“Where I’m From”

3rd Grade Art Integration Project
The 3rd Grade class at St. Andrew’s School participated in an Arts Integration Project which is a dynamic approach that blends art form with academic subjects.

Drawing inspiration from the poem “Where I’m From” by George Ella Lyon, the students went on a journey to express themselves in word and original musical composition. The students analyzed paintings, music and the surrounding environment to help them find their voice and compose works of art.
The students participated in an iterative process starting in November 2016 that drew from multiple disciplines including music, art, and poetry.

Music: Listened to a variety of genres for inspiration including Beethoven’s Pastoral, Star Wars theme and works of Gershwin. Students analyzed the tone, scale, speed, tempo and how those orchestrated to create the composition.

Art: Studied the use of color, line and composition from various artists.

Poetry: Expanded vocabulary and explored the usage of descriptive words and words involving emotion. The overarching theme was composition and developing the various internal connections that create compelling pieces of art.
Student Perspective

The students drew their inspiration from a variety of places creating compelling works of art.

Cadence’s poem was inspired by her family who guide her to “Be yourself”.

BJ’s favorite part of this experience was composing the original music arrangement that was “totally different” than his poem. The music ascended to loud notes and then concluded with quiet notes representing his “quiet smile”.

Maddison had music filled with low tones and the “jingles of Mr. King’s keys”.

Juellle connected his poem with his music with soft sounds that resonated with his “family traditions” and favorite Kool-Aid flavor of pineapple.
St. Andrew’s School values the whole child by creating unique and authentic academic experiences that continue to enrich our student’s lives.

This project provided the students the opportunity to discover personal relevance and significance in their life and allowed them to express their creativity in a unique way.
I am from curly, wet laundry and comedies on a Star Wars blanketed bed.

I am from four different houses near Dollar General, from Sun Beam and Nana.

I am from my dad’s car the color of shimmering oil, dripping wet sponges and blaring hip hop.

I am from cooking classes, from a mom who cleans dishes, from kale chips and salmon cakes.

I am from razor designs on the side of my head and chunky black glasses, from friendships, from doing the right thing even when my friends don’t.
I am from morning prayers and “I love you, Bey,” from my puffy jacket and my high top boots.

I am from Zi-Zi or Zy, from finding a fake tattoo in a candy bar.

I am from Washington DC and trips to Florida and Myrtle Beach.

I am from a barking dog and the jangles of my nana’s necklaces dancing around her neck when she gives me a hug, from the tiny leather purse she brought me from Aruba.
Bryce

I am from brand new, square-shaped glasses, from a caramel colored car and a gray Northface jacket. I am from two diamond studs and black Nikes.

I am from a good school where I play basketball. I am from an adjustable basketball hoop in the blue and black cement driveway in front of a small house.

I am from Jumpologoly and Sky Zone, from crazy spiky dyed hair.
KeNyah

I am from multiplication and addition, from SpaceRace, inventions, Athens and Sparta. I am from columns in Greece and Rome.

I am from a make-up set and preparing for the talent show, from playing and running first thing in the morning.

I am from sitting in the back of my mom’s car and taking the bus to the transfer plaza to get home. I am from an empty house where my sisters come in later.

I am from art and music on Marya’s guitar.
I am from a big family.

I am from a summer birthday with no birthday party.

I am from paper blay-blays and ninja starts I play with at school and daycare, from figuring out math problems on my own.

I am from a working mom and living with two cousins in my house.

I am from my mom’s stomach.
I am from days that look like a long line.

I am from burning candles on my birthday and my friends and family singing while I blow out candles white as snow.

I am from praying every night and every day, from getting on my knees and thanking God for what he has done for us. I am from praying for food and asking God to watch over us.

I am from gold rings and necklaces, from a mother who teaches me math, from playing football and basketball.

I am from “Be your best self” and “Do great things.”
Jeremiah

I am from playing basketball and eating pizza. I am from a future as a professional chef.

I am from a grateful family, from a little brother and a big one and two different houses. I am from a mom who works two different jobs, from a red car that’s first in line. I am from a cute little brother who really, really wants to be a fire fighter when he grows up.

I am from having good teachers, and having good friends.

I am from trying my best.
I am from getting my hair done every Sunday with Mommy, from getting my nails done every once in a while, from my blue and green Northface that feels cozy and dry.

I am from cheerleading and “Go, team,” from pom-poms and black tights. I am from working hard at reading and math and struggling to do the splits.

I am from a winter birthday, from winter-born brothers, from my mom who buys me clothes and my grandma and PaPa who work nights. I am from keeping Grandma Lisa company and her coming to my school.
I am from rain sneakers and long socks and soccer goals. I am from sidewalks, basketball hoops, dunks, points and wins.

I am from four different houses across this whole state.

I am from dinner: hot turkey, meatballs, potatoes, and green beans, peas, carrot and pumpkin pie.

I am from “Don’t play rough,” from “I love you, Doodle Bear,” “Have a great day at school” and “What did you learn today?”
Maddison

I am from bumpy streets, from three houses in the south. I am from one Baby So Real doll, from Fanta and tea in tea cups, from pepper steaks, doughnuts and lemon bars with crispy soft crust on the bottom.

I am from little talking at the dinner table, from eating snack at a little table in little chairs.

I am from clouds of baby powder filling the air, from “Can you get me a diaper and wipe?” from 6:00 wake-ups.

I am from the smell of forever beach days shea butter, from doing extra math first thing in the morning. I am from a red skirted uniform and choreographing dance routines.

I am from riding in my dad’s work van and riding piggy back with Uncle Beyhaw, from chapter books and from already getting ready for college.
Amir

I am from a pristine Chicago Bulls hat every day, first on my head then in my backpack.

I am from running and talking, from green beans and potatoes and all kinds of candy. I am from Ernest and Anita, from almost being an uncle.

I am from “Be thankful,” from trips to the airport, traveling to North Carolina.

I am from working hard at reading and a beautiful voice that sings Ju Ju on the Beat.

I am from playing hard at basketball, from a broken finger and chocolate brown eyes.
Juelle

I am from Richmond, Virginia with my mom and one brother, from my dad and one sister.

I am from where my parents say “Be yourself” and “You look just like your dad.”

I am from where we eat sweet cabbage and BBQ chicken, crab legs and jugs of Kool-Aid at the dinner table.

I am from being a leader and liking to play rough.

I am from reading with JaMarques and Jahzara.
I am from a townhouse in a good neighborhood where the police come by to check on people. I am from sitting on the porch with Mommy and Daddy.

I am from a big family, from kindness and invitations, from good manners. I am from writing notes and cleaning my room.

I am from curly lashes and a smile bright as the sun, from working things out and using “I” statements. I am from braids long and short, from bows and headbands.
I am from hugs and kisses and a big brother in Baltimore, from Old Bay and summertime crabs.

I am from the beach and summer winds in my hair, the cold, cold sand in winter, and a family trip to Florida where Uncle Ahman swam in the deep end.

I am from knowing hundreds of facts and a sister who makes hot chocolate and devouring snickerdoodles, from the sweet vinegar smell and sparkly, dark lipstick.

I am from the dark creepy house but nothing to fear.
I am from “Be yourself” and “Don’t let anyone steal your joy,” from being strong willed and doing my own thing.
I am from green grass and swings and a tall porch I like to jump off of.

I am from arguing and “No, you did it!” and “Give me a kiss before you go to bed.”

I am from the death Cocoa.

I am from two different Thanksgivings and only wearing headbands at church.

I am from Pine Street Baptist Church where I got dedicated as a tiny baby. I am from waiting to get baptized when I’m eleven or twelve.

I am from a three-generation house, from my mom taking care of my grandma and my grandma’s smoke that stops its swirling when I am sick.
I am from a daycare we celebrate God, Jesus, and the Lord. I am from Jesus Loves the Little Children and This Little Light of Mine.

I am from singing and prayer and where singing is prayer and prayer is singing.

I am from brown dust and barbecue chicken in the summer, from cleaning and sweeping and a little brother who wrestles for fun with me.

I am from goodness, from hard work and a quiet smile.