a new constellation that, inshallah, was equipped for the tasks at hand.

LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

Lucinderella 7 May 22, 2020

28 c x 30 cm / 11" x 12"

"I am an image he stitches with golden thread on a tapestry; The least figure, a playful addition. But nothing he works on is dull; I am part of the beauty." Rumi.

Just as in the story of Fatima*, the Spinner and the Tent, Lucinderella went on an (inner) voyage in search of something to make her whole again.



*...She was cast alone upon a foreign shore, taken in by a family, learned their craft, worked hard and became a trusted member of the family. Then she was kidnapped by slave-traders who sold her to a wealthy man. She learned his craft too, worked hard and became a trusted business partner. In this capacity she boarded yet another ship which, was also shipwrecked. Alone again on a foreign shore she wept bitterly. She always worked hard, thought she had done well but, but she was becoming hopeless.

Perhaps, instead of looking for more puzzle pieces, it would have been wiser to let more of her existing patterns fall away.

LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

Lucinderella 8 May 31, 2020

31 cm x 29 cm / 12.25" x 11.5"

"If you want to become as light as the angels, to strip from your clothes is not enough.
Undress completely from yourself."

Rumi



- Lucinderella had to give up her 3rd skin; the shelter of her home and the secrets of her black dervish cloak.
- She had to strip off her 2nd skin; the warmth of her clothing and the position her white gown signified.
- It was necessary to strip off even her physical skin to get to the heart of the matter.

Above all, she had to give up the belief that, with enough hard work, she could fix anything. She had to surrender that part of herself that believed she, alone, was responsible. She had to let go. This was not the obvious thing to do, but it was the real thing. That, which was her essential part, would continue, but it was time to remove all the veils that kept her from seeing with the eyes of her heart.

LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

Lucinderella 9 June 10, 2020

35.5 cm x 33 cm / 14" x 13"

Be like a bird, who halting in her flight on a limb too slight, feels it give way beneath her,
Yet sings, SINGS! Knowing she has wings. Paraphrased from Victor Hugo

After 9 chapters of caring for her husband, Lucinderella was learning how to care for herself. In looking for her husband, she was discovering herself. He had, once again, disappeared, but with the eyes of her heart she now knew how to find him. As she entered the forest near their home, she came to a very old tree, which had long since lost all

its leaves. Just as in the story of Layla and Majnun, the tree and Lucinderella recognized one another immediately. It didn't matter that he was no longer the same as when she had married him. He was changed, but so was she. Both had come to a point where they could say, "Wherever you are, I find myself there too." She could embrace, love and lean on him.



If he gave way, she knew she had her own wings.

LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

LuCINDERella 13 2020.10

40cm/16" high, 82 cm/32.5" in diameter

Like Cinderella, Lucinderella grew up familiar with ashes; with the remains of fire. Her tasks were to clean the fireplace and everything else as well as to cook, shop and wash. Overtime she forgot to tend the little spark of fire within her, which did not receive enough nourishment to provide her with any warmth or light. Yet:

- Her name, Lucinderella, means light.
- She was born under the sign of Sagittarius, a fire sign,
- She is a hearth tender and cook,
- She had been initiated as an Ateshbas, a cook/teacher of the Whirling Dervishes.

Somehow, she'd forgotten all that. She'd allowed herself to remain earth bound and stuck in the mud. Out of insecurity, fatigue and fear she created inner barriers to change.

In the Dervish Kitchen it is said, "To get light, something must burn." Even though it was not the obvious thing to do, Lucinderella knew she had

to embrace the fire, to rekindle her spark of life, allow herself to cook, to ripen and to burn away that which no longer served her.



LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

Empty Lucinderella 15 2021.02.06

39 cm /15.5"



As hesitant as I was to admit it, I was certainly feeling: "stretched to the limit", as if "carrying the weight of the world on my shoulders," and "running on empty."

After re- reading the story of the Handless Maiden, I real-eyeded that I had been so focused on bare survival, that my senses had become numbed.

In order to reclaim the creative power of my hands, I had to disconnect from all the work and trauma.

"Empty" is a doll made out of disconnected puzzle pieces, with excessively long, powerless string arms and 3 silver, but useless, hands. Her feet are huge, weighted down and keep her immobile. She is stiff and under-nourished. Her hair speaks of servitude. Her expression is utterly bewildered.

I no longer consider her ugly.

She is a wonderful physical reminder, that when I begin to feel frazzled like this, it's time to take care of myself.

LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

Empty's Other Half - Lucinderella 15C 2021.02.22



My first (& only) paper bag doll almost immediately took on the shape of a soccer player, which my husband was before his first kidney transplant at the age of 18. My initial reaction to the doll was extremely negative. It was dark, it was male and NOT ME. Every time I saw it, it seemed to cry out for more **red**. **Red** has always represented **anger** to me, which immediately triggers a protective fear response, so I avoid it. I put it aside rather than give into my impulse to immediately throw it away, which also seemed almost sacrilegious.

Christoph has been a brittle type 1 diabetic since the age of 8, which triggered 5 previous transplants, a triple bypass, a stroke, kidney failure and he is again on dialysis, this time for the rest of his life.

Dialysis in German is literally translated as "**blood** washing.". His diabetic **blood** sugar values are catastrophic. His **blood** pressure is similar. He has also been so full of **rage** since the stroke that it is as if he is seeing **red**. Of course, the doll is **red**, **bloody** and damned ugly too.

I chaotically stitched **red** cording on it, covered it with chiffon, which I attached with a hot glue gun, all of which made the doll increasingly lumpy and inflexible. I added a **red** loin cloth in recognition that, although dialysis filters out many things, it doesn't do a thing for testosterone poisoning.

The doll clearly stated it was "Empty's Other Half." This is NOT my package. It is my husband's. I thanked the doll for the insight, found a safe place for it in our nearby forest and buried it. Mother Nature, in her divine wisdom, will deal with it...

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Lucinderella 23 says "NO" "OH NO!"

June 2021

30.5 cm/12

As a child I didn't learn the word NO and have never fully made it part of my vocabulary. Time to address this issue.

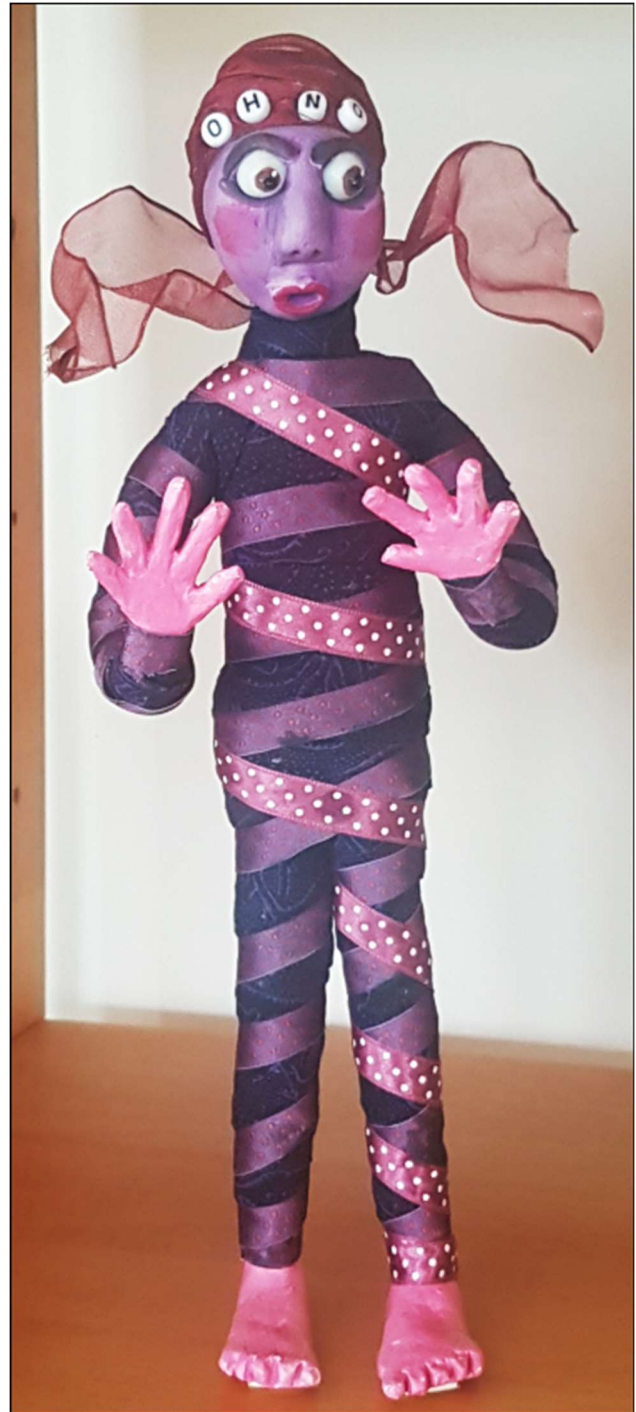
The face was made from the first Model Magic package I'd opened, which was purple. I made pink hands and feet and planned to write the letters N and O on her palms. I wrapped her with rose colored fabric to match her cheeks and stitched each row in lavender. I re-wrapped with dark purple fabric, didn't like the raveling ends and finished the edges in lavender stitching. The bent arms and shoulders could not be wrapped or stitched as neatly as I wanted. Besides, she didn't want to be softened or pretty. I then removed everything, ironed, hemmed and glued on strips of dark purple, still intending to make a nice, neat "NO" doll, which is clearly an oxymoron. Since she was now so dark, I glued polka-dot ribbons on her. I thought I would stitch no-no-no on lavender ribbons for hair but they resisted both the stitching and the attaching. Neural tangles revealed that the entire plan was tangled up. She now has a turban, no hair and empty hands.

- I don't say "NO" because I fear it will trigger anger and punishment.

- I am timidly saying "OH NO" and do not even know how to say "NO" clearly.

- In order to be heard and understood,

I need stand up for myself, clearly articulate "NO!", defend my boundaries and treat myself, not as I was treated as a child, but as I should have been treated as a child. This may take time...



LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

True Lucinderella 27 2022.01

20" / 51cm

I began this doll as an attempt to bring some serenity back into my life, which has become increasingly difficult as my husband continues to deteriorate.

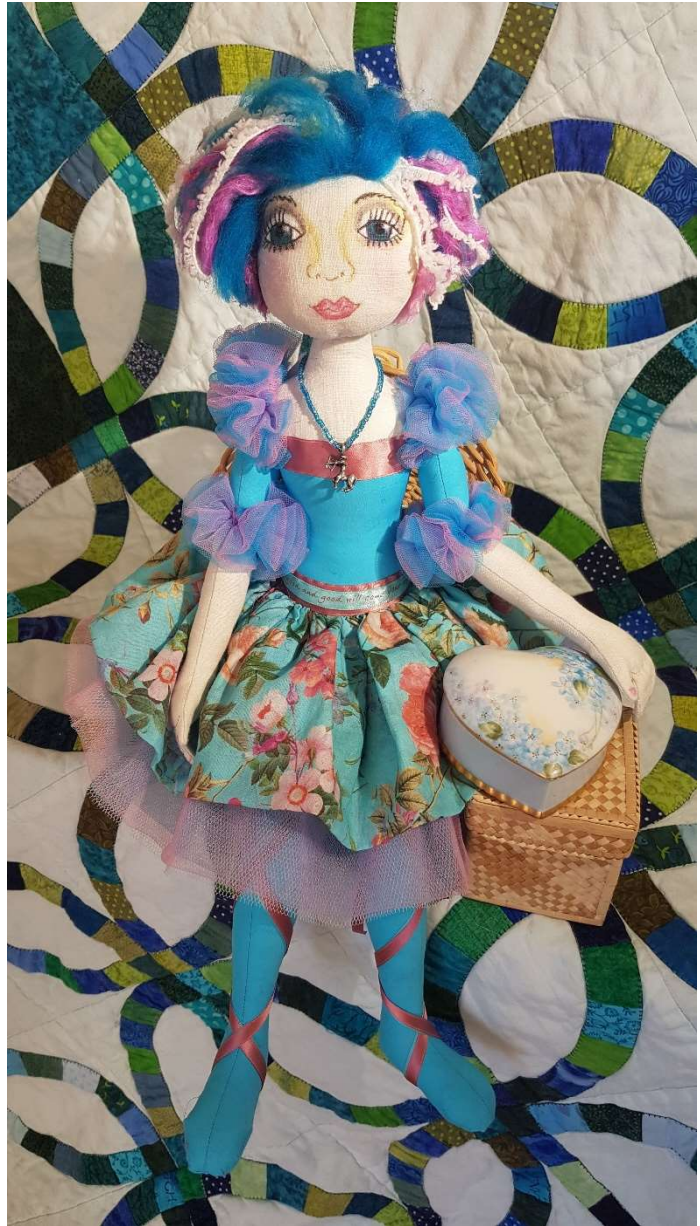
Only after completion did I notice that she was made from remnants used to make a double-wedding-ring dialysis quilt for him, upon which I have stitched, "For Christoph with love from Lucinda." Her ribbon belt says, "Do good and good will come your way." She wears a necklace with a Sagittarius charm, my birth sign. Both have been sitting in my button box for years, waiting for the right time to come out.

During her photo shoot she exuded such an air of constancy and patient devotion that the word "TRUE" popped into my mind. Only then did I notice that she was sitting under the shelf where I keep a heart-shaped ceramic jewelry box, made by, signed and given to me in 1957 by my Godmother, True Estes.

Another meaning of TRUE is REAL. Lucinderella 25 gazes calmly forward.

She is facing a difficult REAL-ity, but does so without fear or denial. 35 years ago, I was given the Sufi name ZehraHaqq. Haqq is Arabic for TRUE/REAL. The German word for TRUE is TREU and is often translated as faithfulness.

She holds many memories, reminders of my chosen spiritual path as well as insights on how to address my current challenges. She truly represents the Lucinderella ZehraHaqq that I strive to grow into. Inshallah.



LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

Lucinderella 30 Puddle Jumper 2022.03

Puddle Jumper: 36 cm x 23 cm / 14" x 9" Despair: 11 cm x 25 cm / 4.5" x 10"



I could deny that the despair exists.
I could hide the despair deep inside.
I could wallow and possibly drown in it.
I could, however, decide to change my perception of and relationship to it.
I could decide to acknowledge that the cause of the despair is a genuinely difficult situation.

I could acknowledge that the despair is preventing me from taking necessary action.

I decide to don a colorful girly outfit, rise above the despair and joyously splash my sorrows away by jumping in the puddle instead of allowing it to drown me.

No, this is not necessarily the logical thing to do, but you can't win a battle with despair so, rather than trying to get even with it, I'll get ODD and deal with it my way.



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Lucinderella 31

"Cup of Kindness"

2022.05.12

27cm/10.5"



I'm a little teapot,
short and stout.
Here is my handle,
here is my spout.
When I get all
steamed up hear me
shout, "Tip me over
and pour me out."

Lately I have really
needed a cup of
kindness and a big hug.
One can never have too
much Loving Kindness.
This teapot is
percolating; kindness is
bubbling out of her
hat! But she also
reminds me of the
importance of
acknowledging and
letting out my feelings
when I get steamed up
or upset.

In all Hones-TEA, my current Reali-TEA contains too much Responsibili-TEA and Anxie-TEA. It is time to restock my shelves with what I want and need like:

Clari-TEA and Authentici-TEA
Tranquili-TEA and Securi-TEA
Beau-TEA and Creativi-TEA
Joviali-TEA, and
Sovereigni-TEA...

LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

Lucinderella 34 Hold On 2022.07

L 32=30 x 15 cm; C = 20 x 15cm



Lucinderella's earthly Beloved has not been fully himself lately. His chest was jaggedly cut out to access the heart for surgery. Red stitching indicates the aneurysm, bypasses and dialysis shunt. The buttons represent 5 transplanted organs, all of which have ceased to function. The grimace showed up after the stroke. The seed stitching on the forehead represents multiple small strokes. The nose is out of joint, literally and metaphorically. His glance shows how confused and confusing the temporal-frontal dementia has made him. Lucinderella must observe, listen and speak

to him through the eyes, ears and voice of her heart if she is to reach him at all. But he is the one who taught her that she is lovable, loving and, above all, loved. Now is her opportunity to mirror back that valuable lesson. She reminds herself, "How blessed am I to tend to thee" and remembers the words of Audrey Hepburn, "The best thing to hold onto in life is each other."

LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

Roaring Lucinderella 35 2022.07.23

14"x 17"/ 35.5cm x 43cm



(left) 1954 Lucinderella with the original Plumpy-Plumpy, a gift from her beloved Grandpa Ted.



This "security blanket" died in the washing machine when I was a toddler so I recreated her (above right) in 2020 to accompany me on the Healing Doll Way.



Life is getting tough and circumstances now call for a bigger, more adult protector; one who will not be so easily "blinded" and "freeze" when faced with danger and stress.

"I am woman, hear me roar...
Yes, I am wise, but it's wisdom born of pain. Yes, I've paid the price, but look how much I gained. If I have to, I can face anything. I am strong. I am invincible. I am woman." Helen Reddy

LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

Lucinderella 44 A Heartfelt Blessing 2023.01.04
40 cm / 15.75"



Goddess of Love,
Goddess of Grace,
Goddess of Peace,
The Sacred Three,
Save, Shield and Surround
This Hearth, this House, this
Household,
This Eve, this Night, oh, this Eve, this
Night and every Night,
each and every single Night.
Amen, Amin, Ament

This is the blessing written on
Lucinderella 42's foundation, which
happens to be an upside-down saucer
that lost its cup.

Her Heartfelt Blessing to all: "May you
be sheltered in Love, Grace and Peace."

The "Blessing Symbol" is a Sanctuary; a
Safe Haven because that is what I have
always longed for and finally created
for myself and my husband. The symbol
is a cozy miniature gourd cottage with a
"thatched" roof and smoke coming out
of the chimney. The doll was
constructed over the wooden hardware
of an old woven willow lampshade I'd
made years ago . I'd beaded the purse a
few years ago and it went well with the
dress fabric, which also became a new

shirt for my husband. It was simply all a matter of pulling together things I already had,
including my own foundation of a loving home and safe haven.

LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

Extremely accurate emotional snapshot of how I was feeling at this time.



LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

I believe this. I have convinced myself that it is necessary and compassionate.
But I am drawing from an empty well. Self-compassion & love are missing.



LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

Deeply engrained patterns of Self-criticism, feeling I had to do everything alone and fear of the German medical system, led me to over-exercising my body, disregarding my limits, and damaging my joints to the point that they got infected and are still very painful.

JOINT PAIN

My worn-out beliefs:

1. I have responsibilities
2. Therefore, I must stay fit.
3. Therefore, I must work out.
4. <100% is not good enough.
5. More = Better.
6. Getting sick = Failure.

Inner Healer's Advice:

1. Too many. Reduce.
2. Go slow; be gentle.
3. OK, but listen to your body
4. Respect your limits
5. Only if it's more HELP.
6. No, it is HUMAN

I am 69 years old!
I have new resources to use!

Fear of getting sick & unable to earn my board & keep is old programming. This fear is an Unhealthy motivator, Especially when I forget to listen to my own body.

"VISUALIZE stretching because ACTUAL stretching requires you to get down on a cold, hard floor." Flying Edna
Besides, it's my thinking, as well as my body, that needs to be more flexible... LZH
2023.04.08

LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

Service -> servant -> servile

Words found in S E R V I C E

Vise = holds something steady under pressure

Sire = hierarchical power figure

Ever = as in "ever more"

Ice = as in freeze instead of fight or flight

Vice = bad behavioral trait

Vie = to strive or compete

Sieve = strainer, something that leaks

See = observe, to "real-eyes"

Rise = to elevate above something

Veer = to go around something

Revise = to change something

I am continually shocked by what appears to be a lack of German service. It can't compare with the friendly, hospitable service I remember from the USA. After free associating and locating words within the word S E R V I C E I realized (real-eyes) that I had internalized servitude, not service. It allowed me to survive but has certainly outlived its usefulness. I cannot judge myself or anyone by that standard. This is my new concept of **SERVICE**.

S share my time, talent and treasure from my...

E ...excess/bounty, not from my essential essence and not when I am leaking energy as if through a sieve.

R remember, review and rise above my own...

V ...vices & cease ying/competing for external positive validation

I I am. I practice self-...

C ...care and compassion.

E I have and am enough.

Lucinderella 2023.05.11

LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

Lucinderella 47 grows into her own Hagitude

2023.06.12

19" / 48 cm



I am a hearth tender, domestic feminist and practitioner of the ancient art of creative homemaking. I do this not to impress others, but because a beautiful, orderly and peaceful home with the smell of fresh, healthy cooking is a value to me.

I will be neither servant nor provide a second income, for I will not toil for those who do not understand the value of my work.

I offer neither riches nor family connections.

I am no longer young and will not pretend to be so.

I will continue to research and archive women's tales of wisdom, including my own, and speak my truth even when it is uncomfortable.

I will bear no children to carry on anyone's name, for my womb holds only stories - but, oh, such stories!

If you can accept and properly cherish me, I will be a true and loving companion until death.

If you cannot, then don't waste my time.

For, like Lady Ragnell, I have my own sovereignty.

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While my husband was in his memory training class, I waited in the cafeteria and drew image 1. The initial "foundation" was inspired by Healing Doll Way drawings and represents my desire to trust, allow love to grow and rest in the arms of my own golden shield of self-protection. The written inspiration was from one of John Roedel's poems "...your life will someday be the rainbow at the end of someone else's storm..."

I hung the image on the cork-board in my "studio" and that night, while talking to my "Believing Mirror" HS, I glanced at it from across the room. The image of another face appeared. I couldn't see this face from any other angle, nor by using filters on the photo. The closest I could get was using a black and white filter and then roughly drawing it in. The smaller face became a nose. Parts of the rainbows became the eyes, the hands over the heart cavity became the chin. This is shown in image 2.

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The next day I traced the face image I had seen, cut it out and transferred it to the back of image 1. This image, (#3) was then colored and written upon.

Both images are true and meaningful for my healing. As the watchful guardian of my husband, I learn to protect myself too. As my love for him grows, so does my self-love. I try to be the rainbow at the end of his medical "storm" but "real-eyes" his storm may never end and that I may have to do the same for myself in the future.



But there is also a dawning awareness that I am not "awake" enough right now to do all that is necessary. His illness is wearing me down dramatically and I am leaking energy.

LOVE IN THE TIME OF CORONA

Lucinderella's Vision for a sustainable new-normal life as her husband's caretaker.



I must maintain my own boundaries and self-protection, while drawing on the support of my spiritual community, friends, sister, other healing doll artists and local dementia resources.

I can continue to compassionately, responsibly and lovingly care for my husband, only if I utilize a go-between. Strong trees have shown up a lot in my meditations, drawings and dolls. The one depicted here symbolically embraces both of us AND provides necessary distance/protection for me so I can continue to function.

Amen, Amin, Ament

So be it.

The Lucinderellas