

I remember my tiny kids' size 7, Mickey Mouse shoes, with worn down dirt tinted rubber soles and the white lace stockings sticking through the holes on the side.

Recalling the miles of walks taken on the beach front, and walking trails, making marks on the sand, only later being washed away from the waves rolling against the shadows of receded footprints.

Wiping away where I once was.

This memory like a frozen breath of water conversing with the whispers of the honey crisp leaves. This became my mental homescape.

The memory I repeat in my head.

My place of comfort.

But, the relenting reality of confined space, and time surrounding me. I know it is but a fleeting moment.

Connected to others but yet lost amongst no one.

My beach, my home, my past all like bricks on a wall, seamlessly placed but negated of information. Just blank memories stacked together in a set pattern.

My life being built in front of me, but I have I ever just truly been in a moment. Experienced a memory in the making.

Because all happy, sad, exciting, melancholy moments fade away. Becoming faces, places and memories we once cherished.

My work is about these past times. The place in your head you return to again and again that feels like home, even when home feels so far away.

It's natural to lose what we cherish in life, but that doesn't mean it has to be so distant. They stay with us.

Not in a photograph,

Not in a novel,

But in our minds.

Our brains, our mental cameras. Capturing the moments no photograph could. It remembers the tiny insignificant experiences that for some reason stick out to us.

The hotel carpeting.

The specific shade of purple from your favorite childhood blanket.

The moment you knew you were in love, that someone, something would miss you.

Those moments of awe and aspiration are what I hope people see within my works.

I want to bring viewers into my mindscape.

Into a moments past, my footprints on the beach.

Then to their own.