

At A Glanz ... Happy Birthday & Thank You Mom!



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For around 12 years I played on a hockey team called Public Enemy. It was a fitting name as most of the league didn't like us. We didn't win a lot of championships, but many of us have stayed friends. Part of what made this team more special than any other team I've ever been on, is we had our teammates backs. Meaning if you messed with one of us, you most likely were going to get a push or shove from one of our teammates.

Our Captain Scott is a great friend of mine, even though I don't see him nearly as much anymore. As we all know, friends go through rough patches and Scott and I were in a rough patch. We were both annoyed at each other and truth be told, though I always considered him a great friend, we weren't the biggest fans of each other at the time. So we are getting killed 6-0 one game, and BAM! One of our biggest enemies cross checked me from behind. It was a deliberate cheap shot. Before I could respond Scott was racing halfway across the rink to deck the jerk (if only 516 ads was rated R!!) that hit me.

I wasn't surprised one bit. I would have done the same for him. My issues with Scott were resolved the second he hit my

attacker. Had my teammates Garrett, Ivan, or Mike been close by, they too would have retaliated. Because when we are on the rink, Public Enemy was not just a hockey team, we were a family.

Which brings me to my other family. My blood family! My Mom turns 75 this month. It is a great achievement. And as loyal as Scott, Garrett, Ivan and Mike are...they got nothing on my Mom. She's had my back since the day I was born.

You see I didn't even make it out of my house. I told Lois I was coming out and she listened. My Grandma with the help of the Lynbrook Police and Fire Departments helped deliver me. Details are a little fuzzy, but I remember thinking, I hope that's my older brother and not a mirror! (Sorry for the cheap shot on my brother, but I just couldn't help myself)

Back to Mommy. Growing up wasn't easy for me. I had some weird disease that hampered me physically. I had no dominant hand, and my Mom tells me I couldn't even sit in a chair without falling. So my Mom took me to see a physical therapist, named Carolyn Fluger. If I remember correctly, I went two days a week. Carolyn taught me to write with my right hand, and I basically learned how to move my body. But my Mom still didn't think I was ready for school.

Now of course like any Jewish Mother, my Mom tends to exaggerate or just make things up, but she says Child Protective Services looked into taking me away,

because she was breaking the law by not enrolling me into elementary school. But Lois said I wasn't ready, and she wasn't going to let me get picked on by the other kids.

After working with Carolyn, my Mom enrolled me the next year, and I was always the oldest kid in my class because of starting a year late.

My Mom stayed pretty quite until 8th grade. That's when one boy kicked my bicycle in and destroyed it. She bought me a new bike, and the kid destroyed it again. Then other kids started to pick on me, and I decided enough was enough. I challenged one of the kids to a brawl. I would get 7 friends, and he would get 7 friends and we were going to brawl. Mr. Peddle found out about the brawl, and called me and my Mom into his office. He said, "Mrs. Glanzer, your son is planning to have a brawl. Now what do you think of this?"

Mr. Peddle didn't know what he was getting himself into. My Mom said, "Rich's bike was destroyed two times by the same kid. You know who did it, and you did nothing. Now other kids are picking on him, and you are doing nothing. If he fights, and you suspend him, I guarantee you one thing. He will not be punished by me." Then she probably said I hope he kicks his ass. I woulda Mom, if he woulda shown up. But he didn't.

Throughout my life similar stories of heroics by my Mom exist. Along with my sister, she is the most generous, and thoughtful woman I know. And even though my brother aint much of a looker, he'd have my back if I needed it too. None of them can play a lick of hockey (especially my brother), but they all got the heart to play on Public Enemy.

So happy birthday Mom. May you have at least another 25. I don't say this often enough, but I love you, and thank you for having my back all these years.