

Out with the New, In with the Old

Contributed by Pawfectgent
Monday, 03 November 2008

Same as it ever was...same as it ever was...(Heard quietly in the background, accompanied by the sounds of a packed stadium cheering)

Phinfans everywhere are being treated to a time capsule of sorts, a revisiting of days long gone. Through the wizardry of Archmagus Bill Parcells, the curse of apathy that has hung over Miami's beloved Dolphins has been banished. The ship was heading towards the Bermuda Triangle, dragging the helpless fanbase with it. Like a beacon through that dark mist, BP showed the way out of the shoals. The Admiral knows how to sail.

First, BP's apprentice was installed to steer. Enter Tony Sparano, a passionate skipper to man the helm. This guy gets 'it', and loves the game with such fervor that it translates clearly to the players. Gone is the Janus, the two-faced lies spewed by Nick Satan, oops, Saban and his slick promises. In with the guy who tells you like it is, when it is, and where it's going to be. Gone is the vapid, blank stare of an overmatched Cam Cameron, the 'Nice Guy' in waters way over his head. In with a guy who can teach you how to swim.

Second, to crew the vessel, trusted tars known to have good sea-legs. Nothing less is good enough for the Dolphins, after all. First Mate, Chad Pennington, a solid pro having the season of his career under the auspices of the man who drafted him, Bill Parcells.

Finally, the chart to take us out of the glooms we had been sailing. Reaching into the way-back machine, an offense forgotten before anyone on the staff had been born was renewed. The Wildcat, nee Single-Wing. An invention of 'Pop' Warner, an Icon of yore...the football equivalent of Nelson. Regardless of whether it remains on the chart is irrelevant: it was enough initially to show us the way. It got the crew to BELIEVE, and that is always the greatest challenge to a new Captain.

Laughinstock no longer, the Dolphins are on a clear and steady course back to respectability.

There are doubters, still, of course. There are also the hopeless romantics, who dream of Playoffs and glory THIS season. The Ship of Fools we had become had simply sailed too far into the dark waters of ineptitude for us to return to port so fast. However, home IS visible on the horizon.

There are those who do not doubt, and they are known by several names: Patriots. Chargers. Bills. Broncos. They don't have any question about Miami being the leagues' whipping boy. They know because they were outsailed.

We have returned to the days where the only things prized around here were hard work and effort on game-day. That used to be the mantra around these waters; it is again.

Out with the new, where we clung to the sides of a leaky tub and hoped that we wouldn't get sick. In with the old, where we know we have a decent keel beneath us, and a competent skipper at the wheel.

Smooth sailing ahead, shipmates...maybe not immediately, but soon enough. See you on the promenade deck. Godspeed.