Dan Friday

Lummi

From an early age, my family fostered creativity in me. Living without TV and knowing our rich cultural heritage of the Lummi Nation, meant that making things with our hands was a regular activity.

AUNT FRAN’S BASKET: Visiting my aunt Fran’s house when I was young always felt so comfortable because of all the projects spread about the house. Her hands were always moving, from this thing to that. She said, “It is our way, we make things.” She gave me many things, but it was her presence that was the true gift.

When I saw glass blowing for the first time, it felt as though I grew an inch... that is to say, a huge weight was lifted from my shoulders. I had finally figured out what I wanted to be when I grew up. This was no small feat for someone who, as a youth, was rebellious and misguided. In spite of my colorful past, and by the grace of a loving community, I found my passion in glass.

Living as an artist may not be directly saving the world, but perhaps we are saving ourselves and hopefully, in the process, making the world a better place.