

## **I Believe in Baseball**

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“I’m in the top of the seventh,” my mom replied. This was her response when people asked how far along she was in her pregnancy. Life for my family begins with baseball; nine months in gestation, nine innings in a baseball game.

Baseball, in my eyes, is a microcosm of life. The most important lessons are taught through baseball. It exemplifies the unwritten rules and, spanning many generations, it has become the history of my family and the essence of life.

My siblings and I were born and bred as die-hard Mets fans, but any fan can agree that there is nothing like being at a baseball game. My eighth birthday was spent on a frigid April night at Shea Stadium huddled under blankets watching the “Amazin’ Mets” play into the night. My dad suggested anytime that we wanted to go home, we could, but the thought didn’t even cross my mind because he always taught us the saying, “it ain’t over ’til it’s over.” The Mets could be losing (I’ll admit, they often are) but he said they could always come back and win it. If it weren’t for the Mets’ motto of not giving up, they wouldn’t have won the World Series in 1986.

My whole family is engrossed in baseball. My dad became a Mets fan (rather than supporting the Yankees) in the ’60s to annoy his older brothers, but the craze of being a Mets fan soon caught on. My grandpa, my dad, and my immediate family cherished watching the Mets play. The Mets have had some tough times, which means that as Mets fans, we have faced much ridicule, too. Of course it would be a lot easier to be a Yankee fan, but I learned that rooting for the underdog takes guts.

“There’s no crying in baseball,” Tom Hanks hollered as character Jimmy Dugan in *A League of Their Own*. Recently, my dad shared with me that throughout his whole life, his dad, my grandfather, never once complained about how hard it was. Although his mother had passed away when he was a toddler, and he was bounced around from relative to relative, my grandfather never complained about it. He never complained because there was always something to appreciate and something to make us thankful. Because of this, I truly appreciate and love life.

Most importantly, I believe in baseball because it mirrors my life. In the year 2000, my mom attended the Subway World Series with my not-yet born sister...she was seven months along in the pregnancy. There were two new exciting things; we would soon have a new bundle of joy and the Mets could soon win their third World Series. Both of these exciting events were so close to being perfect. Reality struck when the Mets lost and when, fourteen months after my sister Juliette was born, she passed away. Baseball has mountain-peak ups and canyon-deep downs, but it is real. Because of this, I believe in America’s favorite pastime.