

of his skills and very sensitive about his weight. As a result he often refused to run with the team because of his reluctance to be surpassed by his older teammates. Through this season, I developed a relationship with Tater beyond baseball, where he would tell me some of his problems with school and the neighborhood kids.

Even though the team played ball across town, and Taters' mother worked late, he was the one player that I could always count on for showing up on time. He was one of my passionate players with a desire to play baseball. Tadarius could be relied upon; he always came to play.

One day, in the middle of the season, Tadarius did not show up to a game. During the game one of his teammates told me that his mother had pulled him off the team for cheating on a math test. I immediately called Lewis Thurston, for advice about how to handle this situation. He told me that without baseball many of the children would just be playing in the streets. He advised me to call the mother and try to get Tadarius back on the team. I knew that most of my coaches were medical students and all of my coaches were qualified to tutor this child.

I called Ms. Hall and offered to personally tutor her son before every practice if she allowed Tadarius to return to the team. She accepted and thanked me for trying to help her son. He had been a straight A student the previous year and now he was making C's and D's. Before the next practice, Tadarius and I talked and I told him that he would have to bring his homework to every practice and every game. If his homework was complete when practice started, I would reduce his running by 2 laps. I wanted to positively reinforce his good behavior. I also expressed my disappointment with his actions because I knew he was smarter than his actions showed. With help from my classmates and fellow coaches, Tadarius had a tutor before every practice. We continued this routine until the end of the season. Though I did not know Tadarius' grades I believed that we were truly doing a good thing.

Recently, when I was calling the children for spring baseball, young Tadarius picked up the phone and in almost a shout he told me that he had made straight A's this past semester. I told him that I was proud of him and that I knew all along that he could do it. His mother picked up the phone and personally thanked me for helping her son with school. I know that I cannot help everyone, but I do believe what Lewis Thurston told me, "Even if you help just one child you have done something great."



Old

By Jordan Rogers

**In my younger years
Talkin' way, way younger years
Talkin' strong muscles long lean arms and
living for the life years
I was more awake
Less tired**

**In my older years
I mean, old years
I mean old as a tree can be when it seems
to connect with the ground and you wonder
Which was there first?
I was quiet
More refined
Taking it all in, not rushing past,
Like in my younger years**

**For it seems when we are young we want
time to
Speed up, hurry on
We are always movin' on to the next week
and month and year
And before you know it man
You're a tree**

**But what youth can rob you of
Is a past
That teaches you
To savor that moment,
Smile at the sunrise
And quit moving towards the older years
They come on too fast
Anyway**

**Before you know it
You're smiling at the sunrise
Through wrinkled eyes
And you know how to savor each day
Finally**

**So don't you wait
Until you're skin is bark
And your legs, they're roots
To give in
To that sunrise**