



## Editor's Ramblings

By **BRIAN NETTZ, CGCS**

### *Thank God for Pink Eye...*

...because I was sick and tired of Bob Costas smugly inserting his political overtones into something as beautiful as the Olympics. Yeah, Putin and Russia certainly deserve some criticism, but let's move on and let the athletes consume the stage. It's Russia. It's their country and they have a right to run it their way; they have their own culture and we don't have to agree on that. As a Russian friend pointed out to me, you need to grow up in their country and be exposed to the propaganda to understand their way of doing things. Nuff said.

Super Bowl. Admit it: you were happy Richard Sherman "got his" and smiled as the camera panned on him and his crutches. Just admit it. You know you were deep inside. We were all tired of his grandstanding, tweeting, gum flapping, overly self important ways. Why does the media indulge this megalomaniac? Blah, blah, blah. So many things in this country more important and more concerning than him...look at all the issues confronting this country. Look at the congress and presidential approval ratings. Look at the violence. Look at the violence against children. Look at the media outlets tearing down everyone in front of them for the sake of ratings.

Then, on to this stage steps a young man, out of seemingly nowhere: a small rural town called Warroad in Minnesota. Just as Herb Brooks and his team 34 years ago, this young athlete reminds us, if only for a minute, that this country can be great. TJ Oshie, scoring the winning goal(s) in that now historic USA v Russia hockey game shootout. In the biggest stage of all sports save the World Cup: the Olympics. Oshie has the greatest moment of his sporting life and career. In front of the whole world. In front of Vladimir Putin. Oshie makes the game winning goal. After this momentous occasion did Oshie talk crap about Bobrovski? About Kovalchuk? About Datsyuk? No way. He was thankful. He celebrated his team. He was austere. He was humble. Upon being called a hero, Oshie quietly and most decidedly sincerely, simply said, "American heroes wear camo." Beautiful. Simple. Truthful. And Oshie left us all asking ourselves as we choked back the tears, "Who the hell is Richard Sherman anyway?"

The beauty of the Olympics: anything can happen and anyone can be a country's hero.

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