



UNDISCOVERED SOULS: US

The foundation of (US) unexpectedly happened when I found myself in a new environment — a city bus of all places.

I began really seeing people for the first time. It was as if I just hadn't bothered to look up in my life before. SOULS! — they gave without knowing their diversity, individual beauty, sadness, — mystery. They compelled me to capture their essence as they drilled into my heart manifesting the process — through my brush. It became truth. When I looked at these people, I was looking into their SOULS or were they looking at mine?

My new found awareness appeared street side. It was an elderly lady with her walker who mustered the grit to walk outside on the street, bent over, crippled as everyone passed but — her spirit strong, still willing to move: — a gift. Experience everywhere: on that city bus, a San Francisco diner, behind the man buying bread, or when giving coins to homeless this feeling was beneath my feet in daily life, airport travel or standing next to a stranger in a public restroom mirror, YES — something was now there.

Now, if I don't have time to paint them, I address them with my eyes letting them know they are seen. Whether high on the food chain dripping in life's grace possessing much, or those stumbling through daily survival advertising despair: they have a SOUL. We all do.

This series taught me never let a moment go by if that whisper inside tells you do something, say something, ACT or acknowledge. It's the eyes of love voicing a plea.

We are all connected in some way. Who will I meet tomorrow, who will you? The colors in my life became plentiful on that bus, in my heart, and now on canvas flowing out to others I am now lucky enough to meet, touch, — and paint.

Are you an **UNDISCOVERED SOUL?**

Go forth and enjoy the magic of **US.**