

LYLE. There's a scary moment in every round of golf. It's a time when the only thing higher than the frustration of the player is the total number of strokes on the scorecard. It's the only time on the course where you can "take a breather". Now, of course, any true golfer will tell you that there's really no time for a "breather". Remember, golf is not about winning, but trying to convince a player of that while they're standing on God's green grass with man's forged iron in his hand, looking at a colored flag 3/4 of a mile away flapping in the wind like a beacon cutting through nature as a marker of his failure, becomes a futile task. We call this moment, "making the turn". It's right here at hole 10. The front nine holes become a faint memory as the challenges ahead stand before us and invite us to "overcome". Most have no idea how threatening this invitation is, but they trudge on anyway. You see, what happens on the back nine holes of a golf course is as destructive as any storm that may crop up. And the flash of an angry tongue can wield more danger than any pop of lightning. Nature's randomness takes a back seat to the direct attack of the injured. All becomes disjointed . . .very disjointed . . .and it will take something more than a great chip, or long putt, to make things right. *(He sits on the edge of the green.)* Over the years, I've observed that there seems to be two types of golfers. Those who are honest to a fault and those who would pick the offering plate at a church revival. Seems to be no middle ground. My father once told me, "Lyle, in order for you to be successful at golf . . .you must be honest at all times. Be critical of how you play and hold yourself to a higher standard." I laughed behind his back more times that I'd like to admit, now. . .snickering . . .the full-time job of the part-time thinker. *(Pause)* Maybe the greatest gift a round of golf can give a person is what is known as "honest assessment". That unlikable truth in which all faults, all errors in judgment, every last seemingly insignificant detail are pushed into the light of day and forced to be acknowledged.

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(Pause) For it's in these crucial moments in our interaction with "the game" - like our interaction with people in the day to day - that our destinies are forged. Out on the links, the difference between a Sand Wedge and a Pitching Wedge can make the same difference that -- in life -- we hold the comparison between "I love you" and "I hate you." *(Pause)* There's a fine line between them, but if a person is smart, keeps their cool, and has a little luck -- patience can turn a duffed shot into a magnificent save.