

Sabrina Reyda

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Prayer of Thankfulness

Have you ever had a nagging voice in your head begging you to stick with something you have no interest in? The voice feels distant yet there it is, urging you not to quit. Well, I had been stuck playing guitar for years. I never made much progress because it's no easy instrument. The strings felt as sharp as the blade that cut the King of France's head clean off. The words of my old teacher "Did you practice at all this week?" echo repeatedly in my mind. She was a good guitarist, but not a good teacher. I felt no connection with my battered old little thing of a guitar, a hand-me-down of a past one-week obsession from my sister.

I would have probably quit if it weren't for her retirement in the year of 2020. After her retirement, I thought my guitar days were over. No more hours of playing what seemed to be pointless scales, arpeggios, and songs that took too long to learn. Then, the owner of the school I went to for lessons told me he had a friend who was interested in teaching guitar to me. Again, that voice in my head begged me to say yes.

This new guitar teacher, Mr. Chazwik was a man like no other. He saw right through my years of terrible practice and into the little musician waiting to be taught. He was the first one who ever showed me how to feel music, not just play it. I learned to see beyond the wood of my guitar and now could see the endless tunes I could create with my instrument. I am far from a pro but I am thankful for my teacher. He opened my eyes to a world in which my creativity could flow. He gave me the power to escape everyday life and find a haven in music. Most importantly, Mr Chazwik gave me a passion, and though it might not put a penny in my pocket I can say that I have been blessed to have a mentor like him to guide me through my musical journey.