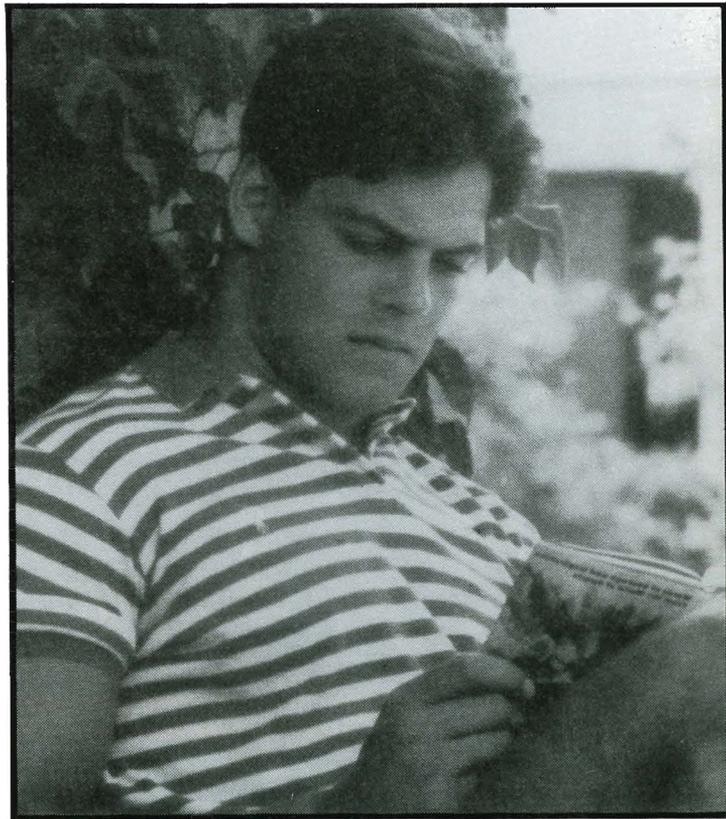
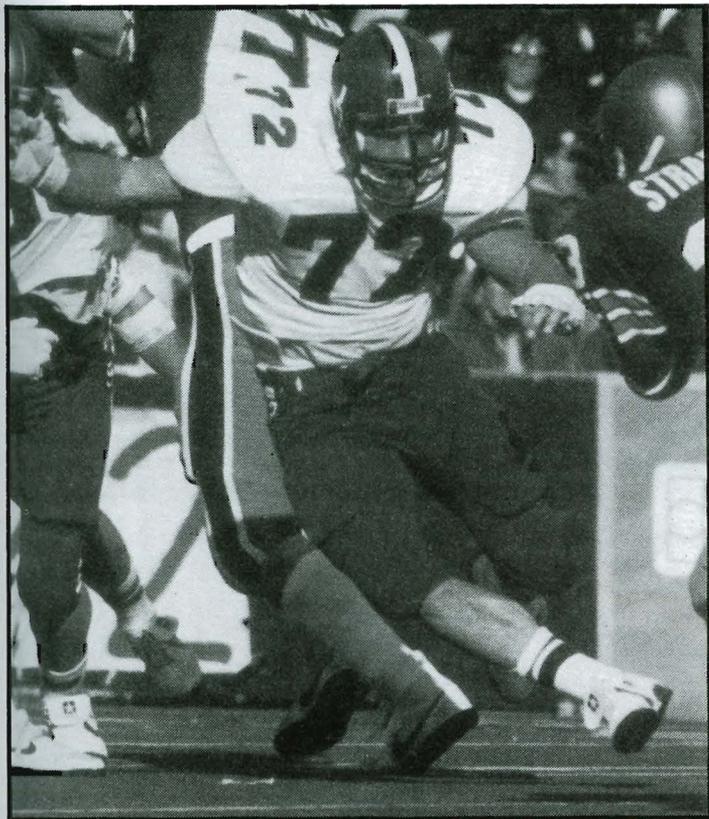


# TIM GREEN

ALL-AMERICAN  
RHODES SCHOLAR  
CANDIDATE



## All-American Defensive Tackle Tim Green: Syracuse University

Tim Green personifies exactly what is meant by putting things into the right perspective. He is a great example for everyone. We are quite proud to feature Tim and have him on our front cover.

His defensive line coach at Syracuse University is George O'Leary who also happened to be Tim's high school coach. Coach O'Leary remembers, "In high school, each drill was like a game. All his efforts were ALL OUT. He has always been very inquisitive. Tim is always trying to learn how to do things better. His effort is contagious. Tim led us to a 19-1 record over two years."

O'Leary continued, "Just after high school, Tim won a Kodak Art Work Award. He did a hand drawing of the Syracuse Football Stadium with Superman going over. The only thing different was a football jersey number on Superman. His! So Tim has always thought big and been a champion."

Tim Green had a tremendous high school career. He was a Parade and a Smith and Street All-American at Liverpool High School. Tim was also the state Heavyweight wrestling champion. Tim has been playing his defensive tackle position since he was 8 years old. I asked him about burnout. Tim replied, "For some it probably would have happened but for me I've always loved the competition, the challenge and the game. I'm not burned out." O'Leary also responded "Heck, as an 8th grader, he wanted to be

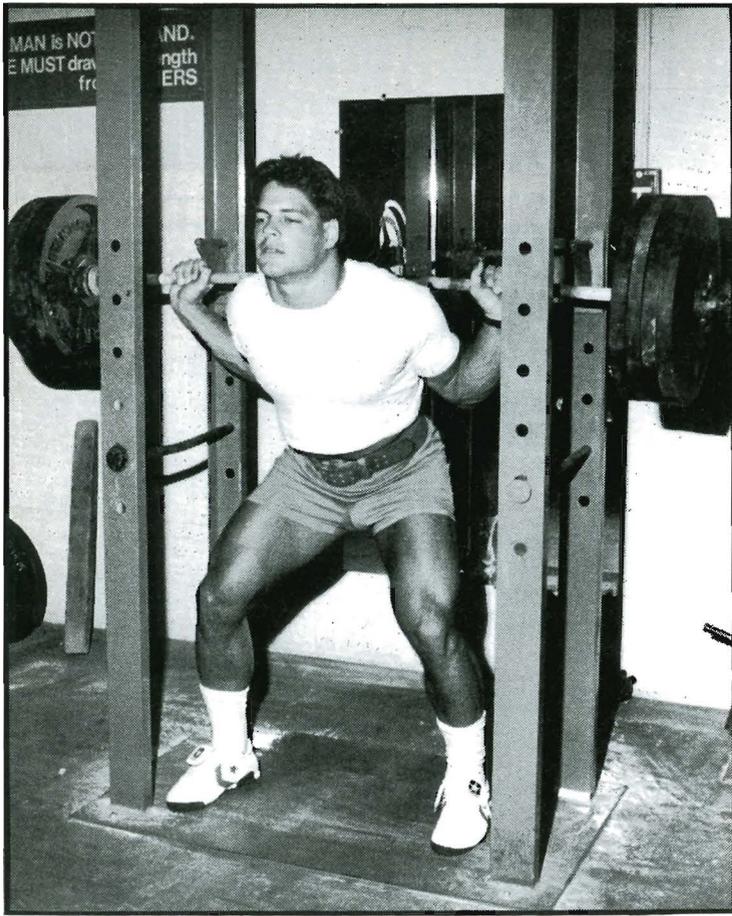
in the weight room 3 days a week."

At Syracuse, Tim Green made the All-East team as a sophomore and junior and made some All-American teams last year. This year, he is a top candidate for the Outland and Lombardi Trophies.

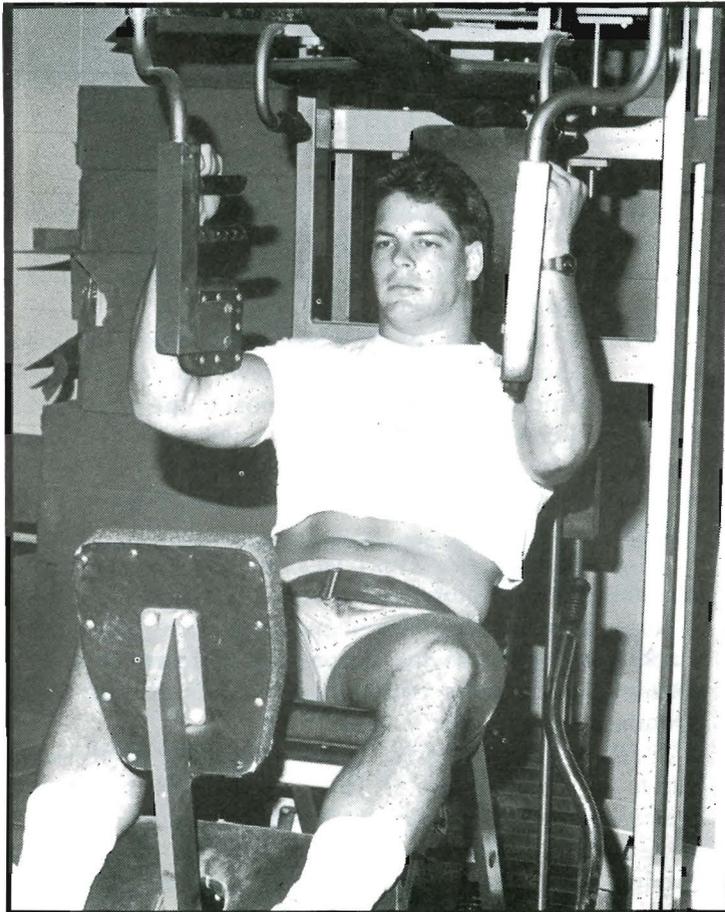
Syracuse strength coach of six years, Mike Woicik has this to say about Tim Green, "I've never had an athlete so motivated and task oriented. It's almost to the point where whatever I challenge him with — he will get. He expects improvement. He never expects to miss a workout. Time demands improvement in himself. He has truly been like a storybook athlete."

Woicik continued, "This past summer we were with the Nautilus Double Shoulder Machine. He was going to do 10 reps. I snuck around and moved up the resistance 2 stacks. He got it anyway! He programs himself to make a certain number of reps and then he does them. Tim Green spends extra time all the time."

I asked Coach Woicik "Mike, what kind of person is Tim towards other people?" Woicik stated, "He treats other people terrific. Tim is very conscientious. One time this man came in who was momentarily down on his luck and needed money for he and his family. Tim overheard and even though he didn't know the man very well, Tim



Tim's best squat with Hamstrings Parallel has been 700 Lbs.!



Tim supplements his heavy lifting with auxiliary work.

stopped his workout and went out to his car. When he returned, he had a \$100.00 check, which was later given to the man anonymously."

Tim belongs to Athletes in Action which meets once a week and is a branch of Campus Crusade for Christ. Tim states, "My God and my family are more important than football." The above story is a wonderful example of putting that philosophy in action. Tim comments, "I feel it's only right to give something back to the general public and to charities for the things I've received through athletics."

Tim is engaged to Kecia, his high school sweetheart. His marriage date depends on the Rhodes Scholarship. Being a Rhodes Scholar Candidate is in itself a very prestigious honor. Tim had close to a straight A average in high school and had a 1230 SAT score. He is a fourth year senior which seems to be a rarity these days in major college football. Tim is an English major who loves 19th century poetry and in particular the Epics of Milton, Homer and Vergil. He also takes courses in calculus, philosophy, Corporate Finance, Biology and Chemistry. His G.P.A. is 3.83, which is unbelievable when you consider the time demands of football and graduating this spring in only four years.

"I'd like to play pro football and I'd like to do some writing," said Tim. "If I don't go to Oxford, I might go to law school. I'm not too terribly worried about not making it in the pros." Tim accurately analyzed. Isn't that refreshing! Many athletes put all their eggs into one basket and that is a pro career. If they don't make it, they're doomed. Not so with Tim Green. Somehow, I get the feeling the great career of Tim Green is only beginning.

The Rhodes Scholarship is not a sure thing. There are several big selection steps ahead. However, if Tim is selected, he will have an awesome opportunity in England at Oxford University wonderfully rich in academic traditions. In any event, Tim Green has a variety of exciting opportunity choices.

Now, Tim tell us about football! "I'm not a yell and scream guy," said Tim. "I think. I will read until I get on the bus to relax me. I don't need to get hyped up before the game. However, when the whistle blows, I go schizo anyway. I feel uppers and drugs are garbage and extremely unnecessary. So are steroids! If you can't perform with what God gave you, then you shouldn't be doing it. Steroids were at one time a temptation my sophomore year because people told me I wasn't big enough. But, I thought a great deal about it and decided to do it on my own. I found that bodyweight wasn't all that key but speed and my own personal intensity were as important or even more important."

"Tim," I asked, "Do you have any concluding statements that might help younger players?" "Yes, I do," he remarked. "You can never do enough preparation to be your best to win. You must constantly push yourself. Never be satisfied with where you are. Don't abuse alcohol or other drugs, it will destroy you. I've been lucky. My parents have supported me throughout all my life. They are extraordinary parents" Tim Green concluded softly.

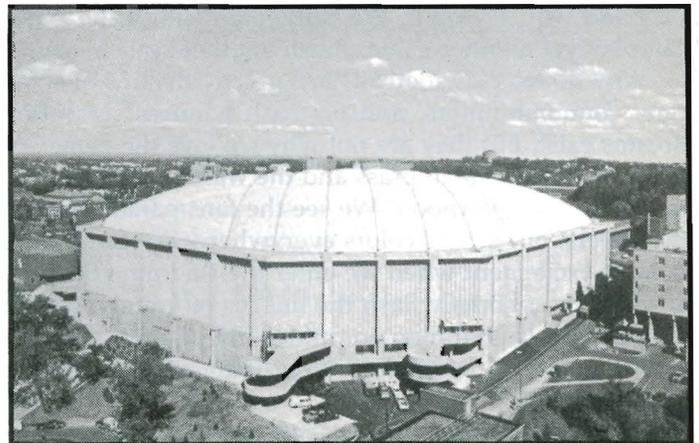
We thank Tim Green, Mike Woicik and George O'Leary for sharing with us your poignant story so filled with wonderful examples of putting life in its right perspective.



**"You can never do enough PREPARATION to be your best to win!!"**

### TIM GREEN PROGRESS CHART

	Ht.	Wt.	40	Bench	Squat
9th	6-1	185	X	225	X
10th	6-2	200	X	265	X
11th	6-2	215	X	300	X
12th	6-2	225	4.85	340	X
Fr.	6-2	237	4.85	365	575
Soph.	6-2	242	4.75	390	620
Jr.	6-2	246	4.63	405	660
Sr.	6-2	252	X	420	700



The Syracuse Football Stadium Dome. "Tim has always thought big about being a champion."

## TIM GREEN'S PERSONAL MESSAGE TO YOU

In 1869, Rutgers and Princeton played the first collegiate football game in America. Since that day, this contest of strength, skill and intellect has firmly embedded itself into the foundation of our culture.

Yet, as of late, college football has come under much harsh criticism. Drug problems, recruiting violations and academic inadequacies have filled the sports sections and spilled onto the editorial pages. It seems that as much attention is being paid to the battle line drawn between the NCAA and corruption as to the forces that battle across the line of scrimmage. Unfortunately, corruption does exist, and must be fought.

But I have a different story. I play Division I college football. I have no scandals to reveal. I have no aberration to report. Rather, I would like to describe what most of us experience as college football players.

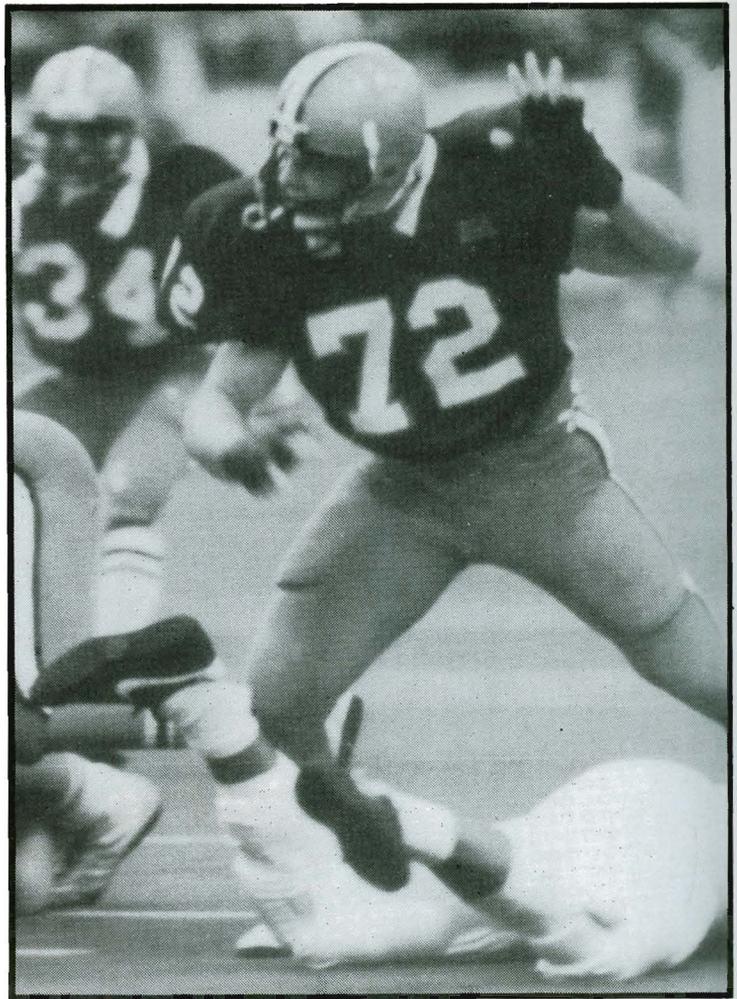
I don't know any players who have received a shoe-box full of hundreds, a free car, or a free anything for that matter beyond possibly a pair of sweat pants or sneakers. I do know we work hard every day throughout the year running, lifting, sweating. During the season, we spend close to eight hours with our teams practicing, training, strategy meetings, scouting reports and film analysis. We are proud of the hard work we do, and proud that we have earned the opportunity to pursue a college degree.

We live with dreams of greatness: conference championships, bowl games and All-American teams, but with those dreams come nightmares. All our work, all our sweat and determination, all our achievements can be snatched from us in one quick moment. A knee injury, a collarbone fracture, a broken ankle, any quirk of fate can cost any one of us an entire season, even a career. Some of us are built up as heroes in moments of glory, then torn down, replaced, or forgotten in the wake of defeat. Friends see friends with the same illustrious dreams fall by the wayside in noble pathos, painful failure.

We live with injury and pain, torn muscle fibres, twisted joints, headaches and fierce lacerations. Icy whirlpools, burning hot packs, high voltage electric muscle stimulation, tape it tight, grit your teeth, and get out there, practice, play and win. We do it. We battle pain with pride, so we can play yet another game, finish another season, win.

Why do we play football? Is it greedy dreams of sports cars, condominiums, and big cash bonuses? No; those dreams exist, but they are not why we love the game. We can taste the fresh-cut grass and the warm autumn breeze on a Saturday afternoon. We see the fans parade through the streets, our school colors everywhere. We can feel the buzz of excitement when we enter the stadium filled with formless faces. Briefly flash the images of friends, parents or a special girl. But then our minds blur and we savor the acute sensation of tension, pure excitement. The game begins.

Carefully laid plans are put into motion, attacking, defending, scoring and tackling. Adjustments are constantly



made on the sideline, weaknesses discussed, defenses shifted, attacks re-routed. And I can see myself fixed in a four-point stance with ten teammates flanked about me. The offense breaks and comes to the ball. The air is filled with shouts, formations are identified, coverages are changed, stunts are cancelled, assignments reinforced. I scan my opponent; I know him well. I have seen him execute a hundred plays on film, I have studied his strengths and know his weaknesses.

He sits back on his heels and staggers his left foot back — they will pass. I select my attack, review my assignment, and fix my sight on his fingertips resting on the turf — when they move, I move.

The ball is snapped, and two opposing forces collide, the perfect rush of adrenalin. I strike, then pull and dip my shoulder, breaking free. I see the quarterback. Like the small prey of a hunting bird, he flits his eyes toward me and startled, breaks for freedom — but too late. I snatch up his body and bring him down. Like one enormous beast, the stadium roars. I stand from the turf and raise my arms. It is a satisfaction that cannot be bought or sold for money, a high beyond any drug. It is the game we love. It is the beauty of teamwork, strategy and pure physical strife that transcends the bounds of every day life.

Tim Green  
7/19/85

Tim Green, a senior at Syracuse University, plays defensive tackle.