



MOORE EAGLE TKD



MARCH 11, 2009 UPCOMING EVENTS

May 30

**Global TaeKwon-Do
Tournament**
Houston, Tx

June 13

**Moore-Eagle TKD color belt
testing**
Houston, Tx

July 17—19

ATFI Patterns Workshop
Austin, Tx

Check out

www.moore-eagletkd.com for more
information and registration forms.

May 2009

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

INSTRUCTORS

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CLASSES

Ellington Field

14657 Sneider St. Bldg 1056
Houston, TX 77034

M/W 5:30– 6:30 pm

Open class (all levels)

6:30–7:30

Advanced class
(Blue belts & above)

INFORMATION

For more information about the
class, patterns, past
newsletters, upcoming events
etc, visit our website at
www.moore-eagletkd.com

Sensei is Always Right!

A Bit of Humor

from www.fightingarts.com; Contributed by Robert T. Tuohey

Years ago that I had a karate sensei (teacher) who was what you might call “hardcore” on etiquette. Whereas in another dojo, if you failed to call a senior sempai, or if you donned a raggedy gi to class you might merely get balled out (a la your mom on a bad day), in our little home-away-from-home you’d actually get clocked in the chops and be given sweeping detail for the next few months (in addition to verbal lambasting).

Well, every cat has his rat (as the French say), and sensei had Steve. You see, Steve just could never remember to bow-in when he entered the dojo. Never.

Week after week, month after month, it went something like this: Steve, classic high school loser (mind, no doubt, on some babe who would sooner be choked out than speak to him), would bebop into the dojo free as a flipping bird, blowing right past sensei seated at the front desk, tossing out a friendly “How ya doing tonight, sensei?”

Whereupon, as may be imagined, the fit would hit the sham. Or, to be plainer, sensei would fly out of his seat faster than those magical monks in those old-school Shaw flicks, bat Steve in his dense head and start screaming him the Budo-version of the Riot Act.

Why couldn’t the guy just remember to bow at the door? Who knew? There was a rumor, however, that Steve’s mom had been a judoka and had practiced right up to the day of his birth.

Well, whatever the reason it just went on that way. It even turned into a dojo-joke, with some of us getting there early just to be sure not to miss the show. Finally, even sensei got sick of the whole thing, and when stunted Steve would sashay in, naturally sans bow, sensei would just grimace and yell, “Get out!” Steve would then thump himself in the head (saving sensei the trouble), mumble lamely, “Oh, forgot!”, and then turn around and come back in properly.

It was a few weeks after the ritual had taken this new, less entertaining, form, that the performance was given a new twist.

It was November, and one of those flash blizzards that New England is infamous for had just descended upon us. It was a clear, black, freezing night, and within 15 minutes there was three inches of snow on the ground. Then another inch, then another. Like most of the students, I had been caught en route, and thought it pointless to turn back. When I arrived there were just a few others there, and we were all wondering if we were going to be able to make it home after class.

Finally, we decided, especially seeing that people were still straggling in, that it would be best just to have practice and hope it would stop by nine o’clock, and maybe the city trucks would be plowing by then. Sensei said we could all just camp out in the dojo if we had to.

Amidst this quick-huddle confusion, in blows “no-bow” Steve (as we had tagged him). Now, maybe the sudden drop in temperature and all that snow had somehow enlivened his normally deadened cranial nerves. Or maybe the planets were lined up in some special way... Maybe, just maybe, he had finally come to his senses... Well, whatever it was, I tell you, he opened the door – and bowed! I saw it, and so did a couple of the other guys.

But sensei, what with wondering if he had enough headgears to serve as pillows, didn’t. He just turned, looked at Steve, and yelled, “Get out!”

Continued.....

May 30, 2009

Global TaeKwon-Do will be hosting a tournament at First Baptist Church Houston, 7401 Katy Fwy, Houston, TX 77024

Cost: \$45 per competitor—unlimited events. Events opportunities include: Patterns, Sparring, Breaking, Couples Patterns (co-ed) and Team Patterns (3-5 people)

June 13, 2009

We will be having a color belt testing at Ellington Joint Reserve Base at 1:00 pm.

Cost: \$35 per student.

We will also be having a class party at LaNore's house, 30810 Vickie, Magnolia, Tx 77354, following the testing to say Bon Voyage to Colonel Horn as he is being deployed to Iraq.

July 17—19

Master Nunez will be conducting the annual ATFI Patterns Workshop at the UT Campus Rec Room, Austin, Tx.

Cost: White—Green Belts:\$50;
Blue—Red belts: \$100;
Black Belts—\$125

The workshop will be for all ranks, ages 9 & up. As an added bonus, there will also be Knife Defense & Self Defense by featured instructors Master Akard and Master Mitchell.

Check out our website www.moore-eagletkd.com for more information and for registration forms for these events.

Verse of the Week

Stay Teachable

The discerning heart seeks knowledge. Proverbs 15:14

If you're talented, you may have difficulties when it comes to staying teachable. Gifted people sometimes act like they know it all. That makes it hard for them to keep developing. Teachability is not so much about competence and mental capacity as it is about attitude; it's the hunger to discover and grow. It's the willingness to learn, unlearn, and relearn. John Wooden said, "It's what you learn after you know it all that counts." When you stop learning, you stop leading. Only as you remain teachable will you keep growing and continue to make an impact.

Besides being an astonishing painter and sculptor, Leonardo da Vinci was a genius in more fields than any scientist of any age. His notebooks were hundreds of years ahead of their time. He anticipated submarines, helicopters and other modern inventions. In one notebook he wrote, "Iron rusts from disuse; stagnant water loses its purity and in cold weather becomes frozen; even so does inaction sap the vigor of the mind." He was driven by his desire to know more. He was learning and writing discoveries in his notebooks until the very end of his life. And the good news is, you don't have to have the mind or talent of Leonardo da Vinci to be teachable. You just have to have the right attitude.

The most important skill to acquire is - learning how to learn. Try this for the next week; ask others for their advice and deliberately withhold the advice you'd normally give. At each day's end write down what you've learned by being attentive to others. You'll be amazed!

Sensei Is Always Right

...continued from page 1

As alluded to, Steve was not what you might term Ph.D. material, but self-preservative instincts he had. In the dojo, the sensei's word is law (as the great Urban has written), and to violate the law around here meant getting your clock cleaned. So, Steve got out, and sensei went back to counting headgears.

I looked at my dojo-mates. They looked at me. We all looked at hapless Steve, standing outside the glass door, a blizzard blowing wild all around him. All of us looked back at sensei, now pondering the wisdom of using old copies of Black Belt as bedding material.

Several minutes passed... With sensei still pondering, and Steve still standing. Outside. Freezing. Slowly being buried in snow.

I was the senior student, and so the onus fell to me. With some hesitation, I walked over. "Ah... Sensei..."

He looked up from the heavybag he had laid lengthwise on the floor. "Yeah, Bob, what is it?" He stood, giving "Old Faithful", as we called that bag, a friendly slap. "Hold three heads, it will!" he beamed.

"Uh...great..." I said doubtfully. "About Steve..." I gave a discreet backward jerk with my thumb toward the door.

"Oh, he'll come in when he remembers," sensei said with an annoyed frown.

"But that's just it - he did bow!" I whispered.

Sensei looked about as surprised as if I pulled some old-time jujitsu trick on him.

"He did," I repeated quietly.

With a heavy sigh and dramatic eye-roll, sensei walked over to the front door and gave it a quick, strong pull open. A tremendous blast of cold air, carrying with it a generous helping of snow, flew into the office. Everyone gave a shudder. There was Steve, doing his impression of Frosty-the-Bonehead.

"Steve, what are you doing out there?" sensei boomed.

"I b-bowed, b-but -" stuttered Steve though numb lips.

Sensei grabbed Steve by the shoulder and yanked him in.

"I know you bowed," sensei said, giving Steve a steely look. "But you forgot to wipe your feet!"



Be sure to check out our website www.moore-eagletkd.com for pictures from the H.I.T.T. tournament. Special thanks to Roderick Ricard for sharing the pictures he took at the tournament as well.