

You Still Rock!

Posted on Sep 30, Posted by [Becky Andrews](#) Category [Telling Tales](#)

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I may not be organized or athletic or the best possible volunteer for the PTO, but I still have one thing I thought was lost somewhere between college graduation and the birth of my first child.... my ability to rock out! This hit me last week when I went to my first Def Leppard concert. It was Friday afternoon and after a long week of work, entertaining out of state relatives, and back to school shopping the last thing I wanted to do was go to a packed stadium with blaring music. The call came about 3pm. The voice at the other end said, "We're on for tonight. We'll meet you at 6!" Because the voice at the other end was a good friend (and knows me well) she gave me no time in which to come up with a creative excuse not to go.

Preparing was a little harder than you'd think. It had been ages since I had gone to a concert that didn't feature an oversized yellow bird or a grouch in a trash can so I had no idea what to

wear. My older brother and sister-in-law were lucky enough to be the judges as I narrowed my selections. Hopes of being one of the coolest looking spectators was dashed soon after I tried on my last ensemble and my brother said, "Are you trying to look like you have no idea who Def Leppard is?" I decided on an outfit that didn't scream, "I'm a mom and this concert is wayyy past my bedtime" but was conservative enough that I didn't look like someone auditioning for the third season of Rock of Love.

My friends and I met at a central location and everyone piled in. The excitement was palpable. It had been awhile since any of us had been out without a container of baby wipes or snack bag in tow. I actually started to feel younger until one of the girls wanted to listen to some music and the only CD I had was KIDZ BOP VOLUMN 10.

Concerts have changed since college. Before we didn't worry about "fitting in", odds are if you were all going to see the same band you'd fit in just fine. Safety wasn't a high priority either. If there were 6 people riding in a car with 5 seatbelts you didn't take an extra car... you'd take an extra passenger. The conversations that go on before the show are similar though. But instead of asking questions like, "Does my hair look big enough?" it was, "Does this minivan make me look fat?"

I wasn't familiar with all of Def Leppard's music before the show. It had been years since I really listened to "Hysteria" or "Rock of Ages" but when the band started my girlfriends and I were magically taken back to our teenage years where you're more concerned about makeup than mortgage payments and your world revolves around you and not school fundraisers. For a few hours on a hot August night we were just three girls laughing, talking and listening to music. We were 16 again and one friend who has a teenager finally "got it" and decided she has more in common with her teenage daughter than hair color.

The show ended and I noticed there were several groups of friends that were heading out to the same parking lot. As the convoy of Mini Vans and SUV's -filled with 30, 40 and 50 something's- left downtown Nashville I realized that it doesn't matter how old you are, how many children you have or how many pounds you've gained since high school, if you can still remember the words to the music you grew up with....YOU STILL ROCK!

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Telling Tales

Angel Kane and Becky Andrews live in Wilson County. This is their story (or tale) about their life, families and times that they share. Besides their weekly column Telling Tales Angel and Becky Co Founded Wilson Living Magazine. The idea of developing a magazine for Wilson County first came to Becky and Angel one afternoon while they sat on her back porch watching their children play in the backyard.

They were discussing the outpouring of emails, calls and responses to their column “Telling Tales” and wanted to find a way to capture that community spirit. People were stopping them wherever they went to share their own “tales.” They suddenly realized everyone has a story to tell and many of these stories were amazing. And in that moment, Wilson Living Magazine came to life. Be sure to check out Wilson Living Magazine at www.wilsonlivingmagazine.com

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