

A promise to me.

As March comes to a close, I need to reflect or dream about the first part of April and the coming Major League Baseball season. While I have followed the spring exploits of my favorite team, I can't really get excited about spring training. Until this last week of spring training, we hardly ever see a complete starting lineup. There are a variety of minor league prospects, players past their prime and those with little or nothing to offer all trying to get the the 25 player roster. Those that have it made are just getting loose for the coming season. Some good ball is played, but as it is often said, it doesn't count.

Next week the real games start. I will be following every score. Grumbling at losses or poor play. Feeling aggravated when a star player is hurt or not doing well. Cheering for every win.

So if you follow baseball, this is the time of year you've been waiting for. If you don't, your time will come. ☐

My promise to myself. I'm going to go to at least 1 major league game this season. I don't know when or even where, but I will do it.

And to my fellow old-time tangenteers, Good luck to your teams, until they play my favorite team. ☐

Go Tigers.