

STORM PRODIGY.

While thinking about the best thing to write, it dawned on me the only thing to tell would be a bowling story, my bowling story. I grew up in a small town called Porterville located in California. Growing up in a broken home, I spent a lot of my time with my aunt who was like a mother to me. Not having any children of her own there was really nothing for me to do at her house, so she would take me bowling with her on her league night and I would sit and watch until one night a man brought an old plastic bowling set for kids. He would set the pins down for me the walk way next to lane one so I would feel as if I was bowling just like everyone else.

When I turned seven my aunt signed me up in a juniors bowling league on Saturday mornings. I took to it right away and it was the only thing I looked forward to for a long time. My grandmother would make the trip down to watch me and cheer me on every Saturday. I met my lifelong friends during these years while going to state tournaments and various Coca Cola tournaments ect. Looking back I would have to say those were flat out the best times from my childhood. With the exception of one year down in southern California where we were blessed with an earth quake. After given the option to go home and not compete, my team mates and friends looked at each other as if there was no option and convinced our parents, my aunt in my case, to stay and bowl. We all had our own accomplishments like fifth in the state is one that we all take pride in, but never started taking anything really serious until are last few years striving for goals of a 300 game.

At the end of my last year of bowling as a junior, my aunt bought me a new bowling ball, an El Nino by Storm. After getting this ball, my grandmother told me "Now I have to bowl a 300", so she could see one first hand. I tried so hard for them that year, only to be heartbroken with a hand full of 279's and one occasion on Halloween, I made it to the tenth frame just to slip on my own paint leg and fall short once again. The following year I made the move to adults and my grandmother was only able to watch a few times until she became ill and unable to come and watch me bowl. After visiting with her one day, she asked how I did the night before I told her sadly, "Not yet grandma". A big smile came across her face and said "You are gonna get it, don't give up". After leaving, I decided just to go substitute on a league that night to clear my head. Finally that night a 300, I rushed to tell my aunt and grandmother and both were so happy and disappointed that they weren't there to see it.

After getting my ring, I was able to show my grandmother I finally got her that ring she wanted to see so bad just a few weeks before she passed away. I ended up taking it pretty bad and down on myself for not shooting a 300 when she was there to see. I walked away from bowling with no love for the game. A few years had gone by and my wife suggested I take our oldest son bowling with the church group. I decided my wife knows best and went along. After seeing my sons' face bowling and watching me bowl, I feel in love all over again.

And yes with the El Nino, I'm bowling a summer league this year with a 210 avg. and bowling more tournaments than ever. I won't let anyone down ever again because I realized after seeing my son bowl just the fact I was having fun competing made my grandmother happy. Now there is no stopping me and I'm going all the way with this thing, so step aside or get Stormed over.