

Emmie Williams

It seemed so stupid that even after quitting, I was still hurting all the time. This had me asking myself what the point was. I should've kept playing even if it hurt. But eventually, after the anger settled, I came to a realization. I couldn't keep pushing my body past its limits. I had to save my body over my heart and what it loved to do. Keeping myself healthy physically was the number one priority. This brought a new wave of sadness because I knew that the chances of me being able to play again were eliminated.

Failure. The one thing nobody ever wants to experience. But sometimes it might just be the one thing you need. For the greater majority of my life, I have been playing volleyball. It was my greatest passion, my most favorite thing to do. I had dreams of playing varsity districts and then continuing on in college, but sophomore year those dreams were laid to rest. An unexpected hip injury ruined everything. No doctors, scans, x-rays, or physical therapy could give me relief from the constant pain I felt.

After half a season out I decided to make the decision to quit. This was probably the biggest disappointment I've ever had to experience, giving up the sport that I like. It was a huge failure in my eyes. I was angry at everything including myself, and it seemed like I would never get over



that bitter sadness. It was the first time I'd ever had to experience missing out on something like that.

But eventually, something positive did come out of it. It was the first time I had really forced failure onto myself, and that in itself was a lesson of perseverance. This taught me to sometimes accept failure, and then in turn how to deal with the feelings that come with it. The nostalgia, and that little pinch of sadness I feel when I see others play will never go away. But now it's about moving past it, and moving forward. My passion will never disappear, but now I've learned there are other things I can do to be happy.

