

My Dues...are Paid!

By Fred Miller

After six years of coaching youth wrestling, this year I became just another dad in the bleacher seats with my son's move up to seventh grade. Let me tell you what a relief it is to be done with coaching those peewees. I don't miss it one bit.

For instance, I don't miss the hours on

the phone with parents. Coach, what time's weigh-in for the tournament tomorrow? Coach, are we going to caravan to the meet? Coach, I'm sorry Tommy's been missing practice but I got a new job and there's no one to give him a ride. Did anyone turn in a wrestling shoe after practice, coach?

I sure don't miss the practices - three

nights a week all winter long. Coach, can you tie my shoes? Coach, who am I wrestling tomorrow? Coach, can we play games tonight? Coach, Jimmy's pinching me! Coach, Van's puking in the restroom....

I was just the dad of a 60-pound, six-year-old rookie wrestler when our peewee head coach resigned and urged me to take over the job. It had been 30 years since I