Season of the Hurricane (1970)
by Gregory A. Powell, Peddie ’71

In Memory of Tyrell “Hurricane” Hennings
(1952 - 2022)

He blew in on a summer day, this kid from out Chicago way
No one could dream what was in store, an image etched in Hightstown lore
Old Gold and Blue would benefit, the hope of winning now legit
We ran roughshod thru scheduled foes, lined up then downed like dominoes

But Kingswood for some crazy reason, thought they’d ruin our perfect season
They stopped our vaunted rush attack, but not The Greek at quarterback
And a fumble scooped by Billy Means, iced the win and dashed their dreams
We wiped our brows when we had won, and left that town by setting sun

Back home we got back on our game, kicking @$@ and taking names
We climbed the Hill and bested Blair, and L’ville could no better fare
With Masella and Wham and Wilcox too, the Falcons fielded quite the crew
But Ty’s the straw that stirred the drink, to him we’ll be forever linked

We never lost a game that year, his impact thundered loud and clear
As if someone above ordained, The Season of The Hurricane

Tyrell was more than sports he played, an Ivy scholar; all self-made
To search this world from end to end, would not produce a better friend
The seasons come and seasons go, but we’ve been dealt a lasting blow
A heartfelt loss now Heaven’s gain, as bells toll for The Hurricane