

Every year, as the Eagles season approaches, I dust off my cherished Randall Cunningham poster and carefully set out my prized rookie Topps Cunningham card, and just like that, I'm ready for another ride. There's something about that old-school merch—whether it's the bold, soaring image on the poster or the nostalgia packed into that single trading card—that instantly transports me back to Sundays filled with hope, heartbreak, and raw excitement. It's more than memorabilia; it's a ritual, a reminder of why I bleed green and why every new season feels like a chance for glory.