



THE SUPERINTENDENT

By Joel D. Jackson

Editor's Note: The feature you are about to enjoy was written by a fellow chapter publications editor, Joel Jackson. He is also a fellow golf course superintendent in the Disney system. Many of you know him, many more remember his visit to Wisconsin a few years ago when he was a speaker at the Wisconsin Golf Turf Symposium, and those lucky enough to attend the GCSAA conference in Orlando this year visited with him at the host chapter booth. Joel is an articulate person who writes many of the features in the journal he edits—THE FLORIDA GREEN. He also has a column in each issue—Green Side Up - that resonates with the day to day emotions and issues of people who manage a golf course for a living. If you cannot tell, let me say that I respect him greatly and appreciate his upbeat and positive approach to everything he does. This excellent piece appears here with his permission. It was originally featured in the Winter 1996 issue of THE FLORIDA GREEN. Since we were just in Florida, this seemed a perfect time to share some of Joel's fine writing with you. Enjoy.

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 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 raindrops 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. 🍷



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