

As a child, I was an inveterate doodler and drawer. By eight , my mother had given me a box of water colors to play with. At eleven , an aunt gifted me my first oil paint kit and it was game on.

I grew up on the shore of the St. Lawrence River in the guts of the Thousand islands and like my father and his before , that great river and all things connected sank its hooks deep.

The steadfast guidance and encouragement of both parents coupled with family support sustained me through the social experiments that places of learning had emarked on. The high schools I attended in the early sixties had no place for the arts. Community college wasn't born yet. Anyone with artistic plans had to retool or reform orrebel.

I paint because I don't wish to explain to the ancestors I'll bump into across the river, why I didn't. I paint because so far it's a lot more interesting than wearing out the seat of my britches on a bar stool. So far. "One loves and endows with art only what one is accustomed to. Three cheers for fine French laundering. " Degas

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "J. S. S. S. S.", with a long horizontal flourish extending to the right.