

Walker Cherry

Mrs. Feher

4<sup>th</sup> period

3 October 2019

### The Field of Many Memories

It has been years since the last time I was there, but still, I have love for the field.

The excitement of getting off the bus was too much back then. Before all that, I was the new kid. I was a country kid that moved to the city when I was nine years old.

Growing up I was an all-around athlete, and I still am. My brother, Jacob, would practice and train with me as much as he could after his football practice.

Our parents were divorced, so I would have to travel back and forth, from Missouri to Tennessee. The traveling made it hard to see my brother and other family down there. I was here, in Murfreesboro, Tennessee most the time, living it up at Kittrell Elementary.

One day, my mom said that we were moving because of an argument between her and the landlord. Once we moved, that's when I was introduced to the field.

We moved into a big house in this neighborhood called Blackman Farms. It was scary to me leaving all my friends and move to a more suburban area. The day after we finished moving, I went and rode my bike around, like I did at the old house. While I was cruising around, I saw a group of kids riding their bikes on a ramp that they had on the side of the street. So, my outgoing personality said, "Incoming!" and I jumped the ramp then landed and continued to ride.

I decided to turn around and go meet the kids since I didn't have anyone to hang out with. When I pulled up, there was a little kid sprinting my way with such joy and excitement.

He came up to me and said, "Bro that was insane!" that was the day I met my best friends for the next five years. The kids name was Isaac, an adopted 6-year-old from Ethiopia. His brother's name was Micah, an adopted nine-year-old from Moscow.

While we were talking and playing on the ramp, some kids came over. This kids name was Josh, soon to become my brother for life. Next to him was Kyle, a shy kid that had a good heart but was kind of slow.

Me and Josh hated each other for a couple months, until one day we decided to play football. I was confused where because there was no space, and I haven't been outside that much since we moved.

We picked teams and Josh was on my team; I just knew we would fight over who was the leader of our team. Just like me, Josh was a pure athlete but bigger and stronger than me. Josh was so good; he could throw the ball and catch with both hands. I felt threatened every time he had the ball, even though I was on his team.

The teams were not even fair. Me and Josh were explosive on the field together. No one could touch us. We were unstoppable as a unit.

After about a year, Josh and I were playing every day, or at least practicing. So, when it came to picking teams, me and him were not allowed on the same team, because everyone knew it was not fair whatsoever. In fifth grade, we decided to play for a league and get in pads this time. Me and Josh had great seasons and got to the semi-finals.

After the season, we got bad news. We found out Josh's mom had passed away.

I was at school and found out through one of my other best friends, Javon, who also played on the team. I thought he was joking at first, and I told him it was not funny. On the inside, I knew that Javon was not the type to joke about something like that.

When I got home, I decided to not say anything and give Josh his space. That day began the end of the field. We all loved Josh's mom so much. The next day, my mom wrote a note to his family, letting them know we were here.

Throughout the next month, we rarely played on the field. We all were pretty much focused on school and our school teams. Josh didn't come to school for a while, as expected. So, we just grieved for a while and were waiting for the one day to get everything going again. Soon, Josh came out like it was nothing, and we played a couple games of football on the field. I checked if he was ok, and he said yes, but deep down I knew he was hurting. He was a strong kid, who would always hide his feelings and keep a stone-cold face. He would smile, but I knew it was a lie.

We played together halfway through middle school. We both did good for our team and we were together every day at practice.

After the sixth-grade school year, Josh moved to Indiana with his Dad. His Uncle Ricky previously came in and took care of him for the years.

This was one of the saddest days of my life, and the end of the field of dreams.

But it was the beginning for myself, without my best friend.

Not only for me, but for Josh, starting his new life in Indiana.

The field is still there, and hopefully kids are playing on it every day like we used too.

The field of dreams will forever be in my heart.