

## One Last Moment

Beneath the moonlit shadows in the foothills of a mountain  
The unlit arena sits patiently, awaiting one last visit from the architect of its tradition.  
Through the red doors, whose gold mantle tells the story of  
The young men whose blood and tears stain the aging synthetic floor,  
I am beckoned by the memories of the initial warriors, "Komsthoeft, Coe, and Arnold:"  
Who trusted in the vision, who accepted the message without a prior history,  
Who laid the foundation upon which greatness would come.  
I enter somberly for one last visit to the home of our memories...

The empty hall echoes my steps, the grey concrete walls  
Seem to come to life from their slumber and reverently whisper their names:  
"Croy, Caballero, Roberts, and Linden."  
Hypnotized slowly with each measured step, the silent whisper grows,  
The crowd noise comes to life once again as  
"The Last Champions" of the DFAL appear mystically in the night  
And shuffle through their choreographed warmup preparing  
For another victory in their perfect final season.

The orange trimmed backboards, installed by the devoted on an  
Early autumn Saturday afternoon look down at me from their lofty perch.  
The echoes of their names: "Reid, Holmberg, Arnold, and Liao"  
Vibrate from backboard to backboard as their tired faces  
Appear in the darkness, celebrating another hard fought Bronco victory.  
As I pause at center court, a simple "N" rests beneath my sandaled feet  
And reflects the dimmed outside lights that seem to dance across the yellow floor  
While I continue to be bombarded with the visions of their greatness.

A solo light shines upon a wall that highlights the accomplishments of  
All the young men whose love, effort, and sacrifice knew no boundaries,  
Who together scaled the greatest heights and fulfilled  
The destiny set out for them just four years earlier.  
"Solorzano, Croy, Murray, and Williams" look down from  
Their state championship loft, their legacy secured by rusting bolts to a cement wall.  
Their legend lives deep in the hearts and souls of all  
Who were touched by their devotion and learned that dreams can indeed come true.

The wall of greatness continues to speak beneath the solitary light.  
"Allocco, Walton, Dziengelieski, Samuels, and Dinkin:"  
Who embraced the greatest of odds in their quest to repeat in a new division,  
Giving their all, performing the impossible with  
Another Nor-Cal crown, securing their noble place in our history.  
Through a tearful mist I see the everlasting tribute  
Of a single jersey, its proud number 14 left heroically  
To overlook, inspire, and maintain the greatness that rang through these rafters.

The emotional wave of memories seems to flood the once resting "Corral"  
As the final group of dedicated seniors appear, leading their brothers through the crowd as  
The inspirational sounds of "Rocky" reverberate through the deafening  
Welcome of the neighborhood in which they were born.  
"Allocco, Callaway, Bucklew, Inouye, and Alexander:"  
The final custodians of our dreams and visions performed their miracles each night  
In an everlasting testimony to the dedication and sacrifice of all of the young men,  
Now bound together for eternity through their undying effort and love.

The sparkling arenas with their polished chrome and rows and rows of colorful padded seats  
Seemed so uncommon for these young men who embraced dying values from another day,  
Who were always more at home on the windy outdoor courts of Arbolado.  
As far away as they journeyed in their search for greatness  
They were always beckoned back home to the security of these concrete walls,  
To the tan framework of aging, creaking bleachers,  
To the dreaded, dusty, slippery, rubber floor whose lines angle in every direction,  
To the shrine that will always house the memories of their fading youth.

A perfect moment, a final farewell...tears fill my eyes, but my heart is proud,  
Knowing that I always gave my best for my boys.  
That they learned what heights can be scaled when love and discipline prevail.  
That our legacy will always live on, not only in the walls of an empty gym,  
But in the hearts and souls of all of us who always "fought the good fight."  
My final steps echo reverently as I end this last reflective journey.  
The doors close slowly behind me as I enter the uncertainty of the night  
And trust that the current truly knows the direction in which it is flowing.

"Your heart is free, have the courage to follow it."