

it out pretty quickly as he was still sweeping after we were done playing 18 at a much better success rate but initially what we had was a family half covered with mud and questioning my judgment on the second tee. I quickly told all concerned to chill out, scrape their shoes, and it was going to be a fine, fun filled day. Or I would drive back to the pro shop, get our money back and go home. Not my folks place-home!

Idle threats had always worked for my dad- and I guess I learned from the best as everybody did chill out, and we did have a good day. As we came around to the ninth, another worker had a Cushman and a core harvester slowly trying to clean the fairway. The word harvest in bold bright letters reminded me of something very important. That no matter what scale of golf course maintenance you are in charge of- high end multi-course facility or small country nine-hole or executive tract- we are all really simple farmers in the end. Our crop is grass, and while we may grow it differently than our agricultural brethren, we still have the basic programs and worries as they do. We are at the mercy of Mother Nature always, and have good crop years and bad.

Which leads me to the ultimate point I want to make. How many farmers do you know- other than our group of grass farmers? I know a couple very well. My father in law was

a farmer, my brother in law is a farmer. I have met many of their peers, many of whom are relatives. I have meet plenty of other farmers throughout my years on this orbiting rock to know that everyone I have ever met has one undeniable trait: they are humble people. Time has taught these folks from generation to generation that in order to succeed long term one must be humble in ones abilities, for you are only as good as your last crop and a lot of your success or failure is out of your hands.

This has been an outstanding agronomic year in our region for “grass farmers.” I, and our crew, have been gathering bouquets most of the summer from members and non-members alike. It is easy to let the atta-boys go to your head and start thinking you are God’s gift to turf and golf. Forget it mister (and missus). You are a lowly grass farmer. Nothing more, nothing less. (Ok- maybe a little more, but you get my point.)

With the dog days of August over and all of us shifting into aerification mode and easing into fall and the ugliness that follows, this is a gentle reminder to keep diligent, keep humble, and keep farming the best crop a guy or gal can have the privilege of farming: precision golf turf. Happy growing!