

jesus talks hockey

with Minnie Satori (*small visits*)

ms - Thank you Jesus, for being here with us during Hockey's off-season.

jc - Minnie, a pleasure to be your example of what can happen on this plane.

ms - I'm blushing . . . how did you fly from BC?

jc - On Jet Blue . . . gave up on Jet Red.

ms - Funny. Did you catch the Women's World Cup?

jc - In between naps, but stayed up for the Brits over the Bosch for the bronze, then wide awake with the USA gals - blasting team Japan in the finals.

ms - Just like old times, eh?

jc - Yes, Soccer brings lots of hugs and happy relief when you finally win the game. I often witness that - 'scoring a goal never gets old' - in most everything we do.

ms - And with such proud purity there - those girls are nearly paupers.

jc - How are you looking? I don't see begs; only pure teamwork on a green pitch. Consider: hope is a solo experience - it's the tic tac toe that amazes and counts!

ms - So how does one as you get into Hockey?

jc - Moment I first saw primary colors swirling on that white ice; and must say the skates are a helluva invention. We know that *man* created Sport and *god* created Baseball, but there's a magic and excitement that only Hockey delivers.

ms - How so?

jc - A strong attention *the game* asks from the fans. It teaches us to follow and absorb its free flows and frictionless patterns . . . we gain a high sense of what's coming next - and get this - the game gives us *full seconds* to expect, then roar . . . in Euphoria!

ms - Boy, you *are* a fan!

jc - It's THE joy of Hockey, but alas, the roars come too few in the pros. It's as if the NHL can't understand its #1 attraction: 'the goal of the game is goals' - eh?

ms - 'The Goal of the Game is Goals' . . . ah, those little steps in daily life that lead to places of very well being . . . don't know about you, but for me it's just a series of tiny bursty chills arriving one after another. A wisdom, a bliss, then a back to ego. Ah, 'nothing moves my heart like the things I'll never know' . . . that's my motto.

jc - Good to keep guessing dear. I remember blurting out once between periods: "certainty doesn't find the net - the puck does."

ms - May I quote you?

jc - That one's a red pencil. Of course dear, you won't be the first or the last.

ms - Please ramble more on - insight and inspiration. Love it when it comes.

jc - Yep me too, like a bolt out of the blue, standing sparked under a lone tree, a song whispering about.

ms - Poetic. Wow, *using* brainworms in the grasp never fails to try. It tells you you tick, and as ideas and efforts become something - you feel good about you.

jc - There you really go! We have the *privilege* to go and solve a new puzzle; this is one way the truths walk into a life. I gave an insight to a youngster in Brooklyn one day in 1981, and it became the eureka moment he still feeds off . . .

T'was about a new way to play goalie on a mechanical hockey game, made for all ages. The kid ran with it. After getting so so bored with the lack of scoring, I threw an older him the *Metric Nets* idea years ago. Tho he may be a minor icon, the guy's got no clout!

ms - Eh dere eh? - t'was? - tho? - icon? - Jesus! - ahem, too bad, three eggs . . . About pro hockey and machine hockey, this man really thinks he knows the score. Jesus, this is the wrap - good chatting - thanks for your service and sacrifice, eh?

jc - Who knew? . . it really didn't hit me until I was 30. All was sunset in an olive garden - this just a week past my hillside hit with the Beatitudes, when . . .

:) (see *On Holiday* for more carefree Jesus)

Rick Benej - 2015/16