

Growing up, my mother was often hospitalized for long periods. One day, I decided to explore my parents' room when no one was home. In the closet, I found a wooden box filled with jars of bright paint and a painting of a bird nearby. As I realized my mother was the one who painted this beautiful picture, I envisioned we could always be connected if I became an artist too. From this story, it is easy to see the conceptual underpinnings of my creativity. As theaters of thought, my art extends into the imagination of others. No matter the scale, each piece is a stage upon which its elements evoke a suggested relevance. With these cues, my creative decisions are on display. The conversations that follow individuates one piece from another. How to shape these perceptions forms the essence of my art and what I hope is its lasting impression.