

IN LOVING
Memory



LORIE
STEVENS

MAY 02, 1983 - JUNE 01, 2021

9 JULY
2023

3:00 PM - 8:00 PM
12040 N BALBOA BLVD,
GRANADA HILLS, CA 91344

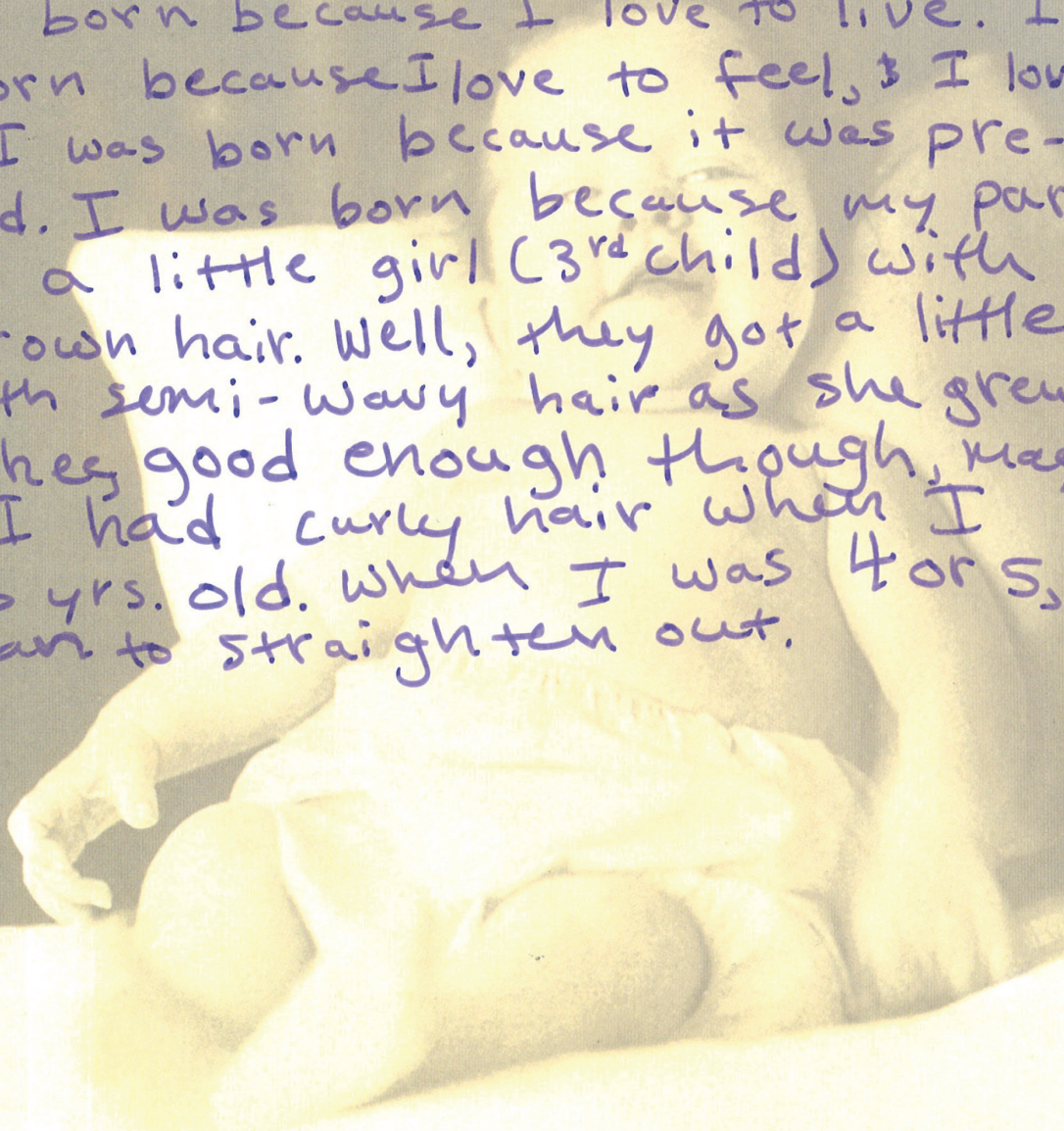
I was born because I love to live



MY BIRTH STORY

Write about your birth story and why you were born. Begin with "I was born . . ."

I was born because I love to live. I was born because I love to feel, & I love to love. I was born because it was pre-destined. I was born because my parents wanted a little girl (3rd child) with curly brown hair. Well, they got a little girl with semi-wavy hair as she grew up, hehehe, good enough though, maybe better. I had curly hair when I was 3 yrs. old. When I was 4 or 5, it began to straighten out.



My Own Words

Hello! My name is Lorie Stevens. I am so happy to join FineArtAmerica.com. I love connecting with other artists and supporting one another. I have found that community is really important in this way.

I started out practicing art on my own at a young age. As I got older, I became more and more interested in art history, which led me into a long, beautiful journey of studying fine art throughout my years in college. I first began serious study and practice of my craft at a great community college in Los Angeles, called Santa Monica City College, for numerous years, and I went on to finish my degree in Art at the University of California, Santa Barbara, where I majored in Fine Art and minored in Art History. I feel so lucky and grateful for the many talented and passionately innovative instructors I had the privilege of learning with over time. For more than a decade, I have experimented with a number of different mediums and styles, in search of finding a true, authentic, creative voice.

Some of my favorite mediums to work in have included (old fashioned print-making i.e. with letter presses and etching presses. While attending UCSB, I became a painter. I have come to a conclusion over time: I highly identify with Expressionists, Post Impressionists, and Impressionists. I enjoy the flow of discovering new ideas through practice and observation. This is a fragment of my story.

Artist's Statement:

'What gives me a unique voice is the strange little narrative that plays continuously in my mind and throughout my life as I live it. Perhaps this is true of everyone, although I can really only speak for myself here; but it seems that every day, and in every way, life provides me with a clash of the ordinary, bizarre, absurd, and profound. Or, at least that is the way it seems to hit my mind. To ask what makes me a unique voice is to ask about all the nuances of this strange little narrative called Lorie Stevens. Come to think of it, I am not actually always sure that my voice is totally unique. I seem to share so many common thoughts with those around me, and we all seem to recognize this thing we call humanity, which lives in this thing we all call the universe. However, inasmuch as I am able to reflect on and gather my musings about this world is the degree to which I am guessing that I have gathered a unique voice in my years on this earth.

Sometimes I think about whether God does exist in some way, shape or form; and then I think about the things I would tell this entity about life here on earth if we were to muse about it together after I am gone. I kiddingly think to myself about all the things I enjoy about life, and then all the things that I happen to disagree with about the way this world, and life in it, works. Sometimes I think of gathering together a report for God just for this purpose, so that if I ever do meet this divine entity I will have all my thoughts gathered in one place as to what I may say about this life. Every once in a while, I have a moment where I say to myself, "this is going in my report". Some of these moments so far have been, and this in no particular order:

Laughing with my friends is definitely going in my report.

The profound nature of my closest relationships gets a positive review. I think God got that about right.

Suffering gets a terrible review from me, and is definitely going in my report.

Also death, that certainly gets a terrible review. So, we come here, form incredibly close relationships with those we hold most dear, and then die not knowing if there is anything else in this universe or beyond it and if we will ever see our dearest loved ones ever again?? That is definitely going in my report, and it gets a horrible review.

I also am wondering why every bizarre food ends up tasting like chicken?? I don't know that this will get a review per se, really I am just curious about it.

I am also wondering why the default emotion of children seems to be joy, whereas the default emotion of so many adults seems to be fear and anxiety? And for that matter, why do we call this progression, which seems so backwards to me personally, maturity??

On that note, I am also wondering about our emotional lives in general. It seems like these things we call emotions have been given such a powerful seat within our minds, and yet they remain the most mysterious parts of us. This seems curious to me, and its definitely going in my report. I am not yet sure whether it will get a positive or negative review.

But laughter, that definitely gets a positive review. I am going to list it again, just because.

Human iniquity, and pain, and suffering, and why some people have such an amazing life here while others suffer amazingly. That gets a terrible review, and hopefully on behalf of the entire half of humanity who have been most screwed in this life.

Why is ice cream so good, and almost all Kellogg's products?? Again, more of a question than anything.

Why is it that the more intensely I think and feel, which is what it really means to be human to me, the harder it is for me to be understood by other humans? That's so odd, it feels like a divine joke... definitely going in my report.

I discovered along my path, that my heart feels naturally called to contribute something positive back to the world while I am here, something that benefits all. I have discovered some common themes, one of which is healing. The world is in deep need of healing right now. People, animals, the land they live on and the air that they breathe. The environment that we live in. We are living in an important time in the history of the Earth, and we have a chance to help make it a place of less suffering, especially when human beings come together and unite through our hearts and minds.

At any rate, these are but a handful of the thoughts that have occurred to me so far in this life; and inasmuch as they have occurred to others, then I concede that they are not truly unique. Yet, this narrative does seem to continue in my mind constantly, and in fact I am not really sure I actually have any control over it, nor perhaps would I even want to. What I can say with some degree of certainty is that it is a voice, unique or not...and it is the only one I've got, so I might as well use it.'

-Lorie M. Stevens



Lorie Stevens
Psychology

One Step forward

I feel as if I've been living my life and fulfilling goals that would show up good on a tombstone with my name on it. I've been worrying about my reputation, as if it really matters. I don't want to be remembered as the coolest, most popular girl. When I die, I want to be remembered as a person with good intentions and a good heart. I want to be remembered as someone who gave a gift to the world.

Perhaps I've been unconsciously dismissing people in my life based on their social status. That is going to change right now. I claim to be open minded. I've noticed that I sometimes contradict the idea of open mindedness when I speak to people, trying to prove to them that I know better and have all the answers. If I was a truly open minded person, I think that I would try to listen better to other people's views and feelings without trying to change who they are at that time. Ideally, I would like to be a better listener to myself and to others. I'm tired of repeating someone else's words and trying to take credit for it. I need to have my own voice when I talk to people, because that is the only one I feel that I can completely trust without doubt. Why do I give people, even my closest friends, responses and answers that I think they want to hear? How do I know what they really want to hear? I'm not a mind reader. I give fake responses sometimes just so that I can feel better about myself. But I often end up judging my performance immediately after I stop talking. Perhaps it is because I didn't really believe in what I was saying. I either try to please the other person by going along with what they are saying because I feel intimidated and lost, or I cut right into the middle of their sentence before they are finished speaking their minds. It's like I try to make them think I am so smart and know so much, when in reality, I know what I know based on how I feel. The other person is not always going to feel the same way as I do. I think it's time for me to accept that. In understanding this, perhaps I can become a better listener, and ultimately a better friend to the world.



Dark Place

Shine like the moon
Over a dark world
Black night, dark world
Bright moon, shining moon,
Light,
Ease this desperation
Cast away my tears
Let morning come,
And Erase these unreal fears.
Death is far way, not close,
Let me feel free
Lead me away from darkness
Swallow me in your shining warmth
Goddess and fairies in the sky
Take my hand and help me fly
Through life, through pain, through depression, through desperation,
Through self hatred,
Lead me away from these dark places,
Lead me away from darkness.

by LORIE STEVEN

✓
LORIE STEVEN

The sun glistened in the rain
as drops of diamonds poured down
and hit the earth like falling planes
There was no rainbow to be found
Silent thunder so profound
... that day
You left me in the cold that night
Feather down on my nightgown
I felt so ugly and ashamed
You entered me in quiet sound
... That night...
That day. That night. What happened next.
I awoke in bed, undressed.
You, no-where to be found
You left me without a sound
... That night...
Lonely was I, in the warmth of day
Darkness was I, during brightest skies
What you did not ever say
What I did not ever say
... That time...
Copyright: Lorie Stevens

Compassion. Empathetic you are young child...

Listen to the chants of whispering winds, rustling leaves,

Who all sing to you... perched above, upon twisted, aging oak branches,

It's all for you, sweet child.

A gift to soothe your soul,

Dewdrops falling from wildflowers

In early dawn hours,

Child,

Listen to her voice, whispering wind howling softly in your ear,

Feel her gentle caress upon your cheek.

Follow oak roots for they lead to a path

A journey toward life source

Within ground, within soil,

Lies brilliant webs

Interconnected, wood veins

Solid roots...

Weeds of the wild expanding below

Soft dewy grass

Where your feet to stand tall

New Seeds

Energy flow.

Electric magic underworld

Below where whispering winds blow.

FOR NEARLY 38 YEARS, I've been privileged to walk with gang members and felons and they have altered my heart. Ending a talk with me in my office at Homeboy Industries, Joseph punctuates it by saying, "Life is removing the blindfold." He is the shape of God's heart.

I ask him, "Yes, but what do you see when the blindfold falls?" After his years of incarceration, gang involvement and heroin addiction, I suspected he might say shame, guilt, the "error of my ways." Regret. "What do you see, Joseph?" He pats his chest. "I see my goodness." "Yes," I tell him. "It is unshakeable." I am grateful to Joseph for that reminder.

"And the soul felt its worth," as the Christmas carol tells us. There is a prayer written by a medicine woman that wisely says, "I will not heal you for I see you in your wholeness. I will walk with you through the darkness as you remember your light." The blindfold falls. All hearts are altered.

— GREGORY J. BOYLE,
a Jesuit priest, is the executive
director and founder of Homeboy
Industries in L.A.

→ Lorita
03/09/11
75 d
Sober

If You Really Knew Me...

What would people find out about you if they really knew you?

If you really took the time to get to know me, you would know

that... I am a lover of art and music.

I am a photographer. I am a lover

and big fan of animals. I am a

safe place to run to. I am a good

friend. I don't like to bad mouth

people if I can help it, but

I'm not perfect. I have goals.

I strive to be a good person. I am humble

I love sunsets and sunrises.

I love the ocean. I am imaginative.

I have pain. I have depth

I like to sing. I like to paint.

I was an art major in college.

I now have a C.H.T. degree, so I'm now

a certified clinical hypnotherapist

I am powerful. I hold wisdom

I value integrity. I value honesty.

I have a good heart. I'm irreplaceable

I am a writer. I love petting horses.

I am an artist. I'm a lover, not a fighter.

But I can fight if I have to.

I am strong. I am useful and valuable.

I am soulful and deep as the ocean. I am love.

I am trustful. I see below the surface. I see you.

Imagine there being a knock on the door. Confused, you ask the visitor, "who is it?"

You hear a small voice on the other side of the door and excitedly the voice says, "It's me! Please open the door, I really want to see you!" "I've been waiting to talk to you!"

You don't recognize the voice but it sounds so small and innocent that without reservation say, "Come in." You're surprised by the visitor. The visitor is you, your childhood you. What would you like to say to this person about your life and where you are today?

Dear Lorie, you don't know me yet, but I'm your future self and I'm here to teach you a few things about your life and your purpose on this planet. You have a really beautiful heart and you're very loyal. Sometimes, these qualities are going to lead to some heavy hurt and heart-breaks, but don't you ever give up on yourself or this life. You might not know this yet, but you are going to help a lot of people, including children when you are older, and animals. And you will help many friends along the way and you will even help some enemies too. Persist. Persevere. When you look forward into the future, I hope you will see the light within the darkness, for it IS THERE, you just have to look for it with an open heart & open mind. You are going to thrive in higher education one day, so keep believing in yourself, your strengths, & your talents. I know you're scared of losing your parents, but I'll tell you now that I've been through the loss of one of them now, & I'm still here and I'm doing okay. In fact, I'm actually thriving now in many ways that I didn't expect. I've become an open channel for the →

Spiritual realm to communicate through
at times, and it's so beautiful
beyond measure and exciting.

I've become ^{more} open & honest again,
the way you still are now, and I'm
over-joyed to return to who you
are.

Don't be too scared of losing
your papa, for he will leave this
planet when both of you are ready
and you will have special closure
with him as you ~~send~~ help
him pass on and send his soul
into the light. There is a light
at the end of each tunnel, you
just have to open your heart and
search for it and it will appear.
~~You~~ Have no fear. Your father will
merge with you and he will live
on in your heart, your memories
and you will find remnants & tokens
of his spirit all around you one day.
You will know him in the wind
and the trees, in the sun, the moon,
and ~~in~~ a you will see him within
yellow flowers and great big fields
amongst sunrises & sunsets.

Have no fear as there is nothing
to prove and you are so brave.
I love you very much for all
that you care, and all that you
will come to be. You've got this.
Take life by the horns and show it who's boss.
And go with God. Trust in yourself and
Trust in God, whatever that means to you
at any given time. Trust the light.



03/18/2021
Day 84

I am...

I am the water

I am the rain

I am the SUN

In a sun shower

Shining down on you again.

I am powerful beyond
measure

I am clouds in stormy
weather

Flowers amongst ~~(mountain
vast plains)~~
vast mountain plains, plains)

And, I'll see you one day
again.

Yes, I'll see you one day
again



When you wake upon
morning light

When you see all the birds
take flight

Think of me, soft and bright

Think of me, fighting a good
fight

Breath upon the water

~~wind in~~

Gentle wind in the air

A cool breeze blowing
as upon the mountains
you stare

A vast horizon in the
distance

Not a care in the world

In the silence, you
listen

For all of the poems
I once told

Stories of nature's
wonders to unfold

I'll meet you there in
the distance

Where ~~the~~ flowers blossom
and the rain is cold

In the in-between
shadows of morning's
dawn,

Right before the sun rise(s)
and night's darkness
disappears

In the calm quiet
A vast horizon appears →

I'll meet you there,
my dear

I'll meet you there,
my sweet dear.

Don't Shed any tears

For I'll meet you there,
Sweet dear.

I'll meet you there,
I'll meet you.

In that space between the
shadows of the night
and morning

I'll see you in a dream
and we'll meet again
Don't cry - Just dream.

