Bookends

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During a time-out in the second quarter, after the Sixers went on a run and extended their lead over the Jazz, I vaulted out of my seat waving my pennants and voicing my approval of the Sixers' play.

"Yeah Doc, that's a way. Alright Charles. Yeah Mo. Yeah Doc--way t'play baby." That's when it happened. As Mr. Erving was making his way to the bench, he looked directly at me, winked, and clenched his fist in approval as if to say "Keep it up kid." The loudest and most obnoxious person in the arena fell silent. Baffled and stunned, I turned to my family to see if they saw what just happened.

"Did y...Corey, Beth...did you...did you... Did you see that!?! Did you see that!?!" They both replied with a nod and a smile, trying not to associate with me. I slowly nestled into my seat gazing into the lights in the ceiling, trying to comprehend what just happened. I felt blessed and enlightened. A superstar, MY IDOL, on his farewell tour of the NBA, took time to talk to and recognize me, some crazy high school student from Idaho. The sincerity and kindness with which he spoke touched me deeply. It was a heck of a lot more than I ever dreamed of, but I now dream of it often.

Bookends

Bindings tight
weight uneven
they hold their own

thoughts scattered
muscles weakened

the new
becomes the old
and falls asunder

Nathan C. Follet