

Art Autobiography

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As I reflect upon my art experiences in school, my initial thoughts go to elementary school and I fondly recall making Christmas presents, Mother's Day cards, and other various crafts. They were always colorful and often covered in glitter. I would proudly give my art to the intended recipient and feel a sense of artistic accomplishment. As I moved in middle and high school, the opportunity to do art for art's sake fell by the wayside. You had to enroll in these classes as an elective and as I had never really thought of myself as "art person," I elected such courses as drama and home economics instead. I was (and still am) envious of creative people who are able to make something from nothing – a blank piece of paper and a pen turning into a beautiful landscape or a lump of clay being molded into a stunning vase. In college, I took an art history course and learned to appreciate art and to this day, still enjoy visiting art museums and marveling at the masterpieces.

When I taught third grade in Baltimore, we were able to take some amazing field trips to local art museums and it was a wonderful experience to expose my students to art. While for many of them, it was just another excuse to get out of school for the day, there were some students who I would catch staring at a photograph or lingering at a painting. It was always a beautiful sight.

I wish there were more time for arts in the general education classroom. My students have an art special class once every five days, and for many of them it is their favorite special. Unfortunately, the increasing demands on the curriculum does not allow me many opportunities for art in the class. I often disguise art in the form of "craftivities" and try to find ways to turn a math assignment into an art project. I am not knowledgeable about how to integrate art into science and engineering, but am very much looking forward to learning how to do so.