

# Push the Light



Seeing clearly through an artist's eyes  
to understand our different layers,  
energy levels, and abilities to change

CHARLOTTE GIBLIN

Based on Charlotte's keynote presentation,  
*Push the Light* uses simple artistic techniques to  
illustrate the different levels of energy we all have  
and to explain why some people find it so  
hard to face change.

This visual story of 'how to paint a tree' describes a  
journey of self-awareness and self-acceptance  
that will not only help you to see the world with  
a different perspective but also to  
view yourself—and others—in a new way.

Rooted in positive realism, this is a tale of  
patience and acceptance, of understanding the  
importance of shadows, and recognising that we  
all have different palettes of colour to work with.



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My name is Charlotte Giblin and I'm an artist.

With the help of this tree, I'm going to show you how seeing things through an artist's eyes can genuinely change the way you view the world, the other people in it, and yourself.

This is a tree near my home in New Plymouth, New Zealand.

I pass it every day on my solo, healing, recharging, leg-stretching, dream-filled walks.

It could be argued that there's nothing particularly special about this tree. It could even be described as unassuming or 'average', which is partly why I selected it for this project.

I took this photo on a grey, dull day, so there aren't even any wow-factor conditions to enhance the image; the lighting is average; the setting is



relatively unspectacular.

The only element of potential noteworthiness is that the tree is on a slope, slightly hunkered down from the

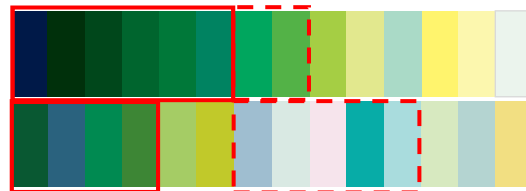
I discovered that mum simply didn't have access to the emotional and spiritual palette of colours I was able to work with.

She so often resided in the darker tones, lifting herself up to brighter hues for short periods of time but falling back into the shadows with a regularity that broke my heart.

For mum, operating with six or seven gradually brightening layers of leaves was enough.

Looking at the broad range of colours I used in my tree painting, I've put a box around the ones that I feel mum would have been comfortable with, and a dotted line around ones that might have felt accessible after a particularly good afternoon tea.

She stretched to include some lighter colours periodically but was happier working with more muted



hues; she was still the same person who had wanted to fade into the background as a child; she wished she could be someone else and behave differently but found personal change too difficult—and frightening—a prospect.

I was very close to mum—although it was a complex and challenging relationship at times—and one of the hardest lessons I ever had to learn was that I couldn't fix her.

I was born with a brightness and a joyful, happy energy inside that I could tap into whenever I wanted and instantly feel better—I called it my Wellspring—but, from childhood, I couldn't see anything similar in those around me, and I learned to bury it to fit in and be 'normal'.

I regarded my Wellspring as something of a secret superpower and believed I had a responsibility to 'save' others less fortunate, and I chose to shoulder that burden for much of my life.

Putting others' needs first felt like my soul's purpose, and I knew that every time I ran out of energy or ended up in an emotional ditch, I could go for a walk, activate my Wellspring, and I'd be bouncing again; I would always be ok.

However, over time I discovered that no matter how much of my Wellspring energy I lavished on others, no matter how much positivity I tried to exude, no matter how much optimism and joy I tried to inject into the global ether, I couldn't magically 'transfer' my healing powers into anyone else's body or mind for lasting periods of time.