

Dec 14th 2013

Elizabeth Osterhoudt 1st DAN Black belt



The journey to the black belt test was both mentally and physically challenging. I could never have imagined achieving this while I am still little. When I first started karate I didn't understand the concept of it, nor did I understand why I was doing karate.

Somehow karate was intrinsic for me. Some movements were easy, others were challenging. All I really needed was practice, to improve on my power and speed. Over time (three years) I improved on my range, power, and technique. I am proud of my self that I stuck to it and succeeded.

I went through different stages of feelings about karate. At first I was in it for the fun and to try new things. I loved how there was a mixture of games and working. It was the best! Around the time of my purple belt I made a mistake on To San. I was so sad just because I messed up once. Then an instructor told me no one's perfect. Then I realized no one is really perfect. After that, everything got just a little bit better. Ever since then I don't care if I mess up once, as long as I fix that mistake; it's alright for me.

Leading up to the black belt test, I was scared, yet still excited. I doubted myself, as any person would naturally. I'm glad I had my friends and family to support me. They really helped me build my self confidence. My friend, Tavree, she helped me out a lot. I practiced with her and cheered her on, as she did to me.

I think without my family I couldn't make it this far in my "karate life". I'm very grateful for the people that helped me on my journey. Now, I think karate is a way of life: never start a fight, have a good spirit, and only use it for protection. This is what karate taught me. It's also taught me family goes beyond just genes. It's in our hearts as well.