



## In Bounds: *Mysteries*

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Jackson Browne's *Running On Empty*, I liked it in the '70s and still do today.

Have you ever hopped in your vehicle, made a road trip, arrived at your destination and realized that you don't remember anything that happened along the way? Left turns, right turns, stops and starts, radio messages and songs just seem to have faded into your memory bank even though you obviously experienced the occurrences. Along the way you passed cars, gas stations, houses, creatures and people without a thought. It is almost as if you were transported to your destination magically.

You think about your journey and its nonexistence. You have arrived and I suppose that is all that really matters. So what if you were just vegetating snug in your vehicle. Maybe your brain was recharging or needed a break from everything. Maybe you were just "running on empty."

The last weeks of August often seem like this to me. I get up

in the morning, do my thing about the house, hop in the truck, mentally plan my day and then I arrive at the shop ready to start the work day even though I am subconsciously well into it. At times I am cognizant of my surroundings as I drive, but quite often I am not and just seem to materialize at the shop.

After a hard day I am sometimes just whisked back home. Who knows what I missed along the way or what missed me! Suddenly I am pulling into my driveway again, ready to do some projects, maybe a bit of fishing and then go to bed only to recite "get up and do it again," another line from the Browne album, as my head hits the pillow.

Is it a reflection of our multi-tasking society to occasionally put ourselves on "auto drive" and meander through our lives without a thought or care? Perhaps there is too much data floating inside our brains and the grey matter just needs a little break to simplify things. Relax, think nothing, repose, and just breathe. Is it a good thing? Perhaps.

At times my consciousness has become consumed with the little things that would just irk me. Minor issues like crooked or run over directional stakes, partially filled divots, half empty cone cup containers and improper pin location markers on the fairways, a dirty spoon left in the sink or items

not put on the grocery list. Trivial stuff yes, but when accumulated, these "mysteries" can add up to a bit of brain consternation.

**To remedy this frustrating and often stagnating situation** I developed a mental program to address the little "mysteries" in life. I call it the "division of threes."

For every three individuals I have on my crew there will be one "mystery" occurrence on a daily basis. With 27 staff members I will have nine unexplained events daily. Why was a beer can left in the parking lot after the service crew had been through? That is a mystery. How come nobody straightened the downed red hazard stake while line trimming ponds as a team? That's a mystery. Who left the hose running on the wash pad? That too is just another mystery.

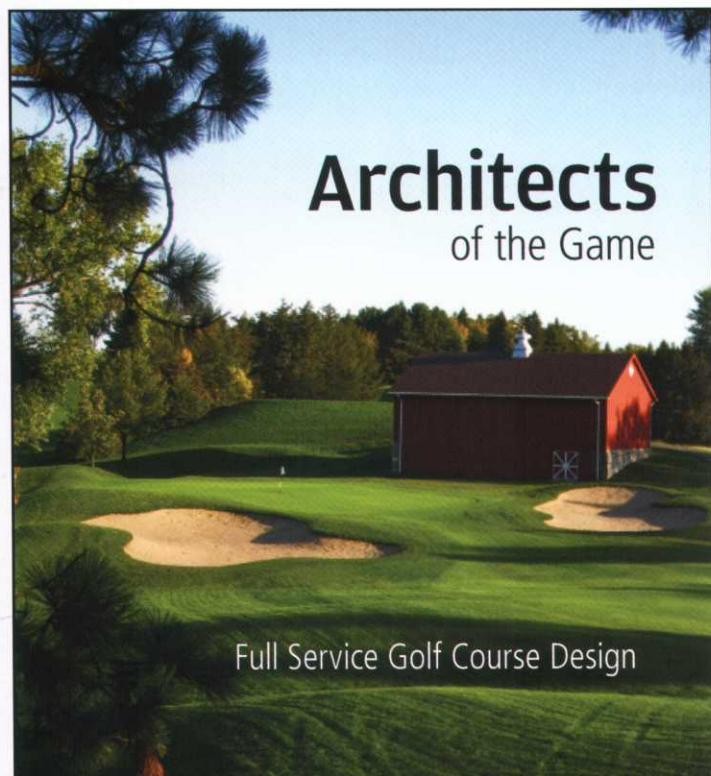
**Continuing the theme I can apply "mystery events"** to all facets of my life in an effort to let go of all that I cannot control and thus laugh at circumstances rather than bemoan them. The numerous club staff that I know of are given 15 daily mysteries. There are six of us in my close family including my wife and four kids thus two mysteries are allotted each day for the MacKenzie/Sunday household. Personally there are three of me, Me, myself and I. Because I am not perfect I too am guilty of a mystery each day. A touch of complacency? No, more likely a skip in my lawn mowing technique or the milk left out inadvertently.

**On a broader scale the "division of threes" also applies.** When driving on the freeway in a group of three cars one is sure to do something that cannot be explained. In the line at a bank with several people at least one "mystery" will occur to slow down the process. At a ball game, on the beach, in the theater or even the library incidents are always occurring. By dividing the number of individuals by three I am able to justify mysteries that would otherwise stain the moment.

In an attempt to simplify my life and eliminate the compilation of "little things" the division theory applies itself quite handily. Perhaps it won't bring consciousness to a benign trip to or from work, but the journey may be just a bit less constrained and even momentarily memorable.

Meanwhile if I feel my mind going off into oblivion I will just slip a little Jackson Browne into the player and "stay just a little bit longer."


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