

Messages From The Man Cave



Today's Man Cave message is brought to you by (unintentional) hilarity. I often sit back and think of all the years that my lovely bride Kristin and I have been together. One thing that remains strong between us is the fact that we can still make each other laugh (not even by trying most of the time). We had one of those moments this week... Our oldest daughter Jane had an evening event at school. She had to be there 15 minutes before the event started. I went out for a quick run, but losing track of time I realized I was miles away from home and I would never be able to make it back in time. Kristin proceeded to call me and said she would pick me up on the way to the school. She also was bringing me a change of clothes. The gals found me in the park, I hopped in the car and we're off to Jane's big night. As I am drying off and getting ready to change my shirt, I started laughing... she had done it again.

Reaching into my closet and grabbing a shirt for me, she unknowingly grabbed a rather loud Grateful Dead t-shirt. The "event" we were attending? Jane's "D.A.R.E. to Keep Your Kids Off Drugs" graduation.

I am still giggling.

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This week's Man Cave message is brought to you by time... a specific time, 4 hours and 9 minutes. This is roughly the time into the Boston Marathon when the first bomb went off. This is the time when most of the average runners would start to hit the finish line... but at 4:09 into the race, a very big mistake occurred. Terrorists thought they could destroy the human spirit with some dynamite and steel. They were mistaken. Those “masterminds of terror” now view scenes of police, volunteers and bystanders running toward the blast rather than away from it. They see exhausted marathoners that keep running through the finish line to hospitals to donate blood. What those “masterminds” did was heinous, but a failure in its own right. They took the lives of three innocent people, but those people did not die in vain. They injured so many more, but all of their bloodshed was not in vain. What they did was just prove that the spirit of goodwill and care for your fellow man still resides in us all and refuses to be destroyed—in the great city of Boston, across this great nation, across the world. At that 4:09 mark in the marathon, what was meant to be an act of terror actually brought out the best in people... so now, terrorists, witness your failure.

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Today's Man Cave message is all about unity. The day was May 31st, 1985 – the day that will remain in my memory forever. Coming home from school, the skies were getting dark as a thunderstorm was moving in (typical weather for that time of year). We were just about to sit for dinner when the phone rang. Timmy, from down the road, was calling to ask if we had lost our electricity. As soon as he asked, our power went out. He said that we should get off the phone as lightning was picking up. Less than 2 minutes later, Timmy and his family rushed from their home and laid in a roadside ditch. They witnessed a large tornado lift their house from it's foundation and slam it to the ground in a million pieces. Timmy and his family luckily survived. As my family scrambled and headed for the basement, I remember Pops yelling that the tornado had turned. It nearly missed our farm and set itself on a destructive path towards our little town. That day, lives were lost, homes and churches were destroyed, and dreams were shattered. But in the days and weeks after, amongst the devastation, the sense of community and unity in my town was unbelievable. Neighbors helping neighbors through the aftermath... It was amazing.

I was taken back to this time in my life this week as we all witnessed the tragedy in Oklahoma. The horrific scenes of homes and schools destroyed. People searching for loved ones. People wandering aimlessly through rubble and scattered memories. One thing remains true back then and especially now... the sense of unity and community surges (especially nationwide these days). People taking care of people. THAT is what it is all about. Much love, peace, and strength sent to our resilient brothers and sisters in Oklahoma.

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This week's Man Cave message is brought to you by Miss Ella. I am all about traditions, preserving them as well as starting new ones. Last year around this time, I had Ella sit in on a message wishing every one a Happy St. Pat's. So once again, she's taking over, but this time she's picking the word. She chose the word "Lucky" and it is a fantastic choice (especially for this time of year)! When asked why she thought she was lucky, she said she was lucky to have her friends, her family and Rickey. Truly a fantastic observation from a soon to be 8-year old (her birthday is on Monday!). Both Ella and I wish you all the luck in the world and have a happy and safe St. Pat's. We hope you find your pot o' gold. "May the roof above us never fall in, and may friends beneath it never fall out."