

## Friis, John

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**From:** Becky Nash [fluteguribecky9391@yahoo.com]  
**Sent:** Sunday, March 15, 2009 6:16 PM  
**To:** Friis, John  
**Subject:** HB6666, Section 5

Hello,

My name is Rebecca Nash, a senior from Clinton. As a freshman at the Morgan High School, my life was a complete wreck. I had no motivation to do anything productive, was using drugs on a regular basis, and had the type of friends people were afraid to be around. Then as a sophomore, my older sister introduced me to ACES Educational Center for the Arts. I had always been into music and theater (I attended Interlochen Center for the Arts for two summers; took private lessons in flute, vocal arts and violin; was in a few of the local school plays etc..) but had never committed myself to something like ECA that would really require a lot from me. I soon learned that ECA was not supported by my high school at all so for two years now, I am the only student who attends ECA from Morgan. With this background, I would now like to share with you my college essay:

Shining? Shimmering? No. It's Splendid.

It's been two days since my audition, and my heart is pounding once again. The brown and red brick building has students buzzing all around. At their sending schools, these students would have nothing alike. Here, they are one family fused together that cannot be separated.

Ingrid, the Theater Department Chair, says to me, "Oh! You'll just love it here, We're so glad you're with us!" I sure hope so... Through the circular stained glass window in the staircase, the street is tinted different colors- blue, red, yellow. It was built into an old synagogue where people used to come and pray to the God they know and love. Now, it's my turn. I desperately pray that I'll make friends here. Please! Please help me meet somebody that won't care what I've done or who I've been!... I just need somebody to understand, just this once. Please.

I walked outside through the automatic doors in the front of the school and was suddenly swarmed by groups of friends. This was not right, not in a high school at least- for these groups were not segregated like they were at my other high school: Hispanics in one hallway where the only people that would care to understand them were the Spanish teachers, the rich and popular in another, and the kids who did not care what rank of popularity they held and just felt comfortable in normal fitting clothes rather than skin tight leggings and mini-skirts- I did not quite seem to slip into any of them. My heart thumped louder and louder into my ears. These groups, at this school, all laughed together and would let other, newer, kids join in with their conversations. This movement swam across my vision in smooth, sweeping motions rather than unannounced stopping and going student traffic that I was so used to.

The glass door going into my class room had a poster on it for an upcoming play. "You'll be ok" I thought, only because I had nobody else to tell me. The floor was black, a dance studio, and the room echoed with the rambunctious voices of energetic students. I felt eyes crawling all over me, and the room didn't seem to be echoing much anymore as I made my way across to my teacher's door. I knocked. "Excuse me, my name is Rebecca Nash. Ingrid sent me here." I quietly said. My new teacher, Joan as I later learned, slowly moved her eyes toward me. The seconds dragged. Was this a mistake? I can still back out, right? Suddenly, she jumped from her seat. "Oh! It's the new student!! Everybody! It's the new student! We've been waiting for you! Welcome! Welcome! You can sit down right here. Here you go. Class, it's time to get started. Ok. We'll sit in a circle and tell each other about ourselves. Jared, would you please start?" Too late now I guess.

But as I learned everybody's names and where they were from- Natalie from Milford, Dave from Shelton- I could breathe easier. These were not the hawks that huddle around waiting for you to

make a mistake. These were not snakes waiting to dart at any rumor that might be passed around. These were not the pack of wolves that ripped you to bloody shreds when you are not looking. This was not like anything I had ever been to or experienced. This was not a high school at all. It couldn't be! You could say that it's just another typical high school. I call it home.

A wise individual once said that the person who takes no risks does not change, grow, love or live and that only a person who risks is free to be all that he or she can be. Through the risks I had taken by attending ECA, I had learned more lessons than I had in my entire life. I met students and teachers from all different backgrounds who taught me a variety of cultures and new skills I had never dreamed about. Being the only student from my high school doing this helped me spread my wings on my own. Going there and my regular high school at the same time gave me a freedom that taught me how to manage my time wisely, become independent and learn responsibility quicker than students at any regular high school. It prepared me with the tools I'll need in my college experience, and in life, which I could not have learned anywhere else.

ECA is not only about learning an art form. It has brought me to a level of self accomplishment that I could not have gotten to without it. ECA has helped me with my relationships with my family members because each class is a family of its own. Each ensemble has a heartbeat of its own that the members all live and breath off of.

Please. Please do not let this school die. It is what has helped me become who I am as an actress, but more importantly as a person. Please do not take that away from all of us students who live off of the support we get here. We are one united family. Please don't rip us apart.

Thank you for your time,  
Rebecca Nash