

I Hate Sore Losers

As most of you know I spent a life-time in competitive athletics. I have both played and coached at the college level and there was a time when my entire life revolved around the latest sports event. I am competitive by nature and I credit the athletic field with the development of my fierce, never-give-in attitude.

I still love sports although I no longer follow them as closely as I used to. In fact, I have no idea who the final four are in Major League Baseball. I now get my competitive fix from fighting for the life of the pre-born, protecting the innocent from the ravages of the Devil, and exhorting "God's team" to play more effectively in the fight for Truth.

The farther up the ladder I climbed athletically the more respect I developed for my opponents. I understood the hard work and sacrifice that it took to be "the best" and win or lose, a fiercely dedicated opponent made the victory far more satisfying.

As I moved into coaching I carried this philosophy with me and that taught me to never underestimate an opponent. Both teams practice. Both teams work hard. Both teams strive relentlessly to achieve victory. There is no feeling as sweet as a hard fought victory over a worthy opponent.

I remember especially an upset victory we had in an important game way back in 1990. No one expected us to win, but our kids played mistake-free ball and our opponents coughed the football up at a couple of critical moments. I remember jogging to midfield after the game to shake the hand of the opposing coach on my way to the locker room and a huge post game celebration.

"Great game, Coach," I extended my hand to the clearly heart-sick opposition Head Coach. "Your kids played hard."

"We made too damn many mistakes...we gave this game away," he said as he extended his dead-fish handshake to me. "I don't mean to take anything away from you guys but we beat ourselves tonight. Good luck with the rest of your season."

I thought my head was going to explode as I turned and continued my suddenly less enthusiastic jaunt to the locker room.

"What a sore loser," I said to myself. "We worked our butts off and that guy doesn't have the decency to man up and accept the fact that we just kicked his team's tail."

"Heck," I continued under my breath. "We didn't play a perfect game either but we played well enough to kick their hind end and all he could do was make excuses."

In his mind, our team didn't win, his team lost. There is nothing less sportsmanlike than to diminish the successful efforts of one's opponent. We won dude. You didn't lose. We won. We kicked your butts. Stop making excuses. Stop being a sore loser!

That is the way I feel about the current political climate that we see in America. Hillary and her sorry bunch of over-confident players made the grave mistake of underestimating the opposition and they still don't have the common decency to admit that Trump's team won.

What a bunch of sore losers.

Did Hillary walk to the center of the field after the game and look President Trump in the eye and congratulate him on his wonderful upset victory? Did she have enough respect for him to acknowledge his wonderful game plan and his ability to motivate his team to push the ball across the goal line?

Of course not. She blamed the refs. She called for instant replay and a review of the game films to see if perhaps

President Trump had used ineligible players. She called in a special director of referees to investigate his entire team, and even went back and reviewed game films from previous years to see if perhaps he hadn't broken some rules along the way.

She and her fans are still crying about how badly they were robbed even today...two years later. She is hell bent...literally...on overturning the game from two years ago. Her entire team is still in disbelief and refuse to acknowledge the greatest upset in political history.

I hate sore losers.

I left out a part of my story from my coaching days. During pre-game warm-ups that opposing Head Coach walked over to one of our assistant coaches and asked...

"Hey, where is what's his face?" That was what he called me before the game...old What's His Face. I promise you this, after that game he knew my name.

And he never beat one of my teams again.

Hillary and her acolytes are sore losers. They have moaned and groaned for 2 years about how they lost the game, how the referees cheated, and how they are going to kick our butts the next time we play.

Well, fellas, in less than 3 weeks they get another shot at our team...the Trump Deploreables. They better pack their lunch because it is going to be an all day job.

I hate sore losers. Let's rub their faces in the ground. Let's make them cry uncle.

I don't know about you...but this is starting to get personal. This time we will leave no doubt. They will forever remember our name. This one will be fair and square.

When the game is over Hillary, Obama and her crew can take

their ball and go home. It is time they stopped sucking on their thumbs.

Did I mention how much I hate sore losers? Get in the game.
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