

## An Awkward Glance Ahead: Lima Bean Edition

Written by {ga=motherscratcher}

Monday, January 10 2011 10:00 AM - Last Updated Monday, January 10 2011 5:28 AM

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I've been thinking about the Browns. Cleveland fans tend to do that, especially around this time of year, when things are really starting to get exciting. The NFL playoffs are in full swing, giving Browns fans our annual "It won't be long now. We're right around the corner. We have to be." feeling as we watch the games while trying to decide exactly what has to be done to turn Colt McCoy into Aaron Rogers. Because there is no question that McCoy can be Rogers. The only question is whether or not the Browns will ruin him before it happens.

It's also the time of year when all of the gloriously talented underclass saviors begin to declare themselves eligible for the draft. Even the one's we don't want have the potential to push the ones we do want right into our lap. It's the beginning of almost 4 months of glorious speculation, wishful thinking, and delusions of grandeur that next year we will have left that corner in the dust.

And, it's that time of year (it seems like an annual thing, doesn't it?) when the speculation is running rampant about the new head coach who is going to lead us to certain glory. This time it will be right. This time we will finally get a Belichick in Cleveland. And this time we won't run his ass out of town once he's here.

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And, for the first time in 6 years I believe all of these things at the same time. Why?

Mike Holmgren.

Mike Holmgren the president of the Cleveland Browns. The Superbowl winning coach. The guy who hire Tom Heckert who came in and ran the best draft in New Browns history, by a wide margin. Mike Holmgren the football man with a rolodex of movers and shakers league wide. Mike Holmgren the man who personally drafted Colt McCoy. Master of the vaunted West Coast Offense, the unstoppable precision, chess-like offense that will light up the Cleveland sky so bright that Dick LeBeau's head will spin. The crane kick of NFL offenses. It will be ours.

All because of Mike Holmgren, in whom we trust. He is the one who will provide the stability and bring in the coach who will run the offense that will win enough games to bring us the Super Bowl that will give our lives meaning.

Because Mike Holmgren is our Bill Parcells. The genius. The maker of franchises. The restorer of glory. The Mike Holmes of the NFL. He comes in, figures out what's broken, and he FIXES it. In fact, Mike Holmes is the Bill Parcells of home improvement. He'll know what to do. And, in the end, he is going to leave the Browns a well run, talented, glorious franchise that we've been dreaming about for over 20 years. If you have any doubts about this, look no further than Miami, where Parcells' latest reclamation project is a well oiled machine. The pride of the NFL and the envy of all franchises. The standard bearer of stability and sound decision making. The...

Wait what? Miami's a mess right now?

Screw it. When do pitchers and catchers report?

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