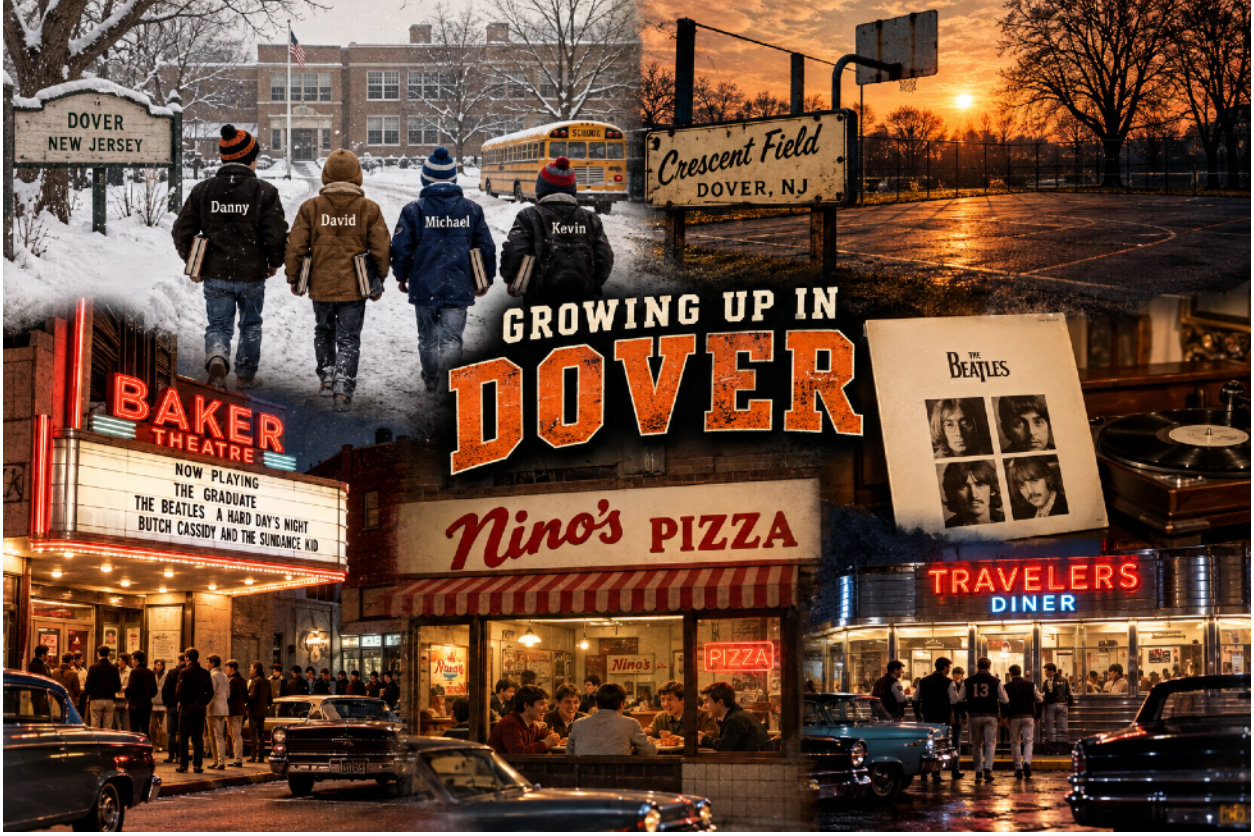

Growing Up In Dover

Growing up in **Dover, New Jersey**, changed the direction of my life. I arrived as a nervous thirteen-year-old who didn't know anyone, but before long I found basketball, lifelong friends, and Crescent Field—the place where I truly became a basketball player and eventually met the girl who would become my wife. Dover wasn't just where I grew up; **it became the place that shaped the rest of my life.**



“One of my favorite memories of growing up in Dover happened during our

freshman year. Every morning, especially during the winter, we walked to Dover Junior High School. Our first stop was the Dover Train Station. David and Michael had the longest trip there. They came all the way down from Prospect Street, a walk of about 1.1 miles. Kevin came from Penn Avenue, about eight-tenths of a mile away. I had it easy. I only had to walk about three-tenths of a mile from our house on Orchard Street. On cold winter mornings, we would take off our hats and gloves and place them on the huge radiator they had in the waiting room to warm them up. We would stand there for a few minutes, talking and laughing while our hands thawed out and our gloves and hats became nice and warm."