



On a day that the world seemed focused on the story of fictional man's life after cancer diagnosis, the reality of it hit close to home for me, here in Phoenix. Jim Gintonio passed away on Sunday, and the news actually stung a bit, but the immediate [social media eulogy](#) only confirmed what I already knew; Jim is a great man that won't soon be forgotten. Officially, he covered the Phoenix Coyotes for the Arizona Republic, Phoenix's flagship paper, until he retired after the 2012 season. Unofficially, he was a guy like me, a guy who enjoyed life in Arizona very much, but his heart was always in the Cleveland sports mindset.

The fact that he was a sportswriter is almost secondary to who he was as a human being; I follow the Coyotes, but it was never the words he wrote on paper about sports that intrigued me about the guy. It was his roots in Lorain, his love for the Tribe and the Browns, and the way we clicked in dialogue, even if it was only of the online variety. Perhaps it's this, this friendship that complete strangers could have with one another, that make sports so great.

