



# In Bounds

By Jack MacKenzie, CGCS  
North Oaks Golf Club

I consider myself one of the luckiest men alive. Today I celebrate with my wonderful wife one year of marriage.

Not only is Kim witty, charming, intelligent, funny and attractive, but also she has the patience to put up with an often times retentive superintendent husband. And the latter means a lot especially when her spouse's work demands many hours and a product close to perfection. I truly appreciate her attributes and regularly let her know how much she means to me in thought, word and deed. However, the lesson to love and show appreciation was learned the hard way.

As is so often the case, my first marriage, which ended in 1993, was dedicated to even longer work hours and an almost maniacal attitude toward my job. It was my understanding that to make it to the top of the profession I needed to work at least 10 hours a day and make sacrifices along the way. Sadly this included putting my family on the back burner. My wife at the time became quite bored raising two children without me, and chose a different path for her life than marriage. Throughout my first marriage in my mind I had foolishly thought my wife KNEW what to expect and would acclimate to my schedule.

In hindsight I should have seen the dissolution coming. But my selfish quest to be the best at my job blinded me to the fact that to be part of a family I needed to be present. The divorce was an eye-opener. And perhaps it started one of the best journeys of my life, one back to fatherhood.

It began with taking Thursdays off to be with my young children, and attending ALL of their functions, including school, chaperoning at every opportunity. I saw the Muppets twice, went to several museums and zoos, toured the local nature centers and led a troop of kids around the city of Wyoming to visit the local businesses. Events included ice skating, gingerbread house construction, snow shoeing and the logging of many, many miles cramped inside a yellow bus built for munchkins. To be factual, the elementary school in Wyoming is a long, long way from the Twin Cities, especially inside a bus packed full of excited juveniles. And there were also the T-ball, baseball and basketball games, plays and band concerts and who could forget Parent/Teacher nights.

However, besides participating in the extracurricular activities, I watched my children grow up, make new friends and have fun in school. At first they would hang by me with their little clusters of pals, and then in the later years my heart would bruise as "Dad" was no longer a novelty, but rather a nuisance to be avoided. All part of growing up they say, and I wouldn't have traded my injured ego for a minute without them.

I learned a lot in the course of my divorce. Tolerance, acceptance and most importantly, the value I was as a mentor to my children rather than just a provider of a roof, the next meal or clothing.

My divorce also matured me into a much better partner. Love and marriage is a team

event, and the first time around I didn't understand the complexities of combining two different personalities to achieve one common goal. At the time my views were rather focused upon my making the money and my wife spending it while raising the kids of course. The emotional volatility of a separation and the finality of a divorce forced me to review my goals as a husband.

All along I knew that I wanted to have a deep relationship. At first I went the "rebound, live in girlfriend" route. Complete with two creatures, oh I mean children, who didn't have quite the same values as my kids did. Quite an education, right up until the day they accepted my invitation to move out of my house.

After a two-year hiatus from long-term relationships, yet full of dating many different women, I chanced upon my wife. I guess I give credit for my marriage to Bill Gates for inventing the personal computer and Al Gore for creating the Internet. You see, Kim and I hooked up through the personal ads!

Following an extended multi-year courtship we were married last summer on June 21st. Since then I have experienced a life beyond anything I ever imagined. You could say that the love I share with Kim was created in heaven. Even with a few bumps in the road, I wouldn't want to travel the highway of life without her. Kim is my best friend and understands the complexities of my waking on the dark side of dawn and beating the sunset to bed.

Kim consoles me when I'm crabby and makes the sun shine on my rainy days. She is the kindest, most sensitive woman I have ever known and I am curious what I have ever done to deserve her. But I am sure of several things; I will never, ever take her for granted. I will never place my job ahead of our relationship. And I will let Kim know every day of our lives together that I love her with all my heart.



### MULLIGAN MASTERS AT THE SCHOLARSHIP SCRAMBLE

Representing Mulligan Masters, a new course and practice facility in Lake Elmo, are, from the left, Jeff Whitehurst, John Means, Pangie Nascene-Schauer and Chris Bach.

Quality since  
1972



Specializing in • Restoration • Renovation  
• Drainage Problems • Slit Drainage • Greens  
• Bunkers • Laser Leveling • Grading • Irrigation

Jeffrey Hartman  
952-443-2958

GOLF DIVISION

8011 Bavaria Road  
Victoria, MN 55386