

the artist

after two decades of drifting through the back offices of corporate america as auditor, business analyst, i.t. consultant, etc., etc., i came to a day when i decided to take full responsibility for where i found myself in my life. i dared to ask myself, "what do i want to do with my life? what do i really and truly love?" and, perhaps most importantly of all, "what am i actually, really and truly GOOD at?"

over the next few days, weeks, months, God/Life/The Universe, whatever you want to call it, led me to a day when i woke up and remembered, "you know what i used to love to do as a kid? draw. not 'design killer power point slides.' draw. not 'apply my creativity to complex excel spread-sheets.' draw."

so i did.

the art

life is hard. it just is.... and it's by design: suffering, as the mystics of all religions have noted, is an essential part of the human experience.

while sustained, TRUE happiness (even in the face of suffering) is one step closer to the divine than 99.99% of us will ever reach (at least, in this lifetime), that same divine has blessed us with the ability to catch glimpses of such happiness in our experiences of the world around us, if we only choose to look.

if any piece of my art, upon its viewing, creates in your heart even the slightest twinge of such happiness, such joy, such delight - however tiny, however fleeting - then i will consider my job as an artist to have been a success.