



I've always loved painting — ever since I was a child, something about it just lights a spark in me, deep in my soul.

But then reality hit. “Do something realistic,” “Get a real job,” “You’re not good enough.” “What will people think?” So that big dream I had as a little girl got shoved deep down, buried beneath the everyday routine of eat, sleep, job, repeat.

I have struggled a lot with my mental health for as long as I can remember. I hated myself and the choices I was making. I wanted others to fix me and medication to numb me. I needed to take a step back and realise what I could control. Soon, I realised I was my own problem and creating a miserable existence for myself. Typical.

I believed every negative thought I had. I'd think things like, “I can never do anything right,” “I'm stupid, what's the point, I'm useless,” and even worse, “People would be better off if I wasn't around.” *SHEEEEEESH*, I sound fun! But, I know I'm not the only person who gravitates to this mindset.

Then one day, I just got so fed up with myself, and it hit me — no one is coming to save me. *I'm in charge of my own life, my happiness.* I started reading books, doing meditations, made new friends and made changes in my life. I started to tune into life, and for the first time in a long time, I started breathing lightly. I realised I could choose how I want to experience life. DUH!



I began changing how I talked to myself, how I saw the situations in my life:

“I forgive myself for my mistakes; they are a necessary part of my journey.”

“I am enough exactly as I am.”

“I get to feel the sun on my skin, go to work, live independently”

“Remember, you're loved”

I picked up a paintbrush again after years of not painting. That's when I realised life isn't so serious — life really is what you make of it.

It's funny because I paint powerful naked ladies, and writing this out now makes me feel super exposed and vulnerable. I suppose that's what a lot of my ladies show, a vulnerable, yet powerful presence. But that's how it is — painting helps me show my strength through my vulnerability, and it helps me to keep growing. If you'd told me last year I'd still be painting, have a website, and people would actually *buy* my art, I'd have told you to stop talking sh** and get real.

I want to create work that reminds people of their power, especially women. We change ourselves to meet social expectations and dim our own light just to survive. I want you to remember there's more to life than just surviving — I want you to thrive, *we're magical beings and star dust for god sake!*



Even if it's just for a moment, I want people to look at the art and remember there's more to life than the crap we go through. If you look at it and feel something, anything, then I'd like to think I've done it right.

My message to you, reader, if you've managed to get this far, is to love yourself. Build a healthy relationship with yourself NOW... or keep nurturing the one you already have.

You are absolutely worth it.

Be kind to yourself. Stay present. Let go of the past and stop worrying about the future. *You are capable of anything.*

Life's too damn short - SO... DO THE THING. Be brave. Be bold. Be unapologetically YOU.

