

GUESS WHO WROTE IT

When you say that a person is
one of the greatest athletes of all time,

you need to include not only what he/she does **ON** the field,
but how the person conducts him/her self **OFF**.

And no one has done both better than the person
who wrote the following letter.

See if you can guess who it is.
You might be surprised.

Here are some excerpts from that letter:

Don't get the idea that I'm proud of my harum-scarum youth. I'm not. I simply had a rotten start in life, and it took me a long time to get my bearings.

I spent much of my early boyhood living over my father's saloon, in Baltimore—and when I wasn't living over it, I was in it, soaking up the atmosphere. I hardly knew my parents.

I doubt if any appeal could have straightened me out except a Power over and above man—the appeal of God. Iron-rod discipline couldn't have done it. Nor all the punishment and reward systems that could have been devised. God had an eye out for me, just as He has for you, and He was pulling for me to make the grade.

As I look back now, I realize that knowledge of God was a big crossroads with me. I got one thing straight (and I wish all kids did)—that God was Boss. He was not only my Boss but Boss of all my bosses. Up till then, like all bad kids, I hated most of the people who had control over me and could punish me. I began to see that I had a higher Person to reckon with who never changed, whereas my earthly authorities changed from year to year.

Those who bossed me had the same self-battles— they, like me, had to account to God. I also realized that God was not only just, but merciful. He knew we were weak and that we all found it easier to be stinkers than good sons of God, not only as kids but all through our lives.

I prayed often and hard, but like many irrepressible young fellows, the swift tempo of living shoved religion into the background.

While I drifted away from the church, I did have my own "altar," a big window of my New York apartment overlooking the city lights. Often I would kneel before that window and say my prayers. I would feel quite humble then. I'd ask God to help me not make such a big fool of myself and pray that I'd easure up to what He expected of me.

*In December, 1946 I was in French Hospital,
New York, facing a serious operation.*

As I lay in bed that evening I thought to myself what a comforting feeling to be free from fear and worries. I now could simply turn them over to God. Later on, my wife brought in a letter from a little kid in Jersey City.

"Everybody in the seventh grade class is pulling and praying for you. I am enclosing a medal, which if you wear will make you better. Your pal—Mike Quinlan.

PS I know this will be your 61st homer. You'll hit it."

*I asked them to pin the Miraculous Medal to my pajama coat.
I've worn the medal constantly ever since.
I'll wear it to my grave.*

And he did.

Without a doubt
one of the greatest players to ever play the game...

ON and OFF the field.

The man?....

Babe Ruth



To see the full letter,
go to <http://www.ultimateyankees.com/baberuthphotos.htm>
and scroll down the page a bit.