

## FOOTBALL MOM

By Donna R. Jensen

“But, Mom! How could you appreciate what I was doing on the field if you don’t know the difference between offense and defense???” blustered my son, tackle for the Punxy Chucks.

As he waited for an answer, flashes of his games and me in the stands alone, cascaded through my mind. The summer David turned 13, his father died of a massive heart attack. In sports, he found the male companionship he needed.

Smiling at David I replied. “Well, son, maybe I deserve all the more credit then. For four years now, I’ve come to all your home games, sitting alone, with no one to point out the things that would have made it more interesting. I kept my eye on you and the ball and cheered when they announced, ‘tackled by Rotsch’.”

“Do you remember the game against Brookville when it rained so hard I couldn’t keep my eyes open? You guys were so muddy the announcer couldn’t tell who was who. I wondered that night why I’d come. I see now that I should have learned more about the game. I want you to know though, that I’m proud of the athlete you are.”

David went on to make the football team at Shippensburg and last year he coached football at Punxy.

With a smile in his voice he called one night to tell me they showed a video to the parents to help them understand the game and that he’d told them about me.