



heffo, awesome!

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greetings

I was back on the road in March, for fun AND for work (wait, wait, it's ALLLLL fun!) Early in the month I was able to spend exactly two hours in EPCOT. I never miss a chance to wander around, and the Flower & Garden Festival made it extra beautiful. I spent last week in Detroit, and I'm looking to exploring beautiful Michigan while I'm working there over the next few months!

xoxo  
eleanor

story time

I live on the coast in North Carolina, and my home airport is a regional airport. Due to it's location, I very rarely fly directly TO somewhere, or directly HOME from somewhere. If anything goes haywire in my travel day, there's a good chance I will miss my final connection and end up stranded away from home for the night. Sometimes things don't go as planned. This was the scenario last Thursday night.

When it became apparent that delays would keep me from making my final connection and getting home, I needed a new plan. I've got to give a shout out to the hospitality professionals who were so lovely and helpful during a VERY stressful afternoon at DTW! (I should mention they were simultaneously assisting hundreds of displaced Spring Break travelers.)

Cheers to the airline gate agents, luggage handlers, hotel front desk teams, and everyone else who puts up with us when things don't go as planned!!

# what's new?

I just spent an hour playing piano duets with my sister. While we play, we make faces and laugh at each other (sometimes to the point where we can't breathe!) We don't sound great, but we have FUN!

When I was five years old, I started taking piano lessons. In beginner piano lessons we are taught to recognize the names and patterns of the black and white keys, to understand where to place our hands on the keyboard, and how to read the strange new language made up of notes and rests and repeat signs. Over the years, as I progressed, my teachers expected that I would learn harder music and that I memorize it, which required a lot more effort on my part.

That's when playing the piano became a tedious chore for me. I was good enough to be "good enough." I stuck it out until my senior year of high school, and after my last lesson, I felt an immediate sense of relief.

In the years since, I've been an accompanist for soloists, choruses, and many musical productions. None of these gigs require that I hit all the right notes. When I allowed myself to just have fun playing the piano, I started to love it again.

What do you do when you feel stuck being "good enough?" Whether you feel that way about a hobby, or a craft, or your job, how do you break through that feeling? Do you give yourself permission to just have FUN? I dare you to try!



LET'S CONNECT!

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