

SUMMER SPORTS: WHAT'S GOOD THIS WEEKEND?



[graphic: chrisinplymouth via Flickr]

I admit it freely – I’m the least *sportif* member of the Emptywheel team. As years have gone by, sports have lost their shine for me. The full-body contact of politics has been far more interesting.

But I need to get that shine back. My oldest is in a relationship with a sportsy guy, and I need to be able to talk with him without trying too hard and sounding like a total moron.

So, help a girl out. Auto racing. Baseball. Golf. That’s all that’s in my cable channel lineup right now, and I can’t muster enough excitement. Tell me what you think I should look for to get heated up about one of these, and is there something really juicy going on tomorrow?

– NHRA in Bristol, TN on ESPN right now looks much as it did over the past couple decades. Is there some big technological breakthrough that

makes these races different now than they were pre-2000? Fill me in.

– Folks in my other social media about were using lots of shouty caps about baseball and some guy named Scherzer. What happened? Which is/was the better game to watch: Detroit Tigers v New York Yankees, or LA Dodgers v SF Giants?

– And Tiger Woods has no game left they say, missing the cut at the U.S. Open. I did see this much in my timeline. I imagine poor Papa Earl is rolling in his grave, saying he was right that Tiger could only be stopped by a woman. I think it was the comprehensive use of word, “woman,” as in all women. Tiger hasn’t really had it together for any length of time since his marriage fell apart. Besides the current golden boy McIlroy, who else should I watch at the U.S. Open?

Golf has a little more appeal for me this summer. I used to play until a handful of years ago, when it just wasn’t fun any more. I lost my game, too, couldn’t spend enough time on the course. But now my youngest has landed his first job as bag boy at the nearby club. When he comes home after his shift it’s a hoot to listen to him describe navigating his inaugural work experience, let alone hear all the goofy things that happened to him on the job.

Like today, his first Saturday morning opening the course – he sent me a text mid-shift that read, HOLY TIPS. Came home with a wad of bills in his pocket, yelling how much he loved old dudes who played golf.

Now for this I can worked up.