When I moved and lived in Trinidad and Tobago, my mother and I would walk around town to the fields with my stepdad watching other kids play sports. It was either soccer or cricket. I enjoyed both but cricket stood out to me more. It wasn't baseball but the concept was similar. The ball was hit and it landed in front me, picked it and threw it back. The next one I caught. The next day I asked to play and learn. It was the best time I had, and it helped me acclimate easier.  I ran home and said they let me play!

My stepdad sat me down and gave me a history lesson on cricket. Helped me understand the West Indies at that time were a very powerful club. Mixed with star players from around the Caribbean, Challenging White Giants (English & Australian & South African) and also India and Pakistan. I enjoyed the game even more because our small islands conquered them all. We watched all the games together. In 2004 Brian Lara —Trinidad's very own and captain of West Indies Cricket Club made it to the finals. The Champions Trophy. It was amazing he was the last one left. It took them days to out him, he scored 400 runs against England going on to win the cup. Greatest display of perseverance I saw as a youth teaching to never give up. He came back to Trinidad for his victory tour, he is not too far from where I lived. I ran to the store and bought a bat with allowance and some help. Our family friend worked in the police force and he was on security detail and plus the town and village knew us. I met him, He signed it and hugged him. I took the bat back to the savanna to play. We wrapped his signature with tape and played one game. It was a trophy for us in that community for those who knew about it. Perseverance in Physical form.