



In Bounds

by Jack MacKenzie CGCS

On occasion I cry. No, not the big bloopy slugs of saline accompanied

by loud braying, but rather an eye filling trace of tears, breath restricting clutches in my throat and modest sniffles.

Indeed, I sometimes cry. Not at a beautiful red rose sunrise, a golf course shimmering in maintained perfection or an eight pound bass with scales the size of my thumb nail. Although breathtaking, I save my grandest sentimental response for the real important times of my life, reflections of my family and their accomplishments.

I cry at happy events not sad. Funerals draw solemnity and quiet from my introspective half. Joyous moments elicit a dimpled grin, wrinkled crows feet and that fine tell tale line of moisture engorging my lower eyelids; my jubilant and expressive core quaking with unbridled emotion.

In recent months I have done some crying. No, not when I smashed my little finger and nail between a trailer hitch and ball (that was a different kind of loud emotion!) Rather I cried in the presence and fulfillment of my children's accomplishments.

Daughter Madeline heard my voice loud above all others as I shouted, "Way to go Madeline!" during her commencement from Winona State. Much to her



chagrin! Dry eyed in the bleachers I pondered, thankfully, her achievements, her friends, her commitments, her life. Outside when I was finally able to give her the hug I needed, I paused holding her in my arms and cried. My pride in her choices welled from deep within me.

My son Tyler, through with school and living his tournament course dream at The Olympic Club in San Francisco, graced me with his couch last week during the U.S. Open. With a smile I slept tight at night in his small apartment, shared with



two water dragon lizards, three bi-color rats and a pair of guinea pigs.

Tyler, gone to work by 2:30 am and back home by 10:00 pm the week of the big event didn't have much time for me except for a private tour of his favorite course, "the Cliff Course" on Tuesday afternoon where we happened upon a chance photo opportunity.

Wednesday I was alone all day as he performed his important tasks. Alone but not lonely as I reflected on Tyler's grand adventure in our industry from divot dressing at North Oaks to work at TPC Twin Cities, Oakmont and finally his current destination. Late Wednesday afternoon I was one of the last on the bleachers behind the 16th green.

Had you been there to notice you would have seen a balance of moisture close to running down my cheek. An observer could have heard a raspy catch in my breathing as I thought about my son, my daughter and my very, very good fortune to share this wonderful life with them.

A wish for you my friends; a tiny tear, a mild shudder, a silent moment as you feel the satisfaction of family pride; your heart expanding ten fold. Take time and reflect upon your children and their true accomplishments. And if the moment moves you...have a little cry. Yes, have a little cry.