

*My heart and my memory hold a lifetime of exemplary mentors. I'm not at the beginning of my career, although I don't feel like I've fully started yet. With each new show, each new foray deeper into what could only be called "my style", I feel closer to beginning a relationship with my craft that I dreamed about as a child in Saskatchewan. I am neither the novice nor the protege any longer, and I'm certainly not ready or qualified to don the mantle of "master" either. Because of a young woman who came to work in my studio, I've been giving considerable thought to mentorship: how it has shaped my life and how perhaps it is now my turn to share with young talent as my mentors shared with me. While I gained wonderful ideas from my mentors, I often debated with them about trying a new way to do something. I had similar debates with my young apprentice while we built the new show. I would say, in all authority, "never do it this way." And she would simply stare back and ask "Why?" In every such moment, I realised that we were both learning, both still questioning and evolving, for just as she asked the question, I had to question the basis on which I had made such a definitive statement. I may have been unknowingly placed in my first mentoring role, but I can assure you, the student allowed me a position in which to explore my own approach to my craft in a whole new light.*



*R.B.*

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