

Ode to Our "Age-Out"



When you were eight, we told you to "pick a sport". You chose the Waves. We watched that first day as you sheepishly joined your teammates, hovering near the other little ones. When your turn came, you struggled to gain steam, arms pulling, legs kicking, fighting to reach the wall. But you made it. With a smile you found us in the crowd and secretly said "I can do this." You learned that the older swimmers were great for lap sitting and made them your heroes. For the last ten years you gave us your all, and you were a part of the team. Every morning you fought the alarm, but made it to the pool. Every Saturday, you donned the blue suit and made us proud, win or lose. You were beautiful in the pool, strong and athletic. I remember every ribbon, even the "Participant" ribbons we used to joke about. Watching you goof around with the team made us smile, and you grew into a team leader before our eyes. This team and all of these parents helped you to shine and reach your potential. Remember them. The volunteering, the sweat and the sunburns were all worth it. You blossomed into a young woman before our eyes, hair always smelling of chlorine, and bleached white from the sun. It's a smell I always will remember when we hug. You lived the last ten years measured in hundredths of a second, yet you took the time to soak it all in. Never forget that the Waves helped to build you, and we wouldn't have had it any other way. You have given everything you had for this team and now it's your time to age out. But never forget where you came from or where you've been because it will help lead you into the future. We love you and we love this team. Come back and watch the little ones follow in your footsteps. Never forget that today you are a Wave, you will always be a Wave.