

# **I Am What I Am.**

(But what will I be next?)

By Jon Allyn

Master of Photography  
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The great philosopher, Popeye the Sailor, was quoted as saying, "I am what I am and that's all that I am". But does that mean, what he is now is all that he could be? I'm sure the United States Army wouldn't think so. Their recruiting slogan is, "Be All That You Can Be". This is their invitation to dream BIG dreams and strive to be more.

So then, here I am. And, I am what I am. But how did I get here. And what effect has that journey had on my photography. Eleanor Roosevelt postulated that, "I am what I am today because of the choices I made yesterday". Certainly that is true. Who I am in the future will depend on the choices I make today. The process is never-ending. I am but a work in progress – God's unfinished tapestry sent to do His will. I am a product of my life's circumstances and events. My family, friends, acquaintances and every single person, place and thing that I come in contact with add to the fabric of my life. I am reshaped and sometimes redefined as more people and experiences leave their mark. The sum total defines who I am. Even with all these influences, I ultimately am responsible for choosing my life path. Nonetheless, everyone and everything influences me and influences my photography.

It is often helpful for me to reflect on some of my philosophies of life whenever I seem to be losing my way or feeling stagnant. Continue to dream and I'll see the future. Passionately pursue my dream and I can make it a reality. Learn from the past but don't live in the past. I can't see the future if I'm always looking back. Live and learn. Value experience. It will likely save me time, money, embarrassment, frustration, disappointment

and heartache. To appreciate this statement, please consider my definition of experience.

**expe-ri-ence** (noun) 1. the knowledge acquired through a series of non-fatal errors

With that said, based upon my recollection of the countless errors I've made, I could be considered very experienced in life and photography. And, I'm gaining more experience everyday. I'm fortunate to have survived.

Every living thing on God's green earth has a survival mode. Mine has always been to conceal my feelings and keep to myself things of a personal nature. This provides me with a level of protection from rejection, confrontation and ridicule. I'm a very private person even to those closest to me. Consequently, I seldom share my images. I've never had a cool slideshow even when I speak. I've only posted one image on Facebook and my website currently has two. I have an inherent fear of rejection. For that reason, writing this thesis is without a doubt one of the most difficult things I've ever done. As I pondered the revealing content of this dissertation, I felt vulnerable and helplessly exposed. I know that some of the revelations will surprise even my family because I've kept them to myself for over 5 decades. So, how did I become who I am? And what impact could that have on my photography?

It was a cold Saturday in Milwaukee, Wisconsin back in 1955. Not so surprising since it was the middle of January. Florence Lucille Bromaghim had just given birth to her second child – this time a son. She and my father, Weston named me after the pastor's son but chose a shortened version of Jonathan. Jon. No "H". Just J.O.N. I'm sure at the time they didn't know how often I would have to spell it out or say, "Jon without an H". Actually, I didn't mind that so much because I thought it was cool. It made me different from the 4 or 5 other boys named John in my elementary class.

Also making me different was having a last name that few could spell and only relatives could pronounce. This would prove to be more challenging for me. I always felt uneasy when someone would ask my last name. It always bore repeating followed by spelling. And for a shy, introverted, youngster, that was often embarrassing.

Amongst my neighborhood friends, I was the youngest and least skilled athletically. It wasn't so much that I was bad at sports, I just wasn't that good. There just wasn't anything that I was really good at – except for math and science. Actually, I did get A's and B's in nearly every class but I

excelled in those two. Disappointingly, my worst class was Art. I couldn't draw or paint. I joke that I can't draw a stick man if you spot me the legs. As you can imagine, I'm absolutely terrible at Pictionary.

Now on the other hand, give me a drafting table, T-Square, scale and some triangles and I'll draw a scene to scale with 3-point perspective. It goes without saying that my coloring books were all drawn within the lines. Staying within the lines is necessary for a lot of things but can be quite a hindrance when exploring creativity. I figured out a few decades ago, I was left-brain dominant and consequently the creative and artistic side was repressed.

Growing up, I was always in the shadow of my best friend Bruce, a would-be, college basketball hall-of-famer. He was a grade a head of me. His other friends were all in his grade so I felt like the tag-along – that was until I was able to skip 5<sup>th</sup> grade. A couple months in summer school to skip a whole semester was a sweet deal. I was beginning to feel a little more accepted which started to build my confidence.

Both my parents worked and worked hard. My mother was in charge of data processing at Master Lock Company. My father, Weston was a carpenter, more accurately a true craftsman. "Good enough" were words I never heard from him. Each of them put in excess of 40 hours per week. By their example, I developed a solid work ethic.

My Grandmother on my father's side would be at our house each day as my sister and I returned from school. We called her, "little grandma" because she was so short. She could wear an Easter bonnet and still be under five-feet tall. She was always there for us and shared her wisdom whenever we would listen. Little Grandma had some mad art skills. She could paint the most beautiful landscapes and delicate still life images. I envied her artistic ability and wanted to be able to paint like her. To this day, I don't know why those genes didn't get passed down.

My father taught me the difference between excellence and perfection and how to obtain excellence by striving for perfection. I remember him saying, "If you're going to do something, you better know what you're doing". That taught me preparation. And, "If you're going to take the time to do something, you might as well do it right". I had learned to always do my best and the satisfaction that came with that journey. Little did I know at the time how much impact those statements would have on my photography.

I had a joyful and modest upbringing. Everything my parents had, they had to work for. They taught me the value of hard work and determination. My mother taught me about money and how to budget – skills that proved invaluable many years later when I started my business. We ate meals at home as a family and entertained ourselves with board games and cards. Home was the place where I felt nurtured, safe and secure. Outside of those four walls was a different story. I didn't like to meet people. I'd be the wallflower at any party and dreaded the thought of being the center of attention. I wanted to fit in but not be the focal point.

High school brought more frustration athletically and socially. While Bruce was earning multiple letters in basketball, I failed to even earn my numerals – the year of your graduation symbolizing the first step to earning the school letter. I still have the unadorned letter jacket to remind me. Not being one of the, "In Crowd" left me feeling socially inept.

I was 16 years old and in my senior year when my guidance councilor asked me what I wanted to do the rest of my life. I said, "How would I know? I'm only 16"! She asked what I liked to do and I jokingly said, "play golf". She told me that I should become a doctor because they play golf every Wednesday. Next thing I knew, I was in Pre-Med at Marquette University. But, two years later, I was at the University of Wisconsin enrolled in Engineering and working 2<sup>nd</sup> shift at Miller Brewing Company.

The organized sports at the Brewery gave me a chance at redemption. Inexplicably, I excelled. This shot of self-confidence gave me the courage to pursue every opportunity to test my abilities. The trophy case quickly filled with hardware in baseball, basketball, golf, bowling, racquetball, and pool to name a few. I had learned about persistence, and what it took to be competitive. More importantly my self-esteem was at an all-time high and my newly found confidence gave me the courage to take chances.

A very unlikely and unpredictable chain of events ultimately resulted in me becoming a photographer. Here's how it happened. Our bowling team had just won the championship and it was decided that we should try our luck at the ABC Bowling Tournament in Nevada. I figured that I should document the big event so I ran out and bought a camera. I'm pretty sure it was a Minolta SRT 101. All I knew about it was that if I turned a couple dials, two needles would align in the viewfinder and I'd get a picture. While in Lake Tahoe, I literally snapped a picture out the 6<sup>th</sup> floor window of the Cal-Neva Lodge. The glistening water of Lake Tahoe was framed by a foreground of silhouetted pine trees and supported by a background of

majestic mountains. It looked like a postcard or something you might find on a travel brochure. Long story short, I had a 16x20 printed and framed by a company in New York. I even had the fake canvas texture crushed into the print. Proudly, I displayed it to my co-workers and sold a copy on the spot.

One of the secretaries suggested that I spend some time in Door County, a very scenic area of Wisconsin, and photograph sailboats, sunsets and the like. She followed it up by saying that I should build a 10x10 display booth and sell the photographs at local art shows. I heeded her sage advice and it changed who I was and who I would become. I was obsessed with creating images. Photography had become my mistress.

Although I was selling images and receiving ribbons, there had to be more to photography than just turning two dials and aligning the needles. Nonetheless, I had found a way to create art without a paintbrush. My personal definition of Art seemed appropriate: **art** (noun) 1. something not necessarily understood, but could possibly be sold.

However, the inanimate subjects I was photographing left me unfulfilled and uninspired. I was drawn to paintings and photographs of people, especially those that told a story or forced me to draw a conclusion. I needed to include the human element in my work. Acting on that deduction, my artistic philosophy and my style of photography changed dramatically. People are unique and a variety of stories can be told about every subject. I was careful not to limit myself to just one genre such as figure studies, children or couples.

As I immersed myself in the world of art and photography, my images became much more introspective and thought provoking. Analogous with a first kiss, I wanted my images to be exciting enough or interesting enough to make the viewer go back for more.

From that point on, I began to title every image. The title would offer more insight or a point of view for the viewer to consider. In some cases, the titles would offer explanation or directly elicit an emotion as in the case of, "God Bless the Heroes" and "In The Face of Evil".

My next step was to embark on a mission to learn absolutely everything about photography. It was and remains an amazing journey. There was math and physics and the thing I longed for, a creative release.

I read photography books, one after another. From these books, I learned about photography but not how to be a photographer. That would come a few years later.

Some might call it fate, I prefer Divine intervention, that Lorra, a high school acquaintance was in the neighborhood visiting friends the same time I was photographing apple blossoms in the yard. She blurted out, “My mother is a photographer. You should meet her”. Eagerly I accepted her invitation and quickly struck up a life long friendship with her mother. Lois was an abundant woman with a heart and smile to match. She photographed once in a while but her true love was working in the darkroom. She unselfishly passed along all the skills and tricks she had learned from her late husband, a press photographer. Her darkroom had become my refuge. This sanctuary of magic, creativity and exploration, sans any social pressure had become my nirvana. It was here that I learned about color, patience and the relentless pursuit of perfection. My father’s words, “If you’re going to take the time to do something, do it right” would ring in my head with each 8x10 sheet hitting the trash. Out of financial necessity, I became a good printer really fast.

While showing at the Midwestern Show of Fine Art, a momentary chance encounter with a complete stranger changed my life forever. I had stepped away from my display to admire another photographer’s work. To my left were two women commenting on his images. One said to the other, did you happen to see that other guys work – pointing toward my booth? “No. Who’s was it”, inquired the other. It was a Jon somebody. Last name started with a “B”. At that instant, Jon Allyn was born. Using my given middle name for my last name, I took on an entirely new persona. I became Jon Allyn, the creative photographer. The hassles of spelling and pronouncing my last name were gone. The challenges and failures of my childhood all belonged to Jon “B something”. Thankfully, the experience stayed with me. It was a renaissance for me. I felt like Popeye eating a can of spinach.

Taking advantage of Miller Brewing Company’s generous tuition reimbursement program, I sought out a degree in photography from the local college. More than 140 of my credits earned at Marquette and UWM transferred over. After reviewing my portfolio and darkroom experience with the Dean of Photography, I was offered the opportunity to receive an Associate’s degree if I completed just two classes. I felt having that degree would validate me as a photographer.

Everything was going along as planned until I submitted my final project for Composition class. The assignment was to write a statement of purpose and then represent it visually with 15 matted prints. The prints would later be displayed in the corridors. We could choose any subject matter and everyone expected me to choose landscapes. But what purpose would that have, other than showing the beauty of nature that God had created? For me, my scenic photographs had become predictable and ordinary. I was capturing what I saw. I was simply recording what was there. I was taking a photograph instead of making a photograph! Imagination and creativity had become far less important in my work than the time of day I chose to shoot. What interpretation of a scenic could I give the viewer that would provoke deeper thought?

For my images to have meaning, I would have to risk failure and go beyond what was expected. Not doing so would result in me being irrelevant as a photographer. I had to follow my intuition. At that point, I was determined to express myself visually and to let others experience my vision. I chose a subject that I felt would solicit interpretation from the viewer, the female form.

My statement of purpose was: Utilizing texture, shape and form, I will show the essence of beauty that is woman.

Although the images were innocent, impersonal, mostly abstract and received high praise from the instructor, the school refused to give me credit for the project. They stated that nudes could not be displayed in the school. They insisted that I select another subject and resubmit. I refused and consequently received an "F" whereby failing to get the degree. I could have done another project in a matter of a couple days, but it was the principle of the thing. After working seven days a week for six years at the Brewery, it was time for a career change. The irony was that my new career would require that I use my given last name, Bromaghim. Interestingly, the confidence and inner strength from my new persona of Jon Allyn would carry over to Jon Bromaghim.

My father suggested that I follow in my Uncle Andrew's footsteps and become a City of Milwaukee firefighter. The twenty-four hours on the job and forty-eight hours off was the perfect schedule for me to build my photography business concurrently. I almost lost my opportunity when I totaled my car and was left with half my face paralyzed for several months. The surgery to follow would cause me to miss the date of the physical agility test. Life had indeed thrown me a curve ball.

My father did the carpentry for the Fire Department and he was so well liked that a Lieutenant at the Training Academy offered to perform the test for me after the surgery. I passed and entered the academy only to suffer a knee injury half way through the training. This forced me to start again in the next class several months later. With just one week left before graduation of the second class, I received 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> degree burns in a training exercise and was put on injury leave. Life had thrown me another curve ball. After months of healing, I was finally assigned to Ladder Company 12, the busiest truck in the department. I loved it. Three years later, I was promoted to Heavy Equipment Operator and then to Lieutenant. I obtained an Associate degree in Fire Science, studied arson investigation, served on the Hazardous Material Team and the Public Safety Team – putting on Sesame Street puppet shows on fire safety for kids in school. The kids were great. And I often wished that I could take them back to my makeshift camera room in my apartment and make their portraits. In 1987, construction was completed on my residential studio, which I still occupy today.

Just twelve years into my career on the Fire Department, life threw another curve ball – strike THREE. While battling a house fire on a cold and icy winter night, part of the attic floor gave way and I fell. I was left with battered knees, a dislocated disk and a back broken in two places. That's not what I had planned for my career but that was the hand I was dealt. As John Lennon sang in his song, Beautiful Boy, "Life is what happens to you while you're busy making other plans". One career was over and I redirected all my energy into photography and serving on various photography boards.

Six years prior to my injury, I would meet someone who would redirect my path once again. One of the guys in my racquetball league was a photographer and he introduced me to the Professional Photographers of America. At the PPA National Convention, I strolled through the print exhibit. My eyes filled with tears from the overwhelming beauty and power of the images. I also got my first look at the PPA Masters Ribbon. I had to have one hanging around my neck! My goal was to score 100 and be content if I scored 80 or above – as that was the magic number to receive a National Merit toward the Master's Degree. I entered print competition the next two years and quickly found out how my work compared to the professionals. I wouldn't exactly say I was encouraged by my image that scored a 51 (that's not a typo) but I was more than half way to my goal of 100. I was bitterly disappointed and it would have been easy to just quit. But, I'm an optimist



and the glass was indeed one point more than half full. As Janis Joplin said, “I must be an optimist, because a pessimist is never disappointed”.

I paid for an audio critique and heard unfamiliar terms such as retouching, print quality, and presentation. Once again in the scheme of things, I had no idea what I was doing. I needed more than books if I was to have any prayer of earning the coveted Masters Degree.

I was indeed fortunate that I discovered the Winona School for Professional Photography just ninety minutes away. In the next few years, I participated in twelve week-long classes with a variety of instructors including Blair, Cricchio, Evans, Gilbert, Kristian, McIntosh and Silber to name a few. I gained valuable advice from each of them as I continued to evolve. But none of them would have as profound an impact on my photography as Dean Collins.

I would study with Dean dozens of times after that. He was my idol and quickly became my friend. Through sheer repetition, empirical testing and commitment, I internalized his teachings of three-dimensional contrast – a theory that gave me the tools necessary to create, control and record the entire or any specific portion of the full dynamic range of tones. For the first time, I was creating the subtle qualities of light and contrast that would define my work. I could record what I saw in my imagination not just what I saw with my eyes. Consistently predictable results gave me the power to create. One of the most valuable things he taught me was how controlled over exposure or under exposure could be used to enhance mood as demonstrated in the image titled, “Bound for America”. To illustrate the plight of a slave in the hold of a ship, bright highlights, cloudy blacks and shadows without detail were necessary. Dean Collins taught me so much – most importantly, how to master the technical aspects of photography. By allowing the technical side to become second nature, I was free to explore my imagination and creativity.

Now who would have thought that an equipment failure could result in a Master’s degree? I was preparing for a slideshow at a wedding reception when I encountered problems with the dissolve unit. Not really knowing whom to call for help, I contacted Ron Lemerond, my lab rep. He gave me the number of a photographer in my area. His name was Jim Schoonover. Although he didn’t know me from Adam, he explained that he was at a house party and couldn’t leave but I could pick up the key and help myself to anything in the studio. This was taking “the kindness of strangers” to a whole new level. He saved the day and we became great friends.

Jim was and still is one of the most creative photographers I've ever met. He was experienced in print competition and already held the Masters Degree. Jim took me under his wing and he spent countless hours teaching me how to select and crop the right image, bevel cut mats and apply coat after coat of lacquer spray – sometimes as much as two cans per print, wet sanding between coats. I loved the craftsmanship and the camaraderie. My next PPA Print Competition after a two-year hiatus resulted in three for four accepted into the General Collection and my first Loan print. With Jim's tutelage, I was revitalized and on the fast track to earning my Masters Degree. That was until my Fire Department injury forced me to put down my camera for more than a year.

In life, it doesn't matter if you get knocked down. Everyone will be from time to time. What matters is that you get up again. Even though life keeps throwing you curve balls, you can still hit a homerun. You just have to have the courage to step up to the plate and take your best swing.

When you're laid up 24/7 you have a lot of time to think. I had easily come to the realization that everything I had become was by the Grace of God and through the contributions of everyone I had encountered. I was determined to return the favor. I had already experienced the joy of teaching at the Winona School and I was committed to sharing whenever I could help. I wanted to share my knowledge to inspire and motivate others to achieve great things so I began to teach. No one would have thought that the shy child would take on the most fearful thing known to man, public speaking. Then again, who would have thought that I would become a photographer?

During this incredible journey, I encountered other influences too numerous to name. But I would be remiss if I didn't thank Don Emmerich for his friendship and support. His knowledge and his willingness to share leave me humbled.

So, what am I now? I am a photographer. I am an artist. My artistic philosophy can be seen in my work. The essence of which is to create images that take the viewer beyond the initial glance, to engage them and provoke interaction on an emotional level.

Realizing that even the simplest of images can elicit deeper thought, I endeavor to create a variety of images that reveal stories about my subjects through a congruency of subject matter, lighting, composition and

expression. The kind of images that make the viewer pause to seek deeper meaning within the image or to experience their own emotions.

From that, my definition of art became: **art** (noun) 1. art is inspiration

Art elevates your awareness. For a split second, often longer, it separates you from your reality and causes you to reflect. At the very moment in time when you are impacted by art of any media, your world ceases to exist and you are transformed to another place. As brief or as lengthy as that time may be, you are reacting to the work of the artist and can't help but become inspired. Not necessarily inspired to go out and create art yourself or set lofty goals, but inspired in terms of thoughts and feelings. Your level of consciousness has been raised. The immediate effects of the world around you are shielded from you. The art has become an insulator from reality, a distraction – a reason to ponder. As you are impacted by art, you are inspired to think and feel and react on an emotional level. What you think and feel can be as limitless as the creative inspirations we call art.

Photography is truly a dichotomy of art and science – each dependent upon the other to tell a complete story.

With each photograph I make, I celebrate life experiences. I investigate each subject to capture its true essence and reveal something meaningful.

What I am changes, albeit subtly or dramatically, with each encounter. I sometimes wonder, when it's all said and done, what will be said about what I have done? I can only hope the images speak for themselves.

Respectively submitted,

Jon Allyn

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## Professional Biography

After earning numerous awards for his still life and scenic photography, Jon directed his talents to portraiture and founded Jon Allyn Photography and Portrait Design in Milwaukee, Wisconsin in 1979. Although known to most as a portrait photographer, Jon has also compiled an impressive list of commercial and corporate clients.

Jon also enjoys a reputation as a dynamic speaker and photographic instructor. His diverse knowledge and quick wit has been educating and entertaining audiences for over two decades. As an instructor at Winona, Golden Gate School, California Photographic Workshops, PPA National conventions, and numerous Regional and State Conventions, his informative and passionate presentations have influenced and inspired his peers.

Jon is the current Executive Director of the American Society of Photographers, a Past-President of the Wisconsin Professional Photographers Association, South Central Professional Photographers Association, and the ASP. He is a Master of Photography, Master of Electronic Imaging, Photographic Craftsman, Certified Electronic Imager, PPA Councilor, a PPA International Juror, and a Fellow of the WPPA, and SCPA. He has served on the PPA Photographic Exhibitions Committee since 2004.

Volunteerism has been a way of life for Jon. He has been recognized by SCPA and WPPA with many service awards including special service, outstanding service, meritorious service and the PPA National Award. The American Society of Photographers awarded him with the service award and his second PPA National Award. In 2006, SCPA presented him the Lifetime Achievement Award to acknowledge his contributions over the previous 20 years.

Jon's 2004 induction into the Wisconsin Professional Photographers Association's Hall of Fame and the CameraCraftsmen of America were both milestones in his continuing quest for excellence.

## Formal Education

1960-1966	Grade School	Craig Elementary School
1966-1969	Junior High	Samuel Morse Junior High
1969-1972	High School	John Marshall High School
1972-1974	College	Marquette University
1974-1983	College	University of Wisconsin–Milwaukee
1983-1986	College	Milwaukee Area Technical College

## Experience

1975-1980                      Miller Brewing Co.                      Milwaukee, WI

Duties included outbound billing and routing of rail cars and trucks. Inventorying and managing available railcars.

1978-Present                      Jon Allyn Photography                      Milwaukee, WI

Duties include all aspects of studio management and operation, including consultations, photography, computer enhancements, sales and order fulfillment.

1980-1992                      Milwaukee Fire Dept.                      Milwaukee, WI

Responsibilities were to safeguard the public from the perils of fire while protecting and preserving life and property. Duties included rescue, ventilation and extinguishment. Other duties included daily firehouse maintenance, cooking and training. Promoted to Heavy Equipment Operator where duties included driving and maintenance of Fire Apparatus. Also responsible for supplying water to engine company personnel and aerial ladder operations. Promoted to Lieutenant where duties included fire scene operations and documentation, firehouse management, training, and public relations. Completed training as an EMT and was an active member of the Hazardous Materials Team. Also studied and received training in arson investigation and served as a Juvenile Fire-setter Counselor.

2006-Present                      Executive Director of the American Society of Photographers

Duties include but are not limited to database management, membership relations, banquet planning, checkbook management, secretarial and public relations.

## Accomplishments

Wisconsin Professional Photographer's Hall of Fame

Nine-time SCPA "Photographer of the Year"

Four-time SEWPPA "Photographer of the Year"

Three-time WPPA "Photographer of the Year"

WPPA "Electronic Imager of the Year"

Three-time PPA "Photographer of the Year" including Diamond Level

Certified Professional Photographer Print Award

Seven-time Kodak Gallery Award winner

Kodak Epcot selectee

Eleven-time Fuji Masterpiece Award winner

Foveon Essence of Light Award for Electronic Imaging

Twenty-two PPA Loan Collection Images

Eighty-nine PPA Print Merits

Three 100 Print Scores in competition

Two-time SCPA Outstanding Achievement Award

ASP State Elite Award

ASP Regional Medallion Award

Eleven-time WPPA Clean Sweep Award (4 for 4 at Regional)

Six-time WPPA Best of Show

Twenty-six SCPA Best in Category

Seven-time SEWPPA Print of the Year

Eleven-time SCPA Print of the Year

Eleven WPPA Judge's Choice Awards  
Thirteen WPPA Outstanding Artistic Quality Awards  
Forty-one SCPA Grand Awards  
Seventeen Court of Honor Awards  
Two SCPA President's Awards  
SCPA Lifetime Achievement Award  
Member South Central Professional Photographers Association  
Honorary Life Member Wisconsin Professional Photographers Association  
Honorary Life Member American Society of Photography  
Member CameraCraftsmen of America  
PPA Master of Photography  
PPA Master of Electronic Imaging  
PPA Photographic Craftsman  
PPA Certified Electronic Imager  
PPA Councilor since 2001  
Approved International Juror  
Member PPA Photographic Exhibitions Committee since 2004  
WPPA Mentor  
Past President Southcentral Professional Photographers Association  
Past President Wisconsin Professional Photographers Association  
Past President American Society of Photographers  
Two-time recipient of PPA National Award  
SEWPPA Service Award  
SCPA Fellowship  
WPPA Fellowship

ASP Service Award

SCPA Service Award

SCPA Outstanding Service Award

WPPA Special Service Award

WPPA Meritorious Service Award