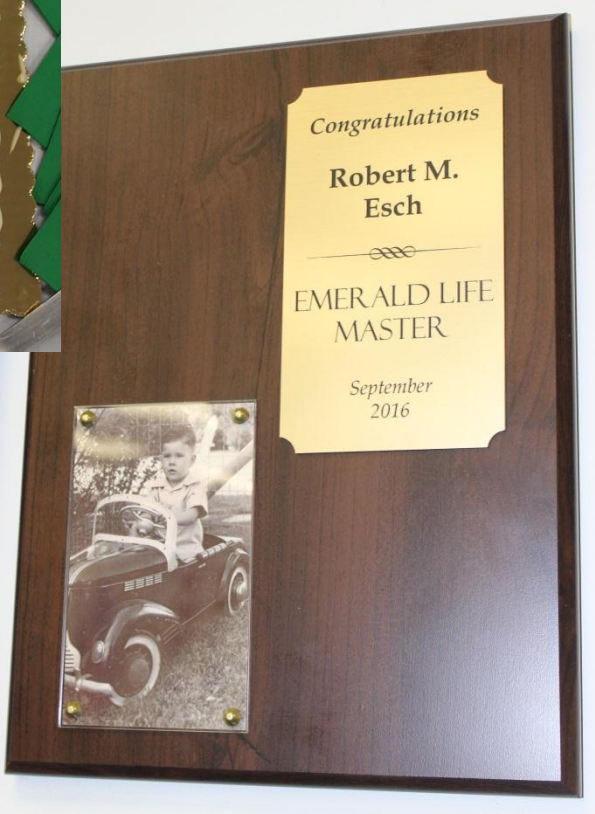


# Robert M. Esch Emerald Life Master





Sis Hardie, Betty Banta, Susan Hjalmquist, Rex Glimp



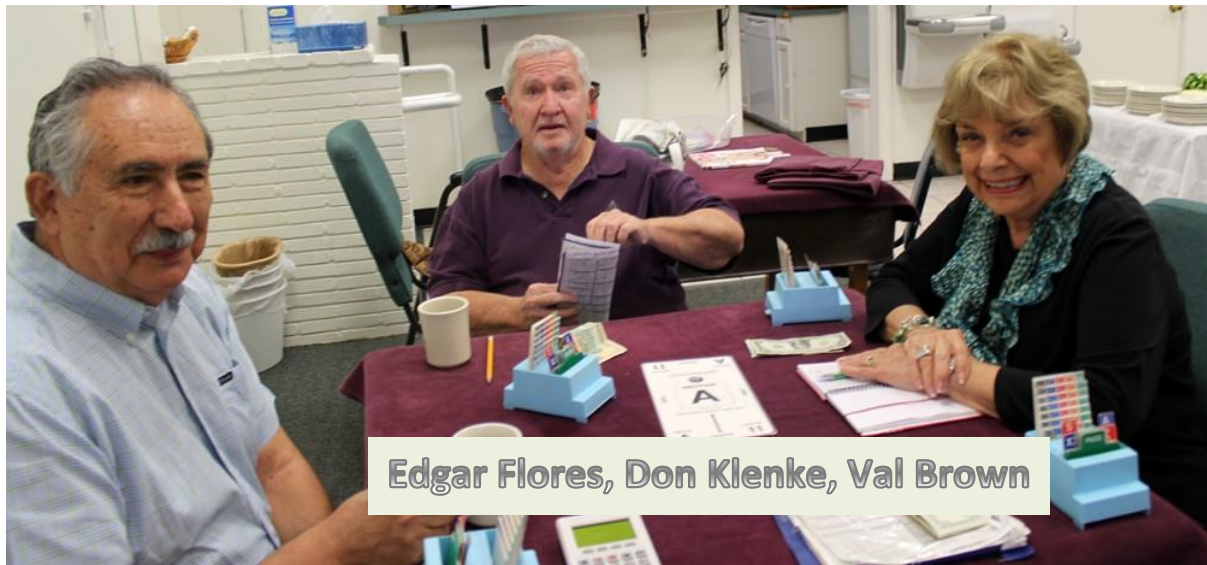
Fleta Pruett, Barbara Crews, Jeannie Lyons, Gordon Bunge



Pat Hotaling, Sue Wolfe, Ashok Bahkta, Don Heacox



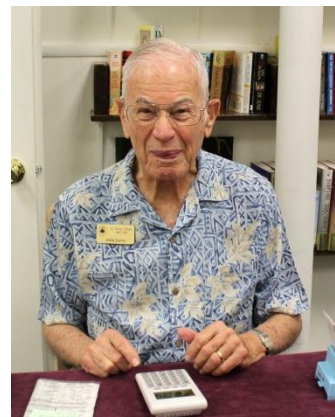
Gerald Sullivan, Nancy Lealos, Art August, Jack Neumann



Edgar Flores, Don Klenke, Val Brown



Ralph Liguori, Lois Applebaum, Karl Friedman, Gloria & John Lavis





**Florence Senkowsky, Bob Esch, Bernice Williams,  
Sis Hardie, Frances Deregibus**



**Pat Handly, Sandy Myers, Kay White**



**Bob Craig**



**Selina Whitworth, Pat Lama**



**Paula Sabljak, Gerald Georges, Barbara Taylor**



**Marcia Pickins, Ashley Erwin, Beverly Thrasher, Kay Searcy**



**CJ Tomkins, Peggy Craig, Ella Duncan**



*No celebration is complete without our own poet laureate, Lorraine O'Donnell, with her famous renditions describing the honoree.*

## GOING GREEN

(Or, “The Green Meanie—A Poem of Tough Love!”)

Today’s the day I’ve been waiting for  
It seems like, all my life!  
I get to recite a poem about Esch!  
And believe me, we’ll be doing this right!

For some reason, he didn’t ask me to!  
I ‘spose a poem wasn’t in his plans!  
But everyone else in the club sure did!  
So anyway, here I am!

Let’s start with a game where I’ll name some things  
And we’ll see if you are right;  
Because when I raise my hand up!  
You’ll tell me how they’re alike!

A margarita, an unripe banana,  
A pickle, a pistachio a lime!  
A forest, a glen, a golf course;  
A sprinkling of fresh thyme!

The Emerald Isle, a dollar bill,  
The jealous monster within;  
Anyone who eats my cooking--  
These are all things that are GREEN!

And now we add a new one!  
Doctor Robert Esch!  
And as an Emerald Life Master,  
He’s now on the cutting edge!

To become an Emerald Life Master  
Or “Going Green” say I,

You must earn 7500 points,  
And basically play until you die!  
His partners were the very best  
(I wonder if they can say the same):  
Rose and Gerald and Nancy.....  
Over his lifetime, too many to name!

His contributions to our game,  
Are more than you could know!  
Why, I remember the newsletter he wrote  
And sent out so many years ago.

He's published our directory,  
Served as president many times,  
His efforts helped get our bridge mates!  
He's given selflessly of his time!

And even though he's done these things,  
And this honor he's now won,  
I'm not going to let him off the hook—  
Because this moment is too much fun!

You know, I've been his friend for many years,  
Been to his house to dine.  
I remarked once on a silver bowl he'd won.  
I was a novice at the time.

"How great to be this good" I gushed.  
But he turned with lowered head--  
"Card playing doesn't really count for much."  
That is what he said!

I remembered this grace and humility;  
It stuck with me, know why?  
Because now he's such a little snot,



I can't even believe it's the same guy!

I tried to find one word that describes him,  
It put me in quite a fever,  
Because this is a poem after all,  
And nothing rhymes with DIVA.  
I played with him once 40 years ago,  
I was so nervous I developed a tick!  
My contract was two no trump doubled.  
“Now Lorraine,” he said, “you must take eight tricks!”

If you want to share a drink with him,  
Scotch is what he prefers!  
Unless of course you're buying,  
Then you'll need something a little better than Dewars!

I used to grade his students' papers;  
He was demanding and hard to please;  
And he served on my committee  
When I was getting my master's degree.

He's a gourmet cook, was a landlord, too,  
Was the English department's Chair,  
And you can look for a more loyal friend:  
But friend: One won't be there!

Buster is his little pal;  
A schnauzer as you all may know!  
They were scheduled to go to obedience class,  
But Buster couldn't get him to go!

I'm not a philosopher, as you all know,  
For this I thank heaven above!  
But is Bob the man we love to hate,  
Or the man we hate to love?

Before we end, there's one last thing,  
(God forbid I should be a scold!)  
But in the future, at a tournament Bob...  
Could you just sit where you're told??

We love you! Congratulations!!

Dr. Lorraine O'Donnell

October 2016