

Letters to Baseball

A gift to the listeners of
Life in Full Send: Athletes Reimagined

By
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Dear Baseball: The Last At-Bat

Dear Baseball,

one day I'll walk to the plate for the last time.

I won't know it's the last until the moment is already a memory.

I'll dig my cleats into the box like I always do—left foot, right foot, tap the plate twice—a routine that once calmed a storm.

I'll hear the crowd, maybe a stadium full, maybe just the people who loved me since day one.

I'll feel the weight of the bat like an old friend in my hands, breathing the smell of dirt and cut grass, and try to stretch time thin enough to see my whole journey through it.

I'll think about the cages in the winter, hands blistered and raw. The soft toss at sunrise, the front toss at midnight. Maybe I'll rope a line drive, or maybe I'll spit on ball four.

Maybe I'll go down swinging and tip my helmet to the pitcher that beat me fair.

However it ends, I'll walk back knowing it was never about one swing.

It was all about the unnoticed ones that built this moment—the thousand fixes, the coaches' quiet nods, all the teammates that believed in me, and my parents that believed in me.

Dear Baseball, when that last at bat is over, I won't measure my career by where the ball landed.

I'll measure it by the love I left in the box.

Dear Baseball: One Day...

Dear Baseball,

one day the uniform will hang in the closet for the last time.

The cleats will collect dust.

My name will no longer be on the lineup card, and the game will go on without me.

That day will come sooner than I want it to, and when it does, I hope I can look back and say I gave you everything.

Every early morning when the rest of the world was asleep, every late night when the lights were the only thing keeping the field alive, every bruise, every callus, every ounce of fight, I hope I can say I played for something bigger than myself—for my teammates, for my family, for the kid I used to be.

And when the final out comes, I'll think about all the moments that led here:

the championships and the heartbreaks, the games where I felt unstoppable, the games where I felt invisible, the bus

rides, the dugout jokes, the smell of fresh cut grass.

I'll remember the people who became family, the coaches who pushed me further than I thought I could go, the teammates who had my back when everything was on the line.

Dear Baseball, when that last out is made, I'll walk away knowing you gave me more than I could ever give you, and that love—that love will never fade.