

***Love and respect
your  hive ... always.***



Ever since I was a little kid, I knew what
I wanted to be when I grew up.
As I sat around the TV with my sister
Kim and brother Joey one night,
I was **awestruck** as I watched
Michael Jackson sing and dance.

I connected with him right away,
like he was performing just for me.



“I’m going to be just like Michael Jackson when I grow up,” I told Mom.

“Work hard, and you can make your dreams come true,” she responded with love.



Showtime!

The curtain rose.
The lights dimmed.
The audience hushed in **anticipation**.

In the darkness, I stepped on my **mark**.
My back to the audience, my heart racing,
I took a deep breath.
The spotlight hit.
I've got this!

Boom!

The music blared.
I spun around.
The crowd roared!

Swept away by the crowd's energy,
I sang and danced my heart out.

Every emotion I had had as a boy watching
Michael Jackson on TV long ago
came alive at that moment.





Dream it! Sing it! Do it!

Now you know MY dream ... What's yours?