

## Tuesday tidbits

I took Katja to her first baseball game tonight, an exhibition game between our local AAA team and the university team. It was fun. The AAA team was not at its full complement, which meant they missed some pretty basic plays, and the university team was having a very good night. Katja seemed to enjoy it, especially when the dancers came out. She resisted sleeping. I had to bundle her up, since it was a bit chilly, but it we had a good time. We're going to get Katja some kind of baseball gear as soon as the official season starts.

I don't feel like there's much to write about. There's a fair amount going on, but nothing really newsworthy. The rest of this week will be busy, since we're going to several baseball games (well, depending on weather), but there isn't any big news. We're still in a holding pattern regarding the adoption, but it's moving. Work is work, a steady paycheck. I have a little down time on Sunday, which I'm looking forward to, but other than that everything is just normal. I rather like not having anything particularly exciting going on, though it does limit my writing a bit. I'm carefully not looking for anything to complain about; I don't need that in my life right now. It isn't always easy, but I think it's an important habit to foster.

Life's good here. I hope yours is, too.

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## A grey day

Sometimes the words just come. Sometimes they don't. Today is one of the latter days.

I've been thinking a lot about adoption, of course. People keep saying that it will all be worth it in the end. I hope so. The process is not pleasant, to say the least. That isn't helping my state of mind. The worst is almost over, though. I am feeling more often that everyone involved in the process is advocating for someone else, and that nowhere in this are our needs really being noted. We want a child who does not have fetal alcohol syndrome and who was not drug exposed. If we were capable of conceiving, neither one of those would have been an issue. I don't want them to be an issue now, but the feeling I get is that we should cut some slack in that area. What if the biological mother didn't know she was pregnant while she was drinking? We're not passing a moral judgement on drinking. All we're saying is that we don't want to deal with that issue, because we wouldn't have to if the child were genetically ours.

I've been thinking about Daniel, too. I still miss him a lot. Baseball season starts again in a few months, and, while I am very much looking forward to that, it is a little bittersweet because it is one of the things we both loved. Our team was the feeder team for his team, so we even saw the same players over time.

It's a confused, emotionally messy kind of day. I'm not in a bad mood, or a sad mood, just kind of grey. I'm home sick today, which probably has something to do with it, and by tomorrow I should be a little more positive in my outlook. For the moment, though, I'll spend the day on the couch, drinking broth and watching Netflix, and that will be good.

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# Baseball!

It's baseball season!

I like major league games, especially when they get really interesting. I'm thinking specifically of the Oakland A's game against the Texas Rangers, during which a Texas Ranger got very upset at someone in the crowd heckling him, so he picked up a chair and threw it into the stands. He hit someone that had nothing to do with it, and the entire stadium focused on that one spot. There was a rising growling noise, like thunder coming up, a storm coming in that we couldn't see, and the announcer finally came on and said that if any fans went out onto the field the A's would forfeit the game. There was a significant amount of muttering, but the crowd did eventually settle down again. I'm not saying that's the only thing I like about baseball, but it was definitely not boring.

Major league games are often exciting – good plays, nice catches that you would not necessarily expect the player to be able to make and so on. Good, interesting, solidly played games. Triple-A ball, though, is another kind of game, and I've grown to prefer it. We were at a game last year in which two players were headed in to catch the same ball, each saw the other coming, both stopped, and the ball fell directly in between them. The crowd was groaning and laughing in equal measure. We've also seen people drop bats, fall over while running, and slide towards a base only to come to a stop a foot or so short. It's great. The good players shine even more in that environment, and, while it's exciting to see who will move up, it's also sad because we'd like them to stay.

Reno just recently got a Triple-A team. It's been great fun. Tickets are cheap, which is really nice. The games are invariably interesting, and the crowd is just as opinionated, if not more, as at major league games. The people singing the anthem are sometimes...interesting to listen to, but that's true

at major league games, too. While I was growing up, I periodically went to baseball games because the choirs I sang in would sing the anthem. I didn't much care about baseball then because no one had explained it. When Xander and I got involved, though, he actually took the time to explain the game, and suddenly it was much more interesting. I like watching games now, but I much prefer watching them in person rather than on TV. Hearing the people around us making the same noises that we are about the plays creates a community out there in the sun, all of us trying hard to get the people on the field to do what we want them to, knowing quite well that it makes no difference at all what we say. It's really cathartic to be able to yell at people when they are doing something stupid and also when they do something good. I mean, how many times in your life have you seen someone do something neat and been able to jump up and yell "YES!" at the top of your lungs? There's a freedom in being able to respond without having to worry about other people thinking you are stupid. They're probably so drunk that they won't remember it by morning anyway. Even if they do, everyone is jumping up and down and yelling. Who cares?

It's freedom, weather (it's Reno, so sometimes we get beautiful sunny days and sometimes we get very cold days, even in the middle of summer), being part of something bigger, really caring about something a lot of other people really care about, too, and making fun of the songs players pick for their at bats. Also, eating hot dogs (which I almost never do), drinking cheap beer (well, sometimes), and having time to relax and focus on something that doesn't have far reaching consequences for me.

Baseball is what I always wanted it to be when I was little. I understand the game now (well, mostly – don't ask me to explain the infield fly rule) and I can get into it. It's a time to enjoy good company and do something that is unmitigatedly fun.

Now if I can only remember a hat and sunscreen for every game,  
the next day will be good, too.