

State of the Majors – 2022

There remain moments in all our lives and in the brief history of mankind in which the intersection of certain events goes from mere coincidence to life-affirming happenings that may, through history's lens, prove to be tectonic shifts in the spiritual, political, and societal hierarchy. So it is with March 1, 2022, for the Majors.

For many of us, sports, both played and watched, serve as the metaphorical toy store in the shopping mall of life. The gloom of today's headlines seems to suggest baseball is on the fast track to become the Kay-Bee Toys of Northwoods Mall.

Worry not, Majors participants. For on this day, I'm here to proclaim that the State of the Majors is strong, buttressed (I just wanted to use that word) by the news that, and momentum from, golf courses here in the winter besieged Midwest have opened.

Gone, but not forgotten, are the snowmaggedons of February, the freezing wind chills of January, and the sorrowful sunsets at what seems like 2:00 in the afternoon.

Hopes of an early spring were initially dashed by that fat rat from Punxsutawney only to be pushed aside in recent days by first 40-degree and then 50-degree temps (do I hear 60?).

Before the throes of summer take hold and we begin to lament both the heat and humidity, it will be time to begin our next iteration of the Majors, starting with the UFC's glorious return to the land of 3:2 beer and watered-down booze, an especially meaningful challenge to overcome for Friday Funday. The Mondo, quickly becoming the class of the majors for all the right reasons, will be next followed by the gut-wrenching, exhausting, but ultimately Den-Free (not Denny, the Bloomington variety) DHB. The champions dinner will, once again, be sublime... sorry not all of you will be able to make it. Finally, the Jewel of the Fall and MMAPC will wrap what promises to be our best year yet...Lord knows, we've all earned it.

So, stay fresh, cheesebags. Here comes the Majors...back and better than ever!