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## A Simple Box of Colors

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## A Simple Box Of Colors

A large box of crayons sits by a white blank paper. The 96 Crayola colors peek their tips out of the compartments. Granny Smith Apple green is nestled next to Vivid Tangerine orange. Wild Strawberry red is clustered with Laser Lemon yellow and Magic Mint green. I am captivated by each delicious color. Pictures begin to blossom in my mind: a Goldenrod yellow sun, an Orchid pink sky, and a Cornflower blue lake. I cannot recall the exact moment when drawing began to fascinate me, stir the creative juices within me. I can only recognize it as always being a part of me, who I was and who I am. My grandmother was an artist, as was my creatively unusual aunt. I can merely conclude that based on genetics, I was born to be an artist. In second grade I had a delightful teacher named Mrs. Dolph. She had an aged wooden desk clustered with treasures, from an Asparagus green egg carton caterpillar with big Indigo blue spots splattered about him to a tissue paper butterfly with crinkled wings of Fuchsia pink and Robin's Egg blue. I marveled at her treasures. I knew she saw in those riches what I too saw and felt: the creativity. Many times I would take my bits of treasure to her and wait for her words of delight. It was at that time in my life that I began to *acknowledge* myself as an artist. I found myself sketching during long trips on the school bus, drawing as I sat on the playground, and doodling during every free moment in class. My school desk was crammed with markers, crayons, colored pencils, and stacks of the pictures I drew. Friends would line up at my desk during Free Play and put in requests for a horse, a rainbow, a puppy, or anything they deemed wonderful. I would sit and move my crayons across the paper, spectators watching every movement, every stroke and quietly waited in awe as I created. The horse would slowly emerge — a Tumbleweed brown coat and a Raw Sienna brown mane flapping in the wind as he trotted across the Shamrock green pasture. I know they saw only a brown horse on green grass, but what I saw on the paper *I felt*. I felt the damp cool grass under my feet and the soft warm fur under my hands. With each line I wanted to become a part of the picture. Today, I sit and watch my children draw Poke'mon and ponies and wonder if they see what I see. If they can feel the sense of creation as their crayons glide across the great white space of the paper.

*Shannon Scott holds a BAA from Central Michigan University and is pursuing a second degree from CMU in education. She is married and the mother of three and resides with her family in the Kingsley Area.*