The Happiness Project: A Work in Progress

An Honors Thesis (HONR 499)

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Muncie, IN

January 2017

Expected date of Graduation

May 2017
Abstract

We have all been there through times of trial and self-doubt in our lives. In the collegiate environment we exist in today, it is easy to let the disappointments weigh down the joys of life. In my personal life, I have been working on my "journey to joy" to find my way to happiness in spite of life’s disappointments. For my Honors Thesis, I chose to put together these thoughts in a one women show and cabaret. Therefore, The Happiness Project: A Work in Progress was born. I hope to reach those individuals who feel alone and lift them up through story and song, because I believe that represents the unparalleled power of theatre.

Acknowledgements

I would like to thank my advisor, Dr. Michael O’Hara, for his constant support during this project and during my four years at Ball State. I also have to recognize Jay Schwandt for his amazing work as my accompanist for this project.

I would also like to thank my family, Jessi, and Lauren for lifting me up through this project, but also through all the ups and downs of my life.
# Table of Contents

Process Analysis Essay:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Introduction: Let’s Make Art</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapter 1: Putting It Together</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapter 2: The Main Event</td>
<td>14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chapter 3: The Result</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Works Cited</td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Supplementary Material and Sheet Music</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Process Analysis Essay:

Introduction – Let’s Make Art

“Theatre is magic and magic is theatre and blessed are we who create that magic.”

Performers recite this phrase before every Ball State University Department of Theatre and Dance production as a constant reminder of the inspirational impact of the art of theatre. The sharing of stories often connects human spirits in ways that are not possible otherwise. Art compounds empathy and understanding. Art is power. When tasked with producing an honors thesis project, the only logical step was to develop my own individual piece of art. Thus, “The Happiness Project: A Work in Progress,” my one-person show was born.

As a musical theatre major, my thesis project took the form of a performance, not simply a paper. I created a one-person show that combines both narrative and cabaret style song work. The thesis combined aspects of my studies in vocal technique, storytelling, and mastery of text. The original narrative and story of the piece was grounded in my academic work and my own life-experiences. With a lot of room for creativity, openness, and honesty, I wanted to make sure I was keeping the integrity of an honors thesis project. I set out to create a worthwhile, uplifting show with all the technical aspects of a good piece of theatre.

Starting out, my main goal was to speak my truth openly and honestly and share my personal experience. However, this concept is a broad one in need of narrowing. So I started researching and planning the exact stories I wanted to tell. Because of the personal nature of the show, research tended to be a loose term. The material that I collected was movies, books, and clips that I had previously seen or found to be inspiring. I dedicated time to reading and searching for new poems or texts to open my ways of thinking and to invite new angles to my
already developed ideas of happiness. The more information I could collect that would inspire me personally would aid my development of the show.

Such a multi-faceted project deserved several stages of development. The timeline I created made way for this research, the time to write and develop the show, and then time for getting ready to perform it. I began with the research and collection of information, and then moved to the writing process and the deciding of musical numbers to be performed. The project had about a 10-week timeline, and the script writing sequence took almost six of those weeks though revisions that were continuously made throughout the process. The last two weeks before the show were rehearsal mode. My goal was for full memorization of the show, which took time, but was achievable because I simply had to memorize my own words. I met with my accompanist several times and ran the entire show at least once a day the week leading up to the performance. Keeping to a consistent timeline allowed for a more relaxed and authentic process and allowed time to solidify the script and rehearsing to be at performance level.

In all honesty, creating this show completely from scratch seemed daunting at first. But with a strong plan I embraced the challenge, and I also embraced that I may need some help along the way. And I have immense gratitude for those who did help me through the process. Immediately, I found my accompanist, Jay Schwandt and my advisor, Dr. Michael O’Hara and was reassured by them both that anything I needed, I could just ask. I also was open with my close friends and family about the challenges of a project like this and recruited them to be listening ears as I worked out the script. They were also my highest dose of moral support whenever I needed it, and I was beyond grateful for that. Even though the end result was a “one-person show,” it could not have happened without several people who helped with the overall process. There is truly an irony in the phrase “one-person show,” because, like so many things in
life, it takes a village, or at least a large group of friends to create something beautiful. My team helped me face and overcome the challenges this project presented; they were a huge part in making the show happen.

Finally, I wish to dedicate this show to all those individuals who have been with me through rough times and joyous times and have always shown me love and support. Whether that is family, friends, or professors, I can never express my gratitude enough for their constant guidance to master this crazy concept of living a happy life. My hope is that this show expresses my thanks to those individuals and also reaches others who need to hear that they are not alone. With this show, I honor those who struggle through the messes of life, but find that light at the end of the tunnel. I share my story to prove you are not alone, you are valued, and you are worthy of love, whatever the circumstance.
Chapter 1 – Putting It Together

The ultimate goal of creating “The Happiness Project: A Work in Progress” was to share my growth as an artist, but also as an individual who went through a difficult time and was strengthened by that. As a performer, my philosophy behind my craft revolves around individual stories. Every person in the world has their own challenges, their own joys, their own narratives, and many of those are worth telling. Some stories require outside help to be told, and that avenue is theatre. It just so happens that this time, the story I wanted to tell was my own.

Unlike a typical research driven honors thesis, this project was an introspective analysis of my personal journey overcoming some of the standard feelings of loneliness, failure, and self-doubt that occur often in a college environment. On a daily basis, I would read about how an education in music or theatre affects the mental health of individuals studying in those fields. There is a constant comparison and negative energy towards oneself after failing a test, not doing well on a paper, or coming up short while performing in your master class. And so many conversations I am privy to everyday revolve around putting our classmates or ourselves down. These energies I am around every day forced me to understand the need for positivity and joy in the world.

These realizations began about a year before this project actually took shape. During this time, I was going to therapy regularly, reading self-help books, and listening to TED Talks about embracing vulnerability and allowing joy to prosper. My research therefore, was driven by these readings or experiences. A quote from Brené Brown that inspired the entire project reads: “You are imperfect, and you are wired for struggle, but you are worthy of love and belonging” (The Gifts of Imperfection). This idea drove the project throughout the creation process.
My personal struggles until this point in my life had set up a perfect fire of material that simply needed to be lit. And Ball State Theatre and Dance cast lists ignited this fire at the end of my first semester of junior year announcing roles for the upcoming semester. And my name was absent. But by choosing to embrace the old saying, “When God closes a door, he opens a window,” I went to work, excited to mount my own project. I made the decision to work on my thesis project a year early to take advantage of the free time I would have not being filled by a show rehearsal schedule. I would create art for my own purpose and thus, “The Happiness Project: A Work in Progress” was born.

After I had my team assembled and my schedule set, it was time to figure out the best way to tell this story. I knew I wanted to write a show about finding happiness in a crazy college lifestyle, but that seemed to be an extremely broad task to undertake. So I decided that sticking to my own experiences of finding joy through mild anxiety and in a competitive field would be a narrower place to start. I would delve into my own project to find happiness, this turned into the perfect title. Later, after discussion with my best friend, we realized that even now, in the midst of the project and the middle of happiness, it was still a work in progress. After these major realizations, “The Happiness Project: A Work in Progress” was the official name for my show. I looked back on the year I had had and reflected on the self-help novels and hours of therapy to realize that finding happiness is not a destination, it is a true journey; one we embark on for the entirety of our lives.

Throughout the writing and song selection process, I kept this idea of a journey in mind while also being cognizant that a thesis project should capture my academic growth as well as my emotional achievements. This meant I could have little fun picking songs, which I typically may not perform for an audition, but could be adjusted to fit the cabaret style of the performance.
Throughout the show, I gender-bent, I played characters younger than me, I rewrote lyrics, and I even accompanied myself for a song. All these mediums of performance stretched my comfort zone and helped showcase all I am learning as a BFA musical theatre major.

In the development of the content, this creative project became truly creative. While I knew there were some standard songs I wanted to include and stories I wanted to tell, I got to completely pull from my own experience and choose pieces that I could make entirely my own. The opening number, “Alone in the Universe” from Suessical, is one of my favorite songs from that show and a great demonstration of the beginning feelings of loneliness to begin telling my story, only it is sung by a male character. Therefore, it only made sense to gender bend the song and find a way to fit it into my vocal style.

As the show developed, I was open to involving pieces both within my comfortable vocal and artistic range and other pieces that were clearly out of my comfort zone. “You’ll Never Walk Alone” from Carousel was an easy choice to discuss the feelings of companionship and empathy I wrote about within my dialogue. This was also an easy choice, because I identify as a legit soprano, which is exactly what the song called required. Other pieces such as “I Speak Six Languages” from The 25th Annual Putman County Spelling Bee involve a mixed belting form of singing, something slightly out of my comfort zone, but also a technique I have been working on tirelessly since coming to college. This show was a time to take risks and sing songs belted out by young girls trying to win a spelling bee, even if I was 20 years old at the time and have never in my life been a good speller. Proving to myself that I can achieve good work even out of the realm of my own personal comfort was an important part of my learning in this show.

Beyond singing in new ranges, there were a few other unique pieces I was lucky to add. One of these was the chance to accompany myself. After performing “Blessings” by Laura Story on
piano and vocally at my church the summer of 2015, I was confident in my basic piano abilities that I learned at Ball State. This Christian pop song fit into the theme of the show by asking, “what if trials of this life are your blessings in disguise?” (Story). As I wrote, this entire show was born out of a disappointment of not being cast, yet that disappointment led to one of the best things I have been able to do in my collegiate career. This song was a special, personal piece for me in the show that tied in so much of what I wanted to say through music and lyric.

Another special piece that was entirely my own was “A Bills’ Fan Lament.” Throughout the semester, I was also involved in a cabaret class that helped teach me the importance of making a song completely your own and how rewriting lyrics is sometimes a way to do that. I have several crazy passions and obsessions I could have wrote about, one of which is the Buffalo Bills football team. One of the NFL’s 30 for 30 documentaries entitled The Four Falls of Buffalo, tells the story of the team’s four consecutive trips to the Super Bowl in the 90s and their resilience to keep fighting after every defeat (The Four Falls of Buffalo). Among other things, I am teased about being a hardcore Bills fan, which only added fuel to the fire. Within the show I wanted to make a point that sometimes you have to own the things you love, even when they hurt you. And that seemed to remind me of a certain character from the musical Guys and Dolls by the name of Adelaide. After I had the ideas together, the song, “Adelaide’s Lament” rewrote itself. This piece I was particularly proud of, because it combined an already hilarious song and one of my own quirky obsessions and continued to actually make a point about resilience and true fanship.

With songs like “A Bills’ Fan Lament,” “I Speak Six Languages,” or any song in the show, explaining the importance of the piece was as crucial as the singing. Just singing a song about being a devoted football fan did not cover the perseverance of that team that inspired me and
helped lead my journey to happiness. Words were needed to do that. I called this project a one-person show rather than a cabaret, because I knew the things I wanted to discuss reached beyond what a standard 30-second patter before a cabaret piece could explain. But with so much to say, my creative process next needed to focus my thinking.

Most individuals respond well to a journey with easy steps and simple advice. So that was the direction I took my show. Each interlude between songs would be another piece to the puzzle or step to figuring out what makes you happy and enjoying that. The opening set stasis A as a place of loneliness, failure, and hopelessness. Then right after the first song, I began what I considered chapters to escaping that negative place. Immediately, I discussed how failure should not define a person and understanding that had to be step one on the journey. Following steps included taking time for yourself, finding a good support system of friends and family, and encouraging your passions and loving your own dreams and hopes. As a broad list, some of these may seem cheesy or like something you would read on BuzzFeed as “The 22 Things all 22 Year-Olds Need to Be Happy.” And while lists such as these did provide inspiration, I added personal anecdotes and messages to gain the empathy of the audience.

Some of my favorite moments in the show were taken from movies or my own metaphors. In addition to The Four Falls of Buffalo documentary, I decided to include one of my favorite Disney/Pixar movies Inside Out. I felt a level of comfort in bringing in these outside sources, because the audience was my family and friends who would easily understand my love for these things. Inside Out in particular tells a message of understanding it is okay to not be okay (Inside Out). When I first saw this movie, this concept was a huge light bulb moment for me. A lot of my depression came from always pretending everything was okay and never acknowledging the sadness over losses in my life. My movie reference recognizes this as well and was a perfect
example to share. By directly incorporating movies and other texts that inspired me, I could incorporate another language of thoughts and opinions to effectively relay information.

From my theatre going experience, I know how well metaphors can stay with an audience. Theatre can almost serve as a metaphor for whatever theme the piece is conveying. This is why I wanted to incorporate metaphors and examples of loneliness into the piece. These are big concepts that not even I could tackle, so I went straight to the source. Sometimes my depression and anxiety feels like a pit I’m sitting within that I can never escape. So that is what I discussed in the piece. The “pit” became a metaphor to describe how to sympathetically or empathetically help someone out. This originally came as well from discussion in my Theatre/Religion/Politics class about sympathy and empathy (Brené Brown on Empathy). Metaphors are a great way of communicating larger ideas, and I’m glad I could simplify those concepts for myself and for the audience within this show.

Within my creative process it was important to keep my eye on my goals for the project and what I hoped to accomplish with this thesis. That goal was simply to help people. So many individuals struggle with these feelings and one of the best ways to help is to simply let them know you are there. When I was first dealing with my struggles with anxiety and depression, I felt completely alone as if everyone else was perfectly fine, and I was diseased and could not make my brain function properly with the rest of the world. And I started feeling better by reading advice from others, talking to other people, and realizing that this is not something I am struggling through by myself. The people who helped me, helped in the way they knew, so I wanted to reach out through the medium I understood and that medium was theatre.

My therapist tells me that I have a mature insight into what sparks anxiety within my brain and the practical ways to correct it. Even if I do not have the power in the moment to logically
find my happiness, I recognize what I have to do to find it again. My hope for this show is that I can share that insight with others and start fully believing it myself. As selfish as it sounds, putting up a show on my own was exactly the confidence boost I also needed to spark that joy in me again.

Several pieces had to come together to create “The Happiness Project: A Work in Progress.” It required dedicated research and introspective study of my everyday life and the stories that shape it. I needed to rely on those around me and realize it was okay to do so. The creative process took exploration of my talents and abilities as a singer and a writer. But after all that work, I was able to put together a show that makes me proud and has the power to show a whole audience of people that they are not alone.
Chapter 2 – The Main Event

_The Happiness Project – A Work in Progress Script_

Welcome to my life. If I remember correctly, that was the title of my younger sister’s show choir competition show a few years ago. And as much as I know everyone wants to hear about my show choir days, unfortunately, that is not what tonight is intended to do. No, tonight I am here to share a bit more of a personal story with you all.

When I first started my collegiate journey, I never would have believed I would be where I am now. And please, don’t misinterpret that statement, because it hasn’t exactly been a smooth road.

Today I am determined to share my journey to joy or my “happiness project” with you all. About a year ago I was in a place of stress, anxiety, depression, and a little bit of hopelessness, but the moral of the story is, now I’m not. From second semester sophomore slaughter through the almost end of my junior year, I have done a lot of growing and thinking and thinking and thinking and thinking. Anyone else an over-thinker in here? And while I don’t claim to be a psychologist, I do claim that some of my thoughts and revelations about happy living are worth sharing.

So let’s get started.
College, what a time to be alive. You’re on your own for the first time. It’s the quintessential beginning of your adulthood and your independence.

I came to school super outgoing and bubbly. I was loving the work, loving my major, loving living in DeHority. I was just loving life really. After the first round of general auditions I was cast as a pit singer in The Music Man, which was an awesome place for a freshman. Things were great. I got to study abroad in Germany that summer, one of my lifelong dreams. Here however was where competition began to eat away at me a bit. For whatever reason, I just could not shake this feeling that I was not good enough.

I’m sure this is true in any field, but it is very easy to feel rejected in the theatre world. Competition is everywhere and you hear so many stories of endless rejection and heartache. Even to the point where they tell you, if you can go into anything else, please do.

“Hey look I worked really hard on this song, please like it.” “No”

“Hey! I mastered a double pirouette cast me!” “No, I need a triple”

“Hey! Here is a pint of my blood, sweat, and tears that I am giving to my craft here!” “No, we need a quart.”

It is absolutely endless.

So how do we combat it? Well if you have the absolute, magic answer, by all means give it to me.
Because going through this can just be so discouraging. You feel like you aren’t worth anything and you just keep pushing to get people to understand. Like you found something you love, but you’re never good enough to love it. You feel alone, just waiting for someone to believe in you.

“Alone in the Universe” by Lynn Ahrens and Stephen Flaherty

There are secrets on a leaf in the water in the air hidden planets tiny worlds all invisible
Not a person seems to know not a person seems to care, there is no one who believes a thing I say.
Well I’m fairly certain, at one time or another great thinkers all feel this way.

I’m alone in the universe, so alone in the universe.
I found magic, but they don’t see it.
They all call me a lunatic, okay call me a lunatic.
If I stand on my own so be it.

Cause I have wings, yes I can fly around the moon and far beyond the sky
And one day soon I know there you’ll be.
One small voice in the universe.
One true friend in the universe
Who believes in me.

I’m alone in the universe
So alone in the universe
My own planets and stars are glowing.
No one notices anything, not one person is listening
They don't have any way of knowing.

I have wings yes I can fly.
Around the moon and far beyond the sky
Well someday soon you will hear my plea.
One small voice in the universe
One true friend in the universe.
Please believe in me.

Yes, I have wings
Yes, I can fly
Around the moon and far beyond the sky.
You called my name and you set me free.
One small voice in the universe, one true friend in the universe who believes in me.

When I was putting together a set list for tonight, this song hit me. Mainly because of that plea in there. "Please believe in me."

Please believe in me! Please! I'm drowning in my own self-doubt! Please! Every time I go to do something I feel like it fails. And then I feel like a failure.
And I am just so sick of feeling like I failed.

So, I have decided to stop.

Brené Brown, my personal goddess, talks in her book *Daring Greatly* about how failure AND success cannot determine your self worth (Brown). Feeling like a failure is valid, but it does not define you. Being disappointed and having emotions in general is so super valid, but it does not define you. In a similar way, getting everything you ever could want, also doesn’t define you.

So what does?

Being a perfectionist, I always thought I was defined by how put together I could look. Failing, to me, used to be many different things. Not doing well in class, getting criticism, letting down a friend, not getting a role or an opportunity, messing up. And when I did any of these things, I felt like I failed as a person, not just in that instance. So often failure is linked to work or tangible things, but your soul and what makes up who you are is one of the least tangible things of all.

So lets go back to the question, what does define you?

You define you. Your worthiness and validity as a human are not defined by what you do; they are defined by who you choose to be. And who you are is a collaboration of your thoughts, past experiences, and your own soul. And no one, not the casting agents, not your teachers, not your
friends, or strangers' judgment define that for you because it is the simple core of who you are as a human being. That core isn't necessarily based in what role you got casted in either.

"You are imperfect and you are wired for struggle, but you are worthy of love and belonging." — Brené Brown

Under this definition, even when the world sets you up to fail, you will never be a failure.

Now, if we go into the world with that attitude, don't you think we all will be a little more confident in ourselves? Like "hey world! I know you are going to throw all you've got at me, but I choose to be happy and joyful today!"

There is something I love so much about the word "joy." To me it so encompasses not only a great happiness, but also a happiness and contentment with life. Everything may not be perfect, but to have the confidence to greet the world and life as an equal. This is step one to happy living.

I woke up and took a breath this morning. I have had the bravery to stand up here in front of you all and share my story, because I understand and am on the way to believing that I am worthy of sharing that. Plus, you can never fail at embracing vulnerability.

And I will be 100% honest with you and say that this is absolutely terrifying. When I first went to my advisors and said I had an idea for a one-woman show, they asked if I had any reservations...
or concerns about the process. And my only concern was that I honestly felt like a one-woman show was selfish. And they quickly said, well you have to get over that, because you do deserve to perform your own show and you are worthy of it. And you have a voice and the power to make art that is important.

Regardless of my fear of dogs, there’s a quote out there about “I wish I could see myself in the light that my dog sees me.” Well I wish I could see myself in the light my professors, family, and friends see me.

They never see me as a failure, and often remind me of that. They all have that confidence in me. And I am getting to a place where failure has no power. I have the knowledge that I am worthy when I succeed and when I fail. And the confidence to see that through every day.

“I Have Confidence” by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein

What will this day be like? I wonder.
What will my future be? I wonder.
It could be so exciting to be out in the world, to be free
My heart should be wildly rejoicing
Oh, what's the matter with me?

I've always longed for adventure
To do the things I've never dared
And here I'm facing adventure
Then why am I so scared?

A one-person show in front of my closes family and friends
What's so fearsome about that?

Oh, I must stop these doubts, all these worries
If I don't I just know I'll turn back
I must dream of the things I am seeking
I am seeking the courage I lack

The courage to serve them with reliance
Face my mistakes without defiance
Show them I'm worthy
And while I show them
I'll show me

So, let them bring on all their problems
I'll do better than my best
I have confidence they'll put me to the test
But I'll make them see I have confidence in me

Somehow I will impress them
I will be firm but kind

And all those children (Heaven bless them!)

They will look up to me

And mind me with each step I am more certain

Everything will turn out fine

I have confidence the world can all be mine

They'll have to agree I have confidence in me

I have confidence in sunshine

I have confidence in rain

I have confidence that spring will come again

Besides which you see I have confidence in me

Strength doesn't lie in numbers

Strength doesn't lie in wealth

Strength lies in nights of peaceful slumbers

When you wake up -- Wake Up!

It tells me all I trust I lead my heart to

All I trust becomes my own

I have confidence in confidence alone

I have confidence in confidence alone
Besides which you see I have confidence in me!

Well there we go, if I’m still lacking confidence after that song, something went horribly wrong.

This song is so important, because A) confidence in yourself is key (the best way to keep failure from winning is showing it that you love yourself no matter what) and B) because it is a song about confidently helping children. This is because “mom” is one of my favorite titles here at Ball State University. And it’s a gift I possess that I have accepted that brings me great joy. So step two to happy living is to find your gifts, and let them fill you up.

In high school, your freshman year, every student was guided by “Greyhound Kickoff Mentors” also know as GKOMs. These individuals were responsible for making sure you were acclimated to the changing environment of high school. Now my freshman year, my GKOM was unfortunately not very good. So my junior year when I could apply I was absolutely determined to be the most amazing GKOM ever. And, not to brag, but I lived up to my promise. I was very involved, and still will chat with the kids I mentored and support them through social media and such. That’s where the mentoring bug really bit me first.

So then coming into Ball State we have a similar mentoring program, as many of you know. Where upperclassman musical theatre majors get freshman to lead through the transition to college. Again, my mentor was not very involved in that regards. So when I got my mentee this year, I was very excited. I actually got the email about who he was at around 11 pm and had a completely, long winded Facebook message out to him by 11:20, and then was panicking my 11:23 that I had come on too strong already. But from the moment I met Matt and from when I
got my little in my sorority, I told them each to call me mom. I wanted nothing more than to be a motherly figure in both of their lives.

So you can see a pattern emerging. I love being a mentor and a mom, being needed makes me feel worthy and happy. Part of it is definitely that my mother is the best person in the world, and if I am even comparable to her, it’s the biggest compliment ever. I mean mothers in general just get the reputation of being superheroes. Of doing it all.

That’s another reputation I pride myself in, doing it all.

My advisor for this project, Dr. Michael O’Hara loves trying to convince me that it actually is impossible for me to be wonder woman and do it all. My response is always “maybe not, but I am sure as hell going to try.”

Beyond being mom to my mentees, I do TA for two classes this semester, I’m in a sorority, I just started a Department of Theatre and Dance Bible Study, I work for the Office of Admissions here, I’m in the Honors College, I sing at a church off campus, I work for Cardinal Corps, I helped start a club on campus. I think that’s it.

I’m extremely busy. Being an ENFJ, I have found that alone time is not necessarily my forte. I know right, can you even tell?
I will admit to you that I am tied to my busyness. It’s definitely an addiction. But there is a definite pride in the things that I can squeeze out of 24 hours, and I actually saw a show this summer with a character that I identified with, because her identity seemed to be so rooted in what she did. And just like this character, I’ll be the first to say that I am definitely proud of all the things I am a part of.

“*I Speak Six Languages*” by William Finn

Jay: Ms. Boldt speaks 5 languages.

Me: No, I don’t.

Jay: Don’t you?

No...

*I speak six languages*
*Every language easy*
*Easy as the recipe for making Jell-O*
*I Speak Six Languages*
*And I can say hello*
*In at least seven more*
To excel in athletics is not difficult if one has the temperament

Apparently

I have the temperament

Yes I score some goals

So unfazed am I

As my life Unscrolls

Unamazed am I

I don’t like to brag

And I won’t ‘cause I don’t have to

But

I Speak Six Languages

All-American in hockey

And anything I do

I do without getting sore

I Speak Six Languages

And I like the theme from Rocky

Though I play Mozart more

I achieve my goals

So unfazed am I

As my life unscrolls

Unamazed am I
Winning is a job
And I get no real enjoyment
But

Je peux parler six langues
Carda idio maes simple
Jerro oh yo no reshipe no yesashesades
Ja gavaru shetz yatzukim
V'ani yodat shalom
Im noch mindesterns sieben mehr

I Speak Six Languages
I am sick and tired
Of always being the best
And the brightest
At every mass
Six lousy languages
And for my height I'm the lightest
Of the girls in my class
She knows six languages

That's 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, six!
That song just really resonates with me, thank you for suspending your disbelief for a few moments to believe that I am a child competing in a spelling bee competition.

But it is so true! I always feel like I am doing the absolute most. But I also, absolutely love it. And when I am busy is definitely when I get stuff done. I will attest to that.

My busyness actually becomes like a comfort zone. Or an addiction if you prefer that word. And while it is great to busy yourself with mentoring or helping out through different leadership roles, it also is a necessity to take time out of the day for you.

Inner dialogue: “Do you hear that Amanda its okay to take time for yourself!” “Yep! Heard you the first time, still working on believing it.”

So I guess that’s step three, taking time for yourself and what you actually need, and accepting that you may have to say “no” to get there. You may be able to tell that this one is still a huge work in progress for me.

But for me, taking an hour a day to read or watch an episode of *Parks and Recreation* or *Downton Abbey*, lets me slow down. Anxiety, stress, and depression linger easily in a busy lifestyle when you don’t have the time to acknowledge them.
It's such a vicious cycle. You work to get everything done, but then feel awful when it isn't all completed all the time. This downward spiral can put you in a rut and a hole of anxiety and then depression.

If anyone here has ever felt depressed or down at any point in time, you will probably understand how it can feel like you're sitting at the bottom of a pit. And all around you there are these happy people, living their lives with contentment and joy, and you just feel stuck. And I don't know about any of you, but last year at the start of this journey I visited this pit almost as often as I visit Pita Pit.

So one thing I have found as I've been dancing through these pits of life is the key to staying sane within those. And there are two ways to cope, either sympathetically or empathetically.

And here is the kicker with what empathy is. Sympathy is when you see your friend in the pit, and you want to help them out and help them feel better so you throw them a ladder and a self help book and encourage them to feel better. Empathy is when you understand that telling someone to get better won't necessarily make it happen. Empathy is saying "hi friend, I'm going to sit here in this pit with you and help you understand it is okay that you are going through this right now."

My next step to happiness was allowing myself sadness. You can't numb emotions, if you don't feel the heartbreak, you can't appreciate the joy. I had to start empathizing with my own emotions and understand them before I could get better.
Flashback to the scene in *Inside Out*, one of the most important movies of all time (*Inside Out*). To when Riley is depressed and sad for missing the big goal in the hockey team, but it becomes better when her friends and family continue to come and support her and encourage her despite her so-called failure. And then the emotion of Joy realizes that Sadness, the character who drove her nuts the whole movie to this point, is necessary to make the bad better again. She realizes that friends and family knew to help because of sadness. Then I flashback to freshman year when I would come home crying and trying to figure out what the heck I had gotten myself into, and two of my very best friends came to me with hot tea and a fuzzy nap carpet.

That’s empathy.

“*You’ll Never Walk Alone*” by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein

*When you walk through a storm*

*Hold your head up high*

*And don’t be afraid of the dark*

*At the end of the storm*

*There’s a golden sky*

*And the sweet silver song of a lark*

*Walk on through the wind*

*Walk on through the rain*

*Though your dreams be tossed and blown*
Walk on walk on with hope in your heart
And you'll never walk alone
You'll never walk alone

When you walk through a storm
Hold your head up high
And don't be afraid of the dark
At the end of the storm
Is a golden sky
And the sweet silver song of the lark
Walk on through the wind
Walk on through the rain
Though your dreams be tossed and blown
Walk on walk on with hope in your heart
And you'll never walk alone
You'll never walk
You'll never walk
You'll never walk alone

There are times that the world just feels like a crappy place in which everyone is just out for themselves. But then again there are great people in the world that prove to you this isn't a total truth. Some people want to watch the world burn, but I am here to tell you that so many others want to see it blossom.
Empathy is just such a great word, because there is no judgment there. Empathy is wanting someone to succeed in their own way and having the patience with their pits and rough edges. I’m the first to admit I have rough edges, and I can’t thank my friends enough for accepting them. Some of these rough edges are more psychological, others have to do with my crazy, obsessive side. But true friends love you through all of your downfalls and your interesting quirks.

If you think I’m addicted to just busyness, you have it all wrong. I’m the kind of person who very passionately loves things, each one more strange than the next. For example, I love Disney, a lot of people do, but I love it to an absolutely excessive place. I also love Kate Middleton; the second biggest compliment to being called mom or being compared to my mom is being compared to Kate Middleton. She is just the upmost image of grace and class and genuine caring in a high-publicized romance. I have her biography and her coloring book. But out of all of these loves, the one I perhaps get the most crap for is my love for the Buffalo Bills football team.

And I don’t know, maybe its because they haven’t been to the playoffs in 14 years, maybe it was because of their 4 trips to the Super Bowl in the 90s where they lost every time, maybe its because the temperature in Buffalo is just so cold they think their fans are too. But I will say, that Buffalo Bills fans are a special breed, and while I wasn’t born there, I will die loving that football team. You can ask anyone who was at rehearsal or during shows with me during Sunday afternoon performances where the show is happening and I’m in full hoop skirt watching football and screaming at the yahoo sports update of the game on my computer.
I'm very passionate about my boys. And if you insult them, I have a couple of things to say to you:

"The Bill's Fan Lament" (An adaptation of "Adelaide's Lament" by Frank Loesser)

It says here:
The average, devoted Bill's fan
Basically insecure
Due to some long frustration may react
To insults and looks of sorrow
Difficult to endure
By losing morale and confidence to be exact.

In other words, just from waiting around for a Super Bowl band of gold,
A person just has to be bold.

You can say every year that you figure the winning record lurks
You can take a quick shot if a loss you have got, but it just won't work.
If you're tired of getting depressed eyes from the ticket clerk
A person just has to be bold.

It says here:
The Bill's fan remaining loyal
Not in a fair weather sense

Shows a neurotic tendency see note:

Chronic, depressive symptoms

But resilient in the present tense

Involving some wings, good fans, some snow with no coat.

If other words, just knowing because of your team people like to scoff,

A person can be a little put off.

You can strategize play with your friends everyday and be proud of the biz

The team from Buffalo never gets anywhere near where the big dog is.

If their getting a kind of a name for themselves, and a bad one it is.

A person can be a little put off.

And further more, just from hearing, and hearing, and hearing the negative crud

I swear to you, it just boils my blood.

When they get on the bus to the big game and you can hear chants unwind

The hope is for a big win

That the stars aligned

Then they lose to the cheating Patriots for the fourteenth time!

A person can feel kinda sick.

Real sick.
Sick of this whole shtick
From Jim Kelly
And Marv Levy
And when Norwood misses the final kick!

But a joyful community property
And the love for that team that you hold
A person just has to be real, real bold!

Now that was all sung in good fun, but it’s not all fun and games when my father and I are in my basement at 1 pm on a “squish the fish” Sunday.

And as much as I like to just be stubborn, there really is a beauty and a bond to the Buffalo Bills. Hear me out, because there’s actually a lot to be inspired by I think. And it all has to do with resilience.

A few months ago, my dad and I chose to watch the documentary on the team entitled *The Four Falls of Buffalo* in regards to their four consecutive Super Bowl losses (*The Four Falls of Buffalo*). Needless to say, my father and I cried a few times during this documentary, and let me give you a few examples of why.

The first game was lost by a last second field goal. If our kicker had made it, we would have won. Can you imagine? Talk about shame and a feeling of unworthiness and failure. Then
multiply it to be on the national stage of a Super Bowl game. Walking into that rally in Buffalo the day after, I would have been pretty defeated if I was Scott Norwood, their kicker.

But here is where Buffalo did something surprising to the world. The team comes out to speak and they start cheering for Scott. They all wanted to make sure he knew that they still supported him. And every team member came up to him saying that a lot of things led to that loss and it was his fault. It was a team effort through and through. I mean parents were taking their kids out of school that day to show them what support and compassion was all about.

And that team has never given up since that game. Every year they made it back to the Super Bowl they came back with the dedication and drive multiplied above the year before. It was to the point that the other teams and the fans would complain because they were sick of feeling sorry for the Bills when they lost. But Marv Levy their coach just kept challenging the other teams to stop them if they didn’t want them there so badly.

And I think the final stamp on this idea of never giving up was Don Beebe. The Cowboys were driving and someone broke away and it looked like he was about to get the touchdown but Beebe kept pursuing and knocked the ball out of his hands at the two yard line. Did that really matter in the scheme of the game? No. But think of the message that sends.

It says, “We refuse to give up and stop driving because of the grim situation we are currently in”
The Bills always making it back to the big game says, "We refuse to let past experiences spoil our chance for a bright future."

And the compassion and love for the team everyone still has despite their dry spell from the playoffs and lack of any Super Bowl titles says, "We have a passion and a love for this team and what it represents, a resilience that will never die."

I like to think I have that about life and my own passions. I haven't been the luckiest with casting during my time in theatre, but "I refuse to give up and stop driving." A lot of the time I let these incidents disguise themselves as me failing at things, but "I refuse to let past experiences spoil my chance for a bright future." And despite my successes or so-called failures, "I have a passion and a love for what I do and for life in general that my resilience will never die."

Everything happens for a reason. Faith and the necessity for that belief in my life have grounded my decision making in this idea. God has a plan for my life and all I can do through heartaches and disappointments is trust in that plan. I will keep driving and working to approach my life and work with compassion and empathy, because I have to. And because God gave me talents that I wouldn't have even been able to acknowledge without being directed to them by disappointments and failures.

If I have learned anything this year, it is that blessings can be found even in the strangest of places.
"Blessings" by Laura Story

We pray for blessings, we pray for peace
Comfort for family, protection while we sleep
We pray for healing, for prosperity
We pray for Your mighty hand to ease our suffering
And all the while, You hear each spoken need
Yet love is way too much to give us lesser things

'Cause what if your blessings come through rain drops
What if Your healing comes through tears?
What if a thousand sleepless nights are what it takes to know You're near
What if trials of this life are Your mercies in disguise?

We pray for wisdom, Your voice to hear
We cry in anger when we cannot feel You near
We doubt your goodness, we doubt your love
As if every promise from Your word is not enough
And all the while, You hear each desperate plea
And long that we'd have faith to believe

'Cause what if your blessings come through rain drops
What if Your healing comes through tears?
What if a thousand sleepless nights are what it takes to know You're near

What if trials of this life are Your mercies in disguise?

When friends betray us
When darkness seems to win
We know that pain reminds this heart
That this is not,
This is not our home
It's not our home

'Cause what if your blessings come through rain drops
What if Your healing comes through tears?
What if a thousand sleepless nights are what it takes to know You're near

What if my greatest disappointments or the aching of this life
Is the revealing of a greater thirst this world can't satisfy?
And what if trials of this life,
The rain, the storms, the hardest nights
Are your mercies in disguise?

What if our trials are truly blessings in disguise? Not getting cast at Ball State this semester and choosing to do this project was a huge blessing. I got to grow for me and do something that was absolutely terrifying. Vulnerability has never been my forte, and this was a huge step in the right
direction. And then I also got to be involved in *The Normal Heart* (opening next weekend, shameless plug), another project I so care about.

I am truly in awe of God’s timing. Right when I needed a boost, he gave me that show. He has given me so many opportunities and amazing humans in my life. And even if the road hasn’t been the smoothest, what I’ve learned and how I’ve grown personally was the exact lesson I needed to learn.

I still have a long way to go, and I’m excited about this journey.

This last song talks about a journey through New York City, finding out that it wasn’t everything the world cracked it up to be. It wasn’t easy and there is a lot of negativity surrounding those who are passionate. But there comes a point where we choose to rise above that and never stop finding the positive.

So there’s your final step, believing in yourself even when it’s hard. Because everything will turn out great if you let it, and just like everything else in life, it will always be a work in progress. But whatever is put in my path, I will healthily and happily enjoy that journey.

"*Real New Yorkers*" by Danny Abosch

*When I first moved to the city, someone told me you can always tell the tourists from the real New Yorkers passing by, cause real New Yorkers never look up at the sky.*
So I quickly looked away so eager to belong here: the land that I called home before I’d ever even been.

And as we walked I kept my skyward eyes just focused forward to claim my right to call this home by finally blending in.

My friend must have noticed that gleam, that glimmering hint of a dream. Cause she said all of that fades by the day.

Just live here as long as I have kid, and instead of seeing buildings, you’ll only see the tourists in your way.

And the welcome to my city was the same as I met others who themselves a million years ago had moved here from so far.

I’d say something dumb like, “Andy Warhol used to live here!”

They’d say anywhere but here I’d have a backyard and a car.”

I’d say “What a nice park.”

They’d say, “just not after dark. And it’s really a bitch when it snows.”

I’d say that a play felt fresh and new.

They’d say, “trust me you won’t think that when you’ve seen a hundred shows.”

It’s a city of dreams gone astray.

Where even those who achieve them will say that still they would happily leave the big apple someday.
Have people all forgotten why they came? What they once new?

And one day will I be like that too?

And so it went as fall turned colder, I was still just glad to be here.

And I tried to tune them out, the constant drone of their complaints.

Things like “People walk too slow, and honk so loud, and smell so bad” on trains so crowded that you wouldn’t even know if someone faints.

Nowhere to sit, stand, or pee.

Homeless men staring at me.

Paying an arm and a leg for a beer.

Real New Yorkers would never live anywhere else, but they also don’t like living here.

It’s a city of dreams in the day.

When you come for a dream then you stay.

But once the dreams faded you’re bitter and jaded and gray.

And the magic you feel when you’re new, why does everyone take that from you?

Does it somehow redeem them from loosing a dream themselves too?

End of show.
Chapter 3 - The Result

Within any performance, there is always an aspect of apprehension and hope that the audience feels as passionate about the project as you did. For my thesis project, these stakes seemed even higher, because the show was 100% my own creation. However, I am happy to say the final product ended up better than I could have imagined. From the numerous reactions I received and the wholeness of the piece, I felt fulfilled by the final performance. The ultimate goal was to showcase how every person in the world is enough, and I think I achieved that. Through this process I learned how to be confident, how to reach people effectively, and the fact that theatre still does have the power to affect a positive change.

The nature of the project was one larger than I ever thought I would tackle. From a logistical standpoint, I learned about writing and all the pieces it takes to put a show together. There were several extra pieces that I did not realize beforehand would have been crucial to work out. This includes the advertising of the piece, figuring out the tech of the space, having ushers to pass out programs, and even putting those programs together. All these pieces helped make it clear that this project was never purely individual. I asked for help several times along the way from friends, professors, and other colleagues which made the entire experience that much more humbling. With any hope of achieving my goals for the project, the entire show could not just be about me, it had to include overall human experience in general.

As I explained in the opening chapter of this thesis, my overall goal was to reach others with my own personal story. I am proud to say this goal was accomplished. After the show, I received great feedback from family and friends who were present for the performance. An overwhelming response was people telling me that they felt like someone had acknowledged
their own personal struggle and story. Hearing such a rewarding response was reassuring that the project was worth the hard work and vulnerability that went into it.

Leading up to the show, I was extremely stressed out and terrified. This was a big thing to share and my own life story to give up to an audience. Sitting backstage before the show, I remember reflecting on everything I was preparing to say on stage. In the script, I discuss being happy and fulfilled by your own power and the things that fill you up. There was also an overall theme of never being a failure as long as you try to honor yourself and your beliefs and live fully. In other words, perfectionism is a myth. Performing this show challenged these beliefs in such a new way. I was terrified about people not enjoying the show and their overall judgment. However, I had to believe the words I was saying, because doing the show was already perfect. There was no way I could fail if I put myself out there and let my story be told. I learned how to believe this after performing. Were there moments that did not go as planned in the show or times I had to check for what the next line was? Absolutely. But that did not hinder the success of the piece. The audience responds to honest vulnerability, and vulnerability is the most beautiful when it is imperfect. These lessons were not only important to put together this show, but are important life lessons I have been working to believe for a long time. Performing my own work and putting myself out there in such a bold way left plenty of room for error, and plenty of room to embrace that error and success can exist simultaneously.

With the unending support behind the project and the work that went into it, actual performing “The Happiness Project: A Work in Progress” brought me back some confidence I had been lacking in my life. Throughout my collegiate career as a performer, I have not been involved in any life-changing and intense pieces of theatre before this piece. Different actors perform for different reasons, but one of my goals with this craft is to influence people and tell
meaningful stories. And while performing in the ensemble of shows like *Oklahoma* and *Baby*
does have an important place in the theatrical world, I was loosing my sense of purpose with my
art. Sharing my own story and writing my own show reminded me of the importance of theatre
in my life. This whole journey from not being cast to completing an honors thesis was a
challenging one, but it restored my faith in what I am studying in college and reminded me the
work I am doing is important and valued.
Works Cited


Supplementary Material:

A recording of the performance can be found on YouTube by searching "The Happiness Project: A Work in Progress" or by typing this URL: https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=aqsP3Moh_Eg.
From: "Seussical the Musical"

Alone In the Universe

by

STEPHEN FLAHERTY

Lyrics by: LYNN AHRENS

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musicnotes.com
ALONE IN THE UNIVERSE

Music by STEPHEN FLAHERTY
Lyrics by LYNN AHRENS

Moderately \( \frac{d}{\text{d}} = 96 \)

Horton:

Eb

Eb

Ebdim7

There are secrets on a leaf, in the water, in the air, hidden planets, tiny worlds, all invisible! Not a person seems to know. Not a person seems to care. There is no one who believes a thing I
Freely, a bit slower

A\(9\)  Fm7(-5)/C♭  Eb/B♭  A♭maj7/C B♭/D  E♭7sus  E♭7  A♭/C  A♭m6/C♭

say.

Well, I'm fairly certain at one time or other, great

\(\text{poco rit.}\)

think-ers all feel this way.

\(\text{A tempo (with wonder)}\)

\(\text{Csus Gsus}\)

\(\text{G C(9)}\)

\(\text{poco rit.}\)
C(9) Csus

I'm alone in the universe. So a...

Gsus G

I've found magic, but they won't...

C(9)

see it. They all...

Csus

call me a lunatic. Okay. Call me a lunatic.
If I stand on my own, so be it.
'
'Cause I have wings. Yes,
I can fly around the moon.

and far beyond the sky and
One day soon I know there you'll be.

One small voice in the universe.

One true friend in the universe...

who believes in me.
A(9)  
(HORTON)

Asus

JO-JO:

I'm alone in the universe. So alone in the universe. My own planets and stars are

Asus

loose...

I'm alone in the universe. My own planets and stars are

A(9)

A solo in the universe.

A solo in the universe.

No one
no-likes anything. Not one person is listening.

They don't have any way of knowing...

No-body knows that I have wings. Yes,

I have wings.
I can fly around the moon

and far beyond the sky. Well,

some day soon, you will hear my plea.
One small voice in the universe.

One true friend in the universe.

Please believe in me.
Yes, I have wings

I can fly around the moon

and far beyond the sky.
called my name and you set me free...

One small voice in the universe...

One true friend in the universe...
who believes in me.

who believes in me.

Asus

Esus

E

A(9)

A
I HAVE CONFIDENCE
from The Sound of Music

Music and Lyrics by
RICHARD RODGERS

Moderato (Rubato)

MARIA:

What will this day be like? I wonder. What will my future be?

Più mosso

It could be so exciting to be out in the world, to be free. My heart should be wildly rejoicing. Oh, what's the matter with
me? I've always longed for adventure, to do the things I've never dared. Now here I'm facing adventure, then why am I so scared? A captain with seven children, what's so fearsome about that? Oh, I must stop these doubts, all these worries. If I...
I just know I'll turn back.

I must dream of the things I am seeking.

I am seeking the courage I lack.

The courage to serve them with reliance,

Face my mistakes without defiance,

Show them I'm worthy and while I show them

poco rall.

Allegro moderato

I'll show me, so

Let them bring on any problems.

poco rall.
I'll do better than my best. I have confidence they'll put me to the test, But I'll make them see I have confidence in me. Somehow I will impress them.

I will be firm but kind. And all those children,
heaven bless them, They will look up to me and mind me.

With each step I am more certain. Everything will turn out fine.

I have confidence the world can all be mine. They'll have to agree I have confidence in me.
I have confidence in sunshine.

I have confidence in rain.

I have confidence that spring will come again. Besides which, you see, I have confidence in me.

Strength doesn't lie in numbers,
wealth. Strength lies in nights of peaceful slumbers.

When you wake up, wake up! It's healthy. All I trust I leave my heart to. All I trust becomes my own.
Spoken:
Oh, help! Sung: I have confidence in confidence a-

(Bdim7 arp.)

A tempo sempre cresc.

Besides which, you see, I have con-

fi - dence in me.
I SPEAK SIX LANGUAGES

Shekere

I speak six languages...
I speak six languages, and I can say hello.

Every language easy, easy as the recipe for making jello.
I speak six languages.

Cell in athletics is not difficult if one has the temperament. Ap -

Presumably, I have the temperament.

Yes I score some goals. So unfazed am I.
As my life unrolls

un-amazed am I. I don't like to brag and I

won't cause I don't have to, but
I speak six languages.

All-American in hockey, And
6. I SPEAK SIX LANGUAGES

Spelling Bee

Every time I stretch I stretch without getting sore.

I speak six languages, and I

like the theme from Rocky

Syn.

+Vcl.
though I play Mozart more

I speak six languages

though I play Mozart more

I achieve my goals, So un-fazed am I

Aah

Syn (RH) w/Fl.

+Dumbek

Syn (LH) w/Syn (LH)

+Vcl.
As my life unscrolls
Un-amazed am I.

Winning is a job from which I get no real enjoyment but...
Winning is a job and she gets no real enjoyment but
Je peux parler ces langues.

Ooh.

ca - da i - dio - ma es sim - play.

Aah

+Vcl (glisses)
10. I SPEAK SIX LANGUAGES

Jerro oh no resh i pe no yes sasha des.

Sa sha des.

+Finger Cym.

Ya vad you shaste yaziki.

Ah nee

Yaziki.
11. I SPEAK SIX LANGUAGES

Yo - dat - sha - lom.

Yo - dat - sha - lom.

Im Noch mind - es - tens sei - ben

TACET
Syn (LH)

V.S.
12. I SPEAK SIX LANGUAGES

MARCY plays the piano

I speak six languages...

mehr.

TACET until m. 95

+Syn.

+Fi (trill)

Vcl, Timp (8vb)

am so sick and tired of always being the

Syn (RH), Fl (8va)

Syn (LH)(+8vb), Vcl (sus)

Syn (LH) w/Vcl
13. I SPEAK SIX LANGUAGES

best and the brightest at every mass.

Six lousy languages.

my height I'm the lightest of the girls in my

[MARCY stops playing]
14. I SPEAK SIX LANGUAGES

That's class.

She knows six languages.

Syn, Fl.

Vcl.

She knows, she knows, she knows, she knows, she knows, she knows.

Tutti +Cym roll snare

Timp (16ths)
You'll Never Walk Alone
from CAROUSEL

Lyrics by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

Music by RICHARD RODGERS

(Andantino molto cantabile
(with great warmth, like a hymn)

Andantino molto cantabile

When you walk through a storm,
"keep your chin up high
And don't be afraid of the dark,
At the end of the

* alternate lyric: hold your head up high

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Storm is a golden sky
And the

Sweet silver song of a lark.
Walk

On through the wind,
Walk on through the

Cresc.

Rain, Tho' your dreams be tossed and
blown
Walk on, walk on, with
cresc.
poco a poco
poco

hope in your heart. And you'll nev er walk a
f sempre cresc.

lone, You'll nev - er walk a
piu cresc.

ff with great expression

lone!
When you lone!

allarg.
A Bills Fan Lament – Rewritten lyrics by Amanda Boldt

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>It says here:</th>
<th>It says here:</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The average unmarried female</td>
<td>The average, devoted Bills fan</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Basically insecure</td>
<td>Basically insecure</td>
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<tr>
<td>Due to some long frustration may react</td>
<td>Due to some long frustration may react</td>
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<tr>
<td>With psychosomatic symptoms</td>
<td>To insults and looks of sorrow</td>
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<td>Difficult to endure</td>
<td>Difficult to endure</td>
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<td>Affecting the upper respiratory tract.</td>
<td>Affecting morale and confidence to be exact.</td>
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<tr>
<td>In other words, just from waiting around</td>
<td>In other words, just from waiting around</td>
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<tr>
<td>for that plain little band of gold</td>
<td>for a Super Bowl band of gold,</td>
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<tr>
<td>A person can develop a cold.</td>
<td>A person just has to be bold.</td>
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<td></td>
<td></td>
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<tr>
<td>You can spray her wherever you figure</td>
<td>You can say every year that you figure the</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>there's streptococci lurk</td>
<td>winning record lurks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You can give her a shot for whatever's she's</td>
<td>You can take a quick shot if a loss you</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>got, but it just won't work</td>
<td>have got, but it just won't work.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If she's tired of getting the fish eye from the</td>
<td>If you're tired of getting depressed eyes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>hotel clerk</td>
<td>from the ticket clerk</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A person can develop a cold.</td>
<td>A person just has to be bold.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It says here:</td>
<td>It says here:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The female remaining single</td>
<td>The Bills fan remaining loyal</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Just in the legal sense</td>
<td>Not in a fair weather sense</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shows a neurotic tendancy, see note: (looks at</td>
<td>Shows a neurotic tendancy see note:</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>note</td>
<td>Note!</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chronic organic symptoms</td>
<td>Chronic, depressive symptoms</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Toxic or hypertense</td>
<td>But resilient in the present tense</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Involving the eye, the ear, the nose, and throat.</td>
<td>Involving some wings, good fans, some snow with</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>no coat.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In other words, just from worrying if the</td>
<td>If other words, just knowing because of</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>wedding is on or off</td>
<td>your team people like to scoff,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A person can develop a cough.</td>
<td>A person can be a little put off.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>You can feed her all day with the vitamin A and</td>
<td>You can strategize play with your friends</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the bromofizz</td>
<td>when every day and be proud of the biz</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But the medicine never gets anywhere near</td>
<td>The team from Buffalo never gets</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>where the trouble is.</td>
<td>anywhere near where the big dog is.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If she's getting a kind of name for herself, and</td>
<td>If their getting a kind of a name for</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>the name ain't his</td>
<td>themselves, and a bad on it is.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A person can develop a cough.</td>
<td>A person can be a little put off.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
And furthur more, just from stalling, and
stalling,
And stalling the wedding trip
A person can develop la grippe.

When they get on that train to Niagara
And she can hear church bells chime
The compartment is air conditioned
And the mood sublime
Then they get off at Saratoga for the
fourteenth time!
A person can develop la grippe,
La grippe.
La post nasal drip.
With the wheezes
And the sneezes
And a sinus that's really a pip!

From a lack of community property
And a feeling she's getting to old
A person can develop a bad, bad cold!

And further more, just from hearing, and
hearing, and hearing the negative crud
I swear to you, it just boils my blood.

When they get on the bus to the big game
and you can hear chants unwind
The hope is for a big win
That the stars aligned
Then they lose to the cheating Patriots for
the fourteenth time!
A person can feel kinda sick.
Real sick.
Sick of this whole schtick
From Jim Kelly
And Marv Levy
And when Norwood misses the final kick!

But a joyful community property
And the love for that team that you hold
A person just has to be real, real bold!
**Cue: "A couple of things to say to you"**

**By FRANK LOESSER**

_Slowly_

**ADELAIDE:**

The average unmarried female basically insecure
female remaining single just in the legal sense

Due to some long frustration may react
Shows a neurotic tendency. See note

(Spoken): Note: Chron-ic, or-ga-ni-c sym-p-toms
dif-fi-cult to en-tox-i-c or hy-per-

(Spoken): Note: Chron-ic, or-ga-ni-c syn-dromes
dif-fi-cult to en-tox-i-c or hy-per-

With psycho-somat-ic symp-toms
dif-fi-cult to en-tox-i-c or hy-per-

(accel.)

a tempo
Affecting the upper respiratory tract.
Involving the eye, the ear, and the nose, and throat.

In other words, just from waiting around for that plain little band of gold
In other words, just from worrying whether the wedding is on or off

Person can develop a cold.
Person can develop a cough.

Spray her wherever you figure the streptococci lurk,
Feed her all day with the Vitamin A and the Bromo Fizz
But the
give her a shot for whatever she's got but it just won't work. If she's
medicines never get anywhere near where the trouble is. If she's

tired of getting the fish-eye from the hotel clerk. Getting a kind of a name for herself and the name ain't "his". A

person can develop a cold. Spoken: It says here. The cough. And

Furthermore. just from stalling and stalling. And stalling the wedding trip. A
person can develop La grippe. When they get on the train for Niagara and she can hear

suddenly angry

church bells chime. The compartment is air conditioned and the mood sublime. Then they

get off at Saratoga for the fourteenth time,

person can develop La grippe, (Hm!) La grippe, La
post nasal drip With the wheezes and the sneezes and a sinus that's really a pip! From a lack of community property and a feeling she's getting too old, A person can develop a bad cold.
Blessings

Laura Story
Key = C
Tempo 58

Verse 1:
F G Am F G Em
We pray for blessings, we pray for peace
F G Am Bb F
Comfort for family, protection while we sleep
F G Am F G Em
We pray for healing, for prosperity
F G Am G/B
We pray for Your mighty hand to ease our suffering
C/E F\(^s\)us2 G Am
All the while, You hear each spoken need
Dm C/E G\(^s\)us4 G
Yet love is way too much to give us lesser things

Chorus 1:
C
'Cause what if Your blessings come through raindrops
G/B
What if Your healing comes through tears
Am Em F
What if a thousand sleepless nights are what it takes to know You're near
Dm7 C/E F G7 C
What if trials of this life are Your mercies in disguise

www.kidung.com
Verse 2:
F G Am F G Em
We pray for wisdom, Your voice to hear
F G Am Bb F
We cry in anger when we cannot feel You near
F G Am F G Em
We doubt Your goodness, we doubt Your love
F G Am G/B C G/B
As if every promise from Your Word is not enough
C/E F\(\text{sus2}\) G Am7
All the while, You hear each desperate plea
Dm C/E G\(\text{sus4}\) G
And long that we'd have faith to believe

Bridge:
Dm7 C/E F G\(\text{sus4}\)
When friends betray us, when darkness seems to win
Dm7 C/E F G
We know that pain reminds this heart that this is not, this is not our home
Dm7 C G/B F G Em F G Am Bb F G
It's not our home

Chorus 2:
C G/B
What if my greatest disappointments, or the aching of this life
Am Em F
Is the revealing of a greater thirst this world can't satisfy
Dm7 C/E F\(\text{sus2}\) G F/A
What if trials of this life, the rain, the storms, the hardest nights
G/B C
Are Your mercies in disguise

www.kidung.com
Real New Yorkers

Music and Lyrics by Danny Abosch

Vocal

Piano

conversational, out of time

When I first moved to the city, someone told me: "you can always tell the tourists from the real New Yorkers passing by, 'cause real New Yorkers

© 2012
Real New Yorkers

\[ \text{a tempo } J = 108 \]

2

\[ \text{not too slow} \]

So I quickly looked away, so eager to belong here, the city I called home before I'd ever even been. And as we walked, I kept my skyward eyes just focused forward, to...
Real New Yorkers

claim my right to call this home by finally blending in. My friend must have

noticed that gleam, that glistening hint of a dream, 'cause she said

"all of that fades by the day. Just live here as long as I_

have, kid, and instead of seeing buildings, you'll
only see the tourists in your way.”

And the welcome to my city was the same

as I met others who, themselves, a million years ago, had

moved here from so far. I'd say something dumb like "And y War-
They'd say "anywhere but here, I'd have a back-yard and a car." I'd say "what a great park." They'd say "just not after dark. And it's really a bitch when it snows." I'd say that a play felt fresh and new, they'd say "trust me, you won't think that when you've seen
Real New Yorkers

"It's a city of dreams gone astray."

"where even those who achieve them will say that still"

"they would happily leave the Big Apple someday."

"Have people all forgotten why they came,"
what once they knew? And, some day, will I

be like that too? And so it went,

as fall turned colder, I was still just glad to live here, and I

tried to tune them out; the constant drone of their complaints. Things like

Real New Yorkers

"People walk too slow, and honk too loud, and smell so bad on trains so crowded that you wouldn't even know if someone faints." No-where to sit, stand, or pee. Home-less men star-ing at me. Pay-ing an arm and a leg for a beer.

"Real" New York-ers would nev-er live an-
y-where else, but they al-so don't like liv-ing here. It's a
city that dreams in the day, where you come for a dream and you stay.

But once the dream's fad-ed, you're bit-
ter and jad-ed and gray.
And the magic you feel when you're new, why does

ev'ry-one take that from you? Does it somehow redeem them for lost

-ing a dream themselves too? When I

first moved to the city, someone told me: "you can always tell the

Real New Yorkers
tourists from the real New Yorkers passing by, 'cause real New Yorkers

never look up at the sky."

Well, if

that's what it means to be a real New Yorker, maybe I don't want to be

one. Maybe I shouldn't even try.
'Cause I nev-er want to stop look-ing up at the sky.
"YOU ARE IMPERFECT AND YOU ARE WIRED FOR STRUGGLE,
BUT YOU ARE WORTHY OF LOVE AND BELONGING"
-BRENE BROWN

THE
happiness
PROJECT:
a work in progress...

A JOURNEY TO JOY THROUGH STORY AND SONG

WRITTEN AND PERFORMED BY:
Amanda Boldt

FRIDAY, MARCH 25TH, 7:30PM
MUNCIE CIVIC STUDIO THEATRE