

How Am I Doing

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by Tom Peters

One might ask oneself while raising a teenager, "How am I doing?". Especially when you begin a day by seeing a messy bedroom and a lump in the middle of an comfy, queen size bed or someone's been sleeping until noon on the Saturday. But lo and behold moments come in. I just have to write them down. I took Ellie to volleyball practice at play at Delray Beach. Some six or 7 miles south of where we live, but a long drive in this day because traffic was increasing as the pandemic waned. It'd been a windy day one we got to the beach we both found out just windy it was. I brought my beach chair strapped to my back had my earbuds with me and was in the listen to a book on audible as I watch them practice. Ellie got all excited as we parked because her friends had texted her about their arrival and she wanted to meet up with them quickly, so she grabbed all the stuff and took off. I made it out to the beach and realize that only a small part of her volleyball team showed up because of the strong winds and all of them were wearing long pants except Ellie in her short shorts bearing the cold. When with the nonchalance that I admired. First they thought about sitting facing the beach but the wind was so strong my face. I know I can even hear my book. Once I got my earbuds in, so I turned around and faced inland to see them practicing. They didn't even bother putting up a net. They were just gonna do a workout routine for the. So I only lasted about 20 minutes, the wind got to me. I went back to the car.

Sitting in the car listening to my book called "The Great American" that I can elect a brief description of it, but was starting to drone on. Even though it was an interesting story.

But was looking out at the basketball court where my eyes drifted. First, watching a middle-aged man play basketball by himself, but eventually, a young woman with roller skates took over my attention with her gracefulness. She would glide backwards and forwards and leaned casually listening to her music on earbuds on she was mesmerizing to me, even though every once in a while she would slightly lose her balance, but she did get yourself really quick. She had probably been doing this for quite some time. I imagine because she was just so Didn't graceful and while anyways on come to court about the time the middle-aged man quit another young lady, probably five years younger than the first one had her roller skates conversed with her mom for a moment and was obvious that she was somewhat of a beginner. Her skills were on par with mine roller skating on not to share myself making sure I went forward could never think about anything but a gradual turn certainly never backwards but anyways I watched her Miley's eyes always came back to the graceful older girl and then when I turned back at one point I saw that the young younger one had fallen on her but and was sitting looking at her cell phone was pretty sure she was: my mom: her mom. Eventually her mom did come she got up slowly explain what had been. I wasn't sure she was even gonna skate anymore. I think her pride was hurt more than her but she wasn't even rubbing. Ellie finished got in the car. I told her the story of the two girls that I had watched for the last half-hour. And even they were both there so she could witness the difference between the two, even though the one with the hurt, but was still talking to her mom. Ellie says with some thought. I hope someday that young girl and skate as well as at older one. My heart swelled and we went home.