

Tae Kwon Do First Degree Decided Essay

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When I was first starting Taekwondo I thought it was everything TV and the movies had talked about. I thought that within a week or two, I would be at the top or I would at least have my Black belt by then. That is, assuming that I would last that long. See I was a quiet and a really scared kid. But most of all I had the wrong idea about what Taekwondo was. Like I said, I thought it was all about fighting. I didn't even know there were "patterns". Fortunately I was quickly informed. I was informed that Taekwondo is more than fighting. I was informed that it wouldn't be easy. I was informed that it was a long, long journey.

First of all, when I started Taekwondo I didn't really like it. In fact in the beginning I hated it. I remember going home wanting to quit the first week. I found out Taekwondo is not meant for someone who wants to be a bully. I wasn't the worst kid out there but I wasn't the best either. The real reason I started Taekwondo was because of my mom and grandmother. I was a son with no "father figure" in his life and I always sitting around "bored". Eventually I was bound to get myself into some serious trouble at some point. Thankfully I didn't really have much of a choice.

A little while after that I began to realize Taekwondo is not easy. I mean I couldn't keep using the excuse "I'm new". So I learned that I had to put some effort forth. I'm not going to lie, and say it was easy for me to come to class; but truth is, it was hard for me to **want** to come to class, several nights.

After a while and I don't really know what happened but I began to realize that I started having more and more respect for Taekwondo. It wasn't too long after that, that I started to see that I had an opportunity in front of me. I had an opportunity to better myself. But before that I was probably the least enthusiastic person there has ever been about Taekwondo. Eventually though it sort of stuck onto me. It became something more than a chore. I started liking it more and started coming out of my "shy" shell. Eventually I even stopped being a bad kid.

At this time I was still in the "kids' class" of course. After a while a lot of those speeches or lectures started getting to me. The part that got onto me about the lectures was really just that. Just the fact that someone not in my family had actually cared enough to give me advice or had just took the time to say something nice to me. By that point I stopped being too much of a bad kid. I noticed that not only did I stop being bad but I began to care more about things. To be in Taekwondo you can't just do it for the wrong reasons. It's impossible. You have to actually care; and you have to grow.

Thank You

Dear family and friends,

Thank you for all that you have done for me. There's no way I could ever repay you. You guys have picked me up while I was down and have been there for me when I've needed you.

Thank you,
Chaz Lewis