

blodge of red paint into the pale wall and it didn't seem to ruin the picture.

She does a lot of this when she's painting outside. "I'll be engrossed in my work and then sit back to stretch and look around and jump to see people standing close behind me peering over my shoulder," she laughed. "They ask what I'm doing and I tell them, and show them. The kids are the most fun because they are unselfconscious."

Two little girls were watching her work in Wellington last year, and she told them they could see some of her finished paintings in the SideStreet Gallery down the road.

"I heard later that these two little kids went by themselves into Paulette's gallery and explained they were there to look at their

friend's paintings please. I thought that was pretty special."

Another time she was painting with workshop students beside the St. Lawrence river in Quebec when a man and his daughters came over to look.

"The smallest child asked me in French 'Oh Madame, did you do that all by yourself?' I told her yes and asked if she would like to paint a little on my canvas. She was delighted and painted a small wobbly red heart on the bottom. I invited her sister, who was hanging back, if she would like to do one, too. She said, 'Oh no, Madame. I'm not good at hearts'."

"But I encouraged her to add her little splodge, and then decided to leave the painting just as it was." It hangs in her kitchen, looking even more Impressionistic than usual because it's unfinished,

but the two little hearts in the bottom right hand corner remind her of that day, of the children and of the joy of involving people in her work.

At the Art in the County show this summer, I saw people linger long in front of her two paintings. Mostly, they were smiling. I saw a sigh or two. I know I enjoyed the pleasure of looking into a warm, quiet afternoon in a small town. It felt like the painting was in a good mood, and, as I walked away, so was I. □