

I am invested in making contemporary *memento mori* objects via the sentimental kitsch. A constant reminder of mortality is always driving that emotional connection between self and other or self and object. Using a metaphor system like that of Dutch 17th century *vanitas* painting, I create an allegory of my own relatable panic. Time does not stop.

I have a reoccurring love affair with the telephone. Often a symbol for connection, it can also reference disconnection. It's an object I've watched evolve vastly and exponentially in my lifetime. My understanding of longing and love have grown and progressed largely over phone conversations.

The common association that roses have with both loss and love has caused them to become a constant part of my visual vocabulary. It's not that I need the viewer to know the type of loss or longing I am referencing – but I want them to feel that divulged energy in their own way. Pressed flowers are often created to hold onto a memory we are not ready to let go of. For me, there is a conversation with the conceptual and the physical act of pressing hot sculpted glass flowers. Glass roses retain their memory. The more time invested turning them into a sculpture; the more distorted they become - just like memory and time.