“Get your things packed and get ready to catch a flight home”, my dad told me. As naïve as I was, I replied, “I can’t go home, we still have base—”

“There won’t be any baseball by tomorrow…”

The week before, after hearing multiple nearby colleges had shutdown, what was once “school” turned into recess. Nobody, including myself, was focused on their homework, tests, or essays. Every night people were going out or partying knowing that classes would be online soon. That week we were preparing for a three-game series at North Carolina State. We had our usual practice on Wednesday to practice throwing, bunt defense, base running, etc. In the middle of the practice, coach brought us together to tell us that the school would be shutting down in a few hours. A police officer had given him a heads up and he relayed the message. Inside, I was happy that there would be no more school. But there was this bleak atmosphere among the seniors on the team. I then realized that their last year of school would be coming to an abrupt end. As confused as I was, it wasn’t until after practice that I also realized that our field would also be shutdown. All I could think about was how we would be able to practice for the rest of the season. The next day was our travel day where we take an early flight to North Carolina and practice before our game the next day. I went on my usual routine of packing up and triple-checking to make sure I had all the uniforms I needed. Without the travel plan our managers make for every away game, I would be lost. It had an itinerary, the weather forecast, and unfortunately freshman duties. I, like always, was assigned to bringing the 50-pound bag of baseballs.

I don’t know what it is, but something about the beginning of a plane ride always makes me fall asleep and I wake up as soon as the plane is about to land. Everyone’s phone was going off once we got internet service. We had just been notified that the NBA had suspended their basketball season indefinitely. This was big news considering the NBA was a professional sports league. It was now fair game for all other leagues to suspend their seasons. During our lift, nobody was focused on their exercises. The same sluggishness I saw from other students earlier that week, I saw in our team. Everyone was talking about what may happen to our season and the future of the country. Twitter became my best friend as my main source of updates on the situation. By the end of the lift, coach had informed us that the NCAA has suspended any time of sports practice activity. I assumed this meant that games would soon be canceled along with the new rule that there can’t be gathering of a large group of people. If so, we were prepared to play in empty stadiums if it came down to it. Our last hope of playing faded during dinner when a report came out that the NCAA suspended games until further notice. That same bleak atmosphere came again. Many seniors would have their final season taken away from them.

The plan moving forward was to have all spring sport athletes stay on campus a little longer to see in which direction the season was going. I was nervous because I live in Michigan and if they moved us off campus I wouldn’t have anywhere to stay. I didn’t know if the country would be on lockdown and if the government would restrict all travel. I would be stuck in Boston. Our team had a meeting with the Assistant Athletic Director who told us to get ready to move out. We would either be going home or moving to another dorm building to keep all athletes in one area. I was scrambling to figure out where to put all my stuff. I didn’t know if I would have to find a storage area to put stuff so I didn’t have to send it home or if I would just need a moving truck to move into a new dorm. Luckily, I got a call from my dad who cleared up my head and gave me a plan.

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“There won’t be any baseball by tomorrow. The season will be canceled for the rest of the year. You need to catch a flight home as soon as possible before there’s a restriction on travel.” I was so happy to hear a definite idea of what’s going to happen. I was able to book a flight and decided to keep some things at my friend’s house so I would have to pay for extra bags that I don’t need at home. The next day I arrived home happy to see my family, but also sad to see the season come to an end. There were more questions that need answers. Will the seniors be able to come back and play for another year? How will the scholarship money be distributed with the incoming freshman coming in? All I knew for sure was that that Wednesday ended up being the last time we play baseball this year.