

When I was a small girl I wanted to become a concert pianist. At six, I'd sit at my grandmothers Steinway Grand and bang out chopsticks. At eight, I was going to be the next Prima Ballerina. Mother bought the satin slipper; I laced them up and proceeded to dance in the mud hole of a basement foundation they were digging next door. So much for childhood dreams.

We moved to Sun City and I wanted to be a painter. I have dabbled in it over the past several years, joining AAA, and while certainly not achieving fame I found a form of relaxation along with fulfillment.

Two years ago I broke my arm, in seven places, paralyzing same. For the following eighteen months I had to learn to paint left-handed. The portrait of the sad white dog is a reflection of my first attempt left-handed. I learned that the human mind is capable of teaching our body to compensate for shortcomings.

I have also experienced death of my lifelong friends, parents and my beloved pets profound emotions that have poured over into my paintings. As time goes by I now paint more from my heart and less from a visual.

I am an animal lover so dogs and horses are my inspiration. Landscapes have always come hard but I am forcing myself to apply my brush to canvas and tackle them the best I can. I am capable of painting a rugged man but still need practice on achieving the porcelain quality of a woman's skin. Black skin is simply wonderful to paint. Everyone artist should try it.

I'm just as I was in my childhood, too impatient to be formally taught. I opened that first tube of oil paint without any education or knowledge of what I was doing. I plugged along, trying different techniques, listening to comments of fellow artists in our club and being my own worst critique. I have also come to accept that this is the best I can do at this point in my life. Rather than throwing in the towel, and quitting, today I persevere. I no longer trash the canvas when the going gets rough. I make myself work through the "ugly period" that paintings can pass through in order to get to its final value. I may no longer play the piano. The ballet shoes became crusted in mud, many years ago, but my painting continues to grow to this day. Thank you for viewing,

Chris Roosa