



This line drawing by a Museum Teaching Artist is inspired by the work in SBMA's collection, entitled *A Storm is on the Water Now* (1947) and painted by the iconic American artist, Grandma Moses. Born Anna Mary Robertson in 1860, this largely self-taught artist grew up on a farm in upstate New York. She left home as a young girl to work at a neighboring farm, married, and raised five children. She began painting in her mid to late 70s, motivated, she claimed, by her desire to "keep busy and out of mischief" after her husband's death.

Nicknamed "Grandma" by a newspaper reporter reviewing her work, she painted largely from memories recalled from her childhood. Her paintings tell stories. Grandma Moses lived to be 101. She described her life with the following words from her book *"My Life's History,"* published in 1952:

"I have written my life in small sketches, a little today, a little yesterday, as I thought of it, as I remembered all the things from childhood on through the years, good ones and unpleasant ones. That's how they come, and that is how we have to take them. I look back on my life like a good day's work, it was done and I feel satisfied with it. I was happy and contented, I knew nothing better and made the best out of what life offered and life is what we make it, always has been, always will be."

Looking Closer

Grandma Moses' painting simply and powerfully captures the feeling of a storm. How does she show us things like wind and rain? You might notice the white caps on the water, the grey sky, and the wind bent trees.

Although she uses mostly rich greens and browns in this painting, what stands out? You might say it is the absence of color. It is the white of the farmhouse and the running horses, who race into the wind across the painting, looking like cut outs against the dark background.

If you were to put yourself in this picture where would you be? Running to bring in the horses? Sitting in the warm kitchen of the farmhouse?

When you color this drawing, you can use details from your own imagination (birds in the sky or a barking dog chasing the horses), so that Grandma Moses' story becomes yours.

