

Boston Red Sox

“Pop!” The champagne corks flew across the room and high-fives slapped loud and clear. “Pop! Another cork shot towards the tall ceiling of the mountain chalet. This was it! The Red Sox were going to win the World Series. This is great, a group of friends enjoying a weekend in the mountains. Fireplace in the background, good food, champagne and now the Red Sox are going to win the World Series.

“Wait! An error! Buckner missed the ball!” Those in attendance held their collective breaths, “we’ll get the next out,” we said. So the story goes, back in 1986, the worst happened. I don’t blame Buckner, after all baseball like many other sports is a team sport. So for those who want to blame Billy B. lets not forget Schiraldi, Gedman, Stanley, McNamara and the rest of the team.

Fast forward, 2004. “Snap!” The aluminum tab bent back on my Budweiser. This is it! The Red Sox are going to win the World Series. No large party for the final game, just my daughter, Hannah, my wife Kathy and I taking in every swing. Tonight was the culmination of many late nights sometimes sitting on the edge of the sofa, elbows on my knees, hands holding my head, and sometimes laying back arms crossed, sternly focused eyes glued to the screen hoping and praying for another come from behind victory.

Each of us (all of Red Sox nation) had our curse breaking charms and routines engaged. In my house the routine was the same for each game, “Hannah, its time for bed” I would say. This directive was given upon reaching the 7th or 8th inning ever since the shellacking at the hands of the Yankees. The next night, game 4, Hannah did not make it through the game, as there was school the next day so she went to bed around the 7th inning. The Red Sox win! Next game, Hannah and I joke that she needs to go to bed after the seventh, she does, we win again, and so the routine began.

Yes, high-fives. But now, yes now, I could let out my breath. You could feel it all through New England, the collective release of 86 years of frustration and disappointment. The sadness of many years washed away on this October evening. The team, yes, THE TEAM, the Boston Red Sox have won the World Series.

The boys of Summer celebrating in the Fall under a full moon going in and out of an eclipse. This was special, very special! Watching the “idiots” jump on each other after Keith Foulke tossed the ball to first base for the final out was thrilling. An emotional surge flowed through the communal body of Red Sox nation. From Beantown Bars to bases in Iraq, cheers went up and loud. This team had done what no other team had done before, down three games to none against the evil empire of the New York Yankees they came back to win the American League Championship and move to the World Series against their 1967 foes, the St. Louis Cardinals.

The 2004 World Series Champion Boston Red Sox are idiots? Self-proclaimed “idiots” that is. These are guys who like to have fun. They are tough. They have the long hair, the cornrows and guys acting up once in awhile, and when the occasion calls for it (like when playing the Yankees). The fans like it like it this way. But if they are idiots, they are idiots who can play ball. It may be harsh to call them idiots, after all, an idiot according to Webster is, “a foolish or stupid person”. Yes, they were foolish sometimes but definitely not stupid. This year they were the idiot savants of baseball, a team that exhibited exceptional skills and brilliance on this one subject of baseball. They were a team of idiots. They are the World Champions of baseball!