

## CHAPTER 1 BLIND BEAUTY

Natoya Hill

Grace was one of the most popular people in her small town. She was an artist. People came from all over the world to view her work, and wondered how a person who never saw the world could picture it so well in drawings. Grace was born blind. But she had an excellent sense of touching and was the greatest at remembering things.

One evening, Grace asked me to describe the ocean. Of course I did . . . sand, shells, water, waves, and everything else from seaweed to crabs. While talking, Grace rubbed her feet variously across the sand, listening to the tides rush against the large rocks. The next morning Grace began drawing.

The conception was excellent. It even included mountains and a golden sun setting. I asked Grace how could she draw this notion without actually having seen a lake, river, beach, pond— anything! Responding she sounded surprised, "Wow, James, do you really think it's that good?" "Oh, yes!" I said.

During breakfast I wondered if blind people could dream of seeing or if they could see a dream period. After breakfast Grace began painting again. She always used her 'lucky' pinkish colored wooden brush; she claimed her grandfather gave it to her as a gift. This paintbrush changed Grace's life.

About one year prior to the drawing of "The

Evening Ocean," Grace had relocated to Paris to work with some of the best. Over the years Grace produced some of the most exquisite designs. Over the years people became more and more familiar with her work. Her breathtaking drawings were viewed all over the world. Museums and exhibits had thousands of Grace's drawings, drawings she donated so future people in the next centuries could still see her work.

Some of the pictures were given to the Museum of Science & Industry in Chicago. Suddenly, people in Chicago were reporting movements in the pictures. Grace's manager flew in to Chicago and discovered the rumor was true. It seemed as if the eyes in the pictures were actually moving. The drawings were moved to glass cases, locked, and guarded twenty-four hours a day. Scientists who worked in the museums studied pictures and took samples of them.

The collection moved during the midnight hours. The guard on duty thought it was silly for people to actually think painted pictures could move. Slowly the shadows crept towards the door and started to distort and rearrange things. Just before dawn the shadows disappeared back into the pictures. Officer Willard, the guard, was charged with vandalism the next morning when police arrived.