It was my second year at dance class, though class is a rather loose term. It wasn’t a formally created course that was given by some public entity, it was more of a group of people who had come together with similar interests in learning a subject and one person being somewhat informed on the subject becoming the teacher. What was taught wasn’t some carefully thought out formula with intent to make *x* students learn *x* subject by *x* time. It was simply whatever the instructor decided to teach for that day, she taught us what she knew and sometimes what she didn’t.

I had got up to ask another girl, who it was didn’t really seem to matter, I simply asked a girl that I didn’t have memory of asking recently, we might have some small talk to keep from seeming awkward, but that didn’t matter to me. What was important was the movement of two people, together in sync with the music, *one two, one two*, a slow but simple rhythm that everyone seemed to know. No communication needed, simple moving to a simple beat, boy leading girl. Then as the music slowly died out marking the end, slowly spinning the girl to finish out the dance, then taking the girl’s arm and returning her to her chair, with a nod of the head and a “thank you”.

I had given my farewell to such a girl, and went to return to my seat on a step in a secluded are in the back of the chapel where we were practicing, I say chapel though we were located in the basement of a rather large cabin, the area was refurnished to be fitting as a place of worship, brown gnarled wooden logs replaced by smaller brilliant white support beams, rough concrete floor changed to thin soft carpet, dangling lightbulbs replaced by bright LED lights. The room looked much better than its counterpart from years past.

I was back on my step, next to the pulpit, contemplating my day and daydreaming as I waited for the instructor to either start the music once more or to begin a lesson. When to my great surprise some sat next to me. I was shocked to say the least, I hadn’t any friends in the class I knew most of them, but they all knew each other better and with my tendencies to be content by myself there was no reason for me to get to know them. But here she was, a girl I could only really guess the name of was sitting next to me, and she started talking to me. With nothing to lose and a friend to gain I decided *why not*.

We would talk, and once the music would start, I would ask her to dance and we would talk some more. I was enjoying getting to know her as much as I was enjoying dancing with her. Dancing with her was unique from dancing with all of the other girls that I had danced with previously, dancing with her became more than just the simple *one, two, one, two,* rhythm I had become accustomed to, as we danced more we got better. I eventually stopped asking other girls at the class, having silently declared her as my dance partner and solely focus on getting better with her and her alone. And as time went on we would come to spend more time outside of class together; nothing impressive, just simply staying twenty to thirty minutes after class to talk in the chill air of the winter night as her siblings waited in the car telling her to hurry up. Eventually we would go our separate ways, until the next week when we would meet up again and repeat the process.

Sadly, all good things must come to an end, as the winter snow melted and the spring showers were replaced by the scorching heat of summer, the dance class would come to an end. Although, I didn’t know at the time, it would be permanently disbanded for reasons I still do not fully understand.

Now this girl and I, while we went our separate ways, we would keep in touch; I would come to understand the full power of the digital age when we exchanged numbers and she would become only a few clicks away. I would, in the effort to spend more time with her, join a book club and a library committee that met once a week. But all of this becomes rather minor details in the grand scheme of things.

When things really started up again would be in the fall when I finally made the decision to go up north to Bluffdale and attend our conference ball. Now there have always been opportunities in the past for me to attend, my small mind just couldn’t see the value in traveling an hour and a half for a ball, it sounded so formal. How could something so rigid possibly be fun? It just wasn’t the same as all of the small-town dances I was used too, and I was right, it wasn’t the same, it was so much better.

The ballroom was nearly twice, no, three times the size of the small chapel room I was used to. With a brilliant glittering chandelier hanging from the ceiling reflecting the yellow light given off from the room, the grand piano in the center of the floor and the stage that was a meter above the ground that held free refreshments for anyone who entered allowed for you to look upon the hundreds of dancers on the floor, all moving in unison. With the exception of a few dancers who stood out from the rest with their spectacular skill on the floor, gliding across the ground guiding their partner, waltzing and weaving between the average dancer who was just they’re for the social gathering of it all.

Naturally I found myself quite at home there, while not comparable with the best of them, I did my best to use the knowledge and practice to prove myself as slightly above the average, and there I would see her. The same girl I that came sat down next to me all those months ago, that I only saw a couple a times here and there. I would go on to ask her to dance, and while I would still ask many others throughout the night, I would always come back to ask for at least one more. And we would dance, while we did not compare to some others and from a view from the outside we might have looked a little odd doing our little waltz on the edge of the circle not quite joining in with the crowd but not being entirely detached from it either, it felt like we were the best of the best there. Our movements in sync, moving as one with the rhythm of the music, not only moving horizontally but adding a bit of depth through the vertical motion of ever so slightly raising our heels as we moved in our own little box steps.

As time would continue I would use the knowledge and practice of the dance class I took as a foundation to self-improve myself in the art, I would look at those I idolized on the dance floor and try to mimic some of their movements and as time would allow I would slowly start to improve, all the while improving my relationship with this girl, we would go through good times and bad. All the while coming back to the dance floor and gliding across the floor, our conversations would range from light talk, to very deep conversations and sometimes we would just sing along to the song as she followed my lead and we would join the flowing movement of people and then break out so I could spin her out and back into the flow of everyone.

Time would persist to move forward and our relationship would become more volatile, as life would throw wrenches into every plan and obstacles would appear in place I could hardly have imagined. But even so as months would pass life would come to work itself out and as few as they were I would still see her now and again at dances where I would smile to myself, get up from my chair and ask her to dance.