

Personal Writing Piece Three

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Dear Coach,
I Remember . . .

Team dinners--at the beginning of each season at your house. We would all sit around the room and share our goals. You had us set goals for the team and then for ourselves. It was here that I learned the value of setting goals and working to reach them.

The way you taught me--how to turn a double play, bunt the batters around the bases, turn my shoulder to catch a fly ball, but more importantly to trust in my abilities and to put the team before myself.

Your belief in me--as a scared Freshman and putting me into the starting lineup at second base, a place I continued to call home for the next twenty years. You believed in me to set an example for my teammates. Your belief that I was a person who I could be proud of.

Playing in Saturday tournaments--from Grand Rapids to Reed City, some even played in the snow right in Greenville. We even won one or two along the way

Your love of the game--how you demanded our best in every game no matter the final score. I learned to play hard and give it 110% at all times. I must admit I still live my life giving 110% no matter the task put before me.

Early spring practices in the gym--warming up our arms, sliding on mats, and taking ground balls off the basketball court. I love the sound of the ball off a bat from the pitching machine and the sounds of a coach telling his team how it is going to be.

A black and red truck behind the dugout--as I came up over the hill from the school and saw the truck, I knew I was in for another great practice or game. I wanted to be the first player to practice and the last to leave.

The care and respect you had for our field--we would rake at the end of each practice or game to keep our diamond in tip top shape. Then you would drag the field with an old tractor, making sure each stone was in place for the next day. We knew to leave the field in better shape than we found it.

Fried ham, fried ham--singing on the bus or van rides to and from the games. I am sure you still tremble at the song: "Fried ham , fried ham, cheese and bologna . . ."

Corsages for the first home game--you made sure our first home game was a special occasion. One of the few days of the school year, I would wear a dress or skirt. We all cleaned up nicely, despite our farmer's tans. I remember wearing that corsage with purple and gold proudly for I knew I was a member of the Varsity Softball Team.

Contemporary American Lit--you opened my eyes to new perspectives and new viewpoints I never knew existed. I still carry Jonathan Livingston Seagull, Franny and Zooey, and One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest and their characters in my heart. Our daily reflection journals taught me to look within myself to make sense of the world and my place in it. To this day, I write in a journal to help me stay balanced and reflect upon my life.

You gave me a hug--in class after reading one of my reflection entries where I was feeling frustrated with the apathy of my classmates and teammates. It was then that I knew writing was a powerful tool for expressing my feelings and also gave me the release I needed to tackle issues not people.

You as my coach, my teacher, my mentor, and my friend!

Happy Birthday Coach, Mr. Hannah, Dave. I am who I am today, thanks in part to the lessons you shared with me so long ago!

With much love and respect,
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M: Memory Book for a 70th birthday gift from daughter

M: Letter to my Coach, emailed Google Drive to Stacy to be included in the memory book.

A: Mr. Hannah, my high school softball coach and teacher, his daughter and family

P: Share a memory I have of Mr. Hannah and to honor this impact on my life

S: I was contacted by Mr. Hannah's daughter Stacy. She asked me if I would be willing to write about a memory I have that deals with her dad. She is putting together a memory book for his 70th birthday. I found a poem entitled, "I Remember . . ." online. No author was listed. It was a list of memories. I organized my letter to match this style. I am honored to be included in the memory book.