

I am writing to express my admiration and gratitude for the officials at last night's co-ed softball game. Our umpires were: George Wendt, Bob Laderach, and Bobby Duncan.

On Thursday, April 14th, 407BBQ v State Farm, in the top of the 1st inning, with runners on base, a fly ball was hit to left field. 407BBQ's Keenan Wallace was playing rover, positioned deep as an additional left fielder. Playing short stop, I ran out expecting only to take a relay throw. In one of those plays we hope never happens, somehow Keenan's glove missed the ball, and he took the fly ball directly to his head, above his right eye. I hesitated for a moment, assessing what I'd just seen. Within one second, as Keenan bent to the ground, with his hand on his eye, I began running towards him. Already, before I was even half way to him, I clearly heard the umpires yelling loudly : "Time out! Time out!", "Dead Ball!", "Stop Play!". Even in that moment my mind said "Good job, gentlemen, that's exactly the right thing to be doing". I remember it very clearly, because I was impressed with how quickly they responded.

Nobody cared that the ball was still rolling through the grass, or the runners still running, or who was about to score. Exactly as it should be.

Everyone here at Robson is a full-life adult, many with supervisory, managerial, or even senior executive experience, many who fulfilled careers as leaders; some in business, some in the military, some as captains of aircraft. But, when we as participants join these structured social activities, we each buy into a certain understanding of the responsibilities and "authority" of the various roles, such as the managers and the officials. As humans we then look to those people in those roles to "do their job" and "do what they're supposed to do" and we take our cues from them.

That's exactly what we saw last night.

George, Bob, and Bobby, by their actions, made explicitly clear, immediately, to everyone, that the only thing that mattered at that instant was tending to the injured player. That decisiveness created the environment that led practically the entire 407 team to immediately rush onto the field, grab towels, get ice, begin to treat Keenan, and get him on his way to the emergency room.

I reflected, as we concluded the inning, how well the crew handled that. At our after-game social, nearly everyone on the team commented on it.

Personally, I want to thank George, Bob and Bobby for what they did last night. Also, our entire 407 BBQ team thanks you. And, while I'm just one player, I'm confident that all of the players in the Robson Ranch Softball Association appreciate the responsible and appropriate focus on what really matters. Our RRSA has, I believe, 23 officials, all of whom are volunteers. And, it is because of the great job these 23 umpires do that we are all able to enjoy the event, stay active and fit, and grow our friendships.

George, Bob and Bobby did a great job last night. They deserve to be commended.

Respectfully
Mike Moss