

Ted Weimerskirch

I started my professional career in healthcare as a counselor with burn victims and 35 years later found myself retired with an array of administrative hospital and long-term care experiences. There was always something, along with family, to keep me busy. As the years flew by, I thought more about what I would love to do next – not just something different to fill my time but enjoy. Jumping out of a plane was exciting but not something for everyday – once was enough!

After years of traveling on business or vacations, we collected various works from local artists. Often it was glass in various forms, shapes, and sizes. It always intrigued me how the glass could change its look depending on its surroundings. My wife frequently heard me say I wanted to learn the art of stained glass. Knowing that my “inner artist” was dying to be set free, she surprised me 12 years ago by enrolling me in classes. My first thought turned to a previous surprise involving piano classes at age 35 that did not turn out well. Before long I was down to just two boxes of band aids a week and loving every minute of stained-glass class.

It is hard to describe all the feelings that emerge in the process of creating a piece of art or the joy of hearing how it affects another. Perhaps Picasso said it best – “Art washes away from the soul the dust of everyday life” - not just for the artist but also those who claim it.