



Rosemount area hockey association

Monthly bulletin

October 2009

Tournament Time!!

Some tournaments have already been determined for the season. Please keep these dates in mind when scheduling vacations, etc...

11/27-11/29 – Bantam C and Pee wee B2 Tournament at RCC

12/11-12/13 – Squirt B Tournament at RCC

12/18-12/20 – Squirt C Tournament at RCC

2/21-2/28 – District 8 Tournaments for Bantam A, Bantam B1, Pee wee A, Pee wee B1, 14UA, 12UA, 12UB at various sites.

3/14-3/21 – District 8 Tournaments for Bantam B2, Bantam C, Pee wee B2, Pee wee C, Squirt A, Squirt B, 10UA, 10UB at various sites.

Please keep in mind that individual teams may be scheduling additional tournaments throughout the season as well.

Important Date:

11/7 & 11/8 – Initiation Program Evaluations



Raffle Ticket Reminders:

- ✓ If your child sells any tickets, be sure any checks are made out to you. You own the tickets.
- ✓ Ticket stubs must be turned in by 11/22 to be included in the drawings
- ✓ You may turn ticket stubs in by mailing them to: Anne Thurston, 15903 Cicerone Path, Rosemount, 55068, OR drop them off at the arena. Operations Manager box, lower level.
- ✓ Winners will be announced weekly on the RAHA website under "RAFFLE"

Hockey Link of the Month

Stick stats is a great website for District 8 players, coaches and families. If you're looking for:

- Arena directions
- League standings
- District 8 & USA Hockey rule books
- Forms for coaches
- District 8 Association websites

Check out www.stickstats.com/district8/

Board Members Babble...

The Hockey Dad

For a guy who grew-up playing basketball in a small farm town outside Cleveland, my old man was the ultimate hockey Dad. The extent of his own "youth hockey career" involved corn stalks, frozen cow pies, and a frozen creek that ran through the farm, and I truly doubt that he and his friends even knew what to call the game they were playing at the time. Skates? Not many Ohio farm boys had skates. HECC approved helmet & mask? Uh ...no. Favorite player? Bill Russell (who wasn't much of a hockey player).

Nevertheless, when we moved to Minnesota, and I expressed interest in playing hockey at the age of five, my Dad jumped in head first. Maybe he tried to sell me on playing basketball like him, but if he did, I really don't remember it. All of my new Minnesota friends were playing hockey, so that's what I wanted to do, and fortunately my Dad went along with it. I remember walking excitedly into the Wayzata High School cafeteria (yeah, I'm one of THOSE guys...keep in mind that Wayzata High School wasn't the athlete-churning, small college campus it is today) that first year for Hockey Registration thinking how cool it was going to be to get to play that "ice game". From there we went to the local sporting goods store and got the "deluxe starter set" complete with the green North Stars helmet, the anatomically incorrect gloves that only vaguely resembled a hand, and the crème-de-la crème -- the CCM Bobby Hull skates. I think the only thing that made it the "deluxe" set is the fact that the shin pads came with an extra layer of felt for the ultimate in un-protection, but I didn't care. I was a hockey player and I was embarking upon a career that would most certainly culminate in my enshrinement in the Hall of Fame. I think that somewhere deep down, even my Dad felt that same way, even if he had no idea where the Hockey Hall of Fame was.

Through the years, as I continued to play and as each of my younger brothers got involved in the sport, my Dad accepted the fact that none of his boys were going to run the pick-and-roll or box out a defender in the high post (that's about the extent of the basketball verbiage I can come up with). Hockey became his adopted sport of choice and, to some degree, a major part of his life. He never saw a hockey rink until he was in his thirties, but there he was painting the boards on one of our association's outdoor rinks getting it ready for the upcoming season. I'm pretty sure it was his first experience with a paint sprayer and he didn't consider one key spray-painting factor -- wind. By the time he was done he looked like a ghostly cross between Casper and Tom Petty.

He didn't have a clue why some of the lines were red and some blue, but it was my Dad who taught me what "off-sides" and "icing" were -- "You can't go past the blue line until the puck does. Why? Just because."

My Dad couldn't skate a lick, but that didn't stop him from taking to the ice with me in his Senior Bobby Hulls when my friends couldn't play. As a passing partner, he made a great pylon. As a scrimmage opponent he made a great.....pylon. But I didn't care. I was playing hockey with my Dad and there was nothing better.

Not content with merely being a spectator, Dad got INVOLVED. He knew his limitations so he never tried to coach (thank goodness), but he did get himself elected to the Board of Directors and then served as President of the Association for several years. Can you imagine THE Wayzata Youth Hockey Association of today, one of the largest and most successful programs in the State, being run by a

basketball guy? Well, I'm here to tell you that it was at one time (of course we weren't so large or successful at that time, but that's beside the point).

Ultimately, and above all else, Dad was a fan. Although he traveled quite a bit for work, he always seemed to be able to make it home in time for the big game. When he was in town, he'd watch practices, games, the zamboni...whatever was happening on the ice. He was a fixture behind the glass, a rink rat who couldn't skate. I have to admit that there was a time in my life (the dreaded teen years) that it annoyed me, but that was a passing phase. In the end there was no one I'd rather see after a game, good, bad or otherwise.

He was also a pacer. Couldn't sit still to save his life. What little patience I have today I got from my Mom. Dad spent most games pacing the upper level of whatever arena we happened to be playing in, and then raced outside between periods for a quick smoke. By the end of the game, he'd gone through half a pack of cigarettes, knew half the people in the building on a first name basis, and looked like he'd been through the wringer. Truthfully the games were harder on him than they were on me, but the man loved it.

When I look back on my hockey career today and lament the fact that I never did make it to "the Hall", it's those things that I remember. I couldn't tell you what my record was as a Peewee A, or how many points I had my first year of Bantams, or how I missed the net by 6 inches in a Sectional game that would have put us in the Championship (ok, maybe I do remember that one). But I can tell you about how my Dad always made me feel better in the car, after a bad game. I can tell you about all the friends we made as a family playing hockey. I can tell you how much fun we had on our "away" tournaments. And I can tell you how much I appreciate everything he did for me.

Unfortunately my Dad passed away (did I mention the "smoking" thing?) before he ever got to see his grandson play. The family hockey tradition that he started in Ohio continues on here in Rosemount without him, and I can only imagine that he's up there somewhere during games, watching, pacing, and cheering us on. *Game on, Dad.*

~Troy Crowell,
President, RAHA

