

# HOLIDAY THOUGHTS AND WISHES

## FROM THE COMMISSIONER

“It’s beginning to look a lot like Christmas. Everywhere you go.” The Yuletide yields family and friends, good food and plenty of it, beverages for any and all palates, hours of competitive and meaningful football, etc., etc. It is a special time of year. Even the Scrooge’s of the world are in their glory barking “Bah! Humbug!” at Christmas spirits. I look at the Holiday Season as a welcome break to the doldrums of waiting for next Geneva.

After trimming the tree, hanging colorful lights, and singing Christmas carols with the grandkids, I found time to collect my thoughts and jot down some Geneva wishes and blessings.

One night before I passed out, I saw visions of Geneva past. How super it would be to hear Adrian Skunza tell another humorous narrative, capturing the attention of a table of tired and well lubricated golfers. “What could I do? He had the gun,” Adrian bellowed bringing down the house with thunderous laughter. There was Jim Nogawick prowling through the Geneva trees like Smokey the Bear. Wally Maley, Mike Yoli, Ralph DiCarolus, John Skunza, Huck Plageman and Mike Smith were spotted frolicking around the Geneva landscape. None of these personalities have been present in modern day Geneva action. The ghosts of Christmas future is to see all or any back on the hallowed grounds. I hope these were not just visions of sugar plums dancing through my head.

Our luck with rookies have been stocking stuffers to the Geneva field. Recent participants have been clearly stamped “Geneva Worthy.” Once acclimated, the Geneva intimidation quickly passes and their personalities is like a shining new strand of lights for the tree. Give credit to the Geneva fraternity because they make every rook welcomed. The progression runs from welcomed to friend. This is what makes Geneva so special. It is this practice that scores everyone a winner whether the Commissioner hands you an envelope filled with cash, a big trophy, or a championship cap. 44 years of Geneva traditions have taken the words of Clarence to heart when he told George Bailey, “Remember, George, no man is a failure who has friends.”

Are you as tired as I am about this pandemic? Twenty-one months after the world shut down in an attempt to conquer the coronavirus, we still battle its attacks. Every time we believe we have this thing beat, a spike in infections occurs. Anyone who caught Covid will tell you how seriously it affected their health. Long suffering BROWNS fans can verify hope springs eternal. Good game plans are essential to whip the virus and when variants arise, game adjustments must be made on the run. Having watched “It’s A Wonderful Life” for the 46<sup>th</sup> time, my confidence in mankind to squash the pandemic is at an all-time high. My Christmas wish is we work as a team and do what is necessary to keep the world healthy.

Here is my attempt to bookmark Geneva’s 2022 dates in your mind. The tournament will take place from Friday JULY 22 thru Sunday JULY 24. Circle those dates on your calendar. Book work vacations accordingly. If air travel necessary, call Travelocity and reserve space for the flight, TODAY! Whether you come by auto, rail, sea, air or Santa’s sleigh and reindeer, just get to Geneva. The weekend is much better with you. I repeat, the dates for the next Geneva Open are July 22, July 23, and July 24.

Legend Gary Glanzman sends his blessings for the Holidays by announcing he will continue to play from the regular tees. Past the age of 65 and having spent the last six months ailing and a victim in several surgeries, expectation gathered steam believing he would move up to senior tees. Such a move could be dominating. From the regular tees he is still a force to reckon. I know the Nick Boggess, Dagon Abdon, and Nate McCorkle’s of Geneva fame would be prepared for the challenge but an unconscious sigh of relief will abound when unwrapped on the regular tee box is Legend Gary Glanzman. Fa-La-La-La-La! La-La-La-La!

“And what do you want for Christmas, fat boy?” Santa asked.

The pain on his face as my blubber body sat on his lap was unmistakable. The smell of Crown Royal oozing from my breath caused the tips of his beard to form split ends. I wanted to ask for a 22 year old blonde from the runway of the New York Fashion Show but with my present state of life, I figured not even Kris Kringle could deliver that package. I slurred a more realistic appeal.

“I want my partner to get a hole in one in Geneva,” I said.

“Your partner?” the jolly elf bellowed. “Why not you?”

“It’s like this,” I stated. “I benefit from his good play and I drink for free.”

“Ho-Ho-Ho!”

The big man shook like Jell-O. He pushed me from his knee. Color returned to his cheeks as his discomfort slowly subsided. Santa looked more pleased when he lifted the 4 year old girl onto his lap weighing 220 lbs. less than me. I do believe in Santa Claus and this July will prove he does exist.

This time of year when “the tree tops glisten and children listen to hear sleigh bells in the snow,” I make my annual New Year’s resolution. I have reached my goal every year. My resolution? To be here writing another Geneva article next December. I wish the same for all of you. Stay healthy and I hope to check on you in July, July 22 to be precise. For now, “Have a holly, jolly Christmas.”