

WHAT DOES A FATHER SAY TO HIS SON BEFORE HIS FIRST GAME?

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

And what you learn about
is life.
That's what sports is all about.
Life.
The whole thing is played out
in an afternoon.
The happiness of life.
The miseries.
The joys.
The heartbreaks.

There's no telling
what'll turn up.
There's no telling
whether they'll toss you
out in the first five minutes
or whether you'll stay for
the long haul.

There's no telling how
you'll do.
You might be a hero
or you might be
absolutely nothing.
There's just no telling.
Too much depends on chance.
On how the ball bounces.

I'm not talking about the
game, son.
I'm talking about life.
But it's life that the game
is all about.
Just as I said.

Because every game is
life.
And life is a game.
A serious one.
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've 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.