James and your club have a wonderful year ahead. -

The flight out of Bull Head City was just as memorable. There were two gates and one plane. I knew the luggage was getting on the right plane and I had a 50:50 chance of finding it. As big as this world is at times, it is a small world as well. Barry Provo and Dave Krupp were boarding the same plane to play some golf. When we landed in Bull Head City/Laughlin airport we got out right on the tarmac. And why not, it doesn’t rain out there and it is rarely cold by Minnesota standards. We had a good laugh at the luggage claim. They trucked the luggage over maybe 50 yards and threw it on a non-revolving platform 30 feet long by four feet wide. It looked more like feeding time for cattle than the arrival of a flight. By the way, there is a very nice golf course in Havasu called The Refuge. The Lee Hornig that some of you might know from Minnesota, was the original golf course superintendent. Lee went from the Land of 10,000 Lakes, where most everything is green, to a place where the only thing green is a golf course; from a place where wind blown snow was a concern to where blowing sand on your greens, tees and fairways is your problem. My hat goes off to Lee for taking on the city of Laughlin was founded by Mr. Laughlin of Minnesota and is a destination for those who like to gamble. The flight out of Bull Head City was just as memorable. There were two gates and one plane. I knew the luggage was getting on the right plane and I had a 50:50 chance of finding the right gate. Once again we went right out on to the tarmac. When boarding I felt like turning around and waving to our family like the President boards Air Force One. I know it is an airport where I would feel comfortable being the air traffic controller. It is one of those places everyone should experience just once.

Why this story? For a week I was able to be with my family, sit by a pool in the warm weather with no agenda for the day. I was able to be still and take in the shadows of the mountains as the sun set over the horizon leaving an incredible silhouette. I was able to marvel at the heavens in the dark night sky. The trip was my way of getting my roots down before the stress of a new season (Psalm 1:8) where we put in long hours away from the family. The McCullough story ends on a sad note by the taking of his own life. My hope is that you spend time refreshing yourself and that you build bridges that make life worth living. I hope you and your club have a wonderful year ahead. - James