Went to a Play

March 3, 2009 By Shawn Decker

I fulfilled my duties as an uncle last week when I went to see my niece in her school's rendition of Cinderella: she was the wicked stepmother. And she stole the show...

Until the Fairy Godmother came out. A little 9 year old boy dressed in drag. Well, better for my niece to learn early in life that there's no competing with people in drag when there's a stage and audience involved. (I hope to learn this lesson myself- am working on doing a Synthetic Division/Drag Show fundraiser for HIV/AIDS.)

Here are some photos from the play.

After her brilliant performance, in which she terrorized Cinderella and her stepsisters, Gwenn and I gave my niece some flowers. It's been great watching her artistic talents flourish- not only can she act, she is also a great writer... in fact, at 10 she's won more awards for writing than I have!

It was a joyous night. After snacks, I wanted to say goodbye to my brother, but he wasn't around. I went back into the room where the play had been, and could have sworn that he was sitting on the stage crying.

"Hey bro," he said, standing up and rubbing his eye. I gave him a hug, figuring he was overwhelmed with joy at the thought of watching his first child grow up and discover her talents. As I began to walk away, assuming he was following me out of the room, I turned to see that he wasn't quite ready to part with the stage. "Brother, you coming?" I asked.

"One more minute," he said.

That's when it hit me- he was thinking back to his childhood, when he was overlooked for a big part. I gave him his moment, then got bored and snapped this shot- his eyes didn't blink, so lost in the moment of reflection was he.

“If only I’d gotten that part twenty-two years ago.”

When we rejoined our family, someone asked Kip where he was. As I began to answer, he said, “I was in the bathroom.” Then he looked to me, and I concurred, giving him a nod to let him know his secret was safe with me.

Then I got home, and realized what a great blog his pain would make. Sure, that’s not a very brotherly thing to do, but just wait until his daughter starts blogging. Then I’ll really be consoling him, because, as was evidenced in Cinderella, she is the funny one in the Decker family, not I.

Positively Yours,
Shawn

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