



CHESAPEAKE REGION VOLLEYBALL ASSOCIATION

REFEREE DEVELOPMENT PROGRAM



Money Isn't Everything

Corny Galdones, October 2007

Why do we officiate? It's about the money, isn't it? Let's face it. There are bills to pay, mouths to feed and not to mention, pleasures and treasures to enjoy. Also, there are nest eggs to build for when our bodies start falling apart with bones creaking, hearts skipping, arms stretching to read, hands cupping ears to hear and memories going south. Make merry while we can for the graying, golden years will come sooner than expected. (*Join the crowd.*) The ways to use the checks we earn with our whistles are endless. Having this extra income handy for a rainy day or a sunny day never hurts. However, let's not lead ourselves astray. If we're officiating only for the money, we're doing it for the wrong reason. Chasing after the almighty dollar is perfectly normal. Except for maybe saints and martyrs, we all do it. Watch out though. Being tied up on financial wants can distort our sense of values and joy of officiating. Don't.

What's in it for me? Ask not this question when entering or practicing our line of work. Surely, our causes are nobler. They should be. First of all, we love our sport. We love it with a passion that we would chip in to serve in any capacity for free but are not crazy enough to refuse any form of compensation offered to us. Altruism is in our vocabulary. Avarice and absurd are not. Second, we're hip about the game, the rules and right from wrong. We're the best persons to oversee the game being played in a fair manner. And if we don't have the skill, we have the will to improve and do well. Third, we're social animals. Otherwise, why would we subject ourselves to the stress of tough coaches, players and fans for a few bucks? Fourth, everyone needs a diversion in life, a time out from the significant other and kids. (*Just kidding about the added clause. Then again, maybe not.*) Hopefully, we're doing justice in respecting the game, the profession, everyone involved and most of all, ourselves on all of the above.

No one has ever struck it rich as a volleyball official. By focusing on the number of our assignments with dollar signs in our eyes, we lose sight of the true rewards. Quantity isn't quality. The side benefits are far more enriching than the money we'll ever make. Our pastime is play. Opportunities are plenty to see the country and for a lucky few, the world. When free, we can really go to town. Oh, what fun, such wonderful memories! Serving our sport while being the best we can be and doing the job right bring praise and recognition we crave along with personal pride and satisfaction. Plus a bonus support system is readily available to us. We are family. The networks we form, the friendships we grow, the camaraderie we find, the wisdom we collect, the secrets we confide, the good times we have, so many things special are at our disposal to share with each other. Being an official is a joy, not a job. Join the party. Jobs are for living. Officiating is living. Instead of counting the cash and picking up perks, take time to smell the flowers. After all, what's life without laughter?

Getting paid to officiate is nice, but that's not why we are officials. Deep down most of us wish we were rolling in the dough. Without a doubt, money comforts. But are we happy? Is everybody happy with us? Do good, feel good. Show me the money? No. Show me the love.