

News For

SWIM PARENTS

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Stunned, Shammed, Thankful, and Finally... Helpful

[Editors note: a letter from a club's newsletter]

My Fellow Parents:

The word "ignoramus" comes to mind, but then I realized I wasn't sure what an ignoramus was. After consulting Webster's, I confirmed that I was one. You see an ignoramus is a person who simply doesn't know.

My wife and girls have been involved with the team for almost two years. With all their coming and going, I occasionally found myself tagging along, usually reluctantly, timing a race, helping out at the snack bar for a few hours, but not much else. It wasn't until our last home meet when I

offered to help cook at the concession stand and do some prep work Friday night before the meet, that I realized how much of an ignoramus I really was.

I was amazed at how much work went into simply setting up the concession stand, and the shade areas for timers and judges. That night I got home at 10:30 p.m. After the meet on Sunday, all the stuff that got set up had to come down. I spent at least 3 more hours helping there as well as all day cooking and selling at the concessions.

That weekend left me stunned, shamed, and thankful all at once. Stunned because of the tremendous amount of man hours required to put on an event like that. Shamed, because where was I in the past when a dedicated few could have used some help to shoulder the load? I was also thankful for these people who were fun to work with and who had quietly and diligently served my children those past two years.

Well those of you who were like me, you can't be an ignoramus anymore because I just blew your cover. Maybe you'd like to come along at our next home meet and pitch in? There'll be plenty to do and there's a chance we could have some fun doing it.