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“Those Lazy, Hazy Days...”

by
Tom Holbrook

There's no gettin' around it, summer has definitely arrived and old Mr. Sunshine is letting his presence be known with a vengeance. If a person would allow it, the heat could really put a damper on outside activities but one must really fight the impulse to give in to it. My motto is “Think cool!” Even on the hottest of days... and we've seen some temps right at, or just over the 100 degree mark... you can't let even the suggestion of possible heat stroke keep you from doing what we're supposed to do in the summer and that's play golf. Some have said it gets so hot that they begin to say rather than The Villages being “heaven” on earth it is that other place instead.

I have to give it to the staff at all the golf courses in The Villages because they are right on top of getting the roving rangers out with their load of life saving, ice cold water... as they lift your head off the ground and ask, “Care for some water?” Duh! One time the rangers had run out of water and were back re-filling their coolers and this one guy in a group in front of me was going crazy with heat. There was no shade and no breeze and he had run out of water two holes back so he was getting desperate for a drink. He tried to make it one more hole, knowing that the Rangers wouldn't let him down, but he cracked and started moaning and mumbling something about seeing camels up ahead, and running around looking for sources of water... any water. He spied the ball washer and attacked it trying to get at the tepid water inside... to no avail I might add. Thankfully, the Ranger arrived and re-filled the man's water bottle... and the ball washer.

Anyhow... it's hot but it goes with the territory. Just think how much you appreciate the air-conditioning in the bar or your home afterward. There are those who say the best thing to do with weather like we've been having is to spend the day at Old Mill Playhouse going from one movie to the other, snarfing down ice cold cokes and fresh popcorn in the comfort of an air conditioned theater. That might be true but I'll still get out on the course whenever I can. There were many who said I would never like Florida because of the heat but I've fooled them all. I love it and can't get enough of it.

One thing Judy and I want to do more of is to take advantage of all the swimming pools available to us in The Villages. Feels soooooo good to grab your noodle and jump into the water. You know the noodles I'm talking about... you can twist them into any shape you want and ride them like a horse, lean back on them or slip them under your arms like a pair of water wings. Wish I had dreamed 'em up, but I didn't.

To change course just a little bit... have you noticed with all the influx of new residents there are, also, a plethora of new churches springing up throughout the area? Each one hoping to claim new parishioners, they will go to great lengths to please their visitors. Take the one we visited not too long ago. A friend had asked us to give their church a try and we said we'd go with them some Sunday morning, which we did. Upon entering the sanctuary we saw it was divided into four sections, some larger than others, and they were marked with the letters W, G, C, or P. We asked our host how each section differed and he said their church celebrated communion every Sunday and because of the diversity of Village residents, and their beliefs concerning communion, the church was trying to offer something for everyone.

He said, "The smallest section marked with a "W" consisted of those who believed it was okay to take fermented wine for communion; the next smallest, marked with a "G", was made up of those who thought it was a sin to drink wine so the church provided them with grape juice. The next to largest section, marked with a "C", had people with bladder problems and the church provided them with cranberry juice." I asked who occupied the largest section that was marked with a "P" and he said, "Given the age of most Villagers, those people have another problem and they all get prune juice."

Speaking of new Villagers I want to say hi to Tom and Jan, friends of Ray and Gerry, all from Pittsburgh who live in Winifred Village. He's from Aliquippa and she's from Munhall and they've only been married 8 weeks. She said she's been chasing him for 35 years and he just caught her 8 weeks ago. Welcome to the party guys.

See you next week.

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