**He Is Just a Little Boy   
A Baseball Poem By Chaplain Bob Fox**

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| He stands at the plate with his heart pounding fast. The bases are loaded, the die has been cast. Mom and Dad cannot help him, he stands all alone. A hit at this moment would send his team home. The ball meets the plate, he swings and he misses. There's a groan from the crowd, with some boos and some hisses. A thoughtless voice cries, "Strike out the bum." Tears fill his eyes, the game's no longer fun. So open up your heart and give him a break, for it's moments like this, a man you can make. Please keep this in mind when you hear someone forget, He is just a little boy, and not a man yet. |

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