

The Aroma of Sport

I love the aromas associated with sport. I recall vividly the smells, both beautiful and not so pleasant, from my life of playing my heart out.

I love the aroma of:

- Icy Hot on my elbow on October evenings as I drove to the softball field.
- My new baseball glove with 3 in 1 oil rubbed into it, a ball in the pocket and tied shut with a shoestring – laid carefully by my pillow for the night.
- Charcoal smoke wafting from nearby tailgaters into the football stadium during pre-game on fall afternoons.
- Newly mowed, dewy grass on spring mornings at high school baseball parks.
- A busy, August, football locker room; less than pleasant, but smelling of competition and passion.
- New baseballs, fresh from the box as we free them from their cloaks of thin paper.
- Popcorn and roasted peanuts at a major league baseball park on a June evening.

I love these aromas because when I smell them they lead me to recollections of simpler days, of passionate competition and of rich relationships with teammates and opponents who played their hearts out.

When you next go to the gym, the ball park, the stadium or the locker room; take a deep breath and drink in the aroma of sport. It smells like life!

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