

The Bandera PROPHECY

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The View From Dry Creek Hill

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I need to make up my mind about watching the Super Bowl this weekend. I've seen at least part of every one, going back to when Bart Starr led the Packers to victory over Len Dawson and the Chiefs. This year's match-up between an aging Tom Brady and a young Patrick Mahomes has some appeal, but I have a problem.

I haven't seen a single pro football game this year. I didn't know I could live through an autumn without Sunday afternoon football, but it seems to be possible. And do I really care whether Tampa Bay or Kansas City wins? Nope.

There was a time, back when the Cowboys were the Cowboys and Tom Landry stalked the sidelines, that Sunday was football day. On Monday morning I could tell you who won every NFL game and the score of most of them. I looked forward to playoff season. If the Cowboys didn't make it all the way I was still all in for the rest of the playoffs and the Super Bowl.

Of course, that was back when the Cowboys making the playoffs was a certainty. The only question was how far they'd go. It's hard to watch what the team has become, but that's not why I haven't seen a game this year.

I just haven't felt like it. My football-free-fall is something else I can add to the long list of "who'd of thunk its" for this odd year. I never thought I'd be making sure I had a mask or two handy in the glove compartment, either. A lot of my habits have changed and I've been amazed at how little I miss some things I used to do.

So would watching the Super Bowl be a return to life as I knew it or another change in a year full of changes? I guess I'll just see what I want to do on Sunday. Despite COVID and everything else I've enjoyed my non-football Sunday afternoons, I may have another one this week. And if I get curious, I can always peek in at the Super Bowl for a few minutes on Sunday, just to keep my streak going.