

I Love Baseball

I went to my first baseball game 80 years ago. I still remember it but if I'm truthful it's mostly the vendors I remember. It was my 7th birthday, and the Safety boys were going and my brother was one of them. My Mother went as a chaperone, and I was able to tag along. The Tigers played New York Yankees and the Tigers won 1-0. (I had to look that up.) The game was at Briggs Stadium. I didn't go to another game although I watched them on TV in the 68 season and began a love for baseball that still continues. When I began to work for the Red Cross, 2 of the other Nurses and one of the clerk's loved baseball. We began to request opening day off and would go to the ballpark. Management wanted to know why 4 people were requesting the same day off in the Spring every year. Because we were taking personal days we didn't have to tell them, personal days are personal. But, we relented and told them. They had never guessed that was what we were doing. We would also take a few days during the season and go to a game. One year my two children, no longer children but teens mentioned that how come I never took them to opening day. I purchased two tickets directly across the stadium from where my friends and I would be sitting, and they went to Tiger Stadium for opening day. I didn't want them to see their mother acting up during a game. I was prone to yelling at umpires. Meanwhile I took binoculars so I could watch them. They loved the game. I had taken my son to his first game when he was very young to Tiger Stadium. I called the Principal and told him that I would be taking him out of school to go to a baseball game with his mother. The neighbor and I had decided to take our sons to a game. We had a great time and when I asked him years later if he remembered it, he described the day with such happiness that it was like reliving that day through his eyes. I hope he always remembers that day. We would go to a lot of games together at Comerica Park. God blessed me with a love for a sport that I never played. He blessed me with the friends made and the three friends who also loved baseball and were such fun to be with. When I look back on my years, I realize how blessed I was with friends that joined with me in their love of baseball. I was reminded of this when one of them passed away this month. In fact, I was planning on attending the service with the one remaining friend and baseball buddy the Sunday after my most recent fall and couldn't go. It's been several years since we went. But I still have the memories of wondering if the snow would stick as we sat bundled in our coats on opening day. We managed to get tickets to a 1984 World series game in the bleachers and watched as Alan Trammell hit two home runs. Two of my baseball friends are gone but the memories live on as I recall the fun and joy, we had at Tiger Stadium and Comerica Park. I am so grateful to God that he has given me memories to treasure and put friends in my path that love baseball. Pastor Don and I will go to at least one game this year, God has given me another "baseball buddy." I thank God that he has given me friends to share baseball with and for the memories of all the moments and days that were filled with joy.

Lord, we thank you for memories and for the friends you send us. You bless our lives with others and then you give us the memories of those happy and blessed times. Thank you for this day, for the blessings of family, friends, and the love you send into our lives. We ask Lord that you be with those that are ill, and those that are in need. May we treat others as we would like to be treated. Be with Pastor Don and bless his ministry and grant him safety and watch over his family. Be with our Staff and Leaders, give them guidance and bless them in their efforts. Be with our church may we remember who we are and who we belong to. Lord our country is in turmoil, help us to remember that you have called us to love one another. In Jesus name we pray. Amen

Grace Epperson