

I can recall the memory of thousands of sunrises and far too many sunsets.

I track the morning dew with herds of white tailed deer and flocks of wild turkeys.

I play hide and seek with the Barred owl and the Red-tailed hawk.



"I can recall the memory of thousands of sunrises..."

I watch in fascination the diving osprey and the soaring eagle.

I surprise sunning alligators and turtles as they splash into lakes.

I remove any number of serpents from harm's way or from creating harm.

I yield the pathways to the grey squirrel and brown rabbit making a dash for cover.

I feel frustration and contempt for those misguided souls who still call me "polluter."

I am a constant student of my craft. Learning from my peers and from turf specialists at national conferences, regional seminars and local chapter meetings.

I am a manager of resources. A leader. A planner. A team player.

I am a jack of all trades. From agronomist to zoologist.

I am counselor and disciplinarian to the unmotivated.

I am friend and mentor to those who earn my respect.

I am the receiver of the proverbial

buck. It always stops here!

I try to balance demands and expectations with budgets and reality.

I am challenged to please all golfers from scratch to 36 handicaps on the same day.

I am the expert problem solver unless my practical experience and classroom knowledge differs from the opinion of the purse holders or the nay sayers.

I often have as much job security as the next difference of opinion.

I court Mother Nature and often win her favor.

I have seen her wrath and seemingly capricious destruction beyond comprehension.

I am ironically held accountable for torrential rains and unrelenting drought.

I am expected to somehow turn muck and clay into sandy loam.

I bear red scaly cancerous patches on my skin from an on-going love/hate relationship with the sun. The dirt under my finger nails and the callouses on my hands have been earned in honest toil.

I dodge more lightning bolts and taste more rain drops than I should admit.

I still thrill to the grandeur of the changing seasons from spring buds to fall frost.

I meet some of the finest and most interesting people on earth in my work.

I seem to be driven by myself or others to deliver perfection in an imperfect world. No one seems to understand this paradox except those who walk in my shoes.

I am The Superintendent.

Green Side Up



Joel D. Jackson

Joel D. Jackson, CGCS Editor