



There are not many places left where it feels like the whole town shows up for a high school baseball game.

In Moncks Corner, they still do. I am not sure anyone has done an official count, but on a spring evening under those lights, it feels like everybody. And every time I am standing there taking it in, I feel something that is genuinely hard to put into words.

Lawn chairs lined up along the fence. Kids scrambling after foul balls. Grandparents in the bleachers sitting next to dads who wore their kid's same number twenty years ago. For a few hours on a weeknight, everything slows down. The noise of ordinary life goes quiet and something simpler takes its place.

I do not think we always recognize those moments for what they are while we are in them. But there is something significant happening in a crowd like that. It is not just a baseball game. It is three generations of families who chose to be in the same place at the same time because this town still means something to them.

That kind of thing does not hold together by accident. It holds together because people keep showing up, keep investing, keep treating the place they live as something worth caring about.

Wendell Berry wrote that "it may be that when we no longer know what to do, we have come to our real work, and when we no longer know which way to go, we have begun our real journey."

I think about that when I watch a town gather like this. There is a rootedness here that a lot of people are quietly looking for and cannot seem to find. Moncks Corner still has it.

That is worth protecting. It is one of the reasons I am proud to do this work here, in this community, among these people.

Take care,

Mason