

Subject: Thoughts from a senior heading into the finals and beyond

In perusing the internet the past week, I stumbled upon an article that gave me goosebumps because I would never be able to summarize my sentiments for a senior year any better than this. Written originally by a Patuxent High School senior field hockey player Becca Portillo, I have made a few edits and would like to share this article with you. Please take it for what is it worth because I absolutely feel every feeling that she mentioned. Share this with anyone and everyone in the South River soccer family, including parents and players. As stated in the article, you all have made a great impact on my life and I know all of the seniors feel the same way. Thanks for your unwavering support for our soccer endeavors and enjoy this as my gracious appreciation for that support.

Don't take things for granted... or else

"What makes greatness is starting something that lives after you."

My biggest weakness is taking things for granted. I've grown up living a pretty good life filled with hardly any tragedies. I shouldn't be one to complain.

I'll be the first to admit I do complain. Simply, I don't show my gratefulness like I should.

When you first enter your senior year, you don't think about it being the year of lasts. That's ultimately what it is. It's the last chapter of your journey as a kid. Once it ends, you begin the sequel of your life; adulthood. However, you don't contemplate the concept this in depth yet.

As seniors, we put on a sense of invincibility and portray ourselves as what every underclassmen wish they were. In truth, we are the most vulnerable students in the school.

We are months away from entering the adult world, and that frightens us to death. We display the illusion of being excited for the future when, frankly, we wish for nothing else but to not grow up. Our internal Peter Pan is hiding in our hearts, longing to break free.

A lot of seniors have a tough time dealing with the year of lasts. The year goes by and we take it for granted. This year really does deserve our undivided appreciation just for the fact that it's the year of lasts.

I feel like I would take it for granted if it wasn't for soccer in my life. Soccer has expanded my gratitude in an incredible fashion.

I, as well as the rest of the seniors on the team, came into the fall season knowing it was our last shot at a state title. We've gone through three successful seasons. When those seasons ended, we were devastated. But, in the back of our minds, we knew we still had another year, another try, at achieving our goal.

This year, there is no second shot. It's all or nothing. If we lose, it's over. No more chances. Our time is up. Sorry, but thanks for playing.

With that in mind, we have refused to take this season for granted. We've cherished each practice, game, and moment; because they are our last.

I have become selfish when it comes to soccer. My dream would be for the season to never end. To just continue to play and never stop would be my heaven on earth. I refuse to let go of what's been the soul of my life for four years. When I'm forced to let go, it will hurt, I will cry, and it will feel like my heart has been yanked out.

The thought of my reactions to the end brings disgust to my soul. I need to accept that all good things must end eventually. There are other girls on the team ready to fulfill their destiny.

So instead of ending a precious memory in this fashion, we will strive to leave our legacy.

The question we ask ourselves becomes, "How do you want to be remembered?"
When people look back on the 2009 team, they'll remember how we fought to beat an undefeated Arundel High School team in double overtime on the most amazing senior night ever. They'll remember us taking 5th ranked nationally Spalding high School into overtime, the only public team that managed to do so. They'll remember our triumphs, our heartbreaks, our glory and our lulls.

They will remember all this, and much more.

There has never been a South River girls soccer team as special as this 2009 team. No team will be remembered like we will. We're the team that will be remembered for our heart, our belief (in ourselves and in one another), our chemistry and our intensity.

No other team understood what sacrifice meant like this team does. No other team contains seniors who cherished every time they stepped onto the field, because they wanted to face the end having no regrets. No team will ever forget the night they played the Seahawks.

This team has left its mark, and I pray I've left mine as well. Words can't describe my thanks to this team.

Each girl, coach and fan has left a permanent impression on my heart.

Thank you for the happiest four years of my life. Thank you for saving my life through soccer. I never thought that approaching the end has would feel so sweet.

With sincerest gratitude, your goalkeeper,

Lyndse Hokanson