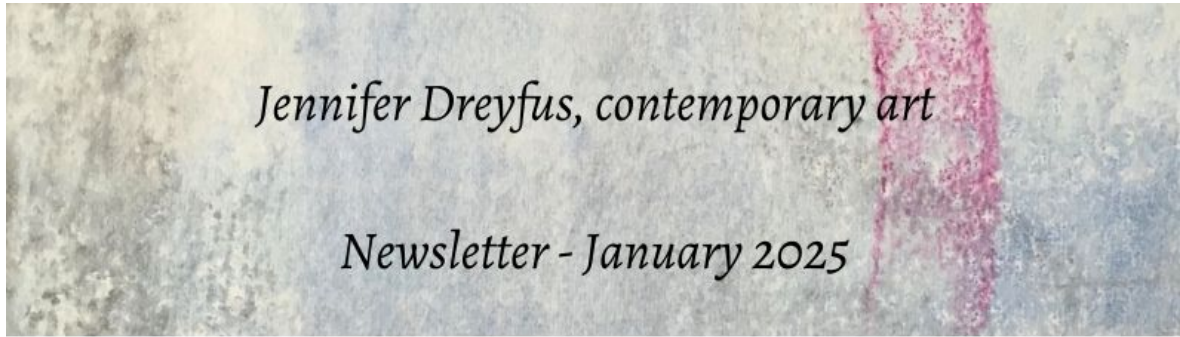


**From:** Jennifer jdreyfus99@148175322.mailchimpapp.com  
**Subject:** Its Time! January Newsletter  
**Date:** January 12, 2025 at 12:54 PM  
**To:** jdreyfus99@gmail.com



[View this email in your browser](#)



## ***Welcome to my first newsletter of 2025!***

### **Looking back**

The New Year provides the opportunity to look back at my newsletter history and reflect. I am so impressed that my audience consistently opens my newsletter at an extremely high rate (way above industry average). You interact with it and often click on links. Thank you so much for that exchange. As always, I also welcome emails with things you might want to share directly with me - artwork that you enjoyed, a great cartoon or just your thoughts. Feel free to email me at [jdreyfus99@gmail.com](mailto:jdreyfus99@gmail.com) or use the link at the end of this newsletter.

There wasn't enough information from the Fall/Winter online survey to draw conclusions. Several of you did share your insights on your go-to creative tools. Thank you so much. It was an excellent reminder of things that I need to work on as well.

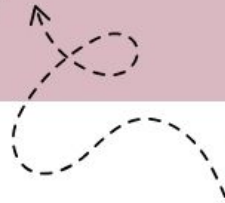
In the meantime I hope your New Year is filled with peace, happiness and health for you and your family. All the best.





**Thank you to those sharing creative suggestions! In summary:**

- Use pipettes as a painting tool – great for watercolors and asemic writing
- Have ready access to a notebook or sketchbook for times when inspiration strikes
- Eavesdrop for ideas
- Try tissue paper for all sorts of things – I use it when painting to create texture; another reader noted it was helpful for extending sewing patterns
- Keep up with changing tools in your creative area, changing technology can make many things easier
- Establish a regular practice of setting aside time to create or just to be by yourself



**I need to work on this one!**



## HEADS UP

Apple's new AI assisted Mail software, has decided that newsletters are spam (and not the edible kind). It is likely that this newsletter may have ended up in a junk folder if you are using Apple's new software. If Mail is incorrectly marked the message as junk: Click 'Move to Inbox' in the message banner. Supposedly after a few times, the software will learn that you don't consider this newsletter to be spam.





the jam  
20x16, oil & wax

More pieces from my  
recent gridlock series



around the corner  
18x12, oil & wax



excuse me, pardon me  
18x24, oil & wax

## What's Next for Me

In 2016, after Trump's election, it seemed to me that the East Coast contemporary art market took a nosedive. For over a year, sales were low and generally focused on art that provided social commentary. In late 2024, I am again seeing that sales are down in the contemporary art market. I've pulled back from shows given that exhibitions are time consuming and hard work. Instead, I'm exploring new directions and planning to take two classes in 2025.

Late in January, I'm off to Chattanooga to study with Anna Carll. She blends collage with painting creating fascinating larger scale works. I'm especially intrigued by her urban collages.





## Moment of Zen

I offer up a poem that brought me a sense of stillness and peace. I hope it meets you in a place of contemplation as we fully enter the season of winter.

### **WINTER GRIEF**

*Let the rest  
in this rested place  
rest for you.*

*Let the birds sing  
and the geese call  
and the sky race  
from west to east  
when you cannot raise  
a wing to fly.*

*Let evening  
trace your loss  
in the stonework  
of a fading sky.*

*So that  
you can give up  
and give in  
and be given back to,*

*so that you can let  
winter  
come and live  
fully inside you,*

*so that  
you can  
retrace  
the loving path  
of heartbreak  
that brought you here.*

*So you can cry alone  
and be alone  
so you can let  
yourself alone  
to be lost,*

*so you can  
let the one  
you have lost  
alone,*

*so that  
you can let  
the one  
you have lost  
have their  
own life  
and even  
their own  
death  
without you.*

*So the world  
and everyone  
who has ever lived  
and ever died  
can come and go  
as they please.*

*So you can  
let yourself  
not know what*

*not know, what  
not knowing  
means.*

*So that  
you can be  
even more generous  
in your letting go  
than they  
were  
in their leaving.*

*So that you can  
let winter  
be winter.*

*So that you can let  
the world alone  
to think of spring.*

*From  
THE BELL AND THE BLACKBIRD Poetry by David Whyte*

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