



# STEEL TOWN DANCING QUEEN

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*Judi Resick-Csokai*

“YOUNG LADY, GET YOUR *DERRIERE* OUT OF THAT CHAIR!” boomed a voice from behind me.

Maryetta’s wispy black hair swayed in the breeze from the fan. Her stern glance revealed the lines in her timelessly beautiful face. Her words commanded a silence that only her little black pug dared to break. Gypsy skittered across the dance floor, her clicking toenails like tiny tap shoes, and stood guard by her angry mistress.

I was mortified—not because Maryetta reprimanded me in front of the ten-year-olds who I, a twelve-year-old, was leading in warm-ups at the barre, but because I had the nerve to sit down in front of her. Maryetta had taught me how to moonwalk and how to do a split. At 76, she could still do both.