

Christian Golf Club Of Central California

December 2002

2002 has been a truly outstanding year for the C.G.C.C.C. Beginning with a large contingent of new members, a great schedule at some super courses, a competitive club championship in all flights, and a very enjoyable member-guest tournament, it was a very successful and enjoyable year.

Additionally, Riverbend Golf Club worked so very well with us to offer a special program *exclusively* for our members that I know first hand saved many of us a lot of money! We will certainly work hard this coming year to offer new and additional benefits.

In October we played our traditional red/blue match, pitting teams evenly matched with equitable handicaps, to play for Marie Callendar pies. Ron Nitz, on the winning team, has since sued Marie Callendars, holding them responsible for his incredible weight gain, (yeah baby!!) if it worked with Big Macs, why not pies!! He added an additional lawsuit for mislabeling the box his pie was in, which was labeled as rhubarb, but turned out to be mince meat!

Each year, with great anticipation, we have our annual trek to Poppy Hills in picturesque Monterey. If there is a more beautiful venue, I would sure like to know where it would be. Possibly Palm Lakes? Or maybe Airways?

Ol' steady eddy, Brad Fry, firing an impressive 75 and hung on to edge Todd (long knoch) Angel, who shot a still impressive 76 in the individual portion of the tourney. On the net side, Frank Krum had a solid 68 to take the victory. In the team event it was lights out for the Major clan. Steve and brother Randy were ruthless as they pummeled Poppy Hills into submission with their winning net (59). ***Trust me*** your handicaps will be pummeled!!!!

Additional team results were as follows:

- 2nd place- Frank DeFrancesco & David Musson- **60**
- 3rd place- Steven Deak & J D Ostdeik- **61**
- 4th place- Doug Avery & Doug Nelson- **64**

Closest to the pin: #6- Brad Fry #11- Ron Nitz

Plan now for our annual February trip to Blacklake in Nipomo on the 14th and 15th. Once again, we have rooms reserved at the Santa Maria Inn. All reservations must be made by January 14th to be guarantee our group discount. Call 1 (800) 462-4276 and mention you are a member of the C.G.C.C.C.

Purpose and Direction For Life

During the 1996 U.S. Open, one telecaster made a comment that has been said many times in many different ways. The comment referred to Jack Nicklaus and the “big” chapter he has written in the book of golf.

People often speak of what a great man Jack is both on and off the golf course. His achievements are amazing, especially his wins at twenty-two major tournaments. Yet, through it all, he has never lost the desire to do well in everything he pursues, regardless of the number of trophies and awards he has already received.

It brings to mind an important question: When the “book” of your life is finally written, what will it look like? Will it be a chapter, a paragraph, or will it just be merely a sentence or two? What will be included, or excluded?

Have you done anything of eternal value? Will those who chronicle your life see a difference between your significance and your success? What have you done in life that is worth placing in the recorded annals of time?

We may have a track record that rivals Jack Nicklaus, yet still have nothing of significance to write about. On the other hand, though we may never achieve worldly fame we can still live lives of great significance, because what we do under God’s control and direction is always significant.

“Heaven and Earth”

Near the end of a particularly trying round of golf, during which the golfer has hit numerous fat shots, he said in frustration to his caddy, “I’d move heaven and earth to break a hundred on this course.”

“Try heaven,” said the caddy. *“You’ve already moved most of the earth.”*

Egypt

Gary: A man just sold me the Nile River.

Larry: Egypt you.

Holes- in -One

- Arnold Palmer once had a hole-in-one at the same hole on consecutive days.
- Otto Bucher from Switzerland had a hole-in-one at the age of 99.
- Joseph Boydstone and Harold Snider achieved three holes-in-one in the same round.
- Matthew Draper and Coby Orr each had holes-in-one at the age of five.

LUCKY SUCKERS!!

“Pearly Gates”

A minister and a congressman arrived at the pearly gates. Saint Peter greeted both of them and gave them their room assignments.

“Pastor, here are the keys to our finest penthouse suite.”

“What is the deal?” asked the minister. “This is unfair!”

“Listen,” said Saint Peter, “ministers are a dime a dozen up here, but this is the first congressman we’ve ever seen.”

Gee, how surprising!!

“Prayer”

The Slender Nerve of Power

Prayer is the divine enigma—that marvelous mystery hidden behind the cloud of God’s omnipotence. Nothing is beyond the reach of prayer because God Himself is the focus of prayer. E.M. Bounds agreed when he wrote, “Prayer is the contact of a living soul with God. In prayer, God stoops to kiss man, to bless man, and to aid in everything that God can devise or man can need.” Charles Spurgeon adds, “Prayer is the slender nerve that moveth the muscles of omnipotence.”

Prayer! What exactly is it? Basically, prayer is the simplest act a creature of God can perform. It is divine communion with our heavenly Father. Prayer does not require advanced education. Knowledge is not a prerequisite to engage in it. Only an act of the will is required to pray.

But prayer is more. Prayer is the vision of the believer. It gives eyes to our faith. In prayer we see beyond ourselves and focus spiritual eyes on God’s infinite power.

Prayer is also man’s ultimate indication of trust in his heavenly Father. Only in prayer do we surrender our problems completely to God and ask for divine intervention. But, sadly, few make prayer a part of their daily experience. They pray only if extra time is available or if their emotions draw them to prayer. Oh, that Christians would see prayer in its proper perspective!

Prayer is not optional. On the contrary, it is quite obligatory. ***Where there is an absence of prayer there will be an absence of power. Where there is frequency of prayer there will be continuing display of God’s power.*** God said, “If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven, and will forgive their sin, and will heal their land” (II Chronicles 7:14)

“No matter our position in life or natural abilities, to be mightily used of God we must first understand a fundamental principle of spiritual power. What we do for the Lord is entirely dependent upon what we are in the Lord. Further, what we are in the Lord wholly depends upon what we receive from the Lord. And what we receive from the Lord is ***directly proportional to the time we spend alone with the Lord in prayer.***”

“The degree to which we believe in God’s Word and apply it to prayer is the degree to which God will pour out His power during our prayer.”

“Only God can move mountains, but faith and prayer move God.”

“We must make time for prayer every day. Until we do, prayer will never become the force God intends it to be in our daily walk.

“Our prayer expresses our commitment to Christ.”

The Guns of Augusta

Now that the fire is out, the riot has been quelled, the jails are locked down and the National Guard is in control, I have to say that the 2003 Masters was an absolute Hootie. Wouldn't you?

And it all started so innocently. Martha Burk wrote a little letter asking Augusta National to get a female member. Club president Hootie Johnson answered by saying, basically, "When Hell gets a bobsled team." Feminist groups promised to picket the Masters. The *New York Times* demanded that Tiger Woods boycott the event. And Jesse Jackson said he'd be there for the women.

For their cause, I mean.

So the tournament started, and for the first time in history, there were throngs of protesters outside the gates of storied Magnolia Lane. There were two main groups: Martha's Mothers, who carried signs saying things like WELCOME TO THE MS.STERS, and Hotties for Hootie, who were led by Anna Nicole Smith because, as one said, "she's so great with octogenarians."

Then Ben Wright showed up and said that women couldn't fit into the members' green jackets because "their chests get in the way." Gloria Steinem hit him over the head with a Big Bertha, and you had yourself a good old-fashioned throwdown.

That convinced CNN to set up a makeshift studio at the new *Piggly Wiggly* across the street, with Wolf Blitzer at the desk. They called the show *Insane at the Lane* and started broadcasting nonstop. Next thing you knew, everybody who had a bone to pick with Augusta showed up at the gates.

There were picket signs saying that Augusta was unfair to Asians, Native Americans, Eskimos, North Dakotans, South Dakotans, New Mexicans, Mexicans, gays, poor people and Donald Trump (none of whom are members). Banned CBS analyst Gary McCord was there holding an AUGUSTA UNFAIR TO ME sign.

Jesse Jackson was there, chanting, "We don't want surplus cheese! We just want women's tees!" And Newt Gingrich was walking around handing out NEWT'S FOR THE COOTS! bumper stickers. All the billionaire CEOs who are members of the club had to sneak past the press pretending they were pimento-cheese-sandwich deliverymen.

Then Phil Mickelson had a plane fly overhead pulling a sign that read, TIGER OUT OF AUGUSTA NOW! And NOW was there with T-shirts that read, A WOMAN'S PLACE IS AT THE (PRACTICE) RANGE. Then Kenny G showed up, but the fur people mistook his hair for a coonskin cap and hurled

a bucket of blood at him. Some of the blood got in the eyes of the old Pinkerton guard manning the gate, and while he was temporarily blinded, Winona Ryder lifted the old guy's keys and let everybody in.

That's when it started getting nuts, with Hootie and the members holed up in the men's grill, firing black-eyed peas at anybody who wasn't wearing one of their THE ONLY IRON A WOMAN SHOULD HOLD IS A STEAM IRON! T-shirts.

In the middle of all this, the players were trying to win the tournament, which wasn't easy with Johnnie Cochran running all over the place yelling, "How come the balls are white? Where are the balls of color?" and Pat Buchanan holding a prayer vigil at Amen Corner, and PETA down at Rae's Creek trying to save the fish swimming in the green-dyed ponds.

I *still* can't figure out why Hans Blix and his U.N. inspectors were there.

People kept having to explain to Jimmy Carter that there were no hostages to free. They finally had to get an ambulance for CBS anchor Jim Nantz. Hootie had decided to televise this Masters without any ads, to take the heat off his sponsors; the E.R. guy said no TV announcer could handle the stress of going that long without re-moussing.

But the most frustrated person at Augusta was Tiger Woods, who was trying to become the first man in history to win three straight Masters. He led by 35 shots at one point, despite having to constantly step over and around Dusty Baker's kid, who kept running along the fairways trying to pick up Tiger's ball and bring it back to him.

Hootie finally canceled the whole darn tournament Sunday afternoon, mostly on account of Richard Gere's Tibetan monks meditating in the bunkers, the pile of burning bras on the 18th green (which somebody tried to put out with Andy Rooney) and the desecration of the membership log by Burk, who wrote herself and 50 of her friends in as members.

Tiger had only a four-footer left on 18 when Hootie shut it down. Tiger didn't take the news well. It was the first time anyone had seen a guy come for the green jacket and get taken away in a straitjacket instead.

Still, I think Hillary will make a terrific membership chairwoman, don't you?

Every once in a while Rick Reilly of Sports Illustrated comes up with a humdinger. Hope you enjoyed it as much as I did! K.C.