

**Creativity and Holistic Health**  
**Reaction and Integration Paper**

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## **Meeting my “Inner Artist”**

The most profound experience for me came from the meditation to meet my “inner artist”. Traveling up the path to a small secluded cottage, walking next to hand built bird houses, clothes lines, hand painted signs about hope and peace, and then being greeted softly and gently from the man inside the cottage. He was thinner than me, a little older, yet he seemed more youthful and playful. He didn’t force me to come in. He simply opened the door, looked out, waved at me, and then left the door open for me to smell the wonderful aroma of coffee brewing on a stove, as if he psychically knew I’d be arriving that morning.

He and I took walks, looked at birds, spoke of ideas for peace, did drawings and coloring together. We painted stones that we found by a nearby pond, and sipped coffee with cream and cinnamon. This Scott, the inner artist, could let things in emotionally. We cried over people and animals companions that we lost in our life. He missed his friend, the bluebird that would come to nest in the birdhouse he made. The bird, he named Felix, had not been back for a month, and tears filled his eyes as he spoke of how he missed this friend. He missed many friends, but felt their spirit in everything around him.

We finally went through the boxes of cards, letters, and pictures that friends and family had sent to him the past year. He didn’t leave his cabin often. He loved his solitude, and the days he felt lonely, he allowed himself to putter, to wander, to cry, and to be.

I left knowing that I had touched greatness when I convened with him. He was a man full of spirit and love. He cared deeply for nature, for peace, for people, and for the

world.

Sharing this experience in class was difficult, because while I was touched by the imagery, I nearly cried as I wanted to go back again. I wanted to sit with him more. I wanted to wipe his tears and cry with him. I wanted to ride bikes with him on the trail, pretend we were pirates, roll in the grass, and let my worries only be for those that truly and deeply mattered.

Taking this class has shown me that I need to connect with this inner artist every day. Moreover, I believe that this man, this “artist”, is who I am meant to become in this lifetime. I felt the same way about this man as I did relatives that I felt I visited all too infrequently. Our time is so limited with loved ones, and we need to embrace them as much as we can. I cannot let years and years pass again, only to find that I’ve grown substantially older than, and “distant” from, my own inner artist.

### **Trusting the Process and Holding my Focus**

Throughout the semester, I’ve experienced serendipitous parallels in my life in relation to the process of growing creatively. Perhaps this happens every day in anyone’s life, but I feel that recently I have paid more attention to the process that I must trust.

Many months ago, I stumbled upon the movie **What the Bleep Do We Know**, and in that movie, one of the speakers, a woman named J.Z. Knight, who runs the Ramtha School of Enlightenment, made a distinct impression upon me. I ordered the introductory DVD for the school, and listened to J.Z, channeling her spirit-teacher, Ramtha, speaking these words:

“We wander through our lives as if blindfolded, searching and looking for our [purpose], we get sidetracked or lost. But we learn that if we hold our focus, we can

achieve our dreams through the chaos – through the field of possibilities. Our consciousness can create our reality. When life becomes predictable, it’s time to begin a journey.”

I started this course while living in Northfield, MN, knowing that my life was in transition. I had been working in Rochester at the Mayo Clinic for three and a half years in a secure computer job that had become tedious and draining. I was looking for change, and all the while I was bound by the “golden handcuffs” of this job, making excuses that money and security were important, and I could not leave yet. The excuses started wearing down, and the handcuffs became to restraining. I had made a plan to leave my job at the end of March, and relocate to Minneapolis in April. I wanted to return to having a bodywork practice of Massage, Acupressure, and Reiki, as I had done before some years ago. In the time period of this course, I interviewed for countless jobs in Minneapolis, and even turned down a job making more money than I had ever made previously. Other positions I applied for seemed to fall through as well.

When I stopped fighting, and stopped trying to jump into more “golden handcuff” jobs, I was laid off by my employer. I started receiving unemployment money, and I now am feeling the benefits of “holding my focus” and not giving up on my dream. I’m so thankful that I did not take the high paying corporate job. I’m so glad I held my focus to be in the Human Development program and not Arts Administration, which others felt would be more “practical” for me.

A week before I was laid off from work, I stopped simply just looking at my computer screen at a Sustainable Peace Bike Ride in Oregon, and I picked up the phone, registered for it, paid my deposit, and set it into motion. I had always been an avid supporter of public transit, but I was taking a radical step into biking a longer distance.

This is something I've never done in my life. But the "voice" or my own "inner artist" called to me to do this. I trusted the process of letting go and reaching for my life through my creativity and through my passion.

I moved to Minneapolis on March 18 – two weeks earlier than I had first anticipated. I bought a wonderful bike to commute around the Twin Cities, and I am discovering things that I never dreamed. I feel as if I am now seeing nature for the first time in my life as Spring begins to unfold. Since buying the bike, I've ridden it every day, and my car has quickly become my "third vehicle" (Metro Transit buses being my "second" vehicle behind the bike). I'm starting to envision what my life could be like without my car, and what I could gain by not owning it.

I'm beginning to convene with my artist more, beginning to hold my focus, and beginning to not only trust the process – but to love it!

### **Who is an Artist?**

A few of my classmates have uttered words like "I'm not an artist, but.." or have been amazed at the creativity and art that has come out of them. I can recall one woman showing a drawing she had done that she felt most proud of, yet she stated "I've not taken an art class in over 25 years." I believe now that there is an artist in all of us. Some of us simply allow this artist to sleep for a time, and don't let him or her come out very often. We live profound lives, with profound experience that moves our consciousness and our physical, mental, and spiritual selves into deep, rich, dark, light, and beautifully unfolding places. We have all of the training we need to let this artist come out, yet we tell ourselves "I'm not an artist." We reject the divine piece of ourselves because maybe society has told us not to shine so brightly. Don't cause a scene. Don't rock the boat.

Don't have "crazy ideas" about being some sort of "artist".

As human beings I feel we are wounded by self-deprecation. We are wounded because we are ever so wanting to be in touch with that divine part of ourselves, yet we are pulled away constantly by societal expectation. We search constantly, we dream constantly, and we mourn those dreams, as we are told by others that they aren't real, or that they cannot be achieved. After this wounding, we deny ourselves from feeling the pain. We detach. We ignore the lonely, quiet artist in ourselves, who is just waiting at the door for us to come in and sit a while.

We need to convene with our artist self. We as human beings need to believe in our power to change our own lives, and to touch our dreams. Our inner artist is waiting to teach us many lessons in my opinion. The first one, I believe, is a pledge.

"Raise your right hand and repeat after me: **I AM AN ARTIST! I AM AN ARTIST. I AM AN ARTIST!**"

## Portfolio Samples

1. My Inner Artist
2. Tree of Life
3. Climbing the Ladder of Success on the Wrong Building
4. Drawing Before Rhythm Exercise
5. Drawing After Rhythm Exercise
6. Drawing Before Movement Exercise
7. Drawing After Movement Exercise