

Morris has always been a part of my life. From my very first summer I would be taken to the seaside to watch the Morris men dance and listen to the cheerful music and the jingling bells. For me, seeing the Morris dancers was always a highlight to any folk event I was taken to as a child. The movement and the colour and the variety made it so exciting, so when I saw a children's Morris workshop at Broadstairs one year, I nearly bounced with excitement, and went off to spend 1 hour a day for the next week trying to learn my first Morris dance. Although not nearly as easy as the adults made it look, the whole experience was immensely enjoyable, and I decided then that I would join a side.



A very young Andrew trying to dance at Broadstairs Folk Week 2002

It in fact took another 7 years or so until I did, but now Morris dancing has become an integral part of my life. The people I've met, both from my side and others, are what make Morris so special to me. It's like being part of a huge family, and gives me an enormous sense of belonging to be part of it. The dancing itself also holds a very special place in my heart, bringing back childhood memories of long summer afternoons with my family listening to music and eating ice cream.

It feels like I've come such a long way since that little toddler trying to bounce up and down to the music, but that same feeling of happiness is still there when I dance. It's not so much about what or how I dance, but more why I'm dancing and who I'm dancing with. These feelings of happiness and family, where everyone knows everyone and we all have a good laugh when we get lost half way through a dance, are what Morris is all about to me.

Andrew Laszcz