

**Topic:** Playing Soccer

**Abstract:** I loved to watch and play soccer when I was a little kid. I would watch it on TV with my family and also watch my dad's soccer team play. Also, I would play it myself with other kids at school during recess, on the school's soccer team and during my dad's soccer matches. After loving a sport so much, I sadly lost interest and passion for the sport due to the difficult divorce of my parents. Now, at the age of 20 I am playing soccer again and practicing harder than ever to get back in shape. I didn't care what people thought of me when little playing soccer other than my parents and coaches. I will use the same mentality I did when little, as I set my goal to play for the soccer team at Gavilan.

**Keywords:** Soccer, Family, Coaches, Friends, Mexican American, Mexicanos, Team, Sport,

**Ethnic Designation:** *Mexican American*

**Cultural Category:** Games: Sport/Soccer

*Se El Mejor/Be The Best*

Ever since I was little I been crazy over sports, especially soccer. I remember my dad and uncles always getting together on Sundays and watching (*La Liga Mexican*) The

Mexican Soccer League. I always enjoyed watching the soccer matches with my family. Even though I loved watching the games when little it was impossible for me to watch the full 90 minutes of any game. I would usually fall a sleep or get bored because no one scored so I would go play soccer outside. While outside, I would pretend that I was actually playing in a pro Mexican soccer team and I was always the one who scored. My dad eventually bought me two soccer uniforms from *El Cruz Azul* and *Atlas of La Liga Mexicana*. Even though my family had a big influence of me liking soccer, they weren't fully responsible. My coaches and friends I would hang out with would also influence me to play soccer.

Not only would my dad and uncles watch soccer, they also played in the adult league here in Gilroy and in Hollister, which at the time was composed of *Mexicanos*. I would always go to their practices and watched them train. I would also get together with the kids of the other soccer players and play with them while their dads were training. It didn't take long before most of the players on my dad's team got to know me. They called me (*El Trompo*) the "spin top" because I would always want to play soccer. While many kids of my age at the time had a lot of energy, my mom says I had double the energy. At the games, 99.9 percent of the audience was *Mexicanos*. I can still remember how the crowd would cheer the team that my dad was in.

In school I loved playing soccer during brake and lunch. I would always bring a soccer ball to play. The people I hung out with were all the *Mexican American* kids. There wasn't any *Mexican American* kid that did not like playing soccer in my school. I remember that all the *Mexican American* kid would talk trash about the Anglo kids. Instead of running and playing a great sport like soccer the Anglo kids would play hide

and seek. The Anglo kids never really like us *Mexican American* kids because we took over the nice field where they use to play two-hand touch football. I didn't really care about the Anglo kids hating us because I only cared about playing soccer with my friends.

What I did really care about was what my coaches and dad told me. In middle school I played on the school team. We were a great team that was undefeated the whole season. The only people that I listened when I trained or played soccer are my coaches and parents. I still remember my dad saying, "*Mijo, se el mejor*" be the best. I didn't really care what any one had to say. When I work out or hit the field I did my best and push myself to the max. The sad part of this story was that right after middle school I lost interest in soccer. The reason that I lost interest was because I was going through a hard time in my young life with my parents getting divorced. When I started coming to Gav I took an indoor soccer class. This is what started getting me into the motion of playing soccer again.

I plan on playing for the Gavilan soccer team now that they have a new coach that expects more from his players. I won't lie, getting back in shape is not an easy job. But my passion for the sport is back and bigger than ever. I will do my best to make the team and play competitively. Most of the guys on the Gav team are *Mexicanos*. This remembers me of my childhood a lot it gives me confidence and I feel like I belong to the group.

I totally forgot how fun it is when you play soccer and when you are in shape. I'm slowly getting used to everything that I used to do; before it was a piece of cake. The only thing that worries me is my touch. I need to work on my feet skills and improve fast.

I cant believe how you can forget something you knew so well so fast. I regret letting go of soccer. What matters, is that I can still play; it's never too late to start something new or remember something you use to do.

I believe that leaving soccer was a good thing that happened to me because now I value it even more. Like I said, "I will work hard to be the best I can be and I wont give up." I Feel proud of being *Mexican American* and playing a sport I am passionate about. I believe I haven't given up in soccer because soccer is pretty much like my life and I wont let go of it anymore.