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One of my first memories of turning dates back to 1977. I had a green cherry branch mounted between centers on an old Oliver lathe in the woodworking shop at Brigham Young University. I knew little about turning, but as shavings peeled off the wood and flew across the shop, I felt I had discovered something truly special. Now, some thirty years later, I still do as much turning as I can. There is something inherently satisfying in making an item of lasting beauty or utility out of a discarded log or piece of wood from a neighbor's firewood pile.



Over the years I have worked to develop some level of versatility in turning and have experimented with a wide range of turned projects and techniques including bowls, vessels, boxes, hollow turning, surface decoration, and production work. I have found countless hours of satisfaction quietly working in my studio. I still lose track of time as hours easily go by unnoticed.

For as long as I can remember, I have been interested in teaching. As a result, I have found it rewarding to teach others how to turn through presenting and writing. I have learned to appreciate the early, often mediocre pieces that mark the progression of my work. Each serves as a type of historical artifact that documents time, effort, and growth, as the triumphs of one day become the stepping stones of another.