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College prep

Jenkins

Narrative

Who are you? What defines you? These age old questions are asked of us daily and still we stutter on an answer. I believe, as do multiple people, that in many cases your actions speak louder than words. What you say does not always match what you do and vice versa. When you do something usually it’s because you feel it is what is right to do, and depending on the situation you will act differently. For example, in class I get my work done and limit myself in social conversations. After finishing my work I usually draw all over it in order to stay focused and entertained which hopefully provides some relief for my teacher from that strenuous work. As soon as I exit that classroom though, I act differently being more of myself.

For years I have helped my parents with my little brother and fought to keep my cats. A few years ago my mother was diagnosed with asthma and our cats were threatened with an eviction notice. I spent long days fighting against that threat, saying that I would be the one to care for them. I knew that those two fat cats would never survive without each other and they were the only ones that I could go to and tell my problems. I won that battle with many tears and pleas. Then, last year my father lost his job the six months that followed that were the toughest weeks of my life. I had to be home every day to make sure Ethan, my little brother, had someone to be there for him, I had marching band practices and no personal life outside of that.

Then, my mom started working and I became the head female figure in the family; cooking, cleaning, and resolving problems. With my father out of work life became more difficult. I had school to deal with and my parents seemed to never get along. Being the middle child and the only daughter I was the one everyone came to tell their problems. I sat there and heard the opinions of my mom about my dad, my brother about my mom, and my dad about my brother. I tried to help them and had no one for me to go to. Thankfully he did later receive a job and we are better now. These experiences made me a stronger, more empathetic person. I learned that life is life it has its ups and downs so “number nine”… deal with it! ☺

This phrase of “number nine” comes from my other family. One that has faced many harsh obstacles with me and still we prevailed. This family’s numbers grow exponentially every year with new wild children. We have one crazy dad and a few strong mamas that, with us, fit so well together that I am truly amazed. In the environment of marching band, I am a hardworking flutist that tries to help my family out and try to better myself. In that “class” I bring extra food and have a ‘community’ water bottle that is constantly washed and refilled to make sure that my marching peers are taken care of. Although this beautiful group of people is not my blood family I love them all the same. These people have helped me through the trials of band and that of life. Every year there is always that one rookie that just does not care what you have to say and complains about everything, but, with as bad as it may sound, I am glad they are like that. I have made so many close friends with others because of their actions, and how we banded together to push them to perfection just drew us closer. I strive for perfection every day in band because while one person can never be perfect, a group can be. I am proud of our accomplishments and how far I have come as not only a musician but as a person as well.

I am defined by the way I have acted upon and coped with many scenarios and by my present actions. My favorite topic is not myself and I don’t like talking about myself it’s just not me. I guess it’s because I grew up with the idea to not be boastful because it is rude, but I am a very caring person who does not want to see anyone hurt and I will always be here for anyone. I will forever be one to come to and I will forever be myself because I cannot change who I am deep inside. So answer this, who are you?