

Last Sunday was, as you know Super Sunday. I knew that millions of people would be watching the big game, and so being counter cultural by ~~design~~, I decided Sunday afternoon would be a good time to go out and take a walk. In fact, I ~~think~~ <sup>thought</sup> it's a good time to do almost anything ~~outside~~ because most Americans would be slouched at the couch with chips and beer watching the Super Bowl, looking more like Chris Christy with each bite. Besides, the 49ers lost by ~~an~~ <sup>and more</sup> inch two weeks ago at Seattle, so I could not care less who wins the so called Super Bowl. Sour grapes, <sup>but</sup> sweet revenge would it be if Peyton Manning picked apart Richard Sherman in the backfield, right? Not that I cared... So, my wife and I headed for the Headwaters Trail, expecting it to be relatively empty. It was ~~much~~ less crowded than usual for a Sunday afternoon. We hiked upstream until we encountered a ~~lovely~~ group of ladies also hiking along the glassy waters of Elk River, ~~which was playing peek-a-boo behind a number of Redwoods and deciduous trees.~~ As we passed the ladies my wife said, "I guess you don't care about the Super Bowl." One responded, "O, I'd much rather be on a Super-Hike than watching the Super Bowl."

Well put, I thought to myself... Still, as we passed them I picked up my pace, partly because my male ego likes passing middle-aged female hikers, but also, I admit, I was curious to finish our hike, get home and find out who was ahead: Denver or Seattle. A mighty offense against a mean and stingy defense: it sounded like a ~~perfect match~~ <sup>perfect match</sup>: a super match ~~(potentially)~~ <sup>potentially</sup> I hiked fast for two hours, did some pruning at my wife's office, and finally ~~returned~~ <sup>was finally</sup> home, thinking I might have missed the game of the century! Well, knowing how much advertisers like long games, I ~~reconsidered and thought perhaps I could catch the last quarter. That's all that matters anyway:~~ ~~right: the score at the end!~~ Not that I cared. ~~So, I bought some beer, and chips and dips, and hurriedly made my way home to plunk my body on the couch before the television.~~

To my surprise, it was only half time. Seattle was smashing Denver and, yet, I watched with ~~feigned~~ interest as the Seahawks humiliated the touted offense of Peyton Manning and the Broncos. ~~I hurried home for this?~~ The lack of drama in such a one sided game set me to thinking that maybe a lot of Americans are too fixated on 22 guys bashing heads around a piece of inflated pig skin. Even a great game on television is less exciting, ~~and~~ <sup>way</sup> certainly less healthy than a vigorous walk in the forest. So here is my conclusion: most of us should go out and take a ~~super-hike, gaze~~ <sup>up</sup> or paddle <sup>down</sup> on a super beautiful ocean, meander through a super beautiful forest — because you know, all that ~~stuff~~ <sup>is</sup> right out our back door here on the North Coast.

You say that I'm nothing but a Super Scrooge — ~~well, perhaps~~ <sup>beh Hamisoleit!</sup>. But this I believe; Entertainment has made Americans today sedentary and passive. Life is meant to be lived, ~~not watched~~ <sup>de</sup>. So, if you've been stuck inside for too long, turn the radio off, throw out your TV, ~~and go outside to do something: just do it. You don't have to be big and able to bench press 500 pounds to do something super ....~~ <sup>and Jesus!</sup>

This has been Dan Price for Community Comment

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