

It's Not Over Until It's Over

by Doug Bond

Heaven's a blast! It's like a big summer camp in space. Non-stop games, crafts and activities up here around the clock. Amazing too, how everything we do up here flips a switch down there. Kodachrome sunsets? Rainbows? The Northern Lights? We are the weavers of the tie-dyed sky.

It can be stressful though, like over on the archery range, I keep missing my target and the Dow plunges 500 points. I capsize my canoe and the divorce rate spikes. I'm learning to go with the flow.

Still it's hard not to rock your earthly world. Thunder, earthquakes, landslides? Just another intense game of volleyball. Politics?...a marathon ping pong tournament. Most of the rest of the bad stuff: war, strife, wanton violence, that's just us "going voodoo" on a football field.

Now, Baseball? That's OUR kinda game, a sacred game, a heaven on earth, if you will. We're addicted to the unscripted infiniteness of it all, every game a potential eternity (remember extra innings at Candlestick?) We are at peace with this, silent spectators to your game, leaving it alone to The Living to...Play Ball!

And there's no better view than from up here to take it all in, an epic dance of fallen heroes, improbable saviors, self-determining puppets rotating in a mandala of futility and hope.

Or as one of our most eloquent scribes, Billy Shakespeare, says:
Playing a game full of sound and fury signifying nothing.

Yep, you guessed it, the Bard's a Cubs fan, but then again aren't we all.

