

Young Boy Boycotts Company That Makes Boys Cots.

San Francisco – Tristan Moore, 10 years old, has officially announced that he is launching a boycott. His target? *Cots and Stuff*, a company based out of Johnson City, Tennessee, that makes, among other things, portable sleeping devices. Young Tristan chose this cot making company for his boycott when he heard about the other boycotts happening all over the country.

Says Tristan, “I didn’t know what a boycott was so I asked my parents and they said I’m only 10 years old and shouldn’t be worried about boycotts. I was still confused about boycotts when I remembered that Mrs. Riding (Tristan’s 4th-grade teacher) always tell us to break words down into smaller parts so that is what I did. **Boy Cotts**. So I looked around on the internet and found a company that made cots for boys. So now I’m boycotting a cot company that makes cots for boys. That made about as much sense as anything else.”

If that makes little sense, you are not alone. We pressed young Tristan for a better explanation on the boycott.

“Um... I don’t know. There was that lady on TV that people were boycotting and then there was all that Starbucks stuff. It seems like people love to boycott stuff. I thought it sounded fun. But I still have no idea what a boycott does. Maybe someone that has boycotted can explain to me what a boycott is supposed to do. As far as I can tell it’s just a funny word that gets a lot of people angry or excited and then it doesn’t really do anything.”

Maybe Tristan understands boycotts better than he realizes.

REO Pays Tribute: F. Leroy Forlines

I have lost count of the great Free Will Baptist leaders and individuals I have heard say Leroy Forlines had a profound impact on their Christian life. Teacher, writer, speaker, thinker, and short-term missionary, all of these were chapters in one of the greatest books in Free Will Baptist history. God continues to use his spiritual legacy in all of these roles, educating and inspiring many generations of Christians. His passage through the brief span of time given to all men and women has left a lasting and extremely significant footprint for many generations of disciples who have followed and are following his lead.

Forlines had felt a call to the ministry as a teenager. He was born in 1926 in Greenville, North Carolina, the eldest son of John and Leta Forlines. Early in his life, he worked as a mechanic at Elbert Smith's Esso Station. In October 1944 at the age of 17, he converted to Christianity. Two years later he decided God was calling him to preach. So, in 1948 he moved to Nashville to begin his education for the ministry at Free Will Baptist Bible College. During his time as a student, he preached his very first sermon on a downtown Nashville street corner. It was also during his early years that he was deeply impacted by L.C. Johnson's class on Arminian Theology. Throughout these college years, he had a strong role in student body leadership, serving as the president of his 1952 graduating class.

After graduation, he immediately entered the ministry, serving as pastor of First Free Will Baptist Church in Newport News, Virginia from June 1952 to August 1953. He resigned this role

and returned to Free Will Baptist Bible College to join the teaching faculty, a role which he would continue to hold full-time for almost 40 years. In 1957 he met and fell in love with Carolyn Le Fay Gilbert. They married and had two sons, Jon and James.

During those early years in the professorship, he was continuing his own education. In 1959 he attained his M.A. from the Winona Lake School of Theology. In 1962 he earned his B.D. from the Northern Baptist Theological Seminary. In 1970 he earned a Th.M from the Chicago Graduate School of Theology.

In 1963, he began working with the Commission for Theological Integrity and was made its chairman. He would remain highly involved in its leadership for the next 50 years. He officially and publicly stepped down as its chairman at the 2012 National Convention.

Although Forlines retired from a full-time position from FWBBC in 1992, he has remained involved in its work, being granted the honorary title, Professor Emeritus. In this capacity, he continued to teach at the college until five years ago. But he kept fairly regular hours in his Welch office until the college campus moved to Gallatin. He has also taught overseas throughout his retirement. Beginning in 1996, with the assistance of Free Will Baptist International Missions he made numerous trips to lecture in Ukraine and Russia to Baptist pastors.

Forlines's ministry has spanned six decades. He has written multitudes of great Christian articles and books during his long ministry. Among his best and most influential may be Biblical Ethics, Biblical Systematics, Morals and Orthodoxy, The Doctrine of Perseverance, The Romans Commentary, Classical Arminianism, and The Quest for Truth. His entire career has been characterized by writing book after book. He just finished another one for which he is now seeking publication. For his hours of writing and study, he uses an office which

Sylvan Park Free Will Baptist Church graciously provided after the school's relocation. Welch has an office waiting for him in its Gallatin facilities into which he will soon relocate once again.

Today, Leroy Forlines is a healthy 91-year-old, having celebrated his most recent birthday in November. He and Fay continue to reside in the house they have lived in for almost 55 years.

Ranting Ever On: Mondays

Let's take a brief look at six days of the week: There's Tuesday, not a bad sort, really, but rather non-descript; Wednesday, better than Tuesday because it marks the halfway point of the week, and there is Awana to look forward to; Thursday, which is a bit more interesting and funny than Tuesday especially if there's a good comedy on that evening (an event which is increasingly rare); Friday, the coolest, most awesome of all the weekdays and mark of the march into the lazy, hazy weekend (theoretically); Saturday, probably the most enjoyable day of the entire week of all civilized society; Sunday, the glorious day of fellowship with God and His disciples here on earth. Your opinion of these will change from person to person based on your lifestyle and habits, but most will be united on the subject of my loathing, the epicenter of my rant: Mondays.

I doubt that very many people out there are thinking, "My goodness, he hates Mondays? How very unusual" or "I can't believe he would stoop to such a low view of such a kindly, fun-loving day." No, I doubt that. We all know that Monday is horrible (for most of us). It's famous for that status. Even

Garfield the iconic cat hates Mondays. Garfield who just sleeps, eats, and watches TV all day every day. It's the February of the week that we experience at least four times a month, sometimes more.

Monday is so horrible because...well, it just is. I don't know why, exactly. Just a freak of nature, I guess. That and you're just coming off the sugar rush level highs of the weekend. Also, you're beginning the mundaneness and drudgery of the work week all over again. So I guess those are two pretty good reasons. I guess. All I know for sure is that it is the day of the devil. Let us unite in an international movement to ban all Mondays. We'll have the famous Mamas & Papas song, "Monday, Monday" as our theme song. The song actually starts out rather pro-Mondays ("Monday, Monday, so good to me; Monday morning, it was all I hoped it would be") so one might jump to the conclusion that it is full of lies and that the truth is not in. But then it launches into great truths like how we can't trust Monday and that it just turns out that way, that every other day is fine and dandy except for Monday's which are always tear-inducing. Let us stand together and rage against the day, my brethren, let us sing our songs of revolution. Yet, sadly, my friends, I greatly fear that Monday, Monday, is here to stay. Oh Monday, Monday, how we despiseth thee. OH MONDAY, MONDAY!!!

The One and Only Pencil

Our ode to the mighty pencil on this, the National Pencil Day!

The Pencilite Heritage by Ben Plunkett

Pencil Day honors this day in 1858 when the first modern pencil came into creation. I will admit that I have lived in denial of my pencilite heritage for many years, probably since high school. But then just two weeks ago I was on a mad search for the ever elusive blue pen. On that day remembrance took me and I shed a tear as I beheld our legion of ancient yet unsharpened pencils lying idly in the junk drawer beneath the microwave. It was at that moment that I determined to return to my roots. So that very same day I bought a pencil sharpener and sharpened those babies to a razor tip. It was not long before waves of love and goodness washed over me as the fine lead point flew gracefully across the page. It had been so long...so long. And then I suddenly stopped. The pencil was turning...turning, turning, turningturningturning. And then it was a rocket zooming up into the ceiling fan. Oh how it flew that day, brothers and sisters, how it flew.

The Short Pencil by D.A.Speer

I've never been good at the game of golf. One measly time I was able to chip a ball into the hole from off of the green, but it wasn't due to any skill whatsoever. By the time I was in high school, I was able to hit par...for the first two holes. It was always downhill from there, on the express train to double bogey town. I was left fuming and defeated time and time again on the fairways, angrily chopping away in futility because my score had long since exploded past anything reasonable.

But you know who was there for me through it all? The trusty short pencil.

Yes, it etched my failures onto the scorecard as the game inevitably progressed toward its disastrous end, but it never once complained. It was always there on the golf cart, clipped to the steering wheel, ready to celebrate with me in my

victories and agonize with me in my defeats.

Truth be told, I always preferred staying in the cart and driving around instead of actually playing anyway. There are too few times in life that you can drive a miniature cart around outside, and it was always nice to have a small wooden pencil pal right there by my side.

The Tale of the Bloody Pencil by Phill Lytle

It was a dark day. A day of strife. A day of violence.

There was enmity between siblings. The elder abdicated his ordained duty and refused to assist his younger sibling with his arithmetic. The younger begged. He fell to his knees in desperate supplication. All his groans and utterings fell on deaf ears. The elder rejected every cry for help. He rebuffed every tearful plea.

It was then that something deep and dark broke in the soul of the younger sibling. Something ancient and evil awoke in the heart of that young child. A black stain that had always been there, but now knew that its time had come.

It searched for the closest instrument of war at hand. The options were limited. But there, on the table, was something that would suffice in this hour of great need. A lonely, innocent pencil. There it rested from its academic efforts. There it lied, pure and undefiled, perfectly oblivious to the horrors that awaited.

The younger stretched out his hand, took the pencil, and lunged at the elder. He stabbed him then. He stabbed him with force, anger, and indignation. The elder stood there, shards of a pencil lodged in his hand, confusion etched on his face. How had it come to this?

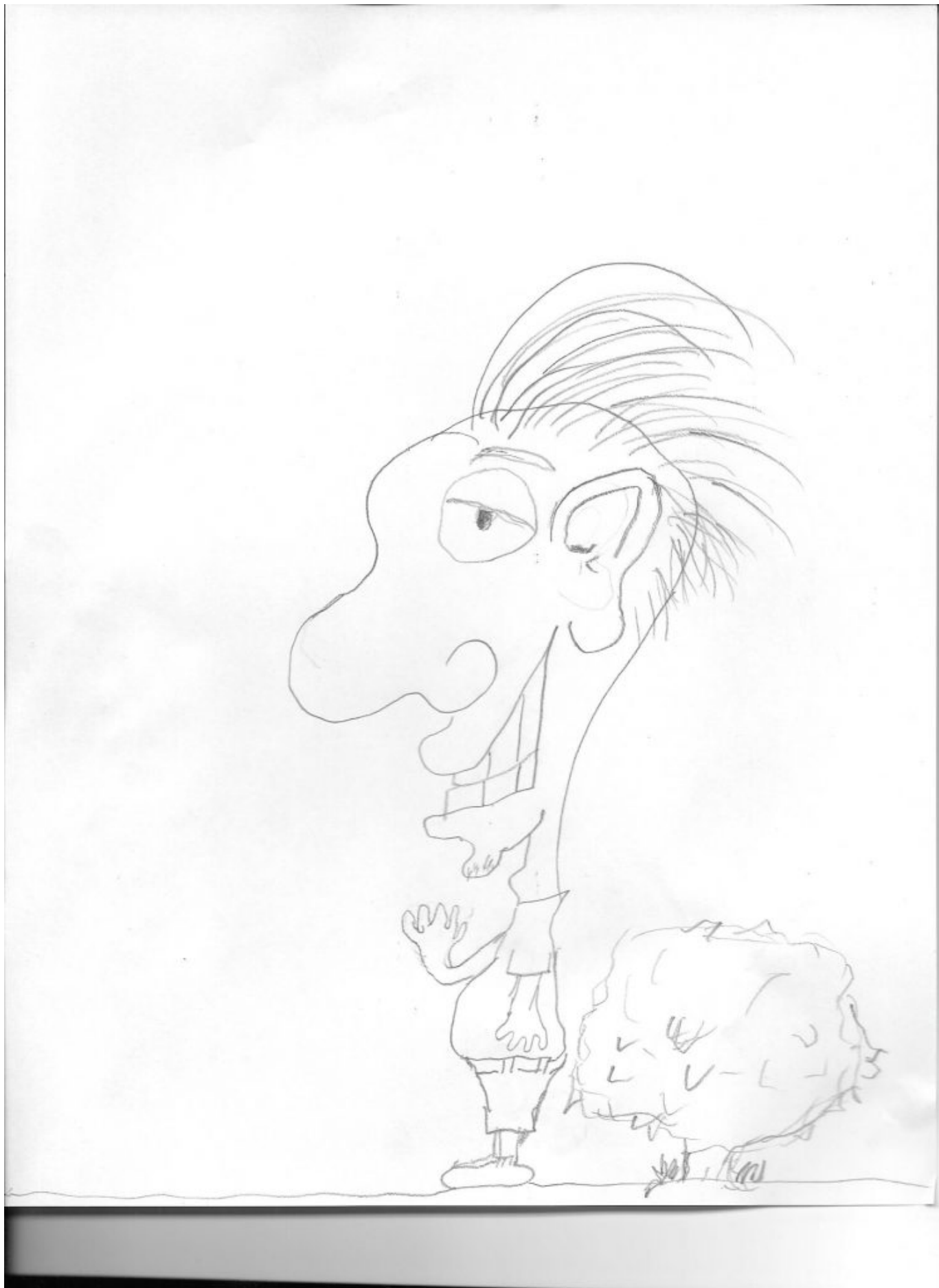
The poor pencil was broken and bloody. It fell to the floor,

dropped by the younger in disgust and shame. There is rested, never to be used again as a tool of learning and knowledge. It was discarded after the events of the day. Weep for the bloody pencil, which suffered death and destruction through no fault of its own. Weep for all such tools that are wielded in anger and rage. Weep.

The end.

L'Art du Le Pencil by Ben Plunkett

Without a pencil, I could not have created this masterpiece of masterpieces.



The Always Reliable Pencil by Phill Lytle

Technology is great. It really is. We are more than blessed to live in a time with technological advances that feel like science fiction come to life. Every aspect of our lives has the potential to be enhanced by ever-expanding and advancing technology.

But what happens when technology lets us down? Take the classroom for example. Schools are moving to more and more technological usage. There is a reliance on tablets, computers, and things of that nature. Yet it is not uncommon for things to go wrong. For systems to crash, computers to stall, tablets to bug out.

That is when the trusty and reliable pencil steps up the plate and does what it was created to do. The pencil is always ready to help. It is always available. It is always at hand, primed for use. You take it in your hand and you put its point to paper and viola! Glorious writing appears on the page. And when the point is dulled or the lead breaks, you take it to the sharpener and you give it a few twirls in those blades of renewal and all things are good again.

That is the power of the pencil. It is simple. Boring. But it lives in ever-ready anticipation to help. For that, let us be thankful. The pencil never lets us down.

Millions Watch Porn Star on

Sunday Night, Some on 60 Minutes

Continuing an unbroken record that stretches years, millions of Americans sat down Sunday night for around 30 minutes to watch a porn actress.

“I do this once a week usually. Sometimes twice” said one young man who wished to remain anonymous. “I’m sure I’ve seen Stormy Daniels before, but it was weird seeing her with clothes on.”

There have been over 7 billion web searches for pornography since the start of 2015. Also, 1 in 5 mobile searches is for pornographic content.

“Wait, she actually has a life?” another anonymous man commented. “I always thought her entire existence was for my personal exploitive use. I’m really surprised to think of her as, well, another human being.”

24% of smartphone owners admit to having pornographic material on their mobile handset.

Not everyone was happy with the porn star’s fully clothed, non-sexual appearance on 60 minutes.

A third anonymous man remarked, “I am a big fan of Miss Daniels, but I feel like she really sold out Sunday night. It seemed very shameless of her.”

64% of Christian men and 15% of Christian women say they watch porn at least once a month.[1. All stats courtesy of [Covenant Eyes](#).]

Man Now Unable to Tell Difference Between Satire and Real News

CHICAGO, IL—Local ESL teacher Gowdy Cannon today confirmed that he no longer can distinguish between satire articles and actual news articles on his Facebook feed.

Cannon, 39 and also an associate pastor of a Bel-Cragin area Baptist church, commented, “Yeah, I give up. I saw a headline the other day about a couple getting married with AR-15s at the service. And I thought, ‘Those rascals at [Babylon Bee](#) or The Onion have really outdone themselves this time!’ But turns out, it was true. Then, I saw where Trump had blamed Obama for the stock market plunging one day, complete with a tweet by Trump with phrases like ‘Not good!’ and I thought, ‘Yep, that sounds about right.’ Turns out, it was a Bee article. I have no idea anymore.”

Sources close to Cannon at the website he writes for, [Rambling Ever On](#), have also verified that he has thrown in the towel. “I mean, if [Snopes](#) is so clueless they are fact checking Babylon Bee,” commented Phill Lytle, “I am not sure I blame Gowdy for his stance.”

“He had been teetering for a while,” commented Ben Plunkett. “Recently the Bee had an article on how Kamala Harris stopped briefly at a gun violence protest on her way to a pro-abortion rally and Gowdy was like, ‘That’s barely satire! That could totally be real!’ Juxtapose that with how incredulous he was when he found out last July that Trump’s tweeting a video of himself slamming a chair into CNN *wasn’t* fake and you can see

how this thousand mile journey had quite a few steps.”

It is also being reported by Cannon’s wife Kayla that he reluctantly has stopped getting any news from social media for this reason but also so he can focus more time on his March Madness tournaments.

The REO Rant: Interstate 440 in Nashville

I am not the first person to write about this. I won’t be the last. **Stated plainly: Interstate 440 in Nashville is an embarrassment.** It is an embarrassment to the great city of Nashville. It is an embarrassment to the wonderful state of Tennessee. It is unsightly, unseemly, and unsafe.

There are sections of I440 that are nearly un-drivable unless you actually are trying to cause damage to your vehicle. There are so many potholes that you cannot avoid them. Some of those potholes are so large they have their own ecosystem. I narrowly avoided one the other that was so big, I’m pretty sure there was a family living in it. (Tiny houses are all the rage these days.)

A handful of years back, I440 was a decent drive. It was never the most pristine or the most luxurious of interstates, but it was well-maintained and did its job. Shockingly[1. This is sarcasm. Nothing about government incompetence shocks me anymore.], some genius decided to do some form of milling[2.

Pavement milling (cold planing, asphalt milling, or profiling) is the process of removing at least part of the surface of a paved area such as a road, bridge, or parking lot. Milling removes anywhere from just enough thickness to level and smooth the surface to a full depth removal.] to the road. Now, I realize the interstate was not milled in the complete sense of the word. But something very much like milling was done. The road suddenly had deep lines that ran the entire length. At the time, it seemed as if this was the first step in resurfacing the interstate. How naïve and stupid of me to think something logical like that! Years and years later, no resurfacing has been done. The lines/grooves stayed and the road slowly began to crumble. I mean that literally. The road is crumbling. Falling apart. Eroding. You can see huge chunks of interstate splayed all over the shoulders of the road every time you are blessed enough to drive it. To make matters worse, when bad weather hits, potholes form. Instead of a few sprinkled here and there like any other interstate in the nation, I440 is simply riddled with them. I don't like hyperbole but in this case, I believe it is warranted. There are more potholes per square foot of I440 than on any road I have ever driven or seen. (And I grew up in Central America.)

I'm not sure who to blame. Tennessee Department of Transportation surely deserves a good portion of the blame. I think the Governor and the Mayor of Nashville deserve some blame as well. Evidently, those in positions of power never have to drive I440 because if they did, it would have been fixed by now. If leaving this interstate to literally fall apart before our eyes is some sort of ploy to make the people of Nashville desperate for some big fix to our traffic problems, then that is sickening and evil. The decision-makers that have allowed this problem to get this bad need to be held accountable, fired, or forced to drive on I440 in a continuous loop from now until the end of time. Or until their vehicle breaks in half. Whichever comes first.

How many more tires have to blow before something is done? How many gallons of coffee must be spilled each time a pothole is hit? How many hubcaps need to be forcibly removed from their wheel only to go spinning down the road alone and afraid? How many children must ask, through tear-stained eyes, "Dear father, why does I440 look like a third world road instead of a beautiful, smooth, and safe interstate in the heart of one of America's 'It' cities?"

Enough is enough.

The New Weight Loss Plan Sweeping the World: The Socialism Diet

Caracas, Venezuela – After years of fine tuning, a paradigm-shattering breakthrough in the weight-loss world appears to have been discovered in Venezuela of all places. While test findings are still in the early stages, researchers behind *The Socialism Diet* © are hopeful. Vincente Montenegro, lead scientist on the project stated, "Based on the data, the efficacy of this diet is overwhelming. I say this with all the hope and excitement I can muster – '*The Socialism Diet* is by far the best system we have ever studied.' If you follow the plan faithfully, you will lose weight. A lot of weight."

Señor Montenegro's boasts are not without support. The average Venezuelan has lost nearly 25 pounds on the new diet in the past 12 months, and there appears to be no sign of the dreaded, rebound weight gain. "When you take away food from

dieters, it will inevitably lead to weight loss.” adds Montenegro. “And there is no way to cheat on this diet. There is simply no food with which to cheat. It is foolproof!”

Some critics of the new weight-loss system argue that it leaves dieters hungry and fatigued. “That is to be expected in a plan this robust and aggressive,” adds Montenegro. “Fortunately, since this diet is socialist in philosophy, everyone is on the same level dieting field, as it were. We are all hungry together. It is a beautiful picture of a completely equal society.”

The rest of the world will have to wait to see if this groundbreaking system will make it to them. As of today, it is the one and only component of socialism that seems to thrive no matter where it is implemented.

Hat tip to Amanda Prestigiacomo for [her early reporting](#) on this promising new diet.

Five English Absurdities Native Speakers Take For Granted

Perhaps you have seen this before:



Oh yes, even back when Twitter was 140 characters, you could sum up how maddening English can be in one tweet.

But beyond how *ou* doesn't follow any sensible rules for pronunciation, proven by the above example's repetition of *th* before it and *gh* after it, it only gets worse.

Oh so very much more worse.

As a Level 1 ESL teacher, I have the privilege of introducing the insanity of basic English to about 50 horrified faces each year. I'm quite fascinated by my students' reactions to what I'm about to share with you. But I'm supremely fascinated by the reactions of native English speakers who happen by my class and catch a snippet of a lesson. Their reaction is generally the same: "I never thought about how hard introductory English is before." To be honest, I didn't either.

But now I think about it all the time. So much that I love writing about it. Today I present five everyday aspects of English that drive second language learners crazy that native speakers don't often think about.

1. Negations No Are Easy

If you want to negate a sentence in Spanish, you know what you do? You add the word “no” before the verb. Doesn’t matter the tense, the subject, or the verb used, it doesn’t get more complicated than that.

Do you know what English does to make negatives?

Well, in present tense we say “don’t” for I/you/we/they (I don’t go) but we say “doesn’t” for he/she/it (He doesn’t go). The verb with he/she/it doesn’t have an s even though the positive does. We say “he goes” yet it’s not “he doesn’t goes” but rather “he doesn’t go”. Which is a riot to announce in my class after three weeks of browbeating them that he/she/it adds an s to the verb in present tense. Yet, with the verb “to be” we do not say “don’t” or “doesn’t” but instead “not”. And this time it’s after the verb, not before. Past tense has a new negative word—“didn’t”—but it’s the same for everybody and has no alternative form for he/she/it. But we also put the verb form back in a present tense form, meaning we say “I went” as positive and “I didn’t go” as negative instead of saying “I didn’t went”. Verb “to be” still adds the word “not” after the verb. Helping verbs such as “will” and “can” follow the same pattern as verb “to be” by adding the word “not” after the helping verb but before the actual verb. And for nearly all of these, there are two forms: a contracted form and a separated form.

Forming questions involves almost identical issues so no need to rehash that disaster of grammatical verbiage.

2. Hook-ed on P-honics Work-ed for me!

Is there any language in the world that has less consistency

in how a word looks and how it sounds? I mean, look at the word *one*. Or *two*. Those are the two most basic numbers and English spells them about as weirdly as possible. We should have spelled “2” something like “xrz&n”, just to make it even more outrageous.

Or how about those silent letters? Like the *i* in *business*. Or the first *r* in *February*. Or the *d* in *Wednesday* (and really the second *e* as well). Or *plumber*, *sign*, *wrist*, *Christmas*, *aisle*, *column*, *honest*, *receipt*, and *knowledge*.

It's completely nuts that *ed* sounds like *t* in some verbs, as with the Brian Regan phonics joke above. It's bonkers that *ch* sounds like *k* in *mechanic* and like *sh* in *machine*, neither of which are its regular sound. It's cuckoo that final *-le* in many words (like *candle*, *table*, and *apple*) really sounds like *el* (or *ul*). And it is preposterous that *-tion* sounds like *shun*.

Can you imagine learning the English alphabet and then having the word *eight* put in front of you? EH-II-GA-HU-TU.

No, silly. It's pronounced AAAAT.

3. English Vowels Behave Like Johnny Manziel

If you have a vowel-consonant-final E pattern, the vowel sound is long, as in the words *save*, *five* and *stove*. Except when it isn't, in words like *have*, *give* and *move*. The diphthong *ea* can be Long E, Short E or Long A, as in *read*, *head* and *great*. (Except when it's none of those, as in the word *create*). There is no way to tell when it will be any of them, as you can see with the words *break* and *breakfast*. Same letters, different sounds. Similar is the *o* in *both* and *bother* (which also changes the sound of *th*). And for the *u* in *student* and *study*. And the *oo* in *food* and *flood*.

The sound of *ei* changes constantly (*weight, height, either, forfeit*), as does *ie* (*field, friend, science*). The word *tomorrow* has three *o*'s and none of them are the same. The word *women* has an *o* that sounds like an *i*. The word *money* has an *o* that sounds like a Short U. *Who* has an *o* that sounds like a Long U. And the word *business* has a *u* that sounds like an *i*!

Every time I teach this my students have the same look on their faces that I had during the last season of LOST.

4. Objectionable Objects

Have you ever thought about this: We say, "I gave the pen to him" or "I gave him the pen" but we never say "I gave to him the pen" or "I gave the pen him"? Have you ever thought about how we say "Turn the TV off" or "Turn off the TV" but when we replace TV with "it" we do say, "Turn it off" but we do not say "Turn off it".

Trying to teach objects to second language learners makes me want to light myself on fire. I'm kidding. I love it. It's like playing paintball in a *Community* episode.

5. Verbs Gone Wild

Have you ever noticed that we say "**I have** an appointment on Friday" but that we say "**I'm having** a party on Friday" and to use those two verbs tenses backwards sounds weird? Until I taught English I never thought about how odd it is that English speakers say "I got it" when they mean, "I'll get it," as in catching a ball or answering the phone. We use the past tense to communicate the future. What?

Perhaps the most interesting thing about verbs that my students have pointed out is that we add *s* to make nouns

plural (usually) but then with verbs we add *s* to a singular form. To the mind of other languages, it's completely backwards that we say "the dog eats" but that "the dogs eat".

We also often have two verbs that translate to one verb in other languages that make it very hard for learners to know the difference. "Do" and "Make" are so similar that they both often translate to *hacer* in Spanish and *robić* in Polish, yet they are almost never used interchangeably in English. We typically don't make homework or do a decision. Nike didn't tell us to "Just make it" and I will never say, "The music does me dance."

The funniest thing that ever happened in my ESL Class was once I was teaching my students the difference between "say" and "tell" because both translate often to the same verb in Spanish, *decir*. And I explained that "tell" will have a person as its first object and "say" won't. It's "Tell you" or "Tell me" but never "Say you" or "Say me". And one of my students belted out, "Say you, say me, say it for always, that's the way it should be" with perfect '80s ballad passion. All I could think was that another perfectly good English lesson was ruined by Lionel Ritchie.

I get it: Other languages have similar issues. Just looking at my Polish notes and seeing that there are like 30 different translations of the English word "you," I'm reminded daily. Yet English is no doubt among the craziest.

Are there things about English you find odd or frustrating? Are other languages you know like this? Share below!

Thank God for the Nashville Predators

First, the bad news.

The world seems all sorts of messed up right now. If you spend any time on social media, or online for that matter, you will encounter examples of people doing horrible things. Everyone seems angry, offended, or worse. Navigating the turbulent waters of modern society is a supremely depressing task. Sure, there are good stories from time to time. And yes, in the grand scheme of things, many of the loudest complainers, whiners, and antagonizers are in a pathetically small minority, but that doesn't make them any less annoying.

That is why I am so thankful for the Nashville Predators.

Don't roll your eyes. I realize that a hockey team and its success will not fix any real-world problems. And I'm not advocating an escapist mentality. What I do know, though, is that every night the Nashville Predators play is a little better – a little brighter. Win or lose (and let's be honest – it's mostly win) watching the Preds play is an inspiring thing.

Case in point: Last night's game was a clunker for nearly 50 minutes. The Predators were awful in the 2nd period and for half of the 3rd. They were down 3-0, at home, to a good St. Louis Blues team that clearly wanted the win more than our

Nashville guys. I watched the game with my two oldest boys, who are 100% die-hard fans at this point. (That is what a deep, magical run in the Stanley Cup Playoffs will do for you.) Even down 3-0, my boys were not going to give up. Even watching the team sleepwalk through the 2nd period didn't cause them to lose interest. This is the Preds we are talking about here and we all know that it doesn't take much to swing the momentum in their favor. Calle Yarnkrok was the momentum swinger last night. His goal at the 9:06 mark was all it took. The home crowd got loud. The team decided it wanted to win the game. So they won the game.

It was awesome.

I realize that this sort of thing is rare in life and as a sports' fan. I completely understand that my favorite teams are not always going to be this good or this exciting to watch – I am a Tennessee Titans' fan after all. But for this moment in time, I am going to savor everything. Every goal. Every win. I am going to watch as many games as possible with my family and shout at every bad penalty, cheer for every crazy slap shot, and lose my mind at every moment of overtime magic. (Forsberg was the magician last night with his overtime, penalty shot goal.) I am going to watch the Nashville Predators and be grateful. This hockey team doesn't fix all the problems in the world, but they bring a smile to my face and help me end most of my days on a high note. If that is not something to be thankful for, I don't know what is.