

# Good example of essay on my lesson at the ballpark

[Sport & Tourism](#), [Baseball](#)



I remember the first professional baseball game I attended and the important lesson I learned from my father.

As a child I loved the summer. School could not deter me from riding bikes and playing baseball. I loved the summer sun drenching my body in warmth, and the same cool breeze that tousled my hair also carried a baseball into the outfield.

So when I attended my first real baseball game, my excitement was palpable. I wore my favorite T-shirt from my little league team with the number seven on the back, and I grabbed my worn, brown leather baseball glove. My parents, baby sister and I climbed into our mini-van and drove two hours to the ballpark.

When we arrived we drove past the stadium, and I wanted to see the top of it. The walls were high and my head was near the floor of the van before I spotted the flags waving ferociously at the peak.

We parked the van in a grass lot, and I dragged my father to the entrance gate. It was a large, arched, faded-brick structure, and there were children and parents on the sidewalk, funneling to the arch. Many of the children wore dark blue baseball caps with the logo of the home team. Beneath the enormous arch were ten turnstiles that swallowed the throngs of people and then spit them out inside the stadium.

We approached the turnstile and my father handed the tickets to the dark-haired man at the turnstile. Once inside, my family and I weaved through the spacious, open walkway that circled the ballpark. I dodged adults who nearly ran in to me and tightly held my father's hand.

We found our section and descended the concrete steps to our seats. My mother sat with my baby sister, thankful for the shade from the overhang. It was only late morning but the sun was high in the sky and the air was wet with humidity.

My father took my hand and led me to the right field stands to

watch batting practice. My heart jumped at the thought of catching a baseball. My hand nestled into my glove.\nWe stood there for a long time while sweat pooled under my hat. I watched each pitch and the baseball fly off the bat. I desperately hoped for a ball to fly our way. And then it happened: the ball sliced through the air in my direction as the anxiety welled in my throat.\nThe ball drew closer and picked up speed until it crashed into my father's outstretched glove. He caught it just over the top of the fence and above another kid's glove. Yes! I screamed. My dad caught me a ball, but my heart sank when he handed it to the kid he had outreached. The boy took my ball and ran off screaming joyously.\nMy father asked how I felt about having given the ball away. I told him that I did not like it. He sat me down on the hot, metal bleacher and explained that it was not right to take something from someone by cheating. He caught the ball only because he was taller.\nI understood, but it did not lessen the sting of losing the ball. A few more minutes passed before a player ran by on the other side of the fence. He held a ball and tossed it over the fence to my father! I jumped for joy and spent the rest of the day with the ball in my glove.\nI went home with a baseball and a valuable lesson that day: to respect others and give fair and equal treatment.