

"I really miss Grandpa," Tom said quietly as he looked down.

"I know, buddy, me too," Dad said with a long sigh. "I can't believe it's been four months since he passed away." After taking a long, deep breath he continued, "It helps to talk about him and we just have to remember all of the good times we had with him and keep those fond memories alive."



“We heard that those guys always wore black, that they painted their faces and that they played really, really rough,” Dad said with a chuckle.

“Their big kid, Zambrano, was as tall as a Redwood tree and he even had a mustache at eleven years old! Another kid, Carter, had super long, curly hair, which covered his entire face and their goalie looked like a Volkswagen with a head. He took up about 98% of the net!”



“Were you scared of those guys?” Tom asked.

“We were,” Dad said. “But right before we were about to start the game, your Granddad walked over and when I saw him I knew things would be ok. He actually gave me the orange hat before that game and told me that it was the hat he wore when he played shinny, which is pond hockey, as a kid. He said it was very special to him and that it would mean a lot to him if I wore it.”



“But the best part of that day was walking home with your Granddad. He told me how playing hockey taught him so much about team work and discipline and he reminded me that, win or lose, the main thing was to have fun with my friends.”