

Kelsey Sullivan
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No matter where I go, how many times I have moved, they are always there I hear their songs in the breeze, I feel their skin on mine, I see their ever-changing colors. They are there when I come and they are there when I leave. They are the only constant home I have ever had. A home is not just a wall made of wood and some windows, but the people and the stuff that is meaningful to you. The texture, the color, and the feel of my work are made to mimic that feeling of home.