



American Weekly Inspiration

Thoughts for today and every day:

“If you are a bored person, you are probably a boring person. If you are an interested person, you are probably an interesting person!” submitted by Martha Deen

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“If you shut your door to all errors, truth will be shut out.”
Rabindranath Tagore (1861-1941) Poet

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“There are no interest-free shortcuts. If you skip a stage in one way, you pay for it in another.” Peter Abrahams, “The Island Now” Faber & Faber

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“You have to trust your inner knowing. If you have a clear mind and an open heart, you won’t have to search for direction. Direction will come to you.” Phil Jackson with Hugh Delahanty, “Sacred Hoops” Hyperion

American Update:

With the cost of gasoline and chartered buses getting so very expensive, many of you may want to consider having a private camp at home in your own school or studio. You can get a bid for your private camp by submitting information on our web site. Your bid will be sent to you by e-mail within two business days. This is a great way to save money on your summer camps and still get the benefit of over 40 of our great Feature Routines, including a DVD of the instruction and performance of these routines with your private camp. We offer private camps all over the U.S. www.DanceADTS.com

Many of the dance teams are winding up their spring shows or banquets for the end of the year activities. Below is a special poem written by a young lady from Hallsville, Texas, that you might find inspiring for that last pirouette or ending pose.

Inspiration of the Week:

The Last Eight Count

by Sarah McKinnis

Hallsville HS Bobcat Belles

**My heart grew heavy as I stepped onto the floor
I took my position and prepared to soar
My dancing sisters to my right and my left
Girls that within 10 lifetimes I could never forget
Those who had been with me through times that were bad
With whom I shared the best times I've ever had
I kicked my highest and I spun my hardest
I smiled my widest and I leapt my farthest
All so that I could walk away and know
I wanted to dance my best and I had done so
With all of my heart and my soul
With gracefulness, style, and control
I danced my last eight count with the team by my side
I walked off the floor smiling, but inside cried
How do you lose something that you love to do?
Without it how can you still feel you're you?
That night as I laid down my head
I prayed a prayer to God as I stirred restlessly in bed
"God, please whatever you do,
don't let the worst fear of mine ever come true
I'll be whatever you want me to be
Just don't let that be the last eight count for me"
Then God looked down at me and smiled
"Why should it ever be, my child?
As long as there is music and love
As long as there are stars above
The gift that I gave you will be there
You can dance anytime, anywhere."**

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