

# Destiny — or Luck?

By Patricia Daly-Lipe, Jacksonville Branch

Was it luck or was it simply meant to be? Or maybe it just took me a long time and lots of exposure, but I have finally arrived at an important juncture in my life. My luck might be that what I used to consider a pastime has become a passion. Two creative arts, painting and writing, are the focus of my life.

I crept slowly into taking my art seriously. As a child, I watched my father paint. Later, I took art classes in school and in college, but it still was not enough of a passion to warrant full-time study. As a young adult, I studied figure drawing at the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington, D.C., and portrait painting on Long Beach Island, New Jersey. My likenesses were quite good, but the paintings lacked depth (or was it maturity?).

I came to find that between years of learning to draw figures with proper proportions and dimensions, tones and contrasts, and learning to paint with style, your own style, there exists a kind of leap of faith. It takes knowing how to draw things and people as they really are to be able to draw or paint them as they appear to you as the artist. And further, does it take knowing who you are to be able to relate to the model?

In the so-called modern period of art history, beginning with the Impressionists, I believe emotion comes through no matter what or who the subject is. Art has become more than a craft, a technique; it has become one of our most wonderful expressions of ourselves.

I began teaching part time in colleges and schools. Initially, I taught English skills: writing, grammar, poetry, short stories, drama. Then I introduced a new course to Maryland Hall for the creative arts: Myth, Magic, and Metaphor. In this class, I synthesized the techniques of painting with creative writing. Each semester, the class grew. But did I?

My luck is becoming clear. I discovered deep down that within our very being is the source of creativity. It is that very source which connects to the primal rhythms of the universe. Watching a sunset, looking at the snow-covered bare limbs of a tree, peering into the opened petals of a rose, all these scenes are captured by our creative muse who stores them in our memory. Someday, they will find release in a work of art. That is, if we allow it. Yes, I am finding the source: what I have come to call my luck.

Some say there are two natures involved. One is the world of nature “out there” and the other is the world of nature within us. I believe they are the same.

The full potential of the acorn is to be the mighty oak. We are constantly emerging and changing throughout our lives. The artist, in particular, has a unique advantage. Individuals can see the synthesis of themselves and what is out there in the world. It is a joy to learn from and be



"Johnny & Charlie the Pony" (21x27), oil; and "The Princess and the Unicorn" (23x18), oil by Patricia Daly-Lipe.

surprised by what we create as the words take over or the brush depicts a surprise on canvas or musical notes form a unique, pleasant pattern. Even scientific innovation comes from the creative muse. Keep in mind, Einstein discovered relativity in a dream.

So, yes, I learned to express my creativity. That is what I do. After all, the woods would be silent if no birds sang. Right? So was it luck that brought me here or was it simply meant to be?

