

A father's joy, a son's tears...February 21, 2020

On to Marchers:

**All students received a flyer for spring pictures which will be taken next Thursday, March 5. All students will take a spring picture - there is no obligation to purchase, of course.

**Upcoming:

March 5 - Picture Day

March 13 - End of the third quarter - a reminder to students in traditional programs we do not send printed copies of report cards home as they are posted on campus. If you would wish a printed copy, please contact your learner's homeroom teacher.

March 19 and 20 - Spring Break - no school

**Parent/Principal Meeting - Giant gratefulness to all who attended. And thanks to those who sent comments following. Excellent discussion and an evening of learning for this new principal. Deepest thanks those who could find the time. Next Parent/Principal meeting will be April 6th at 5:30.

**A personal stream of consciousness below, in particular to all parents carting students around to hockey, bowling, archery, dance, cheerleading, karate, etc.:

**A hot, packed gym in Carroll, Iowa...the tears of my son, were still burning my cheek and neck as I climbed into the Buick for the 4 hours back to Brookings last night, I clicked on the radio...how much love is a father permitted? As I watched the pre-game warm-ups from my regular seat, I was thinking back to the first time my senior son shot a basketball, at three-years-old and the 15 years of our sharing this game, me as his coach most of the time, and the relationships, the wins and the losses, the long rides and frank talks that drifted to everything of a father and son with this shared game to break the awkwardness of a father and son, and now he was playing in a sub-state semifinal, the best player on a very good team who was willing to take responsibility, to trust in all those years of work and preparation and with a goal that transcended our family's generations as my dad had made it to a state championship game, and the opponents were 6-8, 6-9, 6-7 and we...well, we were not...and we took a five-point lead into the end of the third quarter, but it was not to be and this was it...this was it...the end of this part of life and the innocence of pre-college athletics...I had to sit for a bit in the stands with my wife trying to realize what had happened, and then wait outside the locker room the final time for my son...and he ran to me and we clutched each other in tears and I told him how proud I was, how much more basketball he had in front of him and how I loved him..I was thinking it was what he needed to hear for the loss, and the tears seared my cheek and neck, and I was at a loss with no way to soothe our together grief...but I should not have been at a loss, you hope that when your

kids are intrigued by an activity or any endeavor and you help them cultivate it into a part of who they are, they will get the best of it and with perspective it will help them grow the right way, but there are times when you wonder if it has any value at all or if those values are not the good you want them to be, let me tell you it does, here is why.....the tears of my son, were still burning my cheek and neck as I climbed into the Buick for the 4 hours back to Brookings last night, I clicked on the radio, not realizing my son was going to be on the local station for the post-game, he began with thanking his coaches and his teammates and then fans, and then...well, and then, he apologized for the loss saying he had not played to his best and taking responsibility for the loss and sorry for disappointing his coach, his teammates and the community...I thought his tears were for HIS loss..no, his tears were for his feeling he had let people down, you have to be kidding, I know how much he loves the game and this part of life and the goals he had set, but his tears were not for that, they were for others...and the joy in my heart burst, because it was all worth it, no matter this disappointing ending to a great season and career...for now I know, my son - the man..who has learned from this game...that others before self is the best way to live....a father's joy, at a son's tears...teaching me to trust that our devotion to our children, in whatever way we can show, even from a silly and beautiful and heartbreaking game, makes every generation better...

Loyal and willing servant to the Brookings and Camelot Community - Kevin
the right thing, because it is the right thing to do.

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