By Brad Holzwart

First place Lakers down men’s hockey twice at Hart

The first Budweiser commercial of the game with the Cleidesdales. I heard a few people commenting about how great it sounded, but I’m not sure why. I thought it dealt with the tragedy of Sept. 11 in a respectful and clever way, and it certainly made me stop and think that, amidst the biggest game in Patriots history, how insignificant this really is when you put everything in perspective. It is, after all, just a game. Hats off to Anheuser Busch. The Britney Spears Pepsi commercial. No explanation is necessary here... Ty Law’s interception return for a touchdown. Not only was it a turning point in the game, but I was sporting a #24 jersey myself, and it made me feel like the guy in the Eddie George commercial. If you haven’t seen the commercial, then just understand that it made me feel like I had something to do with the Patriots win on Sunday.

Last Sunday seems like a big blur to me. I don’t know if it had more to do with the idea that I was witnessing the first world championship in Boston in my lifetime, or the notion that history was being made right before my eyes, but I couldn’t help but feel like I had something to do with it. I won’t boo when they come to CMGI Field, and I’m pretty sure not too many of my generation’s lifetime (unless you count what the Celts did when most of us were around five years old), or the empty keg on our balcony at 11:00 at night when the Patriots celebration parade in Beantown on Tuesday. It was well worth every minute of the 14 hours I spent in the car getting there and back. We claimed our spot on Tremont Street at nine in the morning and didn’t move for about five hours, and I couldn’t feel my toes at the end of the day, but the atmosphere among a million and a quarter Pats fans was unreal. One sign particularly stuck out in my head. It read, “Best of Luck Drew. We’re proud to support the greatest quarterback in the NFL, and the greatest player of all time.”

I know we can’t and won’t keep Bledsoe. Brady proved himself as a young star on Sunday. But I honestly hope Drew goes somewhere where he’ll have a shot at a ring that he’ll want to call his own. Wherever that may be, I’m sure I’ll come back to watch him and I’ll be there when they come to CMGI Field, and I’m pretty sure not too many other people will, either. And Drew, I hope that when you go to the Hall that you’re sporting a Pats jersey, because you’ll always be a New England Patriot in our hearts. We’re all truly proud to have known ya’.

Finally, the celebration parade in Beantown on Tuesday. It was well worth every minute of the 14 hours I spent in the car getting there and back. We claimed our spot on Tremont Street at nine in the morning and didn’t move for about five hours, and I couldn’t feel my toes at the end of the day, but the atmosphere among a million and a quarter Pats fans was unreal. One sign particularly stuck out in my head. It read, “Best of Luck Drew. We’re proud to support the greatest quarterback in the NFL, and the greatest player of all time.”

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Lastly, after the parade was over, the crowd hurried into City Hall Plaza. People were literally falling in line for the one million people who were screaming, in unison, “YAN-KEE-S SUCK, YAN-KEE-S SUCK!”