

Badger State Turf Clippings

By Tom Wentz and the Reinders Team

By the time you read this the Christmas season will be in full swing. I hope you and your families are relaxing and enjoying this special time of year. Not much to report regarding superintendent changes in the state. That doesn't mean there haven't been any, just one reported. I know there are jobs waiting to be filled and when there are I will report. Certainly, if I have missed anyone, please pass along the information to your Reinders representative or email me at twentz@reinders.com.

New Superintendent Job!!

Dave Marach has accepted the new superintendent job at Northbrook GC in Luxemburg. He is replacing the retired Tom Schaller who has been there for 37 years. Dave has spent the past seven years as assistant superintendent at Oshkosh CC under Kris Pinkerton. Prior to Oshkosh CC, Dave worked at the UW Green Bay-Shorewood GC. He worked there for five years while attending college at UW-Green Bay. Dave graduated in 2001 receiving a BS degree in both Environmental Science and Biology. Dave and his wife Wendy have one child and another on the way. Dave is the son of Dale Marach, sales representative for Reinders. Congratulations on your new position!!

Appropriate for the Christmas holiday season is this poem written by a Marine who was stationed in Okinawa, Japan. Christmas is upon us, and we owe much credit to our U.S. service men and women for defending our freedoms that enable us to celebrate this season.

THE GIFT

T'WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS
HE LIVED ALL ALONE,
IN A ONE BEDROOM HOUSE MADE OF
PLASTER AND STONE.

I HAD COME DOWN THE CHIMNEY
WITH PRESENTS TO GIVE
AND TO SEE JUST WHO
IN THIS HOME DID LIVE
I LOOKED ALL ABOUT,
A STRANGE SIGHT I DID SEE,
NO TINSEL, NO PRESENTS,
NOT EVEN A TREE.

NO STOCKING BY MANTLE,
JUST BOOTS FILLED WITH SAND,
ON THE WALL HUNG PICTURES
OF FAR DISTANT LANDS.

WITH MEDALS AND BADGES,
AWARDS OF ALL KINDS,
A SOBER THOUGHT
CAME THROUGH MY MIND.

FOR THIS HOUSE WAS DIFFERENT,
IT WAS DARK AND DREARY,
I FOUND THE HOME OF A SOLDIER,
ONCE I COULD SEE CLEARLY.

THE SOLDIER LAY SLEEPING,
SILENT, ALONE,
CURLLED UP ON THE FLOOR
IN THIS ONE BEDROOM HOME.

THE FACE WAS SO GENTLE,
THE ROOM IN SUCH DISORDER,
NOT HOW I PICTURED
A UNITED STATES SOLDIER.

WAS THIS THE HERO
OF WHOM I'D JUST READ?
CURLLED UP ON A PONCHO,
THE FLOOR FOR A BED?
I REALIZED THE FAMILIES
THAT I SAW THIS NIGHT,
OWED THEIR LIVES TO THESE SOLDIERS
WHO WERE WILLING TO FIGHT.

SOON ROUND THE WORLD,
THE CHILDREN WOULD PLAY,
AND GROWNUPS WOULD CELEBRATE
A BRIGHT CHRISTMAS DAY.

THEY ALL ENJOYED FREEDOM
EACH MONTH OF THE YEAR,
BECAUSE OF THE SOLDIERS,
LIKE THE ONE LYING HERE.
I COULDN'T HELP WONDER
HOW MANY LAY ALONE,
ON A COLD CHRISTMAS EVE
IN A LAND FAR FROM HOME.

THE VERY THOUGHT
BROUGHT A TEAR TO MY EYE,
I DROPPED TO MY KNEES
AND STARTED TO CRY.

THE SOLDIER AWAKENED
AND I HEARD A ROUGH VOICE,
"SANTA DON'T CRY,
THIS LIFE IS MY CHOICE;

I FIGHT FOR FREEDOM,
I DON'T ASK FOR MORE,
MY LIFE IS MY GOD,
MY COUNTRY, MY CORPS."

THE SOLDIER ROLLED OVER
AND SOON DRIFTED TO SLEEP,
I COULDN'T CONTROL IT,
I CONTINUED TO WEEP.

I KEPT WATCH FOR HOURS,
SO SILENT AND STILL
AND WE BOTH SHIVERED
FROM THE COLD NIGHT'S CHILL.

I DIDN'T WANT TO LEAVE
ON THAT COLD, DARK, NIGHT,
THIS GUARDIAN OF HONOR
SO WILLING TO FIGHT.

THEN THE SOLDIER ROLLED OVER,
WITH A VOICE SOFT AND PURE,
WHISPERED, "CARRY ON SANTA,
IT'S CHRISTMAS DAY, ALL IS SECURE

ONE LOOK AT MY WATCH,
AND I KNEW HE WAS RIGHT.
"MERRY CHHIRSTMAS MY FRIEND,
AND TO ALL A GOOD NIGHT." ❁