

A few years ago, when Betsy Ernst started talking about raising money so we could open our own Pottery Studio here at the Northport Arts Association I had one of those full body shivers. The kind that rattles your soul a bit and whispers in your ear, "Pay attention! This is gonna be good!"

The last time my hands were covered in slip and happily shaping things from clay was way back in the early 1970s out in Scottsdale, Arizona. My good friend who had moved there from Morristown, New Jersey had gotten a brand new neighbor. When he introduced me to Sissy, she was unpacking her things after relocating from Asbury Park. Her former roommate back home was dating some musician named Springsteen. I wonder what happened to that guy. Sissy was a free bird, hippy-dippy chick like me and amongst her moving treasures were stained glass making tools and clay things.

She shared a lot of skills and we had a great time getting messy and making art. Life happened and things changed as they always do. Divorce. Moving North. Moving South. Remarriage. Kids. Work. Moving North again. Kids launching out into the world. Moving farther North. You know the drill. Somewhere along the road, things just filled in the space where clay used to live.

So here I am now, four days away from jumping into a clay class with the NAA teacher, Tina Greco and I am ridiculously excited! When my kids asked me what I wanted for Christmas last year, I announced that I was going to take clay classes at the brand new NAA Clay Studio after the wedding season was over at Willowbrook. My son presented me with a clay tool set that has way too much stuff in it but I'm eventually going to use every single thing.

The point is that a lot of us left things that brought us joy somewhere back along the road and until the Universe drops a big sign in front of us, we sort of forget what we used to love. I told Linda Bayer recently as we were talking about the classes, that it's like remembering a song I loved. I can hum the tune, but I've forgotten the words. I'm thinking that when I get in there with Tina guiding me, the words will come back again and I'll be singing some clay pieces to life with the same joy I had when I was 22.

It's a great time to check out the classes at the Northport Arts Association! We're growing more every day and the variety of classes is impressive! Renew your membership if you've let it lapse or get over here and join us! Find your joy again and let's see what's been hiding in your artistic soul waiting to be asked to come out into the light!

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