

## *The Well Dressed Club Manager "A Parable"*

*The following is paraphrased from a story by Max Lucado, Memorial Day, 1996*

For years he owned an elegant suit complete with coat, trousers, even a hat. He considered himself quite dapper in the outfit and was confident others agreed.

The pants were cut from the cloth of his good works, sturdy fabric of deeds done and projects completed. Some studies here, some seminars there. Many other managers complimented his trousers, and as he will confess today, he tended to hitch them up in public so people would notice them.

The coat was equally impressive. It was woven together from his convictions. Each day he dressed himself in deep commitment to the industry. His emotions were quite strong. So strong, in fact, that he was often asked to model his coat of zeal in public gatherings to inspire others. Of course he was happy to comply. While there, he would also display his hat, a feathered cap of knowledge. Formed with his own hands from the fabric of personal opinion, he wore it proudly.

He often thought that surely his best friend, a fellow manager of some prominence, was impressed with his garments. Occasionally he strutted into his presence so his friend could compliment the self-tailored wear. The friend never spoke. His silence must mean admiration, he convince himself.

But then the wardrobe began to suffer. The fabric of his trousers grew thin. His best works started to become unstitched. He began leaving more undone than done, and what little he did was nothing to boast about.

No problem he thought. He will work harder.

But working harder was a problem. There was a hole in his coat of convictions. His resolve was threadbare. A cold wind cut into his chest. He reached up to pull his hat down firmly, and the brim ripped off in his hands.

Over a few months his wardrobe of self-righteousness completely unraveled. He went from tailored gentleman's apparel to beggars' rags. Fearful of admonition from his friend at the tattered suit, he did the best he could to stitch it together and cover his mistakes. But the cloth was so worn and the wind was so icy. He gave up.

On a wintry afternoon he went to his friend, not for applause, but for warmth. His request was feeble.

"I feel naked."

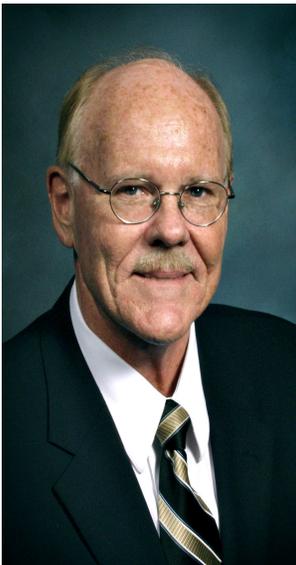
"You are and have been for a long time."

"I have something to give you," he said. He removed the remaining threads and then picked up a robe, a regal robe, the clothing of his support and understanding and wrapped it around the friends shoulders.

I have a hunch some of you know what I'm talking about. I have witnessed these fine suits of cloths of some of my colleagues. I too have modeled such cloths in the mirror. The cloths will get worn.

When that happens to you, remember the nature of the industry you have chosen. We are in the hospitality industry. It is a lifetime of service to others. Be humble about your successes as the six figure opportunities come your way. Be there to help others. Remember the support you have received from family and friends when the tears appeared in your fabric. Take a moment to stop, reflect and refocus. This is how real progress can be made.

### **About the Author**



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