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SERVING SOUTH DADE

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I'm not excited about sports but it seems everyone else is



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Yes, I know — a lot of politicians feel guilt but not exactly for the same reason.

I am almost afraid to reveal what I feel guilty about, but psychiatrists say the best method is a complete catharsis, so here goes.

For several nights a few weeks ago, I tried watching the evening news as I usually do to see what of importance was happening in the world. I knew that another attempt was being made to cap the oil leak so that didn't excite me. What really bothers me is that I try to drive as economically as possible to

save gas while tons of it are pouring into the ocean and going to waste. Oh, well!

But I didn't even get to see the underwater videos of oil gushing out because the first 20 minutes or so of every newscast was about LeBron something-or-other coming to the Miami Heat.

Here is my problem — I wasn't excited and it seems everyone else was. It seems just yesterday when "The Shaq" was coming to Miami and the same newscasting happened. There were reports about where he was buying his shoes, getting his haircut, buying his car and who would adjust the seat for him, etc., etc. *I didn't care!*

But how could I go on like this? I needed help, so I went to a respected sports announcer who I happen to know and asked him just what is wrong with me. Was I possibly a fascist, communist, socialist or even worse — a Democrat?

He had a simple answer for me. He said that I probably "had a life." I do, but I still wonder why I didn't join in the celebration. Not that I hate sports. I even went to a Miami Heat fashion show/basketball game once. It seemed to me that with scores like 102 to 98, that whoever happened to be ahead when the buzzer buzzed was the winner.

Perhaps I shouldn't admit this also but I didn't care who won the World Cup soccer game. If I paid to watch a sport in which there was no scoring for an entire game and had to be decided by one point in overtime, I would ask for my money and airfare back. I guess I just don't appreciate sports.

One time I asked my social director why we hadn't seen a particular couple that we usually socialized with. She explained that they weren't talking to me since I rooted for Oakland in a playoff game against the Dolphins. It killed me but I had to call and apologize.

Another time in one of the two or three Dolphin games I went to, I thought it would be fun to cheer for the visiting team. No one else was and I thought that I would try to even things out. A couple of *huge* guys full of beer behind me didn't appreciate my fairness; I sat quiet for the rest of the game.

The sportscaster to his credit did say that a lot of people were down in the dumps because of the economy and this gave them something to feel good about. Yeah, a bunch of giant guys making millions of dollars playing a game while I am looking for work, any work, and trying to choose which \$24 million house to buy while mine was being foreclosed, would sure make me feel good about myself.

He did say that other events got as much attention such as the plane landing in the Hudson River with no casualties. Now, that I was truly excited about. But that's me and, as my home editor always says, "The world doesn't run according to Ernie." I guess, as always, she may be right.

Let's hope that the Heat never lose a game. That might be disastrous to the fans and heaven forbid they don't win the prized trophy at the end of the season. If you think just the economy and oil spills are bad, you don't want to be around for that.