

The Studio

In my room, under the stairs, there is a closet. It is a fairly large closet. Large enough for me to store a chair, two easels, and several shelves lined with art supplies. It is more like a small studio if anything. Much like Anne Frank's chestnut tree, this "studio" provides a great amount of comfort to me. It is a place where I can let go of anything bothering me. I can erase all the negativity of the day from my mind and do something I truly love. There is no pressure to do well or meet expectations from outsiders: only blank canvas and I with endless possibilities .

In a way, this studio defines me. It defines me by what makes me happy. One of those things is obviously art. Painting and drawing have always found a way to bring a smile to my face as long as I can remember. Playing with colors and techniques never fails to distract me from my worries. In addition to being an artist, I tend to be an introvert. I sometimes need time to myself in order to get my thoughts organized.

I understand how it can seem strange to people that at times I would rather be in a small studio filled to the brim with art supplies than socializing with others. Some people, I know, find it more fulfilling to spend as much time as possible talking and laughing with other people. As Anne Frank wrote, "We all live with the objective of being happy; our lives are different and yet the same." Not all of us have the same idea of what it is to be happy, but that is all we ever want. Maybe we can find that happiness through practicing a certain religion or being part of a certain culture. People should not be persecuted for something they believe can bring them true happiness. If a person finds it fulfilling to practice Judaism, why should they be thrown in concentration camps to die a cruel death? They only desire the same thing as any other human.

I hope that future generations realize that it is not a perfect world, and it never will be. They can be an amazing person as humanly possible, but there will still be people who do terrible things. That does not mean that all that can be done about it is to grieve and think that the world is horrible. Just look at life like anyone would a painting. Only one person can make a choice of how he or she is going to look at it. Are they going to point out every little flaw? Or will they at least try to see the beauty, past the flaws? Think of what Anne Frank wrote, "I don't think of all the misery but on the beauty that still remains." Think about her optimism even though her entire world was crumbling before her eyes. She still managed to see the good in the world and the people who inhabited it. What if we could all think like Anne Frank when talking about both life and people? Do not focus on a person's faults. Do not judge them for their past, their appearance, or their beliefs. Everyone has at least one good quality. It is just up to other people to see it. What good does it do anyone if all everyone wants to do is hate?

Why not just move forward and admire the magnificence both in the blemishes and the beauty hidden behind them? The same thought occurs to me while I sit in my studio looking at my past creations. Just think of life as a painting. Anne Frank chose to appreciate all the splendor no matter how small it may have been compared to the destruction around it. She chose not to let the hatred, death, and confusion drag her down. There is always beauty, but it is up to one person to acknowledge it. May future generations take that with them. I say that because stressing over tiny little defects will never make anyone feel better. It will only serve as a barrier between a person and his potential.