

It's Never Too Late To Create Your Art



Artist: Katherine Roumanoff

I am happy just thinking about creativity and the joy in creating something. In 2020 I was hooked on watching the crazy unfolding events that followed the police killing of George Floyd and others. I was consumed in the madness of the riots and destruction, culminating with the insurrection at the U.S. Capitol that threatened our democracy; let alone the prevailing worry and sadness over the coronavirus pandemic.

I was having a conversation with a good friend during this time, expressing to her my angst over the news and what was going on in the world, when she said, “Turn on Gilligan’s Island or The Andy Griffith show!” As deep into spirituality that I am, I had forgotten I always have a choice. I could change the channel. This morning presented the same thing again ~ the ongoing debate over the validity of the 2020 election but this time I remembered and turned the channel and there was Polka music playing and

(mostly older) people dancing! Talk about changing the vibe!

So, what the angels and I write this day is all about changing the channel of our thinking. No matter how far down the rabbit hole you’ve gone and have gotten tangled up in the madness of the world, you can retreat to something else; something that brings joy and fun into your life. My happiest memories I have as a kid are: of making art, playing with dolls and pretending how my life would be when I was older. During my elementary school days, an art teacher visited my school once a week, and I could not wait. Would we be finger painting? Drawing? Sculpting paper maché animals? Puppeteering? Paper cut-outs? It didn’t matter because it was always a form of artful expression of ideas floating in my head. I even wrote a short play that was acted out by my 3rd grade class!

As I got older, my creativity took me into writing poetry and short stories and eventually led me into interior design and later, the desire to help people with feng shui. There was no end to my creative expression, that is until my inner critic began judging what I was doing. I think most of you can relate. I now know my art doesn’t need anyone’s approval – no one else needs to like it. It just needs to be.

And there is hope, as the angels remind: “It isn’t over.” I’m in my early senior years and it feels like the flood gates of suppressed creative expression have burst forth! I have stood up to the inner critic and moved past it. I have turned off the news media and retreated to my crafts storage bins to delve into making the dolls and things I’ve been wanting to give birth to. It brings me peace and joy when I connect with my inner artist and express what wants to come into form.

I recently attended an art gallery opening in which someone was doing art I had thought of doing ~ stitching landscapes using colored threads in intricate details. (*See more about that on page 7 of the July issue.*) They were stunning, not to mention she was selling them for \$3,000 to \$5,000 a piece! I

noted several had already been sold. Maybe I hadn't changed my channel soon enough to delve deeply into making the art that my soul needs for me to make? Yes, it is a need, and it's one of the reasons we are on Earth; to create what spirit wants to express through us.

Writing this, I am reminded of Grandma Moses, the "Queen of American Folk Art." She began painting at the age of 78 and is often cited as an example of an individual who successfully began a career in the arts at an advanced age. Thankfully, it is never too late to become who you always wanted to be. Perhaps this is the best gift of aging ~ that we have moved through the lessons and we are now moving into the promised land of peace, love and creating art.

As Rumi said, "What is planted in each person's soul will sprout."

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