



Since I was very young my inexhaustible energy and tapping feet suggested that I was destined to be a dancer. It just so happens that at a dance concert for a company I am particularly fond of, I experienced something magnificent that I knew would greatly contribute to my love for the arts.

I had gone to the concert to see the Lehrer Dance Company; little did I know there was a quartet scheduled to play between dance pieces. After the first piece I looked up out of the audience and on the stage sat a young man playing a black and white Roland accordion. Later that evening I scoured EBay for a lightly used accordion and luckily acquired the e-mail address of the accordion player, from my former piano teacher. I was desperate to learn all the about the instrument and how to play it. Fortunately the man did not live far and was able to fit me in for lessons. Unfortunately the accordion I had won on EBay was badly worn and unplayable. Eventually I was able to purchase a fully functioning accordion and I took off from there.

My teacher, Moshe, was a Russian immigrant living in a small apartment not far from me. His teaching was almost as inspiring as the story of how he came to live in America. I thoroughly enjoyed every lesson (and still do!) and learned that there was another art in the world that I was very passionate about. Not only am I passionate about playing accordion but the personal effort I put into making it happen makes playing it that much more satisfying. To me it's not just another instrument that you play for a month and move on. It's an antique art that has been passed from generation to generation that I had the fortune to learn and be challenged by.

I learned from my thirteen years of intensive ballet and modern dance training that dedication is key to success in any field. Charles Schwab once said "A man can succeed at almost anything for which he has unlimited enthusiasm." Had I not been overly enthusiastic about learning the accordion I would have never had the opportunity to study it. The same principle transfers into my schoolwork as well. When I first started high school I could have been a better student, but as my excitement about my classes increased so did my dedication to my studies. Without dedication and extensive enthusiasm I wouldn't be the student, musician, or dancer that I am today.