



# A Christmas Letter

By Monroe S. Miller

Everyone gets one or two at Christmastime -- letters from distant relatives, former friends and faint acquaintances.

They are all about the same. Written under the guise of a holiday greeting, these obnoxious letters are sentence after sentence and paragraph after paragraph of pure, unadulterated boasting.

Often, I really believe they are not all intended as such. I'd love to read or hear, however, from a psychologist why some people have a need to offer up these annual missives. Is it some form of compensation? Do they suffer from an insecurity of some sort? Are they desperate for attention?

Then, of course, there are those Christmas letters sent by people who are hardcore, unabashed blowhards, braggarts. The letters they send, with seriousness, are hilarious. In our extended family, we often send back and forth these "Christmas letters". They are that entertaining!

For fun, I've decided to compose one here, for colleagues and peers and friends. Remember, it's only for fun and written tongue-in-cheek.

Christmas 1990

Dear Friends,

Well, the first year of the new decade is now nearly history. For me and mine, it will be remembered as a fairly typical year in our lives. I'll share a few highlights with you.

The board of governors here at Enchanted Valley Country Club just completed my annual review. Again this year, they tried to get me to sign a lifetime contract with them. I declined, again -- a guy hates to limit himself.

So they came back with yet another huge raise and a megabonus. Honestly, I don't know what we're going to do with all the money. I guess we'll probably continue our heavy financial support of over twenty charities.

The members of EVCC were thrilled with the golf course conditions this year. They take a lot of pride in having the fastest, truest and firmest greens in

all of America. We had them reading 11.00 feet on the stimpmeter everyday, all year. And with no nitrogen applications!

The players at the Club have come to expect perfect 3/8" fairways from opening day until Thanksgiving, and once again we delivered the goods, so to speak. They were also pleased we finished the fiscal year under budget again.

As usual, I had a lot of inquiries from around the world about how I'm able to provide such a superb product. "Just a green thumb," I told the greenkeeper from Scotland's St. Andrews.

A few modest honors came my way this past year. I was named chairman of the Governor's State Blue Ribbon Task Force on the environment. It's a time consuming appointment, but we must all do our part. In the spring elections I was returned to the city school board and promptly elected president by the balance of the board members. Civic pride, you know.

Our church approached me about leading a group of pastors to the Holy Land for an intense 10-day educational experience. I agreed, since I've done it previously. "We must serve God," I always say.

Finally, I had to fly to Washington, D.C., to accept the VFW "Man of the Year" Award from President Bush. It was interesting enough, but I did it for the kids in the neighborhood -- role model and all that.

About the time I start feeling sorry for myself because of all my professional responsibilities and extracurricular activities, I look and see what my wife is doing.

She is a national finalist in the Mrs. America contest. Beautiful girl. Of course, you heard that earlier in the year she was promoted to executive vice president of the firm she works for, the first woman to hold the position.

Honestly, I don't know where she gets the time for her hobbies. She entered the State Orchid Contest and walked away with a couple of first places. And when the dust cleared from

the Wisconsin Women's Triathlon, there she was, crossing the finish line ahead of everyone else, still smiling and with energy to spare.

What can I say about our oldest daughter; we're very proud of her. She finished her PhD last spring, Phi Beta Kappa, at the age of twenty-three. She interviewed with Dartmouth College, Princeton University, Michigan and Wisconsin for a tenured faculty position. They all wanted her, but she chose Wisconsin. "Might as well go with the best, Dad," she said. Love that kid!

We were thrilled when our middle girl was named University of Wisconsin Homecoming Queen this fall. She's a beauty, that's for sure. Turns out that was just a warm-up. About a week ago we learned she'll be Queen of the Tournament of Roses Parade and will lead our football team onto the field for the Rose Bowl in Pasadena, California. She's also president of her sorority and worked nearly full time at a stock brokerage firm while maintaining a 3.95 G.P.A. She's quite a young lady. On top of all this, she repeated as champion of the Wisconsin Women's Amateur golf tournament.

And then there's the youngest one. She continually amazes us. She was moved up two complete grades at the end of the school year. This past summer she led all qualifiers in her age group for the Pan American games, a tune-up for the 1992 Olympics. We expect to see her up against some tough foreign competitors, but have confidence she'll do well. Maybe there's some gold in her future! The girl also holds first chair in the flute section of the Wisconsin Youth Symphony Orchestra, is president of the student council and was elected class president. She's on her way!

We're anxiously awaiting your annual Christmas letter, hoping your year was as exciting and prosperous as ours.

See you in Las Vegas in February for the national meetings. Until then, have a happy holiday season.

Sincerely,  
Joe Blow and Family

What does all of this have to do with managing a golf course? Nothing! Absolutely nothing! But it has something to do with Christmas, and during this time of the year, Christmas is what matters the most to nearly everyone.

Merry Christmas, all!