

Artist Statement:

As a child, I always wanted a horse. I remember having nightmares of a horse galloping with me on its back. It was dark, the horse was black, and the ground was crumbling under the horse's feet with every step it took. But there was this feeling that somehow I was going to hang on. Looking back, I realize that there were dynamics in my household that may have contributed to this dream. My mother, though we didn't know it at the time, was struggling with schizophrenia, and her ability to connect with her children was compromised. I ended up in a Vancouver hospital and my Dad recalls telling the doctor that I wanted a horse. The doctor said, "Buy her a horse." In later years, my father would say it was the best gift he ever bought anybody. It was a gift. My first horse's name was Peggy, and she accepted my need to nurture and to be nurtured. Since then, the horse has become an underpinning to my connection to others and to the physical world and has figured in much of my artwork. I ride a horse for the same reasons that many people do. I ride because of the exhilaration and the freedom and the joy of connecting to another living soul. Sometimes, I ride a horse simply because it carries me along.