



## In Bounds: Make Time To Remember the Memories

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Last year, on a glorious mid-summer morning the dew almost burned off the emerald green turf, summer annuals really starting to pop resplendent in their spectacular color and only puffy white clouds in an otherwise clear blue sky, I had the opportunity to visit with a friend of mine, Mrs. Patz. After her third shot on the sixteenth fairway she flagged me down. Unusually alone that day we had the chance to visit for some time.

**An attractive, healthy, young 69-year-old woman,** Mrs. Patz has always been a treat to encounter on the course. Today's topic: families, vacations and the element of time.

She had just returned from a reunion of sorts, complete with children, grandchildren and various four-legged creatures. The gathering place was a cabin deep in the north woods of Minnesota, nestled upon one of the famous deep lakes, close enough to hear the fish jump and the mournful cry of the loon. The occasion generated ample time for swimming, fishing, campfires, smores and even a snipe hunt. But the most enjoyable for my friend was a cold and rainy day, too miserable for out-of-door activities, yet just right for stoking the fireplace and lounging.

Confined in a group, sans cell phones and ipods (when you go up north these distractions evaporate with the traffic noise), the large family socialized and told stories from their recollections. According to Mrs. Patz the moment was right to take the time to "remember the memories."

**And that was her message to me** on a warm June day. "As I grow more mature I realize that some of my best moments are sitting back and making time to remember all of the joyous and sometimes challenging times of my life. Jack, make it a point to create time in your very busy schedule to reflect upon your life. Take time to acknowledge your accomplishments and failures. Remember the memories and refresh them for future recall."

A couple of weeks ago I was puttering in my garage (my man space), knocking down cobwebs, reorganizing the disheveled garden tools and creating new

nooks for my man knacks. One taped cardboard box, just out of reach, had been collecting dust high upon a shelf warped with age. The carton contained pictures from my past, snapshots of my high school and college days when I was rail thin and long haired. 'What the heck Jackson,' thought I, "how about a trip down memory lane?"

Buried deep within the container and inside a graying envelope I found a photo-



graph of myself upon an F-10 fairway mower. Wow, talk about a rush of memories. I recall that exact moment as though it were yesterday. My father, carrying an eight iron, a shag bag and pocket camera, was out walking his Australian Terrier, Misty. They came upon me on the seventeenth hole at the White Bear Yacht Club while I was Sunday night mowing in preparation of the Labor Day golf events.

Smiling and admiring the good looking youth, resplendent in bright white coveralls and sporting an incredible mop of sun bleached blonde hair; I sat myself upon the fender of my boat trailer and did a little remembering about the summer of 1977.

**It was the season prior to my senior year in High School.** The Marshall Tucker Band, Pablo Cruise and Frank Zappa blared almost constantly from the cassette stereo player of my Mom's Buick Skyhawk, candlestick orange, whenever I was allowed to drive. My co-pilot and good friend Rolf and I would cruise to the hang out spots in White Bear Lake and Mahtomedi to get the scoop on the night life and latest gossip. "Where are the parties? Have you seen Star Wars? Let's go

skinny dip/streak in the W.B.Y.C. pool (beneath the surprised eyes of the members dining in the enclosed patio one floor above the pool deck). Any Chicks about?"

**I remembered being single and missing the flavor** of my former girlfriend's Bonnie Bell Lip Smacker lip gloss and dreamy Love's Baby Soft perfume. And whenever Jim Croce came on the radio my heart strings stretched and I regretted the break-up. Fortunately I had work to keep me busy during the day and golf in the evenings when I wasn't trying to be my coolest down at the Cup 'n Cone.

**My 17th summer was one of transition.** No longer a rookie I had moved from pushing a rotary mower up and down bunker banks and hand-clipping around trees to actually operating big pieces of equipment including the rough and fairway mowers. Hours were unlimited and I did my best to make as much overtime as I could. 65 to 70 hour weeks were not unheard of as my bank account got fatter and fatter. Granted I wasn't paid much per hour back then and my costs were minimal, but I did put \$2,000.00 away for my future. I was young, wealthy and full of energy.

Work memories that year include hand-picking the rocks from our soon to be seeded driving range, finding turtle eggs while edging the left rear bunker on the sixth green, sailing the F-10 over the hilly terrain and watching Super Steve whack weeds with a new contraption called a Weed Witch. This precursor to today's line trimmer was harness strapped to Steve's back, had two handles and the engine, to my recollection, was a two-horse Kohler that spun a line which looked like rope. He wore waders and a face shield to protect him from flying debris. And the rookies learned quickly to keep away from him as he chewed through waist-high vegetation.

**Those were the days and I am grateful for the sun rises on my walk to work,** the rainbows and thunderstorms, the camaraderie and diversified jobs. Everything I love about my vocation began that summer, my second on a golf course. And making time to remember the memories of that year solidifies my decision to continue to do what I enjoy the most, working on a golf course.

The camera shutter clicked, Misty barked, my father shook my hand and told me how proud he was of his son Jack. It was just yesterday.

Thanks Mrs. Patz for encouraging me to "make time to remember the memories."