

Soul Searching

Nancy Bailey-Pratt
Master of Photography
Photographic Craftsman

“Soul Searching”

By Nancy Bailey-Pratt

In this thesis, I will share with you things, which if we were friends, would take me years to confide in you. I am a private person, and in this paper I will bare my soul to you. I present my inner persona in this painfully transparent way so that you may see the world through my eyes. In photography, our lens dictates the world we see. In life, my lens has been shaped by many factors, tragedy, love, friendship, camaraderie, education and beauty.

My art communicates many aspects of my life and is, in many instances, autobiographical. “A Little Timid” is the way I began my life and my career. “The Mop” is the nickname my family gave me because of my thick and unruly hair. “Concern of All Ages” reminds me of my mom always telling me to “get that look off of my face”. “Engrossed” is what I have become with photography, believing that education and participation are the two things in my life that can never be taken away. “Strands of Time” represents me, as I am now considered a ‘senior stateswoman’ in my state’s photography circles. “Determined” and “Head Strong” shows my absolute determination to keep going despite the difficulty I have faced. “The Prayer Nook” denotes how content I am to sit down and work by myself all day long, and what a meditation it can be. The dilapidated prayer wheels in “Turn of Faith” make me think of my ancient gear, which still works so I keep “using and loving it. “Material Girls” makes me think of the summer my best friend and I lived in a tent and a storm came up so we had to dig a trench to protect our things. “Old Woman” is how I am beginning to feel as I look back over all the years I have lived and spent in photography. I started with black and white and a 4x5 view camera, graduated to color and medium format before moving on to digital and 35mm. “Dedicated” is me all over. I see my story in others, so I capture them and share them wordlessly telling the world about my hopes, dreams and fears.

I have poured my heart and soul into photography, because it provides the loving and supportive family that I longed for all my life. My images reflect the phoenix life I have lived. The phoenix is reborn out of the ashes after exploding in a ball of fire. I’ve been raised from the ashes by the amazing gift of photography that helps me see the beauty in every human face.

Photography has provided me with some of the most consistent, stable and reassuring aspects of my life. My best friends (outside of my husband and family) are all photographers. The models I had in my family were angry, critical, controlling, self-destructive, and suicidal. The people I surround myself with in photography are creative, sharing, kind, helpful and supportive. Photography

provides me with the family I have longed for all my life. For that, I will forever be grateful.

My life has been filled with contradictions. My family was wonderful and awful. Like Hemmingway said, "It was a magnificent nightmare." But unlike a Hemingway novel, my story has a happy ending. I came from a large family and a good one by traditional standards. My family was respected in the community, as my father was a successful businessman and my mother a capable teacher. We always had food, clothing, and were physically safe. We were hard working, driven and competitive. But, it was also a mixed up, dysfunctional, and jealous family. We were a family of seven, all with big and controlling personalities. I was the most sensitive child and I struggled to fit into this larger than life drama.

I grew up in Franklin, Indiana. My dad worked a minimum of three jobs at the same time throughout my whole life. He owned a hardware store, a car dealership and did taxes and accounting for several car dealers in Indiana. My mom taught Speech, English, Remedial Reading and Drama.

There were five children, with two years between the birth of each child. The four girls were born first, and my brother was the youngest of the five. The birth order was Bobbelynn, me, Laurie, Susie, and my brother Wayne.

Bobbelynn, my oldest sister, was bright and had many of my mother's skills. She was a good reader and enjoyed it. She had a large vocabulary and was articulate. She graduated from high school reading and comprehending faster than anyone else in our school according to the tests given at that time. She was sophisticated and mature, and in a family of loud and unkind people, she was one of the least offensive members.

Laurie, the third born, was by far the brightest and most talented of all my family members. My parents knew of her remarkable intelligence from the testing given at school, and they somehow communicated this fact to everyone in the family. Laurie was the one who *constantly* reminded us of her special nature. She was the golden child. Things came easily to her. She got good grades, was a cheerleader, could pick up any instrument and play it, and was fun, cute and petite. But she was unkind and would torment me when my parents were out of sight. If she hadn't been my sister, I would have hated her.

Susie was the fourth born child, and the baby among the girls. She was smart, worked hard, made good grades and always appeared to be my parent's favorite. For instance, we all had to work at least one day a week at the hardware store, but if Susie didn't feel up to it, she didn't have to work. She was coddled and

given more because she was the baby of the girls. She also had a cruel tongue, but she tormented my brother more than me.

My only brother was the youngest and had it the toughest. My parents expected the most from him. He, like me, was not as book smart as our parents hoped. He was better with things like mechanics. My parents didn't want him to be a sissy, so they were very hard on him. He achieved notoriety both on the football and wrestling teams. I was closest to Wayne as we were sort of the odd ones out, with both of us having gentle hearts and not having book smarts.

I was the second of the five with no particular talents and didn't excel in school. I wanted to find something that made me special and unique. I turned to crafts. I made everything I could. I experimented with paint by number, made jewelry, did crewel embroidery, and hooked rugs. My family told me none of my creations would ever have any value. I felt constantly belittled by them and never really got over this constant criticism. Shyness and insecurities set in and it would be many years before I would be able to overcome this outlook.

My parents gave me conflicting messages. On one hand, they always told us we could do anything we wanted. But then I would overhear them making bets that I couldn't do this or that. They were cruel and hypocritical. My third born sister, Laurie, was also very quick to point out that I probably couldn't do anything, so why try?

I somehow made it from kindergarten through third grade without missing a single day of school. I was rewarded each year with Perfect Attendance Certificates. I was so proud. I finally did something that my parents could brag about. Determination set in. If I could do nothing else in this world, I would stay healthy. I made it from kindergarten through grade school, middle school, high school and four years of college without ever missing a day of school. That is 13 years without a single sick day. I realized I could apply this determination to my whole life.

During grade school, when I was about 8 years old, my family went on vacation to the Grand Canyon. My father had a little Olympus Camera that he used to take family photographs. I asked to take a picture of the Grand Canyon. It was my very first photograph. I knew when I pushed that button for the first time this was a moment I would remember forever. It was a beautiful week in my life. I was with my whole family on vacation, and we were enjoying ourselves. My wicked sisters were on their best behavior because my parents were right there all week. The cruel and constant teasing was out of the question. My parents were there, paying attention to all of us. We were seeing a lovely part of the country, and I was contributing by taking pictures. I had a valuable place in my family, and everything seemed wonderful. I knew then and there I wanted to see and photograph the world.

Unfortunately when we went home, we all returned to our traditional roles. The incessant teasing and unkindness started up as soon as my parents weren't looking. I, again, felt out of place and that I didn't belong in my own family.

I, along with my whole class, was invited to a birthday party. I knew I would feel awkward and sit on the sidelines. The idea came to me that if I took a camera and created some pictures, I might not feel so out of place. I would be busy taking pictures. So I brought my camera and took pictures. I was the only person with a camera, and everyone wanted to be in the shots. I had fun at the party and after the pictures were developed everyone wanted to see them. For the first time in my life I felt like I had a purpose. The passion set in. My camera has helped me feel comfortable ever since. I know what I'm doing when I'm behind the camera. Sometimes I fear I hide behind the camera because it is where I feel at home.

In 1968, my father's hardware store burned to the ground. My siblings and I had all been required to work as least one day a week in the store from the time we were eight years old on. When it burned, my father gave us the option of using the insurance money to rebuild the store or take a family trip to Europe. The other kids didn't like working there and I was about to leave for College. The answer was obvious to me, "Let's go to Europe!" We spent the whole summer of 1968, in Europe. We traveled to twelve different countries. Having the issues I did with my siblings, my pictures were of the landscape and did not include people.

Sadly, I returned home to view my images from three months in Europe and realized then nobody would even believe I had been overseas. All the images were boring. They looked like a poor imitation of images I could have purchased on the street corners showing the famous views. I had added no personalities in the images; no stories to tell. From that time on, I knew people were important and they made photographs much more interesting to me. It was a painful, but valuable lesson. I learned I was number one a portrait photographer.

I wanted to study art in high school but my parents didn't take this request seriously. My father believed strongly in education, just not art education. When my brother was less than two years old I heard him bet his friends that all five of his children would graduate from college. To my father art and photography were not viable options for a successful career. At his insistence, I took college prep classes like advanced Algebra and advanced English.

In 1968, I was about to graduate from high school and go on to college, but I hadn't decided on a field of study. My mom's cousin, who I had never met, was a professional photographer. I didn't even know there was such a profession. I also knew my father would never tolerate an occupation that involved art but we went to

see Mom's cousin anyway. She told us that there was a photography school in New York that offered a college degree in Professional Photography. She said this was the only school in the country where you could get a real degree studying photography. Of course in today's world there are many universities that are accredited for professional photography, but that was not the case in the 60's.

I applied to the RIT (Rochester Institute of Technology), which was building a brand new campus. The gender ratio at this time was nine men to one woman. They were working to increase enrollment, especially the female admissions. I was accepted.

For the next four years, I found my home and haven. I loved RIT and photography. I was the only girl in the Professional Photography Department with 125 guys in my class. Everyone wanted to be my lab partner, not because I knew anything but because I was a girl. I gained confidence. I started to believe in myself. I worked and studied hard. I made the Dean's list. For the first time in my life, I knew God's plan for my life, it was photography.

It was at RIT where I met the first big influence in my photography career - Mr. Doug Lyttle. Mr. Lyttle was my photography instructor and also a Fellow of ASP (which I knew nothing about at the time). Mr. Lyttle believed in me and encouraged me. He explained to me that I would have a tough road since I was the only female. I would have to work twice as hard as any guy to get the same grade in most of my classes. He reminded me to be determined and have a good attitude. With these two qualities I would then be able to accomplish anything. He suggested I join PPA, which I did. He then saw to it that I received a scholarship to the Winona School of Photography in 1970. Mr. Lyttle has followed me my whole career and we still keep in touch today. He is 97 years old now, and has remained in my heart for the last 45 years.

I met another big influence in my life at RIT. Gail Nogle was a year behind me in school but she was way ahead of me socially. Hanging out with Gail, there were no strangers anywhere. I learned to open up and add some much needed enthusiasm to my life. Little did I know that 45 years later, we would still be good friends. Gail's photography continues to inspire me. She does not know the word "no" and if it is out there she is going to photograph it. Together we have photographed places I never would have considered.

In 1970, I was taking a test at college, and someone walked in to get a student. My oldest sister Bobbelynn had closed the door to the garage with the car running and committed suicide. I just couldn't believe it. She was 22 years old, had just lost 50 pounds, so she looked great. She was engaged and a nursing student. She had her whole life ahead of her. It was devastating. I wondered, "Could I have done something to prevent it?"

I went back to school and buried my pain in my studies. By 1972, I had completed my portion of my father's dream. I had graduated from RIT. I wrote letters to all the photographers in the Indianapolis area looking for work and received only one response. I will never forget that man even though I only met him once. He told me he was an aerial photographer and could not help me but if there was any one who could, it was Joyce Wilson. Joyce has had more impact on my career and life than anyone else. She's a talented photographer, a sophisticated woman, and a wonderful teacher. As a young woman she was willing to bravely pave the way in a field that was still a man's world.

Joyce and her husband, Jim, allowed me to follow them around to every wedding they photographed that year. She showed me her proof rejects and explained what she liked and disliked in each image. She taught me about composition, relaxed posing and spontaneity. I loved that she was a take control woman and at the same time paid attention to all the details. I would drop by their studio every few days to pick up whatever information she was willing to share. To this day, she is still setting new examples of a woman paving the way in photography.

Even though I had progressed socially and photographically during my years at RIT, I still seemed to revert back to the shy girl from Indiana when I returned home. But then, both the best and worst thing happened to me between 1973 and 1977. I met, married and divorced my first husband Jack.

I would often tell Jack that someday I wanted a photography studio. But we both knew I didn't have the confidence to start one. He listened to me for four years dream big with no action while I worked at Firehouse Custom Color Lab in Indianapolis. I justified the lack of action by how much I was learning looking at other photographers' work while doing their custom printing.

We received a call one day in 1976, from a traveling photographer who was coming to town and was going to set up in a hotel room and take family pictures. We could get a free family picture just for showing up. I laughed and made fun of the whole idea thinking "What kind of a photographer would do that?" Jack, however, insisted that we go to this hotel, get our picture taken and obtain our free copy. Being the obedient wife that I was, off we went. The sales associate asked our names, but the photographer never did. He took four pictures, "look here, turn your head, look right, left, okay, you're done." We ordered our free picture and left.

Six weeks later, our free picture arrived in the mail. Again, I started to make fun, but Jack stopped me dead in my tracks. He said, "I wanted you to see that a photographer could make a living traveling around working out of a rented hotel

room and never even know the client's name. You could certainly make a living with the level of photography that you're capable of." Point taken.

About 5 months later, Jack found a 900 square foot building in Anderson and rented it. He came home and said, "I paid the first month's rent, now it's up to you!" We spent the next few months remodeling and preparing, and then the day came, I was really opening a studio. The day of the open house was set. It went well. The next day, he filed for divorce. I was stunned and devastated. I had no idea this was coming, and I had no idea what to do. I felt myself sinking into depression. I eventually was able to envision myself swimming out of this dark hole of betrayal and abandonment.

Fortunately for me, I learned about a Dale Carnegie class that was coming to our area. I signed up. This was a *huge* turning point in my life. I learned, "If you act enthusiastic, you will be enthusiastic". I also discovered the importance of goal setting. In the class, we had to speak in front of the group, which was terrifying to me. But I also found that as long as I talked about something I understood, I would do a good job. I improved in so many ways, and I loved the class. So I took it again, and again. I wanted to make sure that I could maintain this positive outlook. I was determined to make it work. I was dedicated to both photography and my optimistic frame of mind. I was beginning to believe I could be successful.

In the Dale Carnegie class, I not only learned a new way of thinking, but I also met Mike who would later become my fiancée. He was always a supporter of my photography and would help me on all my big events. I was often photographing high school dances and he would always go with me and help me set up all my equipment. He was the first person that I knew truly believed in me and supported me in every way. He thought I could do anything.

My studio was named Nancy's Photography. We always carried signs and posted them when we were at events. But whenever someone had a question they approached Mike. It made me crazy. This made me even more determined to get control of my business.

Around this time, I had been studying the Personality Plus system. I learned from this psychological profile that I was in fact a controller and a take-charge person, but because of the environment in which I had been raised I masked my true nature. In order to survive in a household filled with bossy and critical people, I simply played nice. Playing nice wasn't working anymore, because people didn't take me seriously. So I let my real personality shine through and began taking charge. I became a capable photographer and a successful businessperson.

Mike and my brother helped move me into a new 7,000 sq. ft. studio in 1982, which I still own today. We spent months stripping woodwork, scrapping off old wallpaper, laying tile and making a beautiful studio. It was grand. And then the unthinkable happened; in 1983 Mike was killed in an automobile accident. He was driving home from a shopping trip. It was night, he was on a dark and winding country road and a drunk driver hit him head on. He was killed instantly.

I was devastated. I considered suicide. But I just couldn't do it. I had felt rejected by my family, then by my ex-husband, Jack, somewhere along the line my best friend from high school died of leukemia, and now the love of my life died in a car accident. I felt like I was destined to be alone.

So, I built my world and social life around photography. Every trip I went on was either a convention or to take photographs. I belonged, and continue to belong to the city, state and national arms of PPA, and went to every meeting. I put my heart into competition. I had it down to a science. By the time I sent an image to the International Photographic Competition it had already been judged at the city, state, and district level. I spent all year getting ready for the next year's competition.

I was determined that I would not give up. I worked more, longer and harder with as much enthusiasm as I could muster. I set more goals. One of my objectives was to merit in every aspect of photography: flower, landscape, infrared, portrait, family. I achieved that goal. I added employees; I eventually had 10 employees at one time.

"Get that look off of your face" was a phrase I heard a lot from my parents during my formative years. What did that mean? Did I look too sad, mad, hurt, concerned? I've been trying to figure that out ever since. I began studying faces and tried to understand what goes on in the mind behind the face. I would play a game where I would look at a person's face when at a store and then I would look at the cars in the parking lot and try to match the face to the car. In other places where I couldn't see the cars, I would study faces and try to put couples and families together just to see if I could figure out who was there together. I would guess professions and make up life stories. I loved studying and observing faces. There is a reason people say the eyes are the windows to the soul. I knew by now I would spend the rest of my life studying faces and the personalities that went with them.

Because I felt shy, I wanted to create the most beautiful, confident looking image I could of each client. To achieve this lofty goal, I knew I needed to keep up with my education. I studied everything I could about photography, lighting, posing, and personalities. It was at this time that I met Linda Lapp Murray who is now in Portland, Oregon. I will be forever grateful to Linda as she changed the way I look at the world. I had already studied with many great photographers, but Linda taught me how to see light.

Linda came and stayed with me for a week and taught a photography class. Linda taught us to look at trees to see how the light came through the leaves, and wrapped around the branches, and the bark. We would look at faces, and see how light made a face round or showed scars or wrinkles. She would point out to me how the eyes sometimes sparkled and sometimes disappeared into shadows. To this day, I still put my hand out in front of me to determine where the light is coming from and how it is going to make a subject round and where the shadows fall. If I turn to the right the light may flatten out, and turning to the left may shape it. I'm looking at the textures and the veins in my hand to see what the light is going to do to the subject.

With this new skill so many things were now beautiful. I watched light everywhere. I liked the way it formed on a face, created depth and details in even the smallest of places. When I photographed average subjects, I was able to build their confidence by telling them how pretty what I saw was - little did they know I might have been talking about the light. Light can make a subject beautiful or dramatic. I thank God every day for light.

My thought process changed a bit when I found some old photograph albums of my grandparents. They had hundreds of photographs from the early 1900's including portraits and candid shots of themselves on the basketball team. I loved looking at the old photos. While studying these images I realized, I loved those black and white images. They seemed to tell such a story and were so timeless without the distraction of color. Black and white can be more dramatic and it seemed to make the faces of the world more memorable. I wanted all the faces and personalities to tell a story, whatever the story might be: insecurity, determination, sadness, fear, thoughtfulness, confidence or intensity.

Some of my dearest friends influenced both my professional and personal life. Five of us would get together once a month and drive to visit other photographers in Indiana and surrounding states. The group included Jim and Lois Wyant, Julie Gutwein, Janell Spencer, and me. We went on these road trips for many years. On the way, we would critique each other's images and discuss and make suggestions about each other's problems. We would then meet and learn from the photographers we visited. It was one of the most helpful and fun things I ever did. I learned that almost every photographer you meet can influence you and your art. In addition to these five, there were many other photographers who influenced me along the way, most notable were Paul Skipworth, Dave Newman, Hanson Fong and Jay Stock.

The more I learned, the more I wanted to know. As the technical aspect of photography became second nature to me, the process became more fun and in some ways challenging.

I strived to put all the tools I learned together to make great images. It was important to me to create images that are worthy of my PPA degrees in all areas of photography.

In 1992, I was heading out the door for an appointment when the phone rang. The caller asked about my brother's family. Neither my brother nor his wife had shown up for work that morning. My six-year-old niece hadn't been at school. Did I know where they were? I said no, and darted out the door to my appointment. It was about a 30-minute drive. By the time I got there, I knew without being told, that my brother had taken his life. I cancelled my appointment and drove home. When I got there my father (who was living with me at the time) informed me that my brother, his wife and daughter had all been shot dead. While it appeared as though my brother had taken all their lives, no one knew for sure. There were rumors that a drug dealer who was seeking revenge because my brother had been an informant had murdered him, but I never saw any evidence to support that claim. Thankfully, the newspaper stayed out of the matter, and there was no official statement as to what transpired.

I turned back to photography for solace as I had so many other times. Convention was just around the corner and I was a speaker. It was helpful to have work to think about. Everyone knew about my brother's death, and they were all so sensitive, embracing and kind. My photography family has always been there for me. Thank goodness, I don't know how I would have survived otherwise.

I met and married my wonderful husband Alan Pratt, the love of my life in 1999. Crazy as it is, he has taught me to slow down and enjoy life even more. He had come to the studio to have a portrait made for his children. His parents were gone, and he didn't have any pictures of them, so he wanted to make sure his children would have one of him. Six weeks after the photo shoot he asked me out, and a year later we were married.

Several years later, I was getting my life under control and my photography business was going well, and then along came digital. I fought it for as long as I could, but my dear friend, Jim Chagares, kept telling me all the things I could do with digital and about all the new cameras that were coming out. The prices were coming down and I decided to bite the bullet. In 2002, I bought my first digital camera.

Lucky for me a Photoshop guru, Rick Ramsey came into my life. Rick worked for me for ten years and during that time did all of my computer work. He made some of my not so good images better and some of my good images great. Rick is a master on the computer, a true artist and a great teacher. Because of Rick, I was finally able to conquer the computer and Photoshop. Today, between the occasional technical guidance of Jim Chagares, Rick Ramsey and another friend and photographer, Ken

Kneringer, I love the fun, challenge and excitement of manipulating my images and creating works of art in Photoshop. I enjoy it even more than I did hiding in the darkroom all those years ago.

I have had a very enjoyable, profitable, and fulfilling career. I have had wonderful experiences, met delightful people, seen amazing faces and been able to travel all over the world. I have learned God shaped me exactly as I was meant to be.

Yes, egadds, photography is a life style! With enthusiasm, goals, proper attitude, determination and dedication I have been successful.

Nancy Bailey-Pratt
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Biography

Nancy Bailey-Pratt dedicated her life to photography unofficially 58 years ago at the age of 8. Officially, it was 1968 when she enrolled in Rochester Institute of Technology and announced her dedication to the world. She photographed her first wedding in 1970 and by 1977 she opened her first studio in Anderson, Indiana. The studio specializes in Portraits (including Children, Families, High School Seniors and Weddings), however Nancy loves photographing flowers and landscapes as well. In 1982, she found herself renovating a 100 year old Victorian House with near 7,000 square feet for her new studio space, which arguably turned out to be the most wonderful studio in the State. In 1986, she opened a second studio in Indianapolis. In 1993, an English Garden with a pond and waterfalls was added to the Anderson Studio and it was there that she operated her studio and spent the best years of her career. Just last year, she began the process of downsizing and has now added a 2,000 square foot space dedicated solely to photography in her new home in Fishers, Indiana.

Education:

Grade School:	56-61	Hopewell Grade School, Franklin, Indiana
Middle School:	62-63	Franklin Jr. High, Franklin, Indiana
High School:	64-68	Franklin High School, Franklin, Indiana
College:	68-72	Rochester Institute of Technology, Rochester, New York
Continuing Ed:	70-16	Numerous seminars and week long schools

Experience:

Began babysitting at the age of 10.
Worked in Father's Hardware Store at the age 14 through High School Graduation
Worked in Father's Car Dealership through College and beyond, when home
1968-1971 photography inspector at Liebers Photography Store
1970-1972 Resident Advisor in College Dorm
1972 Chambermaid on Cape Cod for the Summer
1973 Photographer for Naegele Outdoor Advertising
1973-1983 Custom Color Printer at Firehouse Color Lab
1977 to present, Opened Nancy's Photography Studio
1982 to present, Started Broadway North, Inc. (a Real-estate rental business)
2003-2008 Opened and co-owned with husband Nu-Look Car Detailing

Photography and Service Club Memberships:

1969-present	Professional Photographers of America (PPA)	
1973-present	Indianapolis Professional Photographers Guild	(IPPG)
1975-present	Professional Photographers of Indiana	(PPI)
198?-present	Daguerre Club of Indiana	
13 year member	Senior Photographers International	(SPI)
5 year member	Wedding Professional Photographers International	(WPPI)
1989-present	American Society of Photographers	(ASP)
1990-present	Anderson Noon Lions Club	

Awards and Accomplishments:

Photographic Craftsman-1988
 Master of Photography-1989
 Approved PPA juror-1990
 PPA Councilor-1990-to present
 ASP State Representative
 2 Time Recipient of the PPA National Award-1996, 2015
 Recipient of the ASP Service Award
 Recipient of the Imaging Excellence Award
 Multiple recipient of the ASP State Elite Award
 Multiple recipient of the Regional ASP Award
 Recipient of the PPA GIA award
 Recipient of the PPI Service Award
 Recipient of the IPPG Service Award
 Published in the PPA Magazine
 Past President of the Professional Photographers of Indiana
 7 Time President of the Indianapolis Professional Photographers Guild
 2 Time President of the Daguerre Club of Indiana
 Numerous Kodak Gallery Awards
 Numerous Fuji Masterpiece Awards
 Numerous Loan Collection Prints
 Numerous times Photographer of the Year for PPI (inc. the last 5 consecutive years)
 Numerous times Photographer of the Year for IPPG (inc. the last 13 consecutive years)
 Numerous times PPA Photographer of the Year Award, various levels
 Album in the Hall of Fame
 Lions Club Melvin Jones Award
 President of Anderson Noon Lions Club

Speaking Engagements:

Winona
 Mid-America Institute of Professional Photography (MAIPP)

Tree Haven
Super Monday's
Many State and Local Organization
PPA National Convention

Nancy's Goal:

To see the obvious, but do the unexpected.....go farther than expected, be the best that she can be!