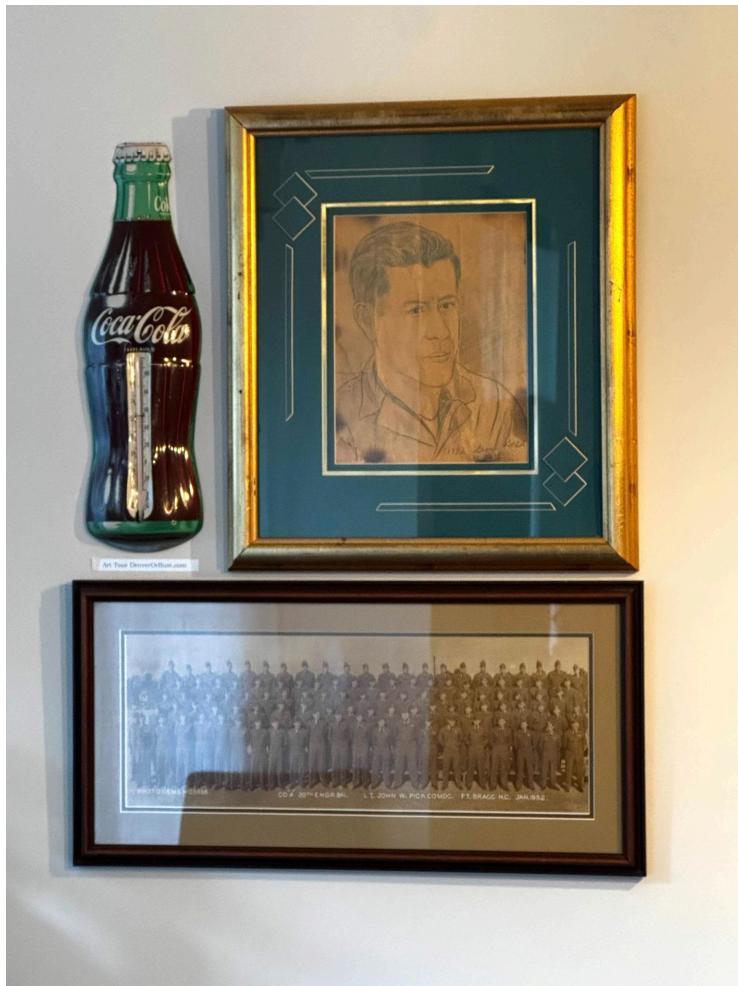


The Denver Midcentury Art Tour

Welcome to our Denver condo. Over the years we've gathered a mix of art, travel finds, and family pieces, and we hope you enjoy discovering them as much as we've enjoyed living with them. Here's a short tour of some of the stories on our walls.

Let's start with the first set of photos.



In the top right is a drawing of my father, made while he was serving in the Korean War. Below it is his platoon portrait. If you feel up for a little challenge, try spotting him using the drawing as a reference—answer at the end of the tour.



Since we're talking family, step back to the entryway. The clock there was a gift from my grandmother for my high school graduation in 1988. It's a little worn from life's travels, but it still keeps time beautifully.



Just to the right is a small "evil eye," a charm common across the Middle East and parts of southeastern Europe. It's here to quietly look after our guests—and to give a gentle stare to anyone with less-than-great intentions.



Jump to 2002: I visited Australia for the first time and wandered into Lightning Ridge, an Outback town known for black opals and the quirky work of artist John Murray. I bought a print and waited three months for it to arrive... only to receive it in pieces. The gallery felt so terrible that they sent a replacement plus three additional prints, all of which now live here.



Down the hallway you'll find a hand-painted tile from Cappadocia in Turkey, whose colors somehow manage to hold both earth and sky in them.



Head toward the bedroom, you'll see a piece by Tatiana Suarez—dreamy, a little mischievous, and, if you grew up watching *Ren and Stimpy*, you may recognize a subtle nod.



In the guest bathroom is a work by a deaf Filipino artist depicting the bond between mother and child across Filipino, Korean, and Japanese traditions—a quiet, tender moment expressed in three cultures at once.



And back in the dining area, there's a hand-woven piece from Mexico: a visual rendering of a Peyote dream. If you read Spanish (and handle it with care), the interpretation is written on the back.

And the answer to our first question:

My father is in the second row from the bottom, eighth from the left.

Thanks for taking the tour—we're glad you're here.