

A parent talks to his child
before his first game

*This is your first game, my child, I hope you win.
I hope you win for your sake, not mine.
Because winning is nice.
It's a good feeling.
Like when the whole world is yours.
But, it passes, this feeling.
And what lasts is what you learn.*

*And what you learn about is life.
That's what sports is all about, life.
The whole thing is played out in two hours.
The happiness of life.
The miseries.
The joys.
The heartbreaks.
There is no telling what'll turn up.
There is no telling whether they'll toss you out in
the first five minutes or whether you will
stay in for the long haul.*

*There is no telling how you will do.
You might be a hero, or you might be absolutely nothing.
There is just no telling.
Too much depends on chance.
On how the puck bounces.*

*I am not talking about the game, my child.
I am talking about life.
But, it is life that the game is about.
Just as I said.*

*Because every game is life.
And life is a game.
A serious game.
Dead serious.*

*But, that's what you do with serious things.
You do your best.
You take what comes.
You take what comes.
And you run with it.*

*Winning is fun.
Sure.
But winning is not the point.*

*Wanting to win is the point.
Not giving up is the point.
Never being satisfied with what you have done
is the point.
Never letting up is the point.
Never letting anyone down is the point.*

*Play to win.
Sure.
But lose like a champion.
Because it's not winning that counts.
What counts is trying.*

** unknown (modified slightly by Hal Tearse)*