

Run, pass, hit, tackle, shake and bake, spin move, stiff arm, hail mary, touch down!

I had such a football crush as a kid. My first memory of my football is tackling my dad as he watched the Pittsburgh Steelers. I'm about 5 years old, my dad's in his Lazy Boy enjoying his café y conche (coffee and Mexican donut). I'm readying my run and I take off like a rocket from the dining room. I go in for the tackle. I crash into my father, it's a clean sack. Dad spilled his coffee all over himself and the conche was crushed on the floor. Instead of a victory dance, I received a spanking.

Where I lived we had a big space to play football. I grew up in Chicago Heights, in a large family with brothers, cousins and nephews, enough to pick teams to play against each other. All of my friends knew they could find me and my family (girls sometimes) on Sundays, holidays, fall or winter playing tackle football for hours. I was tall for my age, and as a freshman in high school, I moved up to junior varsity. I liked playing quarterback but loved tackling my opponents even more. I tried every play to sack, tackle, force a fumble, or intercept the football on every play. I dreamed of playing college football, winning the Heisman trophy and making it to the NFL.

For now, I'd settle just to throw my football around.

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*He has a servant's heart and loves to serve.*