

in art. I am reminded almost daily how little our colleagues in education really know about what we do, how children come to draw, and how art serves the total child. And I also know that just the right information can open their eyes.

Some of you know my interest in paradigms. Paradigm analysis has been a very enlightening process for me. It has made me look at the details and to consider the relationship between the parts and the whole. In an era of writing standards and indicators, I sense the focus on the smallest parts may distract us from keeping the whole picture before our eyes. I hope that we will take the time and, if necessary, even resist the pressure to move so quickly on reforms and initiatives as to not look at the whole the pieces-parts make. For example, I am concerned that our standards say nothing about teaching students to draw and that too often art is made to understand what artists do, not to hear one's own voice. There is one issue that seems to stand out for me in education today, an issue which reflects truly feminist values. It is the need to honor the voices of our students, to give them art as a vehicle for thought and expression, and for us to really listen to what they are saying.

We also need to listen carefully to what others are saying. The forces outside our profession, the media as well as critics of education and especially the critics of teacher preparation, would like to see us divided from within. There is a "one size fits all" mentality out there trying to establish some order in a world which seems quite out of control. I hope we have the wisdom to keep our eyes on the big picture and to find those central paths where students will understand not only what artists do but what they themselves can discover and say by engaging with artful processes of making.

In closing, I have benefited enormously from the nurturing energy of many good women and men. I am proud to be a member of this community, aware that "acts of transformations" are what we should be facilitating. Fortunately, we have art to remind us to look for the relationships between the parts and the whole so that we can see the message, hear the voice, and find the meaning. Thank you again for this honor and this opportunity to share my thoughts with you.

*Renee Sandell  
June King McFee Award  
Acceptance Speech  
1999*

Dear Women's Caucus Members:

As is customary, Women's Caucus Award winners' speeches are printed in *The Report*. While struggling to write up notes from my McFee remarks, Christy Park kindly reminded me that that event was a "moment, not a speech." To those of you who were there to witness my acceptance, I thank you for being part of that special evening. In writing this letter, I can only share some reflections from that bright moment of pride and joy that briefly lured me from an ominous battleground of cancer. Both then and now, I greatly appreciate the opportunity to reflect on personal and professional presence, spiritual journey and the healing power of ritual.

As I remember the evening, it was graced with the presence of so many special people. In addition to old and new NAEA Women's Caucus members, it included current and former students, my son David and his friend Matt, dear local friends Angela, Sylven, Suzy and Joe, as well as colleagues from the

Maryland Institute, College of Art, and NAEA. Instead of reading a prepared speech, I presented some remarks with a set of rough notes, given the emotional nature of what I had to share. I began by focusing on the nature of presence (so embodied in the ideal of feminist pedagogy) as being fully there and knowing one's self. Noting Pearl Greenberg's temporary absence at the conference due to her accident, I reflected on the recent loss of Marylou Kuhn, an inspiring mentor. I continue to miss her strong presence resonated with her direct eye contact and careful enunciation of her words and that warm, generous smile. She, like June King McFee, Laura Chapman and others, had the special kind of presence that shows caring about the audience to whom she speaks. Acknowledging the presence of the new generation of art educators, I congratulated my own students who had presented at this convention with great grace, clarity and style.

Having addressed the intertwining relationship of personal, professional and political dimensions of my life in my autobiographical Rouse Award Speech (1994), I chose to share fragments of my recent life story. I disclosed highlights of a difficult year focused on my economist husband Steve's valiant battle with Non-Hodgkins Lymphoma. My presence at the conference meant flying in from Boston, where I had recently relocated in search for a cure: Steve had just undergone a bone marrow transplant from an unrelated matched donor. His mom was caring for him in the hospital while I was at the conference, only several miles from our Bethesda home.

Unlike any other event or life experience, living with cancer has enlarged my spiritual journey. Furthermore, being an art educator has prepared me for coping and surviving both fear and disease.

I've become a dealer not worrier. In my many dealings, I attribute my perseverance to my ability to seek assistance, connect with mentors, help others, widen my vision, maintain a sense of wonder instead of worry, engage in purposeful research, utilize intuition, and continually network. This focus of my energy has helped me become an effective caregiver to provide my husband (and others) with the necessary support to become a survivor not a victim. Our family has used these skills and efforts to mindfully "process" life as we receive distressing diagnoses, seek the best treatments, and cope with the unknown. For example, my sons have written college entrance essays on this personally, heart-wrenching topic. My husband and I have taken special pride in witnessing their adjustment in powerful and public ways: Our older son, Larry made and exhibited paintings that showed Steve's coping with cancer, including his balding phases. Our younger son David wrote and delivered a very moving speech entitled "Wrestling with Adversity" at his Confirmation.

The Awards Ceremony requiring that I deliver an acceptance speech has given me permission along with the opportunity to fully reflect on my experience—to truly see the whole from its parts. Looking back, I began to marvel at our family's physical, emotional and spiritual survival through the process by being connected and proactive! The source of this strength stems from inspiring role models: courageous and heroic cancer survivors and their dedicated caregivers who refuse to become victimized. Those who honor the warriors in this battle further affirm this. For example, Don Krug's student's art teaching unit on cancer that includes the art of the recent the Breast Cancer stamp. The latter, designed by two Maryland Institute, College of Art alumni, funds research to

find a cure. Addressing the theme of cancer in our teaching, and our postage purchases, is a proactive way to fight and cope with this disease. It continues to threaten our lives and the lives of our family, friends, colleagues as well as prominent individuals such as Jacqueline Onassis and King Hussein, both of whom died from Non-Hodgkins Lymphoma. On a personal level, I admire my friends and colleagues for surviving pain, worry, loss of organs, hair, control and, of course, peace of mind. Courageous warriors, I salute all of you who have

- Taken responsibility for your body: found your own breast lump in time (may we all take good care of our bodies),
- Assumed the role of dedicated and hard-working care giver,
- Reached out to others, sharing your own stories, expressing caring and love,
- Maintained connection with others, been helpful and showed good humor; Kathy Connors exemplifies this spirit!
- Used the experience to grow by living more consciously and fully, and
- Above all, sustained hope and faith in the face of fear.

The healing power of ritual is an antidote to disease and all the pain and fear it brings. The process of carrying out meaningful acts provide inner strength and support renewal if not recovery. There are limitless ways to consecrate caring and hope. Your e-mail messages, cards, phone calls, tokens, and gifts have meant more than you could ever know. The supportive rituals of colleagues, friends and family have also included the planting of bulbs of hope in my backyard by members of my walking group as well as participating in art therapy with our lymphoma support group last fall. My Maryland Institute colleagues Mary Mark Munday and Barbara Stephens graciously

assumed part of my teaching load and thus empowered my supportive role in Boston. Before Steve and I left for Boston, our Havurah, a Jewish learning circle, held a healing service for Steve. At this service, a new friend and NHL and BMT survivor Don Zauderer, engaged the group in a healing ritual, passing a stone around the circle that became a powerful object, holding all the prayer and support of the circle. Steve took that stone to Boston and kept it with him throughout his treatments.

Thank you Women's Caucus for allowing me to engage the assembly in a similar healing ritual. A couple of days earlier, Maryl Fletcher DeJong, a mentor and courageous cancer survivor, had presented me with special gifts for Steve: Two stones, one light, one heavy, each inscribed with the Chinese character for longevity. Before taking them to Boston, you were willing to pass these stones around to receive your healing affirmations. I had asked that you to do this not only for my husband but also to send healing wishes to Maryl, Kathy Connors, Pearl Greenberg, and others in the profession as well as special people in your lives. Many of you also made a wish for longevity in our field that will increasingly undertake the great need for human healing.

We need only remind ourselves that by artfully using the power and process of art, we can help humanity heal from all sorts of wounds and pain. Beyond addressing medical illness, our art education rituals can provide the needed opportunity to reclaim ourselves, reveal our presence and exercise our own voices. Jean Shinoda Bolen, in her book *Close to the Bone: Life Threatening Illness and the Search for Meaning*, offers us a new vision: "rather than being human beings on a spiritual path, we are spiritual beings on a human path." I believe through a more

mindful, healing approach in art education we can greatly help others in this powerful quest.

As I said at the Awards Ceremony: "From the bottom of my heart, I thank you for this award and many other affirmations that have made me feel deeply supported, beloved, and strong."

With deepest gratitude,

Renee Sandell,  
October 16, 1999

P.S. My dear Maryland Institute colleagues, Karen Carroll and Henry Jones videotaped my acceptance remarks for the June King McFee Award. As a result, I was able to share it at home with local friends before I left Washington, and most importantly, with Steve, upon my return to Boston. He was moved to tears and expressed his love and pride to me. The memory of this beautiful moment is etched in my heart forever because, shortly after, Steve's condition began to decline. His Graft vs. Host Disease increased, affecting his liver and lungs, and causing him to go on a respirator for 8 days. During this time, my sons and I, along with other relatives, were able to express our great love to him. Though no one expected Steve to die, he did on April 26, 1999.

In composing this letter, I've reflected not only on that evening, but also on all that has transpired in these past six months. This includes, with the help of my mother, my return to Bethesda, Steve's huge funeral and the mourning period supported by the presence of family and community. I have spent the summer healing in a variety of ways that include travel and artmaking and was happy to return to teaching in September. One special event bears sharing here: On September 30, 1999, Steve and his staff received the Social Security Commissioner's Team Award for

establishing two Retirement Research Centers at Boston College and the University of Michigan, each a part of a consortium with affiliated institutions linking academic and policy communities. I was proud and honored to attend the Award ceremony and receive it with his team. Furthermore, I was even more thrilled to learn about the recent establishment of annual Steven Sandell Doctoral Fellowships, provided by each of the Retirement Research Centers that he created. There is nothing more fitting to Steve's memory than this legacy that honors his deepest reverence for education and collaborative research.

*Laurie Hicks  
Mary J. Rouse Award  
Acceptance Speech  
1999*

Good evening. I want to thank all of you for attending this award ceremony. Needless to say, I am very honored to receive the Mary J. Rouse Award and I am especially honored to be sharing this evening with Renee Sandell, Kathy Connor, and with the memory of Mary Lou Kuhn, two women who have truly made a difference in art education. They have been and continue to be wonderful role models for us all.

I would like to start off by thanking those who were directly involved in my receiving the Rouse Award. First, I would like to thank Kerry Freedman for taking the time and energy to nominate me for this award. My thanks are also due to Doug Blandy and the other members of the committee, Christine Morris, Lisa Abia-Smith, Mary Sheridan and Deborah Smith-Shank who had the responsibility of making what I am sure was a very difficult decision. Finally, I want to thank those who wrote letters of support for my nomination,

Kristin Congdon, Paul Bolin and Elizabeth Hoffman. I am honored to be working with such colleagues and am grateful for their support and belief in my work and me.

When my students found out that I was receiving this award and that I would be asked to give an acceptance speech, one of them was so concerned that he came to speak with me. His concern was not that I was receiving such an award—he thought that was "pretty cool"—his concern was that I might tell you the same bad jokes I tell in class. He said, "Whatever you do, don't tell any bad jokes." Regretfully, he had no "good" jokes to offer—that he was willing to repeat. But I promised him anyway, that if I told jokes, they would be good ones. His reply, "Yeah, right." Even though he has little faith, I will try to keep my promise.

It is customary at the Women's Caucus award ceremonies for the individuals receiving the Rouse and McFee awards to take a few minutes to say something about their personal and professional history and about how they have arrived at this particular point in their careers. I want you to know that this has not been an easy thing to do. There is something very humbling, and I must say dumbfounding, about having colleagues who you respect and admire, bestow on you such an honor. I found myself somewhat "speech-less", in more ways than one. In my effort to regain my voice, to have something to say that is more than a rehearsal of defining moments in my life, I found myself reminiscing not only about those moments, but about the people that have become the ingredients of the person and art educator you see standing before you. Therefore, pretending this is the Academy Awards, I want to start by naming a few of the people, some of whom are in this room, who have been important to me in my career and personal life. I want to thank June McFee,