

Good Days & Great Days

Michael Sean Winters | Oct. 19, 2012 Distinctly Catholic

When I was growing up in New England, at this time of year, a good day was when the Yankees lost and a great day was a day when the Yankees lost and the Red Sox won. I am not a huge baseball fan. I have fond memories of going to Fenway Park, but it was as much about time with the family as the game. I recall, too, my father's unrestrained joy when the Red Sox finally won a World Series in 2004. This year, the Red Sox were not very good, so I was not anticipating any great days during the playoffs. But, if a good day is one when the Yankees lose, there is at least a whiff of greatness about a day when they get humiliated!

One other point. The best thing about the Detroit Tigers is that they have some players who are downright chubby. In this neo-pagan, health-worshipping, fitness-crazed culture, I love watching Prince Fielder carry his substantial self to the plate and then boom a homerun. It makes me feel much less guilty when I go for my late night ice cream and it gives me hope for the culture.

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