

“Poem About...The Coach”

Dewaine Grahn’s - “HOT CORNER” –*Oakland Independent*, Editor Sports Columnist

Editors Note: I wrote this poem for the Nebraska Coaches’ Association banquet earlier this month. With a new high-school sports season starting this weekend, I thought this is a perfect time to publish the poem.

Behold the man whom all want to approach.
All want a piece of him. He’s The Coach.
 A high-visibility job. The pay is poor,
 Considering the hours, the flak and the chore.
He wants to win and prepares to the hilt.
W’s are expected in the program he’s built.
 He may win trophies, even state-champ honor,
 But it’s never enough, He could be a goner
If a parent or a fan, obnoxious and loud,
Incited the right folks in the school-board crowd.
 His every action is intensely studied,
 The longer the coaches, the more he’s blooded.
Encourages the players to play hard and scrappy,
Always worrying ‘bout keeping ‘em all happy.
 Who’s gonna start and who’ll be on the bench?
 Which moms and dads will create a stench?
How hard to push in summer? Will it hurt baseball?
If he backs off, will they be ready come fall?
 Will new uniforms be OK’d by the A.D.?
 Will the new assistant be all he wants him to be?
A misbehaving player...how many games should be sit?
And will the administration stand behind it?
 All those practices and games...the season’s so long,
 Good thing Coach’s spouse is understanding and strong.
Coach loves his job. It’s truly a passion.
Love of the kids never goes out of fashion.
 When the season ends, though a struggle it’s been,
 Coach can hardly wait to do it all again.
A coach connects in ways no other teacher can
‘Cuz coaching is far more than making a game plan.
 Coach can’t have bad days. Must always be on the beam.
 Preaches respect the ref and “there’s no ‘I’ in ‘Team’”.
It tears his heart out when a player breaks the rule,
Bringing dishonor to family, coach and school.
 He tries to mold players to be all they can be,
 And he cries real tears that few will ever see.
Coach knows for a fact, more than his bosses,
That his impact goes way beyond wins and losses.
 Coach feels lack of appreciation for all he does,
 But he sucks it up each year, simply because.

It's the gift God gave him. It's what he loves to do.

It's a privilege and a joy experienced by only a few.

Just when he thinks he may have failed the test,

A player says, of all his teachers, Coach was the best.

When it's all said and done; when summation you encroach,

The best title in the world is that of, simply, "Coach".

Thanks for all you do in gyms, fields and courts.

Nothing builds character better than sports.

To the coaches in this room, allow me to say:

"Thank you for the honor given to me today."