

Passover Speech 2005 – Slaves No More

For 86 years we were slaves to Pharaoh, from here forth known as the Yankees. They used our nation and our players to build their Empire. We were the stepping-stones they crushed to forward their cause. No matter the circumstances we could never defeat our captors.

Often we believed that this was our year to break our bondage, but in the end some force of negative nature would always intercede to keep us from achieving our goal of victory. As the years progressed the Pharaoh would send the cruelest plagues upon us. (Please spill a drop of blood from your wine glasses as I mention their names – DiMaggio, (we tried to counter this plague with his brother Dom but he was not as strong) Mantle, Reggie, Munson and Gossage. As time went on these plagues hurt more and middle names were permanently added to their monikers..Bucky “Bleepin” Dent, Aaron who built the Golden Calf of NY “stinking” Boone, Derek “Err” (said gritting your teeth) Jeter, Roger “the traitor” Clemens and the biggest plague of all, one that hung around our necks every day, every minute of every year – Babe Ruth, the Bambino!

To counteract this curse, members of Red Sox Nation tried a vast assortment of remedies. Some climbed mountains, sought the advice from Yogi’s not named Berra, tried to pull Ruth’s old piano from a pond, prayed to those in the afterworld to band together to free our souls, but all attempts went unanswered. The Yankee fans – notice that we are a Nation, while they are merely fans, would shout and write and hurl horribly hurtful phrases at us. “1918”, “86 years”, “You can never escape the CURSE”, “Who’s Your Daddy?” And even with superior schools, wisdom and poets than our oppressors...Sages like Walden, Emerson, Franklin, Williams, Adams, the best we could do to rebut their slings was YANKEES SUCK! They were the bullies kicking sand in our faces and stealing our girlfriends and we were powerless to do anything about it.

We needed the highest authority to intercede and prayed to the Almighty. He sent us the greatest of all Jews – Moses, or as we call him in New England, Epstein. Theo went to the desert of Arizona and found a Messiah named CURT –maybe not as catchy as Moses but just as effective. Curt led the Nation through hard times, the loss of our shinning symbol named Nomar and a painful bloody sock which served as a rallying cry that helped a band of Idiots shock the world. Word spread worldwide that miracles were still possible. When you are wandering and feel lost like there is no hope, there is.

The Boston Red Sox comeback from 0-3 down to topple the Evil Empire will be an inspiration for generations to come. It is cliché (I don’t care) , one day at a time, one inning at a time, one moment at a time, win **one game** at time. Miracles can happen. At this Passover Seder we remember our ancestors and thank G-d for leading us out of Egypt, we here in New England and throughout the Nation, remember with fondness all those who came before us and brought us to the land of The World Series. Our grandparents who took us to our first game, our parents who taught us to keep score, our brothers who pulled for other teams but came to see the light, we thank you bunch of Idiots more than you will ever know. To the Pharaoh named Steinbrenner I say it is time to Passover the torch. Our shackles have been broken and we are slaves no more.

Curt Buckler

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