

Taking a Mulligan

■ A WORD FROM THE SENIOR EDITOR

I have a longstanding joke with my father that I've always been more like his son than his daughter.

As a girl, he'd put me on his shoulders so I could dunk the basketball. We'd put on baseball gloves and play catch in the yard. And I'd root for the Cleveland Indians beside him in the stands.

But most of all, I loved Saturday mornings. Because that was when I got to make rounds with him at the hospital.

My dad ushered me gently into the patients' rooms at St. Luke's Hospital. Many of his patients were elderly and reached out weakly to shake my hand. I was shy, I never said much, but I always felt special being there with my dad.

My dad is a second-generation physician. He followed in the footsteps of his father, who had a reputation for being gentle and kind. He tended to patients in an era when doctors cared for entire families, when they made house calls.

My dad may be a specialist, but there's no denying he's the same kind of doctor his father was. Even in the '80s and '90s, well after his contemporaries had stopped making house calls, my dad was still at it. I remember him going off to patients' homes, his father's old leather case in hand, the stethoscope crammed on top.

I asked him once why he became a doctor. He said he revered my grandfather, that he strove to emulate him. But mostly he developed an interest in medicine just from growing up around it.

Jamie Kizer is the same way. The third-generation superintendent was born into the business, and he and his father, Edwin, are the subject of this month's cover story.

I had the good fortune of traveling to Marble Falls, Texas, an-hour-and-a-half west of Austin, to spend the day with them. Jamie is the superintendent at Hidden Falls Golf Club in the small tourist town, pop. 6,700.

The day I spent with them was one I won't soon forget. For, as special as a father-daughter relationship is, it simply cannot replace the unique bond of a father and son.

Marble Falls Calls

BY BETH GERACI



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The Kizers showed me firsthand just how close a bond fathers, sons — and grandfathers — have. But much more than that, they proved sharing a career links them even more.

Jamie revels in being a third-generation greenkeeper. In describing what it feels like to follow in the footsteps of his grandfather, Roy, who was a superintendent for 36 years, Jamie beams, "It's all about carrying on the legacy."

He regrets his grandpa never lived to see him carry on that legacy (He passed away when Jamie was in 7th Grade.). But Jamie thinks Roy would be proud. As his dad is.

Edwin is far less emotional than his son. Jamie's eyes light up when he smiles. He's full of energy.

Edwin expresses his feelings in words alone, not in his tone. His arms are crossed, his foot taps from time to time, he cracks no smile. But he listens attentively to his son whenever he speaks, and vice-versa.

It's clear — the respect father and son feel for each other runs deep. They're both greenkeepers down to their core, and as different as they are, that's one thing they'll always have in common.

On Sunday, I'll go over to my parents' and watch the Browns game with my dad. They'll probably blow their lead in the fourth quarter, but there's always a tiny chance they won't.

As evening sets in, Dad and I will indulge in a glass of wine, and we'll enjoy the opportunity to spend some time. If my brother lived in town, my dad's Sundays would be a little different, a little more boisterous. He wouldn't be drinking wine — he'd be sipping a brew.

This weekend, the Kizers won't be watching football. They'll be riding around the golf course together, admiring the morning dew.

Their story begins on pg. 18.