

“I like hats” Raymond Remington replied, when asked a difficult question on the show “Blacklist”. What a great line. I too like hats. I love seeing women and men wearing them, the more stylish, the better. But, I happen to. Look terrible in hats. Truly. I feel like an imposter, someone on stage just playing a part. When the play is over and the audience has gone, I’ll need to remove the hat and go back to being me. Hatless.

But...there’s one head apparatus I feel at home in. It’s usually very early, 6:30 or 7:00 am. Most times it’s a Sunday. I get dressed and gear up, then head out. Nice and quiet this time of the day - most people either still sleeping or slumbering over morning coffee. Not me. I take the short drive slowly. Within 10 minutes I’ve arrived and I couldn’t be happier. I feel alive. No one around...I have my pick. I get all of my paraphernalia out of the car and trudge to my treasured spot, slowly - I am weighted down. Once I reach my destination, I get myself all set up and my equipment is all in place. I am ready. Serve and smash. Success. And my visor makes it all possible, shielding my eyes from the court. This is my happy place. Here I am not an imposter. Here I am real.