**Moving Migrations**

**Visual Arts, Theatre Arts, Social Studies, and English Language Arts**

**Turchin Center for the Visual Arts at Appalachian State**



**A Workshop for Teachers**

with



[kerrigan@mindspring.com](mailto:kerrigan@mindspring.com)

[www.MimeWhoTalks.com](http://www.MimeWhoTalks.com)

** of**

**Southeast Center for Arts Integration**

**Focus Questions**

What kind of connections can we make across Visual Arts, English Language Arts and Social Studies standards?

How does teaching across subject areas strengthen teaching and learning?

How can arts integration spark curiosity, foster 21st Century skills, and engage learners in their own exploration of content?

Why teach this way?

**Goals**

Participants will leave with a deeper understanding of arts integration theory and practice.

Participants will be able to construct future lesson plans for their own classes.

**Objectives**

Participants will leave with a deeper understanding of arts integration theory and practice.

Participants will begin working on future lesson plans for their own classes.

Participants will experience an arts-integrated approach to English and Social Studies content.

They will explore how works of visual art can provide springboards for thought, discussion, writing, and performance.

**Intelligences Engaged**

Bodily- Kinesthetic, Visual-Spatial, Interpersonal, Intrapersonal, Verbal-Linguistic

**21st Century Skills Employed**

Communication, Collaboration, Creative Thinking, Critical Thinking

**Standards Taught**

**Social Studies**

3.G.1.4 Explain how the movement of goods, people and ideas impact the community.

4.C.1.1 Explain how the settlement of people from various cultures affected the development of regions in NC.

5.G.1.4 Exemplify migration within or immigration to the United States in order to identify push and pull factors (why people left/why people came).

6.G.1.2 Explain the factors that influenced the movement of people, goods and ideas and the effects of that movement on societies and regions over time (e.g., scarcity of resources, conquests, desire for wealth, disease and trade.)

8.H.3.1 Explain how migration and immigration contributed to the development of NC and the US from colonization to contemporary times (e.g. westward movement, African slavery, Trail of Tears, the Great Migration and Ellis and Angel Island).

**Visual Arts**

V.1 Use the language of visual arts to communicate effectively.

V.1.4 Understand characteristics of the Elements of Art…

V.5 Recognize characteristics of the Principles of Design…

4.V.1.3 Infer meaning from art.

CR.1 Use critical analysis to generate responses to a variety of prompts.

**English Language Arts**

CCR W.1 Write arguments to support claims in an analysis of substantive topics or texts, using valid reasoning and relevant and sufficient evidence.

W.3 Write narratives to develop real or imagined experiences or events using effective technique, well-chosen details, and well-structured event sequences.

**Introduction & Orientation**

Welcome to the Turchin

Meet Christy Blair Chenausky

Director of Arts Education and Outreach

Turchin Center for the Visual Arts/Office of Arts & Cultural Programs  
Welcome to the Workshop

Meet Sheila Kerrigan

President, Southeast Center for Arts Integration

What we will be doing today

**Activities**

**The Welcome**

Reflect

**Sociometrics 1**

Where are you in your relation to teaching through arts integration?

Discussion

What is Arts Integration?

Why employ it in teaching and learning?

How does the NC Senate define a comprehensive education?

What does NCDPI say about arts education?

**Sociometrics 2**

What you teach: grades & subjects

**Sociometrics 3**

Where you came from

Where you lived before

Where you grew up

Where your mother came from

Where your father came from

mother’s mother, father’s father

Reflect

Look at, read, inquire, infer, discuss Bill Brown’s sculpture(s).

Migration Information

Design your responses to Bill Brown’s sculptures.

Choose one of the following 5 options to work on:

**1)** Work in a small group.

Read a migration story.

Pull out images, metaphors, similes, sensory images.

Make sculptures or moving images of them with your bodies that deepen the story.

Read the story aloud while making images.

**2)** Work either solo or in a small group.

Pick a Bill Brown sculpture.

Write a first-person story based on the sculpture, including sensory imagery, similes and metaphors.

Make images or moving images with your body of the imagery.

Read the story aloud while making images.

**3)** Work solo.

Write your or your family’s migration story.

Share it with a partner.

Find 3 key points and embody them—make images or moving images with your body.

One partner reads the story aloud and the other embodies the 3 key points.

**4)** Work in pairs.

Each person write an argument or opinion with reasons for or against immigration. (One person chooses “for,” the other person chooses “against.”)

Hold a brief debate.

**5)** Work in a small group.

Tell a migration story from your family.

Pull out images, metaphors, similes, sensory images.

Make sculptures or moving images of them with your bodies that deepen the story.

Tell the story aloud while making images.

What is Audience Etiquette?

Show the work.

Reflect

Quickly sketch a lesson plan that you can use with your students. Briefly share it.

Reflect

Safe home

**Migration Stories**

In 1965 we came to the U.S. not by plane, but by freighter ship, crossing the Pacific Ocean and Panama Canal. I was four years old then. We came because my parents sought a better life for my brother and me, so they gave up the comfortable one they had. My parents always said it was because of President Johnson. Growing up, I was fortunate to make many wonderful friends of diverse ethnicities, religions, and backgrounds. I was fortunate to have received an education that opened many doors for me. After graduation from college and medical school, I was privileged to take care of cancer patients. I was privileged to work alongside many dedicated colleagues at the FDA and National Cancer Institute as a commissioned officer in the US Public Health Service. I was privileged and fortunate to contribute to the discovery and development of several new cancer drugs that are available for patients today. As a parent, I am blessed to have one son serving our country as an officer in the 82nd Airborne Division and another son pushing the boundaries of medicine and science beyond that taught to me a generation ago. I am an immigrant and a proud American. Like many immigrants, I am grateful for what America has to offer and strive to make America a better country. I was fortunate not to be a refugee. But given today’s circumstances, if I were a refugee, would you see me differently?  
Peter  
Boston

<https://myimmigrationstory.com/>

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I’m lucky. I’m 16, live in a small town and I am a daughter of an immigrant. Growing in a small town, when 96 percent of the population is white is tough. You turn white. Sure, the color of my skin will never be the color of a piece of printer paper but inside it feels like I’m all white. I guess the word “anchor baby” defines me…. sort of. I’m the president of debate club, where we talk about bills, current news topics, and political nominees. The hardest topic… Is immigration reform. People are so uninformed.. “Yes I believe we should deport all undocumented immigrants here, and they should get in line with all the other people to get their papers… LEGALLY” I find that easier said than done. I haven’t seen my father since I was 8 and only spoken to him on the telephone. He was deported in 2009. The last day I saw him was in a train station… And I had no idea why I was saying good bye… and why everyone was crying. When my friends came over and asked where my father was I said he was “working”. Every year on my birthday he calls me and I try hard not to cry because I know it’s another year of him not being able to see me grow. My mother is a single mom. Terrified of being deported. Just a couple weeks ago she was caught. She was driving to work when a police officer pulled her over because she wasn’t wearing her seat belt. For anyone else it’s just a ticket. For a single mother that is illegal it’s “I have to go to court, I have to show identification… They will find out I am illegal.. I will be deported… I have to call my lawyer… Who will take care of my daughters?” I hate seeing my mother in constant fear. I hate hearing family members and friends calling us to be careful because in Hudson ICE was seen deporting families. She’s scared. I’m scared. We’re all scared. Living the American dream shouldn’t consist of being scared every second of the day.  
E.G.  
Albany, New York

[**https://myimmigrationstory.com/**](https://myimmigrationstory.com/)

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My parents moved to America when I was a year old and my sister was 2 1/2. I have 2 younger siblings who are born in America. Sometimes I hate how unknowingly privileged they are. They get free doctor and dentist visits while I haven’t been to the doctor since I was 8 years old. I did not know about immigration until recently and I cried for days. My father, mother, sister, and I all have our passports. I am now 16 years old and counselors are telling me to start looking for college. My sister is a senior and she recently found out that we cannot apply for FAFSA. I don’t know how I’m going to pay for college and I want to be an engineer. I don’t even have my workers permit and it sucks to see everyone else getting jobs and licenses when I’m just stuck. I feel so helpless and sometimes I wonder why my parents even decided to come here. There is nothing for us here.  
A Dreamless Child  
Indiana

[**https://myimmigrationstory.com/**](https://myimmigrationstory.com/)

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Since April 2019, Catholic Charities of Laredo has provided humanitarian care for migrants at San Francisco Javier Church and Catholic Charities’ La Frontera Shelter.

“We never imagined this place would be so wonderful,” Eduardo said as he balanced his daughter, Kiara, on his knee. “The attention Catholic Charities gave us was beautiful,” continued his wife, Karen.

Eduardo left the Catholic Church years ago, and Karen’s faith was running on empty when they arrived in the United States as migrants from Honduras, but recalling their journey was nothing short of complicated. “One suffers,” Eduardo said, “but out of a moment of suffering, many blessings came.”

In Honduras, Eduardo was an experienced truck driver. During one fateful trip, his truck was stolen. Going against the criminals’ demands, he filed a police report. The criminals found him at home, threatening him with violence. Eduardo and Karen decided to sell everything and chose to flee the life they knew.

By the time they reached Guatemala, Kiara had caught the stomach flu which tempted them to return. Borrowing a phone, Eduardo spoke with their neighbors only to learn that hours after they fled, their former home was attacked in a drive-by shooting. “That’s when we knew we couldn’t go back,” Eduardo said.

They eventually made it to Eagle Pass, but for eleven days, the family was separated by ICE and Border Patrol. Once reunited, they were transported to Laredo where they were faced with one uncertainty – how to pay for bus tickets to their final destination, Los Angeles. Much to Eduardo’s surprise, an anonymous donor from San Vicente de Paul Church offered to purchase the bus tickets. The donor left them with one request. He told Eduardo, “Once you are working and someone comes to you for help if you are able, help. Never stop serving others.”

<https://justiceforimmigrants.org/faces-of-migration/stories-of-migration/>

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Neva Alsheik Neva’s parents immigrated to the U.S. from Damascus, Syria, in 1972 (father) and 1976 (mother)

I’ve been thinking a lot about an exchange from The Good Shepherd, when Matt Damon’s character, a man of white Anglo-Saxon privilege, says to an Italian mafioso: “[My people have] the United States of America. The rest of you are just visiting.”

The rest of you are just visiting. How frighteningly prescient these words are: just visiting.

I think about my childhood. Of my siblings and I riding ourbikes to the club to swim all day, racing back through the golf course to beat the sunset home. Or riding to theater camp on a big yellow bus. Or running across the street to play with the Irish family. It felt like a great American childhood to me. Were we visitors then?

We had barbecues in the backyard and rode our bikes for hours, we played Prince of Persia on our Apple IIGS and wore matching track suits when we traveled, like a mini Olympic team. Were we visitors?

I think about telling my class that my family was from Syria and them berating me in response: “Cereal?! Where is that?!” They were just small-town kids, I told myself. Teach them there is a world out there, then invite them to play double-dutch at recess. They’ll come around. We were a symbol of evolution and change. Were we just visitors?

I think about my parents driving us kids to the train station on mornings so dark and cold it felt impossible to get out of bed, just so we could attend the best school in the region and make something terrific of our intellects and this wonderful life. Were we visitors then?

I think of the gifts my father gets from his patients every year that my mother displays proudly at the holidays. Macaroons from the rabbi, paintings from the artist, poems from one patient that are so beautiful they make me cry. It is a remarkable thing to realize how widely admired your parents are as individuals apart from parenting you. Are they visitors too?

I think of the five children they raised — two doctors, a partner at a global law firm, a student at Stanford, and myself. Can we stay? If a visitor leaves a place better than they found it, can they?

I think of my life at this moment. Married to an American with feather-soft hair and blue eyes who grew up in an original 1810 house and accepts me for precisely the person I am. Am I a visitor still? How many roots must we set down for this to be home? How many taxes are left on our balance, how much in tuition to institutions of higher learning, how many donations to domestic causes will deem us acceptable? Should my mother remove her veil, or do her blue eyes cancel out the offense? My employer avowedly supports people of all genders, races and creeds; will they protect me if it should come to pass?

My father called me the other day and said, “I wanted you to know you shouldn’t feel badly if you want to take your husband’s name. I don’t want any of my kids to suffer for being Muslim.” “I’m prouder of my name than I’ve ever been,” I replied.

We are not visiting.

<https://www.manrepeller.com/2018/01/immigration-stories.html>