

April, 2010

Dear Goshen Friends Families:

Baseball is back, and I feel alive again! There is something magical about the beginning of the baseball season – the smell of the grass, the sprouting of spring, the memories of catches with my Dad and then my three boys, the trips to the ballpark with Corey, Will and Tommy, warm weather, the promise of a bright and promising future. I had many catches with my father in the backyard when I was a young boy. I remember taking my glove out of the closet after the winter, oiling it up, bending it, shaping it and pounding it before our first catch of the spring, then asking my father, “Can we have a catch?” He seldom turned me down.

As I grew older and had more arm strength, I threw as hard as I could to him, and he was either kind or crazy enough to receive my many errant and erratic throws – and he never complained. I know his hand got sore. I would pretend I was Jim Bunning (a great Phillies pitcher in the 60’s) and try to strike out every batter I would face. Dad would call balls and strikes and after our fantasy inning ended, it was no coincidence that I had struck out every player I faced. I loved those catches in the spring and summer, my boyish dreams played out in the back of our house with a man who played along with me with the same passion I had for the game.

At the end of the movie “Field of Dreams”, Kevin Costner asks his father to have a catch with him as the viewer sees the lights of the cars approach the field. It is a poignant moment in the movie and one with which many fathers can connect. Those magical catches I had with my father have been passed along to me and my own boys, and even though two of my sons play lacrosse now, those memories of spring, baseball and enjoying a catch together are forever etched in my heart.

I love baseball. Let’s go, Phillies!

In peace,

Tom