



Like a Runaway Freight Train

Sometimes life comes at you fast. My wife and I have two children, Rachel (age 14) and Hannah (age 12). Last month Rachel graduated from 8th grade. This wasn't a total surprise as Rachel is a good student who has advanced year to year without incident. We have been looking forward to her graduation ceremony for sometime. The past school year has been filled with all the typical 8th grade activities: high school open house visits, student shadow days, 8th grade retreat, the class trip, a swim party, high school entrance exams, and the 8th grade awards ceremony. The last event prior to graduation was the parent / student dinner dance. It was a wonderful evening teeming with proud parents and happy students outfitted in suits and formal dresses. The evening included the screening of a video that highlighted all the children's grade school experience. The movie started with a clip of the kids entering the school for their first day of kindergarten and ended with the 8th grade graduating class of 2007 leaving the school building for the last time just prior to graduation.

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The movie was a video montage off all the students and their scholastic, athletic, and social activities for the prior 8 years. I watched, and in 30 short minutes, my eldest daughter grew from a small child into a mature, confident, independent young woman who was ready to embark upon the next phase of her life and embrace the challenges of high school. After the movie was over the DJ opened up the dance floor with a parent/student dance. As Rachel and I shared a dance, I thought back to the last time that we had danced together. It had been years earlier, Rachel was a small child at the time. I remember her standing on the top of my shoes as we moved around the dance floor. Then my mind raced forward. It occurred to me, 10 years from now both Rachel and Hannah will have graduated from high school and college (hopefully). They may be living on their own by that time. They could be married. The next time that Rachel and I take time to share a dance may be at her wedding. That's when I realized that life had not come at me fast. It had screamed past me like a runaway freight train. How could it be that the infant that I use to carry on my shoulders was ready to start high school?

I consider myself fortunate to have a wonderful (and very understanding) wife as well as two beautiful daughters. Like any parent I take pride in the accomplishments of my children and look forward to sharing their future achievements. I wanted to share this experience to illustrate a point. Spring of 2007 is behind us. The summer of 2007 is upon us along with all of its unknown challenges. Summer is a demanding time for individuals that work in the golf industry. It is very difficult to balance the demands of work and family. Even during the stress of the summer months it is important to make our families a priority and to maintain a good balance between work and family. If family time is limited due to work constraints, then turn the time that you do have into quality family memories.

Best wishes on the summer ahead!

Tim

