The Monroe who lived in Europe for two years joined us to serve as our driver and tour guide. This allowed Cheryl, my old daughter—a language teacher—joined us to serve as our driver and tour guide. This allowed Cheryl, my old daughter—a language teacher

And it was a success. We visited the Foulis Castle near Inverness, Scotland, the ancestral home of the Clan Munro (where my first name comes from). We spent three days in St. Andrews, Scotland. Those days were, in a way, part of our genealogy effort. I left St. Andrews with a keen sense of the profession that was mine for 40 years. Really, it was an opportunity to get close to Old Tom Morris.

St. Andrews is a small town, medieval in appearance, and easy to walk. We stayed at the Albany House hotel, right across from St. Andrews University, the place where Prince William met Kate and the institution he calls his alma mater. The walk to the golf courses on one end of town was short, and on the other end the Cathedral, the St. Andrews Castle, the Rule’s Tower, the cemetery and the museums were even closer.

We spent hours at the British Golf Museum and were welcomed by the same statue of Old Tom Morris who lives above the shop yet today), his shop (his great-great granddaugh
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As we traveled through Scotland we’d stop at courses that were designed by Old Tom. That also amplified to me his expansive influence on the game and the talent he had and so humbly expressed.

For me, I felt a sense of closure or finality in my desire to learn as much as possible about the man who we give tribute as the father of our profession. And he was quite a man.