

## Kid's basketball coach cherishes rewards of his givings

**Eric Hall**  
Columnist

Some of life's sweetest moments come at the most unexpected times, the most unexpected places and with the most unexpected people.

They are moments that can unexpectedly inspire your soul.

During the winter of my senior year in high school, I volunteered to coach an 8-9 year old boys' basketball team.

I loved basketball and it was somewhat exciting to know that I was responsible for teaching these children a game which they will be playing in their driveways for the rest of their lives.

Besides teaching them skills on the court that season, I aimed at teaching them skills they would use off the court as well. Sportsmanship, teamwork and communication.

For the entire three-month season, we practiced all three.

I was awed by the fact that I had a small, and I emphasize small, part in the construction of their personalities.

During the final game of the season, came one of the most heartfelt and rewarding moments I have ever experienced.

A moment that could never be acted in a movie or read in a book, a moment that had I not made that decision to volunteer, I would have never experienced.

One of my players had not scored a single point all year long.

Though he tried so hard every minute he played, he couldn't quite find the aim to make it fall. But as a coach it was my job

he hoisted a wild shot into the air and stood back to watch where it landed. And there it went, straight into the bull's eye.

He had scored his first points. His innocent smile leaped straight into the air as a mixture of excitement and joy traveled through his soul.

Then my moment came. Even with all those fresh emotions clouding his head, he looked at me and smiled.

In one second, he managed to hit two bull's eyes. The one he had been hoping to hit all season long, and the one directly in the middle of my chest.

And while I don't think I'll ever take up the profession of a kindergarten teacher or day

care supervisor, ever since that moment, I can say that if children are not a part of my life, I will be leading a dark existence.

So thank you, Jonathon, Taylor, Nisean, Chris and Michael. Thank you Elliot, Trace, Ryan, Evan and Zhon. Thank you for reminding me what the meaning of true compassion is. Thank you for showing me what true innocence is and the potential that it will never become lost in one's heart.

And thank you for giving me a chance to see what having a son is all about and the revelation that it is one of life's steps I'm looking most forward to. I only pray he possesses a little of each one of you, if at all possible.

However, I do already feel sorry for my son - he is going to have a lot of middle names to remember.

Ten, to be exact.



to encourage him that scoring wasn't everything, even though it was to him. I could see it in his eyes.

During the fourth quarter,

## In the beginning: A freshman's view of her first weekend at Elon

**Anna Brodrecht**  
Guest Columnist

Go ahead and smile with satisfaction as you, the upperclassmen, read the opinions of a freshman on her first weekend at Elon. You probably remember the strains of move-in day, the hilarity of orientation groups, and the overwhelming frustration that came from forgetting the names of the hundreds of people you met in such a short time.

Then again, you may have chosen to block out the recollections with that well-defined, selective memory of yours. For me, however, that weekend was one that will live in infamy.

Moving in: To say the least, I felt a little nauseated the day I packed my life into the back of my car and headed for my new home. For the first time, I took inventory of my belongings and shuddered at how

much I would have to leave behind. I kept telling myself I would be home during fall break, but that offered little comfort to the wave of homesickness I already felt. Nonetheless, I convinced myself to drive away from Alabama to the seemingly northern Tarheel State.

Upon first contact with campus, I was greeted by countless smiles and warm salutations. I already felt at home. Leaving campus was a different story. Just like in my hometown, Wal-Mart was infested with shoppers.

Surprisingly, I was involved in just two buggy wrecks, and I only carry the bruises from one. Lowe's was also swarming with incautious people, making me consider the reality of the "Elon bubble" theory.

To further confirm the theory, one of my hall-mates allowed me the use of her won-

derful dolly. She and those jolly golf cart drivers truly made the unpacking process far too simple. In less than an hour, I had moved an entire SUV full of junk into my dorm room. I owe a great deal of thanks to those who helped us.

Orientation groups: At first, being with my orientation group was the best thing about Elon. I was placed in a great group of people with common interests and vitality. I enjoyed talking with them and getting to know their characteristics, both individually and in a group.

However, as the weekend came to a close, I was craving some time to just sit and think. The time left for this much-adored activity was certainly limited with the barrage of relentless teamwork and awareness activities.

Overall, it was a positive

movement that allowed us to meet some great people, and I have no complaints. However, starting classes has permitted that free/thinking time I have so desperately needed.

Convocation: The overwhelming majority of the freshman class was not very excited about convocation. Anything that begins at 8:00 a.m. and involves dressy clothes, weepy parents and symbolism can not be fun, let alone interesting.

We all knew something wonderful would have to take place in order to keep the thousands of sleepy eyes open throughout the procession. I cannot speak for the whole freshman class, but it turned out to be all right. At least I know I was smiling as we marched between the rows of professors.

For me, the three most memorable aspects of move-in

weekend turned out to be a great way to start college. We met new people, received praise from the faculty and were set free. Although that weekend will certainly make the top-ten list of great memories, I still look forward to what will come. The next four years may very well be the best of our lives, and they have only just begun.

### Write to The Pendulum

Letters to the editor are welcomed from all readers. They must include your name and phone number. Maximum length is 300 words. All letters are subject to editing and will not be returned. Anonymous submissions will not be published.

■ E-mail: [pendulum@elon.edu](mailto:pendulum@elon.edu)  
■ Mail: 2850 Campus Box