

Imagine this: You're a sculptor. You build an armature from wire—your inner skeleton. Then you wrap it in soft clay—your flesh, your feelings, your form. Now, imagine throwing that sculpture off a cliff onto jagged boulders. The wire bends but holds. The clay shatters. That was me.

I was destined to experience a brutal accident—a traumatic brain injury and so much more. I would lose nearly everything. Healing would take decades. And I would never return to who I once was. I had lost the ability to do art with my hands. In the healing process, and still needing to create, I heard a voice; I chose a different way.

I began teaching myself how to paint with my feet. This is my story.

A friend once asked me, “Knowing what you know now, would you do it again?” I said yes, but I would change one thing. While lying on that beach, I wouldn't stay silent. I would scream.

Would you take the plunge? Or would you need the universe to push you?

Though the pain was overwhelming and the path unknown, though fear and loneliness gripped me, I came to see that it was my attachment to a false sense of security that hurt the most. Now, I am committed to a new story—my story.

*Told in my words.
From my soul.
And today, I don't
just like where I am.
I love it. Finally.*

