

Chosen or Not

Molly Hegman

For most paths that are followed there are the paths that were not followed. To me, there lies the interesting idea to contemplate. Why was one path chosen over another? Or was it?

The path I followed could be likened to a stone tossed along by the water in a stream. As a child I wanted to dance, particularly, to be a ballerina. As that stone was carried along in the stream I discovered that I liked singing as well. With the era of Hollywood musicals at its finest I became an ardent fan. I would see the musical, feel and dance the musicals and even sing them much to the chagrin of my sisters. I couldn't keep still while in the theatre; my feet and fingers moved to the rhythms of the music. When I would get home I would try to replicate what I could remember of the dance numbers. It helped that I had older sisters who brought contemporary music into our home. I quickly learned the words and then made up my own steps to the music. In elementary school I sang in Christmas plays and danced in Spring Festivals. I was convinced that someday I would dance and sing on the stage.

In high school that stone was pulled around another corner when I discovered the library. What more could one want than to work in a place that one loved? Now my stone was being pushed from side to side...music or library? By graduation time I was once again on the music path. However, I was offered a scholarship to a college that did not have a music major. It was a two-year school so I figured that I could switch in my junior year. I took as many music related classes as I could during those two years, even though the nuns had talked me into majoring in Math. Most importantly, they allowed me to take tap and ballet lessons as my P.E. class. Also, we were allowed to dance and sing in community productions. I was still being carried along a musical path. As it came time for me to transfer to a four year college my parents stepped in and requested that I follow their choice. There was no music major at this college either.

After graduation I was hired to teach a fifth grade class. While doing that, I joined a little theatre group and was in musical plays. My stone was bouncing along, swaying from side to side until it got stuck for a long time. When I was almost fifty I was hired at a pre-school. In teaching little children I fulfilled my yearning to be on the stage. That little stone danced along, happy as could be for another fifteen years. It never actually stopped, it slowed down. I still love to sing and dance. Why was this path chosen? I believe that it is because the music in me just kept me bobbing along in that stream!