

Destiny in Motion

by Darryl Learie

the Dance of Man Versus Himself (Part 2)

I anxiously stood a few feet from Blair Gladue (Mr. Magoo) while the rest of the Magoo Crew dancers were positioned within the camera's forefront. I could feel my body neutralized to a shocking state, as if it were positively charged with anticipation and yet negatively charged with dread.

Then the first beat came with an intense boom, followed by another of equal heaviness, all in its own series, each exploding out of the bass speakers. Blair began the popping routine we had both practiced as if the whole world was cheering him on. My heart beat heavily yet slowly. I found myself blind to his moves with my only focus being fixed on meeting my cue.

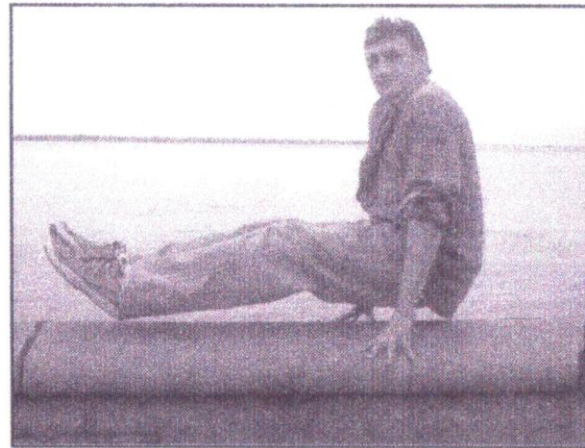
Then two thoughts flooded through my mind at near the speed of light, one of anguish and another inspiring. The first going back six years to my High-School days when I found myself mocked for my love of dancing. Just the thought of it burned my heart with hate.

Then I had the undeniable motivation to make my greatest friend Donald Hoof's (born 1972 – died 1996) last words a reality: "Remember the dream... dancing".

Catching the wave in the air with my fingertips, I rolled the wave through my right arm. Then I real-

ized that I had lost that conscious connection between mind and body. My body simply defaulted to automatic. I could feel a few pops through my chest, then waves rolling through both arms down to my feet and so on. I danced like I was on fire.

When the music ended, my first thought was, "That was for you, Donald." Without a doubt, I had



honoured him. I faced what could have been my most humiliating experience and I chose to take that risk for Donald. Dancing on Dance TV's Hip-Hop competition was to be my path to climbing towards

the highest peak in a land built on uncertainties. I didn't know if I would slip off the steep slope or embrace myself in the ultimate balancing act.

I remember running over to the Alano Club (a now defunct sober dance club) shortly thereafter. Upon my entrance, my soul was awakened; nobody in that moment could faze me. I had already stood on the highest ground my mind could possibly comprehend; what could possibly compare? I danced like I never danced before, exploding with confidence and promise.

In that moment of being reawakened, I was unbreakable. I remember trying moves I had never dared to do before and with absolutely no concern of what anybody thought. I knew that Donald's spirit was there screaming, "Yea that's bro Darryl, that's my bro!" •

If you are interested in contacting Blair Gladue, aka Mr. Magoo, of the Magoo crew, you can reach him at; (780) 690-8849. They originated in 1996 and as performers have sung, rapped and danced all through-out Western Canada, spreading their message of positive living that comes with being drug and alcohol free and staying in school.