

## Keys to Mastery Video Script 3:00

In my kindergarten class in rural Rocky Mount, North Carolina, my teacher Miss Capelle had one strict rule. Each boy and girl had a nice new box of crayons with their name on it, but they were not allowed to take them home. One day I realized that she and I had another understanding. When I came to school with my crayons hidden in my book bag, she would pretend not to notice as I eased them into the plastic tub where they were kept. And I dutifully played my part by pretending “Oh, here they are, Miss Capelle” as I eased them back in their place so that she could put them in my work area alongside everyone else’s.

I was a good kid, but I found those crayons absolutely irresistible—good for all kinds of things like coloring drawings of my dad sleeping in his chair, or decorating the feathers of an Indian chief, or butterflies, or self-portraits. Miss Capelle must have understood this and decided to kindly overlook my petty larcenies.

Back then, whenever someone asked what I wanted to be when I grew up, the answer was always, “I want to be an artist.” Almost invariably the answer came back: “Artists don’t make any money” or “Artists only make money after they’re dead.” So, after hearing the same refrain year after year, I changed my own to, “I want to be a broadcast journalist.” I was also blessed with the talent of writing.

Personal computers and the internet were still decades in the future. The tools to be the kind of artist that made money did not yet exist. So I dutifully got myself into one of the best journalism schools in the country, the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. But, as fate would have it, I hated news writing with its AP style book, designed to squeeze every ounce of creativity out of news-telling. My final bastion of hope in J-school became advertising and, right on cue, into my life strolled a spectacled professor and former Chicago advertising copywriter, John Sweeney. With his help and encouragement, I blossomed into a good enough copywriter to get recruited and hired by Young & Rubicam New York on Madison Avenue. At that time, it

was the second largest privately owned ad agency in the world. And there I remained for nine years. Interestingly, those years stirred up in me those old yearnings to create—and not just with words. I noticed that my art directors, the other half of our little creative team, liked having me close because I had an eye for what worked.

Those were my apprenticeship years, trying out writing (which I was pretty good at), but yearning for something more, something visual. I may have even secretly envied the art directors with their art degrees and the liberty to walk around with a sketch pad under their arm and call it work.

When Adobe was a mere child, God and Y&R artfully arranged for me to attend one-on-one classes with an instructor who taught me Photoshop, Illustrator and Quark Express (before the creation of Indesign, I believe).

I loved the creative energy and the travel that came with the job, but after 9 years in the industry, I had grown restless and yearned for something more lasting and meaningful, something eternal. That's when I went to work for my church full time, at my pastor's request. I did it all—writing and designing and later adding voice over and making local commercials for radio and tv. Fortunately, my Pastor is also a man who thinks outside the box. And he gave me the power to accomplish so much more than I ever thought possible. What was wonderful about that job is that I was free to experiment, like a kid in a sandbox, and without judgment. Generally, everyone seemed to think that whatever I did was great. So, lo and behold, I blossomed into a one-woman advertising agency.

Strangely, again a frustration began to take root in me and I knew it was time to move on, but where and to what? And this was another turning point. I had accomplished all the things I had wanted to do creatively—or so I thought. Around this time, I moved back to North Carolina to care for my ailing father. So I searched around on the internet for things I could do from home. I finally decided that I could do all the things I had been doing for my church, for a whole bunch

of churches and non-profits. So I launched my own business, dotBatts Designs, in 2013, and I did pretty well. But here we are 6 years later, and that feeling of boredom/frustration has returned. And, that now-familiar feeling signals to me that there's still more in me that I haven't explored. Which I have grown to recognize as another opportunity for a turning point in my life. As times changed and the internet became a thing, I learned web design from Lynda.com.

But by now, thirty years have passed since I walked across the stage and was handed my journalism diploma. So I just apprenticed myself to Full Sail University's Masters degree program to sharpen my skills and challenge myself in ways that I'm yet to. take the time to learn things I never did.

Several things resonated with me from Greene's section on "Strategies for Finding Your Life's Task" (Greene 29). My own twisty, turny journey mirrored that of many of the master's he studied. For instance, well into my career, I re-connected with my natural inclinations from childhood and tapped into the artist within.

When I was a child and people asked what I wanted to be when I grew up, I would respond: "I want to be an artist." Almost invariably, I was told, "Artists don't make money— only after they die." So soon, my response changed to "I want to be a broadcast journalist." Only after getting into Journalism School did I realize that my second choice, and the whole world of newswriting for that matter, would prove to be the most constraining and uncreative undertaking imaginable for me.

Therefore, I took my B.A. in Journalism and moved a few steps closer to my Life's Task and became an advertising copywriter. While this was fulfilling and exciting for a while, I found I really wanted to my partners' job—and mine too.

Greene's second point talks about "occupying the perfect niche" (Greene 29), and that concept describes the next part of my journey. Desiring something more lasting, I went to work for my church where I became copywriter, art director and creative director in one. I was returning to

my childhood passion. At the church, I was given a big sand box to play in and no judgment. People thought everything I did was wonderful.

After working there for almost 20 years, I decided I needed more space to roam creatively and I started my own business where I serve several non-profit clients, including my own church. That brings us to Greene's "Adaptation Strategy" (Greene 38). In every situation, I adapted to the job I was given. I have looked at my career choice and I know that I am on the right path because I feel fulfilled and inspired. I don't see my work as "just work" but the creation of something exciting and engaging. Like, Leonardo DaVinci, I make my client's work my own. 3). Indeed, my journey has been anything but predictable. However, I feel there is still more for me to learn and explore creatively.