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# The Methodology of Me

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# The Methodology of Me

By: Abbey Slobodin

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My family and I used to make fun of my dad and say he has OCD. Not the kind of obsessive compulsive that requires medication but the kind where all of his sweaters have to have the perfect crease when folded. Yet it never occurred to me that as I got older I began to have OCD too. It's the way I live my life, it's the way I separate my darks from my lights, it's the way I dunk my Oreo cookies, and it's the way I make decisions. I believe in routine.

Routine has many meanings. To me, routine stands for the habitual tasks of my everyday, the placid consistency that drives my actions, and the graceful sequence of steps and movements that make up dance. From the moment my alarm clock strikes 6:10 each morning, my traditions repeat again from my steamy shower to my wheat bread in the toaster and everything in between. I know that no day is the same, and I wouldn't want it to be. Still I find a piece of comfort and liberation when I have the control. When I come home from a six-hour day at school (made up of 42-minute classes and eight periods) I find that my routine has yet to cease. Dance class is the next phase of my routine. When I dance, I find I am instantly captured by the music and steps that my thoughts run blank. Ballet especially continues the vicious cycle of routine. There's a consistency to the barre work and there's only one way that's right. I feel safe knowing there are rights and wrongs. My feet must be pointed, my expression lively and inviting, and my heart and soul intact with the technique. Without these, the routine is lost. Every ballerina must be in synch with the music, in synch with each other. Regularly, I'd finish dance and return home to a dinner waiting for me with a placemat and silverware. I'd finish up my homework sitting at the same desk using the same desk lamp, and then wash up for bed. A task that always begins with brushing my teeth and ends in cleansing my face.

I know that it's somewhat comical to repeat a routine in almost everything I do and that some may find this monotonous and boring. But my lifestyle is far from bland and lackluster. Coupled with the idea of normality, routine can be a definition of being normal. But I don't believe anyone is normal. Certainly I'm not. There's something deep down inside of everyone that makes her special for being herself, and I find deep down inside of me that I believe in this constant uniformity and relief in routine. I love having customs; it keeps me sane. And in this world of insanity and injustice, don't we all just want to be sane?