

# Christian Golf Club Of Central California

February 07

## Riverside Tourney- Jim Claypool Memorial

**A**nother year (18th) is underway with the CGCCC and if the January tourney was any indication of what lay ahead, 2007 will be a humdinger! A great field turned out, all pumped up to snatch a victory and be the lead dog starting out the year.

The day started out with a typically great breakfast prepared by the Riverside staff, great fellowship around the tables and an inspiring message by Ed Kzmareck, the director of Youth For Christ, sharing the incredible needs for our kids on the jr. high and high school campuses in the central valley and beyond.

The squirrely format, conceived by the devious mind of Mike Gerosa, chewed up a lot of players who couldn't handle having to play shots from sand traps, trees and rough their partners put them in. Fist fights broke out all over the course, and the one tournament we could have used Jerry Dyer and the boys, he didn't show. *What's up with that!!* Thru it all, there was cream that rose to the top! *\*\*See results on page 2*

## Blacklake Tourney

**A**fter a couple of cold and rainy days the last couple of years at our annual Blacklake tournament, we were blessed with the most spectacular day that I can ever remember since we have been having our February tournaments there. The weather was in the 70's with full sunshine all day long. For the majority of the 50-plus players that made the trek to Nipomo, most made a coastal mini-vacation weekend out of it. Some chose to play other local courses and others chose to just relax on the beach or go shopping. And no, I don't work for the Nipomo Chamber of Commerce, although I may apply.

The conditions were perfect for golf and some good golf was definitely played by several teams. Again, the format was two-person teams each playing a different format on the three separate nine holes that Blacklake offers. After the round, we got a chance to cruise around Monarch Dunes, the brand new golf course, just up the road from Blacklake. Our club plays Monarch Dunes on July 21 and it is getting rave reviews from some club members that have already played it. *So everyone mark your calendars.*

*\*\* See results on page 2*

### **BLACKLAKE RESULTS**

#### **Best ball at the Canyon Course:**

- 1<sup>st</sup> place: Jerry Neff & Ray Tarvin-net 28
- 2<sup>nd</sup> place: Don Witt & Royal Cash-net 29
- 3<sup>rd</sup> place: Bud Stude & Paul Wellenkamp-net 29

#### **Chapman Scotch at the Lakes Course:**

- 1<sup>st</sup> place: Mike Gerosa & Ron Hickock-net 36.25
- 2<sup>nd</sup> place: Al Stanford & Robert Ying-net 36.25
- 3<sup>rd</sup> place: Bill Horg & Ray Goins-net 36.5

#### **Scramble and the Oaks Course:**

- 1<sup>st</sup> place: Brad Fry & Mike Fry-net 29.55
- 2<sup>nd</sup> place: Bob Albertson & Jim Moore-30.35
- 3<sup>rd</sup> place: Bud Crain & Vic Araujo-net 30.6

### **RIVERSIDE RESULTS**

#### **Team Results:**

- 1<sup>st</sup> place: M. Gerosa & D. Cowherd - 62.25
- 2<sup>nd</sup> place: V. Araujo & R. Goins - 64.25
- 3<sup>rd</sup> place: B. Horg & R. Ying- 65.50

#### **Individual Gross:**

- 1<sup>st</sup> place: Todd Angel- 72
- 2<sup>nd</sup> place: Curt Hamett- 79
- 3<sup>rd</sup> place: Brad Fry- 80

#### **Individual Net:**

- 1<sup>st</sup> place: Brad Horner- 65
- 2<sup>nd</sup> place: Heath Johnson- 68
- 3<sup>rd</sup> place: Vic Araujo- 70

### **Loyal Secretary?**

A woman called a church and asked to speak to the Head Hog of the Trough. The secretary said I'm sorry, but we don't refer to our pastor as a hog. The lady said I was calling to give your church ten thousand dollars. The secretary then said, well hold the phone, I think I see that fat pig coming down the hall right now

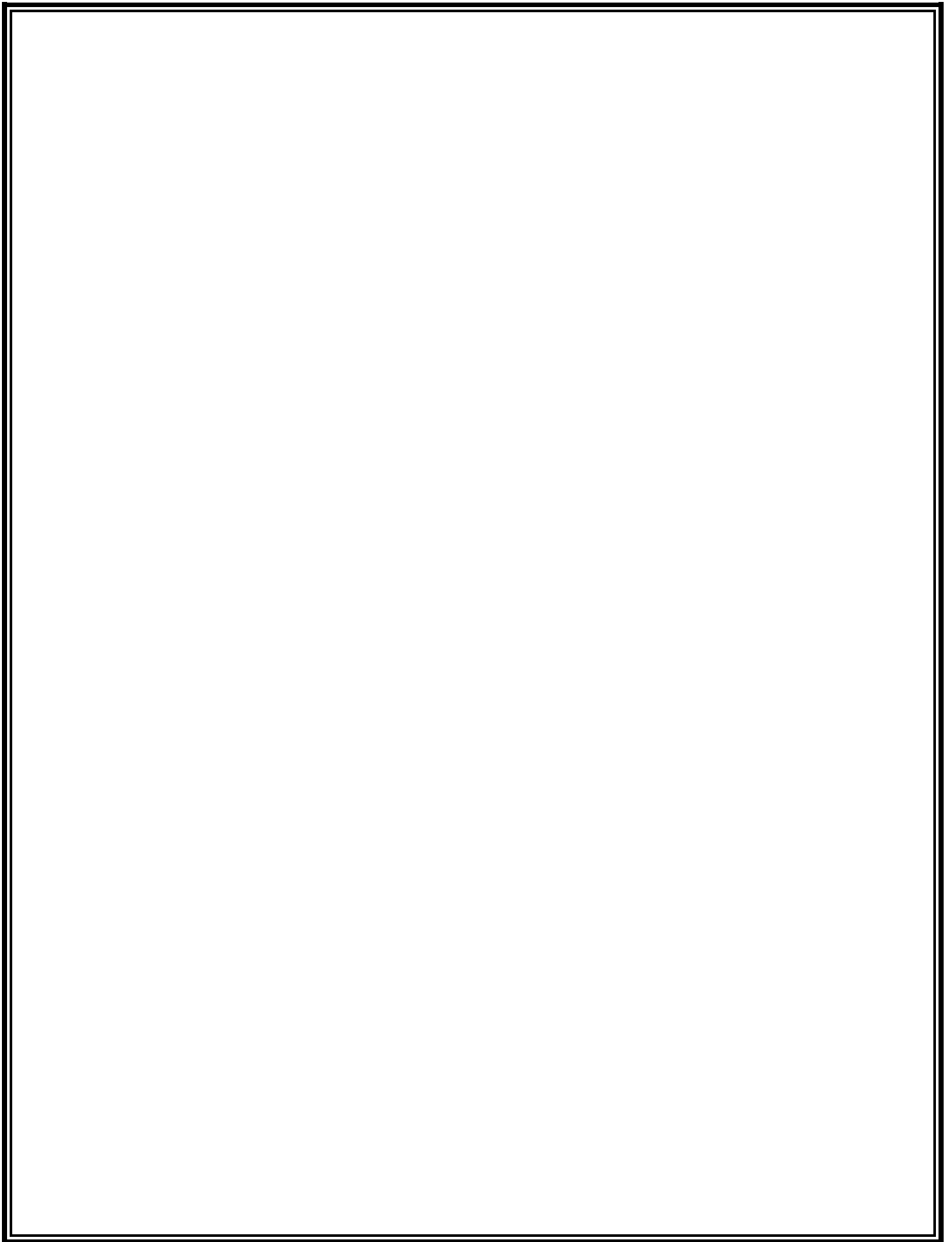
### **From dust you are taken..to dust you shall return**

A little boy came home from Sunday School and went into his room to change his clothes. When he emerged he asked his mother, "Is it true we come from dust?" "Yes dear," replied mother. "Is it true that when we die we go back to the dust?" "Yes dear, that's right." The little boy ran into his room and came out all excited, "Mom, I just looked under my bed and there's someone either coming or going!"

### **What is Easter?**

A Sunday School teacher was attempting to teach her young students the true meaning of Easter. "Why do we celebrate Easter?" she asked. When the children replied 'because of the Easter bunny,' Easter eggs, candy, spring, etc., she said, "No, those are Easter traditions and symbols, but what is the REASON why we celebrate Easter? What happened at the very first Easter?" A little girl raised her hand and said, "Easter celebrates Jesus coming out of the tomb." "Yes!" said the teacher, excited and relieved that finally the correct answer had surfaced. Encouraged, she prompted, "Jesus arose from the tomb, and what does He do for us?" The youngster replied, "He looks to see if he can see his shadow, and if He can, he goes back in for another six weeks."

***"We may not all be great preachers and lead hundreds to Christ, but God can use each of us in prayer."*** Charles Spurgeon



## **What Jesus is to me...**

**He is the First and Last, the Beginning and the End!**

**He is the keeper of Creation and the Creator of all!**

**He is the Architect of the universe and The Manager of all times.**

**He always was, He always is, and He always will be... Unmoved, Unchanged, Undefeated, and never Undone!**

**He was bruised and brought healing! He was pierced and eased pain!**

**He was persecuted and brought freedom! He was dead and brought life!**

**He is risen and brings power! He reigns and brings Peace!**

**The world can't understand him, The armies can't defeat Him, The schools can't explain Him, and The leaders can't ignore Him.**

**Herod couldn't kill Him, The Pharisees couldn't confuse Him, and The people couldn't hold Him!**

**Nero couldn't crush Him, Hitler couldn't silence Him, The New Age can't replace Him, and Donahue can't explain Him away!**

**He is light, love, longevity, and Lord. He is goodness, Kindness, Gentleness, and God.**

**He is Holy, Righteous, mighty, powerful, and pure; His ways are right, His word is eternal, His will is unchanging, and His mind is on me.**

**He is my Redeemer, He is my Savior, He is my guide, and He is my peace!**

**He is my Joy, He is my comfort, He is my Lord, and He rules my life!**

**I serve Him because His bond is love, His burden is light, and His goal for me is abundant life.**

**I follow Him because He is the wisdom of the wise, The power of the powerful, The ancient of days, the ruler of rulers, The leader of leaders, the overseer of the overcomers, and The sovereign Lord of all that was and is and is to come.**

### **GREAT QUOTES**

**"I've always made a total effort, even when the odds seemed entirely against me. I never felt that I didn't have a chance to win." *Arnold Palmer***

**"Eighteen holes of match play will teach you more about your foe than nineteen years of dealing with him across the desk." *Grantland Rice***

## The Room

17-year-old Brian Moore had only a short time to write something for a class. The subject was what Heaven was like. "I wowed 'em," he later told his father, Bruce. "It's a killer. It's the bomb. It's the best thing I ever wrote." It also was the last.

Brian's parents had forgotten about the essay when a cousin found it while cleaning out the teenager's locker at Teary Valley High School. Brian had been dead only hours, but his parents desperately wanted every piece of his life near them—notes from classmates and teachers, his homework. Only two months before, he had handwritten the essay about encountering Jesus in a file room full of cards detailing every moment of the teen's life. But it was only after Brian's death that Beth and Bruce Moore realized that their son had described his view of heaven. "It makes such an impact that people want to share it. You feel like you are there." Mr. Moore said.

Brian Moore died May 27, 1997, the day after Memorial Day. He was driving home from a friend's house when his car went off Bulen-Pierce Road in Pickaway County and struck a utility pole. He emerged from the wreck unharmed but stepped on a downed power line and was electrocuted. The Moores framed a copy of Brian's essay and hung it among the family portraits in the living room. "I think God used him to make a point. I think we were meant to find it and make something out of it," Mrs. Moore said of the essay. She and her husband want to share their son's vision of life after death. "I'm happy for Brian. I know he's in heaven! I know I'll see him"

### Brian's Essay: The Room...

In that place between wakefulness and dreams, I found myself in the room. There were no distinguishing features except for the one wall covered with small index card files. They were like the ones in libraries that list titles by author or subject in alphabetical order. But these files, which stretched from floor to ceiling and seemingly endless in either direction, had very different headings. As I drew near the wall of files, the first to catch my attention was one that read "Girls I have liked" I opened it and began flipping through the cards. I quickly shut it, shocked to realize that I recognized the names written on each one. And then without being told, I knew exactly where I was.

This lifeless room with its small files was a crude catalog system for my life. Here were written the actions of my every moment, big and small, in a detail my memory couldn't match. A sense of wonder and curiosity, coupled with horror, stirred within me as I began randomly opening files and exploring their content. Some brought joy and sweet memories; others a sense of shame and regret so intense that I would look over my shoulder to see if anyone was watching.

A file named "Friends" was next to one marked "Friends I have betrayed." The titles ranged from the mundane to the outright weird "Books I Have Read," "Lies I Have Told," "Comfort I have given," "Jokes I have laughed at." Some were almost hilarious in their exactness: "Things I've yelled at my brothers." Others I couldn't laugh at: "Things I have done in my anger", "Things I have muttered under my breath at my parents." I never ceased to be surprised by the contents. Often there were many more cards than I expected. Sometimes fewer than I hoped. I was overwhelmed by the sheer volume of the life I had lived. Could it be possible that I had the time in my years to fill each of these thousands or even millions of cards? But each card confirmed this truth. Each was written in my own handwriting. Each signed with my signature.

When I pulled out the file marked "TV shows I have watched", I realized the files grew to contain their contents. The cards were packed tightly, and yet after two or three yards, I hadn't found the end of the file. I shut it, ashamed, not so much by the quality of shows but more by the vast time I knew that file represented. When I came to a file marked "Lustful thoughts," I felt a chill run through my body. I pulled the file out only an inch, not willing to test its size and drew out a card. I shuddered at its detailed content.

I felt sick to think that such a moment had been recorded. An almost animal rage broke on me. One thought dominated my mind: No one must ever see these cards! No one must ever see this room! I have to destroy them!" In insane frenzy I yanked the file out. Its size didn't matter now. I had to empty it and burn the cards. But as I took it at one end and began pounding it on the floor, I could not dislodge a single card. I became desperate and pulled out a card, only to find it as strong as steel when I tried to tear it. Defeated and utterly helpless, I returned the file to its slot. Leaning my forehead against the wall, I let out a long, self-pitying sigh. And then I saw it. The title bore "People I have shared the Gospel with." The handle was brighter than those around it, newer, almost unused. I pulled on its handle and a small box not more than three inches long fell into my hands. I could count the cards it contained on one hand.

And then the tears came. I began to weep. Sobs so deep that they hurt. They started in my stomach and shook through me. I fell on my knees and cried. I cried out of shame, from the overwhelming shame of it all. The rows of file shelves swirled in my tear-filled eyes. No one must ever, ever know of this room. I must lock it up and hide the key. But then as I pushed away the tears, I saw Him. No, please not Him. Not here. Oh, anyone but Jesus. I watched helplessly as He began to open the files and read the cards. I couldn't bear to watch His response. And in the moments I could bring myself to look at His face, I saw a sorrow deeper than my own.

He seemed to intuitively go to the worst boxes. Why did He have to read every one? Finally He turned and looked at me from across the room. He looked at me with pity in His eyes. But this was a pity that didn't anger me. I dropped my head, covered my face with my hands and began to cry again. He walked over and put His arm around me. He could have said so many things. But He didn't say a word. He just cried with me. Then He got up and walked back to the wall of files. Starting at one end of the room, He took out a file and, one by one, began to sign His name over mine on each card. "No!" I shouted rushing to Him. All I could find to say was "No, no," as I pulled the card from Him. His name shouldn't be on these cards. But there it was, written in red so rich, so dark, so alive. The name of Jesus covered mine. It was written with His blood. He gently took the card back. He smiled a sad smile and began to sign the cards. I don't think I'll ever understand how He did it so quickly, but the next instant it seemed I heard Him close the last file and walk back to my side.

He placed His hand on my shoulder and said, "It is finished." I stood up, and He led me out of the room. There was no lock on its door. There were still cards to be written. "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me."-Phil. 4:13 "For God so loved the world that He gave His only son, that whoever believes in Him shall not perish but have eternal life."