

The Forgotten Game – How I Fell In Love With The Game Of Baseball AGAIN.

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By Aron Wallad submitted fro Jason Conyers

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The Forgotten game

How I Fell In Love With The Game Of Baseball AGAIN.

It happens to the best of us. One day we realizes a piece of us is missing. With the things we love it is not as simple as patting your back pocket to make sure you didn't leave the house with out your wallet. Such is the case with me and the game of baseball. I don't think I really fell out of love with baseball, life just sort of happened and I grew up. What I did not know was that the time I spent away from the game, the game of baseball was actually still in my heart just waiting for the day I would yell out "play ball !" again. I remember when it all came back to me. It was after the strike of 94' before all the money hungry major leaguers I called my hero's agreed to play OUR game again. Something clicked inside me that year. I don't know if it was the silence of all those empty ball parks or the fact that the only ballplayers playing that year were guys just like me. Guys who just loved the game and were paid with checks they could not cash. You know the kind paid to the order of "reality".I could feel it coming back every time I would pass an empty ball park. My senses would bring me closer to my most precious memories. The unique aroma of freshly cut grass mixing with clouds of infield dust were calling me back into time. Memories flooded my mind.The chatter of little leaguers in the heat of a sizzling summer game rose up from the silence of adulthood. I was way too old to play little league and too young to give up on the game I loved. This is a tough time in a man's life. The time when we have to choose how we will continue loving the game. Some choose to softball, some choose to coach little league and some accept that their lot in life is being no more than an avid fan. You see time marches on and youth slips away. It leaves behind only the memories that we have held tight. These are the memories that we refuse to forget.These kind of memories are seeds of hope that are proof that God has blessed us with something worthy of remembrance.Memories like the first time you took the mound and feared beaning that shaking kid in batters box or the feeling of numbness in your fingers as you connected with your very first fastball. My baseball memories will never be forgotten. I have written them on a canvas with colors that would make Picasso cry. I always dreamed I could play with Don

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Mattingly one day. Back then I was naive enough to think that if I kept on just playing baseball, time would march me right to third base in Yankee stadium so I could dive to my left and snag that hot grounder then from my knees sling the ball across the diamond right into Donny's baseball's out stretched glove. All that was left for him to do was point and tip his hat. That dream never happened of course but I will never let go of the memory. While Donny baseball is still in pinstripes he has been replaced at 1st base, by a new superstar. He is not quite as big but I would never even think of trading him. You see my new 1st baseman is my son and the only time I sling the ball from my knees at third base is when I trip while showing his teammates team how to field the routine grounder at little league practice. Together he and I are making new baseball memories and thanks to him I finally got play little league again. Thank you son, your are my treasure.

As faithful as Lou Gerhig himself time has kept its promise. It has brought me from childhood to fatherhood where for the love of the game I have accepted my duty in passing on my baseball

memories to my children. Though they are still too young to understand why, they know that I am passing on a piece of our American heritage. Many have made mention of baseball and apple pie but I say baseball is America so never let it die! Relive all those wonderful memories and you will see why...

By: Jason A. Conyers

Aron Wallad has been a baseball lover for over 40 years. Writing about his favorite subject, baseball, has been a blessing. You will enjoy the heartwarming stories, the unusual statistics and inspiring quotes. But mostly you will love the heartwarming stories that hit a home run to your heart. Join his ezine <http://www.baseballprideandjoy.com/index.php?tag=goart>

Take Me Out To The Baseball Game

By Joshua Miller

Baseball is the American pastime, you may be surprised how very few people actually know the rules of the game.

I went to a baseball game a few weeks ago and had the misfortune of sitting next to a group of very young, very boisterous children. Not that enthusiasm in the game is unfortunate, but they kept cheering at all the wrong times. Like when the opposing team batted a run in. And they were home team fans—they were dressed in full baseball regalia from replica batting helmets like these:

to the stirrup pants.

My point is here that many children nowadays don't understand how the game is played. They confuse offense and defense and cheer when the pitcher beans a batter. Maybe they just don't like batters, but for some reason I don't think that is the case. They do all seem to know the value of baseball cards, which is more than I can say for many baseball card sellers. Baseball cards are not in their heyday anymore, but they are still darn popular and are still worth a pretty penny (or couple hundred bucks!).

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Well, while I was sitting and trying to enjoy the game, the kids kept asking their dad questions. The one question that I believe I heard no less than 8 times was, "What's the difference between wooden baseball bats and metal ones?" This question tickled me almost as much as hearing the poor father of these curious children explain it to them over and over again.

I say we get kids back into baseball. I mean football and basketball have been attracting children for years, but baseball has sort of been on the decline for awhile. Why not have baseball camps and sand lot games in the summer instead of sitting the kids down in the air conditioning playing video games and watching television?

Joshua Miller is a sports columnist from Idaho, who specializes in his favorite sports, baseball. If you would like to read more of his articles, please visit



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