

Artist Statement

Summer 2010

It's well into the season and I am preparing for vacation. The soft mist this morning on the mountaintops slowly dissipates to bring a new clarity in the sky and in my day. The full moon was working me hard yesterday. I am so ready for shifts.

I do cherish my surroundings; however, it's summertime and I am looking forward to bright sun, heat, olive glow on my being... and a freedom in less clothing. My camera wants to shoot bright colors. Sweat. Beach frolic. Deeper skin tones. The added light brings new rays of illumination.

Funny how the light is just as much a challenge as the dark. I seek new foundations to center me in the changing forces.

I found myself at a downtown city park days ago between appointments. Knowing I had several hours until the next meeting, I made my way to the grass, laid down on my carefully placed orange scarf and looked up into the light of the trees. My eyes opened and closed a few times. Such a slice of magic. I sunk into the earth. It held me so strong so compassionately. What a hit of support. I removed my socks and shoes and felt the coolness of the grass. My bared feet wiggled and squirmed and moved to the lullabies of each blade singing their own sweet serenade.

This is summer.

Looking up to the blue sky I breathed in the moment knowing all I had to do was just lay there and be in the energy of this peace.

The sun kept working its mystical ways around and through the leaves gently moving on the arms of the graceful trees – its rays would catch me ever so often and blind me with brilliant light. I smile closing my eyes to feel its shimmering effect sweeping in the sparkle bestowed on me.

I am light.
I am dark.

I embrace this season holding that totality and remind myself that the forces move, shift, twist and turn.

My camera anchors me in this rhythm of the collective dance.

I hold it up to shoot the sky and take my place in rays of hope.

Spring 2010 Among my greatest comforts of late is to awake ever so early - go into the parlor, open the blinds and just sit and witness the evolving night from dark to light.

I live surrounded by windows and outside i see mountains, cypress trees and sea. As the morning begins to unfold, I notice my own internal landscape opening to what may be in this fresh new day.

The teachings continue and with a yoga practice to ground and help structure my day, I see my own person becoming more patient with the crankiness of areas I have little control of....

what to do today.

For now, I just sit in this stillness and hold the majestic views before me - and in my heart i feel the sacredness.

Cat sits on the rim of my red chair....pondering her approach on a creeping critter on the wall. Such a mirror and a teacher she is for me - so perfectly still, so all-encompassing on one simple act.

As I stretch further into this second half of my life, I take a new authorship of it. I own it all. And with that creed, my fears seem to dissipate. I can play more gallantly and I can take sidesteps and know the wrong turns will always eventually lead me back to my center.

A new garden awaits - to plant vegetables and herbs and purple and white flowers. Inside me spring is only beginning to sprout. My eye keeps following the light - everywhere. My camera follows the trail and helps me see further into the void.

I smile at the deliciousness of the possibilities. December 2009

As I trail into the end of the year with the onset of winter, I can genuinely say I have moved deeper into my compassionate embrace of the polarities inside and outside of me. Wakeup calls seem to abound and it is my own snail pace and slow determination that keeps me lingering in the grit pacing the demonic sidewalk.

And then one day miraculously out of the sweet hues of morning light comes the simple statement, "lighten up." I sigh, remembering I do have a choice. I loosen my tight fist stuck in the muck and give a casual nod to its utter gunk, quickening my own pace toward the opposing force. Light.

It is with this light that I am continually guided through my artistic endeavors to speak out through the lens and express pure beauty, simple being-ness and sheer joy.

My photo studies have forced me to look at the opposite of what I shoot and in so doing, I have been steered to face up to the darkness with a new lens of understanding. This new dimension has transported me to more creative levels of expression and a deeper compassion. And the journey is only beginning.

To the light
To the dark
And all the teachings in between...

May 2007 I used to live so much of my life in longing, and then I turned 50. Miraculously, my longing transformed into gratitude, and now, I listen more.

This new stillness I have found is wrapped in golden treasures of learning. I know that true learning happens when I allow my own vulnerabilities to surface — purely, simply, nakedly. I shed the outer pictures and let the awkward self move forward.

When I hold my camera, I become a new force. I dialogue with my light-god to move in and through me, to unknown places and tap into a luminosity that ignites my work. An energy magically moves me toward brightness. When I photograph, I illuminate a sparkle inside my subjects and make my way to the core of who I feel they are. Through their life force, I spotlight my own.

At the ocean — my heartbeat is magnified. In the city at dusk, my senses are heightened, and when rain pounds on my roof at home, I feel held in a showering of grace. I close my eyes, listen, and in just a few moments, I am in tune with the bigger elements. It is then that I know — I truly know — we are together on this journey.