

A Heartfelt Beginning: The Journey of an Artist

She never envisioned herself as an artist. Fifteen years ago, when people asked, "Are you an artist?" she would humbly respond, "I paint." It wasn't a title she sought, nor a label she felt she deserved. For her, painting was an act of self-care, a way to disconnect from the noise of the world and reconnect with her inner calm. It wasn't a profession or even a passion at first; it was a quiet place she stumbled upon later in life, a refuge that allowed her soul to breathe, much like reading [books about empathy](#).

It had been years since she had held a paintbrush, not since her days in high school when art was just another subject—structured, graded, and tightly bound by rules. Those early experiences with art were more academic than emotional. But this time, when she picked up the brush, it felt different. There were no assignments to complete, no grades to chase—just her, the canvas, and the colours. It was a newfound freedom, an invitation to explore the depths of her creative expression without constraints.

Wanting to nurture this connection further, she enrolled in an art class. Each week, she painted landscapes, still lifes, and flowers, dutifully following the teacher's themes. She loved the act of painting, the rhythm of brushstrokes and the dance of colours across the canvas. Yet, despite the joy it brought her, something felt missing. The structured lessons couldn't quite capture the restlessness within her—the swirling thoughts, the emotions, the stories that were desperate to come out.

The art class themes felt like a box, too small to contain the full breadth of what she wanted to express. Her heart was bursting with images, emotions, and ideas that didn't fit neatly within the week's assignment. There was an ache, a whisper deep within her, urging her to explore something more personal, more profound. So, she took a brave step. She created a space at home—a sanctuary where her emotions could flow freely, where she could paint what she felt, unfiltered and unbounded.

It was in this space that her soul began to speak through her brush. Her first creation, *The Umbrella*, wasn't just a painting. It was a window into her inner world, a visual representation of emotions she could never put into words. Nervous yet excited, she brought the piece to her art teacher. She felt exposed, as if she were sharing a secret part of herself. The teacher's critique—"Your figure has five elbows"—took her by surprise. She hadn't even noticed the technical flaws. For her, the painting wasn't about accuracy or perfection; it was about the feeling it evoked. The so-called "mistakes" only seemed to deepen the emotion and meaning behind the piece, much like [early education books](#) that emphasize learning through exploration and creativity.

That moment changed everything. She realised that art wasn't about how it looked on the surface, but how it resonated in the heart. It became a medium through which she could express the depths of her soul. The journey that began with uncertainty and self-doubt had now transformed into a full-fledged artistic adventure—one that allowed her to express what words never could.

And with that realisation, her journey as an artist truly began.