My grandson stood at home plate, fingers Velcroed around the bat, feet poised to sprint around the bases.

That 16-year-old boy had my 63-year-old heart in a vice grip.

"Please, don’t let him strike out,” I whispered to the God of baseball as my only grandson stood up to bat. He swung. He missed.

But it was a great swing, one that would have sent that ball sailing way over the left field fence to never to be found, if there had in fact been a fence.

Oh, the pressure. To stand alone at home plate with the eyes of parents glued to your every twitch, with blue sky beckoning and a long field of green taunting you and an unknown umpire sealing your fate with every call; an umpire who looked to be about 12.

Why did I care so much?

Another pitch. Ball 1.

Another pitch. Strike 2.

Another pitch ... that’s when it hit me. Not the ball. My attachment to the outcome. I paused to relax my heart and what I heard in the silence of my soul was this: Your grandson will get whatever life experience this game of baseball is supposed to teach him and that lesson might not be through winning or hitting a home run or even getting on base.

So I let go. I relaxed and enjoyed the game, trusting life to give him exactly what he needed. In baseball, as in life, you win or you learn. There is no losing.

My grandson didn’t get a hit, he got walked. The pitcher walked a lot of boys that inning. My grandson got to walk across home plate. His team won, by one point. Whose point? Everyone’s.

She’s right. At the end of my eighth-grade softball season, we won only one game, the game I wasn’t in. I celebrated with the team and still have the Daisy Queen cup glued into my scrapbook.

Another smile. Another year.

My daughter played softball in middle school. At the end of the season, she told puddle of errors when we finally got to us who warmed the bench, who begged the moon and back. The final score didn’t touch home plate for the first real time for friends. Those friends she made “A’s,” but she’d rather get “B’s” and have trophies for persistence, loyalty, kindness, resilience or compassion — all those qualities that will take you a lot farther and deeper in life than a strong grade point average or batting average.

I’m still proud of my daughter for choosing to get “B’s” in high school. She told me she could work hard and get “A’s,” but she’d rather get “B’s” and have time with friends. Those friends she made in high school have stayed with her all her life.

“My life feels above average,” my daughter said.

Her life? That’s where the real magic happens. Not at the ballpark, or even in other places. Not just at school.

Take for instance the story of Regina Brett’s grandson, who set her heart aflutter when he stood at home plate and tried to hit a ball. Regina Bretts story is part of a collection of articles from the CJN. You can read more about her at cjn.org/regina. Connect with her on Facebook at ReginaBrettFans.