

# A Beary Super Birthday!

Yesterday started off slowly and ended in the best way possible. I had to work on my birthday but I really wanted to have Saturday off just in case plans arose for an all day celebration (ya never know). I decided to call my pal when I got ready before work to check up on him because we were still bummed about the auditions. After talking to him, I sensed that he was still not fully recovered. Hopefully, the game night would help.

Before I went to work, I stepped out into the beauty shop and was greeted with birthday wishes from my mom's co-owner and an old friend who remembers this day 36 years ago. The mother of the first woman to ever break my heart. Ok, so i was like 6 when I asked "Seeah" (could not say Teresa) to marry me then she went off and got married to another man. To this day, she reminds me of this.

After a loooong, uneventful day at work, I called over to the game night festivities that had already begun to inform them that I had five minutes left! Games, brownie cake with a "54" candle on top.  $54=18$  (another game night participant celebrating her birthday)+36. I think it was 54... sometimes that short-term memory ain't what it used to be.

Then the surprise package. I received a thong with a lottery ticket (\$2.00 winner) from Megan and a gift bag with a homemade card from Taylor, an invitation to Beeber's 1st birthday party, a hardcover copy of *The Death and Life of Superman*, and a fantastic stuffed #1 Yankee fan bear. I think I like the bear even more than the book it is soooooo cute. Thanks taylhis for going to the trouble.

As usual, I was the last guest to leave. We got into a discussion of our status as guests in a roundabout way. Something like you no longer are considered a guest if you

stay long enough to help clean up. I don't know how much I cleaned but I definitely stayed long enough.

Thank you all once again for a Super birthday!!! I hope it helped C as much as it did me ☐

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## **1st and Goal On Third Base**

This evening, I went to watch two of my nieces play in their respective ball leagues. first stop, the 5-6 year old tot league to watch little Alyssa. Although a delight to watch, a little goes a long way. Watching the little ones just starting out, each player hits every inning and has seven chances to make contact before the tee is brought out. Alyssa was the last player in the line up for her team, getting a hit each of the three times at bat. After each turn at bat, she made a lap of the bases even after the play was made. At times, the players in the field looked more like a football team than baseball diving and tackling each other to get the ball and make the play. After two rounds, I decided to go to the neighboring field to watch my older niece, Elizabeth.

I missed a lot of action. Apparently, she not only caught a pop fly but also turned a double play... not all on the same play. I got to watch her walk and make her way to third base. She also played center field then was behind the plate the next inning. Unfortunately, the mercy rule was enacted with final tally of 13-5. But good for Elizabeth!

When we got home, I learned that Alex hit the game winner in his game across town. Now it is the final game in the Yanks/Twins four game series at the stadium (NY up 3 games to 0 and up 6-2)

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# A Turning Point For The Season?

Friday night saw the return of Alex Rodriguez to third base for the New York Yankees following his recovery from hip surgery. Depending upon how the Bombers do by seasons end, this game may be seen as the one in which the team turned around... after losing a deplorable 5 games in a row (their longest losing streak in two years). Even the unremarkable pitching of C.C. Sabathia was on par as he pitched a 9 inning shutout and winning 4-0.

I'm not going to dwell on the past scandals of A-Rod. Not his admitted substance use that has come to light, nor the more bizarre report of pitch tipping. The first pitch he saw Friday night with no spring training was a perfect 98MPH fastball delivered by Baltimore's Jeremy Guthrie. The bat connected and travelled over the left centerfield fence of Camden Yards scoring three runs. Although, he went 1-4, a message was clearly sent. Hopefully, his return will brighten the field that is (as seemingly usual) plagued by injury.

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# Yet Another Rainy Day And Monday

Well... after a long and blessedly eventful weekend, I had my regular Monday off. I usually spend an hour or two cleaning my mother's beauty shop. I did not mind today since the

weather outside did not look to inviting after a decent Saturday and Sunday was a blah one, too (I guess the old adage that if it rains on Easter Sunday you can expect 6 Sundays of the same does not mean the same if it is opposite... meaning: If it does not rain on Easter Sunday, you can expect 6 Sundays of no rain. Kind of like a groundhog predicting the weather).

So after spending some time chatting with a sick friend hoping to dispel some of her dreariness and getting to see a teaser of the short film we began shooting on Saturday, I read a bit while the suds were on television (YUCK) and found that the Yankees were on tv tonight. After the first series at the new stadium with the Indians ended in a 2-2 split (we **WILL NOT** mention the happening of Saturday afternoon. Remarkably, they now stand at a 7-6 record), I was looking forward to the beginning of a new round with the Oakland As). Hopefully, the announcers would be a bit more even in their commentating than the seriously one-sided announcers on the Cleveland net. I may sound biased but those announcers were terribly pro-Indian. Unfortunately at 7PM, ESPN announced the bad news: The NY/Oakland game has been postponed due to rain. Guess I should have kept a better eye on the weather in the Bronx: at 2:00, it was cloudy, but rain was forecasted. I was in the same predicament as [Taylhis](#) last night. Maybe I will catch up on some of the 70+ *Simpsons* episodes I have waiting on the DVR. Honestly, who has time for regular tv viewing anymore? Well... the occasional Thursday night from 8-9.30 but aside from that...

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## ALS Is An Awful Disease

Well, ok, what disease is NOT awful? But ALS (Amyotrophic Lateral Sclerosis, also known as Lou Gehrig's disease) robs a

person of his or her motor skills and leaves their mind intact. So essentially, ALS victims are imprisoned in their own body. And ALS often strikes at a young age, and most people struggle with it for less than 3 years before it takes their life. We watched my husband's father struggle with it for over 2 years. We watched as it robbed him of his ability to walk, talk, eat and pretty much everything else. He passed away very peacefully, a week before Christmas. We were all in the room with him, and a hospital volunteer was playing Silent Night on the harp as he passed. It was beautiful, but it's still hard for me to hear that song. The reason I'm bringing this up is because the most famous victim of ALS, besides Lou Gehrig himself, is Stephen Hawking, and I was sorry to read in the news today that he is very ill.

Stephen Hawking is a brilliant scientist and an inspirational man – he has lived with ALS for over 40 years. Lou Gehrig had it for nearly two years before he died at the age of 37. Gehrig's was a New York Yankees player, and he was forced to retire when he was diagnosed with ALS. His record of most career grand slams still holds at 23 today! We watched The Pride of the Yankees (which tells the story of Lou Gehrig) with my father-in-law after his diagnosis, and that was tough. Same thing with Tuesdays With Morrie... why did my father-in-law want to do that to himself? To get a better grip on what was happening to him, maybe? I don't know.

My father-in-law was a remarkable man. He had the biggest heart of anyone I've ever known, second only to my husband. He was kind, generous, smart, and funny. He knew a lot about everything; especially movies and religion – he had the Bible practically memorized. One of my favorite memories of him was when we took him to the zoo. It was after the ALS had already taken hold of his body, but his humor was still intact. As we were wheeling his wheelchair over a bumpy bridge at the zoo, he said, "Ahhhh" – not because the ALS had taken away his speech (it hadn't yet) but because it was a bumpy ride and he

was jokingly letting the bumps affect his voice. He was taken from us too soon; I wonder what he would have thought of having 7 grandchildren? He's been gone longer than I knew him now – over 8 years. His funeral was on our oldest daughter's first birthday. But anyway... I don't know why I'm going into all of this now. Let's pray for Stephen Hawking. ALS is a terrible disease.

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## Oh Captain, My Captain

Tonight, I was treated to a surprise on the television after I got home from work: only the second televised Yankee game of the new season and it was the first game broadcast on the New York station we get via DishTV. Quite a difference from yesterday's 15-5 debacle. New starter A.J. Burnett had a no-no going through six, but in the bottom of the 7th, the Rays scored a pair to make the score even. By the ninth, the Bombers had made the score 7-2 capped off by Captain Jeter's three-run dinger. I now see that the Yanks and [Tigers](#) are even in their respective divisions at 4-4; however, the Detroit-Chicago White Stocking game was postponed due to rain. And the [Cubbies](#) continue their winning ways at 5-2... GO CUBBIES!

For the past week or so, I have been rather surprised that neither ESPN station nor the New York affiliate were going to carry the opener at the new cathedral. I searched and searched the guide at Thursday afternoon at 1PM. I guess I should have checked the Ohio Sports channel. If I had realized that the Yanks were facing the Tribe from Cleveland, I would have checked it before tonight. So, following my shift Thursday afternoon... I just hope no one wants to watch soap operas.

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# There's Always Tomorrow

I see by the ol' [tangents](#) homepage, that there are two blogs which have yet to see any posts. I am certain that these two very talented and resourceful individuals can come up with brilliant things to pique our curiosity. One of them has vowed to make her first posting AFTER April 1st. It is now nearing April 7th.

As for my day, I spent a few hours typing the script for a new version of [Seven Brides for Seven Brothers](#). The only things I know about the original movie musical is that it featured the original Catwoman (Julie Newmar) as one of the brides and there is a lot of dancing involved. Obviously, it deals with a group of seven brothers in search of seven brides. This version transports the action to twenty-first century Alaska and the age of laptop computers among other phenomena of the day. There is music and very little dancing (none that I could not handle, anyway) involved.

Then, I WAS looking forward to opening day. The outcome was not pleasurable at least for the Bronx Bombers and their multi-million dollar lead off pitcher, C.C. Sabathia. Four and two-thirds innings. Six runs, eight hits, five walks, two wild pitches in one inning, and no strikeouts. The Yanks' second big money hopeful, Mark Teixeira did not fare well either going 0-4 at the plate. Teixeira was also eyeballed during the off-season by the Baltimore Orioles and the Orioles faithful showed their disapproval as they booed the Maryland native unmercifully at each at bat. The pressure for any new Yankee must be immense. It was a good thing that opening day was not at the new stadium because I am sure that the reaction would not have been pretty by fans in the Bronx. Ah, well one game down. Can only go up from here. At least the Cubbies

were victorious. Sorry j, I see the Tigers were unsuccessful on opening day as well.

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## **It's Not the Years, Honey... It's The Mileage**

It seems that everyone is getting in the Indiana Jones spirit. While chatting with a friend I was directed to the [Chicago Cubs'](#) website and the [schedule](#) thereof. On the May 22nd space, there appears a picture of Harrison Ford as the reknowned archaeologist ready to embark on his latest adventure. We speculated that all of baseball may have decided to take the day off to celebrate Dr. Jones' return to the big screen. Somehow, I had my doubts. Sure enough on the [New York Yankees'](#) [site](#), there appeared the same picture but a game was listed. So, I thought all of baseball was celebrating but just not taking the entire day off. I checked out the [Detroit Tigers'](#) [schedule](#): there it was again, but yet again the team has a scheduled game. Only makes me more anxious for the next 21 days to go quickly.

Check your favorite team's website to see if they are celebrating the release of *Indiana Jones and the Kingdom of the Crystal Skull*. At least a Yankee fan had something to divert his attention to tonight ☐

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# Big Papi's Curse

There have been several rivalries among sports teams over the years ([Ohio State/Michigan](#), [Chicago Bears/Green Bay Packers](#), and [Chicago Cubs/St. Louis Cardinals](#) to name a few). However, one of the most celebrated rivalries in all of sports is the extreme battle between the [New York Yankees](#) and the [Boston Red Sox](#). It dates back to 1920 when the Red Sox sold one of the most famous sluggers of all time, Babe Ruth, to the Yankees. From 1920-2004, the team from Bean Town was unable to win the World Series. Many 'Sox fans jokingly blame the deal; however, there were several more radical followers who faithfully curse the day the Babe put on the pinstripes. In order to curse the new Yankee Stadium, a Red Sox fanatic working as a construction worker, buried a David Ortiz jersey at the site. Although the jersey has since been unearthed and is going to be auctioned off for charity, I say **FIRE THE BUMB!!!!**

## [The Big Dig: The Yanks Uncover a Red Sox Jersey](#)

Ironically, the curse seems to have worked **IN REVERSE**. Big Papi has batted an embarrassing .070 hitting just 1-for-29 since April 2. Hopefully, recovering the jersey will not have a positive impact on Ortiz' average.

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# One Day More

Ah... opening day at Yankee Stadium, the last opening day at Yankee Stadium as the Bronx Bombers will be moving next year to the new park across the street. I was anticipating a great game with a huge opening ceremony and all the pomp and celebration to open the final season in the House that Ruth Built. Alas, it was not to be.

1;05 came and went. The sportscasters on ESPN kept promising to start the game as soon as possible. Then, the channel switched to the [Detroit Tigers](#) game. A short time later, the screen went dark announcing a blackout in the area. I then switched the channel to WGN to see if the [Chicago Cubbies](#) game was still on. They were also under a rain delay. How ironic that Chicago and New York were getting rain while Detroit was able to start their game on time. I'm sure a certain Tigers fan will have something profound to say about that.

In the end, the Cubs game started shortly after 3. However, it was raining enough in New York to postpone [Yankee Stadium](#)'s swan song season for one day.

As of this posting, the Cubs were under another another rain delay and the Tigers were tied in the 10th inning