



"The HOLYmpic Games"

Written by: Sandra Mathoslah
St Mark, Houston, TX

After many weeks of training,
The race is finally here,
Snowing, hailing, or even raining
My fate is very near.

Faith and hope are two of the things,
My Coach had taught me of,
But a lesson so dear, taught even to kings,
The greatest, is Love.

To the starting line, we will be called,
But first a question arises,
"What if I stumble, what if I fall?"
I'm not yet prepared for surprises.

Looking back at my Coach, with tears down my face,
Doubt and fear overwhelm me,
But sure enough, with might and grace,
Coach runs and hugs me tightly.

He gently looks at me and saying
With a smile and expression so dear,
"My son, I Love you, We're all praying!
There's nothing to fear."

With a renewed faith and spirit higher than the skies,
Courage runs through my blood,
Onto the course, I fix my eyes,
Preparing for little holes and mud.

A roar of the crowd and a sound of the gun,
And making the sign of the cross,
Here goes nothing, the race has begun!
And there I go, I'm off.

In the beginning, I pace myself,
not knowing what lies ahead.
Already starting to grab my chest,
And trying to catch my breath.

The others were falling a little behind,
from rocks and stones in the way,
My confidence breaking loose from a bind,
Without knowing an obstruction up ahead lays.

I run faster and faster,
thinking I've got it done,
"Look at me, I'm the master,
such an easy, simple run!"

Little did I know, that up ahead,
A man was waiting at for me,
To finish me off, to make sure I'm dead,
So his friend could win easily.

Without realizing all that was happening,
I ran straight for the finish line,
When I saw someone with a gun pointing,
At my COACH! coming from behind.

With the speed of light and no hesitation,
My Coach ran right in front of me,
Just in time, to my devastation,
To catch the bullet, that was meant for me.

Oblivious to all of the commotion,
I worked my legs to the bone,
And in one, gigantic, swooping motion,
I crossed the line alone.

The crowd went wild and cheers all around,
Had lit up my entire face,
When as I glanced behind me on the ground,
Lay a man struggling for space.

The ambulance had now arrived,
And I soon ran over to see,
If the man was still alive,
And I thought, most likely.

As I drew nearer, shock and horror
soon had filled my eyes,
The one laying there on the floor,
Was Coach, surrounded by cries.

"NO!" I screamed, "How could this be!?"
"My One and Only Love!"
He was the One Who took the bullet for me,
How could He be so tough?

My Coach had loved me so so much,
That He had died for me,
Only to see me win that race,
Is what he wanted to see.

Looking at Him, before they took Him away,
He opened his eyes one last time,
Breathing hard and saying, "Oh My son!
I'm so happy! The race . . .you've won!"

With that, they had him on his way,
To a hospital nearby,
I will never, NEVER forget this day,
The only thing I could do was cry.

From that moment on, everything I did,
Was in repayment for what Coach had done,
I'll never forget the great love He had,
And that race I had won!