Message from Billy Wiseman

Hey everyone, I wanted to share with everyone something that I have started with a private group of alumni of the Estill County Football Program. We are starting a club that will support the Football Program every year. To give you a little background, my Brother Robbie Wiseman (Who we lost about a year and a half ago from ALS), always wanted to start a club that supported the program every year. He and I talked about it many times. He always said that we could raise a lot of money if we all chipped in a little every year. I am now trying to fulfill his dream of rallying together people that would like to join us. This club is open to anyone that would like to be a supporter and the cost is the same for Husband and Wife as it is for an individual. Would you like to be a member of this club and help fulfill my Brother's dream? The cost is \$100.00 every year and all the money goes directly to help the Football team as they need it. Just leave a message in the comments section (on his Facebook page) and I will privately message you. Also, please share, share and share this post because we will take all the support we can. Thanks and if you join, I will be forever grateful for you honoring my brother's dream. I miss my brother every day and hope he would be proud of me for doing this in memory of him.

Remembering Robbie!

One of the greatest if not the greatest Engineers to ever strap on a helmet and shoulder pads!

Contact Billy Bruce Wiseman if interested in joining the Estill County Engineers Football Alumni Group

I had the distinct honor and pleasure of helping coach the Estill County High School Football Program for 21 years. Little did I know at the time I was going to be able to witness one of the best all-around athletes in action. For you see, my first year in the program, Robbie Wiseman was just a junior. He was such a gifted athlete in virtually any sport he tried that he was head and shoulders above his peers.

Robbie was a humble man didn't speak much of his own exploits and accomplishments on the field of play or off of it. One just had to be there to witness greatness and an overwhelming desire to outdo his competition. The first time I saw Robbie hurdle a would-be tackler, when he got to the sideline, I asked him what made you do that. He said, "Coach I had the sideline on my right, another tackler coming at me on my left, the only

"Coach I had the sideline on my right, another tackler coming at me on my left, the only option I could think of was to hurdle over the guy in front of me;" to which he did with precision like he had done that move countless times before.

As a coach on the sideline you must keep your focus on the respective area you are responsible for, but it was hard not to become a fan and watch as Robbie did his stuff on the field. Robbie set the standard high for not only his peers and players in future years and teams to follow, but laying in the wings was a little brother Billy Bruce who I can't imagine the pressure on him to excel as much as his big brother did. Try as he did no one was going to rise to the level of the bar Robbie set. Believe me we had some follow-on players with skills but none to reach Robbie's desire to punish his opponents on offense or on defense. He enjoyed hitting as much as he enjoyed running over defenses.

Up until Robbie injured his knee it was virtually impossible to keep Robbie out of a ball game, injured or not. That was the strong desire in Robbie not to let himself down or his team.

I had the good fortune also to see Robbie the first time he dressed and ran out onto Commonwealth Stadium as a Kentucky Wildcat football player. I was standing at the tunnel where the players ran out onto the field, I hollered at Robbie and he came over and shook my hand and said, "Coach I made it." I said, "Yes you did, Robbie."

The last couple years brought Robbie up against another foe, a crippling one, ALS, that at best is hard to defeat and very seldom is ever accomplished, but just like Robbie of the glory days of high school, he fought it with the tenacity only he could muster up. He was brave and committed to win, up to and including the end. I could almost hear him say again, "Coach, I made it," and my response to him would be again, "Yes, you did, Robbie, yes, you did." The game of Life is over and now you can begin your eternal game of Life with no more pain, no more sorrow, you scored your last touchdown you won your game of Mortal Life.

Thanks for the Memories Robbie, you left your inerasable mark on us, #7 will forever be etched on our memories thanks to you. If you were on the sidelines or in the stands you may have in my opinion witnessed the "Greatest Engineer Ever," and I am eternally grateful to have been a part of that portion of your life.

Coach Don Richardson









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