The *Griffey* I Remember

Ken Griffey, Jr. was inducted into the Baseball Hall of Fame in Cooperstown on Sunday. Accolades abound. The *Seattle Times* published a special section that chronicles his accomplishments on the field, his shenanigans in the clubhouse, and his commitment to

MAKE·Ⓐ·WISH.

I grew up in a baseball family. My dad tried out for the Seattle Rainiers after his stint in the Navy. He originally dreamed of having nine daughters for his very own softball team. I have fond memories of attending Cubs and Twins ball games at Cheney Stadium in Tacoma where I learned to keep score and recognize subtleties of the game. I was born a bit early to reap the benefits of Title IX so didn't have the opportunity to play softball in high school but I did enjoy playing in tavern leagues in high school and college.

Of course, my kids would play, and come to love, baseball! And it was so easy with a guy like Griffey! For our children, especially our son Andy, Griffey <u>was</u> baseball. He and his friends emulated the swing, practiced (yes, practiced!) the drop of the bat while watching the imaginary home run, and, of course, wore their hats backward. Number 24 was the most sought after jersey in little league! For me as a parent, Griffey was, and remains, just *the Kid* who loved the game. He played with panache, with swagger, and with humility…he just *played.* But best of all, Griffey was a hero off the field too. As a parent I never had to make excuses for his behavior, never had to explain to my kids why he was arrested. Too bad that's so rare.

The smile. The grin. The laugh. The play. Thanks for the memories, Kid. Congratulations!

I write *Weekly Wisdom* as the Executive Director of Human Resources at Central Washington University. Having an eye for meaningful things, I include my own observations and thoughts, ideas I've recently encountered, and/or topics that are of current importance. I like to think that others will find reading *Weekly Wisdom* worth their time.

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