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A Man and His Toys

by
Tom Holbrook

So much happening. First... let me make a public apology to all those readers from WV who might have been offended by my column of two weeks ago. I made a couple of remarks about WV license plates on a golf cart. Being a WV native my intent was to let the world know that West Virginians are usually the brunt of many jokes and to advertise our birthplace would be tantamount to saying "here I am, laugh at me." Unfortunately, one reader, and it was only one... wrote and told me he was offended because he thought I was making disparaging remarks about the state and all who call it home. I immediately sent him an apology and now openly ask forgiveness from all my brother and sister Mountaineers who thought the same thing. I love WV and am very proud of her and if you look real close you'll see that one of my legs actually is shorter than the other. Ours is a much maligned state but we who grew up there know it is one of the most beautiful states in the entire U.S.! When my golf cart is delivered I will put two WV plates on it, front and back, to declare my roots and dare anyone to cast aspersions on the great state of West "By God" Virginia.

That said, let's get on with what's happening out there. Judy and I can't wait for the golf cart parade coming up on the 4th of September. What a fantastic opportunity to be part of history by breaking a Guinness World Record and have a ball with your neighbors as well. Judy and I will be driving back from South Carolina the 3rd so we can be sure to be part of this historic occasion and many of our Winifred neighbors will be participating and waving to all those lining the parade route. It's been said that we will have 3,000 golf carts in the parade and if my math is even close to correct (3,000 multiplied by 6+ feet and divided by 5,280 feet) we will be stretched out over a course 3.5 to 4.5 miles... Wow!!!... Just another boring day in The Villages. (That's sarcasm folks.)

At a mixed gathering recently someone brought up the cost of the toys we retired men purchase and somehow a large screen, LCD, High Definition television entered into the conversation as a potentially extravagant "want" and not a necessity. To the uneducated looking in from the outside, it could appear to be just that. However, those who say that have obviously never been fortunate enough to sit for an evening watching a Discovery Channel HD program highlighting a tropical rain forest in South America, or the majestic beauty of God's creation throughout the hinterlands of this world in which we live.

You have not been mesmerized by the reproduction statistics of the smallest of microbes or the brilliance of the exquisitely-colored sea creatures along the Great Barrier Reef. You've not, through the magic of HD, been in the cockpit of a plane flying up to and over Victoria Falls or winding your way through the awesome chasm known as the Grand Canyon. Of course, those sports fans out there might have thought you have enjoyed an NFL game on regular TV, but you ain't seen nothin' until you see the

close up shots of each glistening drop of sweat on the face of Randy Moss as he goes 10 feet up in the air, stretches his 6 foot 4 body flat out to its greatest extension and with one hand gingerly gathers in a 54 yard pass in the end zone for a touchdown.

Yes, HD is a little pricey but so are box seats at the Metropolitan opera or 50 yard line seats at the Super Bowl. With my HD TV I can actually be in the middle of the trumpet section of the New York Philharmonic or in the huddle listening to Chad Pennington calling signals at next year's Super Bowl without ever leaving my living room. In case you haven't gotten my drift yet... I love my HD TV.

Until you've daily "experienced" one please, please, don't call it an extravagant toy. Try it, you'll absolutely love it.

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