

Children's ski race in Grayling —

# ***This Story isn't what it is supposed to be***

By MATTIE PAT SHAW

This article is supposed to be about ski racing at Grayling Elementary school. It isn't. It's about children.

I like people. People from all walks of life, poor, rich, drunk, sober, sane and crazy. But, children are something else. I love them.

At 2:30 last Thursday I told the children we were going to have a ski race. There was so much activity after that, it was hard to keep up with. Amy, was running around trying to find her skies, Brenda couldn't find her poles, Stanley was on the starting line ready to go and

Marlon gave me a toothless smile and asked to go to the bathroom.

Finally, four 1st graders and five second graders lined up ready to begin the race. The command was given and off they went. Stanley's skis came off, but he quickly put them back on. Bruce fell down, but he got up and continued on.

Tim Chase was the first on back. He was grinning all over and very proud of himself. Brian Maillele was second with a face full of sunshine, and third place was Stanley, a little 1st grader with an indomitable spirit.

In the second race, Tim Deacon came in

first, Joe Maillele, Jr. second and Judy Rock, third. Last place went to a beautiful little girl, Fay Yaska, who had missed over half a school year because of injuries sustained in a fire. She was a winner.

The last race of the day was a close one between Wilfred Deacon, Jr., and Alfred Painter. Wilfred won.

But, as I mentioned before, this article is not really about the race, it's about the children, their smiles, their laughs, their excitement, their triumphs, their defeats, their efforts and their love. That's what makes a race, or, in fact — anything.