

COME ON HOME

A Dramatic Reading

by
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Spring! What a wonderful time of the year. The air is fresh and clean. Birds are singing, leaves popping out on trees, and all over the world the crack of ball meeting bat can be heard. Yes sir, spring is the start of a great season--baseball. I've been a fan of baseball ever since I was big enough to pick up a bat. I wanted to be like all the great players--Babe Ruth, Maris, Musial, Kaline. Oh the games I played in my back yard! But the most inspiring player I ever watched never played in the big leagues. No crowd ever applauded him. No one ever asked for his autograph, but he was my biggest hero.

His name was Tom. Tom was my big brother. When Tom was born there were some problems, so he was mentally slow. But what he lacked in speed he made up in determination. Tom had a heart as big as all outdoors. The word quit wasn't in his vocabulary. If Tom wanted to do something he just kept at it until he got it. Dad was the one that taught Tom to think like that. They were quite a team. Dad and Tom.

Whatever Tom wanted to do Dad was there every step of the way. Helping, motivating, encouraging. There wasn't anything they couldn't accomplish together.

That was never more apparent than in baseball. Tom loved baseball. He lived and breathed baseball! Tom knew every stat of every player in both leagues. His favorite team was the Detroit Tigers. He always wore his Detroit cap with the bill angled just so. He called it his lucky cap.

Every spring after homework was done Dad and Tom would head out back to practice. I can still see Tom with his big ol' mitt. He'd pound his fist into it three or four times then firmly plant his feet and yell, "All right Dad. Throw me a high hard one." Dad would throw it pretty hard too. Even though Tom couldn't hit very well, he could catch. It didn't matter how hard the ball was thrown. As long as it was thrown right to him, Tom could catch it. He just stuck out that big ol' mitt of his and bam! I always whooped and hollered after a catch and Tom would give me his big slow grin as a thank you.

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