

Christopher Borah

### What Youth Soccer Has Meant To Me

It all began the summer before my fifth birthday. I made the short trek with my family to the YWCA just a few miles away. My career as a soccer player had begun.

I played defense. Because of my unfortunate inability to not be able to run very fast, I was doomed to defense, and all the grass picking that went along with the position. At the local YWCA I also had the fortunate opportunity to play with the sand in the goalkeeper boxes, which was a plus because normally soccer fields are usually composed entirely of grass. How could I have been so lucky? Those were the days.

Naturally, my evolution as a person took place, and I inevitably grew into the goalkeeper position. From the age of eight on I tormented forwards with my wide range and my disposition to “fall” towards the balls shot at me. Ah, the life of a goalkeeper.

I eventually moved up the ranks of youth soccer to classic soccer, traveling to other states, winning large tournaments, and the occasionally losing to the hot shots from out of town. I definitely had a blast with my all my joyous memories as a player.

I was also given the fortunate opportunity to coach a team of third graders. I gave them some important insights to the game that I had picked up over the years, but at the same time I was given back a sense of fulfillment and accomplishment as a player and as a person like nothing else I had ever done. And now I sit here, just before what could be the last soccer game of my life. I am completely humble right now, now that I finally realize all that youth soccer has meant to me.