



The Cow



The Buick



& The Taxi

A Book About Nothing

A Self Help Book For the Failure in All of Us

By Tim Dillard

TITLE:**THE COW, THE BUICK & THE TAXI**

The book about nothing. The story of you and me.

CHAPTER 12. Bobo, Andre and Brandon

My father's mother's maiden name was Bobo. She was obviously of French heritage. Beaux Beaux was shortened to the more American "Bobo," and her family had long been a part of the storied state of Mississippi history. Bobo the Great Bear Hunter set records for killing bear at the beginning of the 20th century. He was so prolific that a sitting U.S. President, Teddy Roosevelt, requested a hunt with Bobo the Great Bear Hunter in the woods of northern Mississippi. Bobo the Great Bear Hunter politely refused since he hadn't voted for President Roosevelt. My grandmother and grandfather named my dad – their son - Quinn Bobo Dillard. I can only imagine what it was like growing up with a middle name of Bobo. Certainly the kids had fun with it once they found out his middle name was Bobo.

Once, while my father and I were at an Auburn – LSU football game in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, with my cousin Mike Dillard, an LSU player by the name of Hokie Gajan scored a touchdown. If you do not understand major college football in the southeastern United States, imagine World Cup fever in Brazil and England multiplied by the fervor surrounding a religious sacrifice and you will understand it better. My dad's family had gone to Auburn, a school in southeastern Alabama, and a major rival of Louisiana State University, where I graduated. After Hokie scored the touchdown, my cousin and avid Auburn fan, Mike, in order to poke fun at LSU said to no one in particular, *"Man... can you imagine anyone naming a child, Hokie?"*

"Hell Mike," my father responded without pause, *"My parents named me Bobo."*

We all laughed though my father was deadly serious.

My father had grown up in Birmingham, Alabama, having been born in 1931. The problem with being born in 1931 was that you were the perfect age to just miss World War 2 service. Therefore, all those men who served in World War 2, returned from the war, took all the jobs, formed an understandable, unspoken and impenetrable fraternity where those who came along afterwards were second class by default. Quinn Bobo Dillard had to deal with being named Bobo – on purpose – and being a second-class citizen who spilled zero blood in Europe and the Pacific war theaters of WW2.

My dad's father's was a stern German man. We called him Grandpapoo. That's not a typo. I don't remember ever seeing my grandfather smile though he died when I was young. The German in my grandfather was often called the, "voice of doom." This destroyed my father's self-confidence at an early age. My dad was a good man

but we were never close past the age of 12 as my family life literally exploded into a living hell from that moment on. In fact, I only saw my dad about 3 times in the last twenty years. The last time I saw him, in early 2009, it had been over 12 years since we had spoken. He had never seen his only granddaughter, my little girl, Katherine.

We finally got together in February of 2009. Katherine, then age 10, and my dad bonded immediately. They loved each other the moment they saw each other. If you want to read a book on miracles, there may be nothing better to illustrate a miracle than the immediate bond of my father and his only granddaughter.

My dad could only bring himself to shake my hand as we saw each other for the first time in many years. But, it somehow didn't matter as much, watching him and Katherine, so immediately and deeply fall in love with one another. After a magical three days, the drive back to Houston from the Shreveport area, where my dad lived with his wife, Becky, had Katherine in the back seat of our car. It was late Sunday evening and we were on a typical desolate stretch of highway in the dark, pine forests and gently rolling hills of east Texas. As we drove, we were all tired and atypically, the car was eerily but peacefully silent. Only the roar of the tires on the pavement could be heard as we were preoccupied with the thoughts of what had been a very emotional three days. Katherine spoke up from the back seat. She spoke in a tone that belied her 10 years, sounding very mature and filled with both wisdom and love, *"I feel like I just saw my grandfather for the first... and last time... and I'm OK with that."*

Three weeks later my father died of a stroke and heart attack.

Sadly, I believe Dad missed his calling in life. He spent a life in the insurance industry and should have been a coach.

He coached us growing up in baseball each summer. It was a time in the 1960's almost exactly like that portrayed in the movie, "The Sandlot," if you've seen that movie. My dad was a great coach. We rarely failed to win a championship of some kind. His coaching methodologies, for a man who had grown up being made fun of due to a middle name of Bobo, were predictably strict and hard. In the late 1960's, all coaching, regardless of the sport, was influenced by Coach Vince Lombardi. Lombardi, who coached the Green Bay Packers in the National Football League, and has the NFL Super Bowl championship trophy named after him, was hard, tough, strict and incredibly successful. He set high standards and didn't compromise.

My father coached little league baseball the same way.

We began each year without gloves. We played catch, fielded balls and did everything else with our gloves on the ground, "to toughen up our hands." While I resented the pain of a hardball repeatedly splatting into the middle of my soft, fleshy 11 year-old palm, I look back on it quite fondly. Why? *Because we won.* And by the time my father and the other coaches were finished with us in practice, we knew

that we could beat anyone. Little League baseball was easy, because we won. Life is not, because winning has no real finite definition in the game of life. How do you know you've won in life? Is it an amount of money? Is it the superficial respect of those who fear you? Is it having a happy family?

I recall one baseball game when I was 11 years old. I was playing second base. Before the game, my father would hit all the infielders warm up grounders to get ready for the game. He made sure that he hit the ball as hard as he, or any adult not yet in the major leagues, could hit it. He did this to ready us for the game as well as intimidate the opposing team. I remember watching the opposing team many times sitting in their dugout during our turn to take warm up grounders before the game and seeing their faces, mouths agape. They had never seen the ball hit as hard as my father hit the ball. And on the other end of those rocket shots were 10 and 11 year-olds fielding the balls with ease.

How? Why? We were used to it, because we practiced every day of the week for three hours in the sun with no water and we also practiced for an hour before each game, every game, every year for the five years my dad coached us, fielding grounders and fly balls that would prepare any baseball player to play better. If we dared to miss a grounder or fly ball we got to run a lap in the humid, hot Louisiana summer sun. And our laps were about a mile long, so it was something you avoided at all costs. Some of those little league players to this day credit the work ethic my dad instilled in them during the long, hot, waterless summers for their success as adults. One friend, Robert MacMillan became a liver transplant surgeon – Dr. Robert MacMillan. We all want to have it as easy as possible, but it's the struggle that makes everything worthwhile – this, to me, is the main human paradox.

In this one game, during the pre-game warm up, I miss-fielded several of the missile-like grounders off my father's bat. And yes, he made sure to hit it to his son twice as hard as he hit it to anyone else. *"Take off your glove,"* he barked. *"Take it off!"* He then began to madly hit me grounder after grounder, which I continually miss-fielded. The more I missed, the madder he got. Remember, the only glove I had sat in the dirt next to my feet.

The embarrassment of being yelled at before the game was bad enough. I remember thinking that the embarrassment of being 11 years old and fielding the pre game warm ups without the aid of a glove was as bad as it could get.

Except if you had to play the first inning with no glove at all. *"You'll play the first inning with no glove,"* he said as we were ushered off the field. I can't tell you what the other players on the other team were thinking. I was humiliated. I was also trying to figure if I was really going to have to play the first inning at second base with no glove.

Yes, I did. I remember, bending over, placing my hands on my knees and having no glove as an 11 year-old. I remember the other team laughing and ridiculing me. I did

look up at the other team and I wish now it had been a look of defiance, but it was a look of someone that was beaten down. I remember wishing that I could be anywhere but on that field at that moment in time.

I also noticed that every batter in the inning was watching the second baseman with no glove more than they were watching the pitch coming over the plate and yes, I got hit a slow rolling grounder, which I caught and threw to first base to retire the batter.

When I got older and had two sons of my own, it only made sense that I would coach their little league baseball teams. Henry, my youngest son, was 11 when I coached his White Sox team in the west Houston league. That year we won the league championship and had won the playoffs when the last game was rained out. The other teams were in a playoff to see who would play us but the games got postponed, shortened and moved around. We closed out the season as league and playoff champs (like father like son like grandson) only to get a phone call saying we were going to have to play one more game.

Due to the fact we had won the league championship and the spring rains in Houston had delayed and canceled several games, we had not played a game in two weeks. Our players had been doing nothing but playing Nintendo. The call that the league officials had decided we should play one more game for the playoff championship, even though the other teams had been playing and we had not, caused me to immediately protest the game. Our team had been out of baseball for two weeks while other games were being played. We had already beat every team. I threatened to have our team not show up for the game, but that would have done more harm than good since little league politics in Texas is the same as it is everywhere else in the world. Lose your job, lose your wife, but do not get black balled from your child's little league.

We had to play the only team that could stay with us all year. They had two really good hitters and they presented a tough challenge.

We played the game and it was a close, hard-fought and exciting game.

These kids I coached were 10 and 11 years old and things were quite different in 1998 with them than they were in 1968 when I was the same age. In 1998 we did not practice 3 hours a day without water in the summer sun. We did practice an hour or two a week as long as we had plenty of water breaks.

Isn't it funny how those of us over 50 made it without water breaks, disinfectant hand gels and seat belts? Moooooo.

Brandon Dickerson was one of the kids on the team. He was not a starter.

Our league had a rule that was made to help speed the game along. When the catcher came to bat and got on base with 2 outs, the batting team had to replace the catcher with a pinch runner so the catcher could return to the dugout and put on his catching equipment. This definitely increased the pace of the game because once the catcher had his equipment on, he could immediately take the field to start the next inning. Putting on the equipment could hold up an inning for 5 -10 minutes if the catcher had to return to the dugout to put on his protective gear after the third out in the inning. The pinch runner for the catcher, the rules dictated, had to be the last player on the team that made an out.

In the last inning of the game, with us losing, we mounted a dramatic comeback. Brandon Dickerson made an out. Then we got a couple of hits and the last hit came from our catcher, which loaded the bases and knocked in a run that put us one run down with the bases loaded.

The World Series does not have more drama or emotion. It only has better marketing and more people watching.

We had two outs and the catcher was on first base. That meant we had to replace the catcher with a pinch runner – the player who made the last out – Brandon Dickerson.

Brandon put on his batting helmet and went to first base. We were certain the next hitter was going to get a hit and we would score two runs and win. We had done that sort of thing all year long. Confidence is a powerful weapon to possess.

The opposing pitcher threw one pitch, a ball outside.

Brandon Dickerson took off for second base. Remember, the bases were loaded, which meant there was a runner on second base and Brandon could not advance.

I screamed at Brandon to go back. The first base coach screamed at Brandon to go back. The parents and all the players on the West Houston White Sox team screamed at Brandon to go back.

With all that screaming, Brandon thought they were cheering and heard no one until it was too late. Then he looked around with a look that all of us have had at one point in our lives, “What? Huh? Who? When?”

Brandon started to run back to first base – everyone still yelling. The catcher threw the ball to first base. The first baseman tagged Brandon out and we lost.

There was a collective scream from disappointed teammates and parents of the West Houston White Sox team.

Once I saw Brandon tagged out and knew we had lost, I ran immediately to Brandon and picked him up, making sure to both smile and laugh, *“Hey, we forgot to tell you the bases were loaded. It was our fault. Besides, you know this game didn’t even count and we already won the championship.”*

Brandon’s face went from puzzled and fearful to positive and smiling. I hugged him hard and made sure he felt no responsibility whatsoever.

I like winning as much as the next guy. While coaching my older son’s 6th grade basketball team one year, we had a 31 -0 lead over a much taller team going into the 4th quarter.

I started to put in the second team when it suddenly hit me, “Have any of you guys ever seen a shut out... in a basketball game?” The kids’ faces had a half second of total shock then as a collective they all grinned the exact same diabolical smile.

“Full court press, but do not score...” We won 31 – 0 and there’s much more to this story – but I want to emphasize how much I like winning – to the point of absurdity.

So obviously, I would have been one of those fussing at Brandon on another day, in another place – *with another kid.*

But earlier that year, before we ever played a game, Brandon showed up late for a practice. Being brought up by Bobo who had been brought up by Grandpapoo, I was a stickler for promptness. *Being late was not tolerated.*

Brandon came to me as he arrived late for practice knowing full well I was not happy. He was one of those blonde haired kids with a smile on his face and a twinkle in his eyes. He was easy to like as he also had the body language of humility, which is rare for an 11 year-old American male.

“Sorry I’m late coach but I had to go to my shrink. I’ll be late each Tuesday,” was all he said.

I’m not the sharpest tool in the shed but when an 11 year-old kid tells me he’s late each Tuesday because he has to go to his shrink, I don’t yell at the kid. “No problem, Brandon. No problem.”

Brandon went back to practice with the kids and did so for the remainder of the year.

That night, early in the year, before a game had been played, I made a few phone calls to find out more about Brandon Dickerson and why he had to go to a shrink.

The year before, Brandon was in the front yard playing catch with his little brother. He threw over his little brother's head. His little brother chased the ball into the street. And his little brother was hit and killed by a car.

Moooooooo. So when Brandon Dickerson made an otherwise bone head play that may have cost us the Playoff Championship, I didn't see a kid making a bone head play. I saw a little boy, who just wanted to forget that he felt responsible for the death of his little brother... by throwing a baseball over his head... OUT THERE PLAYING BASEBALL!!!!

I dare say that Brandon Dickerson had more guts than most any person I've ever met.

The following year, we were called the White Sox again. It was great wearing the black jerseys. We felt tougher and more intimidating. We did not have near the talent of the previous year, but we again found ways to win games.

The first day of practice, I was always as politically *incorrect* as I possibly could be. There is a pressure that emanates from ceremonies like the Oscars where they announce, "And the Oscar goes to..." in lieu of "And the winner is..." It is the pressure to avoid stamping a win/lose mentality on our children, which I believe is a huge mistake. Everything they do in life will have a win-lose feeling or result. Winning is important, though I understand the need to avoid the stigma of loser being attached to a child's self image. But learning to deal with losing and the feeling of losing may be the most critical life skill one can learn.

The first thing I told kids in little league baseball or soccer or basketball was, "You know all those things you've heard in the past that what's important is effort not winning? Forget that. We're here to win. I want to win. We're going to win. You decide right now we're going to win. Now the last guy to run to that fence over there and get back here and touch home plate is going to regret it. Because I do not tolerate losing. Now get going!!!"

The following year, when I made that speech and all the kids took off running, a lady came up to me. She was obviously not from America and when she spoke, I knew she was from somewhere in Europe, "Suit? Suit?" she said motioning with her hands down the sides of her body.

"I'm sorry... what?" I asked.

She struggled to find the right words to communicate to me what she was obviously concerned about, but the only thing that came out was a slower version of the same word, spoken twice once more, with the exact same motions, "Suit, suit...???"

"Ma'am, I'm sorry... I don't know..."

“Andre... my son... he no play.”

“Yes ma’am... I’m sorry, what?”

“My son... Andre... we from Czechoslovakia.... Soccer... Suit...”

I still did not understand. The screaming of kids who were fearing for their lives and running at us as fast as they could were getting closer and beginning to drown her out.

Her son ran up to me. He also could not speak English very well and I was still a little rusty on my Czechoslovakian, but he spoke better than his mother. His name was Andre Cestak. Andre looked a lot like Brandon Dickerson. He was blonde and smiled constantly.

His family had moved to Houston from Czechoslovakia. I do not recall the reason why.

“Suit... suit,” the mother repeated, obviously frustrated as this was something very important to her. Brandon interrupted, “She want know when I get suit... shirt...”

“Ohhhhh... the uniform!” I said, excited to be able to communicate. “Don’t worry, we’ll get that later... much later? Comprendre?” In Texas, if you speak another language, we just assume that you’re able to speak Spanish.

She shook her head and looked somewhat relieved but continued, “Andre,” she said as she put her arm around her son in a manner that did not embarrass him but let me know that he was very important to her, “Andre... he soccer... No baseball...”

Andre interrupted, “I never play base-a-ball... I only play soccer,” he said. You could see some fear in his eyes and hers.

Now imagine that you are no longer in your country. You are no longer in your comfort zone. To inculcate yourself into the local culture, you decide to play a sport that is very complicated, involving a very hard, round object being thrown and hit at your head. Then add to that the fact that someone always has a large metal club in their hands and they’re swinging it madly.

Soooooo, you can’t speak English and you have no feel for American culture and your solution is to place your 11 year-old son into a competitive baseball league. In Texas?

I did not have the right or the inclination to protest Andre’s inclusion in the league. It simply represented another challenge we were going to have the opportunity to deal with for the course of the year, or until Andre decided to quit.

And, no, I didn't ever do anything to the kid who ran, touched the fence and came in last in the race to return and touch home plate. It was all a part of the game!

Our league had a rule that every player had to play every other inning in the field. This kept all the kids interested in the game and gave all the parents something to watch, at least every other inning. In little league baseball, most of the kids bat right handed. If your team has a pitcher that can throw the ball really hard, then it becomes most difficult to hit a ball to left field because it requires the batter to have faster timing on hitting the ball. When you have a player from Czechoslovakia that cannot hit the ball, cannot catch the ball, who literally can bounce the ball up and down on the top of his shoes (thank you soccer) and you have to play that same player every other inning in a game that usually lasts 5 - 6 innings long, guess what position that player plays? Exactly. Left Field.

We worked with Andre all year long, trying to teach him how to swing the bat. If he had been trying to swat a spider with the bat, it would have constituted a good swing. And this was after a couple months working with him. He could not throw the ball. And hitting him a fly ball was something we learned not to do. It was too dangerous.

We once again won the league championship and went into the playoffs, which went much smoother than the year before. In the semi-finals, we came up against a team that was coached by an ex-major leaguer.

Their pre-game practice was Quinn Bobo's pre-game practice on steroids. When I saw what they were doing in pre-game, I immediately looked at our players. It was a look I had seen many times. Except this wasn't the team playing against me while I was growing up. The mouths agog belonged to my team right there.

It reminded me of something I heard the great golfer, Jack Nicklaus say. The U.S. Open golf tournament is the toughest of the year. The course superintendants trick up the course to make it patently unfair on as many shots as possible. Nicklaus said he could tell every year after the first practice round who had no chance of winning. He would walk through the locker room or practice area and hear players complaining about one hole or another and he'd say to himself, "He has no chance, he had no chance either, he's not going to win, he'll probably miss the cut." And he was never wrong. The more the players focused on the unfairness of the challenge before them the more they disqualified themselves from any hope of winning.

"Let's go," I yelled. And I yelled it loudly. In the Civil War, the army for the south became known for a blood-curdling scream they would give as they were running into battle. It became known as the rebel yell. It put fear into the enemy many times causing them to run away.

The rebel yell, as it turns out, is hereditary, only growing up in Louisiana, my friends dubbed my version the, "Louisiana Death Scream."

So, I yelled, "Let's Go White Sox... Let's Go...!!!!!" And I assure you that every player on the other team stopped. Their coaches, which looked like the brass for the New York Yankees stopped. They stopped in mid pitch. They stopped in mid swing.

They stopped to see what I was yelling about. I made sure our players were yelling too. I took them out of the dugout and far away from any vantage point they could have to watch our opponent warm up for the game.

Winning is important. Losing before you start the game is the worst loss one can experience in life. That's just as important as winning so I have to repeat it, "Losing before you start the game is the worst loss one can experience."

Mooooo.

It was one of those games that was going to start with the sun low in the west and end under the bright lights of your normal little league game which has played out on thousands of fields in all fifty states every year for the last 50 – 60 years.

The game was close. We were tied 2 – 2 in the next to last inning with a runner on third base. Up to the plate strode Andre Cestak. Andre had not hit a ball or caught a ball with anything other than the top of his feet all year long.

Andre played soccer.

However, Andre never lacked effort. He was always trying. He had been hit a few balls in left field during the year and thank God for the left field fence because Andre never put a glove on any ball. He would just watch the ball go past him, then turn, run to the fence and retrieve the ball.

The pitcher threw his first two pitches. Andre wailed away as Andre had yet to learn the difference between a ball and a strike.

Strike one. Strike two. There were two outs and the go ahead run was on third base and the score tied. The team we were playing was undefeated from another league and we were undefeated. We knew the first team that had already made it to the finals and we were confident that we would beat them for the playoff championship, if we could win this game.

This game, for all intents and purposes, was the championship. We were the only two undefeated teams left in our West Houston leagues.

But, with Andre up, two strikes, two outs and a good pitcher on the mound, we had already resigned ourselves to going into the last inning tied 2 – 2.

The pitcher threw his third pitch. Andre flailed. All I remember, as I was not watching, was a small “click.” Andre had taken his normal swing, which looked like a Czechoslovakian border guard clubbing a rabid dog. And he somehow clicked the edge of the ball.

As I turned to look, because everyone was screaming, I saw Andre running to first base, which was in and of itself a miracle on the order of tangible proof that there’s a God. I forgot to mention that soccer players learn to run all over the “pitch.” As Andre had not made it to first base and since we had watched him in practice all year run all over the area leading to first base, the second miracle was that Andre had finally clicked and he was running as if the Russian tanks were rolling in behind him for the first time ever – straight down the baseline headed towards first base!!!

Somehow, he had hit the ball. The ball was rolling down the third base line in the form of a perfect, slow rolling bunt. Their third baseman was charging hard towards the ball. Our runner on third was streaking home. The third baseman knew he had to play at home because it represented the go ahead and potentially the winning run in what amounted to the championship game. Our kids wanted to win. Their kids wanted to win. Every parent on both teams was standing and screaming.

Their player got to the ball and threw it to their catcher, whose mask had been thrown to the side, his glove stretched out to the third baseman to present an inviting target.

The ball hit squarely in the catcher’s mit. Our runner from third base slid safely under the tag and we had the go ahead run. On first base was a smiling Andre Cestak and he stood directly on the base with a smile I will never forget. The crowd cheered.

However, the next inning was Andre’s turn to go into left field. And this team had scored one of their two runs thanks to a hit to left field when Andre was playing which went all the way to the left field fence – as always with Andre in left field. Andre chased it down as he always had. Andre smile as he always did.

When you are winning 3 -2 in a championship game or a critical playoff game of any kind and you have to put a player with as little experience on the field as Andre, you have only one thought as coach, “I hope, I hope, I hope, I hope, I hope... they don’t hit anything to left field this inning...”

We got two outs and the tension thickened. They had managed to get a couple runners on base in the process and the runners, with two outs, had advanced to second and third. In other words, the tying run was on third base and the winning run was on second base. A hit to left field would score both runs and we would be behind but we would have another chance to bat.

Strike one. Ball one. Ball two. Crack!

You can't make this stuff up. We are all DANJ-ER-US !!! The ball was up in the air and it was headed to left field. I had to watch. The vicarious flow of emotions in a coach on a son's baseball team as the ball flies to left to a player with as little experience as Andre Cestak is indescribable. Even though the flight of the ball takes about 3 seconds to reach the left fielder, as the coach, it takes days, weeks and months in some cases. Your mind races at a pace that is otherwise unimaginable. And you get a feeling in the pit of your stomach that grabs you like a vice.

The ball was coming down about three steps to Andre's right and appeared to lack enough momentum to make it all the way to the fence so my first thought was that we might be able to prevent the winning run from scoring but since there were two outs, both runners were quickly on the move.

Andre was a soccer player. The ball in the air to him always caused the same reaction. He would dance on his toes and rock his weight from left leg to right and back and forth several times with a look of anticipation and excitement in his eyes. Then, the next thing we would always see was his back-side as he would run to the fence to retrieve the ball.

As the ball was about to land next to Andre, he spastically swung his glove through the air. The ball landed on the very end of his glove and somehow stuck there. It was not in his glove. It was on his glove, stuck in the webbing of the end of a baseball glove that is a part of all baseball gloves between the thumb and index finger. In baseball terms, it's called a snow cone because it mimics the look of an icy snow cone where ice is piled up on the end of a paper cone and covered in a flavored juice such as cherry or strawberry.

Only this snow cone was so precariously perched on his glove that any movement would most assuredly cause the ball to fall to the earth and the hitter would be called safe, the two runs would score and we would be behind in the game. Andre was the most surprised person in the entire stadium.

I remember thinking, "Don't move!" but I didn't say it. Andre did what a soccer player does. He began to run and jump and scream... "GOOOOOOOOOOOOAAAAAAAALLLLLLLLLLLLL" could be heard somewhere in Czechoslovakia.

And Andre ran right at us. The ball still stuck on the end of his glove the whole way. The ball never fell to the ground. The batter was out. We won 3 - 2. We won the next game and got our second straight championship.

Andre did it. The kid who could not pronounce baseball at the beginning of the year. We never put Andre down. We never said anything about Andre behind his back. We always tried to help Andre understand the game. We worked him hard but we loved him hard as well.

We made sure that when we got the suits that his mother was happy.

Andre made us all happy. Isn't it funny that 15 years later, I can't tell you who scored our winning run in that game. I can only remember Andre.

I also remember Bobo, the father I seldom had. The man I hardly knew. The coach who taught me so much.

He taught me how to treat Brandon Dickerson. He taught me how to coach Andre Cestak.

There's probably a valuable lesson to learn from Bobo, Brandon and Andre. *For you. I'm still actively learning my own.* And that's Dain-Jer-Ous... Maybe this is what the Taxi Driver was communicating to me in his drunken way that one fateful night on Interstate 20 at 2 in the morning in the middle of nowhere.