

## Change of Plans

*By Suzy Hopkins*

He had that bronze Italian skin and dark hair. His playful smile lit up the room. He was the most creative person I had ever met. He sang in the Boston Opera Company so I got to sneak backstage during the performances. Yep, I adored my 7<sup>th</sup> grade art teacher. Art class was the best part of every week for me in my Lexington, Massachusetts middle school. Tuesday and Thursday at 11:00 A.M. He took the whole class to the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and helped us appreciate the famous and not so famous works of art. Several of us went with him to New York City to stay for three days, saw the New York Opera perform, visited the Metropolitan Museum of Art and ate dinner in a different ethnic restaurant each night. This was the life I wanted. To be an art teacher. Mr. Ciano's enthusiastic encouragement and bold artistic skill inspired me to go to college to be an art teacher. I focused on that until I graduated from high school.

When, in my freshman year I talked with the senior art majors doing their practice teaching I was devastated to find that either the projects were exceptionally simple for grammar school kids or that the high school kids just used art class to fool around needing constant discipline.

That road was definitely not going to be taken. I quit school and got a job in a bank.