

Let me share my story.

I began lessons at the age of 6 when my mother signed me up. I had a teenage teacher and went to her home diligently each week for my 30 minutes of drudgery. I barely practiced in between, but only because my mother nudged me. I loved playing the music, but it was never the experience I was wishing it could be.

Fast forward to a few years later, I'm still playing piano, moving from teacher to teacher, experiencing ongoing trauma from week to week, being told I needed to work harder and me responding 'but I practiced!' (I didn't). As much as I loved being musical, I was rarely inspired. I never played the music *I wanted*, and so on and on the pain continued.