

# Taking a Mulligan

■ A WORD FROM THE SENIOR EDITOR

**I** am excited to say this is my first column in *Golfdom*. And I'm not afraid to admit that it is aptly named. Let's face it: I'm not a scratch golfer. My handicap is my golf game. But I do try. I am improving. And I know I'm not alone.

It's not every day I'm offered a mulligan, but if you throw one my way, don't be surprised if I take it.

Quite frankly, mulligans are a wonderful thing. Lord knows I've had many — at the tee, of course, but even more so in life.

It's hard to say exactly where I'd be without the many do-overs I've been given. But when I stop to think about it, it's really not a pretty picture.

**1 For starters, I wouldn't have a college degree.** Because of PE, not because of my GPA. That's PE as in phys. ed. It's not easy waking up for an 8 a.m. aqua aerobics class when you're cranking out your senior thesis every night. Had I failed gym, I wouldn't have fulfilled my gym credits in time for graduation. Thankfully, I put in some time at the pool on a Saturday morning and my instructor let me slide. Thanks for the mulligan, Mr. Riley.

**2 I wouldn't be driving.** Something about crashing the car in the driveway when you're 15 — and racking up \$2,000 in damage to the front end of the car — doesn't make for good PR with Mom and Dad. And it sure doesn't strengthen the likelihood that you'll be graduating from your temp to your license anytime soon. It took six months of weaving between orange cones in a parking lot, but I was eventually allowed to get my license. Thanks for the mulligan, Mom and Dad.

**3 I wouldn't be confirmed.** Hey man, it wasn't my fault they scheduled my prom on the same Saturday night as my confirmation. Lucky for me, they offered a makeup confirmation ceremony at 9 a.m. Sunday morning. And to think I almost

## Gotta Love a Do-Over

BY BETH GERACI



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made it. It's not my fault I fell asleep, only to awake at 9:30 a.m. I needed a do-over on the do-over. Fortunately, I got one — 15 years later. Better late than never. It always helps to interview a priest. Thanks for the mulligan, Father Murphy.

**4 I wouldn't be doing this.** OK, so it wasn't the wisest thing in the world to just up and quit my job without another one lined up. Oh, wait, yes it was. Jackson Hole, Wyo. may be the most beautiful place in the country, but my time there was up. And when you're ready to move, there's no sense in waiting. I packed up my car and moved to Chicago. I landed on my feet. Sometimes you gotta give yourself a mulligan and see where it takes you.

Some of the mulligans that I've been given I shamelessly asked for. Others were handed to me. I am grateful for all of them.

But as wonderful as they are, sometimes it feels just as good not to take them. To give it your all and do it yourself. Like successfully hitting out of a bunker, or not shanking it from the rough. Like New Zealand golfer Phillis Meti driving for 307 yards. Like Paul Lawrie coming from 10 strokes behind to win the 1999 British Open.

The next time you tee it up — whether on the course or elsewhere — know that some people are willing to give you a mulligan.

Whether or not you take it is your choice. But don't be afraid to ask for one. And don't be afraid to give one.

Were you ever given a great mulligan? Send me an email. I'd love to hear about it.

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