

Lesson Learned?

On Thursday night of this week, our local high school basketball team was playing a team from a nearby city. My nephew, Will, a senior on our team, was expected to score his 1,000th point during this game. We were all getting ready to witness this historic moment and to cheer on Will when the special time came.

I had come straight from work to the game, so I had not had a chance to eat anything. A few minutes into the game I said to my wife, "Is there anything good to eat at the concession stand tonight?" "Little Caesar's pizza," she said, "and popcorn."

I debated within myself about the pizza... "Will probably has to score 10-15 points to get to 1,000... this is the first quarter, I should have plenty of time... I'm pretty hungry... but Little Caesars is not my favorite... is it even worth walking down to the concession stand to get?... yes, I'm going... no, it's not worth it... yes, no, yes, no..." On and on the internal debate raged. Finally, still early in the first quarter, I jumped up and said, "That's it, I'm going to get some pizza!" My wife looked at me and said only, "Ok."

I walked out of the gym, down the steps, and rounded the corner toward the concession stand. About this time, I heard a really loud cheer coming from the gym. "Aw man, I must have missed a great play," I thought to myself. "I always miss everything."

I continued toward the concession stand, my mind 1,000 miles away somewhere in the clouds. This was our Homecoming game, and there were several people milling around the concession stand area getting ready for the presentation of the Homecoming Court. As I approached the concession stand, I was distracted by all the activity -- even so, I could faintly hear a tiny angelic voice saying, "Look out! Hey, look out!" Finally I snapped back to reality just in time to leap sideways and avoid stepping into a huge puddle of overturned nacho cheese dip a tiny young girl had spilled all over the floor. The accident must have just happened, and she was doing her best to keep people out of the huge orange puddle of melted goo, but when you are only 3 feet tall, this is not easy! I quickly grabbed some paper towels from the concession stand and spent the next few minutes helping wipe up the mess.

Finally, it was time for pizza! Even though it was Little Caesar's (not my favorite), that sounded pretty good right now -- I had worked up quite an appetite wiping up all that melted nacho cheese. I walked confidently to the concession stand and asked for a slice of pizza. "Oh, I'm sorry sir, we are out of pizza. We JUST ran out." What? How could this be? That's why I came down here in the first place!

Empty handed, I made my way back to my seat. As I arrived, I said, "Well, they were out of pizza." Then I asked, "Hey, what was that big cheer right after I left the gym?" My wife said, "That was for Will after he made his 1,000th point! You missed it!" What? Like I said, I always miss everything!

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I'm sure there is some moral to this little story... some great lesson to be learned... some big truth to be gained. I like to think if I hadn't left when I did, someone might have stepped into the puddle of nacho cheese dip, fallen on the concrete floor, broken their pelvis, and brought a high-dollar lawsuit against the little girl and her family for spilling a dangerous puddle of nacho cheese dip on the floor in a high-traffic area... Or I can almost imagine that little girl still standing there, crying over her spilled cheese, trying to get the attention of passersby... but no one will help her.

But maybe a better lesson is to be sure you know how many points your nephew needs to reach 1,000 before you step out to get a slice of pizza.

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