



PETER HERRING



Born in Somerset West at the beginning of the baby boom and having attended CR Rhode Primary there, my family was forcibly removed during those troubled years. We lived in Firgrove for two years before moving to Sarepta in Kuilsriver. There I attended Jan Bosman Primary School and went on to matriculate from Good Hope College in 1979.

My aspiration was to be a journalist but that, however, did not come to fruition. After a failed attempt at becoming a teacher, I did an apprenticeship in photolithography and spent the bulk of my working life in print media. A big influence in my life at the time was my late, older brother, Michael.

Michael was a Maverick. He broke the mould of our father's expectations in every way and his rebel reputation left me in awe. The three things I took from his life were his love for music, taking pictures and storytelling through writing.

The University of Life proved to be my biggest playground. It was here that I honed the skills I have. Be it playing guitar, getting the shot or selling snow to an Eskimo. Sharpening my visual and aural skills, I would "steal" with my eyes and ears to acquire new knowledge and insights.

I still do it – to this day.

Watching, listening and constant research combined with disciplined practice has allowed me to be what I am; a photographer, guitarist, writer and the occasional teller of dry jokes.

Seventeen years ago God gave me a second chance and allowed me to meet the most caring and understanding woman who is my inspiration and also the one who curbs my enthusiasm occasionally. I tend to get quite carried away with lofty ideas and gargantuan visions.

The work I do allows me to meet people, have conversations, capture moments and tell stories. My camera has taken me into boardrooms, people's homes, places where both pain and joy are reflected in the eyes and where fleeting moments are either lost or captured.

Nothing gives me greater joy than to be of service to others. That is my aim; to SERVE.