

# Winter of My Discontent.



***“People ask me what I do in winter when there’s no baseball. I’ll tell you what I do. I stare out the window and wait for spring.”***

***-Rogers Hornsby***

I won't be watching Sunday's Super Bowl. The MLB network is running a Reds-Cardinal game from August 1996 in that time-slot. I'll find that more entertaining than the Seahawks-Patriots matchup. I will tune in for *Bad Bunny* at halftime, he seems like a good dude.

After 60 years in a relationship, I've filed for divorce from football on the grounds that I can no longer stand the players, the owners, the fans, the officials, the television announcers, even the sideline reporters.

I've seen one too many player pointing to the sky having an orgasm after running up the middle for four yards. I despise the money-grubbing-low-life-liar owners who are charging \$9k for the cheapest Super Bowl ticket played in a taxpayer subsidized mega stadium. I'm stupefied at the cult-like fans who buy tickets with their maxed out credit

cards then make prop bets on whether the third-string wide receiver will make a catch. Sickened by the smug coaches and their delusional arrogance. Dumbstruck by game officials whom throw penalty flags with the same consistency as DJT's tariff policy, annoyed by announcer's clichéd nonsense and agape watching sideline reporters dressed like actresses going to the Grammys.

Despised, stupefied, sickened, dumbstruck, annoyed, agape... that about sums up my feelings for professional football. I've lost that loving feeling. And in all fairness, football no longer loves me. I'm no longer coveted. The NFL is after the MMA crowd, or worse, eyeing European lovers.

It's ok. The NFL and I had some good times and our kids are grown. Anyway, football has always been just a side piece for me. My true love is, and has always been, baseball.

I'm aware I'm a hypocrite. Baseball has the same flaws as football. Players making the sign of the cross when they enter the batter's box. Owners just as greedy, tickets almost as expensive, fans just as nuts, managers just as smug, umpires just as inconsistent and announcers just as asinine as their football brethren. As of yet, the MLB doesn't have reporters in foul territory dressed as SI swimsuit models but it's just a matter of time.

However...

You tend to overlook the flaws in your true love. And perhaps absence does really make the heart grow fonder. Baseball left me the day the World Series ended; it's been out of my life since November. I have missed her. I have forgotten her flaws and yearn only for her beauty.

As George Carlin famously observed,

***"Baseball begins in the spring, the season of new life, football begins in the fall, when everything is dying."***

***"In baseball, during the game, in the stands, there's kind of a picnic feeling. In football, during the game, in the stands, you can be sure that at least 27 times you're capable of taking the life of another human being."***

***“In baseball the object is to go home! And be safe! I hope I’ll be safe at home!”***

I’m ready to be safe at home.

Thankfully, my love returns very soon. Pitchers and catchers report to spring training on February 11, the first day of spring in my heart. And the first regular season game, Yankees-Giants at Oracle park in San Francisco, is Wednesday, March 25, the first day of my summer! The game will be a bit difficult to find on television, MLB is playing hard to get, and will only be available streaming on Netflix.

Won’t matter, I’ll be watching.

**That’s all I’m sayin’**

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