



## **My Two Cents**

*They're only five*

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How many times have I either heard, or had to tell myself that very line.

“They’re only five.”

Our t-ball team, the Sharks, is a whopping 2-9 as of Friday night. We are not good...they’re only five.

We are in a league that has all-star kids throwing the ball (in air, mind you) from third to first. To make matters worse, the first baseman usually catches it. We can’t even catch the ball at third, let alone throw it to first. We are not all-stars...they’re only five.

I thought coaching t-ball would be so easy. I watched my dad coach me from t-ball all the way to American Legion ball. I didn’t notice my dad having a nervous breakdown during coaching, so I thought, “it can’t be that hard.” Boy was I wrong.

I find myself losing my temper during games, despite telling myself that I am not going to do that. I put a rubber band around my wrist, so that when I feel a “moment” coming on, I can pop myself and remind me to think before I speak.

My wife is all the time telling me (usually after we have been run-ruled), “Now Kenny, remember...they are only five.” I know that, but it’s still hard when you want to win every game possible.

I don’t remember (maybe once) being on a bad team. In my latter years, I was a part of two state runner-up teams...one in high school and the other in Prep with head coach, Jack Cooper. (Jack...any advice?)

However, I am not the only one that thinks that their team or kids should be playing to MY level. I hear it every night we are out there...parents and coaches hollering at the kids as if they were in the military. I know...I do it too.

Maybe we all need to take the time and relax at games...and just let the kids have fun. I know I need to laugh when a kid runs the wrong way, has his/her hat on wrong or has a glove full of grass...instead of getting mad and popping myself with a rubber band.

After all...they’re only five.