

My earliest memory of the beginning of my relationship with art is when I was given a wooden art box set for Christmas. I know what you're thinking; You had this exact one as well. I'm sure every kid had one of these at some point. It was filled with oil pastels, crayons markers, and colored pencils galore. My mum says that every morning I would wake up and the first thing I would want to do was grab a large pad of paper and use all the materials from my wooden art box. At the time, we lived in Atlanta, GA, in a neighborhood called Grant Park. There were always farmer's markets, art festivals, and music festivals within walking distance. A few minute's drives further into downtown were the mecca, the High Museum of Art. From a young age until I was in my early 20's, I frequently visited the High, and any local Art Museums that I could. I still love to go to museums by myself and take hours to walk around, admire, and take in artwork that is new to me. I feel as if I'm a kid again, in awe of everything around me, and it's both a nostalgic and inspiring experience to step foot inside.

I was always completely enamored by my art classes, and my art classes only, in middle and high school. I have ADHD, so focusing on anything other than my interests was like pulling teeth. I loved to learn about perspective art, photography, 2D design and was always outside using the classroom spray paint on pieces of wood and leftover papers. The only AP class that I took in High School was 2D Design, which subsequently set the path for my future art careers. We learned extensively about photography, photoshop, drawing, and printmaking. I would spend hours during my free periods and lunch my senior year looking for inspiration on Tumblr, taking images I had photographed and photoshopping them to the best of my ability. I would research artists that I was infatuated with, like Jean-Michel Basquiat, and Salvador Dali. I was interested in art that was unlike anything I had previously seen, and surrealism. It didn't make sense to me and I had to spend ages looking at it, and I enjoyed that.

Following graduation, I attended Georgia Southern for my freshman year of college to major in Studio Art. My adolescence into early adulthood was filled with a lot of mistakes, but also a lot of inspiration that has molded me into what/where I am now. I was more focused on music than school, attending every concert that I could. I found this to be almost a therapy, getting lost in the music and dancing with people I had just met, and I constantly craved that feeling. I moved across the country after dropping out of school, only to realize after a few months that I desperately needed a college degree to do any job that would fulfill my desires and needs professionally. I moved back home, and after battling with anxiety and depression, graduated with my Associates in Art. I had finally found another therapy for myself in the arts and rediscovered my love for creating. I still see this same feeling when I paint, when you get lost in what you're doing and everything around you melts away. These are two similarities that I still consistently see between music and art, and I believe that's why humans seek these out for joy and pleasure. I hope more than anything, that I can teach students about how much art can heal.

I attended Creative Circus for design school and landed an internship at Turner Broadcasting for Graphic Design. I designed logos for their research department and did presentation design for my boss(es). I learned how to work in a high-stress environment, and I also quickly learned that although it was a stable career path, I was not meant to sit on my computer all day when I could barely sit still in the first place. I was moved by the feminist movement after the 2016 election and felt a fire within me to succeed as a young woman. Although I was scared, I knew that I needed to go back to school once more and pursue my dream of teaching art. I took all of what I had learned over those years of finding myself and went back to school to finally receive my bachelor's. It felt as if those around me had their lives played out perfectly, and it took a lot of trial and error to figure out where my place in the world was. I had always loved working with children, and I

had taught swimming for ten years. After years of feeling lost, I was so ecstatic to realize that my passion was in teaching. Not just teaching, but merging my two passions- Teaching, and art. After this realization, there was no looking back.

I owe everything I know to those I met along the way on my path in life. My High School AP Art teacher, my professors, my family and friends, and my fiancé who pushes me to strive to be the best and most creative person that I can be. Every little step in my life has led me to be the artist and educator that I am now. I was and still am inspired by art that I've learned about, museums I've visited, and local artists in Atlanta such as Greg Mike at ABV studios, and expressive painters such as Corey Barksdale. I hope to intertwine all that I know and have when it comes to the arts and teach about just how important they are in life.