

**Walk the Last Mile: A Journey with My Father**  
**Hans Madsen**  
**Second Floor Gallery**  
**April 5 – June 21, 2025**

**Second Floor Gallery**  
**April 5 - June 21, 2025**

**“On July 17, 2023, my father Leif Lois Madsen, died.**

**I had been sleeping on the floor in the kitchen while my mom and wife took the only bed. Dad’s hospital bed took up most of the living room. We had moved several pieces of furniture out of the tiny apartment. I woke up early, mom was sitting next to his bed softly talking to him, my wife was still asleep. He had left in the night.**

**“Walk the Last Mile” is the record of three weeks in Denmark. Roughly split into three sections of time: dad up and aware, dad down and actively leaving us... dad gone.**

**This record is an attempt to capture, the strange beauty that surrounds a good death. A good death being one where you’re home, surrounded by family, free of pain and fear. When you’re ready to say, it’s done now.**

**I hope I’ve made it mean something. “**

**- Hans Madsen**

***Embracing the Final Journey: A Reflection on Hans Madsen’s     Exhibit “Walk the Last Mile”***

**By Eric Anderson - Curator**

**The father was gone. His absence, profound and still, settled into the house. It lingered in the chairs where he once sat, in the air that no longer carried his voice. The silence now stretched, vast and holy, like a cathedral after the choir has left. In the final, humbling quiet of life’s last breath, when dust returns to dust and breath floats back to the divine, the words stammer forward in the wake of his passing—listening for his presence in the wind, in the hum of the walls, in the creak of the floorboards where his footsteps once lived. Hans Madsen’s Walk the Last Mile: A Journey with My Father captures the quiet mystery of this moment, transforming grief into art. Through the lens of his camera, Madsen, invites us to witness the raw beauty of both “I love you” and “goodbye.” Where the shutter speaks to eternity, freezing time to record life’s whisper. Each photograph becomes a hymn, a prayer, a poem, a fist raised against the inevitable.**

Madsen's photographs are more than just images; they are quiet dialogues between the soul and the viewer, reflections on the ephemeral nature of life, and the power of memory. Each photograph in *Walk the Last Mile* is an echo of the soul, a frozen fragment of time that speaks of how we live and how we leave. They remind us that it's not the end that matters, but the journey—the body as a vessel sailing toward the infinite. His work compels us to reflect on our own paths, on the love we give, and on the marks we leave behind. Images that are a meditations on mortality, a reminder that life's meaning doesn't lie in its finality, but in the moments we share, the roads we travel, and the love we give along the way. It's a snapshot of a life lived, a legacy forged in the quiet moments of farewell.

