

"My Father Can See Me Play"



Something to Think About

Lou Little was the football coach at Columbia University years ago. Lou recalls the day a boy tried out for the football team who wasn't very good. However, the boy had a certain determination of spirit and contagious enthusiasm. Lou thought he'd be good for the team.

"He'll never be able to play," Lou told someone, "but at least he'll be on the bench encouraging the others."

The coach gradually came to admire and care for that young man. He would often see him around campus walking with his father, leading his father in fact, because his father was obviously blind. The boy was never ashamed of his father; they talked and laughed as if they hardly knew anyone was watching. Other times they walked together silently close.

Then one day Lou got a call informing him the boy's father had died.

A week or so later, the young man returned to campus, just before the big game of the year. Lou went to him and asked, "Can I do anything for you? Can I help? Just name it, son, anything at all." To the coach's astonishment he replied, "I want to start in the game." Lou was stunned. The boy had never asked to play before, but a promise was a promise. The coach started him.

Imagine everyone's surprise when on the first play from scrimmage, this young man single-handedly made a tackle that threw the opposing team for a loss. He went on to play as if he had fire in his bones. He was so exceptional that Lou left him in for the whole game.

When the game was over, Coach Little and other players asked him, "What happened out there today?" The boy grinned, "Today was the first time my Dad ever got to see me play!"

Faith inspires
his greatness.
Faith can fuel
us to play above
our heads and
believe Someone
is watching
and cheering.