

Well here we go. Round two. Ding ding. It's just one of those days. I can't focus on anything but Indians - Red Sox, ALCS game one, 7:10 PM from Fenway Paaaaak. CC versus Beckett. Fellow Tribe fans, these are the days and the moments that we live for as maniacal fans of our hometown teams. In Jarad Regano's latest, he talks about growing up an Indians fan, the memories that were created, and how he lives for moments like this.



I attended my first Indians game at the age of five. As a fitting foreshadow to the next 25 years, the Tribe lost 15-1 to the Angels. California had such a big lead that Reggie Jackson was already showered and in street clothes by the 7th inning. I know cause I ran face first into him in the stadium concourse. The memories of that day are as strong as any from that point in time in my life, recalling where we sat and even pulling into the stadium parking lot.

I graduated in 1995 from Lake Catholic in Mentor. The memories of my graduation day are pretty vague, except that my tassel was green. Or was it gray? Well it had to be one or the other. And that is a pretty monumental day in a person's life, right? Yet I could not tell you one person from my class that I am sure I had a conversation with. On the other hand, Game 6 against the Braves that year is engrained in my memory far deeper. I remember each and every friend that bolted the

high school football game to head up to the now defunct Ground Round to watch the Tribe. I remember the excitement. I remember the people. I even remember what we were talking about.

In 1997, I watched with my dad as Tony Fernandez sent the Tribe back to the World Series. In some ways, the game was more memorable than the 1995 clincher because we were not supposed to be there. "And the Indians are going back to the World Series" was the call on TV as Jose Mesa fanned Roberto Alomar to end it. That phrase has been permanently tattooed onto my brain, more prevalent than a lot of very important life lessons are.

In 2005, my son was born. And...well, actually it is hard to forget a 10-pound child being ripped out of your wife's stomach- so I will always have memories there. But, only a few weeks later, I rushed home to catch Opening Day from Chicago so I could watch my first baseball game with my little guy. I know that I will always remember that day, and as the Tribe lost, I symbolically passed along a torch of sports futility in Cleveland to him.

The game of baseball, for a lot of us, has an unmatched ability to create memories with people we care about. These memories transcend that which happens between the white lines for a few hours at a time.

The biggest games in Indians history carry stronger and more vivid memories for me, and I am sure for many a Tribe fan. The series with Boston promises to be enormous in terms of historical meaning. I am excited to cheer for my favorite sports franchise to get back to the World

Series, but equally excited to start building new memories that will last a lifetime.

And how sweet will the ultimate memory be when we finally win the whole thing.