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Isabella Marguerite Martinez

WHY PAINTING IS MY THERAPY

WHY PAINTING IS MY THERAPY [Why painting saved me from mentally dying. Why Painting is my therapy.] { My name is Isabella Marguerite Martinez, you may address me as Isabella or Bella. I am seventeen years old, I suffer from an injury that affects my frontal lobe. I am a junior, I attend Taos Highschool. I was born in Albuquerque in 2003, at Lovelace Hospital. I was born and raised in New Mexico. So you ask why I got into painting? Well back in my freshman year, I suffered a horrible injury to my frontal lobe. It happened back in December of my freshman year, in P.E class. I was sitting with my friends next to the bleachers when the freshman boys had been throwing a basketball up and down. Seeing the basketball and fly up into the air, causing it to hit the ceiling. Which then caused it to ricocheted onto the bleacher hitting the top of my skull. I remember passing out, causing me to hit my head again. See when this had all happened, I was diagnosed with a concussion that caused a fatal blow to my frontal lobe. My parents and I never imagined the damage it has done to me. I remember it first started to affect my speech impairment. I had to forget my name, my age, and even who my parents were. And time was passing by, I was only getting worse, I nearly forgot how to walk. I remember I couldn't eat properly, I constantly would shake. None of the doctors knew how to help. I felt myself turning into a vegetable. I fell into a very deep depression and suffered from anger. I knew I had to help myself or nobody else would. I mean what would you do if you were in my shoes? I was turning into a literal zombie. It was horrible, I felt trapped. I felt as if I was trapped in someone else's body, I forgot who I was as a person. So one day, my mom and I were walking in Taos Plaza. I had seen this beautiful little art supply shop. I told my mom I would like to start painting. She had looked at me confused and dazed. She was surprised and had asked why? Well, I didn't know, I just knew I had to paint. Something deep down inside me was waiting to escape, to become me again. And just like that painting was my healing, my therapy. Little by little I started to remember my name, my age, everything! I was starting to feel less angry, the dark cloud finally turned into sunshine. And that is why painting is very special to me. I am still recovering, I still struggle with daily activities. Although I am extremely thankful God has provided me with this skill to paint. I know many who do painting as a hobby but painting for me is my medicine. It has healed my mind and spirit. I may not be the best artist, although I hope my paintings can give you love or healing you've been searching for as well. I paint to heal myself but to also heal those who are suffering. When I paint, I paint with love & through the heavenly father. He is my will to live and as long as I am alive, I will spread my love through my paintings. If you are still here reading this, thank you for taking your time out of your day to read my story. Painting is my therapy, what's yours?

- Isabella Margurite Martinez.