**My Haven**

Many people have a happy place, somewhere that brings them joy, somewhere that they look forward to going. Some people even can refer to this place as their home away from home. For me this is the case, this place is one of my favorite places on earth. However, this place is moving…. it’s unlike others because this place doesn’t always bring me joy and this place isn’t always the same place, it’s not always in one specific location either but when it think of this perfect place I imagine this…

It is a cool 60 to 70 degrees, the wind is blowing ever so slightly, the sun is shining in the partial cloudy sky, you can smell the freshly cut grass in the crisp air. The grass is a vibrant green and soft to touch, there is not a drop of moisture. As I stand in this place I am in awe at its beauty, I feel at home. This perfect place is a soccer field. This place is my home away from home, my sanctuary.

I eat, breath, and sleep soccer. So to me it makes sense that my haven would be here, on the field, because soccer is what brings the most joy in my life. When I am on or at a soccer field I feel peace.This is the place where all of my stresses and cares of life go away, it is my stress free zone, my release. When I am at a field, there is a level of comfort and calmness that comes over my body that is hard to describe.

 I could spend - and do spend -countless hours on the field training or just being there. A soccer field is a place where I can just think. A place that helps with clarity, in a way it is my classroom. On a typical week I am at a field 6 out of 7 days for at least an hour and a half.

One thing I love about the soccer fields is all of the memories that are created on it. All of the heartbreak losses, miracle victories, friendships, laughs and tears that are created on the practice and game fields are forever in my heart.

Of course there are those fields that have those bad memories. The one where the heartbreak losses or injuries happen. There are the fields that are also just so horrible and not well kept and those ones are rough. However even though they bring me frustration and sometimes sadness these fields a still important to me. First, because it’s a soccer field and if you haven’t discovered yet, I have a weird obsession with them. But secondly, these are the fields were the lessons are learned, that ones that bring teams closer together, and the ones that make you laugh.

Then there are turf fields, in a whole other category. Playing on a turf is drastically different than a grass. Everything about them are different, the speed of play, the bounce of the ball, how hot it and my least favorite, how hard the ground is. I would chose a grass field any day over a turf. However, just like grass, there are good and bad fields. Our new turf field at the high school is very nice, and I Grand Valley has some of nicest fields ever. Midland High’s field is honestly one of the worst fields ever. Oh the turf burns, they are bad anywhere you get them but the honestly 20x worse from there. Scars make for better stories though right.

Out of all the fields I have played, home fields are my favorite. The feeling I get when I play a home game is like no other because it’s my home field. I know it just like the back of my hand, every bump, rough patch and sweet spot is engraved into my mind and that just brings me joy. I have one season left on my home soccer field. The place where I decided that I wanted to play college soccer, the place where thousands of hours have been spend, my home away from home. I only have a few months left on this field but I wouldn’t trade it for anything.

Just looking upon one of the many fields I have played on brings a smile across my face and most people don’t understand why a soccer field could mean so much, but it’s my haven and not everyone needs to understand why.