MOMENTS OF ELECTRICITY (Part 2, continued)

Fast forward from those moments last Wednesday to yesterday at 25 minutes to post for the Belmont. Three friends of Uncle Bill meet at the grandstand, head to a bar in the underbelly of the grandstand and order Shots to drink in memory of U.B. It took until 4 minutes to post to be served. We stepped outside the grandstand area just outside on what turned into a perfect afternoon. One of us hadn't drank in 20 years. One of us hadn't drank in 6 months. One of us didn't like what the shot was whatsoever as choices were limited. We looked out over that Belmont crowd on the apron, looked out at the infield with a turf gate that was sitting out there with the Belmont Stakes MONIKER across the top in Green and White. We looked to the sky, took in the beautiful weather, we took in this moment of time right before the Triple Crown finale and we each kind of spoke out "To Bill," "To Bill," "To Uncle Bill,". . . in Memory of Uncle Bill we took that shot! The electricity of that alcohol shot through my arteries and what felt every vein in my body. Wow, did I feel alive. My father always said you Always drink at least a whole beer or a shot in honor of friend who passes. Maybe this is why he taught me this. I could excuse my one time in 6 months for Uncle Bill. I mean it made all three of us feel Alive I'm certain.

Up the Grandstand in Section N to row S. ZERO minutes to Post. The horses load in the gate. The crescendo of the crowd is palpable. The noise is load and building but not at its peak. The electricity of the button opens the gates and it all transferred and then some to the grandstand crowd that was on their feet cheering as the three year olds took their 2 minute journey. On the backstretch, the electricity I felt from that shot was zigging and zagging throughout my body but this was the excitement of seeing history and feeling it. There's no way sports bettors or casino players can possibly feel this goes through my mind. Sovereignty in closer order than the Derby is obviously going to roll it seems but you never know. As they turned for home, the ELECTRICITY reached its peak via Crowd Excitement and Cheering and it made its way Rolling From the Top of the stretch side of the grandstand, rolling through each section Letter by Letter, rolling Section by Section. And all the way to the finish it rolled, as did Sovereignty who left no doubt the electric was justified and why the people standing there love the game so much.

This morning at about 5:20 waiting for an Uber to the airport I walked up a few houses and snapped a photo of that little Yellow house. The one where I stayed 6 years ago. The oldest one in town. The one where we cemented a friendship.

The oldest house in town marks time. The photo I took marks time. The shot with FrankD and Rocky marks time. This Triple Crown journey marks time. From Sovereignty winning the Fountain of Youth, to Gosger looking home free only to be caught unbelievably by Journalism, to a Sovereignty Derby-Saratoga Belmont Double, it was all juiced with electricity I'm not sure folks in other sports can ever feel especially when shared with close friends.

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