

ALEX DOODY'S
CATCH ME IF YOU CAN
MEMORIAL BASKETBALL TOURNAMENT
MARCH 4 - 6, 2016

In your lives you will need to make millions of decisions—sometimes even without thinking and sometimes when other people around you are making bad ones. So please practice making good decisions. When you wake up and step outside each day, remember to look both ways and to consider the world around you. Obviously, this is smart behavior, it gives you a chance to see more, to catch meaning in every moment. And when you get into a car, either as a driver or a passenger, be smart, be safe and thoughtful. A car is not an entertainment center or a playroom or a toy, it is a big, powerful machine designed to serve one purpose—to get you safely from one place to the next. Help one another to make good choices and avoid dangerous situations. Often this will be the difference between life and death, health and injury.

Be cool, be safe.

MEMORIAL

 On a beautiful spring day two weeks before their high school graduation in 2015, Alex Doody and Josh Weil died as passengers in a careless automobile accident. Alex and Josh were among the most respected, beloved, and accomplished young adults in their community. Their deaths leave a void that we want to encourage other young adults to fill.

Clearly both young men were leaders on and off the court, and they had a deep and sincere desire for their teams to work happily and well together. Basketball was one of Alex's greatest passions. He spent countless hours in the gym taking tens of thousands of shots on the basketball court, and his hard work paid off. When he read one of Ohio State's best shooters strived to make 500 baskets a day, Alex told his dad he would do the same...and he did. His high school basketball coach, Sean McGregor, noted that "Alex was one of the best basketball players in the history of our program. He was a magnificent ball handler." Alex's AAU coach Efehi Osawayani always said, "Alex was always the hardest working player I've ever worked with...He was constantly improving his game." Captain of the Hawken basketball team and a two-year basketball and one-year lacrosse letterman, Alex was named Cleveland.com Player of the Week in 2014 for hitting two game-winning three-pointers in one week; the News-Herald Classic All-star Game MVP in 2015; and Honorable Mention Division III All-Ohio in basketball. Motivated by team unity and by a commitment to give back to the community, Alex and his teammates volunteered at Metzenbaum Basketball Center for the Disabled, teaching special needs men how to improve their skills through drills and scrimmages.

Alex always made a distinct impression from a young age as someone who made life more fun and meaningful for everyone. "Very few students can match the cheerfulness and warmth of Alex Doody," one teacher commented. Another described him as "self-confident but never boastful, thoughtful, and always kind." He had a playful "prankster" side revealed in his motto, "catch me if you can".

Hawken school retired Alex's #4 basketball posthumously on June 8, 2015 and recently dedicated two large scoreboards to him in the school's gymnasium.



MOTHER TERESA'S PRAYER

People are often unreasonable, irrational, and self-centered.
Forgive them anyway.

If you are kind, people may accuse you of selfish, ulterior motives.
Be kind anyway.

If you are successful, you will win some unfaithful friends
and some genuine enemies.
Succeed anyway.

If you are honest and sincere, people may deceive you.
Be honest and sincere anyway.

What you spend years creating, others could destroy overnight.
Create anyway.

If you find serenity and happiness, some may be jealous.
Be happy anyway.

The good you do today, will often be forgotten.
Do good anyway.

Give the best you have, and it will never be enough.
Give your best anyway.

In the final analysis, it is between you and God.
It was never between you and them anyway.

A FATHER'S RESPONSE

Gord (Nickname),

I keep a copy of this above my desk at work. I think it makes a lot of sense about life and how to keep working through hardship and adversity regardless of the outcome. Sometimes life doesn't go the way you planned it and I know the second half of the basketball season fits into that category for you. I don't know what God has planned for you, basketball wise or otherwise, but I know he has a great plan for you. Mother Teresa was a nun who lived in Calcutta, India and devoted her entire life to taking care of the sick and dying and poor and starving in India. She truly believed it was God's plan for her and I'll bet she was very happy taking care of others. You're calling will come—it may be basketball or not—but it will come—the best is yet to come Gord—Keep working hard. It will all be good—Promise!

Love, Dad

THE RHYTHM OF THE BARN

Thump...swoosh...thump...thump...swoosh... swoosh...thump...swoosh...clank. It's this rhythm of hoop life that I have grown to need...every day...every season...every year of my teenage life. It's 5:30 am, pitch black and I have just walked a quarter of a mile through eight inches of snow to my old barn. I open and smash the door shut, proceed two steps up, turn right... then left, and finally climb the fourteen steep stairs that my old Saint Bernard, Dante, has slipped down so many times.

This is a hike I could do in my sleep. Since my teammate Charlie outscored me 17 to 1 in our 7th grade basketball game against Beachwood, I vowed to come up every day to this old barn where a small basketball gym remains. At the time, I thought I was never really going to practice every day, I just wanted to tweak my jump shot and refine my ball handling skills to the point where I would surpass Charlie. Never did I think this 100 year old barn would be my sanctuary.

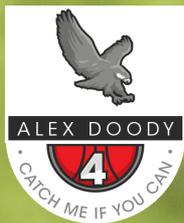
These old maple floor planks reshaped me. The countless hours of eerie quietness I spent there provided me with the solitude that allowed me to find the person I need to know most: myself. I believe everyone must truly experience a sense of isolation in order to find himself. For me, it was the island of the gym. Going up to the old barn became part of my routine. It was a priority right along with homework and sleep. As I performed the robotic motion of one shot after the other 1000's of times, I entered a place where things simply made sense. It is like a meditation. My muscles do the thinking for me and release my mind to perceive matters in a new way. That relic of a gym provided me with a healthy way to contemplate every decision I had made in the past and every one I would make in the future.

If I had never laced up my tattered leather boots and walked to that barn, I never would have learned so much of what I believe to be central to who I am. First and foremost, I learned about hard work: its benefit, what it takes, and even how to react if it seems to do nothing. Secondly, I learned to endure through adversity, whether it was my parent's divorce or my season-missing, severe concussion. I distinctly remember my thoughts as I walked to the barn the first time. I was excited yet annoyed as my father told me that for this to actually make a difference; I would have to go up there every day for a year. I did not want this; I was an ignorant thirteen-year-old eager for immediate results.

I told myself I would just do it until I was the best on the team... then the best on my AAU team...in the league...and so on. Seeing the results, I began to work harder and longer; a year later I found myself captain of the team and breaking the Hawken School scoring record. I found the value of hard work. The results of my constant effort taught me something that will remain with me forever. I learned that I am not limited to my ability at any given time: with hard work I can accomplish feats that previously seemed impossible.

I still go to that old barn on the hill every day; however, I know I will have to ascend those fourteen stairs a final time. Yet the symmetry of the perfectly placed maple planks, the cadence of the thousands of shots that plays in my head like a flawless rap song—these remain within me...they have shaped my soul and body. Repeat...Refine...Repeat. This is now my endlessly applicable rhythm. I thank my graying, stony-faced jazz-master barn.

Alex Doody's College Essay



“CATCH ME IF YOU CAN”

- ALEX DOODY

Alex lived every moment as a moment and a half and he would have wanted us to do the same.