

Don't bet against the big guy

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By ANGEL KANE

On Sunday as I hopped in the car, I noticed that my husband had packed his laptop as well.

“Why are you bringing the laptop to church?” I asked

“I have to make a trade before noon and can't find my phone.”

Now, I can guarantee you, half the wives in town know exactly what my dear husband was up to. For the other half - ...the back story.

When we are young, we all play “make believe”. Right?

For me that entailed, hours and hours of my three story Barbie house. You remember, the one with the elevator. I lived and breathed that house, spending many an afternoon with Barbie and Ken in their palatial pad. Eventually I incorporated a pool and gazebo into the Barbie compound and for a while, even allowed Skippy to crash on the sofa.

But around the age of 10, pretend started to lose its luster. I mean Ken was such a stiff and Skippy just made things weird. So out went the Barbie compound, quickly followed by Friday night videos and MTV.

Of course, none of this explains the laptop being in the car. So, let me expound further.

Those of you who know my husband, may not know that ...he has this little quirk. Quirk may not be the right word. Idiot Savant may be a better word. You see, he knows everything and I mean everything there is to know about two topics: politics and sports. I'm not kidding, next time you see him, ask him a question on either of these two topics. His powers will amaze you. I haven't seen him stumped yet.

And over the years, I've encouraged him to use his powers for good.

"You should get a bookie."

"That's illegal."

"Not in Vegas. We should move there."

But instead of following my sound advice, my husband has chosen to use his talents in a much less lucrative way.

And herein lies the reason, that at exactly 11:22, right after communion, my husband slipped out of church...to make his trade ...for his Fantasy Football team.

That's right, this is his "make believe" team that he manages. And then, he plays his pretend team against other pretend teams that other adult men in this town also manage.

So, when he returned to the pew after making the trade, we both knew where he'd been....

"Did you receive divine inspiration this morning?" I had to ask.

“Yes. Now let's hope the big guy was right.”

His team lost big time! Don't you love God's sense of humor!!

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