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



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| He stands at the platewith 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 momentwould 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 heartand give him a break,for it's moments like this,a man you can make.Please keep this in mindwhen you hear someone forget,He is just a little boy,and not a man yet.  |

