



February 2019

My Senior Season

Kaleb Cusack

Follow this and additional works at: https://dc.swosu.edu/sayre_student_anthology

Recommended Citation

Cusack, Kaleb (2019) "My Senior Season," *SWOSU Sayre Student Anthology*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 1 , Article 26.
Available at: https://dc.swosu.edu/sayre_student_anthology/vol1/iss1/26

This Article is brought to you for free and open access by the Monographs at SWOSU Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in SWOSU Sayre Student Anthology by an authorized editor of SWOSU Digital Commons. An ADA compliant document is available upon request. For more information, please contact phillip.fitzsimmons@swosu.edu.

Kaleb Cusack

My Senior Season

Despite what many people think, the high school football season starts in the spring. At Okeene, we started spring practice about two weeks before school got out. Towards the end of spring practice we had the Lift-a-Thon, a fundraiser where we get sponsors to donate so much money for the total amount of weight that we lift. After we got through with spring practice, we had our first team meeting before summer started. Coach Wardlaw gave us all of our camp forms, and we formed our team goals and rules. After the spring meeting, Coach released us for the first part of the summer.

We had about three weeks to use for our own purposes before Summer Pride began. Summer Pride is Okeene's summer weight-lifting program. We had to report to the field house at 6:30 A.M. to start lifting, and then we would do running exercises. Every Thursday we would have to run the mile to the pool to do exercises in the water. During the summer we would attend all the camps for help on our technique. Luckily for me, I attended lineman camp at Westmoore High School. This lineman camp was originally a three-day camp, but thanks to the torrential rain that we received in the middle of June, it was condensed to two days and moved to Moore's game field. This camp was an opportunity for our lineman to get a chance to go against lineman from bigger schools. We were the smallest school at the camp, coming from Class A, which is the smallest division that plays 11-man football. I took full advantage of this camp to improve myself and also to get a reputation among the schools as a good lineman.

After playing for the same team for four years, a person can start to feel the groove of things. Everything that one does has been done before, and it approaches like clockwork. For me, it was two-a-days that came up like the feeling that geese get when it's time to head south. I quit eating as much and tried getting as much sleep in as possible before it started. But August 12, the inevitable had arrived. We

had a meeting at our field house the night before to get our equipment and forms. I will never forget what Coach Wardlaw told us. "You boys better go home and hug your mothers like you never have, because at six-thirty tomorrow morning you're mine." After hearing that line three times before, I still had the same chills. My life was about to change in a big way.

Two-a-days are the last opportunity for us to get in shape for the upcoming season. It started at six-thirty with stretching. With two-a-days comes the worst twenty minutes of mid-August, Four Corners. Four Corners is Satan's way of telling you that no matter what, you aren't in the shape that you should be in. It consists of four stations of intense agilities, that despite my best efforts I can't help but relieve my stomach of my breakfast via the way it came in. In the afternoon session we would work on our plays and techniques.

After the trials and tribulations of two-a-days, we started the preseason. During the preseason we have about two weeks to practice, and we usually have a couple of scrimmages against some teams from different classes. This year we played Chisholm and Perry, two teams that we wouldn't play during the regular season. I considered these two weeks being the most nerve wracking of the season. We would practice day after day, just waiting for the season opener.

The tradition at Okeene is that we don't vote for team captains until the week of our season opener. It gives every senior the chance to show his ability to lead, or lack thereof. I remember sitting down watching all the seniors worry about who got voted in. I really didn't care, because what I was worried about was just playing. Then, in my opinion, the unthinkable happened: I was elected as one of team captains. Every day since that day, I had felt the eyes of every player on me. I had been given the responsibility of leadership, and I had to give everything that I had to my team. My first test of leadership came at the season opener. We were to play Fairview at home, and we were told all summer that Fairview, a team that lost every game the year before, was riding on the belief that beating us would show that they could play with anyone. Despite the hype, the final score was 54-0 in our favor.

I never felt nervous before a game. I didn't even feel nervous when we played the number one team in the state, Cashion. That game was for the district championship, but I still didn't feel nervous. Looking back I would call my emotion a strange sense of calm. That game was the hardest game I have ever played. Despite the fight that we put up, we were beaten 27-21. I felt the pain of loss, but it didn't mean that we were done. I did my best to play just as hard the weeks after that to keep our team's momentum going.

We finished the regular season with only one loss, so we made it into the playoffs. Our first game was against Oklahoma Bible Academy. After winning 34-7, we had the next week to prepare for the toughest team we would play this year: Velma-Alma. They were a smash mouth football team that loves to run the ball right down the throat of any team that comes in their way. After a week of preparation, I arrived at my opponent's field ready for the game that I would never forget. We had battled Velma-Alma for 48 long minutes, but in the end we fell short. As I walked to the dressing room, the numbers 28-14 burned in my eyes. We had lost, and my year was over.

As I sat in the locker room, I couldn't see the floor through my tears. I looked at the other seniors, and I felt the same pain: we would never play another game with each other ever again. We had all sacrificed that year. I will never forget my teammates. I had bled, fought, won, lost, and cried with them. We had bonded, and it was only after the bond was broken did we realize what we had. I will always consider the 2010 football team as my brothers. I had the time of my life, but I know deep down that I have to go on. My senior season is only just one page of my life, and it's my responsibility to turn the page to bigger and better things. The greatest lesson that I learned from this team was saying that our coach constantly told us, "It's not that the outcome of the game that matters. It's if you played the game the way it's meant to be played."

Offshore Drilling

Cameron Brimage

The ban on offshore drilling should be lifted. Lifting the ban on offshore drilling would benefit the United States in many ways. Lifting the ban would help to lower fuel and natural gas prices. It would put hard working Americans who have been out of work for months back into the job market. United States offshore drilling would also help us to wean us, the people, off of foreign oil dependency. Many people say that there are too many risks in allowing offshore drilling to continue, but what things in life or the world don't come at some price. Everything people do on a daily basis has risks, but these risks are just another part of everyday life.

Since the beginning of the oilfield, there have been incidents, and the same goes for the start of offshore drilling. Offshore drilling started as early back as 1869 by a rig that was designed to operate in shallow water, but the anchoring system resembled the systems used today by offshore rigs. Although the start of the offshore well can be backdated to 1869, the first "out of sight" offshore rig wasn't put into use until after World War II. Logs on harmful incidents have not always been kept very thoroughly, but according to the National Research Council, logs on incidents do date about to at least 1979. Even in 1979, the safety of drilling has been significantly higher than other dangerous fields such as mining, transportation, and heavy construction. According to "Accident During the Offshore Oil and Gas Development," there are two types of accidents; one of which involves a catastrophic situation that involves doing damage to the environment in a way which is hard to contain but not impossible, which has an approximation of one incident for every ten thousand wells drilled. The latter of the two involves an incident in which damage may occur to the environment but is able to be contained easily and quickly. There are lots of risks in using the offshore drilling technique, but the statistics of these incidents outweigh the consequences.

Lifting the ban on offshore drilling has many perks in the U.S. economy as well. According to Josh Brown, the offshore drilling could generate anywhere from 1,500 to 15,000 jobs just in the state of Virginia from drilling off the coast in the Atlantic Ocean. The United States already spends approximately \$1.5 billion per day importing oil from other countries. So, instead of spending all this money on importing oil into the U.S. from other countries who already dislike us, why don't we lift the ban on offshore drilling to create jobs, and stimulate our economy?

I'm not saying that there shouldn't be regulations placed on offshore drilling. I do agree with reviving the way offshore drilling is done, but even if it were left as it is, it isn't as unsafe towards people or the environment as people make it out to be. Offshore drilling is important to the United States because it wouldn't just stimulate our economy for a short period of time. The U. S. is sitting on oil reserves in the Gulf of Mexico that make up a third of our entire oil reserves. So, I say lift the ban and stimulate the things that are important to our country. Don't shut it down and help other countries when we need the help right here at home.