

The More One Does

As I opened my daily planner to write down my homework, a pink Post-It note falls out. My mom has a habit of stuffing my planner with these notes, always a quote from someone famous to inspire me.

“The more one does, the more one can do.” -Amelia Earhart

She knew I had started reading a book about Amelia Earhart, and wanted to sneak in some encouragement for an big karate tournament coming up. But that tournament would not happen, at least not for me, because later that day in P.E. while blocking a ball I fractured my hand. I didn't know it at first, the school nurse told me it was a “jammed finger”, but by the time I got home it didn't feel any better. That's how I found myself in Urgent Care getting an x-ray and a splint on my hand and realizing that I wasn't going to compete in next month's tournament. Not just any tournament, but one that I had written down every week as motivation in my trusty planner when I first got it. But now the doctor's were telling me it was not possible. Three hours a day at the dojo, helping teach the little kids, practicing myself, and now I couldn't go to the USA Open.

At first I was stunned. All those hours of practice, all the time and effort, and I couldn't go? It felt like the worse thing to ever happen, but I didn't want to waste any more time crying. Although it felt like the end of the world, I knew it wasn't. I would get better and be back stronger, but in the meantime I had to accept it and see what else I could do to move on.

This reminded me about Amelia and the obstacles she had to overcome. It took me back to the quote on the Post-It note, and it felt as if she was telling me just because I couldn't practice didn't mean I have to stop. So I still went to the dojo and found myself in a new role—coach. My twin brother still had plans to go to the tournament, and he needed help perfecting

his technique. I found myself teaching him all the little tricks that I had learned through the years. He would make the adjustments that I suggested, and I found myself gain a deeper understanding of the movements. The more I taught the more I realized that karate was more than just competitions. I realized how much passion I had for the art of karate, and how much I could bring to it for myself and for others.

This is what makes me think of Amelia. She was passionate about flying, just like I am about karate. She did not become an aviator because of the fame or money. She was driven by her passion for flying, and with that she was able to overcome any obstacle and accomplish more than she ever thought was possible. She did not stop to overthink it or hesitate when she encountered an obstacle. She realized the importance of taking action and continuing towards her goal. She enjoyed being challenged because it made her try harder, and I think I learned to do the same. She inspires me to be like her—brave, committed, and self-motivating. Amelia's obstacles added fuel to a fire inside of her to accomplish her dreams. I may not know what's to come, but I know what I am capable of—the more one does, the more you can discover what you can do.