THIS ESSAY WAS *first presented as one of the Cook Lectures on American Institutions at the School of Law at the University of Michigan in 1989 and was posthumously published in a monograph titled* Take Time for Paradise. *After more than a decade, and now facing the gritty decisions that fall to the commissioner of organized baseball, Giamatti returns to some of his older themes. This piece is at once more formal in its focus on the structure of the game and informal in its conclusion, where Giamatti transports us to the center of the lobby of the Marriott Hotel in St. Louis during the 1987 National League playoffs.*

BASEBALL AS NARRATIVE

SOME CONTESTS DERIVE DIRECTLY FROM WORK — WHERE ELSE DO CAREB THROWING OR RODEO EVENTS COME FROM? — SOME FROM war, like archery or fencing or, perhaps, the javelin throw, some from primitive forms of combat, like boxing or wrestling. But regardless whence a contest or sport derives, its appeal will be on very personal, not deeply historical, grounds. We will watch or play games or sports that reflect how we think of ourselves or that promote how we wish to be perceived.

Our pleasure, however, whose origins are far more difficult to discover than are the historical roots of any sport or game, is radically tangled up with our childhood. Much of what we love later in a sport is what it recalls to us about ourselves at

our earliest. And those memories, now smoothed and bending away from us in the interior of ourselves, are not simply of childhood or of a childhood game. They are memories of our best hopes. They are memories of a time when all that would be better was before us, as a hope, and the hope was fastened to a game. One hoped not so much to be the best who ever played as simply to stay in the game and ride it wherever it would go, culling its rhythms and realizing its promises. That is, I think, what it means to remember one's best hopes, and to remember them in a game, and revive them whenever one sees the game played, long after playing is over.

I was led to these thoughts by thinking on my own love of baseball, and the origins of that emotion. And then I was led to this last chapter by the opening lines of a poem by Marianne Moore called "Baseball and Writing":

> *Fanaticism? No. Writing is exciting*
> *and baseball is like writing.*
> *You can never tell with either*
> *how it will go*
> *or what you will do.*

Serendipity is the essence of both games, the writing one and baseball. But is not baseball more than *like* writing? Is not baseball a form of writing? Is that not why so many writers love baseball? To answer this question, we will turn third and test our initial assumptions.

If it is instructive as well as pleasurable to think about how America produces and consumes its leisure, then I believe thinking about baseball will tell us about ourselves as a people. Such thoughts will test two propositions. The first is that baseball, in all its dimensions, best mirrors the *condition of freedom* for Americans that Americans ever guard and aspire to. The second proposition is that because baseball simulates and stimulates the condition of freedom, Americans identify the game with the country. Even those indifferent to baseball, or country, or those who scorn them, at some level know them. The rest of us love them.

To know baseball is to continue to aspire to the condition of freedom, individually, and as a people, for baseball is grounded in America in a way unique to our games. Baseball is part of America's plot, part of America's mysterious,

underlying design—the plot in which we all conspire and collude, the plot of the story of our national life. Our national plot is to be free enough to consent to an order that will enhance and compound—as it constrains—our freedom. That is our grounding, our national story, the tale America tells the world. Indeed, it is the story we tell ourselves. I believe the story in its outline and many of its episodes. By repeating again the outline of the American Story, and placing baseball within it, we engage the principle of narrative. We posit an old story, sufficiently ordered by the imagination so that the principle of design or purpose may emerge.

What are the narrative principles of baseball, its over-plot? At its most abstract, baseball believes in ordering its energies, its contents, around threes and fours. It believes that symmetry surrounds meaning, but even more, forces meaning. Symmetry, a version of equality, forces and sharpens competition. Symmetrical demands in a symmetrical setting encourage both passion and precision.

We see this quality best when we consider baseball's plot not as story line, but plot as soil, the concrete grounding.

The field, the literal plot of the game, consists of a square whose four sides are ninety feet long; this square is tipped so that a "diamond" is encased in the grass. Not quite in the middle of the square, sixty feet, six inches from home plate, is a circle, with a radius of nine feet, at whose center (we are on the pitcher's mound) is a "rectangular slab of whitened rubber, 24 inches by six inches." (The distance from the pitcher's rubber to the front edge of home plate is fifty-nine feet, one inch. The rubber itself is one inch behind the center of the pitcher's mound.) So far, all the dimensions are multiples of three.

This last rectangle is the central shape in the geometry of the field, set within but not parallel to the larger square of the "diamond." The circle of the mound faces a larger circle around home plate, whose radius is thirteen feet, containing three squares, two of which, for batters, are six feet by four feet. The third is marked only on three sides, is forty-three inches wide, and is of undetermined length.

The square of the diamond is contained in a larger arc or partial circle, whose radius, measured from the center of the rectangular pitcher's slab, is ninety-five feet. The perimeter

of this (partial) circle denotes the grass line running from foul line to foul line at the outer infield or innermost outfield. The bases are rectangular, fifteen inches square. The foul lines extend from the tip of home plate along the sides of the ninety-foot square to first and third. These perpendicular lines theoretically extend to infinity. In fact, since June 1, 1958, they are obliged to extend at least 325 feet until their path is interrupted by a fence (just as there must be a minimum of four hundred feet in the line from home plate to the center-field fence).

How to characterize the structural principles grounding this game? Squares containing circles containing rectangles; precision in counterpoint with passion; order compressing energy. The potentially universal square, whose two sides are foul (actually fair) lines, partially contains the circle, whose radius is at least four hundred feet and whose perimeter is the circle of the fence from foul line to foul line, which contains the circle of the outer infield grass, which contains the square of the diamond, containing the circle of the pitcher's mound and squares of the three bases. The circle of the

mound contains the rectangle of the pitcher's slab and faces the circle of the home-plate area, which contains the rectangles of the batter's boxes and the area for umpire and catcher. At the center of this circle, and existing in eternal tension with the pitcher's rectangle—seemingly the center of such power, of so many dimensions—is the source of the macro dimensions, the point of reference for all the medium and the larger geometric shapes, the only shape on the field that does not figure the eternal and universal outlines and meanings of square and circle. We are at home plate, the center of all the universes, the *omphalos,* the navel of the world. It, too, plays around fours and threes, but altered, a shape unique. The *Official Baseball Rules:*

Home base shall be marked by a five-sided slab of whitened rubber. It shall be a 17-inch square with two of the corners removed so that one edge is 17 inches long, two adjacent sides are 8½ inches and the remaining two sides are 12 inches and set at an angle to make a point. It shall be set in the ground with the point at the intersection of the lines extending from home base to first base and to third base; with the 17-inch

edge facing the pitcher's plate, and the two 12-inch edges coinciding with the first and third base lines. (1.05)

This curious pentagram is central in every sense to the concentric circles and contending rectangles of the place. It is also deeply disruptive of their classic proportions and their exquisitely choreographed positions and appositions. Home plate mysteriously organizes the field as it energizes the odd patterns of squares tipped and circles incomplete. Home plate radiates a force no other spot on the field possesses, for its irregular precision, its character as an incomplete square but finished pentagram, starts the field, if you will, playing. It begins the dance of line and circle, the encounters of energy direct and oblique, of misdirection and confrontation, of boundary and freedom that is the game, before any player sets foot on the field. Home plate also has a peculiar significance for it is the goal of both teams, the single place that in territorially based games—games about conquering—must be symbolized by two goals or goal lines or nets or baskets. In baseball, everyone wants to arrive at the same place, which is where they start.

In baseball, even opponents gather at the same curious, unique place called home plate. Catcher and batter, siblings who may see the world separately but share the same sight lines, are backed up and yet ruled by the parent figure, the umpire, whose place is the only one not completely defined. This tense family clusters at home, facing the world together, each with separate responsibilities and tasks and perspectives, each with different obligations and instruments. Some are intent on flight, some on communication, some simply on the good order of it all—the "conduct of the game"—but they are still a family or family-like group in their proximity, their overall perspective, their chatter and squabbling, their common desire, differently expressed, to master the ferocity and duplicity of that spherical, irrational reality—the major league pitch.

But I anticipate. The geometry of the field that extends the threes and fours gives as well the deep patterns that order the narrative—three strikes, three bases, nine players, nine innings; four bases (including home) or four balls (the walk which is escape, the commencement of movement that might

fulfill the quaternity of the diamond). Three and its multiples work in baseball to delimit, to constrain, to be the norm that, except for duration, cannot be surpassed. Only nine innings may be lawfully overgone—baseball having no clock and, indeed moving counterclockwise, so anxious is it to establish its own rhythms and patterns independent of clock time. (Although see *Official Baseball Rules,* 8.03 and 8.04, setting time limits of pitchers.) But even that extension beyond nine exists because there must be a winner, an ending, that is definitive. How a game ends is itself interesting; the closure of any narrative always is. Baseball ends with the home team having the final say, the guests having opened the narrative.

The central triad of strikes and outs telescopes out into three by three, giving us a game with a definite beginning, middle, and end, a well-made play in three acts, of six scenes to an act, three to a side. Put another way, if three strikes were the lot of every batter on one side, then twenty-seven batters would have to go up and down on one side to fulfill a perfect game. But there is a greater perfection—that the maximum of twenty-seven, which is also a minimum, go up and go down

for both sides. That ultimately perfect game could theoretically endure in time like the foul lines in space—indefinitely. Our mediation has found the One, but where is the game?

If extrapolation may drive baseball's organizing numerology and patterns to a sterile (and impossible) perfection, only repetition can bring satisfaction. The game on the field is repetitious—pitch after pitch, swing after swing, player after player, out succeeding out, half inning making whole inning, top to bottom to top, the patterns accumulating and making organizing principles, all around and across those precise shapes in and on the earth. Organized by the metric of the game, by the prosody of the play, is all the random, unpredictable, explosive energy of playing, crisscrossing the precise shapes in lines and curves, bounces and wild hops and parabolas and slashing arcs. There is a ferocity to a slide, a whispering, exploding sound to a fastball, a knife-edged danger to a ball smashed at a pitcher—there is a violence in the game at variance with its formal patterns, a hunger for speed at variance with its leisurely pace, a potential for irrational randomness at variance with its geometric shapes.

The game is all counterpoint. The precise lines and boundaries and rules, and all the scholastic precision baseball brings to bear on any question, on every play, only serve to constrain the sudden eruptions of energy, the strenuosity of the game, and thus to compound the meaning and joy of accomplishment. We recall that the patterns of rhyme and the rules for pivot and recapitulation in a sonnet compress the energy of language, and compound significance. But cannot the same be said of turning a double play, where the rhythm and force, pivot and repetition are the whole point? The point being that freedom is the fulfillment of the promise of an energetic, complex order?

If baseball is a Narrative, it is like others—a work of imagination whose deeper structures and patterns of repetition force a tale, oft-told, to fresh and hitherto-unforeseen meaning. But what is the nature of the tale oft-told that recommences with every pitch, with every game, with every season? That patiently accrues its tension and new meaning with every iteration? It is the story we have hinted at already, the story of going home after having left home, the story of how

difficult it is to find the origins one so deeply needs to find. It is the literary mode called Romance.

While it may be fanciful to construe the cluster around the plate as a family, it is certainly not a fancy to call that place "home." That is the name of the odd-shaped pentagram. Home plate or home base. I do not know where it clearly acquired that name. I know that the earliest accounts of the game, or an early version of it, in children's books of games in the early nineteenth century, call the points around the field—often marked by posts—"bases." The game was called "base," though in his diary a soldier at Valley Forge with Washington called it "baste." I know Jane Austen tells us at the beginning of *Northanger Abbey* that Catherine Morland played "base ball" as well as cricket, thus distinguishing them. But none of these early references clarifies whence came the name for "home." Why is home plate not called fourth base? As far as I can tell, it has ever been thus.

And why not? Meditate upon the name. *Home* is an English word virtually impossible to translate into other tongues. No translation catches the associations, the mixture

of memory and longing, the sense of security and autonomy and accessibility, the aroma of inclusiveness, of freedom from wariness, that cling to the word *home* and are absent from *house* or even *my house. Home* is a concept, not a place; it is a state of mind where self-definition starts; it is origins—the mix of time and place and smell and weather wherein one first realizes one is an original, perhaps *like* others, especially those one loves, but discrete, distinct, not to be copied. Home is where one first learned to be separate and it remains in the mind as the place where reunion, if it ever were to occur, would happen.

So home drew Odysseus, who then set off again because it is not necessary to be in a specific place, in a house or town, to be one who has gone home. So home is the goal—rarely glimpsed, almost never attained—of all the heroes descended from Odysseus. All literary romance derives from the *Odyssey* and is about rejoining—rejoining a beloved, rejoining parent to child, rejoining a land to its rightful owner or rule. Romance is about putting things aright after some tragedy has put them asunder. It is about restoration of the right rela-

tions among things—and going home is where that restoration occurs because that is where it matters most.

In America, the cluster of associations around the word, and its compounds, is perhaps more poignant because of the extraordinary mobility of the American people. From the beginning, we have been a nation constantly moving. As I have suggested elsewhere, the concept of home has a particular resonance for a nation of immigrants, all of whom left one home to seek another; the idea of a "homestead" established a frontier, the new home beyond the home one left in the East; everyone has a "hometown" back there, at least back in time, where stability or at least its image remains alive.

Stability, origins, a sense of oneness, the first clearing in the woods—to go home may be impossible but it is often a driving necessity, or at least a compelling dream. As the heroes of romance beginning with Odysseus know, the route is full of turnings, wanderings, danger. To attempt to go home is to go the long way around, to stray and separate in the hope of finding completeness in reunion, freedom in reintegration with those left behind. In baseball, the journey begins at

home, negotiates the twists and turns at first, and often flounders far out at the edges of the ordered world at rocky second—the farthest point from home. Whoever remains out there is said to "die" on base. Home is finally beyond reach in a hostile world full of quirks and tricks and hostile folk. There are no dragons in baseball, only shortstops, but they can emerge from nowhere to cut one down.

And when it is given one to round third, a long journey seemingly over, the end in sight, then the hunger for home, the drive to rejoin one's earlier self and one's fellows, is a pressing, growing, screaming in the blood. Often the effort fails, the hunger is unsatisfied as the catcher bars fulfillment, as the umpire-father is too strong in his denial, as the impossibility of going home again is reenacted in what is often baseball's most violent physical confrontation, swift, savage, down in the dirt, nothing availing.

Or if the attempt, long in planning and execution, works, then the reunion and all it means is total—the runner is a returned hero, and the teammates are for an instant all true family. Until the attempt is tried again. A "home run" is the

definitive kill, the overcoming of obstacle at one stroke, the gratification instantaneous in knowing one has earned a risk-free journey out, around, and back—a journey to be taken at a leisurely pace (but not too leisurely) so as to savor the freedom, the magical invulnerability, from denial or delay.

Virtually innumerable are the dangers, the faces of failure one can meet if one is fortunate enough even to leave home. Most efforts fail. Failure to achieve the first leg of the voyage is extremely likely. In no game of ours is failure so omnipresent as it is for the batter who would be the runner. The young batter who would light out from home, so as to return bearing fame and the spoils of success, is most often simply out, unable to leave and therefore never to know until the next try whether he or she can ever be more than simply a vessel of desire.

The tale of leaving and seeking home is told in as many ways as one can imagine, and there still occur every season plays on the field that even the most experienced baseball people say they have never seen before. The random events, the variety of incidents, the different ways various personali-

ties react to pressure, the passion poured into the quest to win—all are organized by the rhythms of the innings, by the metric of the count and the pitcher's rhythm, and by the cool geometry that is underfoot and overarching.

Repetition within immutable lines and rules; baseball is counterpoint: stability vying with volatility, tradition with the quest for a new edge, ancient rhythms and ever-new blood—an oft-told tale, repeated in every game in every season, season after season. If this is the tale told, who tells it? Clearly, the players who enact it thereby also tell it. But the other true tellers of the narrative are those for whom it is played. If baseball is a narrative, an epic of exile and return, a vast, communal poem about separation, loss, and the hope for reunion—if baseball is a Romance Epic—it is finally told by the audience. It is the Romance Epic of homecoming America sings to itself.

Where does America sing this poem, say this story? Wherever baseball gathers. Let me tell you of one gathering that will stand for all the others, for while we have considered the abstract principles and patterns of our narrative, and its

mythic fable, it is meet to be most concrete when thinking on the tellers of the tale, for in them, too, the narrative lives.

The Marriott Pavilion Hotel in St. Louis is hard by the ballpark. It consists of a pair of towers linked by a vast lobby and corridors and a ramp, the cavernous space interspersed with plants and some chairs and columns, the floor of this cavern covered by a carpeting the color of a fresh bruise. During the National League Championship Series between St. Louis and San Francisco in 1987, the lobby was ablaze—with Cardinal crimson on hats, jackets, sweaters, scarves, ties. Here and there one glimpsed the orange-and-black of the House of Lurie, as a Giant rooter, like some lonely fish, wove its way across a scarlet coral reef, alive and breathing in the cavernous deep. But such creatures were rare.

By mid-morning, the lobby is crowded, and will remain crowded, except during the game, until about 2 A.M., then to fill up by nine and wait the long day until game time. There are the smiling, middle-aged couples, festooned in buttons and insignia, this day yet another convention day in a lifetime of conventioneering; the groups of teenage boys, in the

plumage of scarlet windbreakers, like young birds craning their necks for the nourishment of a glimpse; a trio of natty young men, one with a briefcase, who are—I learn later from a hapless friend—pickpockets. They work the elevators, one to hold the door, one to feign having caught his shoe in the crack between floor and car, one to lift the wallet of the first person to assist. By a plant or a coffee shop, always alone, white hair crisply permed, in electric blue or purple pants suit, holding an autograph book, is a grandmotherly woman, smiling distractedly, waiting for a hero. There are always some single men in their forties, in nondescript clothes, hair slightly awry, eyes burning with fatigue and anticipation; they are the religiously obsessed, drawn by a vision in their heads that will not give them peace. They stand apart and wait for hours in this holy place. Very different are the middle-aged teenagers, men in groups, all mid-forties, who shout and drink the day away, some with young women in black leather pants and scarlet T-shirts, their laughter and their manner frenzied. At the back of the lobby, down on a lower level, around a low table, sit this morning the Giant's manager and coaches.

They are like chiefs at a gathering of the clan, planning strategy, ignoring the celebrants while absorbing their energy.

Across the lobby of the Marriott Pavilion Hotel march in precision a group of young people, all in their twenties, network technicians off to work. The men are all bearded, in down jackets and jeans, the women in sweaters and beads and leg warmers. All wear some kind of boot. They are the flower children of High Tech. The future is theirs and they know it. They stride, silent and confident, like trainees at McKinsey. The chosen.

The largest contingent, in groups of three or four, is men in middle age and older, in suits and resplendent ties and polished shoes, some with cigars; they have seamed faces and eyes that seem to squint even in shade. They stand with the poised patience born of watching a dozen thousand baseball games—the scouts, the farm directors, the active or former coaches, the minor league general managers, retired ballplayers or umpires, former managers, the sporting goods representatives who once played the outfield. These are the true Baseball people. Among them one spots a younger

face, the front office worker with a club, someone in PR or Promotion, some assistant to a general manager. There is an owner here and there, a broadcaster in his plumage, a club financial officer, a Director of Player Development representing his team at the Series. There are corporate sponsors, an occasional agent, someone's glistening lawyer, a television executive. And through it all, recognizable by their rumpled casualness and weary eyes, are the working press, mostly the beat writers and columnists, occasionally a magazine writer—the daily press in mismatched jackets and trousers, shirts open, barely recovered from filing, always looking for the next hook, the next lead, the telling anecdote. Distracted, intense, listening to three conversations and holding forth in two, the journalists circulate according to a pecking order known only to them. When they sit, it is as if there were a cosmic seating chart; no one is ever in the wrong group. Now they move through the crowd as the crowd shifts and eddies and pauses and waits, anticipating the next game, replaying last night's contest, last week's, last year's.

Add the groupies, the sharpies, the hangers-on, the family

members, the deal-makers, the ticket hustlers, the fathers who aim and loose their children like heat-seeking missiles to bring down an autograph, the busloads of one-time fans, bewildered and giddy—in short, everyone but the players, who never appear in the lobby until it is all over—and the sound is a high, constant hum, a vast buzz of a million bees, the sound almost palpable and, for hours, never varying in pitch or intensity as anecdote vies with anecdote or joke or gossip or monologue or rude ribbing, so reminiscent of the clubhouse. It is the sound of tip and critique and prediction and second-guessing, of nasty crack and generous assessment, of memory cutting across memory, supplementing and correcting and coloring the tale, all the crosscutting, overlapping, salty, blunt, nostalgic, sweet conversation about only one subject—Baseball.

Here the oft-told tale that is the game is told again. It is told always in the present tense, in a paratactic style that reflects the game's seamless, cumulative character, each event linked to the last and creating the context for the next—a style almost Biblical in its continuity and instinct for typology. It

is told in a tone at once elegiac, sharply etched, inclusive of all nuance. Baseball people have the keenest eyes for the telling detail I have ever known. This might be an overheard moment—one erect, white-haired old man to two peers:

"So now Tebbetts is catching in Boston, he tells me last winter, and Parnell is pitching, it's against New York, and it's a brutal day, no wind, hot, rainy, it's going to pour and they want to get the game in, and Joe Gordon splits his thumb going into second when Junior Stevens steps on his hand, he can't pivot, and now it's the eighth, tie score, and Bobby Brown comes up with two out and Bauer sitting on third and Birdie says to Ed Hurley who's got the plate, 'This is the Doctor, Ed, this is a left-handed doctor . . .'" And it goes on, extending itself by loops and symmetrical segments and reiterations just the way the game does, as if it were yesterday and not August 1949.

Such is the talk in the lobby of the Marriott Pavilion Hotel in St. Louis during the League Championship Series in the first week of October 1987, as it was also in lobbies in San Francisco and Detroit and Minneapolis, as it is every time

Baseball gathers—whether in clubhouse, bus, or airplane. This is the talk in lobbies across some two thousand games a season, as it has been season after season, since the 1870s, before artificial turf and domes, before air travel, before night baseball—back to the days of trains and rooming houses and front porches, the first versions of the lobby.

So Ned Hanlon must have talked, and McGraw, and Speaker and Miller Huggins and even Connie Mack; so Sisler may have talked and Jackie, surely Durocher and Stengel, and so talk Yogi and Ernie and Whitey and Lasorda and Cashen and Sparky and Willie Mays and all the thousands they entail; the players and coaches and scouts and managers and umpires, somewhere they all talk. But the fullest, most expansive, most public talk is the talk in the lobby, baseball's second-favorite venue. The lobby is the park of talk; it is the enclosed place where the game is truly told, because told again and again. Each time it is played and replayed in the telling, the fable is refined, the nuances burnished the color of old silver. The memories in baseball become sharpest as they recede, for the art of telling improves with age.

Let me close in the tone and style of our national narrative: So now, I'm standing in the lobby of the Marriott in St. Louis in October of '87 and I see this crowd, so happy with itself, all talking baseball, and I want to be in this game, so I spend two hours moving about, listening to them talk the game and hearing them getting it right, working at the fine points the way players in the big leagues do, and it comes to me slowly, around noon, that this, *this,* is what Aristotle must have meant by the imitation of an action.

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The following was written as an epilogue to *Take Time for Paradise.*

Beginning with the conviction that our use of "free time" told us about ourselves as a people, I posed—more for myself thinking on baseball than to persuade the reader—the question: Is not freedom the fulfillment of the promise of an energetic, complex order? Clearly I believe the answer is yes, and clearly, therefore, I believe we cherish as Americans a game wherein freedom and reunion are both possible. Baseball fulfills the promise America made itself to cherish the individ-

ual while recognizing the overarching claims of the group. It sends its players out in order to return again, allowing all the freedom to accomplish great things in a dangerous world. So baseball restates a version of America's promises every time it is played. The playing of the game is a restatement of the promises that we can all be free, that we can all succeed.

So games, contests, sports reiterate the purpose of freedom every time they are enacted—the purpose being to show how to be free and to be complete and connected, unimpeded and integrated, all at once. That is the role of leisure, and if leisure were a god, rather than Aristotle's version of the highest human state, sport would be a constant reminder—not a faded remnant—of the transcendent or sacred being. This is so because sport—no matter how cheapened (and it need not be) or commercialized (and it often is) or distant from an external ideal (which it may never have approached)—contains within itself, as a self-transforming activity, fueled by instinct and intellect alike, the motive for freedom. The very elaborations of a sport—its internal conventions of all kinds, its ceremonies, its endless

meshes entangling itself—are for the purpose of training and testing (perhaps by defeating) and rewarding the rousing motion within us to find a moment (or more) of freedom. Freedom is that state where energy and order merge and all complexity is purified into a simple coherence, a fitness of parts and purpose and passions that cannot be surpassed and whose goal could only be to be itself.

If we have known freedom, then we love it; if we love freedom, then we fear, at some level (individually or collectively), its loss. And then we cherish sport. As our forebears did, we remind ourselves through sport of what, here on earth, is our noblest hope. Through sport, we re-create our daily portion of freedom, in public.