

# Forces

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## Lawler Hall Green Corner

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games in that living room, and there were always red striped butter mints or Werther's caramels in the side pockets for a quick snack. She always had that nylon jacket ready for me to wear for good luck. One of my favorite OU items of hers that's now faded into a memory, was her bottle opener. After



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Green Corner**  
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every touchdown or big play, she would mess with it so that it made the sound of our OU fight song. I can hear it in my head every time I think of Grandmama's living room. During the game, my uncle would come in from the back porch, always smelling strongly of cigarette smoke like he'd just walked out of an old Irish pub. Grandmama was always teaching me the rules of the game and about the exceptional young players and, of course, giving me an undeniable love for our head coach at the time, the distinguished Bob Stoops. I'd never met him a day in my life, but still I admired and looked up to that man like he was a close friend or relative. In that living room on those Saturday afternoons, Grandmama and I watched him coach those young guys, looking back and forth at each other in awe like he'd hung the moon. Halftime in Grandmama's living room was always my favorite. Slowly, she would stop watching TV, get out of her aqua recliner, and sink into the

couch next to me. She scratched my back with her always perfectly painted pink fingernails. Grandmama always got every inch of my back, top to bottom, side to side; I never even had to tell her where to scratch, she always knew. Once the third and especially fourth quarter started, I knew not to expect much of her attention. She analyzed those games as if