

If not for a brushfire on the side of the road, we might have arrived more than five minutes before the game. There was plenty of parking, and you just can't miss the gigantic A in the parking lot with a halo around it. Our seats weren't as good as Mike Parker's over the weekend, as we were in the last row of the lower boxes in right field, facing the center field fence. There were two diamondvisions, and I could see both well, although it was a stretch to look left and see home plate in the distance.

They have the rocks and fountain in dead center field, and during the national anthem when the "rockets red glare" it shot red fireworks. Then some booms for the bombs bursting in air – it was the first time I had seen fireworks used during the anthem like that, and then no one cheered and clapped until after the entire song was over. I liked that, although I noticed at least five men in my section that didn't take off their hats. I had never seen that, either. Right after the anthem they started playing "Calling All Angels," and they flashed some names I hadn't thought of in years, like Frank Tanana, and played videos of the team's history. After all that, the players took the field.

Architecturally this park isn't exceptional – it's clean, and sort of reminded me of the new Comiskey Park in Chicago. But, like Comerica, it has the Angels history built into it. I liked the concrete posts in the walkways that were painted very colorfully with pictures of the players.

In the first inning, things didn't exactly go to this Ranger fan's liking. The Angels knocked around Chan Ho Park for five runs in the first, but it could have been much worse. A perfectly good double play ball went to Soriano, who threw it in the dirt to second. Derosa scooped it up, and would have had no chance at all for the DP...except that Garret Anderson didn't run the play out to first. At the end of the inning, the mortgage company had this big bell that tolled out five rings. Then three after the second, one for each Angel run during that inning.

One really unique thing about this park is that it's a stat nuts dream. The right field screen includes the batting average of the entire batting team's lineup. And no sooner does the play take place, when the average is updated. Macier Izturis started the night at .190, and for a while it looked like he was going to be leading the league by the time the game was over. Also, if you ever see a pitcher or player lose track of balls, strikes or outs in this park, you can be sure the guy is a complete idiot. They are posted everywhere, in remarkably big and bright numbers that are REALLY easy to read.

I was really surprised at just how many walking vendors were constantly hanging around and blocking the view. It was to the point that it was really distracting. I guess all the employees were doing that, because nobody cared that at least five beachballs were being knocked around from time to time, and one even got on the field and stopped play. There were even thirty or so paper airplanes that were thrown from the upper deck down below – if there were any ushers up there, they sure weren't paying attention.

Finally, in the seventh inning, the ultimate humiliation took place. At the start of the inning as the Rangers were batting, some jerks in right field started the wave. Before long, Mench doubled to center and nobody noticed because the wave was going oretty good by then. So Teixeira laces a hot fly ball to right field, and I stand up to see if the ball will drop, as a bunch of people around me are also standing. Silly me, I thought they were watching the play. That's right, for the first time in my life I did the wave during the game (I have no objections to between innings, but draw the line there).

So I see a great game in a fantastic stadium (the Rangers came back, but not quite far enough). But I actually did the wave. It might take me a while to get over that one.