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Volunteer Essay

April 29, 2008

Food, Drink, and Baseball

There is nothing better to do on a warm, sunny day in late April than watch a baseball game. This last weekend I had the opportunity to volunteer at an Upper Iowa baseball game in Fayette, Iowa. I was excited for this opportunity because they were going to play against Winona State, so I was going to be able to watch two great ball games. Another plus was one of my classmates from high school plays for Winona State so I had a chance to see how he was doing at the college level.

It was very coincidental because my dad was going to take his Boy Scout troop to the game and they were going to run the concession stand. When he told me about this I instantly asked if I could take the boys and do it, or if I could help with the concession stand. Fayette is not a very big town, so the troop consisted of three boys. After my dad made his decision he called the three boys parents and told me they were all mine, and he was going to go fishing.

The game was supposed to start at eleven o'clock so I had to pick up the boys at 10:15 so we could warm up the grills and start preparing the food. At first I was thinking this was going to be a long day, because I assumed that three seven year olds wouldn't want to do anything but chase foul balls and fight with each other. I also didn't think they would be very excited to help prepare the brats, hot dogs, and maid rites either, I was in for a surprise. Those kids wanted to do everything from unlocking the door, to getting the grill, starting the grill, and even flipping the dogs.

The first game went by extremely fast because it was the noon hour and everyone was hungry, or just wanted a dog for the game. I'm not going to lie the boys did most of the work, they took the orders, served the dogs, and made the change. All I did was stand out back grill the hot dogs and brats, while dodging a foul ball or two. I even had a couple of parents come up to me and tell me what a good job we were doing running the concession stand, because it usually gets backed up on days that have double headers. I simply told them that it's no problem staying on top of the food when you have three boys with that much excitement doing most of the work on the inside.

The second game went a lot slower, because we had enough food prepared and on the warmers that I didn't have to man the grill anymore. The boys were all worn out because they had the sun beating on them all day and were running around like chickens with their heads chopped off. I also had a chance to sit up on the counter and watch my buddy get a chance to start as catcher. Even though he was only a freshman he still looked like a leader out on that ball field. It gave me goose bumps when he would stand up from his crouched position and make a play call for the rest of the infield.

The hardest part of the day was cleaning up after we closed down the stand. The boys didn't really want to help out all that much, they just wanted to run out onto the field and get the ball player's autographs. I can't say I did all the work throughout the day, but I sure did my fair share of the cleaning. After we had cleaned everything up and locked down the shed, we all had a hot dog and a pop together. I honestly wasn't looking forward to doing any volunteer work, but it's kind of like going to church. I mean you don't really want to do it, but once you go and get it over with you realize it wasn't that bad and you feel a lot better about yourself. It was also really fun watching those kids run the concession stand, it's not that exciting of a job, but you would think it was a privilege the way they did it. I would definitely volunteer to run the concessions again, because it's not that hard of work, I love to watch baseball, and it just makes you smile watching a bunch of kids have a blast like they did.