

"As far back as I can remember, I was always drawing on everything. I drove my poor family crazy, because I drew all over their stuff all the time. I drew on the walls, floors, and counters. Everywhere.

Constantly making marks. My marks. To express what I deeply felt. It felt good, in spite of my family's complaints. So I kept going.

Finally, my mother bought me a few paints of my own, and some canvases.

And then suddenly there were horses, flowers, and friends . . . a little girl's world. "





