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# When Your Fingers Touch the Doorknob

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Nerves, I could never decide which was worse about them, whether it was the relentless itching or the embarrassment of the amount of perspiration I was shedding. How I stumbled over words like toddlers' first steps or how knees buckled with every micro-step I could manage. Everyone has had at least one moment in their life that they felt like they would "fall over the edge," so to speak. It could have been for an exam that you had brushed away all your social plans for two weeks in preparation because this exam decided if you passed or failed. We've all had the moment when we pressed our fingertips to the doorknob every syllable of our words vanished as if they were erased from existence, our palms sweated, and every pre-exam question we could never word quite rights. We all sense how our eyes and ears picked out the one person in the room who we knew hadn't studied a day in their life and that the only reason showed up was to rub their perfect score in our face two weeks later. I never said being nervous was fun. But you sure aren't going to be careless and leave answers unchecked and words misspelled. No, you will meticulously go through every inch of that exam checking and rechecking every answer. But you know what? All of that is going to pay off when you get your grade back and you say to yourself with a smug little grin, "I'm glad I fixed that."

Nerves were never my strong suit. Nerves kicked me to the ground every time when I felt everything was on the line, do or die. I remember I would say to my dad "Why? Why do I feel this way all the time?" One day, I finally asked him how he did it. He told me that every time he sat down to play he got a little nervous, but that's okay because being a little nervous keeps you sharp and on your toes. That is why I believe that it's okay to be nervous. It means you care about what you are about to do.