

Scott Carrigan hit a home run Wednesday . . .
And, when he had rounded the bases he was in
Heaven.

Back in the summer I wrote a story about an
11-year-old boy and his love of baseball. He loved
baseball so much he refused to give up and let the
leukemia that had attacked his body have its
way.

Oh, how much courage and determination that
little fellow had to have to get up out of his sick
bed and go to the ball park when the first practice
was called last spring.

Despite his wobbly legs and lack of energy, he
put on his uniform, grabbed up his glove and
headed for Clyatt Park.

He amazed his coaches and the other players
as he went through the paces on the baseball dia-
mond. He ran, he threw and he batted. Never a
complaint . . . only concerned with doing the best
he could.

He became an inspiration to others. He partici-
pated in every game during the long summer
months. And, there he was . . . doing all he could
to help his team in the championship playoffs.

Sometimes, Scott would stumble a little bit. He
couldn't make those diving catches like he was
able to do at one time. He couldn't hit those long
home runs anymore . . . the muscle weren't as
strong as they once were.

Oh, how he hated to make an error, or strike
out or walk a batter. He wanted to be the best
baseball player there ever was.

He once received a letter from the commission-
er of Major League Baseball commending him
for his courage and perserverance.

He gave strength to others. He made his par-
ents strong, giving them the ability to bear up un-
der the weight of the circumstance. He
appreciated his family so much. He was con-
cerned that he might be too much of a burden to
them because of his illness.

In Gainesville's Shands Hospital yesterday
morning he told his mom and dad how lucky he
was to have them for parents because they had
been staying with him constantly during those fi-
nal days.

Scott was aware of the imminent end . . . but he
never mentioned it.

At 1 p.m. Wednesday, The Announcer called
out his name. And, what a home run that little fel-
low hit.

All the way to Heaven.