

## Racing and Family

### A Message from the Vice President

When I was a kid, we moved around a lot as my dad tried to work his way up in the television industry. I had lived in seven different cities before I was ten-years-old. I don't remember much about most of those places. What I do remember is that my dad would always find a short track to take me to a few times each summer. I honestly cannot remember going to kindergarten in Fort Wayne or Indianapolis, but I can remember watching races at Baer Field Raceway in Fort Wayne and The Speedrome and going to the Indianapolis Motor Speedway for the first time during the eight months we lived in Indy. I have spotty memories of going to grade school for five years in Lansing, Michigan, but I have vivid memories of going to Spartan Speedway and thinking that they were absolutely crazy for running figure eights with the late models! When we moved to Florence, Kentucky just before my tenth birthday we would go out to Florence Speedway all the time. As happens in life, during my angst filled teenage years, my relationship with my dad was strained but we would still watch races together, both on T.V. and in person. It was one of the few things we had in common even though we oftentimes would argue about our favorite drivers and teams. Then just before I turned twenty-one, my grandmother passed away. As would be expected, my dad was pretty upset by the loss of his mom. He decided he wanted to take some of the money that my grandmother had left him and go racing as a way to both fulfill a lifelong fantasy and help to remember her. We had seen the O.V.K.A. booth at the Cavalcade of Customs Show in Cincinnati over the years and thought that would be a good place to start. Dad bought an old Invader chassis and entered a few races that year and I always came out and helped him as much as I could. The next year, we had a second kart and I started racing too. I cannot say Dad and I didn't still argue both at the track and at home, but racing defiantly made us a lot closer! After a few years, Dad decided he was better suited as a mechanic than a driver and we focused on my racing. Unfortunately as my career outside of racing progressed, I found myself with less time to devote to the sport that I loved and we got out of racing. Almost as soon as we sold the karts and the trailer, I regretted the decision and after about a year, I was back hanging out at the track. When I got laid off from my job a few years ago, Max talked me into becoming the Race Director at O.V.K.A and even though I could not afford to race much, I felt like I was home again. Last season I donated my time and experience in karting to the Rookie Class and had an absolute blast working with the newest generation of karters. Now as I get ready for my twelfth year with O.V.K.A., I think about how close my dad and I have become in large part due to racing and all of the great friends I have made in this sport, many of whom are just as close to me as family and I realize what makes this a great organization. O.V.K.A. is like a large family. As with any family, we will have disagreements and arguments, but at the end of the day, we will come together and find a way to make it work!

As the new Vice President, I look forward to working with the other officers, the board, and the entire membership to help our karting family grow while keeping the values of family, competition, fairness, and integrity intact. As we gear up for the 2011 season, I hope to see all

of you out there having fun and racing hard. If anybody has any questions or concerns during the upcoming season, feel free to contact me by phone at (859) 240-8119 or by email at [joshwagar25@hotmail.com](mailto:joshwagar25@hotmail.com) or just come talk to me at the track.

Good luck to everybody this season! Let's make 2011 one of the best seasons in the history of O.V.K.A.

Josh Wagar  
O.V.K.A. Vice President