

Schedule 2005-06

NOVEMBER

Nov. 18-19	<i>Metro State Thanksgiving Classic</i>	Denver, CO
Nov. 18	Fri. CO. Chr. vs Westmont	AEC 5:00 PM
Nov. 18	Fri. Metro vs St. Gregory's	AEC 7:00 PM
Nov. 19	Sat. CO. Chr. vs St. Gregory's	AEC 5:00 PM
Nov. 19	Sat. Metro vs Westmont	AEC 7:00 PM
Nov. 25-27	<i>Hawaii Hilo Round-Robin Tour.</i>	Hilo, Hawaii
Nov. 25	Fri. vs Holy Family	Hilo, HI 5:00 PM
Nov. 26	Sat. vs Hawaii Hilo	Hilo, HI 7:00 PM
Nov. 27	Sun. vs Western New Mexico	Hilo, HI 1:00 PM

DECEMBER

Dec. 9	Fri. * at Adams St.	Alamosa 8:00 PM
Dec. 10	Sat. * at Fort Lewis	Durango 8:00 PM
Dec. 16	Fri. * New Mexico Highlands	AEC 7:00 PM
Dec. 17	Sat. * CU-Colorado Springs	AEC 7:00 PM
Dec. 20	Tue. Johnson & Wales	AEC 7:00 PM
Dec. 29-30	<i>Metro/Mines N. Year's Classic</i>	Denver/Golden
Dec. 29	Thu. Mines vs. Univ. of Mary	AEC 5:00 PM
Dec. 29	Thu. Metro vs. North Dakota	AEC 7:00 PM
Dec. 30	Fri. Metro vs. Univ. of Mary	Golden 5:00 PM
Dec. 30	Fri. Mines vs. North Dakota	Golden 7:00 PM

JANUARY

Jan. 5	Thu. * at CSU Pueblo	Pueblo 8:00 PM
Jan. 13	Fri. * Mesa State	AEC 7:00 PM
Jan. 14	Sat. * Western State	AEC 7:00 PM
Jan. 20	Fri. * Colorado School of Mines	AEC 7:00 PM
Jan. 21	Sat. * Colorado Christian	AEC 7:00 PM
Jan. 24	Tue. * Regis	AEC 7:00 PM
Jan. 27	Fri. * Nebraska-Kearney	AEC 7:00 PM

FEBRUARY

Feb. 2	Thu. * at Fort Hays State	Hays 8:00 PM
Feb. 4	Sat. * at Chadron St.	Chadron 8:00 PM
Feb. 7	Tue. * at Regis	Denver 7:30 PM
Feb. 11	Sat. * at Nebraska-Kearney	Kearney 7:00 PM
Feb. 17	Fri. * Chadron St.	AEC 7:00 PM
Feb. 18	Sat. * Fort Hays State	AEC 7:00 PM
Feb. 24	Fri. * at Colorado Christian	Lakewood 8:00 PM
Feb. 25	Sat. * at Colorado School of Mines	Golden 8:00 PM

MARCH

Mar. 1	Wed. RMAC First Round (Campus Site)	TBA	TBA
Mar. 4-5	Sat-Sun RMAC Tourney	C. Springs	All Day

* - Rocky Mountain Athletic Conference Games

Bold - Home game

AEC - Auraria Events Center, Home of the Roadrunners

Head Coach:	Mike Dunlap	(303) 556-3309
Assistants:	Brannon Hays	(303) 556-6888
	Brady Bergeson	(303) 556-8140
	Paul Moss	(303) 556-4823
	Dan Snyder	(303) 556-6262

Upcoming Events

COLORADO COACHING ACADEMY

California Sessions:

WHEN: Saturday, September 17th
WHERE: Ohlone College, Fremont, CA
COST: \$100

WHEN: Saturday, November 5th
WHERE: Moorpark J.C., Moorpark, CA
COST: \$100

Colorado Session:

WHEN: Sat. and Sun. Oct. 22-23
WHERE: Metro State, Denver, CO
COST: \$200
FEATURES: Coaching Academy Notebook,

"The Blueprint", T-shirt, and Coaches Social.

Coach Dunlap, the winningest head coach in Metro State history, leads each coaching clinic. The emphasis will be on building a championship caliber team. The clinics will focus on creating a philosophy, program organization, how to teach effectively, player development, offense, and defense. The 1-1-3 "Man/ Zone" will also be taught in detail.

START SMART BASKETBALL

HALLOWEEN 3 ON 3 TOURNAMENT

WHEN: Sunday, October 30th
TIME: 9:00 AM TO 4:00 PM
WHERE: Metro State Main Gymnasium
COST: \$80 per team (max. 4 players/team)
FEATURES: All games will be officiated. Every division winner will receive our official 3 on 3 Tournament T-shirt. Each team is guaranteed at least 3 games.

"MIDDLE SCHOOL MADNESS"

BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT

WHAT: Team Basketball Tournament
WHEN: Sunday, November 13th
TIME: 8:00 am to 7:00 pm
WHERE: Metro State Main Gymnasium
COST: \$200 per team
FEATURES: All games will be officiated. T-shirts given to all division winners. Each team is guaranteed at least 3 games.

Please go to our website at www.startsmartbasketball.com to get more information on all of these events. Sign-up forms for all events are also available on the website.



THE METROPOLITAN STATE
 COLLEGE OF DENVER
 Men's Basketball
 Campus Box 9
 P.O. Box 173362
 Denver, CO 80217-3362

ROADRUNNER REVIEW

National



Champions in 2000 & 2002

September 2005

Men's Basketball

Challenging Your Fears

John R. Moe

We thought you might be interested in this passage from *Peak Performance Principles for High Achievers*. Enjoy.....

One of the greatest demonstrations of a willingness to do what you fear was exhibited by Roger Reynolds, who ran the Boston Marathon for his fourth time a couple of years ago, experiencing intense pain every step of the way.

Roger has one leg that is half an inch shorter than the other, according to a story by Bill Shaw in the Indianapolis Monthly (November 1981). Yet despite the pain this causes him, he runs fifteen miles every morning. To grasp the full significance of this man's willingness to do what he fears, you need to know the story behind his handicap. You see, Roger's real passion is for skydiving. What really excites him is the exhilaration of falling freely through the bright Indiana sky.

In 1974, when Roger was twenty-one, he was a sergeant, a Green Beret, and a member of the U.S. Army parachute team, the "Golden Knights." He was a professional, a trained warrior, a tough kid.

On an overcast day in April, the team was in Charlottesville, Virginia, to perform in the Dogwood Festival. Despite the heavy cloud cover, the team leader decided to go ahead with the skydiving demonstration. Young Roger was to perform a dangerous stunt called "the cut-away," in which he was to intentionally collapse his first chute to terrify the crowd below. At the last minute he was to release the collapsed chute and pull the rip cord on his second chute, which would float him to the ground, to sighs of relief and applause from the crowd. It was a familiar

routine that he had executed hundreds of times before for air shows around the world. It was his 959th jump.

Roger was not feeling well that morning, and he was mildly irritated because the weather was forcing him to perform the stunt at less than 2,000 feet (most experts considered it madness to perform at less than 5,000 feet because the margin for error is so slim). His airplane trembled and bounced in the gusts. As always, Roger shot out of the plane like a bullet, pulled the cord, and felt the reassuring lift of the chute billowing out and slowing his fall. But the comforting tug of the line was short-lived. Within a few seconds he discovered the chute was not billowing - it had collapsed. He was falling face down at more than one hundred miles per hour. Frantically, he glanced up and saw what every skydiver has nightmares about. The chute was tangled and spinning uselessly. Skydivers call it a "streamer," and it's the worst thing that can possibly happen. Don't panic, he told himself. This has happened before. He pulled on the cord to cut himself free from the collapsed parachute, but it was jammed. He pulled so hard he cut his finger to the bone, but the cord would not budge. That morning he had failed to check his equipment - a cardinal sin for any parachutist.

Now it was time for emergency action. He pulled the cord for the second time, praying it wouldn't tangle in the first. Unfortunately, it did. He felt a wave of nausea sweep over him as the ground came toward him at a dizzying pace. This is what it feels like to die, he said to himself. Suddenly, all he could think about were his mother, father, and sisters in Indianapolis. He didn't feel so tough any more. Now he was a frightened child wanting his parents.

With a sickening crunch, Sgt. Reynolds slammed into the freshly plowed earth, breaking every major bone on his left side.

"There was a tremendous whoosh and everything went blank," he later remembered.

When he regained consciousness he saw that blood-stained bones poked through his blue-and-gold jumpsuit, his foot was twisted backward, and with the slightest movement he could hear his bones grating against each other. People were standing around talking about how lucky he was to be alive. But he didn't feel lucky.

At the hospital, the doctors predicted he would die - or at best be crippled for life. The odds against his walking again were a thousand to one. And it was obvious even to a layman that he would never run.

Roger spent sixteen months in the hospital - plenty long enough to have nightmares about the great fear that welled up inside him. The day he left the hospital, he couldn't stand up straight, was fifty pounds thinner, and walked painfully with a cane. But Roger knew what he had to do. Shortly after he left the hospital, he climbed into an airplane and took and passed his pilot's test. For sixteen months he had been sidelined, recovering in a hospital, and he had used the time to prepare for the test. With that intermediate goal accomplished, he set about to conquer the greatest fear he had. He drove back home to Indiana, to a parachute drop zone where he had learned to skydive as a high school kid.

No one expected it of him - at least no one but himself. His friends shook their heads and said he was crazy. They backed away, refusing to have any part in his "death jump." They tried to reason with him, "Your body is weakened from being laid up." "You don't have the strength to survive." "You can't even stand up, much less jump from an airplane." "Your leg will shatter into a hundred pieces." But Roger ignored the sensible advice, struggled into the airplane, and checked his equipment - twice.

"I had to conquer that fear," he later told a reporter. "I was afraid, but when I jumped, the fear was gone. At three thousand feet, the world was as beautiful and breathtaking as I had

remembered."

His friends tried to soften his impact. They grabbed a blanket and ran to hold it like a fire net so he wouldn't shatter his legs again. But Roger waved them away. He landed on his one good leg. He had done it!

This courageous young man, who was told he would probably never walk again - much less run - began to jog to try to regain his athletic conditioning. At first, the pain was unbearable - he couldn't run to the end of the driveway. But he pushed himself, and within a few days he was forcing his legs to carry him around the block - a mile, two miles, three miles, on and on, every day. But even after running for several years, he still felt excruciating pain.

In 1978, without telling anyone, Roger boarded a train in Indianapolis and traveled to Boston. There he entered and ran the Boston Marathon. Although he wasn't on the program as an official entrant and he didn't even have a number to prove he'd run, *he* knew he'd done it, and that was all that mattered.

He's run four twenty-six mile marathons since that time, and he has kept on jumping from airplanes. Recently, Roger bought some mountaineering equipment; he eventually plans to climb the Himalayas. He's also planning to be an orthopedic surgeon someday. He would like to put together bones that have been shattered, as his were. He's a rare breed, a high achiever, a person who is willing to do what he fears.

No one has to tell Roger Reynolds that his achievements are great. He knows, and that's all that matters. In fact, Roger resists the lime-light and feels embarrassed when people talk about how brave he is. For him, he's simply one man taking on the sky, the mountain, the ocean, the medical books, the pain, and life itself.

What fears are holding you back from great achievement in your life?