Pilgrim

July 24, 2008 By Paul Dalton

I am on the plane returning from vacation. Not really a vacation, more of a pilgrimage- to Yankee Stadium.

To say that I am not religious is akin to saying my immune system has faced some challenges over the past 16 years. The only time I pray is when there are runners in scoring position and Derek Jeter is at the plate.

I grew up in western New York state, a huge fan of the New York Yankees. While I have followed them religiously three decades, it wasn?t until last year that I set foot inside the proverbial house that Ruth built.

They are tearing down the stadium after this year, and no conferences or meetings were scheduled in the greater New York area- so I went to pay my respects to the concrete, steel and grass- haunted and magical.

The trip couldn?t have been better. Two games- two Yankees wins. A visit to Monument Park- where the best-of-best-from-the best are commemorated. The first night, I was up the third deck on the first base line- a great view. The second night started out in these weird ?alcove? seats with slightly obstructed views. The usher moved us up in the third inning to seats about 20 rows directly behind home plate. My oh my.

While taking my meds on the plane this morning, I felt an overwhelming sense of gratitude for those compounds soon to be coursing through my veins. HIV meds are a weird community in my life- so much of the time the are about abstract numbers in journals, or meetings with pharma folks or scientists, or conference calls and deadlines. Today, and every day they are personal- without them I would be long gone, likely never to have seen the hallowed ground in the Bronx. With any luck, they will help me see the new stadium next year.

© 2026 Smart + Strong All Rights Reserved.
http://beta.docker.poz.com/blog/pilgrim