

## FAKE NEWS

Fake Fans, Fake Noise, Fake Nails, Fake Hair, and Fake News!

By Gerald Cumby



I love sports...just about all sports! In fact I love competition in every challenging game of life. Whether I am playing ball at the family reunion or playing "42" (Domino game) against my brothers, cousins, or friends, I want to win. Of course, I want to win fair and square.

Now...my family might tell you a different story about me. They might say, "He will not cheat; but, winning fair might be questionable." Faking them out, looking like I have a bad hand in a game, playing a domino or card to make them think I have a bad or, even a real good hand drives them crazy. My wife says I play differently or "abnormal" just to get attention. Other words used by family and friends about my playing in the challenging sports contest are "unusual, uncommon, strange, and unorthodox." Well...not exactly. That fake move or fake play might get "the enemy" (enemy = anyone not on my side) to make a play that allows me to make a move they would not think I would make. Yes, I do that! Sometimes it works; sometimes it doesn't. But, I love to win and if someone beats me, I will call them a "twerp" for the rest of the evening (maybe the next day, too).

My grandchildren and now, great grandchildren, seem to think of me as a conniving "Poppi" who can't stand to lose. When I lose at anything, they walk by with their fingers in an "L" shape on their forehead; not for an hour or two, but for days. It just doesn't pay to be a "top contender for the grand prize." Everyone (including wife, family and friends) go all out

in trying to beat me (and often they do). I really think they enjoy and delight in watching me mope around and mumble to myself as I go to sleep at night.

My wife of 59 years and her partner won the "42" tournament at our family reunion a few years back. I went to bed early when my team lost out in the semi-finals in that same tournament (I couldn't stand to watch someone else take home the 42 trophy). In the middle of the night she leaned over me and whispered in my ear (in the middle of my inhaling while I was snoring), "I WON."

I couldn't go to sleep after that awful awakening. She was asleep in two minutes after she woke me up. I started to wake her up and tell her I thought she was very uncaring, calloused and heartless...but, I love my life better than just being jealous and revengeful. I also did not want my eye to be black and blue when I came to breakfast the next morning in front of my extended family. You do know that I am kidding...don't you?

When I watch my favorite team play, it doesn't "make my day" to get to watch a great sporting event; nor does it take the place of life's most important possessions and things that count in the game of life. God, family, and country are at the forefront of my life. However, I do rejoice when my favorite team wins and mope around when they lose; but...life goes on.

My wife gets her nails done about every three weeks. I love to know that my wife wants to look her best for me and the world in which we live. Her nails are real and stunningly beautiful. I love to hold hands with her and complement her beauty. I really am in love with her from her fingers to her toes. I also can tell you that she is a person who completes her work with a "spirit of excellence." Whether it is cooking dinner for our family and friends, or washing dishes after a wonderful meal, she does it the very best she knows how to do it. She expects nothing in return...other than the joy of doing what the Lord desires of her. She loves to bless others. She loves to bless me. She loves to bless the Lord!

I realize that there are many women who have fake nails and they can enjoy them with the many others who complement the way they look. I do understand why they do it. But, the word "fake" in front of the nails gives me chills when I think of all the fake things that are going on today. Fake nails and fake news turn me off!

And now...during this COVID-19 epidemic, I see a new and most annoying thing I have ever seen taking place. Being the avid sports fan I have been in the past, I am nearly at the point of giving up on professional sports altogether. "Fake fans" and "fake noise" while our favorite teams play? Give me a break! "Fake news" is about to get me...but, the fake fans at a ball game and the fake noise from the fans during the game is about as elementary and belittling as anything I have ever experienced.

I turn on the kid's toys, twist the knob, watch the wheel turn around and finally stop. When it stops, it lands on the duck (this is an animal sound toy). A FAKE voice from the toy says, "The duck says 'quack, quack.'" The fake fans and the fake noise make about as much sense to me as the sound of the duck. It might mean something to my two year-old great grandson, but it is a "slap in the face" to me. I'm a big boy. I am a card carrying Senior Citizen. I get a discount at Denny's, Chick Fil A, and the movie theatres. I have retired before I became retarded and discarded. As a senior citizen, I want to watch a ball game and see the fans jump up and down and spill their drink all over them. I want to hear the announcer say, it is the middle of the 7th inning and we will all stand and sing "God bless America." I want to see the fans cheer for their favorite player. I want to sat in the stands about two times per year (that is all I can afford) and eat my popcorn and hold that \$7.50 coke and sip once per inning to make it last longer. I am truly bombed out over all these fake issues. I'm not faking it. I'm really, really upset and I can't stand another counterfeit person with a counterfeit cap on, a smile that never moves, noise from the broadcast booth that makes about as much sense as the hyenas howling in the Fort Worth Zoo. Again, this Social Security recipient wants to see a ball game with real fans and real noise in real time!

In my quest to make this devotion as interesting as I hope it to be, I reluctantly looked up the definition of FAKE. Reluctant...because I knew the definition before I asked Webster about it. Just in case there were some other points I might have missed in understanding the word "fake" and the action it often brings, I wanted my inclination for despising the word and action to be genuine and without misunderstanding on my part. Therefore, here is the definition of fake: 1. a worthless imitation passed off as genuine; 2. impostor, charlatan; 3. a simulated movement in a sports contest (such as a pretended kick, pass, or jump or a quick movement in one direction before going in another) designed to deceive an opponent; 4. a device or apparatus used by a magician to achieve the

illusion of magic in a trick.

Wow! Am I smart or what? I knew all the definitions; and, I was right...there are a lot of imposters and worthless imitations floating around in the fake news today. Duh!

Then there is fake hair, false teeth, and other "things" that are "not real." But, I will not speak much about those three things or I will get in trouble with my wife and others who think at my age I should "know when to hold them and know when to fold them." I don't want to disappoint them.

So, I guess there are some fake or false items that are for the good of the community and the person having to wear them. Yet, the "fake" areas of concern I am speaking of are certainly a "turn-off" in my little world where I live. At my age, I want the genuine, true, and honest product.

I have heard and believe all the stories about fake news. I see it, I hear it, and I am experiencing it. Give me back my real stuff played in real time. Don't fake me out...just be real, play for real, and be honest in dealing with us little guys. Put the fans back in the seats even if they have to skip a seat or two before one sits down to be a fan. Cheering for the home team...that is what I want to hear.

Incidentally, on Sunday I want to sit in the seat of our church and "SING." If we have to wear a mask to adjust to the government's policies and procedures, so be it! If I have to hit elbows with family and friends at church in lieu of shaking hands, so be it! But, don't take my rights away as an American citizen to enjoy life and be part of the great pride of America in seeing our family and friends doing "the normal" by laughing, loving and living life with "gusto." We have had great challenges to shake our lives before. We came through the valley then and we will come out of this valley now.

The words ring clear from the Word of God, "...Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death I will fear no evil." (Psalm 23). Why? Because the Lord is with me...and you...if we trust in Him with our life...even our next breath!

Now: Give me liberty and give me a ball game with some fans cheering for my favorite team. Let's hear the home plate umpire say, "PLAY BALL!"

Incidentally, my wife and I were in a close and challenging SCRABBLE game the other night. She was winning by 14 points and I had a "Q" left in my hand. I needed to get rid of it or I would lose. You tell me, "Isn't Qxit a word?" Even though the Scrabble dictionary doesn't show it to be a word, I thought I saw that word in an Arabic or Russian dictionary. If anyone can help me prove it is a word, please contact me at [geraldcumby@att.net](mailto:geraldcumby@att.net) OR [ican'tstandtolose@dumthumb.com](mailto:ican'tstandtolose@dumthumb.com)