I liken the loving devotion that is involved in each work of art to the relationship of a mother to her child; the thrilling initial inspiration acting as the motivation to birth such a beautiful thing. Its conception is followed by the love, nurture and attention to every detail that is required to raise and create the piece. In this sense, I like to think of my art as the visual representation of the joys, meaning and experiences in my life and an attempt to share them with those minds curious enough to step in.

As a child, my curiosity of my father’s pencil-wielding skills drove me into an obsession with perfection. I, too, wanted such a magical talent and relentlessly practiced until I could produce artwork indistinguishable to the human eye from a picture. I was my own mentor, challenging and pushing myself towards perfection. Looking back now, I have found this mode of self-taught discipline to be one of my most valuable qualities as an artist and human being, as it drove me to explore every technique and artistic medium I could get my hands on. While I now realize the absurdity of realistic perfection in art when the opportunity for magical expression and creativity is waiting to be explored,
it is ultimately the artistic experience that I now find leaves me with a sense of greatest accomplishment. My perfectionist child-self is calling within my heart to journey towards mastery of every form of artistic expression the natural world has to offer. I draw inspiration from every experience, interaction and artist regardless of his or her level of skill and recognition. It is the passion of those artists that touches my heart and motivates me to continue to create in every way possible. Art is my gateway into exploring the caverns of my soul and the natural glory of the outside world; I plan on pursuing it through every means available. I cannot wait for the next step of the journey to begin...