

Title:

The Ungiven Gift

Word Count:

1465

Summary:

He was pencil thin and walked with a limp. A thirteen year-old boy with huge yearning eyes who

Curtis had sickle cell anemia, an incurable, painful and terminal disease that plagues young p

I would meander into his room to spend a little time with the rebellious loner and would often

Keywords:

Self Help, Inspiration, Motivational, pod casting

Article Body:

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Over the course of a few years (the hospital was always my home-away-from-home), I eventually

My experience as a volunteer in the Big Brother-like program in our local Children's Aid Socie

So, when my time was over with the last boy I was involved with, I asked the CAS if I could ho

I learned in very short order that among his survival skills was the tendency to cajole, cleve

Also during this time, I was involved in a major lawsuit after having had a song of mine "lift

I retained a highly regarded entertainment attorney in Detroit (he represented many of the ath

It was in a meeting with this man that I casually mentioned Curtis and my desire to do somethi

He was a huge basketball fan. His hero of heroes was Isaiah Thomas, captain of the Motor City

Curtis was on time, eagerly waiting on his rickety porch when I pulled up. But to my utter dis

I tried to make idle conversation with the excited but slouching teenager. All Curtis could do

We found the specified gate, parked and walked to the entrance. Walking with Curtis was always

We were met by a well-dressed, executive-looking middle-aged man, who just happened to be the

I was led to our primest of seats directly behind the bench. A waitress visited only seconds a

At this point, I couldn't even imagine the exhilaration that this young man who life never see

When the warm-up was done, Curtis climbed up with me. The first half of the game was great. Th

But hold on, this was only half time! The same assistant coach who invited Curtis onto the har

I'll never forget what I think was the widest smile I have ever seen as the team emerged onto

The ride home was quiet. Opposite of the ride there. Curtis slept most of long way home. I cou

Somehow I thought I would receive a phonecall from Curtis the next day. But it never came. Two

I couldn't wait to tell him. I mean, I was flabbergasted at this unexpected and over-the-top g
Aid Society.

Little did I know that evening would be the last time I would ever see Curtis. My instincts te

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