

## THE DAY THE WORLD LOST A GIANT

On 29 August, 2020, the world lost a giant. His name was Dr. Thomas P. Rosandich. This uncommon man was born in Sheboygan Falls, Wisconsin and rose to become a player and champion on the world's stage, by all the ways that champions are measured.

Tom Rosandich loved life and spent his own trying to make life better for the people he knew, as well as for those he would never know... at home, and abroad.

I'll leave referencing the honors, awards, Halls of Fame inductions, and citations that Tom earned during his career to others. I want the world know a bit about the man behind the legend—the humanitarian, patriot, sportsman, and warrior.

Ten days before Tom breathed his last breath, although on continuous oxygen supplementation and battling the far-reaching and debilitating effects of diabetes, with assistance from a team of professionals, this eternal U.S. Marine Major was sending out newsworthy emails to a list of trusted allies, keeping the group abreast of critical international events and ongoing challenges in the world of sport, as only he could assess them.

That's the Tom Rosandich I knew. He cared. He cared about his family and friends. He cared about his beloved America. He cared about sport and fair competition. He cared about education and literacy. He cared about art and its perpetual impact upon humanity. He cared about people he would never meet. He was as comfortable in the presence of royalty as he was with an aspiring student, athlete, or coach in determining how they were going to spend their lives.

Tom Rosandich simply wanted the world to be a better place. It was his quest. Though seemingly impossible to some, Tom was a sensible optimist. He believed that—if properly educated and taught the art and science of pursuing realistic expectations—every individual could turn what skeptics believed impossible into the possible.

Tom did not leave us with all the answers; however, as the consummate visionary, educator, administrator, and realist, he absolutely raised the right questions and seeded plethora of fertile and reachable ideas.

As Tom is "laid to his rest,"<sup>1</sup> his immortal soul can move on to join his beloved Sally in the place where "good and faithful servants"<sup>2</sup> go, knowing that with his "last ounce of courage"<sup>3</sup>, he fought the good fight and that the lives of all who knew him—as well as those who did not—were enriched. It is upon his giant shoulders that we now are lifted... and gaze over the horizons that lie before us.<sup>4</sup>

His is a legacy for the ages—a life well-lived, one worthy of honor and remembrance: The profile of a true and transcendent champion in the Game of All Games... *The Game of Life*.

Rest in peace, my friend.

E. Gaylon McCollough, MD FACS

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<sup>1</sup> "The Impossible Dream," Mitch Leigh, lyrics by Joe Darion, en.wikipedia.org/wiki/The\_Impossible\_Dream\_(The\_Quest)

<sup>2</sup> Matthew 25:23

<sup>3</sup> "The Impossible Dream," Ibid

<sup>4</sup> *Shoulders of Giants*, McCollough, E.G., Albright Publishing, 1984