

Still Saying 'Someday'

By Lynn Cassidy

"Someday," I used to say when I was an energetic six-year-old, "I will be a ballerina." I was enthralled by the beauty, the pageantry. I hadn't actually seen a ballet. It was a little girl's romantic idea. I took ballet lessons for a summer, learning to put my feet into various convoluted positions and make my arms wave gracefully by my side like a dove. I still remember the classical piano pieces that the instructor played on a small turn-table.

"Someday," I would say when I was in 8th grade, "I'm going to ride around in cars, with the popular girls." I would also explain that the popular girls were the ones that prided themselves on being able to beat up the boys. Steamboat Springs was still a cowboy town.

When I was in high school, I joined the pep club and auditioned to be a cheerleader. It wasn't that I couldn't do cartwheels, jump and lead cheers like the others, but I decided that it wasn't worth the compromises that I had to make to be seen with the "popular girls." I had plenty of dates and I never had to beat up any boys.

When I went to college, I told everyone, "Someday, I'll get my master's degree and change education for children. I don't like the way it was for me in school." Well, I did get my master's degree, actually three of them, but it didn't help me change education. I think working in the public schools changed me, burning out my enthusiasm to "fix" broken systems.

When I moved to Windsor Gardens, I decided to join the Writer's Group and thought to myself, "Maybe I'll publish something worth reading. Someday." I'm still working on that.