



2018

Adversity and Blessings

Kenlee Crouch

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

Recommended Citation

Crouch, Kenlee (2018) "Adversity and Blessings," *SWOSU Sayre Student Anthology*: Vol. 1 : Iss. 8 , Article 5.
Available at: https://dc.swosu.edu/sayre_student_anthology/vol1/iss8/5

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.

Adversity and Blessings

By Kenlee Crouch



Basketball had always been more than a sport to me. It was my go-to therapy method, my favorite past time, and the best part of the school day. I had fallen in love with the game, until one day my world came crashing down. The walls started to close in on me, I could feel my blood pulsing through my veins, sweat dripped endlessly down my forehead, and it just seemed that the whole world was rooting against me. That was the very day I was introduced to the one and only senior girl of the basketball team. Little did I know of the trials I was about to face, and the lessons I was about to learn.

It all started my freshman year of basketball. I fortunately was good enough to get a varsity suit, and I also got to practice with the varsity. It was a very exciting moment for me. I can remember to this day the smell of the newly refurbished floor as it had been redone before the practice season began. I had so much nervous energy and was ecstatic to show coach just what I could accomplish. The leathery feel of the smooth wave ball in my hand gave me the boost of confidence I needed. My first official high school practice was under way, and it had started off perfect! The girls already knew that I could shoot the ball really well just by watching me warmup. The ball seemed to be in love with the basket that day because I couldn't miss. Most of my teammates were excited to have a good shooter on the team, but apparently not all of them felt that way. The senior girl felt threatened by my abilities; she had it out for me from the beginning. She would send a little shove my way here and there. She wouldn't pick me to be on her team for scrimmaging even if I were the obvious choice for the position. She tried turning my friends against me, but thankfully failed. Her feelings towards me made her steam like a kettle, and some days I actually thought I could see steam coming off of her. All in all, she was a wrecking ball crashing down on my hopes and dreams.

Coach had no idea what was going on. He was about as clueless as a lamb being led to slaughter. He never did figure it out, and so I went to my parents and told them what was going on.

"Just wait it out and see what happens. Who knows what could become of this year."

"I don't really feel like waiting will help, but whatever you say."

So, I did what my parents told me, but the problem never did resolve itself. In fact, it only seemed to get worse as the season progressed. I continued to get better throughout the season, but so did her fiery arrows of fury that always seemed to land right in the middle of my back. Finally, I had enough of her torment and relentless, unexplainable anger, so I went to my parents and told them I was ready to quit. They sat me down and we had a very long discussion about my decision to quit. Their words sounded very jumbled, and as they were talking all I could hear was the sound of the blackbird tattering on the window. It appeared like they were talking to a brick wall, because I had basically made up my mind already. I'm not really sure what changed my mind, but I am really glad something changed it.

I was relieved when the grouchy senior graduated, so I could finally relax and have a good time doing what I love. I ended up playing through the season, and I received Sharp Shooter Award for my freshman year. I also was offered the opportunity to play basketball at the collegiate level for Oklahoma Baptist University on a full ride. That just goes to show that hard work, dedication, and especially pushing through adversity will bring blessings. I learned that lesson the hard way, but I don't regret pushing through, because it brought me one of the greatest opportunities I could ask for.