

## My Mother the Artist

Ever since I was young I remember people telling me how talented my mother was. I remember mom painting us games on the cement and making us hats and costumes whenever we were bored, but I never used to realize how special she really was.

As I grew up in age, my mother grew in ability until a newspaper article was just something that passed the day away. In the beginning I didn't comprehend the importance of art to her, but when do people ever fully understand what's going on.

Watching my mother on television the other night gave me a shock, I had never experienced before. She was always my mother before and now, all of a sudden, she was an artist and I didn't even know it. I kept saying to myself, "She can't be mom, is mom really that good?"

The next day, I went through my mother's album of all her paintings and I fully understood how this elementary teacher had developed into a flourishing artist. Things that had looked so easy took on a different meaning and showed skilled workmanship. I know this, I will never take my mother's artwork for granted again.

By Anne Mastrangelo, age 12

May 29, 1983

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