# Chapter 5: HiiiPoWeR

“The sky is falling, the wind is calling / Stand for something or die in the morning.” — Kendrick Lamar

The sky is falling.  
  
Every weekend, I see it. The sideline screams. The overcoached possessions. The tournaments where joy gets replaced by status. The press breaks more advanced than the players running them. The metrics. The mixtapes. The madness.  
  
And still, the wind is calling.  
  
I’ve heard it. In Cole’s breathless panic. In Lennox’s bounce. In the confused questions of a player who’s only ever known control. In the silence between drills. In the moments where joy cracks through despite the system.  
  
I had a choice. Stand for something. Or die in the morning.  
  
So I stood.  
  
Not with slogans. With study.  
  
I took five science classes my senior year of high school. I scored a 1320 on the SAT. I was supposed to go into engineering. But I chose basketball. I chose culture. I chose community. And when I got here—when I saw what we were building—I knew something had to change.  
  
So I went back to science.  
  
After that 12–13 season at Ranney—after feeling like I couldn’t speak the language of my players—I searched. And I found it.  
  
Ecological dynamics. The Constraints-Led Approach. Rob Gray. Transforming Basketball. Sarama. Savi.  
  
The words weren’t new. But the ideas were ancient. They mirrored how I grew up playing. 4-on-3 on uneven pavement. No cones. No cues. Just decision after decision. Just adaptation.  
  
It wasn’t chaos. It was intelligence.  
  
And I’ve been building from that ever since.  
  
This isn’t dogma. This is direction.  
  
I’m not here to argue with every coach. I’m here to say: we’ve got a better map now.  
  
Because real development isn’t sterile. It’s alive. It’s noisy. It’s joyful. It’s embedded in real moments, with real problems, under real pressure.  
  
If a kid only succeeds when the drill is clean, we haven’t trained them. We’ve tricked them.  
  
I used to hold my tongue. I used to nod along. I used to think maybe I was too different.  
  
But Flipper didn’t hold his nose. So why should I hold my tongue?  
  
This is the work.  
  
Coaching with questions, not commands.  
  
Designing environments, not dictating outcomes.  
  
Honoring play. Honoring people.  
  
Making peace with mess. Because growth is messy.  
  
Letting go of control without letting go of care.  
  
Giving kids their game back—and guiding them with love, not leash.  
  
I’ve seen the resistance. From parents. From peers. Even from myself.  
  
Because letting go feels dangerous when control is all you’ve known.  
  
But I’ve seen what happens when a kid finds flow.  
  
When they respond to context instead of cue.  
  
When they make a read, not because they were told to—but because they saw it.  
  
That’s power.  
  
That’s HiiiPoWeR.  
  
It’s not about being louder. It’s about being clearer. Cleaner. Aligned.  
  
I’m not trying to be the smartest coach in the room.  
  
I’m trying to be the most honest.  
  
And honestly? I’m done pretending we can’t do better.  
  
We can.  
  
And we must.  
  
Because the sky is still falling. But I’m still standing.  
  
And I’ve got work to do.  
  
A blueprint to follow. A belief to build.  
  
Let’s go.