**Topic: 2. Therapeutic Activities**

**Narrowed Topic: “Painting as a Sanctuary of healing”**

**GROUP 7 Members**

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The path to healing is as simple as picking up a brush and allowing your thoughts, emotions to guide it freely onto a canvas. With each stroke you feel small fragments of your frustration departing until the only thing that remains is a delicate dance with your thoughts, emotions, a comforting state of harmony. **In a world that seems to whirl at an unrelenting pace, I found my peace, my therapy and sanctuary in strokes of colours and swirls of paint following the trauma of losing my brother.**

It was a late cold grey day in late December with dark clouds gather in the horizon. **I found myself yearning for the vibrant embrace of colours that ignite the spirit.** In the heart of bustling city, situated amidst the buildings, there was a refuge, an oasis of calm and peace, a small art studio that was filled with blank canvases. I pulled out the canvas, stretched tautly across its wooden frame, loose threads on its corner and as I caressed, its bumps digging into my fingertips. I saw it too, beckoning me to paint, an open invitation to unleash the vivid symphony of colours dwelling in my mind. I remember my first painting which was visually a very confusing piece splashed with rich yellows and blues with no sense of order or direction, the colours clinging on to each other with effortless grace and yet it understood me. I watched as the colours melded into each other’s. The yellow and blue tinctures humming we are one with you.

**While initially immersed in a serene moment observing my painting a sudden, overwhelming wave of anger for my brother’s loss ignited a transformative shift within, causing the colours on the canvas to undergo a haunting metamorphosis and yet, this gruesome experience helped me attain inner harmony.** I watched horrified as colours changed their moods, the dyes now crashing against each other, the hues of yellow and blue floating in disharmony. As I breathed in the pungent coppery scent of fresh paint diffused in the air, I felt the colours mouthed what my brother could not. He was fragile, just like a glass figurine and all this time, I had labelled him as selfish for leaving me with burdens and sorrow of his leaving. I felt my eyes filling with tears as I finally forgave him. Forgiving him for not being able to handle the stress.

**Through the strokes of my brush and dance of colours on the canvas, I not only found artistic liberation but also a profound sense of peace that soothed my soul from despair to hope from darkness to light.** I watched as they mingled and embraced, confiding into each other, each finding its space. I watched them performing a delicate dance, casting a calming aura, a lullaby in colours, granting a newfound serenity to my once weary mind. I wondered about what I had stumbled upon, something truly liberating, a personal haven where I could freely express myself.

As I walked out of the studio wondering how the act pf dripping the brush into the lively pigments, translating emotions into strokes, could hold potential to heal minds and mend hearts.

530-535 words

A group of paint brushes

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