

Hi, Makenna! by Vicki Davis, Texas

Hi, Makenna!

Oh, my! I truly enjoyed watching your gymnastic performance that your mom posted on Facebook! Those twists and turns were so masterfully orchestrated and executed! What balance, strength, flexibility, agility, coordination, and endurance you displayed! I was pleasantly surprised with some and totally exhausted by others! You have done so well and looked so beautiful!

When I was just younger than you are now, my gymnastic experience was learning to hang upside down on a “just the right height” limb that extended from a silver leaf maple tree on the east side of the lawn at the farm! Beyond that there were some stretches and turns learning to tap dance which I enjoyed along with your great aunt Becky. Becky and I wore a variety of interesting costumes made by our mother and your great-grandmother Mae Dorothy. Our costumes were not quite like yours but they were very classy for the time. Your grandmother Janette and her high school peers chose to join the band for some interesting moves. Their performances were more military-like in dress and showmanship than the jazzy tap Becky and I experienced!

In college I took one course that included a bit of gymnastics! In addition to the amazing trampoline games and activities, I recall building a human pyramid. As the smallest in the group, I was always selected to stand on the top with arms uplifted. These experiences definitely promoted my feelings of happiness and joy! They were so much more fun to me than softball, volleyball, and basketball—though I did enjoy bowling! Grins!

I recall a story my mother used to tell. When she married, she did not realize that her husband whom we called Daddy Dee, really, really enjoyed dancing, but he did. He could move! To top that story was one his cousin told me. Summed up, Daddy Dee’s mother was “churched” for dancing! To be “churched” in this case, according to my cousin, was to be dismissed from the church or given the highest form of discipline. Perhaps the leadership did not approve a “time to dance” or the dance venue. Or they might have been a bit jealous of those who exhibited exceptional agility and endurance!

My intuitive response to my grandmother’s dancing was: “I’m glad she danced.” Allowed “a time to dance” with positive leadership might have

improved her health! She died suddenly at the early age of 45, not dancing, but just walking across the floor in her home.

I am glad you chose a disciplined and healthy sport of physical endurance. Your honors recognize quite an accomplishment after years of practice, practice, practice! Your longevity doing the various gymnastic options surely demonstrates your determination and passion for the sport! Keep it up as long as it brings you joy! Or select another healthy sport!

Congratulations, my dear! May you accomplish whatever your heart desires and dance, dance, dance!

Love,
Aunt V