

As the clock ran down on the final seconds of the Cowboys game yesterday they showed Jerry Jones. I knew exactly what he was feeling. There is no worse feeling in sports than losing a season ending playoff game. It hurts.

It hurts so much because you know how much pain that the players, coaches, staff and every fan of the team are going through and there is nothing you can do about it. It hurts because you know how deflated everyone around you is and will be.

It hurts because you know the media is going to bother you and everyone around you that you care about with assinine questions and commentary and there is nothing you can or should do about it. The competitive spirit inside of you wants to lash out and try to beat some common sense into them, but you know there is no point.

You know that you are going to have to go through the drill of being calm so that everyone else is calm. Shutting out everything blasting at you when you leave your house or office, recognizing that its just noise that doesn't change all the work everyone around you has put in to get this far. It doesnt change all that they have accomplished.

You know that the difference between winning and losing at this level is a very, very fine line. You will relive every moment that changed the outcome a thousand times over the next weeks. All the what ifs.

Then there comes a point where a smile comes on your face. You think of all the joy and fun of the season. The moments you would never ever trade. The knowledge that your team and organization has reached a level where the stakes are much higher. You take pride and satisfaction in where you are, knowing that its a foundation.

Then the competitive juices kick back in and you go to work. Looking for that edge. Wishing that next season was now.