



## **My Two Cents**

*A Friendly Game of Catch*

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Growing up in Sportsman Acres, everyone would come to my house to play. The backyard had very few trees in it, so it was perfect for playing sports. I've played everything in that backyard, from volleyball and badminton, to basketball and football.

However, out of all the great memories I have of playing in that backyard, none could compare to what happened this past Memorial Day.

After playing thirty holes of golf Sunday afternoon and swimming in Lake Hudson on Monday with my in-laws, my family and I made our way to my parents' house for supper. I had an idea for something I wanted to do while I was out there, so I made sure I brought my baseball glove, as well as an "extra" one.

When we were finished eating, everyone proceeded to go outside. That's when I asked my dad, if wanted to play catch. Then, I got my boys' gloves out. For the first time ever, three generations of Bowyers, were going to play catch with one another.

Now, in my mind, playing catch with all of us would have gone on for hours, with only the fall of the sun stopping us. However, my mind and reality are two different things. Reality was this, after ten minutes of playing catch, one of my sons decided he was done, and went and sat down with mommy and me-maw.

My other son continued to play for another ten minutes. That's when he decided that I "needed to run so he could get me out." After he got me out, he decided he was out, and went and played with his brother...where mommy and me-maw were sitting.

Then, there were two. Dad and I continued to keep playing catch. It was nice. Just me and him, in the backyard, dodging trees. (Since I left the nest, the backyard has turned into a jungle of trees and plants...not a sports stadium anymore) It seemed like old times.

For those thirty minutes of playing catch, all my problems went away. I didn't have to worry about the lack of money, health problems or anything like that. All I had to worry about was not throwing my arm out, and not getting hit. It was as if, that backyard was magic. It took all my problems, and made me act like a kid again. It was something truly remarkable and transpiring.

It was just a friendly game of catch.

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