

February 20, 2004

Hello Rob, Kip and Pati,

Here's, hopefully, a small contribution to Pati's idea for TGO's website. It's about Francisco (A-50068)...

Fran, as we call him at home, is my younger son, kid brother to Nelson Jr. (A-50069). He's also my 4' 7" / 70-pound energy mega-generator! He's into all that's extreme, and competitive in every aspect of his life. I tell ya' ... it's impressive to watch this kid at the skate park on his blades!!

We recently moved from Puerto Rico to Florida, and the little guy made me promise him that he would start shooting with me, since in Florida there's no firearm permit or license requirement. So it was! When they got here last June, Nelson and Fran had two brand new Glock 17s and necessary minimums to start attending the local club matches.

Both of my sons make me very proud, especially when they come to the matches. Everybody compliments them on how safe they are as they move through the courses of fire, and on the way they solve the different situations as encountered in the stages. Most of the time, to be able to coach them, I would RO them. Everyone in the squad gets blown away with the conversations Fran has with me as he shoots. "Papi, I'm running out of ammo..." "Papi, I'm gonna change mags now, okay?..."

Once he was at the end of this COF that finished with an 8" plate at about 20 yards. He was very low on ammo and his skinny arms were shaking because he gets very tired holding the pistol out for too long. He started shooting at the plate... BANG... miss, BANG... miss, BANG... miss, BANG... miss. After making his fifth shot, he goes, "Papi, this gun is getting really light..." BANG... miss... and now his arms are shaking like that pistol weighed 50 pounds! He brought the Glock to low ready to take a short rest. He then turned his head and asked me, "Papi, I'm tired. What do you think if we leave that plate?" I said, "It's okay, leave it". He looked at the plate and shot at it for the last time and missed again. He unloaded, showed clear and holstered. His time was close to 1.5 minutes for a stage that his B-class dad did in 21 seconds.

I noticed that he stayed behind me while scoring. When I looked at him to tell to him to come see his shots on paper, I noticed a tear going down his cheek. I took a knee and asked him what was wrong and he replied: "I should've emptied that last mag on the stupid plate!" I told him that he did great, that he didn't quit, even having been so tired, and that even GM shooters finish stages with "mikes". I then gave him a big daddy hug.

This shows how competitive my young fella' is. I wish I had half of that spirit in me! And at that point, I would've given my life for him to knock down that little, last plate!

Just something I wanted to share. DVC.

Nelson Colón, Sr.
TY-32791

P.S.: "Papi" means Daddy in Spanish.