My $8.00 putter….

Since my pal jamiahsh mentioned my $8.00 putter, I guess now is a good time to tell how I happen to own said putter. I am not a golfer by any means. I've played maybe 2 games of golf in my lifetime. In both games, I did lousy. My drives were short, but straight, my short game was all over the place, and putting on a real green, forget about it. The one thing I do reasonably well with a golf ball is miniature golf, especially the par 2 Putt Putt courses. I've played on a few, and while I'm nowhere near to being a Putt Putt pro, I usually can break or make par on these courses after a round or two to get used to it. As with any sport, somedays you just don't have it, so I don't always make par.

Anyway, on to the story of my $8.00 putter. A few of years ago (was it really so long??, yes, it was during our magic show) a group of us were invited to have a day at the nearest Putt Putt / Go-Cart place. I got to the town a little early and we stopped at a local sporting goods store. I'm not sure now if I stopped with the thought of picking up a putter, or just saw it when I got there, and had the idea, but anyway C is a slightly competitive person, and his friends know this about him. Me, I'm never beyond trying to set someone up for a joke, so knowing about his nature, I wanted something to play games with his mind.

So I picked up the cheapest putter available at the sporting goods store. For 8 American dollars, I picked up a putter that was much better than the clubs at the local Putt Putt. And it gave me a wonderful joke to play on the rest of the gang. I arrive at the Putt Putt with putter in hand. Now everybody thought that I was a serious putter. I saw fear in their eyes. (not really but it sounds good doesn't it?) I did have a really good game that day, having quite a few holes-in-one and ended up in first. I was lucky my putter worked. I may have looked a fool if I didn't have a good game. After that I don't

think too many believed that I just picked the putter up that day. They can comment if they remember. But I think my youngest convinced them.

So now, I always have that putter with me during the summer months. My youngest and I frequent the putting places often, and I've grown used to my stick. Sometimes, like today, it brings out the fear in my opponents…. Ha ha ha (how do you write an evil laugh???))

Bee In Your Bonnet?

Very often, the best way to help ease the tension of a rough few days is to do something fun with people whom you consider dear friends. This past week has been a doozy. I learned through a rather ill-timed phone call that my mentor, (one of) my greatest influences, and staunchest supporters (to put it mildly) is in her final days of her nearly year-and-a-half battle with leukemia. Then, I learned that one of my best friends, influences, and staunchest supporters is having medical problems of his own. I am constantly praying and hoping for both of them, but that was not at all what today was about.

Following my shortened shift at work today, friends gathered at the area miniature golf/go-cart racing park. It was a blast. I loved the thrill of traveling at breakneck speeds along the hairpin turns and steep banking of the quarter-mile track (more or less). Most times, I was accompanied by one of three darling girls (even when they are highly animated when faced by spiders/bees) who enjoyed it at least as much as their adult(?) counterparts. I am quite pleased to say that I do not believe that I finished anything less than 3rd place

and came in 1st at least once that I recall. If only I had not kept tapping the brake at inappropriate times…

The group then decided to visit the batting cages at a nearby park in order to practice up for our 2nd annual funday/softball game coming up in a few weeks. Some of us did better than others but it was just another excellent diversion.

Following our early dinner (must have been early as some of the items on the menu were not available before 5), four of us returned to the Putt-Putt location and accepted the round offered by our resident miniature golf regular… who claims that he has made a hole-in-one on every hole but one on the course). Although I came in third, it was still fun and I thought I did well… a 58? Justj just happens to carry his $8.00 putter (that was the clearance price) wherever he goes.

Before we departed our other group of friends, I could tell that C was beginning to feel fatigued. I just hope that all goes well tomorrow and am certain that his tests come back with good results. And I know that Ma 2 is soon going to be in a much better, peaceful place and remembered by everyone whose lives she touched and will continue to touch. To paraphrase a quote from a classic curmudgeonly (guess that is a word) science-fiction physician: She really will not be gone as long as we remember her. (I refuse to use the "d" word).

So thanks, Chris, Lisa, Taylor, Sammie, Disney, Christopher, John, Megan, and Carol. You all are so important to me and I cherish every moment we spend together. I love each and everyone of you.

Watching Paint Dry

There are two sports that I really cannot stand to watch. I realize that this may put me in the minority especially in this area where it seems that both sports seem to have legion of fans (particularly in my own family).

The first is NASCAR racing. How anyone can sit for 3-4 or sometimes 5 hours at a time watching cars go around and around a track is beyond me. My mother regales us with stories of her youth and spending weekends at the area race track watching local drivers compete. I can sit through maybe an hour of televised auto racing before I excuse myself and do something more constructive. I do enjoy cheering for my favorite drivers. These are not the more popular stars including Dale Earnhardt, Jr., Jeff Gordon, etc. I chose to chose the most colorful name I can think of, usually one who is nowhere near competing. Names like Dick Trickle (Tricky Dicky or Trick Dickle as I used to call him), Hideo Fukuyama (I wonder if he is related to Chicago Cubs acquisition Kosuke Fukudome sorry if I insulted the new Cubs outfielder), or my new favorite… AJ Allmendinger.

My second favorite sport to fall asleep to is professional golf. Honestly, whenever I hear that someone hit a birdie I say… what kind? At a recent extended family gathering where everyone was gathered around the television quietly waiting for Tiger Woods or some other player to take a shot, I shouted **“THREE AND A HALF!!!!”** They were not amused. When I want to watch golf on television I stick with the classics: *Caddyshack* and *Happy Gilmore*. And if I want to play a good round, I much prefer going eighteen holes at the area miniature golf course.

Sometimes I really think I would prefer watching paint dry or worse yet….. The multi-colored bar code test pattern on the television screen HAHAHA.