Our Dad: Hunter of the White Ball

By CHRISTINE DIEGNAU and MIKE DIEGNAU

When walking through the neighborhood, how does one spot the Diegnau house? It's probably the yard with long grass and flashes of dandelions, not to mention the man lying on the ground picking out individual blades of quack grass. Although the MGCSA President's (*Paul Diegnau*, *CGCS*) lawn doesn't receive the same attention as the golf course, our dad takes it personally when a certain intrusive weed dares to call our lawn its home.

The Diegnau house is always in a state of change. We kids are off at college, except for the super-senior who returned home for the free rent. We (Christine and Mike) are both at the University of Minnesota, in the family tradition. Go Gophers! Our mom, Cindy, is the gardener at Tartan Park Golf Course in Lake Elmo and a busy Master Gardener. There is a lot of coming and going with all of our busy schedules. But, in the summertime, our Mom and Dad can often be found sipping margaritas out on the deck, watching the birds at the feeder and discussing the current environmental conditions. There are two other additions to the



Cindy and Paul Diegnau, CGCS in Paris, France.

Diegnau family, our dog, Kelli, and cat, Maggie; however, we would argue that these two are more like children than pets in our father's eyes. In her early years, Kelli would spend hours riding on Dad's cart or hunting rabbits and mingling with the golfers at Keller.

Golf has always been a part of our lives. Our parents always bring their work home with them. Dinner talk begins as it would with any family, but quickly shifts to conversation about Japanese beetles,



Paul and Mike Diegnau

turf diseases or invasive weeds.

Sometimes, we kids can hardly get a word in edgewise. Moreover, our mom and dad often try to pass on some of their nature knowledge to us. It is not uncommon for the family to be out and about and then get quizzed on the tree, bird and plant species we come across. Alas, the nuances are sometimes lost on us college students studying business. Not too long ago, I asked Dad what his favorite color was, (Continued on Page 15)



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Christine Diegnau and Dad

Our Dad-

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and without pause he replied, 'grass green.' Our dad is one of those lucky people that love their job. Many years ago, while chaperoning Christine's 5th grade field trip to Wolf Ridge on the North Shore, when asked to pick out a Native American name for himself, my dad cleverly came up with "Hunter of the White Ball." All were amused. For Dad, running

a golf course is more than just a profession because he loves the game of golf. On the weekends, our television is always tuned to a golf tournament. And, over the years, he even started collecting golf course logo balls and antique putters. This collection has overtaken the basement storage room and now decorates the family office.

Whenever he can find time away from the golf course, Dad pursues many hobbies including fishing, reading and music. Like many dads, in the summer he often

"Come winter, Dad enjoys taking overnight trips to Mille Lacs and Lake of the Woods with friends and family. Sometimes, he stays local and goes failin' on Lake Phalen. We've started to wonder if fish still live in that lake."

tries his luck fishing one of Minnesota's 10,000 lakes. Come winter, Dad enjoys taking overnight trips to Mille Lacs and Lake of the Woods with friends and family. Sometimes, he stays local and goes failin' on Lake Phalen. We've started to wonder

if fish still live in that lake. Even on his prolonged dry-streaks, he never gives up. That's what we call perseverance.

At any given time, Dad can be found simultaneously reading at least three books. He is a non-fiction purist. The book topics range from politics to history and even to the extra terrestrial. It seems like our dad is always discovering some new conspiracy theory.

Many of you might not know that our dad has a great love of music - but only "the good stuff," which, according to Dad, means nothing post 80s. Although there is that one catchy song by Lady GaGa...! In his truck or workshop you can always find some Bee Gees, ABBA, Fleetwood Mac or even Neil Young tracks. The Diegnaus are quite the musical family. Our mom can play the guitar and the piano. Mike taught himself the guitar, and Christine is constantly singing. Dad has a pretty good singing voice too and is well known for his falsetto skills. (Ah, ah, ah, Ah, Stayin' Alive! Stayin' Alive!)

We would like to end this on a high note (pun intended) by saying that we are very proud of all of our dad's hard work and accomplishments. He's definitely the highlight of our family!

