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Parents Know Best

Jaime Mayorga

I can still remember my first day of 5th grade. I was excited to start the New Year and was so happy to see what was ahead. Most of all this was the first year we were able to have a say in the classes we took. Even though it was just one class, I still enjoyed having the opportunity to choose between band and vocal.



For me the choice was a no-brainer! Vocal is what I wanted to do. I wanted to be in vocal because the vocal teacher was my favorite in the entire school, Mrs. Chaloner. She was a great pianist and an amazing person. She could always make me happy when I listened to her play the piano.

After the first two days of school, it was the weekend and I was to prepare for the first full week of the school year. After the first Monday, my mom called me to the table the next evening. I could not help but notice that something was wrong and that she was not happy. When I sat down, she let me know what was on her mind. She had somehow found out about our ability to choose between band and vocal and how I had chosen vocal. She was not happy because she wanted me to be in band. I protested because I was not very fond of the band teacher, but I had no say so in the decision and was forced into band.

The next day I told the administration I wanted to switch into band. As I walked into the band room, I saw friends, many with their instruments all ready. I did not know what to do because I had been forced into this class. Mrs. Scott, the band director, greeted me, and I told her I had no idea which instrument I would like to play. She began showing me all the instruments she had. I honestly did not care for any instrument, but I made the decision to try to make the best of my situation. She showed me the drums, and I knew that was what I wanted to play. I could see myself playing the snare drum and having great fun. I told Mrs. Scott that I wanted to play the drums, and she said for me and my mom to come by after school because the music shop was bringing instruments and I could buy one later that day.

After school, my mom and I went to the band room and waited in line for our turn. When it was our turn, I told the music man that I wanted to play drums. He led me and my mom around the table and brought out a sort of backpack. He opened the bag and pulled out a bell set. I looked at him and restated that I wanted to play drums. Mrs. Scott came over and explained to me that if I wanted to play drums I had to play bells because that was part of being a percussionist.



My mom looked at me and asked if that's what I wanted. I could not help but feel the pressure of buying something then and there. I finally just told the music man that I would think about it and decide later. I did not feel comfortable at all. I did not want to play the bells and therefore could not play the drums.

The next day I went to band. Some more of my friends had gotten instruments, and I saw what they had chosen. I knew I had to pick an instrument soon and decided to get an instrument that would be easy to play. I went over to my friend Colby who had gotten his instrument the day before. I looked at his case and asked him what he was going to play. He told me he was going to play the trumpet, and I asked him if he could show me. He opened his case and pulled out a brand new shiny gold trumpet. My first thoughts were: "It's small, it's shiny, and it has only three buttons!" What could be easier than three buttons? I had made my decision. I wanted to play the trumpet.



Later that week we went to the music store, and I bought my first gold-plated King Trumpet. After a few months, I forgot about being forced into band, and I actually began to enjoy it. At the end of my 5th grade year, I was taken to my first honor band, Route 66 Honor Band. That honor band was when I really began to have a passion for playing the trumpet. I now have so much fun and success playing the trumpet. After eight years of playing my trumpet, I have had the honor of playing in more than fifteen Honor Bands, two of which I recently claimed the number one spot as the best trumpet player in the band! I look forward to attending SWOSU next year on a music scholarship and playing in the band. Parents may seem like they control your life, but sometimes they really do know what is best.

