

March 12th was just like any other day when I woke. Rain was forecasted for Friday, so I was hoping to get in one more practice in before we start league the next week. This day was like any other day: Wake, get coffee, work, change somewhere for practice (!), get to the field and begin practice. Been doing this little "routine" for 15 years at HBHS as a walk-on coach.

Every year, something deep inside asks "Really, another year? Seriously, why?, Maybe time to move on and let someone else have the fun". But like every year, its my athletes that makes me come back and coach you on and off the field so this year was no different.

But it was different. The group we had was close, talented, coachable and had expectations placed on us like never before. All fall, I keep telling you we have the best pitching in OC, we have the best teammates in OC and we can make this year special.

I have been blessed to coach some wonderful student athletes that are now scattered across this country. University of Oregon, Arizona, Columbia, Illinois, Cal Baptist, NYU, San Diego, Maryland, OSU, Stanford, Washington - big schools, small schools but all with wonderful young adults who are to be teachers, Doctors, business women, and firefighters. Strong women. Wonderful women. And with the "youngsters, my varsity" coming up behind, this world is in a great spot.

Practice began and then the phone rang from my Columbia player. I knew something was up. I called her back and she informed me season was cancelled. Cancelled? What? Why? She was upset and could not talk. We all had read about a virus circling the globe and causes havoc. But we will all be fine. We are on the other side of the world. We are young and invincible But it was in the back of my mind that this could be huge and devastating. But when reality hit and her season was cancelled, it hit home. We all are in for something that textbooks will talk about years from now.

I have always been blessed to have wonderful students, and try to treat them with respect and love. I Love these kids like my own. I have told them, you give me "4 years, I will give you 40". Each one of them are impactful young women and are an individual and thats how I want to communicate with them, challenge them and love them.

After that call, the dominos went: Oregon goes, Pac 12 schools go, CBU, NYU, midwest, east, west - Top 10 schools to every school - all suspending or canceling their seasons. Soon, Pro sports begin to suspend years and in no time, local school districts start canceling. This is big and we are in the middle of it

When we had optional weights on Friday, I needed to see my current kids. The whole team showed up but it was not like any other weight days. The group held out hope that we would not cancel and my six seniors pleaded to get the year in. When we head the season was suspended, tears came but so did the uneasy of what the future will look like. These kids where caught in the middle as athletes, but are in a huge pool of others across the US. Are we done? When do we play again? Can we practice? What about the seniors? All questions I could not answer.

Today, 13 days later, we are still suspended. All my college kids have returned. We all in quarantine. Its been a long 2 weeks! I am a person of faith and trust Jesus but today, my trust and faith is being attacked. I hope to wake and this nightmare be over. I want to see my college kids in boxscores and not in quarantine FaceTime calls. I want to hit ground balls and laugh with the high school kids and not worry if they have toilet paper or not seeing their grandparents.

But, God has a plan. “Trust in the LORD with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding”. Proverbs 3:5.