# Chapter 11: Still Feel Me

“Shit don’t just happen. Shit happens for a reason.” — Jadakiss

There’s a certain weight that comes with staying power. It’s not loud. It’s not glamorous. It’s quiet. Sharp. Earned.  
I’ve never been the trendiest coach. Never tried to be. I didn’t build Max Potential for likes. I built it because the system kept failing kids—and nobody seemed to care enough to stop it. Or they cared, but didn’t know what to do. Me? I learned. I studied. I adjusted. And I stayed. I’m still here. And I still feel every piece of it.

People ask what drives me. I tell them: hate, frustration, and hunger. Not hate for people—hate for how the game’s been treated. For how the kids get molded, used, and left behind. Frustration that we know better now—but so many coaches still run outdated blueprints because they’re afraid to lose control. And hunger—because this isn’t about my ego. It’s about my sons. About Max. About every kid who needed someone to see them, not just play them.

Once you’ve seen what I’ve seen—once you’ve watched a child suffocate in a system that claims to care—you can’t unsee it. Once you’ve buried a kid you loved, you start to measure every rep, every drill, every program differently. I don’t chase perfection. I chase peace. Clarity. Breath. And I coach now to protect those things like sacred ground.

Max is everywhere I go. He’s not a ghost. He’s a guide. He’s in every hesitant glance a player gives me before they take a risk. He’s in every parent who wants to do the right thing but doesn’t know how. He’s in every player who whispers, “This feels fun again.” I’m not running a program. I’m honoring a promise: to never let what happened to him be for nothing.

Let them say what they want. That I’m different. That I’m too intense. That I coach weird. That’s fine. I didn’t build Max Potential to impress them. I built it to outlast the noise. You can only be overlooked for so long before you stop asking for space—and start carving it. I don’t need flowers. I need space to breathe. To work. To serve.

Hate, frustration, hunger—those are my ghosts, and my fuel.

I didn’t build this to be trendy. I built this to outlast the noise.

This ain’t for the highlight reel. This is for the ones who stayed.

I’m not yelling anymore. I’m not trying to prove anything. I’m just showing up. Still here. Still spitting.