



In his own words...Justin Gable

Wow... state champions. Well, it all started with about 90 kids. 90 kids who did not necessarily know what they were getting into, but kids that wanted to try it anyway. That group of 90 got narrowed down each week until there were only about 35 of the fastest, strongest, or most dedicated kids. The motivation here was to make the team. From that group of 35 we got our male team for districts. We knew what we had to do, and man did we do it. Practice! Practice! Practice! We practiced after school, during lunch, on weekends, and even over Christmas break! I have to say that the Christmas break practice was not always fun, but it got my run time down a lot.

After all that practice districts came and what may have been new and un-familiar to other teams we were ready for. The reason for our motivation here was to qualify for states. We tied for first but had a better PT test score so we took first. Shortly after the district meet a member of the male team, Josh Payne, went to get x-rays of his wrist that was bothering him. It turned out that his wrist that went through all those practice and the district meet had been broken for a year and a half. After hearing the news the first order of business was to find a healthy alternate to take Josh's place. Zach Brodil stepped up and after we all brushed up on our first-aid we were ready for states. Although we have one of the hardest districts, states is much more competitive. Our male team went up against 17 other schools. Our team was different. We had practiced so much together that we were like a... a team! What a concept!

Our team developed a camaraderie that will easily last through high school, maybe even longer. Clearly our motivation here was to not let the rest of the team down. The days leading up to states we knew that we were as ready as we would ever be complete with the constant motivation that "lets do it for Payne who pushed through districts with his broken arm. He got us to states, now let's win it." We were motivated here to not let Josh's pain be in vain. We did push through the pain of the competition and of trying our best, and we anxiously anticipated if our best was good enough. The moment came, the voice made its way through the speaker and we could not believe what it said. We had done it! We were state champions! All those weekends of practice paid off and we achieved the ultimate prize!

What is the motivation in our life? To do our best. But why do our best; is it for a trophy that will just collect dust, or maybe for some 15 minutes of fame. The only motivation that really lasts is to be able to look your teammates in the eyes and acknowledge that you succeeded in using the talents, strengths, and energy that God has given to you, to the best of your ability to help them succeed.

--Justin Gable