

Is it August yet?

Written by Wauneta Breeze
Thursday, 21 June 2012 16:02 -

By Diane Stamm

School's only been out for three weeks and I'm already missing high school sports.

Softball and baseball just aren't the same. T-ball has come nowhere close to filling the void.

Truth be told, T-ball hasn't been very fun. The wind has blown every Tuesday and Thursday while we've had practice. It's hot just like every year and my daughter spends the hour whining about how boring T-ball is when she doesn't get to play pitcher or first base. She's ready for it to be over.

The good news is...only nine weeks until high school football season! The Broncos open the season Aug. 24 at home against Cody-Kilgore. You don't want to miss this one. If you can't make it you can plan on heading to Minatare, Hyannis and Arthur County before you get to see Wauneta-Palisade play at home again. The team rounds out its season with Sioux County and Maywood at home, Elba-North Loup-Scotia away and Silver Lake at home. I had to do a Google search to figure out where three of those teams are.

My family did get a dose of competitive action in this week. Each year I take my kids to Cambridge for Medicine Creek Days. Friday night is always the Big Wheel Races. My son is finally old enough and declared he was going to win a Piston Cup. The Trojans weren't prepared for our Longhorn on Friday. My son won his Piston Cup by a mile.

After doing the Big Wheel race for three years, my daughter was bound and determined she was going to win a trophy also. She was the first to the turn and spun out. She came from behind, finished in a three way tie for first, but wasn't picked to go to finals. The M & Ms were no consolation. We loaded up to go to my parents with her crying.

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We don't give our kids the "just go have fun" speech. We tell them to work hard and do their best. She did.

My husband and I are very competitive. We're so competitive we can't play games together. It's no surprise the kids hate to lose. I'd rather have her cry for 30 minutes than shrug her shoulders and enjoy her M & Ms.

If only I could get her to care that much about T-ball.