

Goals can be accomplished in a variety of different ways. I learned at a young age that persistence is key to achieving anything. Some things can be obtained easier than others but with the right source of motivation it is only a matter of time until your goals are met.

Kanya Zillmer 9/29/10 11:50 PM

Comment: Superfluous

I can remember the countless times I poured out my pink crayon piggy bank and counted its contents. I was saving for a glass doll and it wasn't just any glass doll. When I had seen her on one of the pages of my mother's magazine I knew she had to be mine. She was so beautiful with her elegant clothing and flawless features. Looking at her I knew exactly what I someday wanted to be.

It took several months of doing chores around the house for an allowance and some recent birthday money to make the first big purchase of my life. I thought I could never be happier than when I counted the bills and change in my pink crayon and I realized I finally saved enough money. I was wrong.

When my doll finally came in the mail after a week of waiting, I was crazy with joy. I pulled her out of the box with such care, cautious not to break her fragile body. Out of fear of breaking my brand new purchase I didn't drag her around the house or stuff her in my backpack to bring over to my friends.

Kanya Zillmer 9/30/10 12:01 AM

Comment: Unclear... you were wrong about finally saving enough money? Or that you couldn't be happier?

Kanya Zillmer 9/30/10 12:02 AM

Comment: Perhaps poor word choice... pulled may imply lack of care.

Instead I gently place her on my shelf so I alone could proudly look at her every day.

Kanya Zillmer 9/30/10 12:09 AM

Comment: "Break"...

The first few weeks I had my glass doll I would stare at her every day, adjusting her brunette curls and blue dress. As the months continued to pass I paid her less and less attention. Then the summer came that I moved and I placed my once beloved doll in a cardboard box and shipped her off to my new home. She has yet to show her face on the shelves of my new home. My beautifully fragile role model continues to reside in the box I packed her in so many years ago.

Kanya Zillmer 9/30/10 12:09 AM

Comment: ... "Break"

Kanya Zillmer 9/30/10 12:06 AM

Comment: Comma?

What replaced my attention? Why did I no longer cherish the figure I once worshipped? I had become her. In the fourth grade I wore a dress to school every day and insisted I wear a ribbon in my neatly combed hair. The glass doll no longer impressed me because at that point I felt I had achieved her flawless grace.

Kanya Zillmer 9/30/10 12:08 AM

Comment: A little awkward

Kanya Zillmer 9/30/10 12:09 AM

Comment: "My new home." ...

Kanya Zillmer 9/30/10 12:11 AM

Comment: ... "my new home"

One day during the fourth grade my father brought me along to a St. Patrick's Day parade in Jim Thorpe. At the time my father played the bagpipes in a band and my older sister and I carried the band's banner throughout the parade. I was so proud to be a part of the band as the spectators cheered for another tune. It seemed like no matter what the band played everyone was just happy to hear the unique sound of the bagpipes, including me. The rest of the weekend I could not get the rare sound of the bagpipes out of my head, so my father gave me a CD with some bagpipe music on it. Sitting in my room I would listen to the familiar drone of the bagpipes as I did my homework because I knew one day

Kanya Zillmer 9/30/10 12:11 AM

Comment: Interesting!

Kanya Zillmer 9/30/10 12:14 AM

Comment: Comma

Kanya Zillmer 9/30/10 12:14 AM

Comment: Relevance?

I would be able to make music just like I heard on the CD.

Kanya Zillmer 9/30/10 12:15 AM

Comment: Nice

It's never easy to learn something new especially an instrument while you still have tiny hands.

Although I was only ten years old my father took me along to the band's weekly practices and taught me just like he did any other newcomer. After several weeks I was able to play through some scales on the practice chanter. After school and sport practices I would pull out my chanter at home and get some extra practice with my father.

Kanya Zillmer 9/30/10 12:20 AM

Comment: What is a chanter?

The next year I once again marched in the St. Patrick's Day parade however this time instead of carrying a banner I carried my very own set of bagpipes. Although I still wasn't able to play every song I chimed in when I could. While the band played songs I had still not mastered I kept moving my fingers to give the illusion I was playing. Halfway through the parade the band stopped marching and formed a circle in front of the television cameras. My father began to play a solo of Amazing Grace and not knowing any better at the time I continued the illusion that I was playing. That evening on the television while we were watching the replay of the parade my face appeared on screen throughout my father's entire solo. The commentator stated that the solo was being performed by the band's youngest member, me. Staring at the television screen that night I knew I was well on my way of becoming a good bagpipe player.

Kanya Zillmer 9/30/10 12:20 AM

Comment: Comma

Kanya Zillmer 9/30/10 12:20 AM

Comment: Comma

It wasn't until I had been playing the bagpipes for over four years that I finally placed the bagpipe CD in a drawer and stopped listening to it regularly. I figured why listen to a CD when I could play every tune myself.

Kanya Zillmer 9/30/10 12:21 AM

Comment: This is a question, also dialogue!

While I was in the bagpipe band I noticed it seemed to draw a certain type of person to it.

Numerous members of the band had previously served in the various branches of the military. By the time the band competed in a competition at the United States Military Academy I was already interested in pursuing a career in the military. However it wasn't the army I was interested in, it was the navy.

Kanya Zillmer 9/30/10 12:22 AM

Comment: "Navy"

When I was on a family vacation in Maryland we stopped by Annapolis and I bought a poster that is displayed on my wall to this day. As I gaze at the old recruiting poster I see the familiar girl dressed in a navy uniform. On it is written, "GEE!! I wish I were a man. I'd join the Navy. Be a man and do it." This poster is my motivation and a daily reminder that I can achieve the goal I set for myself eight years ago.

Kanya Zillmer 9/30/10 12:23 AM

Comment: What goal?

One thing is for certain when I provide myself with a daily reminder of what I want, I can achieve anything. It might have taken me only a few months to save the money to buy a glass doll and a few more to transform myself into what I thought the doll represented but I taught myself my first lesson on grace. Learning to play the bagpipes took four years but I developed a talent that I could use the rest of my life. Since I was fourteen I've wanted to join the U.S. Navy, I have yet to accomplish this but I haven't stopped pursuing it.

Kanya Zillmer 9/30/10 12:25 AM

Comment: Your story had nice elements, but it seemed to diverge. The correlation between each part—the doll, the bagpipes, and the Navy—weren't very strongly tied together. I feel it may have been better to focus on a single event where you set such a goal for yourself and achieved it. Overall though, good work.