

Artist's Bio

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1978-present

My first art class as a freshman at LCU with Bob Privitt in 1968 was a ground shift. Throughout school math, science, history, and English seemed relatively easy for me. Art on the other hand boggled my mind because beyond the basic rules of design elements and principles, "A+B" did not necessarily equal "C" and my mind opened to the unexplored realm of creativity. I never looked back at the world of 'hard facts' and completed a BA in Art with a minor in Bible and an MFA in Ceramics. I began teaching in the Art Department at Lubbock Christian University in 1977, chairing the department from 1984-96. With the art department's move toward technology, I implemented the graphic art degree in 1989, which helped transition the department into the visual communication area. Now forty years later I am teaching graphic art in the computer technology arena. So you might say I have come full circle back to the world of logic and hard facts, all wrapped up in a bow with paint splatters all over it.

God's breath remains strong on my life, in the midst of curriculum and academia, opening doors and adventures I might never have chosen for myself. The Word of God resonated with my spirit at a very early age thus a Bible minor in undergrad school complete with New Testament Greek and the ancient script of scripture took root in my heart. The next step was 'hands in clay', and 'the creation' -- 'God as creator' solidified. A year traipsing throughout Asia on a sabbatical in 1987, God displayed His glory every morning and every evening on the plains of Thailand and kept me safe. Three months in bed in 1988 after a discectomy -- 'life in God' and 'God-in-me' began to clarify the spiritual as the book of Ezekiel resonated because God shut Ezekiel shut up in his house for 80 days. Ezekiel and I had some time together that year and the 'visions of God' in Ezekiel's descriptions like; 'the sound of many rushing waters', and 'the glory of God stood before me' cried out to my heart. Colors took on symbiotic relationship to verbal images. A translation from head and heart to hand, paper, and canvas occurred. The more time I spent reading stories of God in scripture the deeper the story of 'God loving His people' breathed in my spirit. It boggles the mind—"this story *includes me*". The longing to 'see God's face'—"to dwell in His temple" brings tears to my eyes and stirs my heart. Colors and textures associate themselves with words like *righteousness, purity, majesty, refuge, glory, and holiness* and the paint seems to dance on the canvas while my spirit sings, my heart rejoices, and the heaviness of the day disappears. There is no greater joy than God's life in me. Painting is simply a byproduct of my life in Him.

And today for you, may the words of -- Ephesians 4:24 "created in God's image, in true righteousness and holiness" and 1John3:1 "See how very much our Father loves us, for he calls us his children, and that is what we are!"-- resonate in your spirit, and give you a greater knowledge of the Spirit of God who lives in you. For you are, His creation!

