

David Mills, Fayetteville, Tennessee
DavidVMills@bellsouth.net

Bringing Home the Brown

Last night before I collapsed from near exhaustion from the many activities of the day, I watched a few minutes of the Olympics -- specifically, the swimming competitions. I couldn't help but fondly remember -- well, actually not fondly at all -- but I remembered being on the Recreation League Swim Team one year when I was growing up.

At the end of the year, we went to the big group swim meet somewhere in Alabama (maybe Florence?). I was on a relay team or two -- we weren't very good. I don't remember much about the actual race, but I do remember our team being awarded the prestigious "Brown Ribbon" for coming in 8th (last) place. Seems like our relay team may have actually hauled in two Brown Ribbons that day.

Although it was probably 40 years ago, I still have that brown ribbon around here somewhere. Every now and then I take it out, hold it up, sigh, and put it back in hiding for another few years.

At one point last night, they listed the order of the finishers for one of the races, and my eyes wandered down to the bottom of the list of names -- I couldn't help noticing the Australian swimmer who came in 8th place. Here's to you, my fellow Brown Ribbon Winner! I salute you!

And to all of you out there who have ever worked hard, done your best, and still brought home the Brown Ribbon -- I salute you as well!

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