



*GOLFING*  
*IN THE AFTERLIFE*

*© 1994, Terry MacDonald*

*Dedicated to my Mother,*

*Mildred Louise Ellis,*

*who showed me so much*

*about humanity.*

*Golfing in the Afterlife*

*by*

*Terry MacDonald*

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*The Foursome:*

*Mac Douglas*

*Harvey Glickstein*

*Ann Miller*

*Waymon Thornton*



# Chapter One

## The Wind and Flight 263

Nine miles out from Dallas-Ft. Worth Airport, Flight 263 from Miami descended in rapidly worsening conditions. The twenty-three-year-old DC-10 swayed wildly, violent rain painting its fuselage. As it fell, a hundred frantic faces pushed against its windows. The cockpit crew had been straining for almost five minutes to get a visual sighting of the Dallas runway lights. On-board radar was operating properly; Dallas Tower resonated its usual, even-toned detachment; but Captain Ed Cavanaugh trusted his eyes and his touch. This didn't feel right. He looked hard for his target, but nothing was visible except water, wind, and danger.

Cavanaugh was an ex-Marine pilot who'd enjoyed 20-10 vision until a few years ago. He wasn't the worrying kind. He had dipped dozens of times into the Saigon airport during the Vietnam war twenty years ago, dodging artillery far more accurate than this damned lightning storm. The electricity didn't concern him. It was the wind.

Two hours earlier, a tropical depression had blown in off the Gulf of Mexico and blustered head-on into a hailstone-hurling, tornado-spawning

cauldron mean enough to make an evangelical share a shelter with the Devil. In this weather Satan would be praying, Cavanaugh thought.

The unfolding battle surrounded the Dallas-Ft. Worth airport, instantly turning one of the nation's transportation hubs into a pool of loons. Visibility sank to a third-of-a-mile in less than ten minutes. People slipped and fell in puddles. Buses kept to shelters. Cabs stopped looking for fares at the terminal. A certain edge even appeared on the voices of air-traffic control as they coaxed down Flight 263.

"UTW-263, UTW-263, Dallas Tower."

"Dallas Tower, 263."

"UTW-263, Dallas Tower. Advise you of a severe wind-shear warning just issued by the National Weather Service, Dallas."

"Dallas Tower, 263. Anybody in front report trouble?"

"UTW-263, Dallas Tower. Negative. High winds. Raining like Hell. Straightforward descent for everyone up to you, 263. We have you now five miles out on heading zero-niner-three. Delta 442 landing right now just in front of you. Confirm please."

"Hell, Dallas, I'm trying to see where I'm going and you want me to read you a compass. Only kidding. Confirming zero-niner-three. Call the weather service and tell them to turn this bastard off."

"Roger, 263. I'd rather be hitting the ball in Tahiti myself."

"Affirmative, Dallas, 263. Wearing nothing but a smile. Guess we better land this monster. Beam me down, Dallas. Oh! What the Hell?!"

“UTW-263, Dallas Tower. 263, Dallas.”

“Sorry, Dallas. 263. Helluva gust of wind just hit us. Oh, God! Hold on!”

“UTW-263. UTW-263. Do you copy? 263, Dallas Tower. UTW-263.”

UTW-263 had just been dealt a fatal blow by an uncaring Nature. A massive wind-shear spun it down and over. In the passenger compartment, chaos reigned. One hundred seventy-three people suddenly concluded they were going to die, which had always seemed an overly permanent idea to each of them. Not one had any reliable information on what lay beyond. It was all either Faith or reports in the National Enquirer about glowing lights at the end of a tunnel. Who needed that? They certainly didn't want to have to go through a crash to find the truth. So, they all did what any self-respecting humans might do. They almost killed each other trying to escape with their lives.

Sitting in first-class seat 4C, Mac Douglas looked over at the old woman across the aisle who had told him moments earlier she would only become concerned when the plane turned upside-down.

It had just turned upside-down.

Luggage flew everywhere, mixed with the cabin flight crew. The passengers' feet were suddenly overhead, their heads underfoot. Their screams hardly penetrated the storm. This was it! Nobody was getting out alive.

The old lady just smiled behind closed eyes, a look of real Christian security shining from her face. Mac had never seen anybody die before, and figured this was as good as it got. Watching your Aunt Dixie on her way to Heaven, about to collect on all that Sunday-school credit she'd been building up.

Flight 263 actually made it to the runway--looking like some ghastly air-show trick--but crashed right wing first, cart-wheeling on to taxiway 37-East.

Aunt Dixie and a hundred and seventy-two fellow pilgrims were lost in an instant.

Mac looked through the smoke at a dozen back-lit mortals in the flames. He heard the sirens, and smelled the ignited fuel. Ghostly emergency vehicles sped through the smoke. Thousands of the living got a view of hot death from the safety of their concourses. Mac imagined a big voice announcing, 'UTW Flight 263, now burning beyond gate 43. St. Peter to a white courtesy phone, please.' Out on the runway, he looked for himself, but he wasn't there. Overhead, a luckier bird hit the throttles hard, lifting away from the danger.

Dallas International looked like it had been struck by a terrorist brigade. Fire reflected from hundreds of concourse windows, their dark tint masking invisible screams.

Mac Douglas looked down, and realized he was dead. Mainly because he could look down and see the disaster he'd just left.

He wanted to call out and tell them not to look for him, not to worry. He wasn't there.

At that moment, Mac Douglas felt the first flood of assurance he'd had in unanswered years. He laughed like a summering child. His graying locks whipped in the wind. He was smiling one of the all-time Cheshire-cat grins.

He wasn't there!

Insecurity had been a way of life for him. A good looking man with too many ex-wives and alimony payments. No more.

Mac Douglas, nine-handicapper, had thus left Earth. The following day, his obituary would pay him the obligatory praise. Lots of friends came to his service and cried. They buried him with his seven-iron.

He immediately went in search of a game, and was given his first tee-time the next evening at Indian Summer Golf and Country Club in Lacey, Washington. He would be filling out a foursome with the Glickstein, Thornton and Miller singles.

Praise the Lord, there is golf in the afterlife!





## Chapter Two Green Velvet

Harvey Glickstein didn't like his funeral, especially. Most of the people who came were the ones he wouldn't have invited, if he'd had anything to do with it. Since the only thing he had to do with it was to watch himself lie in his coffin, here they were. The place was crawling with his wife's relatives, who'd thought him a loser when she married him--a schlimazel who'd gone nothing but downhill. Cousins, nieces and nephews to whom he was just a crazy old coot came for the free food. Wrinkly, fat old Jewish broads who last laughed at the end of the war looked on disapprovingly, feigning sorrow. Greedy fruit brokers who'd helped him bankrupt his business drank and laughed at how he was still paying them.

The 'mourners' even included Stinky Marinky. What a farce! The same little Gary Marinky, who used to drive Harvey crazy with snowballs in winter, water balloons over the house in summer, and burning paper bags filled with dog crap at the front door on Halloween--thus, the nickname 'Stinky.'

How in the hell could Ethel allow that little so-and-so to attend Harvey's funeral? It was a joke. Of course, 'Stinky' was now forty-eight and twice-divorced from women who couldn't stand his practical jokes any longer. He was off on his latest binge--multiple rings in both ears. He looked ridiculous, like

some old, poorly designed antenna, standing in the corner, dropping bad one-liners on anyone he could trap.

Sandi Stassi came all the way from New Rochelle to celebrate her choice and dance on Harvey's grave. Sandi Stassi. She had been the passion of Harvey's life, back in the Forties. They had gone to high school together, become each other's first loves, and had even thought of marriage. Well, Harvey had thought of marriage; Mother would never have let him wed a Catholic. In a fit of rebellion, Harvey had asked Sandi to be his wife, anyway. She laughed. You must be nuts, she said. Hot dates were one thing. Marrying a Jew was an entirely different animal. She had plans beyond the back seats of cars, she told him, and they didn't involve sitting home Friday nights being pious. You understand, she assured him. She then went out and married a guy who invented a new hair-weave for men's wigs. He made a fortune, died young, and left Sandi a wealthy, self-satisfied bitch. Harvey ground his teeth for years on that one.

He finally married Ethel, and survived as a salesman, a fruitstand owner, and an itinerant comedian. Ethel had given him some of his best material through the years. Half the audience was male, and almost every male liked to laugh at somebody else's choice in wives. So when Harvey joked about Ethel's cooking, Ethel's mother, Ethel's dying sex drive, everybody thought they were just jokes. To Harvey, they were life itself.

His best material revolved around Ethel's weight. Orbited would probably be more apt. They laughed when he told them it took twenty-four hours to get

around her in the kitchen. She went to the whale show at Sea World, and everybody wanted her to jump for fish. That sort of thing. Good for a few laughs.

Ethel and Harvey had once loved each other, he supposed, but that was so long ago he hardly remembered. They had not grown closer in their golden years. They had simply grown old and dumpy together. 'The best was yet to come' unfortunately referred to what had just happened to Harvey.

Ethel would have divorced him years ago, if inertia weren't the most powerful force in nature. She was actually spending the day of Harvey's funeral mourning her own mistakes. Thinking how her mother had warned her about the little, balding bastard. 'Marry him and all you'll have to look forward to is his funeral.' That's what her mother had said. It made Ethel angry to see that the old woman had been so right. Now, with Harvey lying there dead, she was maybe a little sad that he was gone. Maybe she would miss him more than she could bear. Miss finding his ashes all over her furniture. Miss his bitching about the coffee. Miss his snoring, even.

Nah!

The funeral home smelled musty and dreadful, the sort of place Harvey would never have been caught dead in while he was alive. Everyone came up to Ethel, shared their condolences, then went back in quartets to laugh at the idea that the old asshole had died of colon cancer. Karma, they smirked. Harvey wished he could suddenly appear and give them a piece of his mind. They knew, however, that he had to lie there and take it.

They didn't know the half of it.

Harvey looked at himself reclining in green velvet, wearing an old suit he'd owned since the Fifties. He wished his bed at home had been half as nice. In more ways than one, he laughed to himself. He looked quickly to Ethel, making sure she couldn't hear a ghost think. Female intuition, you know.

The velvet was nice. It's just like humans to wait 'til they're dead to afford themselves some luxury. Oh well, you only die once.

What a tacky job the embalmer had done with his remaining hair! Hair and fingernails were supposed to continue to live after you died. With all the spray this joker had plastered on, his hair looked deadest of all. That was saying something. Couldn't he have ironed out some of those gawdawful wrinkles? Harvey had known he was a plain-looking old geezer, but he had learned to live with it. Now he could see the damage of the years--how little hair he had left, how much the makeup didn't help, and he was pleased to be rid of it.

Golf had been Harvey's one release. Every Saturday morning for over thirty years, he and a group of buddies just as in need of escape would meet at the local muni to hack it around. Harvey stunk at the game, but loved it nonetheless. He never took a lesson--couldn't see giving some young buck twenty dollars to mess him up even more--and never really got any better. Sure, like anyone, he would hit several good shots during a round, and that was enough. Most of all, he just liked swinging hard and cussing with his pals. It was a way to get rid of your frustrations, this frustrating game.

Now that he was dead, Harvey had figured out that there is golf in the afterlife. Didn't know for sure until he had shown up at the funeral home for one

last glimpse of what had gone by, and behind the casket found his clubs. He was ecstatic! They weren't much, definitely not the high-tech big-headed monsters favored by the new breed who thought they could buy the game. These were just an old set of Spaldings left over from two decades of duffing. A bag that wouldn't bring a bid in a garage sale, worn-out green head-covers, a sand-wedge with the grooves gone, a fifteen dollar putter resonating with a lifetime of bad play.

They weren't the legendary sticks of a Hall of Fame master. Old Tom Morris hadn't carried them on the hallowed grounds of St. Andrews. They were just Harvey's, and he loved them like an old dog. You could tell as he lifted them and walked toward the exit. They fit him like a part of a portrait. An old man and his true love.

Ethel and all the rest can have what's left of their lives, he thought. I'm sorry, Ethel. I stunk as a husband, I was mediocre as a breadwinner, but I'm dead now.

And I gotta teetime!



## Chapter Three Waymon's Way

“What we can say as we bring this special broadcast to an end is that we have a long way to go, brothers and sisters, and the journey is just begun. We all need to realize that gang warfare is racism--just as tribal warfare in Africa is racism. Anytime you have one group killing or attempting to dominate another because they believe they are superior in color, colors, group, blood, intellect--for whatever reason--you have racism. And I only hope that we haven't created three-hundred eighty-years of Black American history to visit the ravages of that plague on our own people. We need to find a better way together. This is Waymon Thornton, WBLK Radio. Peace.”

“They'll be coming now.”

“Yep. It's a helluva field of fire.”

“Yah. We must now shoot straight, and nicht miss one of those black bastards.”

Gunther Gross and Howard Mann were duck hunting. On the mid-Southside of Chicago. Waymon Thornton was unwittingly bringing the ducks to them. All they had to do was fire. They were parked at the curb outside WBLK

on Kedzie. Howard was driving; Gunther sat in the backseat right behind him. Beside each was a submachine gun.

“It’s gonna be just like Chicago in the ‘30s, man! With no damn Elliot Ness around.”

“Yah, and we give them some of their own drive-by shooting. Hah!”

Gunther Gross grew up in Bremen, just another tattooed skin-head. He had attended all the obligatory academies of neo-Nazi violence. Celebrated Hitler’s birthday at nine despite his parents warnings. Soccer hooligan at eleven. Shaved his head at twelve. Joined friends to bomb a Turkish hostel at fifteen. Especially enjoyed watching the dark ones suffer their loss.

He rampaged through the streets of Amsterdam at the UEFA Cup Finals at seventeen. Hadn’t killed a Jew yet, but it was just a matter of time. Decided to slip into America from Toronto, and link up with white-supremacist brethren here in Chicago. Cicero, they called their neighborhood. Surrounded by churning black masses waiting to die so bad they were killing each other! America was where an Aryan of action could really leave a mark! Get your hands on premier-division weaponry. Take out coloreds by the score.

Howard Mann had been born in Dubach, Louisiana, and moved to Chicago when he was five. He had a full head of hair, and no tattoos, but had passed through the American equivalent of Gunther’s socialization. His father and all his uncles were racists from the word go. Survivalists. Soldiers of fortune stuck in the plumbing trades. Guns were their life.

Howard was beaten from the time he could walk--just to toughen him up. The menfolk had a good time at that. He spent as much of his youth in reform school as anyone in his family, then enlisted in the military; he washed out for continually fighting with his black counterparts. Lazy bastards, he grouched that final night, sitting around with his snuff-dipping Army buddies. "I'm gonna go out and fight the real enemy," he promised, "then just watch out. The nigger population of my neighborhood will drop to zero. Hell, it's the American Dream!"

Waymon Thornton was a longtime Chicago talkshow host, formerly of WGN, now at WBLK, who was trying to bring together all the sides in the city's latest eruption of gang warfare. A black man with a Midwest twang who enjoyed gardening, fine food, opera, the Bears and Cubs, Waymon was a great talent on-mike, a genuinely fine man off-the-air. Born in Indiana, raised in Arizona, he was an institution in Chicago.

He knew he was probably wasting his time trying to get the young folk to forsake the gun, but he still had to try. He's seen too much bloodshed, too many youths snuffed, too many blacks killing blacks. My God, can't they see that the enemy is within? That the only answer is making their neighborhoods urban villages where we all work to build--not destroy? That guns are for collecting at best?

Life is too short--don't be in a rush to escape. That's what he had told them. There are payments you make when you leave, whether you believe it or not. God, why don't they think? This forum tonight, for instance, had deteriorated into a shouting match practically from the moment they hit the air.



He'd done his best to keep it focused, to get both sides to agree that violence begets violence to no end. He'd wanted to make a difference tonight, but it took all of his standing in Chicago to get them to shake hands in the lobby before they all walked out. He'd be lucky if they didn't pull weapons on each other in the parking lot.

They never got the chance. Gunther and Howard beat them to it. There were nine of them who went out the front door together, stepping into a dismal, showery night. Waymon was in the lead, but they quickly fanned out to his left. He had invited them to join him for dinner at Izola's, but doubted anyone but station employees would take him up on the offer. There was too much hate, too much distrust.

They had not gone ten feet from the door when a car started up at the curb to their right. It hugged the wrong side of the road as both windows on the driver's side came down. Waymon and the others were only fifty feet from the vehicle when they saw death stick its steely heads out at them and roar.

To Waymon, the firing was incredibly loud and rapid, at least until the sixth bullet tore into him. Since he was in the lead, both gunmen used him as a target and sprayed left to right. The gang members, quicker to respond to gunfire, hit the pavement immediately. The radio people weren't so lucky. Waymon was killed outright. The two station employees would be crippled for life. Three of the gang members with whom Waymon had tried to reason moments before were hit, but would live to fight another day.

After the firing stopped, Gunther Gross and Howard Mann careened down the street, screaming maniacally. White Power! Gun powder! What a sweet smell! None of the high and mighty wimps they grew up with would ever be men enough to do what they had just done! Those bastards had looked down on them. God, what men of will can do!

Neither Gunther or Howard would ever be found or brought to justice. Gunther would later kill himself on the anniversary of Hitler's death. Ashes to ashes. Howard, not as steeped in the classics, would die in a drunken motorcycle accident within the year. Dust to dust. Their crime that night in Chicago was random, violent, and senseless. No good came of it. It was the late 20th. Century in miniature.

People all over decried Waymon's victimhood, but he'd have none of it. He'd spent his entire adult life trying to fix things for people. He had championed single mothers, lent support to orphans, been a beacon to his community. Enough. He was dead now, and he was going to make the most of it.

Waymon didn't want to spend the next five months getting used to the afterlife. He didn't plan to rest in peace. He would not thoughtfully research the challenges ahead, consider the options offered, or visit some of his favorite old places with thoughts of the haunt.

He immediately decided to have some fun. He would head for the links. Play a little golf. See a part of the country he'd never seen before. My oh my! This was better than retirement!



## Chapter Four Four Funerals and a Teetime

From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer obituary columns, Thursday May 12,  
1994:

**MILLER, ANN.** 54, Seattle. Died suddenly Sunday, Mother's Day, of a stroke while playing Kayak Point Golf Course with her children. Beloved ex-wife of Kenneth. Much loved Mother of Rebecca, Katie, Dawn, and Kenneth, Jr. Friend of Trevor Norton. Many-time All-American Swimmer with Chinook Swim Club, Mercer Island. 1962 NCAA and Senior National Backstroke Champion. 1963 graduate, UofW Nursing School. A beloved and caring friend to many at Virginia Mason Hospital, 1964-94. Donations if desired to National Heart Institute. Sadly missed. Funeral private.

The family may have wanted to keep Ann Miller's funeral private, but the woman had so many friends that the sanctuary at Hope Lutheran Church in West Seattle was overflowing for the Memorial Service on Friday, May 13. It was a glorious Seattle May afternoon--a day that gave lie to the city's image as a rain

capitol. Such a day had often driven Ann into Coleman Pool from the sheer exhilaration of being alive.

She had swum 15 million repetitive laps, stroke after stroke, mile after mile, during her life. One might therefor expect swimming to be the last thing she would want to do on such a stunning Spring day. To her, though, swimming was never work, never drudgery. To her, swimming was a celebration. She was the kind of special athlete who made the sport sublime.

Seattle's Mayor, one U.S. Senator and two members of Congress, crashed the 'private service' to show their respects. Thousands in the city would have attended if they could, for Ann had touched them with her special talent. Her true gift to the city, you see, wasn't swimming, but nursing. For decades Virginia Mason Hospital has been praised as one of the great hospitals in America. Ann Miller did more than her share to help build that reputation.

But it wasn't as an athlete, or even a nurse, where Ann Miller achieved her highest marks. If you asked her, she would tell you that her children were her finest accomplishment. Her impact on them was best expressed in the eulogy delivered by her eldest daughter, Rebecca McCoy, that day at Hope Lutheran. A 29-year-old mirror-image of her Mother in a younger day, the tall, lithe young woman was three-months pregnant. She held Ann's head on the way from the golf course to the Emergency Room at Everett General Hospital five days before. Rebecca sported the same red hair, the same freckled glow of health, the same brightness of eye as the woman about whom she said:

*“My Mother would be so pleased to see you all here today. She would want me to thank you for the honor you do her. She would demand that I keep these remarks short, so that we could get you all to the house and feed you.*

*I will find it difficult to briefly summarize the feelings of my sisters and brother for our Mom. Ann Miller's was a great success story. I'm not talking about her swimming, or nursing. I'm not even talking about what a great golfer she was. There, of course, we'll find emphatic proof she was no saint. She loved to beat you and take your money too much to be venerated.*

*Ann Miller was a success because she accomplished what she set out to do so many years ago. She was the greatest Mother you could ever want.*

*She was an adopted baby. She didn't know her real Mother. She was determined that her kids not say the same. There were four of us, but she had plenty of love to go around. She made each of us feel special, each unique. We knew we came first. We knew we could count on her love unconditionally.*

*So I'm here to say that we knew our Mom. She stuck by us from our first breath to her last. She never gave up on us, never turned us out. She showed us Motherhood in its truest form. You don't get a Mom any better than ours. True. Fair. Loving. The words aren't strong enough to tell you how much we love you, Mom. We won the lottery when we got you for a Mother, Ann Miller.*

*I'm a little over three months pregnant now. This would have been Mom's first grandchild. My greatest regret is that she didn't live to be a grandmother. Three days before she died, an ultrasound procedure disclosed that the child I'm carrying is a little girl. We're naming her Ann. I got a chance to tell her before she died. She was so happy. Charlie and I pray to God that our daughter might be up to the name.*

*Once again, from all of our family--thank you for being here today.”*

There wasn't a dry eye in the place. Ann Miller, herself, shed some big ghost tears in the choir loft at the rear of the church. Then she headed for the practice tees at Indian Summer Golf & Country Club. She would have loved to have attended the wake that evening, but she had a teetime the next night with three dead men she'd never met. She didn't intend to lose.



## Chapter Five The Sacred Game

The sun rose out of the North Sea toward the ancient town of St. Andrews, glowing like august heather. It was one of those exceptional mornings in the Northlands--a day that made you wonder that man had ever gone to war, or greed ever held dominion.

There was splendor for all to see as roseate fingers streamed through the great ruined east window of the old cathedral; birds sang in the courtyard of University Chapel; the ghost of Bishop Beaton once again held the castle battlements against the onslaught of the Reformers.

On the Old Course at Royal & Ancient, a border collie ran playfully across Grannie Clark's Wynd, the storied road beyond the Valley of Sin. The first four-ball was yet to go out, but the course was coming to life as it had since long before golfers began play here in the mid-1400s. Ravens held sway over Hell Bunker. On the shores of Eden Estuary, white birds sang to celebrate the day.

It was a morning to bring tears to the eyes of a Scotsman. Before it was over, of course, tears of frustration might well in the ducts of five dozen golfers. This was the Sistine Chapel of Golf. The Holy Sod of the Grand Game. It made

the frustration that much more intense. You never knew which ghosts of the golfing greats might be watching in horror or amusement.

Several dead legends were just then putting away their clubs for the day. Like golf ghosts the world over, they only play at night, and had just enjoyed a round under five billion stars. Due to the fact that each group only sees its own members, several foursomes were able to play at once, so hundreds logged eighteen. It keeps things from backing up at the starter's hut.

Overnight, Harry Vardon teamed with Young Tom Morris to best the twosome of Old Tom Morris and Mungo Park. Reg Whitcombe topped Tom Kidd 3-and-2. Mary, Queen of Scots sank a long par putt on fabled eighteen to vanquish ancient Regulus in their annual friendly.

Scottish King James II, who in 1457 banned the game all over the kingdom because it interfered with the practice of archery, has been trying to get on the Old Course for over 100 years. The local ghosts will not hear of it. 'Let him hunt boars,' is the common refrain. Last night, the old King haunted Tarmac Road, attempting to disrupt the concentration of those on seventeen--the legendary Road Hole. It was one of numerous events in a noteworthy night in the afterlife of Scotland.

Up the way, The Young Pretender again prepared his forces to invade the English and drive beyond Derby. 'Bonnie Dundee' awoke to the slaughter at Culloden Mhor; and the MacDonalds again fell to Campbell treachery at Glencoe.



Nobody dies in any of these continuing historical dramas, of course. Anyone who fell comes right back for another go the next evening, if they wish. The more civilized dead played golf, certainly; or in the case of Robert Burns, sat on hilltops over Dumfries composing sonnets to make the coldest hearts of the living cry. It's a rich, otherworldly tapestry played out worldwide while the living worry about what's to come. If they didn't, they might miss part of life. No dead person in their right mind would wish that. Let them worry.

One of the more interesting matches overnight at the Old Course was the combative twosome of George Patton versus Field Marshal Montgomery. Old Silver Pistols heads up against the Hero of El Alamein. They both approached the game from a strategic point-of-view. Neither was an especially gifted golfer; each was frustrated that he couldn't control his personal forces to put the ball where he wanted. They could see the proper way to plan the battle, but damned if the ball would follow the plan.

All night long, rabbits who were direct descendants of those bred on these grounds in the days of the Parliamentary prohibition could hear high-level cussing in two different English dialects. (Rabbits, by the way, both see and hear ghosts. Why do you think they run so fast?) At the end of the night, the two old war-horses stomped off following a tie. It was frustrating, as if each had arrived at Palermo at exactly the same moment. This would never do! They parted sullenly, both retiring to peruse war histories in tense silence at University Library. Neither could hit a winning putt all night long, all their statues around the world notwithstanding! Damn the statues! Go in the hole!

Golfing in the afterlife would resume on courses all over the globe the next evening. Louis Pasteur was to meet Sigmund Freud in what promised to be a real mind-game at Le Touquet in France. The Light Brigade was holding a reunion and shotgun-start best-ball tournament at Lost City in Bophuthatswana. And the foursome of Ann Miller, Harvey Glickstein, Mac Douglas, and Waymon Thornton would be teeing it up at a course called Indian Summer in Lacey, Washington.



## Chapter Six Scorecards

HOLE	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	OUT
<b>Tour Black</b>	388	415	561	179	553	425	182	414	436	3705
Championship Blue 79.1/145	371	395	530	153	553	425	182	414	436	3459
Regular White 70.8/130	353	367	490	136	523	404	168	395	410	3246
Men's Hdcp.	13	11	5	17	1	9	15	3	7	
<b>Par</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>36</b>
<b>Waymon Thornton (18)</b>										
<b>Harvey Glickstein (23)</b>										
<b>Ann Miller (14)</b>										
<b>Mac Douglas (9)</b>										
Women's Hdcp.	13	7	5	15	1	3	17	9	11	
Championship Gold 72.8/132	314	310	449	122	483	341	133	370	361	2883
Ladies Red 70.2/126	282	269	414	97	437	318	100	316	295	2528

HOLE	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	IN	TOTAL
<b>Tour Black</b>	558	256	342	411	164	400	442	508	430	3511	7216
Championship Blue 79.1/145	533	236	323	395	143	383	412	492	410	3327	6786
Regular White 70.8/130	502	207	305	390	131	353	387	468	385	3128	6374
Men's Hdcp.	2	8	18	14	16	10	4	6	12		
<b>Par</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>36</b>	<b>72</b>
Waymon Thornton (18)											
Harvey Glickstein (23)											
Ann Miller (14)											
Mac Douglas (9)											
Women's Hdcp.	2	14	16	12	18	10	8	4	6		
Championship Gold 72.8/132	475	171	287	357	117	321	350	451	354	2883	5766
Ladies Red 70.2/126	452	145	252	336	92	296	317	436	345	2671	5199



## Chapter Seven

### First Tee

It was a perfect night for a round of golf.

A light breeze blew left to right across the first tee at Indian Summer. Angel-hair clouds drifted by in the darkness; mists lay on the fairway grasses like cold sweat. Somewhere on the back nine, a solitary nightbird sang.

The course certainly smelled right. Golfers say you can pick up the scent a mile away--on this night a combination of new-mown grass, the fragrance of evergreens, and light musk of fertilizer, mixed with the odor of poor duffers' sufferings left over from the day.

Waymon Thornton watched his opening drive lift into the murky sky, merge with a dozen tiny stars, and fall back to Earth, a lost meteor in splashdown.

"Damn! In the water?" Waymon's bald, black head shone like a planetarium ceiling waiting for the show to begin. "God, I hate this game!"

"You sure hit the Hell out of that baby, Waymon, but it's gone," said his playing partner Harvey Glickstein, who sported even less hair under his hat. "Don't worry; it'll be waiting for you this side of the lake."

“Another big advantage of being dead, hey lads...and lass?” Mac Douglas smiled shyly at Ann Miller.

“God, I wish I could lose that ball,” Waymon lamented as Harvey teed it up. “You’d think they would have let us get better after we died, wouldn’t you?”

“Hello, welcome to Heaven, here’s your 2-handicap,” Ann smirked. “Oh, by the way, Bobby Jones called to try and get into your foursome, but you were full.”

“You can’t take it with you, unless it’s your golf game “ Harvey laughed just before launching his opening salvo even further into the water than Waymon’s. “Look, the official ball of the Lost Tribe of Israel!”

Mac Douglas stepped up next. He was a trim, athletic ghost in his fifties. Salt-and-pepper hair. GQ facelines. Blacksmith forearms. Almost died of insecurity.

He could have been a scratch golfer in real life, but let time and doubt discourage him. His swing, though, was just as smooth as it had been in life. The ball exploded off the clubhead in a perfect arc, coming to rest in the center of the fairway two-hundred sixty yards out.

“No justice in death,” Harvey whined.

“Lucky hit,” Mac mumbled, as he picked up his tee.

“We’d just as soon pummel you,” Waymon added.

“Nice hit, Mac,” Ann Miller interjected. “Envy doesn’t become the deceased, does it? Especially when money is on the line.”

“Oh, not the money!” Harvey nudged Waymon as they moved to the championship ladies' tee for Ann to begin her game. “You can win it, but you can't spend it.”

Ann was fifty-four when her stroke came, but looked ten years younger. Her death was a shock, because in life she had always projected real strength. Red-hair and freckles past menopause. She'd played golf in high school, been a Senior-National and NCAA backstroke champion, and had spent her years raising kids, caring for patients at Virginia Mason Hospital, and lowering her handicap. Her first tee shot was crisp, straight, and just short of Mac Douglas's.

“That's a start,” she smiled.

“Yeah, nice beginning, Ann,” Waymon smiled. “Even if the idea of women's tees in the afterlife seems so disturbing.”

“If we were meant to be equal here, Godzilla,” Ann retorted, “you wouldn't have shoulders like a water buffalo and hair all over your back. Besides, it gives you an out when you lose tonight.”

The four of them had come to their game along disparate paths.

To review, Waymon Thornton had been a college graduate, a radio talk-show host, and a murder victim.

Ann Miller was a champion swimmer, a registered nurse, a mother of four, and expired by stroke.

Harvey Glickstein at times made a living as a comedian, a failed fruitstand owner, a vacuum cleaner salesman, a helicopter mechanic, and had succumbed to cancer of the colon.

Mac Douglas was a lawyer, a two-time divorcee, and died in an airline crash.

None of them yet had any idea where they went, or what they did, during daylight hours. They just showed up for their tee time as if the starter had told them to go on out.

They were all single walk-ons in this deadman's foursome.

"Most mortals never understand golf," Harvey said to Mac as they walked down the first fairway. "I mean, people go out and play--most, like me, not very well. They swing, they miss, they duff it, then hit a few good shots. They go back for more. It's too much like life, so how can anybody enjoy it? That's what my wife Ethel thought."

The first fairway at Indian Summer has none of the touches of a Pebble Beach or a Torrey Pines that might logically attract ghost golfers at night. To the right, a little island bobs in the middle of the hazard where Waymon and Harvey hit their balls. Late night traffic passes on the street beyond a chain-link fence. Just another suburban field with some holes built-in so they can sell new houses.

The course went private in the Spring of '94, and now boasted phantoms with sticks. You'll not soon see this reflected in sales brochures.

"I always thought that if you were good while you were alive, you got to go to Kapalua when you died," said Mac. He ran his hands through thinning gray curls.

"Aw, this place is just fine," said Waymon. "Tall trees. The Olympic Mountains. Rainier in the distance. They always told me the Great Northwest is God's country."

"So when do we see Him?" Harvey asked.

"Do you think this is just the first stop on the tour?" Mac asked.

"I mean, after this, do the four of us get to go on to Hilton Head?"

"The D.G.A.? I don't think so," Harvey quipped. "Besides, another few rounds together, we'll probably bore each other to death. Now, do you ghosts think you might hold it down while I hit my second shot?"

Harvey stepped up to his ball, which was indeed waiting for him beside the water. With a much smoother swing than his first, he ripped the ball down the heart of the fairway. It stopped just short of the green.

"Aha! Let the competition begin!" he yelled.

"One of the beauties of the game," Waymon cracked. "One good shot and you're on the Rhyder Cup team."

Harvey's playing partners each hit their second. Waymon's ball flew the green and landed in the back right bunker. Ann's second landed short in the front left bunker. Mac hit his approach to within fifteen feet of the cup.

"Expertise is so boring," Harvey remarked. "There's no challenge there."



“To me, putting is always a challenge,” Mac answered as the foursome began their walk toward the green. He had self-deprecation down to an art, even in death.

“So what do you think,” Ann asked noone in particular, “do we just keep playing golf, or do we go somewhere from here?”

“What, like this is purgatory?” Harvey replied. “If so, God has even a better sense of humor that I always suspected. But don’t ask me, I’m just a dead Jew. I didn’t even believe in this afterlife stuff until a coupla days ago.”

“You never know going in what’ll happen coming out,” Waymon said. “It reminds me of John Marshall.”

“Who the heck is John Marshall?”

Waymon smiled at the memory.

“He was a buddy in high school. We played basketball together. John was really quite a player until he blew his knee out playing football his sophomore year. What a great kid! A real leader. Student body president. He wanted to be a priest when he graduated.”

“So what happened to him?” Mac asked.

“We all ran head-on into Paul O’Doul, our high school basketball coach in Tucson. He was a real madman. He had been a pretty good high school talent himself back in Indiana, but got a girl pregnant his senior year. Ended up in the military. He eventually went to Ball State for his teaching degree; but the scar tissue remained. And it kept hooking onto his nervous system like bone spurs.

No senior who ever played for Paul O'Doul escaped that man's past. He ranted. He raved. He spit your youth back at you."

Waymon leaned over and picked a blade of grass. He chewed it as his big frame stretched back to full height.

"The first few years he coached at Sunnyside High, the bench was at the far end of the court against a brick wall. O'Doul would get so crazy during games, he would smash his head against that wall. A lot of times, the man lost blood. He literally had a flat spot beveled onto the back of his head from the abuse."

"A poor man's Bobby Knight," Mac asserted.

"Only crazier; and that's saying something. Anyway, our senior year, we had a group of sharp, fun-loving guys who absolutely adored girls. Loved everything about 'em. The way they smelled, the way they kissed, the way they dressed, especially the way they undressed. This drove Paul O'Doul crazy. Here was a talented group of young men with real potential, and their main focus on Friday nights was steaming up the back windows of Dad's car.

"O'Doul went nuts. When the season went sideways, he decided the one thing he could accomplish was to drive the sex demons from our souls.

"Practices became insane. We were a bunch of loony, lustful eighteen year olds thrust into Dante's roundball inferno.

"He screamed at us. He threw things at us. He stomped off the court and quit once a week. All because we were young and horny, and he'd forgotten how good it was to be that age. Or maybe he hadn't.

“We needed an escape. So we all took up post-practice spelunking.”

“Cave exploring?” Ann asked.

“You got it. A pretty intense thing to do after a full day of school, and two hours of Paul’s Mania Salon, wouldn’t you say?”

“Where did you go?” Mac asked.

“Up in the Santa Rita Mountains southeast of Tucson, a series of limestone caverns stretches for miles underground. The best of the bunch is Onyx Cave, named after the walls in the Cathedral Room--back about a mile and a half into the mountain. To get there, you climbed several walls, and rappelled others. In one spot, you shimmied up a forty-five degree ramp onto a tight ledge that dropped off into a massive cavern. To go on from there, you used a rope ladder left at the spot for years.

“One night, we all went in, but John Marshall had left his headlamp at home. So we put him between us, and headed for the Cathedral Room.

“It was pretty silly, really. Climbing a couple of those walls without a headlamp was a test, even for an athlete as talented as John.

“We got to the ramp, and up onto the ledge, but John’s knee was killing him. He told us he couldn’t go any further, but we shouldn’t stop. We left him there in the dark. Well, if you’ve never been in a cave before and turned off your headlamps, you have never experienced total darkness. It’s scary.

“The rest of us headed to the Cathedral Room; it was always amazing. Centuries of chemicals and gravity had left purple, pink, blue-pearl and amber

walls that somehow soothed our teenage nerves. Suddenly, there was something beyond frustrated old men venting their anger at the young.

“We used to love to stand on one side of a wall, and shine our lights through the onyx at our friends on the other side. It was breathtaking. And it got us in touch with a different time reference. Today was pretty tough, but a lot of yesterday was terrible, and look how good this place had turned out.

“We headed back toward John, and hadn’t gotten far when we heard his screaming. Real blood-curdling stuff. We did the dumb thing, and started running through the cave to get back to him. There were knife-edged stalagmites growing all around, just waiting for one of us to slip and fall onto them.

“When we got back up the rope ladder, John was lying there covered in sweat, scared to death.”

“What happened to him?” Ann asked.

“While he was lying there in the darkness, he heard a bat fly through the cavern below. It began fluttering up the ramp toward him. It wanted to get out into the cavern beyond the rope ladder, and was probably just as scared as John, but had the distinct advantage that it could see.

“That old bat had no other choice. It began crawling up John’s leg, and over his knees. Dodging John’s swings, it finally flew toward his face, and at the last instant, veered off into the cavern.”

“That poor kid,” Ann laughed.

“Yeah. As I said before, you never know going in what’s going to happen coming out.”

“What do you mean?” Mac asked.

“Well, going into that cave, John had wanted to be a priest. After the bat, he ended up a cop.”



## *Chapter Eight A Mother's Tale*

HOLE	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	OUT
<b>Tour Black</b>	<b>388</b>	<b>415</b>	<b>561</b>	<b>179</b>	<b>553</b>	<b>425</b>	<b>182</b>	<b>414</b>	<b>436</b>	<b>3705</b>
Championship Blue 79.1/145	371	395	530	153	553	425	182	414	436	3459
Regular White 70.8/130	353	367	490	136	523	404	168	395	410	3246
Men's Hdcp.	13	11	5	17	1	9	15	3	7	
<b>Par</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>36</b>
Waymon Thornton (18)	7									
Harvey Glickstein (23)	6									
Ann Miller (14)	4									
Mac Douglas (9)	4									
Women's Hdcp.	13	7	5	15	1	3	17	9	11	
Championship Gold 72.8/132	314	310	449	122	483	341	133	370	361	2883
Ladies Red 70.2/126	282	269	414	97	437	318	100	316	295	2528

“Omen crow, head southward.

Tell me I, too, must go

Before the next Winter.”

Waymon Thornton,

the Spring before he died.

Once while playing the West Seattle Municipal Golf Course, Mac hit a crow.

It was on the second tee at West Seattle. A long dogleg with a big ravine on the right populated by foxes. Mac hit a screamer of a tee shot that was still only about eight feet off the ground a hundred yards out when it struck this poor crow flying across the fairway.

The black avis fell senseless from the sky, the ball following him to the turf. Immediately, from seemingly every tree within shouting distance, hundreds of crows came screaming toward their stricken comrade. They gathered like so many ranting petitioners yelling at a landlord.

Mac and his playing partners walked down the fairway, and scattered the birds. Mac picked up the dazed crow and carried him to the deep grass by the ravine.

When he went back to get his ball, it was gone. One of those crows had picked up the offending missile and carried it away.

Stupid crows.

O.K., maybe not stupid.

Mac and Ann parred the first hole, hers a sandie. Out of the water, Waymon took two to get off the beach, and finished with a triple bogey. Harvey followed with a nice chip and a two-putt from five feet--a double.

It reads like an Abbott & Costello skit, but that's the way they talk in golf. Every member of this D.G.A. foursome spoke the mother tongue fluently. They

could all play Bingo Bango Bongo. They knew what it was to skull it, to hit the knockdown seven-iron, the hands needed to draw the ball. Some knew better than others. Sorry, Harvey.

The lexicon of golf sounds like a simpleton's poetry, but it is quite broad and unique.

Scientists speak of fractal regions, slew rates, and epidermal conundra. Audio engineers throw phrases around like bell EQ, trim pots, and compression ratios. English professors discuss the ablative case, gerunds, and dactyl structures. Next to NASA astronauts, though, golfers have maybe the second most entertaining vocabulary.

Because Ann and Mac halved the first hole, no skin was taken. It carried over to number two, a 395 yard par 4 with a slight dogleg left.

"So tell me, Ann," Harvey inquired as Mac cleaned his ball on the second tee, "how could someone as healthy as you be as dead as you as young as you?"

Ann laughed, shook her red pageboy and said, "Well, Harvey, I guess heart disease ran in the family I never knew."

"What do you mean?" Waymon asked.

"It's a pretty complicated story really. I was adopted right out of the hospital when I was four months old, and spent much of the next fifteen years trying to figure out why the woman I called Mother seemed so different. She was a sweet enough person, really, and I do believe she loved me dearly, but there



was something intuitive missing. Finally, after my Dad died, and she felt I was old enough, she told me I wasn't really hers."

Mac readied his ball, then leaned on his driver and listened.

"It was devastating to me, but in a strange way not surprising. Those two wonderful people, after all, had seemed somehow like beloved relations through the years--not parents. It was confusing because they had been the only parents I had ever known."

Ann paused, and brushed off some unseen twig from her cardigan; it appeared as if she wouldn't go on. With a slight blush, she continued.

"After the initial shock, I made up my mind to go and find my real Mother, and ask her why she had given me up. My adopted Mother told me the woman's name was Hattie Hadlock."

Ann stepped forward; doing a little gardening, she threw a rock from the teebox.

"It became rather an obsession with me. Everywhere I turned over the years, I ran into roadblocks. I knew I had been born at Providence Hospital in Seattle, but the records for the three years surrounding my birth had been lost in a fire. I went to the Bureau of Records, but they couldn't find anything.

"In the intervening years, I graduated college, I got married, I had kids, but I never gave up my determination to look into the eyes of my real mother. I just had to ask her why. Why did she give me up, cast me away? How could she do such a thing?"

The three men all found something innocuous to focus on as Ann cast her gaze to the stars.

“The year after my boy was born, I went to the phone company in Seattle, and started calling every Hadlock listed in the state. I’d get them on the phone and ask them if they knew a Hattie Hadlock, who by then would have been in her late fifties.

“I got one little old black man named Hadlock, and I told him my story. His mother was actually named Hattie. But she was ninety-two, and as he said with a laugh, ‘Honey, I don’t believe she’s the one you’re looking for.’”

“Did you ever find her?” Waymon asked softly.

“Yes. Yes, I did. First, though, I ran into the lawyer who had handled the original adoption. He informed me that for a retainer fee of \$1000, he would see what he could do.”

“Bastard!” Harvey cried. “God, I hope lawyers don’t get to play golf in the afterlife. Oh, sorry, Mac.”

“Quite all right, Harvey,” Mac replied. Many in the calling had given him no reason to dissent from the opinion.

“I actually came across my real mother during my Hadlock phone search, but she wouldn’t admit it. I called the number, and a little girl answered. I asked if she knew a Hattie Hadlock, and she said, ‘Yes, that’s my Grandma.’ My Mother came to the phone, but when I described my situation to her, she said couldn’t help me, and our conversation came to an end.”

“So near, and yet so far,” Harvey interjected.

“Yeah, Harvey, but you can never let that stop you,” Ann answered. “A couple of years later, I went to the publisher of a small weekly newspaper in the Kent Valley, whose name also happened to be Hadlock--no relation. He told me there was a farmer out in Enumclaw named Gordon Hadlock who looked a lot like me. Big hands, big feet. Long legs. Red hair. Same facial features.

“So out I go on my wild goose chase, but this one delivers the golden egg.

“I met Gordon standing by the mailbox across from my Mother’s house. They were a very close family, and quite successful farmers. She lived across the road from him.

“Gordon was a great guy. He knew right away that I was his sister. He, his brother and sister had always heard rumors that there was a baby. And here I was.

“Well, we were quite a sight! We took off our shoes, and compared feet. I ran my hands across his face, and traced his silly pointed nose--just like mine. It was wonderful. I had brothers! And a sister!

“But then I walked up onto my Mother’s porch and knocked at the screen door. There wasn’t an answer at first; she had been resting.

“Finally, she came to the door, and stepped into the light behind the screen. As soon as she saw my eyes, she stepped back into the shadows.

“I identified myself, and told her I was searching for my real Mother, a Hattie Hadlock. I gave her what details I had, and asked if she might not be the woman I sought.

“She was silent for a moment, and then whispered, ‘I am not the one.’

“Well, what was I going to say? I turned and walked away from the farm, but I was determined not to give up. A year later, I wrote her a letter, really baring my soul to her--daughter to mother. I took it to her at the farm.

“Again, she came to the door, but pulled back into the shadows. I told her firmly that I was there to deliver a letter, and that I would wait there until she read it and gave me an answer. If she refused to answer my questions, I would never leave her alone.

“She asked me in, and read my letter, her face turned half-away from me while she read. She showed no emotion while she perused the script that had ripped out my heart. It said that I knew she was my mother, and threatened that if she didn’t tell me the truth, I would go to the local newspaper and the Seattle P-I.

“When she was finished, she folded it neatly and returned it to the envelope. Handing it back to me, she said that if I would meet her at Frederick & Nelson’s old eighth floor dining room the next Wednesday afternoon, she would answer all my questions.”

“Did you meet her?” Harvey asked.

“Yes.”

“What did she say?” Waymon inquired.

“She was a widow from beyond the Cascades with two kids whom she’d left behind with her mother so that she could go into Seattle and work as a nurse. (My sister came along later from her next marriage.) My mother was sad, lonely, and pretty deep into depression when the chief surgeon of the hospital took a

fancy to her. He was from one of Seattle's premier families; his wife was suffering from a terminal illness. The two fell in love, my mother got pregnant, and he, of course, wouldn't leave his ill wife. Besides, this was the '40s. You could imagine the damage this would do to his family!

"So they left me in the hospital for four months (his position gave him the power to do that) while they sought out an adoptive family. My new Mom and Dad came along, and we lived happily ever after, until I learned the truth."

"So, did you get to know your Mama?" Waymon asked.

Ann looked down at those big farmer's daughter's feet before she replied.

"No, Way, I didn't. My Mother said she couldn't stand to establish a relationship; it would be too painful for her.

"I just looked her in the eye, thanked her for her time, exhaled deeply, pushed out my chair, and walked away."

"You poor kid," Harvey sighed.

"No, Harvey, it was all right. What it did to me was forge the determination to be as good a Mother as God could create. When my kids came along, I vowed I would never give them away, nor ever give up on them. When they were in trouble, I tried to be their friend. When they needed a boot in the butt, I kissed them afterward. I wanted to be as close to them as I could without smothering them. I'm sure a couple of them think I failed in that, but I really tried. And, I ended up with some great kids. They were a blessing. I suppose I owe that, in a way, to my real mother. Kind of funny isn't it how that worked out? I

just didn't want them to feel about me what I felt about my real mother when she died."

"Which was?" Harvey asked.

"Not enough. No great hole in my heart, no sorrow for her. I'd done my grieving growing up. She didn't love me enough to keep me, so I didn't miss her much. That's a terrible thing to say about your Mother."

"I have a feeling your kids miss you like crazy, Ann," Waymon said.

"Thanks, Way. Now hit the ball."



## *Chapter Nine*

### *Surprise!*

So here we are dead. Four lost souls whacking away. I mean, I loved golf as I grew up, but didn't think I'd be playing it every night in the afterlife, with no idea where I go from here. Of course, nothing happened in life like I expected, so why should I be surprised? You just try to rise above it, and go on.

I can't believe I told these guys the story of my adoption. I don't think I've ever told strangers.

I grew up thinking the woman I lived with was my Mom. She wasn't. As a little girl, I imagined that nothing was more sacred than Motherhood. As a teen, I learned that my real Mother evidently didn't agree--at least not where it related to me. Motherhood was something you could discard, like a moth-worn sweater. Give it to some needy family, let them get what use out of it they can. 'My daughter? Oh, she's not here right now. I gave her up for adoption years ago. I'm sure she's fine. They assured me they put her with a family who would love her.' It was all sort of like dropping a cat off at the Humane Society. You hope someone comes and takes the little creature home before she's put out of her misery, but you really don't want to worry about it. Then, when she finds her way

to you years later, she confronts you with how out of mind she's been all this time.

Mustn't let it get to me here. These guys wouldn't understand, and then they'd beat me silly in the skins game. Life was actually pretty wonderful. There were some great times.

Swimming was my earliest passion. I remember how I loved the water even before I'd been to school. My Mom--my adoptive Mom--got me swimming lessons when I was only four. Some of the other kids feared it. I was exhilarated! What a wonderful feeling! Clean, peaceful, silent.

Later, I learned about speed in the water. Racing! Mainly against myself. That became an all consuming focus for me from the time I was seven until I was twenty-three. Practice twice a day, three hundred fifty days a year. Several dozen competitive meets a year. About two million yards of workouts.

I even swam in college, though by then I had to spend more time on my books than in the pool. Did win the NCAAs. And Senior Nationals. Got hurt before the Olympic Trials. But it gave me a million memories! Traveling around the country, feeling the respect from kids just as dedicated as I was. They knew, and I knew, that I was only a step away from the top.

After a lifetime in the pool, and then directing all my kids to do the same, I realized that what I loved most about it was the ballet. The near-synchronous music of eight backstrokers pulling hard for the wall. The wave action from a heat of churning free-stylers. The off-beat rhythms of the breast-stroke.



I met my husband swimming. I fell in love with him when I was eight--a silly, giggly thing. It never died. He was always painfully cute to me. We were best friends for years, even after we divorced.

He was a breastroker on Chinook. His name was Ken Miller, a handsome, narrow-framed bundle of muscle who just missed going to the Tokyo Olympics. His best friend, Trevor Norton, made it. Ken disqualified in the final at the Olympic Trials for using a dolphin kick coming off the last wall. He was in second-place at the time, in position to make the team. It was the kind of mistake that stays with you for the rest of your life.

As an athlete, you try and reconstruct your mental processes. Did you make the turn unbalanced? Were you looking for a single, quick thrust to cement your position? Did your mind go blank for an instant? He tried to get beyond it over the years, but I could tell he never really healed.

We married in '65, and the four kids came in quick succession. I didn't mind having a lot of babies--with my history, I think it was inevitable. They were all blessings. Three girls and a boy. They were in the water before they could walk. For twenty years, we were the ultimate swimming family, crisscrossing the West going to competitions. I loved it. None of the kids achieved near the success that their dad and I did, but we really didn't care. They were good kids, disciplined like most swimmers, and our family was happy--at least until Ken started acting differently.

We'd had our share of problems, nothing serious enough to threaten the marriage. But suddenly, there was an invisible veil pulled over our relationship. I

couldn't put my finger on it, taking it for the inevitable dying of the passion we'd enjoyed for two decades. He almost completely stopped being intimate with me. The kids couldn't tell, but I sure felt it. He would come in late, or not call when he was on the road. Our relationship grew measured boundaries.

I found myself sad a lot. My kids still made me smile, but that most important relationship was slipping away. There didn't seem to be anything I could do about it. I dressed up in new clothes, did my hair differently, changed my makeup, even rented dirty movies trying to rekindle the old flames--nothing worked. I cried alone all the time. I was losing my husband, and it was driving me mad.

I tried to talk to him; he assured me that nothing was wrong; he was tired, overworked, and getting older. He was still in pretty fair shape, but said his sex drive just wasn't what it used to be.

My God, how would you like to have your husband say that to you? I guess it happens a lot, but it takes a toll on your self-esteem. Suddenly, I stopped eating, sure that the extra seven pounds I carried beyond my college swimming weight made me less alluring in his eyes. I bought self-improvement tapes, went into therapy, even developed a little bit of a drinking problem. Ken didn't seem to care. My handicap ballooned to an eighteen.

I thought I might hire a private detective to see if there was any extra-curricular activity going on. Men around forty are notorious for needing their image bolstered by an extraneous relationship. I knew. Often, it has less to do with their marriage than their mortality. I knew all about this; plus, therapy had

exposed my inbred fears of rejection. I finally decided I'd do some detective work on my own, but all I found was that he went to a local tavern most nights with his old pal Trevor Norton.

Then, late one night, I was driving to the store for a carton of milk. I saw Ken's car drive through the intersection by the store in a direction away from our house. I decided to follow him. It was really dark; I hoped he wouldn't recognize my car a half-block back.

As we drove through the trees toward the Sound, I noticed he had someone in the car with him, and that person was laying her head on Ken's shoulder. I gasped, but kept up the chase. It was time to get this all out in the open, rise above it and move on.

Ken pulled his car to the curb outside a new condo down by the water, and the two of them embraced as I shut off my lights and pulled up a hundred yards back. I got out and started to walk silently toward them. They were getting progressively excited as I approached; Ken's girlfriend even dipped her head down into his lap as I drew even with the rear fender. My Lord, were they going to do it right here, where any kid passing by on a bike could witness it? I was getting furious. The bastard! How could he do this to my kids and me? I was ready to kill him as I leaned down and knocked on the passenger window. Imagine my shock when the head that popped up off Ken's lap was Trevor Norton.

I can't explain why people become what they do. Ken said he'd had those feelings for years, but suppressed them. He wanted kids, he liked women for a long time, and he said he still loved me for all the years we'd been together. He just liked guys better now.

We got a divorce, stayed friends through the years, both loved our kids madly, and I even came to like Trevor again. Ken, however, had left me alone. Like a well-worn sweater at the Goodwill Store.

You rise above it and go on.



## *Chapter Ten*

### *In Heaven, Everyone Plays*

Our foursome thought themselves unique. It's one of the conceits of the dead. They're to be excused, though. After passing through the mortal curtain, and suddenly realizing there's something more--well, it can make you downright giddy.

They couldn't have understood that while they were playing Indian Summer, dozens of foursomes were doing the same. There was even another group playing hole number two at the same time they were. Neither could see the other. (Maybe it keeps things from piling up while you wait to make it into Heaven.)

What surprises most people is that not only do the recently deceased play golf; in Heaven everyone plays. Little uncoordinated old ladies who never did such a thing when they were alive, play everyday. Babies, who never escaped their incubator, grip it and rip it. It's one of God's little humors. He loves to watch.

Every morning in the Vast Beyond, in fact, you can see Jesus play a round with the Buddha, Mohammed, and Moses. It's quite something.

All four have unique styles. Jesus is known for giving mulligans. Mohammed is legendary out of the sand. Buddha has a great short game. No yips after all these years. Moses keeps score, and grouses about all the skins he's missing.

You see, theirs is the only foursome in Heaven which doesn't gamble.



## *Chapter Eleven Ducks Beware!*

HOLE	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	OUT
Tour Black	388	415	561	179	553	425	182	414	436	3705
Championship Blue 79.1/145	371	395	530	153	553	425	182	414	436	3459
Regular White 70.8/130	353	367	490	136	523	404	168	395	410	3246
Men's Hdcp.	13	11	5	17	1	9	15	3	7	
Par	4	4	5	3	5	4	3	4	4	36
Waymon Thornton (18)	7									
Harvey Glickstein (23)	6									
Ann Miller (14)	4									
Mac Douglas (9)	4									
Women's Hdcp.	13	7	5	15	1	3	17	9	11	
Championship Gold 72.8/132	314	310	449	122	483	341	133	370	361	2883
Ladies Red 70.2/126	282	269	414	97	437	318	100	316	295	2528

Number two at Indian Summer is the number eleven men's-handicap hole, the number seven women's. More of that weird golfer's idiom. What it means is that Mac would give up a stroke only to Harvey. So, if they all four got the same score, Harvey would win.

Never mind. There are people who play golf all their lives who are still trying to figure out the handicap system in the funeral limo on their way to be buried.

“Do I get a stroke here?”

“Stroke, schmoke. The last stroke you got killed you. Let the ones behind play through.”

The topography of the second hole at Indian Summer is quite beautiful and historically interesting. A man-made lake lines much of the right side of the fairway, and even extends into the middle, two-hundred and fifty yards out. You can get into trouble all along the way, because the entire left side of the fairway is out-of-bounds. It's the property line of the golf course.

Off there beyond the wire fence is an old marshland that was undoubtedly a favorite landing spot for ten thousand years of ducks. No more. No self-respecting mallard would come within miles of that bog now, for fear of being hit by a wayward hook from old number two. That doesn't speak to some of the language our peaceful, friendly waterfowl would have to endure from the more vociferous duffers.

Mac Douglas, of course, didn't hit anywhere near the old duck swamp with his tee shot on two. Neither did Waymon Thornton. Harvey Glickstein, however, flew in like he knew a special nesting place on his way to Onalokleet. His tee shot went ten yards out and a hundred yards left.

“Quack, you bastard,” Harvey suggested. He flapped his skinny old arms at the disappearing pellet.



“Boy, Harvey, I hope that wasn’t a decoy you hit in there so mine would follow,” Ann joked.

“Funny,” Harvey replied. “Would you just walk up there to where the short people hit and get on with it?”

“Oh, now it’s sexism and sizism, is it?” Ann admonished him with a glint. “So unattractive from one of the Chosen People.”

“Evidently not chosen for this game,” Harvey grumped. He teed up a second ball, and duplicated his first duck-hook. His silence indicated he didn’t want to talk about it.

“By the way, Harvey, don’t look now but I’m a good three-inches taller than you,” Ann grinned. “And from up here, the top of your head is kind of a hot crimson. Very sexy.”

“So tell us, Harvey, what did you do in life when you should have been at the practice tees?” Waymon asked with a grin.

“I did everything I could to survive, that’s what I did. I told jokes in the Catskills, I bummed across the country during the Depression. I owned Jersey City’s least successful fruitstand. I sold vacuum cleaners to Latino ladies with no electricity. I even went to Vietnam. Now, can we play?”

“Vietnam? Protesting the protesting?”

“No, profiteering. I was a pretty fair mechanic, and they had a steady stream of Huey helicopters that they’d bring in from the frontlines all shot to pieces. They’d wash out all the blood, and we’d patch up the mechanical holes, and get them back into the war. I did the same thing in World War II.”

“They had Huey helicopters in WW II?” Mac quipped.

“No, those were B-24s.” Harvey hit a third tee shot with so little backswing that it only traveled a hundred yards. At least it was in play. “Fix ‘em up, send ‘em back. That’s what I did.”

“Man, you saw a lot of the century’s warfare!” Mac said with real respect in his voice.

“Yeah, from a hundred and fifty miles away. No front lines for me. I just fixed the weapons. I never got to use them.” Harvey’s wrinkled old face showed a touch of sadness.

“Well, you’ve made up for it on the golf course,” Waymon cracked. “Those were a couple of dangerous salvos you hit out-of-bounds.”

“Stuff it, Way,” Harvey reacted. With a shake of his head, he added, “God, what I’d give for a stogie right now! If I’d known they wouldn’t let us have cigars in the afterlife, not only would I have not believed in it, I wouldn’t have wanted to be here.”

“You sold a vacuum cleaner to a Latino lady with no electricity?” Ann laughed, hoping to make Harvey feel better while sitting five barely off the tee.

“Yeah,” Harvey replied, “I convinced her that electricity was only several miles off and a couple of years away, and her friends would be impressed with how ready she was for it. Not to mention how pretty that flashy new Kirby would look sitting on the dirt floors.”

“Dirt floors!” Waymon roared. “God, that’s selling!”

“So, what was your favorite joke in the Catskills?” Ann asked.

“My favorite joke? O.K. This guy has a flat tire right outside the fence of the insane asylum. He gets out the jack, takes off the flat; but when he puts on the spare, he realizes he’s lost the lug nuts. Good God, what’s he gonna do? He’s beside himself. All of a sudden, he notices an inmate inside the fence looking at him with a smile. ‘What would you do?’ he asks the madman. ‘Take a single lug nut from each of the other three tires and get the spare on. Drive to the gas station, buy four more lugs nuts.’ ‘That’s brilliant,’ the guys says to the fruitcake. ‘What the Hell are you doing in that funny farm?’ The crazy guy looks him in the eye and says, ‘I may be crazy, but I ain’t stupid!’”



## *Chapter Twelve*

# *Jesus and the Short Game*

Ann hit another pretty drive; then, as our foursome proceeded up the second fairway, a special meeting was taking place in Heaven.

Many religious thinkers may argue the structure of the encounter as presented, but golfers will understand.

The meeting was between Jesus and God.

Right here, of course, many Christians will take offense, because, as we know, Christians believe Jesus and God to be One and the Same. Well, that might be the case in the Highest sense, but on the golf courses of Heaven, Jesus is Jesus, and God is God.

That way, Jesus gets to play.

The ambient 'wallpaper' God selected for the confab was the Whole Universe. He could, of course, have picked incredibly bright light, the enveloping ebony of a black hole, or the atmosphere from any of the billions of worlds in His Dominion. He was, after all, God.

He chose, however, the Big Overview.

It was like putting on a power tie for lunch.

“All right, Jesus,” God said, or more correctly--communicated, “You called this meeting. What’s up?”

“Well, Father,” Jesus replied lovingly, “it’s about the game of golf as you allow it to be practiced here in Heaven.”

“Yes, what about it?” God said, sensing a challenge to His authority.

Jesus downcast His eyes humbly before continuing.

“Well, some of the angels wonder why you don’t help them with their games. They pray on the course. They pray off the course. And still, their games don’t improve. They practice. They pray. Why can’t you help them?”

God shifted on His Throne, and did the Godly equivalent of a heavy exhale.

“Jesus, you know the rules,” He said in his deepest ‘voice,’ “I created Heaven and Earth. I created golf. I created everything in between. But except in the most extraordinary circumstances, I don’t get involved. I like to watch. It makes it so much more rewarding when they work it out for themselves.”

Jesus sat at the feet of God, and furrowed His brow. (It’s always difficult to argue with God. He really does have most of the answers.)

“Now tell me, Jesus,” God inquired, “how’s that short game?”

“Well, Lord, You know those days I spent in Hell?”

“Yes,” God answered.

“I think the only thing I brought back with me was that putter I use.”

At the same time the meeting in Heaven was taking place, a similar confrontation was occurring in Hell between the Devil and one his minions.

That's right. Lucifer. Beelzebub. The Fallen Angel. You knew he existed. Just like the shank, the top, the three-putt. Oh yes, he's there. And he's not happy.

On this occasion, Satan was receiving an underling to discuss golf in Hell. (That phrase does sound a trifle redundant, doesn't it?)

The 'wallpaper' he chose was 'Winter in Aspen'; it didn't do any good. The place was an inferno.

Satan sat unclothed on an overlarge throne, gnawing at barbecued baby back ribs.

"Yes, what is it?" the Devil demanded.

"Oh, mighty Prince," the poor damned soul pleaded, his wretched eyes afire, "I am here to discuss our round yesterday, and the money I ended up owing you."

"Pay up, you bastard." Satan growled, throwing a bone on the floor, while resorting to a phrase all his slaves knew well, "You play with the Devil, you pay the price."

"But Lucifer, you cheated! You took three mulligans on the backside, and I swear you didn't count all your strokes."

"Silence. How dare you judge the Master's game--it's part of a great tradition," the Devil laughed. "And don't swear--it's not good for your immortal soul. Ha! Now give me my money, and get back into your blast furnace."

“But Satan, I only get to play once a millennium; don’t make me pay--I didn’t lose.”

“Sorry, sucker, you lose. But tell me, what did you think of my putt on eighteen? Forty feet...all right, maybe twenty-five. Drained it!”

“Oh, very impressive, your Omnipotence,” said the wretched duffer, hoping he hadn’t angered the Dark Prince too greatly.

“Yes, sports fans, he may be a firebrand, but he’s got icewater in his veins. Now get the Hell back in the flames.”



## *Chapter Thirteen*

### *Owls and Crows See Ghosts*

The rising three-quarter moon peeked between two high clouds. A breeze, which had only recently come ashore, was dying peacefully in the trees of Indian Summer. Crows fluttered restlessly on high limbs along the fairway, while a single owl looked out with suspicion from an elm in the wetlands.

(It should be noted here that certain birds and animals, the owl and the crow being two, can see Spirits. Numerous Indian tribes, from the Bering Straits to the tip of South America, have believed as much through the generations. They are right.)

What this wise old speckled owl saw was two ghosts lounging on a knoll pin-high to the right of the green, while two other less-happy specters chipped on.

Mac had hit a seven-iron from one-fifty to within ten feet. Waymon's was an even better approach--a five-iron from one-sixty-two that actually hit the pin and caromed to within five feet. He practically soared across the lake with the shot.

Ann ended up in the rough to the right after miss-hitting her second. If it wasn't for the instant return feature of golfing in the afterlife, Harvey, who was



now lying eight, would have had to walk down into the water to retrieve his last mistake.

“Damned game, why do I play?” Glickstein fumed as he chipped weakly onto the green. Ann followed with a superb flop shot that slid six feet by on the uphill side. The two stragglers joined their compatriots on the knoll.

None of them was in a big hurry. Noone was pressing them from behind, and they had all night to finish the game.

“Might as well enjoy the old home planet,” Mac remarked, lying back on his hands to stare into the star-sprinkled sky. Overhead, Orion was hitting a lofted wedge to a green beyond Andromeda, wishing that his sword would get out of the way.

Waymon was wearing multi-colored Gore-Tex® sweats. Mac dressed in a more conservative patterned sweater, with cream slacks over Oxford golf shoes. Ann complimented her carmine hair with a white sweater trimmed in crimson, and white golfing slacks. She wore a red all-weather glove on her left hand. Harvey dressed like Harvey--nothing new, nothing matched, nothing waterproof.

The waterproof quality of any of their clothing didn't matter. Ghosts don't pick up dew from the grass, or get soaked in a downpour. They are impervious to earthly elements.

“Yet another advantage of being dead,” Waymon noted caustically. He lifted his butt off the bare ground, patting its dryness.

“So Mac, tell us your life story,” Harvey quipped. “Get my mind off my game. Please! Maybe losing concentration will help.”

“Yeah,” Waymon agreed, “as little as you talk, Mac, your life story shouldn’t take more than a few moments.”

“Back off, Way,” Ann interjected, turning to Mac. “Do you remember much of your airline crash, Mac? Was it a relief to you that it wasn’t all there is?”

“I don’t know. Maybe relief. But it’s sort of ironic, really, that I died in an airplane crash,” Mac answered slowly. He smiled almost imperceptibly with the memory. “I used to always joke to my kids whenever we got on a plane that I wondered if this was ‘the ill-fated airliner, piloted by Captain Eddie Crashmore.’ I finally found the one that was.

“It’s really strange that I should die just at that moment. I had overcome most of my demons. I’d kicked drugs after years and years of abuse. I’d found a wonderful woman who appreciated how much I loved her. My two sets of kids had grown up and forgiven me all the damage I’d done to their lives. And then...this!”

“Wait a second,” Harvey intervened, “you were a druggie? You seem so straight.”

“One of those you least suspect, Harvey,” Mac answered. “Another irony about the crash was that years ago, I witnessed a military jet do a double flameout into a shopping center, while under the influence. It was the one and only experience I had with your industry, Waymon--my fifteen minutes in the spotlight, and I was stoned out of my brain.”

Mac had been in college in the late ‘60s; his time there gave new meaning to the phrase ‘higher education.’ His fraternity at the University of Puget Sound

was notorious for its marijuana use--hidden behind the public facade of a good-old kegger hotbed. One member of the fraternity even had a false wall built of fully wrapped kilos, right there in the house.

It made for an interesting sociological study during Homecoming Week. The old fraternity alums would return for a big beer blowout, and wonder where the new kids went during the festivities; and why were they so stand-offish as the night wore on?

Mac had first smoked pot with a bunch of buddies from Law School. It was crazy, really, four guys studying to uphold the law while breaking it. Such was the sundering in society at the time that these would-be counselors convinced themselves they were protesting a prohibition on individual choice imposed by a corrupt government.

Besides, they dug the effect of the drug. To Hell with that specific law.

Mac could still remember the song playing when he first got high. It was "May This Be Love" on Jimi Hendrix' Are You Experienced album. Oh boy! Hendrix could play with your mind much like The Mule in Asimov's Foundation Trilogy. Smoking the right pot and hearing that tune, Mac was convinced, would have sent the Pope out to buy a hookah.

"After we got stoned that first time," Mac related to his three new friends, "my buddy who bought it sent me out driving. He said whatever you did the first time would be something you'd love to do stoned for the rest of your life."

"You went out driving on the stuff? Were you crazy?" Harvey was having none of this high experience stuff.

“Yeah, I don’t know, probably crazy; I was stupid, and I was young. Is that redundant, or what?” Mac answered. “But it sure was interesting. I drove by my favorite old course--Lake Spanaway--and passing the tenth fairway on Pacific Avenue seemed to take a half hour. Time was expanded. Sound was enhanced. I was glad I didn’t eat that first time, or I might have ended up an obese ex-golfer.”

Driving stoned is how Mac got mixed up in the radio news business. He and a friend witnessed an Air Force fighter from McChord Air Force base in Tacoma experience a double flameout and crash into a Safeway store in Lakewood.

Four souls died in two houses behind the store; but because the jet hit the rear of the Safeway, almost everyone was blown out the front. Only two employees in a rear stockroom lost their lives.

“We were so close to the crash that the concussion knocked our car into the next lane. My buddy remembered the phone number of the local rock station’s news hotline--we’d win \$100 for sure with this newstip! So I called, and the newsman recorded me describing the fireball from the crash as being ‘about 5000 feet high.’ Well, it was maybe 500 feet high, but I screwed up in the excitement, and before you knew it, the networks were reporting a plane crash in Tacoma, Washington with a fireball of 5000 feet. Only an atomic explosion would cause that much fire; CBS, NBC, and ABC scrambled crews up the coast to cover this unfolding disaster.”

“So you blew it because you were on dope, eh stupid?” Harvey asked in disgust.

“Yeah, Harvey, I guess so,” Mac answered meekly. “But it wasn’t any worse than the news director at that same radio station, who the next day reported from the scene of the crash.”

“What did he do?”

“Let me see if I can quote him exactly: ‘I’m standing here next to the burned-out hulk of what used to be the Safeway store in Lakewood. I’m looking down on the devastation where four people lost their lives; from below is arising a stench that we can only hope was the meat department.’”

“My God, he said that?” Ann’s eyes bulged.

“Yep.”

Waymon shook his head.

“Makes you wonder what kind of drug he was on,” is all he said.

“So what happened when your airliner crashed? Were you high then, too?” Harvey asked Mac.

Mac looked Harvey in the eye, then down to the ground.

“No, Harvey, I’d straightened up years before, thank God.”

Mac had been flying back from a golf vacation in the Caribbean. His third wife and two kids had been with him, but had gone home while he took care of some legal business in Miami. Approaching Dallas Airport in a terrible storm, his plane was struck numerous times by lightning, and was finally hit by a severe wind-shear on final approach. One-hundred seventy-three people died.

“It was really scary during the storm,” Mac related. “I’d been tossed around in airliners before, but nothing like this. People were flying up off their seats, junk from the overhead storage bins was crashing down.. Everybody was screaming. The attendants were throwing themselves from seat to seat trying to calm everybody. One of them was knocked unconscious. That really freaked us out.

“Right in the middle of the panic, I looked over at the old lady sitting across the aisle from me, and I’ll never forget the grin she had on her face.

‘What’s wrong with you,’ I yelled at her, ‘ aren’t you afraid?’

‘When the plane turns upside down, son, then I’ll be afraid,’ was what she said to me.

“Twenty minutes later, the plane turned upside down as we approached Dallas-Ft. Worth. Just before we crashed, I looked over at her; she was smiling with her eyes closed, waiting for the end.

“Then we crashed.”

“Was it like being thrown through a wall, when you died?” Ann asked.

“I don’t know, Ann. I didn’t feel a thing. I think there was a long quiet after the crash. I saw the rescue scene from above, kind of like an out-of-body experience. I saw fire engines and ambulances scream to the scene. Dozens of distraught bystanders were crying. I wanted to tell them it was all right. I even looked for myself in the wreckage. No luck. But two really good things happened.”

“What two good things?” Harvey asked skeptically.

“Well, one, I didn’t have to go through the Dallas Airport. I hated that airport. And, two, I got to come out here and play with you guys.”

“Hmpph, some reward!” Harvey said in disgust. “God, I wish I had a cigar!”

“Gee, Harvey, I’m surprised you’ve carried that addiction with you,” Ann scolded.

“What addiction? It’s just part of my life.”

“Not anymore,” Mac said with a laugh.



## *Chapter Fourteen*

### *You Live. You Die. You Double-Bogey.*

HOLE	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	OUT
<b>Tour Black</b>	388	415	561	179	553	425	182	414	436	3705
Championship Blue 79.1/145	371	395	530	153	553	425	182	414	436	3459
Regular White 70.8/130	353	367	490	136	523	404	168	395	410	3246
Men's Hdcp.	13	11	5	17	1	9	15	3	7	
<b>Par</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>36</b>
Waymon Thornton (18)	7	3								
Harvey Glickstein (23)	6	11								
Ann Miller (14)	4	5								
Mac Douglas (9)	4	3								
Women's Hdcp.	13	7	5	15	1	3	17	9	11	
Championship Gold 72.8/132	314	310	449	122	483	341	133	370	361	2883
Ladies Red 70.2/126	282	269	414	97	437	318	100	316	295	2528

As you can see from the scorecard, Waymon and Mac sank their putts on two, which meant no skin was won. Ann knocked hers in for a bogey. Mercifully, Harvey was able to finish the hole.

Of the two birdie shooters, Mac putted first and holed his ten-footer. While Waymon was lining up his attempt to keep Mac from taking all their money, Harvey was suddenly his best buddy.



“Come on, Way,” he enthused with a wink, “you can do it. Ann and I are right behind you. Sink this one for your rooting section.”

“Back off, you old codger,” Waymon laughed. “You just want a shot at the money next hole.”

“My God, competition among the dead.” Ann shook her red head in feigned disgust. “It’s so unseemly.”

When Waymon knocked his five-footer into the cup, though, Ann joined Harvey in a resounding cheer.

On to three, skins alive.

As the tiny waterfalls beside the third tees babbled, all four of our competitors got off to bad starts. Mac drove his into the rough short of the sand two-fifty out. Waymon hooked his ball behind the trees to the left. Harvey was in play, but very short with his tee shot. Ann topped her first offering, only getting about one hundred and fifty yards from her drive. She then skulled a long-iron into the sand beyond Mac’s first drive; Harvey joined her there with his second shot. Waymon barely got through the trees with his second. Mac hit his well out of the rough, but pulled it behind some bushes near the out-of-bounds marker on the left. From there, a fat pitching-wedge landed him in sand left of the green.

It was your basic ugly ghost-golf come to life.

“Man, we are stinking up this hole,” Waymon lamented as he hit his third shot into the big sand trap to the right of the green. The two attempts it took him to extricate himself underscored the word ‘trap.’

“Come on, Way, positive self-talk,” Ann advised. She barely got out of the fairway sand with her third shot, flying over a little lake inlet to rest just inside the cut one-fifty out. Her approach flew into deep rough on the back left side of the green. Her face became a tone close to her hair-color.

“Damn!” she exclaimed.

“Come on, Ann, positive self-talk,” Harvey advised with a smirk.

“Cork it, Harvey,” she reacted.

Harvey had his own problems. He only came out of the fairway bunker a little longer than Ann, but landed in the deep grass to the right. His fourth shot found the right side rough short of the green.

“My God, four thousand years my people have suffered, and now this!” Harvey lamented.

“Yeah, I think it’s time to call in the Anti-Defamation League to work on that backswing,” Waymon joked.

“Oh yeah, Mr. Smartbutt? We spend decades helping your people get your civil rights so you can make fun of my backswing?”

“Free at last, free at last! Great God Almighty your backswing stinks, Harvey!” Waymon by this time was rolling in the grass near the green.

When the dust had settled and the birds of prey had flown in terror from the carnage at number three, all took double-bogeys except Mac. However, because of that tricky Mr. Handicap System, Mac didn’t win the hole.

No skin. Another carry-over.

The stakes were only a buck a hole. Of course, none of them had a buck. They were, after all, dead. But it wasn't the money. It was crowing rights. Even in the afterlife, there is great satisfaction in counting coups.

They all played better on hole four. Well, Harvey still had trouble, but this time it was his putting.

Number four is a par-three surrounded on three sides by water; it's also protected by a sandtrap in front. It plays shorter than its listed yardage--a problem that Waymon discovered after Mac put his tee shot pin high fifteen feet to the left. Waymon absolutely creamed an eight iron to within a foot of the water at the back of the green. His pitch back, however, was brilliant, leaving him an easy four-foot tap for par. He missed it.

Ann's opener was high and short--on the dance floor twenty feet from the pin. Her two putts were smooth and nearly automatic. Par three.

Harvey's tee shot nearly found the water on the right. His pitch wasn't as accurate as Waymon's, but he was on. His putting game, however, wasn't. He three putted, and settled for a double bogey five.

Mac had a chance to win four bucks, but his first putt rimmed the cup and rolled two feet past. Par three. No blood, no skin. No coups.

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Four skins. None taken.

“Doesn’t sound very Jewish to me,” quipped Harvey. Lifting his driver out of the bag on the fifth tee, he added, “Scalpel, please.”

“Oh, he brings outs the big butter knife,” Waymon joked, nudging Mac.

“You know what Moses said on the mountain. ‘Lemme get this straight, you want us to cut the ends of our what’s off?’” Harvey laughed at his own joke.

“You didn’t make any more money in comedy than you did in golf, right, Harvey?” Mac teased.

“I got a million of ‘em. Especially Jewish humor. ‘Jesus saves, but Moses invests.’ Stuff like that”

“As a comedian, you must have made a great helicopter mechanic. Now hit the ball.”

Number five is the toughest hole on the course. It is the first time the course looks like a classic Northwest track. Par five, 523 yards, with tall evergreens lining the narrow fairway; there are bunkers on both sides two-twenty out. Grass traps lie along both sides of the route the last hundred yards. The multi-tiered green is protected by sand on three sides. A nightmare waiting to wake a duffer screaming.

It is no place for a swing like Harvey's. When you jerk the backswing, overturn the body, hear a little voice at the top telling you 'NOW HIT IT HARD!,' cast your wrists to begin the downswing, lunge at the ball, and lift your head, you end up in the street beyond the trees to the left.

So it went with Harvey's tee shot.

No jokes came from Mr. Glickstein.

What am I doing here, he thought, I'm dead. I wish I were dead.

It used to be so simple. You lived. You paid your bills. You put up with your wife bitching at you, giving you orders. You got laid once every month whether you needed it or not. Maybe. Then you died. End of story. None of this afterlife crap, where they even make you carry your golf baggage with you. Jesus, what I'd give for a cigar right now!

Look at me; I'm just as old now as when I died. Why don't they give you a new body, for Christ's sake? Do I have to be this age forever? How about restoring me to the way I was at twenty-two? Granted, I was no Cary Grant, but I got a few looks. At least I had hair. Next thing I know, Ethyl will be here telling me to take out the trash.

This is no Heaven. Not the way my Christian friends used to describe it. No golden driveways, no wings, no harps. Just bad golf with three friendly ghosts. What the Hell is this? Where am I?

“You’ll be behind that tree over there for your third shot, Harvey,” Waymon said. “Relax, hit it and have faith. Remember, trees are ninety percent air.”

“And so are you,” Harvey replied sarcastically.

“Golf’s a bitch. Then you have to hit the next shot,” Waymon cracked.

Something about Waymon reminded Harvey of his brother, Donald. Don’t know why--they’re sure different visually, Harvey thought. Waymon is big and black. Donald was slight and Hebrew. Maybe it’s the heart. They’ve both got good hearts. Donald’s wasn’t good enough, of course. His failed a decade ago. Waymon’s didn’t do him any good, either--he got shot through it.

Donald was nine years older than Harvey. And ten times as proud. Growing up, they lived in a little apartment above a drugstore on the wrong side of Jersey City; it grated on Donald.

Their father was a baggage handler at the bus station. Their diabetic mother had a good soul and bad eyes. They were as poor as her health.

“It isn’t right,” Donald used to say, “us being Jewish and broke. It doesn’t fit the image. Poor Jews. Doesn’t sound right. We’re supposed to be masters of commerce. Landlords. Usurers maybe. But we ain’t got bupkus. We got this walkup.”

Late nights, they'd lie in bed with their bellies grumbling, and Donald would dream.

"When we grow up, we're gonna do like the rich Jews do. I'm gonna make it, then I'll help you. That's the way brothers are meant to be, the way Jews are meant to act."

Donald was as good as his word. After their dad died, he worked his way through school as a stockboy in the drugstore downstairs. When he graduated, he became a druggist, then started his own pharmacy. He married a nice Jewish girl, raised a family; and when Harvey wanted to start his own business, Donald gave him the initial capital.

It was a fruitstand. Not very big, and ultimately not very successful. Harvey liked to say he wasn't cut out for fruits. If he had been, better he'd started a funny farm.

He located the fruitstand near his ailing Mom so he could look in on her. He always loved his Mom. The location killed him. His Mom still died.

At the funeral, hardly anybody came. Donald and Harvey fought. A lot of entrenched pain and sorrow spilled out. Harvey told Donald their Mother would have lived longer if Donald would have only paid for better doctors. Donald told Harvey to kiss his kosher ass.

The next day at the fruitstand, Donald called Harvey a loser, and something inside the younger brother broke. He'd lost his Mom. His business was bust. He lost control. He threw an orange at Donald, and hit him square in the glasses. They shattered, splitting the bridge of Donald's nose. His brother

looked at him myopically, blood streaming. He opened his mouth to counter-attack, but instead turned and left. He moved to Florida and died a couple of years later. Harvey never saw him again.

Harvey felt guilt and anger--the essential ingredients of Jewish manhood. Hell, any manhood. You just add water to those biggies and, baked in the oven over time, voila! Old man angst. You carry it with you like a bad golf swing.

Harvey wished he had swallowed his damned pride and called his brother before he died.

With Donald's split nose still in his mind, he hit his third shot--and it was his best of the day. He lifted his fairway wood away smoothly, kept his rhythm, didn't jerk the downswing, and hit the bejesus out of the ball! Just like Waymon said, those trees in front of him were ninety percent air. It flew straight down the fairway two-hundreds yards, leaving him 168 out. His fourth shot was just as magnificent--a seven wood to within ten feet of the pin.

His compatriots cheered him as he came to the green. He was in his glory! Palmer at the '63 Masters. The old man could play this game! Hell, you don't need a body by Fisher to hit the poop out of the ball in this game. You have to relax, let go of your temper, maybe spend a gentle moment remembering a dead brother. Then swat that mother.

Simple game! Couldn't be easier.

Of course, he two-putted from ten feet. Nearly three-putted. The ball ringed the cup like a hanging basketball shot that falls in at the last moment.



“Had it all the way,” Harvey said to his companions’ smirks as they walked on to number six.

No blood. No skin. Six dollars on the line.



## Chapter Fifteen Talk Radio

HOLE	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	OUT
<b>Tour Black</b>	388	415	561	179	553	425	182	414	436	3705
Championship Blue 79.1/145	371	395	530	153	553	425	182	414	436	3459
Regular White 70.8/130	353	367	490	136	523	404	168	395	410	3246
Men's Hdcp.	13	11	5	17	1	9	15	3	7	
<b>Par</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>36</b>
Waymon Thornton (18)	7	3	7	4	6					
Harvey Glickstein (23)	6	11	7	5	6					
Ann Miller (14)	4	5	7	3	6					
Mac Douglas (9)	4	3	6	3	5					
Women's Hdcp.	13	7	5	15	1	3	17	9	11	
Championship Gold 72.8/132	314	310	449	122	483	341	133	370	361	2883
Ladies Red 70.2/126	282	269	414	97	437	318	100	316	295	2528

Waymon Thornton lived a charmed life. Raised in the kind of middle-class black environment that had been an American reality for generations, but seemed to become more apparent following the civil rights advances of the '50s and '60s.

Waymon was always something special. He was the youngest, and most inquisitive of three bright kids. People could tell he was headed for a good life from the first, and his family made sure he stayed pointed in that direction.

Strangely, to many of his race, he sometimes didn't seem black. From the very first, he spoke with the flat Midwest tones of an Indiana farmer. In New York or Chicago, some might have derided his ingrained Hoosierism for a lack of soul. Heck, he often didn't feel black to himself, except when he had to deal with about sixty percent of American whites. Then he felt as black as Ham. And proud of it.

He was born in Indianapolis and spent his first years in Bean Blossom, on an idyllic farm right next to a covered bridge. The land had been in his family since they came North following the Civil War. His great-grandfather was killed on that land by the Ku Klux Klan, which flourished in southern Indiana in the late nineteenth century.

His grandfather married a white girl on the front lawn of the farm, an event that shook that community so deeply it seemed the War Between the States had begun anew. The girl was the daughter of a judge. Her father didn't attend, didn't give her away, and never spoke to his child again.

Waymon's neighbors included Mennonites, quiet dirt farmers, and racists of various stripes. This made it easy for him to choose his early playmates. The Mennonite children taught him that God lives in all of us; they showed him how to whittle wood; once, they talked him into sticking his tongue onto a mid-winter well-pump. His mother had to come running with a cup of hot tea to free him.

As he grew up, Waymon's intellect blossomed. You'd look in his face, and even the coldest cracker could see that this kid was sharp. His eyes fairly danced behind the glasses he wore as early as second grade--right before they left Indiana.

It's said that a move such as his family made is often generated by failure. In the Thornton's case, it was engendered by the lure of a new land.

His father had spent World War II in the battle theaters of the Pacific, and had returned to America through Arizona. The high desert got into his blood quicker than it does most. Tucson enchanted him; he vowed to eventually live there, even if it meant leaving the family farm behind. He loved hiking through the Santa Catalina Mountains, camping under all the stars in the universe, and feeling the spirit atop Baboquivari.

Even the beauty of Brown County, Indiana in the Fall couldn't erase Arthur Thornton's feelings. He sold his interest in the ancestral land to a younger brother, and in 1955 moved his brood to Arizona.

At that time, Tucson was still a backwater little desert town. The population explosion of the '60s, and educational explosion at the University of Arizona were still a decade away. The primary industries in the Old Pueblo were Hughes Aircraft--whose eccentric owner would make headlines years later--and the weather. The climate was great if you had tuberculosis, loved to play golf, or didn't have to worry about making a living. Arthur Thornton was a strong young veteran, had no time for golf, and needed to make a living.

With the money from the sale of his interest in the Indiana farm, he sent his wife back to school to get her degree in education. He invested the remainder in a farm-implements business serving the agricultural areas between Tucson and the Mexican border.

His clientele was chiefly Mexican-American. Unlike many of the transplanted Southerners in that part of Arizona, these Latinos were very tolerant. They respected this black man who worked so hard. Arthur and his new amigos were quite 'simpatico.' He learned to speak Spanish and bake enchiladas; they came to his house for grits and cornbread.

On Friday nights, they would dance to Little Richard and Norteno romantic trio music. On Sunday mornings, they all learned that a tequila hangover knew no racial boundaries.

Waymon graduated from Utterbach Junior High, Sunnyside High School (where he ran into the legendary Paul O'Doul), and the University of Arizona Journalism Department.

Three days out of high school, he was on the air at KTUC Radio, Tucson's original broadcast outlet. A radio career began which lasted until the day he died.

Waymon carried a full load in college, and worked full-time on-the-air. He had no time for partying. He wasn't much of a rock 'n roller; so early in his career, he became a newsman on mostly middle-of-the-road outlets--where they played Al Martino, Herb Alpert and Marilyn Maye. These stations also took their news seriously.

At KOLD Radio, Waymon did his first talk show. It was more of a radio flea market, really, and he loved it. People would call in with stuff to sell, anguished lost-animal reports, and just plain small town gossip.

He discovered he had an immense talent for drawing out people's thoughts, making them forget they were on-the-air. He was a lost bit of Americana--the good neighbor sharing reflections over a fence. He found he could lead people through doors of dialogue where they would let thousands of strangers see directly into their heart.

He was a natural. This led to quick advancement, and that most basic reality in radio--relocation.

The general manager of WGN, Chicago wintered in Tucson, and caught Waymon's act early in his fourth year on-the-air. They began a dialogue; in the summer of 1971, Waymon made one of the most remarkable career advancements in the history of broadcasting. He signed a three-year contract to follow the legendary Wally Phillips, doing the mid-day show at WGN Radio.

The only negative of this astronomical leap was that he left behind Kai Jacome, his longtime sweetheart, who didn't want to leave her own budding career as a broadcast sales rep.

In Chicago, Waymon Thornton helped usher in the era of talk radio. Before his arrival, the midday slot at WGN had been a blend of innocuous music and old-time middle-of-the road news connected by disc-jockey banter with a heavy leavening of commercials. Waymon helped change all that. He really was the Phil Donahue of the radio a couple of years before Donahue first appeared on Dayton TV.

Waymon would lead his listeners into a spirited discussion of the day's issues--bussing, the Cubs, Vietnam, the sexual revolution, Richard J. Daley. In

doing so, he developed another marvelous talent--tying a thousand disparate thoughts from a hundred different callers together into a cohesive whole that left his listeners satisfied--not inflamed. He never dominated the broadcast. He considered himself connective tissue. He almost never lost his temper.

People loved him. He loved his job.

Because of his Midwest twang, most people couldn't identify him as a black man. (This led to a comedic scene in later years, when he was doing a commercial voicing session in Chicago with a director in Des Moines. The lowan was running the session across phone lines; after the fifth take of the session, he warned Waymon that somehow he had slipped into a 'black thing.' "Must be genetic," was Thornton's reply.)

His non-regionalized voice also led to several early conversations with those lovable cretins on the far-right fringe. They would rant about the Black American's lack of motivation--the down-to-the-bone nitty-gritty that it takes real achievers like Waymon to get where they are. Informed by Waymon that he was black, the air would go dead, then the phone would go dead.

Black listeners often complained that he didn't toe the "community" line--those views acceptable to the black leadership who "spoke" for black Chicagoans. Waymon's answer was that when the vast majority of poor blacks benefited from black leadership as much as black leaders benefited from black leadership, he would toe the line.

Over the years, Waymon became almost as much a part of the Chicago landscape as Wally Phillips. His ratings soared. He met his wife, Wendy, and fathered three sons and a daughter. The Midwest prodigal had come home a hit.

Then radio (and society) changed. FM stations, with their high-powered stereo signals and high-energy music, began draining listeners from the old AM giants. The pace of everything picked up. Competition, more than ever, became the premium gas driving the day.

WGN slipped from its longtime number one position to an unheard of number six. This from the station that aired the Cubs! Suddenly, programming consultants from a thousand miles away were flying into O'Hare to advise WGN management that the old friendly-neighbor feel of their radio station was an artifact.

Mose Abraham, one of the country's top consultants based in Atlanta, told Waymon when he first met him that he needed to develop more of an edge.

"You're air persona is too sweet," Abraham advised. "You are not confrontational enough."

"What's confrontation going to do except make people mad, and make them tune out?"

"Understand this, Waymon," Abraham assured him, "you have to goad people into a response."

"Satisfaction is a response."



“Satisfaction is complacent. Irritation leads to action. Higher blood pressure from the listener leads to higher ratings. Trust me. The focus groups tell us all this.”

“You mean to say some small group with a burr up their butts and nothing better to do than punch response buttons off-hours in Atlanta is going to determine how WGN will sound?”

“They’re your fellow Americans, Waymon; it’s the wave of the future.”

Abraham was right. In an effort to reestablish their supremacy in the Chicago market, WGN began to attack the issues of the day. And attack. And attack.

No longer did they let Waymon tie the discussion together; they wanted him to stir up a hornet’s nest. He wasn’t to be a listener to his listeners. He wasn’t to ask a listener how he or she felt. He was to question their reasoning, their motives, their intelligence. People stopped talking together on Waymon’s show. They began to yell at invisible adversaries.

It didn’t work. The people at WGN were too nice. Dyed-in-the-wool red-eyed yellow-journalistic mudslingers were still over a decade from dominating the airwaves. WGN carried too much historic baggage to become the new rabble-rousers on the block. Most of their air staff had no idea how to conduct a broadcast battlefield. It was like sending Wally Ballou in to run George Patton’s end-arounds.

In the grand tradition of broadcast management everywhere, when the changes WGN management made didn’t work, WGN management stayed.

Waymon went. They didn't fire him right away. They milked his celebrity for all they could get, and then let Waymon depart to 'pursue other career opportunities.'

Waymon's impact on the Windy City was far from over.

Chicago in the late-'70s to mid-80s was an incubator to two of America's most dangerous late 20th-century scenes. Drugs were rampant, but so were guns. They hung out together. Soul brothers.

Crack cocaine was the incendiary device of choice. It opened its jaws and ate not only the criminal, but many of the better kids who got swamped by its bow wake. Black rage was being driven by chemicals much stronger than alienation. Everywhere you found small, smoking pipes or forearms with spikes in them, there were firearms loaded and ready to fire. And destroy lives. Mostly black lives.

Waymon tried to stop it. It got him killed.

Almost at the moment he was fired by WGN, he was hired by WBLK Talkradio 1260. The black ownership of the station needed a mast on which to hang their flags. Waymon was tall enough in Chicago to accommodate them. The honeymoon cruise lasted three years.

The problem was that these black managers were trained like radio management everywhere. This meant that, for the most part, they had no idea. They would find their inspiration in trade magazines and at broadcast conventions. If the latest thing in white talk radio was to stir up a hornet's nest, that was good enough for them.

If the one's who won did it with blonde conks, yo mama! They'd wear 'em. If it meant their careers, they would air Liberace playing Barry White's greatest hits. Hell, let Bobby Seale be the revolutionary, or not. They liked their suits, their silk ties, and those gorgeous black BMWs with the cool little car phones.

They would stir it up.

Waymon had been on the air through two rating periods when the changes came. Two 'books.' First book, he kicked butt. Doubled his numbers. For the first time, the station was in Chicago's top five.

The sales staff was able to double the billing in a quarter. They made promises, and raised the rates astronomically, based on 'obtainable' projections of success in the second book.

The second book came out, and though they were still nearly double where they were when Waymon went on the air, management (and the consultants) felt they needed to 'fine tune.' Bring in some results from the focus groups. Cook, baby, right here in Cook County. Get tight, bright, and offensive.

The program director ordered Waymon to pick it up. Come at folks. Piss 'em off a little. Play the race card. Take off on the politicians. Stage a little comedy. Call it social comment. Sell the hell out of it.

The 'guys at the top' also decided they needed to make an attack on drugs. And gangs. And guns. They didn't think by doing it, they might upset some people. They didn't think.

These were broadcast executives from the black suburbs to whom the red and the blue were just fashion tones. Only sports fans wore Raiders jackets. If we just talked it over, the black community could lift itself up, right guys?

That attitude got Waymon killed.

He brought the sides together on the air. They let it all hang out. There was shouting, and screaming, and at least five near-punchouts. There was no accord. It was just too early. Despair had yet to take over the streets; too many losers thought there was still power to win.

Unfortunately, in their haste to bring the two leading sides of black violence together, WBLK had forgotten the neo-Nazis from Cicero and beyond to whom both Crips and Bloods were anathema. After the broadcast, right there in the parking lot at WBLK, two of the racially superior loosed high-powered automatic weapons into the group leaving the studios. It included brothers from both camps, plus three station employees. Six people were hit. Only Waymon's wounds were mortal.

Chicago went into shock. The mayor sent his special representative. A letter came from the White House signed by the President's signature machine.

That was what it's like to be nearly famous and deceased. It seemed like months ago. Time sure flies when you're dead.



## *Chapter Sixteen*

### *Skins Win*

Mac's approach to number six drew in over the rightside grass trap, coming to rest in the rough just above the upper tier. Waymon had hit a miracle second shot to within eight feet of the pin. Ann lay two on the front fringe. Harvey had bollixed it into the drink again. His old dead ears were smoking nearly as much as the cigar he wished he could chomp.

"Come on, damn it, Ann," he fumed, "don't let him win everything! Knock it in! Save our skins!"

"Harvey, you're dead," Waymon noted. "Compete no more. You've got an eternity ahead of you. Mellow out."

"Yeah, and if you were in my shoes..."

"Those would be your very wet shoes if they could get wet...."

"If you were in my shoes right now, you'd be doing voodoo on your ball. You know it and I know it."

"Oonga munga, voonga bunga! You're going to need to knock this one in to save these old white butts we're playing with, Ann."

"Actually, I would love to make this shot, Waymon," Ann said as she went into her pre-shot trance. "Drama is what we have left, you know."

“That and a sore ass from listening to you ghosts jabber,” Harvey muttered. “Knock it in, Ann.”

She almost did. Her uphill chip-and-run seven-iron spun straight to the cup, but stopped two rotations short.

Mac’s shot was even more impressive. From a downhill lie, he softly started the ball rolling with his five-iron. He lifted it three and a half inches over the fringe, right to the spot he had picked. The sphere tumbled toward the hole in slow motion, spun around its right rim and off into space.

“Oh, it’s on you now, Waymon,” Harvey started his psyche. “It is on you now. Six skins. Eight feet. Maybe nine. That small, small cup. And you with the touch of a village smithy. My my.”

“Your ass, old man. Watch this.” Waymon stepped up to his ball, took a breath, and calmly knocked his putt into the hole.

The six skins were his. Victory was sweet.

“Watch out, Harvey,” he warned, his dark eyes shining, “or next hole I’ll make you bet me cigars.”

HOLE	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	OUT
Tour Black	388	415	561	179	553	425	182	414	436	3705
Championship Blue 79.1/145	371	395	530	153	553	425	182	414	436	3459
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Par	4	4	5	3	5	4	3	4	4	36
Waymon Thornton (18)	7	3	7	4	6	3				
Harvey Glickstein (23)	6	11	7	5	6	6				
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Women's Hdcp.	13	7	5	15	1	3	17	9	11	
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## *Chapter Seventeen*

### *An Angel in White Lace*

I'm glad Waymon hit that putt. He's a good soul. Besides, it was worth it to watch Harvey fume. It would have been great to hit that pitch-and-run seven, though. Oh, well.

I've always loved golf because of the internal game. The infernal game! An inside dialogue. I'd say monologue, except there is often more than one voice going on in here during any given swing. You know what I mean.

As elegant a game as this is, though, I sometimes feared it stripped away some of my femininity.

"Nice touch, Waymon. You rich bastard. What was that, a six-iron, you stud!?"

There really are a lot of things I like about this afterlife business. Number one--that there is one. It's a great relief. Less concern, less stress, less subjectivity.

I don't have to worry anymore about whether my will is someplace where they'll find it. I mean, I dearly love my children, but hey! If they need me, they can call me. Otherwise, let's tee it up!

“Smooth, Mac. You’re on the carpet!”

If this is real, I love the idea of all the time I have. I use to lose it over the Big Question: ‘Is that all there is?’ Days of existence wasted worrying. Not many, but some days. Now I know there is more--a whole eternity out there waiting for me. Sounds like a Karen Carpenter tune.

“Harvey, why don’t you swing even harder? What do you think, sugar? Would harder be better? Let that little voice at the top of your backswing take control. ‘NOW HIT IT!’ Don’t pussyfoot, Harvey.

“Oh, come on. You know I’m teasing you. I love you. Here, let me kiss that bald spot. O.K., so the whole top of your head is a bald spot. I’ll get it all.”

It really isn’t as bad as I might have thought spending time with these guys. Except for my sister, I had an easier time with men when I was alive, anyway. Except for Ken in the end.

Besides, they’re sweet, fine souls. Just as important, golf is their game.

Now there’s a new Big Question:

‘Is this all there is?’

“What is this--133 against the wind?” Yes. A full eight-iron. Don’t forget your weight-shift, girl.

I am hoping to see my sister over here. My kid half-sister.

God, please let me see Millie.

She was in her early twenties when I first met her. A tall, big-boned thin woman. My birth Mother had married again after the Doctor, and Millie was the best part of that endeavor. It always made me blue that I didn’t get to know her



in pig-tails, or lace dresses, or bruised knees. By the time I came along, Millie had already kissed her first boy, cast off her braces, and fought a near fatal dose of poliomyelitis.

“Oops! I sure opened my face on that one, didn’t I? Oh well, it’ll play.”

She caught polio in Los Angeles in the early ‘50s. That time and that disease were scarier than any earthquake. Over the previous decade, tens of thousands of the city’s children, and their visiting friends, were attacked by an age-old virus with no known cure. Children of every race and social station went into a fever and came out crippled. Think of that!

It was in the years right before Salk and Sabin.

The disease didn’t hit Millie until the return trip to Seattle. One night on the road, she went up to 106 degrees, and woke up in an iron lung. All four limbs were hit hard. She was eight years old.

She stayed in that steel tube for what seemed like forever, but it saved her life. The only reason our mother was able get her one of the scarce breathing machines was because she called her former lover, my father, and pressured him to use his influence. So Millie survived where hundreds had died.

“Come on, Harvey. You can do it. Knock it in.”

She was so sweet I don't think anyone begrudged her the life. Every day, bright-eyed, she fought like a tiger, and won. It cost her four limbs for a year, and a lifetime of near constant pain. She emerged with an interior steel as strong as her iron lung.

When she came out of trauma, her chin was frozen to her right clavicle. In the mirror atop the machine; visitors didn't see the right side of her face for months. Of course, this was the early '50s, and medical knowledge dictated that you removed the frozen muscles to free up her head. So, they cut her. They completely removed the scalenes, excised a chunk of the upper trap, and removed most of the SCM (sterno-clydo mastoid).

“Hey, there you go, Harve. Now get that par.”

Her parents were weighed down by unnecessary guilt. After the first six months, they stopped coming to see her very much. A year later, they divorced. Millie's Dad moved to Washington, D.C. Millie became a two-coast commuter at six, negotiated the Chicago train station at seven, and soloed aboard a TWA Constellation at ten.

She was so tough; she seemed a lot older than sixteen when I first met her. A brunette with incredibly deep, dark eyes. Her complexion was flawless then, but her eyes were like looking at an Eisenstadt film. She appeared to carry the weight of seventy Russian winters inside.

Through all those lonely, painful years, she had become a voracious reader, and you could just tell she harbored real brilliance. And bullheaded! She didn't take anything from anybody.

Though Hattie Hadlock spurned me, Millie and I became great friends. For the rest of our lives, we never spent more than a week without talking to each other on the phone. Jabbering like the two sisters we were. To a deserted child like me, and a handicapped child like she, it was Family Island.

God, we didn't have enough time together.

“Great chip, Way. That's a gimme.”

She only lived into her mid-thirties. Late in her life, she became one of the first known cases of post-polio syndrome on the West Coast. The disease, not satisfied with the damage it had already done, left a thirty-year time-bomb inside each young survivor. Then, it would attack once again--appearing as dying horn cells around muscular nerve ends. Symptoms were hot flashes, massive fatigue, and deep muscle cramping.

At first, doctors advised her to consult a psychiatrist. They had never seen a generation of polio survivors, and had no idea about post-polio syndrome. They thought she was crazy. She wasn't--just very, very sick. They really couldn't believe it when, five years later, she contracted muscular dystrophy, too.

“Good job, Mac. Another par. Don't you get tired of playing that well?”

Within a year, she was in a wheelchair. Three years later, she was dead.  
My little sister.

She was the kind of sister you never want to lose. Considerate, sweet, tough, forgiving. Smart as they come, and hard as nails. I used to laugh that she could cut diamonds with her eyes when provoked.

My beautiful kid sister. Millie.

“And I take a bogey. Boy, my concentration!”

We buried her dressed in white lace. I slipped my favorite ring on her right hand. Around her neck, I draped a string of pearls I had given her. I prayed that she would get another life, where pain never came her way. She deserves it.

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## *Chapter Eighteen Big Wheels. Small Brains.*

The ghosts approached the end of the front nine in a mellow mood. Number eight had been uneventful--no blood drawn. Noone had won a skin since Waymon's bonanza at six. Noone really cared. They took their time like they had a lot.

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Regular White 70.8/130	353	367	490	136	523	404	168	395	410	3246
Men's Hdcp.	13	11	5	17	1	9	15	3	7	
<b>Par</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>36</b>
Waymon Thornton (18)	7	3	7	4	6	3	3	5		
Harvey Glickstein (23)	6	11	7	5	6	6	3	5		
Ann Miller (14)	4	5	7	3	6	4	4	4		
Mac Douglas (9)	4	3	6	3	5	4	3	4		
Women's Hdcp.	13	7	5	15	1	3	17	9	11	
Championship Gold 72.8/132	314	310	449	122	483	341	133	370	361	2883
Ladies Red 70.2/126	282	269	414	97	437	318	100	316	295	2528

Harvey and Waymon lay on the grass beside the number-nine tee for the longest time; they didn't get up until they were good and ready. Ann taught Mac the harmony parts of "Nearer My God to Thee" and "Gimme Shelter." Mac couldn't sing a lick, so Ann told him to just sing low.

This companionship in the great beyond was all right! The foursome strolled the fairways, following no established etiquette--walking from ball to ball in a group. They talked, laughed, sang old tunes, and acted as though they were the only foursome on the course--which they thought was true.

They could see each other, and everything else at Indian Summer. They could be seen by the owls and crows and rabbits. You might then wonder why they couldn't see, or been seen by, other ghosts playing there. That's a good question. It's way too complicated to explain.

Other ghosts, though, were all over the course. It was like a Sunday afternoon best-ball in July. The foursome on the same hole as ours seven holes earlier had dropped back a hole. A shotgun foursome on a roll had steamed through. A single with a pull-cart strolled by whistling. Our foursome had no idea.

On several levels and several planes, many a 'TWHACK' could be heard at any given moment, often followed by strong language.

Some of the recreating (i.e., dead) foursomes were quite talented; some barely duffers. Gambling for ephemera was the norm.

On fairway number nine, in the middle of all this festivity, Seth and Fox showed up drunk in their pickup, aiming to carve some brodies into the greens. Seth Harley Edmunds and Jimmy 'Fox' Umstead. Two teenage boys on a four-wheelin' rampage. Hey, hey. Some fun in Lacey, huh?

"Hit it, Seth! How 'bout another beer? Yeah, peel it back hard, bro'! Yeah!"

Seth and 'Fox'. Nineteen and seventeen. Young, stupid, and drunk. Seth Harley was a nervous, skinny punk with pimples. 'Fox' was a redhead--thus the nickname. Two tattoos each. One Rebel flag in the window. No sense whatsoever. Their mothers loved 'em at one time or another, but had a hard time remembering why. Bad asses in their own minds. Lookin' for a good time with no redeeming qualities.

They were driving a Ford Ranger. Big wheels. Total torque. And small brains, which were about to be tested.

Ann, Harvey, Waymon and Mac heard them before they saw them. They teed off at nine and hit their approach shots. Suddenly, they heard the thunderous V-6, twenty-valve 326 rumble out of the parking lot, and up into the rough to the right of the number nine green. Tires slithered across damp grass, digging down to rip up the sod. The two young sots guffawed.

It's something that's done all the time by low-lifers. A way to leave your mark on the world. Evidently, some folks don't like the idea of manicured greenery.

Mac's ball was already ten feet from the pin at nine; he ran to the green to see if he could drive them off. He, however, was dead. His ball was dead. The big Ford drove right over it. Harvey's approach shot bounced right through the damn truck.

"Look, Fox, a comma--let's continue the sentence on the next green. What d'ya say?" Seth's head bobbed like a cheap Hawaiian turn signal in the back window of a '65 Oldsmobile.

“Yeah, here we go!”

The two roared off across the road, up and over the curb to number ten.

“My God, what are we going to do?” Ann asked noone in particular.

“What do you mean what are we going to do?”replied Harvey. “A short reminder, Ann--we are dead. D-E-A-D. They are alive. They cannot see us. We have no power on that side.”

“But we still have to try something,” Ann insisted.

Waymon ran to the top of the knoll at the back of nine. His eyes went wide watching Seth and Fox blowing smoke, tacking their half-ton across the entire tenth fairway. Their tires threw up waves of dirty rooster-tails for two-hundred yards.

“What a couple of crazy white boys,” he whistled. “We gotta take a shot at stopping them, Harvey. They’ll tear up this whole course if we don’t.”

“OK, OK. Let’s think. I wonder what ghosts have to do to haunt people,” Harvey said. “What do you think, Mac?”

“Hell, you’re asking me?” was Mac’s reply. “I’m still a novice at this ghost thing. I guess you scream really loud, and thrash your arms. Maybe if you’re determined enough, they see you.”

“Oh, it’s a determination thing,” laughed Harvey, following his three partners toward the tenth tee. “Wait, what are we gonna take on nine?”

“We each take a two putt, and make sure the skin carries over,” said Waymon with a shrug. “And you can forget about playing ten until we see if we can get rid of these cretins.”



“What do you think, Waymon? How do we make them see us?” Ann asked. “We’ve got to make ourselves glow, somehow. It’ll scare the hell out of them.”

“Got any sheets?” Harvey joked. “Or maybe I’ll stand in front of them naked with the moon behind me. That’ll scare the hell out of them.”

The foursome broke into a double-time trot, trying to catch up to Seth Harley and ‘Fox.’ The punks were at that moment cutting fresh ruts into the number ten green--big, raw, ugly swaths that would takes years to heal. Grass nurtured from seed was being laid open by jagged rubber. The crows screamed; an owl howled. Seth and Fox laughed and drank.

Mac ran up beside the truck, jumped onto the running board, and, at the top of his lungs, screamed into the window. “You bastards, stop! Stop!”

His three playing partners were right behind him. They commenced dancing around the truck, screaming and moaning like ghosts are supposed to do. The Ford ran right through them. Seth guzzled his tenth can of Bud. Fox coughed ‘til he gagged, threw up some old brew, and was back laughing and drinking in no time. His latest empty flew right through Ann’s face.

“Damn. Nothing,” lamented Harvey after three minutes of this futility. “What good is it being ghosts if you can’t haunt anybody?”

“Wait a second, maybe we have to marshal our forces, people. We’re new at this. We probably need to chain our energies together.” Waymon rubbed his chin. “What do you say we all join hands, and think on one thing. Maybe we can materialize this first time as a group.”

“Let’s give it a try,” Ann agreed.

So right there on the number ten green, our foursome joined hands and looked at each other expectantly.

“What do we say?” Mac asked.

“I got it,” Waymon said with assurance. “Everybody think neon.”

“1-2-3--NEON!”



## *Chapter Nineteen*

### *A Haunting*

Seth Harley Edmunds had a rough life. His dad was a drunk who beat his wife until his son was old enough to take her place. Seth hated his father, but liked the way men stepped back from him outside bars. Life was tough. Seth's dad showed him how tough you had to be.

He gave his son his first drink at five--a big swig of whiskey that nearly ended him right there. They'd share brews all through grade school, cheering at hockey games on TV.

His dad beat on him once a week until he was seventeen. Then Seth moved out.

The first day on his own, he got a tattoo that said 'Mean Mother.' He got a job doing drywall, and bought the truck on installments. The job took most of his time. The truck took most of his money. When he thought about it, he had to open another beer.

'Fox' Umstead had been a pretty good kid until his parents' last move. You can get in with the wrong crowd, and for 'Fox,' Seth was the wrong crowd. The two of them together were a tinderbox of teenage angst set to explode. If they had been prettier, or richer, or sweeter, some poor girls might have taken

pity on them. As it was, the two boys took it out on asphalt, road signs, and golf courses.

“Two more beers and we’ll go do the next hole,” Seth yelled at Fox with a sneer. “Fuck, this Ford is one mean machine! Watch this!”

“Yeah, baby, crunch it!” Umstead belched. The Ford’s headlights swung a scything arc through the night. Suddenly, Fox’s head snapped forward as Seth slammed on the brakes.

“Jesus Christ! What the fuck is that?”

Right in front of the truck, popping on like four glow-in-the-dark Day-Glo tubes at a Metallica concert was a quartet of what could only be ghosts. Their faces were distorted, their mouths contorted, and, at a low, slow frequency, it sounded like they were screaming ‘EON!’ Their eyes became huge, their bodies separated, and they all went insane around the truck.

“Mother fu....what the hell is going on?” Seth screamed. His mind switched into total terror mode. He swerved to try and hit the female ghost, and ran straight into a big old stump, crunching the front end of his truck. “Son of a bitch!”

An old emaciated ghost jumped up on the running board on Fox’s side, and screamed “Get out!” The sound was like listening to the earth shake. Seth and Fox didn’t hear it as much as sense it, and it scared the bejesus out of them.

Seth ground his transmission into reverse and headed back up the tenth fairway past all the damage he had done so happily not five minutes before. In his rear view mirror, he saw a grotesque black ghost in the bed of his truck

looking him right in the eye. The ghost's head turned into a giant golf ball, and with a 'THWACK,' exploded! Seth saw blood and bones and eyeballs shoot sideways as if sucked by some massive demon force.

In the next instant, on fairways visible all around, more apparitions seemed to switch on and come running toward the truck. My God, there must be a hundred fucking ghosts headed this way, Seth thought. They screamed a low, guttural shriek from Hell. Some hit golf balls at the truck, which seemed to rise and smoke, and rip past his eyes. Dozens of golf balls streamed through the windows of the truck. They sounded like jets crashing around their ears.

A churning mob of ghosts surrounded the 4-wheeler. They shook their fists at the boys. Their faces changed colors and shapes with frightening speed.

If their goal was to scare the teens to an early death, they were close to succeeding.

They were not happy. They flung golf clubs at the truck, which crashed through without breaking glass, ripped right through Seth and Fox, and disappeared into the seat.

One of the ghosts in the new group that appeared spread his mouth three feet wide, reached down inside himself, and pulled out Seth's dad. He wasn't alive, yet his eyes shot open.

Seth screamed and swerved. He ran his mean-mother four-wheel drive right up over a log lying at the edge of the woods. The front right headlight smashed into an old conifer as the axle broke over the log.

The boys didn't care. They wanted out of there. They threw open their doors and ran off screaming into the night. The damned ghosts could have the truck!

The ghosts all then grabbed their five-irons and held target practice. One thing about those five-irons in the afterlife. If you get really ticked off at somebody for trashing your golf course, you can hit those babies for distance until you don't want to hit them anymore. Teenager at eight-hundred yards? No problem. Half a mile? Bam, in the head. In the next five minutes, there were some of the damndest five-irons you've ever seen hit.

Seth and Fox wouldn't be drinking again for a while.

When it was over, hundreds of ghosts who hadn't seen each other before smiled and laughed--a big, low ghost laugh. Then, just as they had come, they began to blink off in foursomes.



## *Chapter Twenty*

### *Ted Bundy Couldn't Putt*

“Woho! That was incredible!” Harvey yelled when the foursome was alone. “Those kids may never go on another golf course without an extra pair of Fruit-of-the-Looms.”

“Amazing!” Ann agreed breathlessly.

“We spooked em!” Waymon enthused. “We put our energies together, and we did it!”

“Did you see all those other ghosts?” Mac asked. “There must have been a hundred of them. That means they’re all over this course, playing on different planes. Incredible!”

“Did you see the sign just before we broke through?” Ann asked.

The other three nodded in unison. They had all seen it, just before the teens saw them. The last thing before their first contact with the other side, a single frame froze in front of their eyes.

**YOU CANNOT CHANGE ANYTHING AT ALL  
THAT MIGHT TURN OUT FOR THE BETTER.  
IT ALMOST ALWAYS  
TURNS OUT WORSE WHEN YOU DO.  
LET THEM MUDDLE THROUGH.  
(GUARDIAN ANGELS SEE SPECIAL RULES PAGE 2.)**

“Finally--some instructions!’ That’s what I thought when I saw it,” said Harvey. “I was getting tired of not knowing what was going on. If I wanted uncertainty in the future, I’d go back to being alive again. You’d think we’d have been given more of an idea of what was going to happen now that we were dead, wouldn’t you? Maybe an indoctrination, or something. I mean, we just come out here and play golf. What’s next?”

“What did you want, Harvey?” Waymon asked, his eyes showing mirth. “‘Welcome to the afterlife. Here’s your itinerary for eternity.’ Would that have made you a happy ghost?”

“Did you see the look on that kid’s face when Waymon’s head exploded?” Ann roared with laughter.

“By the way, Way, I really think that look is you.” Harvey smirked.

“Lord, I’ve never been able to hit a half-mile five-iron in my life,” Mac laughed. “Somebody up there must not like golf courses being trashed.”



The foursome decided to each take a par five (no skins) on number ten. It's easy to just take par five anytime, but these four felt they'd earned it. Somehow, there was more reason for their existence. They left the destruction and broken-down 4-wheeler behind them, and headed for eleven.

HOLE	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	OUT
Tour Black	388	415	561	179	553	425	182	414	436	3705
Championship Blue 79.1/145	371	395	530	153	553	425	182	414	436	3459
Regular White 70.8/130	353	367	490	136	523	404	168	395	410	3246
Men's Hdcp.	13	11	5	17	1	9	15	3	7	
Par	4	4	5	3	5	4	3	4	4	36
Waymon Thornton (18)	7	3	7	4	6	3	3	5	6*	44
Harvey Glickstein (23)	6	11	7	5	6	6	3	5	6*	55
Ann Miller (14)	4	5	7	3	6	4	4	4	5*	42
Mac Douglas (9)	4	3	6	3	5	4	3	4	4*	36
Women's Hdcp.	13	7	5	15	1	3	17	9	11	
Championship Gold 72.8/132	314	310	449	122	483	341	133	370	361	2883
Ladies Red 70.2/126	282	269	414	97	437	318	100	316	295	2528

HOLE	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	IN	TOTAL
Tour Black	558	256	342	411	164	400	442	508	430	3511	7216
Championship Blue 79.1/145	533	236	323	395	143	383	412	492	410	3327	6786
Regular White 70.8/130	502	207	305	390	131	353	387	468	385	3128	6374
Men's Hdcp.	2	8	18	14	16	10	4	6	12		
Par	5	3	4	4	3	4	4	5	4	36	72
Waymon Thornton (18)	5*										
Harvey Glickstein (23)	5*										
Ann Miller (14)	5*										
Mac Douglas (9)	5*										
Women's Hdcp.	2	14	16	12	18	10	8	4	6		
Championship Gold 72.8/132	475	171	287	357	117	321	350	451	354	2883	5766
Ladies Red 70.2/126	452	145	252	336	92	296	317	436	345	2671	5199

The owls and the crows were just settling in after the excitement when the four came to the tee. The hole is a 207 yard par three, with a bunker back left and an overhanging tree right.

Mac led off with another of his automatic missiles to the middle of the green.

“Hey, Mac, be daring. You were boring in life. Watching you hit everything oh so correctly is also boring. Try something different,” Harvey groused.

“Yeah, Mac, do what Harvey does. Try the trees,” Waymon remarked before pushing his four-iron right. He missed the tree, and landed in the rough in back.

Harvey topped his tee shot just beyond the ladies' tee, and cussed. Ann was short of the green down the middle.

Your prototypical start for this group.

Harvey proceeded to jerk his take-away and top his second shot.

“Jesus!” he screamed.

“You’re still out, Harve,” Mac teased.

“Stuff it, Mac. If there was any justice up here, you’re handicap would look something like Jacob Marley’s necklace.”

“Harve, what do you say we try and track down the ghost of Christmas future and see if you will make it another Christmas with that Tiny Tim backswing

of yours,” Mac chided. “I’m afraid it bodes ill for the lad, don’t you, Lady Ann? Poor, sweet Tiny Tim!” Mac tried keeping a straight face and doing an English accent. No luck.

“O.K. you bastards, take this,” Harve shouted as he smoothly knocked his pitching wedge straight as a string to within five feet of the cup. “As Mohammed might say, ‘Don’t mess with the People of the Book.’ Jesus, give me a cigar!”

Ann chipped her second shot off-line, ending up facing a twenty-foot putt for par.

Waymon, who suddenly appeared distracted, sculled his chip all the way to the other side of the green, then tried a flop shot coming back that was a worse disaster. He slowed the clubhead through the ball, and went bug-eyed when the damn thing only squirted a foot. He chipped again, and two-putted--a six.

Ann took two to get down from twenty for a four. Harvey knocked his in for a four.

“O.K. Mister Icewater,” Harvey immediately started in on Mac. “You ever notice how the ones who are coolest outside are most often raving maniacs internally. Norman Bates. Lee Harvey Oswald. Ted Bundy. How’d you like to see one of them try to sink this birdie putt right now, Way?”

“No way they could do it, Harve; you know it; I know it. Me--I’ve always noticed the tightness starts in the finger joints. Kinda crawls up your arm, and suddenly your left ear begins to buzz. You might as well take two from there, and go on. You got the willies!”

“Don’t let ‘em get to you, Mac,” Ann said encouragingly. “We haven’t seen you miss a putt like this yet.”

“Would you all kindly eat kidney pie, and watch this?” Mac asked gruffly. He balanced himself over the ball, exhaled deeply, shook his arms, smiled briefly, and knocked in his birdie. Five skins.

“You know, I don’t think we should be gambling skins this close to that breakthrough on ten,” Harvey advised. “You know, Mac, if I were you, I’d give my fellows one more hole to recover. That was pretty heavy stuff. What do you say?”

“Harvey, kiss my invisible ass.”

HOLE	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	IN	TOTAL
Tour Black	558	256	342	411	164	400	442	508	430	3511	7216
Championship Blue 79.1/145	533	236	323	395	143	383	412	492	410	3327	6786
Regular White 70.8/130	502	207	305	390	131	353	387	468	385	3128	6374
Men's Hdcp.	2	8	18	14	16	10	4	6	12		
Par	5	3	4	4	3	4	4	5	4	36	72
Waymon Thornton (18)	5*	6									
Harvey Glickstein (23)	5*	4									
Ann Miller (14)	5*	4									
Mac Douglas (9)	5*	2									
Women's Hdcp.	2	14	16	12	18	10	8	4	6		
Championship Gold 72.8/132	475	171	287	357	117	321	350	451	354	2883	5766
Ladies Red 70.2/126	452	145	252	336	92	296	317	436	345	2671	5199



## *Chapter Twenty One*

### *From Our Studios High Above New York*

'I dwell in Possibility'

I DWELL in possibility

A fairer house than Prose,

More numerous of windows,

Superior of doors.

Of chambers, as the cedars--

Impregnable of eye;

And for an everlasting roof

The gables of the sky.

Of visitors---the fairest---

For occupation--this--

The spreading wide my narrow hands

To gather Paradise.

Emily Dickinson

This evening's updated scores from The Afterlife World of Golf:

EMILY DICKINSON 2-and-1 over WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

(Proof that Heavenly ghosts visit Earth.)

The Bard couldn't buy a putt, no matter how sweet the words.

Ms. Dickinson, of course, lavished him with praise as he paid his debt. An early morning meeting at Turnberry, as a thousand nightingales looked on.

BOBBY JONES, 66. BEN HOGAN, 68. BABE DIDRICKSON ZAHARIAS, 70. DWIGHT EISENHOWER, 93.

(Proof that Heavenly ghosts visit Earth.)

On the Old Course, St. Andrews. Ike almost cussed, twice.

FDR, JFK, HST, RMN.

One of the more interesting foursomes out tonight.

Scores not disclosed for security reasons.

Talked politics. Wished they could get their hands on a good bottle of bourbon. Carried their own clubs.

BUSTER KEATON, 103. GROUCHO MARX, 106.

STAN LAUREL, 100. OLIVER HARDY, 110. W.C. FIELDS, 113.

(In a couple of cases here, proof that Earthly ghosts yet seek Heaven.)

A bunch of clowns gambling fake money and swearing like drunken sailors. Keaton couldn't shut up. Marx barely got a word in edgewise. Hardy did not hit Laurel with a club, though he wanted to. Fields in a funk most of the night.

THE DEVIL, HIMSELF--67. ADOLF HITLER--6,000,000.

(Contested.)

Tough round for the Fuhrer. Too bad! Put him back in the flames for a thousand years; see if that fixes his long irons.

Played at Satan's exclusive Thornbush G. & C.C. Every hole a hellhole.



## *Chapter Twenty Two*

### *Guardian Angel Rules*

The breeze had died down, its sound in the trees barely a murmur. Enclosing evergreens blocked most of the starlight. Nightbirds rustled on limbs as Waymon sat silently at number twelve's tee. The excitement of the last hour had subsided; the black ghost had turned pensive.

"Way, don't let losing five skins get you down, brother," Mac joked. His win had put a new sparkle in his eyes. "You won the first six, remember?"

"Nah, it's not that, Mac," Waymon responded.

"What then?" Harvey inquired. "Indigestion? Hell, we don't eat. That's another thing that drives me crazy about this place! A hot pastrami on rye. That's what I'd like. Then a cigar!"

"Harvey, when you were alive did you ever do anything except eat and smoke cigars?" Ann asked.

"If you'da been married to me, then you'd know. I did a lotta lovin', Missy."

"Sorry I asked. So, Waymon, what's wrong?"

"Gee, guys," Waymon shrugged, "I hate to say this, but I think I have to leave you."



His four cohorts looked at their friend, stunned. For several seconds, none of them made a sound.

“Do you mean you think you can leave?” Harvey asked. “What, just walk off the course and go have a drink?”

“No, Harvey, I think I have to go be a guardian angel.”

“A guardian angel?”

“Yeah, it hit me when we saw the warning sign just before we broke through. I suddenly realized some of us either get to be, or choose to be, guardian angels. When I saw the parenthetical at the bottom of that sign, my heart kind of skipped a beat, and I knew I was supposed to go on to page two. I’m needed back there.”

“Back where?”

“There--on Earth.”

“We’re on Earth.”

“Yeah, yeah. You know what I mean. I think some of us go on, and some of us go back. I’ve been thinking about it ever since we drove those crazy white kids off. They needed a guardian angel somewhere along the way, and didn’t get one. They’re all messed up.”

“Wait a second, Way,” Ann interjected. “You think you need to go back and be a guardian angel? And you think you get to make this decision?”

“There isn’t a clearing house for this stuff?” Harvey asked, perplexed. “Come on, you Christians, I’m clueless here. Doesn’t what’s his name--St. Peter--look in a big book or something and hand out assignments?”

“How do you think the living get assigned a guardian angel, Way?” Mac asked.

“I think they have to pray for one, Mac. And I don’t think those white kids have ever prayed and meant it. Never got down on their knees and begged the Good Lord to help them through their troubles. Never humbled themselves enough to realize how screwed up they are.”

“So you’re gonna go back and be a guardian angel for a couple of drunk white kids?” Harvey smirked.

“No, Harvey. Not for them. But there’s probably a bunch of kids back there--probably kids in my own family--who have asked for just that kind of help. I feel like I need to go back and lend them a little invisible assistance.”

“So Way, how do you get to be a guardian angel, since none of us has any idea how we got here, or where we go during the daylight?” Ann asked.

“Well, Ann, I think I have to pray for it,” Waymon answered. “And you need to help me. We only broke through by putting all our energy together. I’m a complete novice at this, so I think I need you to join hands with me, and let me pray to be allowed to go back and help. Will you do that for me?”

“You bet we will, Waymon,” Ann answered without hesitating. “And I for one think it’ll work. I also think you will be a great guardian angel. I wish I could send you back to watch over my kids.”

“Thanks, Ann.”

“God bless you, Waymon. You are a fine soul. I wish I’d known you when we were alive. Now, come on, Harvey and Mac. Let’s help send Way along.”

So there, under the Great Northwest sky, four spirits formed a circle on Indian Summer's twelfth tee. In the distance, a mourning dove cooed; overhead, a meteor traced a trail through the stars.

"O.K.," whispered Waymon, clearing his throat. "Well, Lord, if your hear me and it is your Will, I pray your Will is this--that I be allowed to care for the living. Let me be a guardian angel to some soul who needs me. I'm ready to serve. Thy Will be done."

At light speed, Waymon's senses immediately transformed. The stars seemed to brighten intensely and draw him up. He looked back on the trio as if in a tunnel. Before a second had passed, a frame froze in front of his eyes.

## *The 12 Rules for Guardian Angels*

- 1. You cannot change anything that might turn out for the better.*
- 2. If you work on the inside, you cannot change the individual personality.*
- 3. If you work on the outside, you cannot change the individual will.*
- 4. You cannot do evil.*
- 5. Special powers to those who protect the very young, the poor and unfortunate.*

6. *Humans make terrible choices. They can destroy themselves and others. If yours takes the wrong road, you can ask to be reassigned.*

7. *You are here to be a guardian angel. No haunting. Break no dishes. Shake no chains.*

8. *No peeking in bedrooms.*

9. *No matter how many times you are asked by the one you protect, you cannot make anyone fall in love.*

10. *When you are not needed, you may relax. (Golf is popular with guardian angels. You can always put a foursome together any night at your neighborhood course.)*

11. *You cannot go in the water.*

12. *Whenever a bell rings, an angel gets his or her wings.*



## *Chapter Twenty Three*

### *A Bell for Luther Grey*

“Seems sorta like a Jimmy Stewart movie, don’t it, bro’? So white.”

Waymon opened his eyes. He was outside Tucson Medical Center’s emergency room. The late afternoon sun setting over Gates Pass was bright and still hot; it cast a green-gold glaze onto the Santa Catalina Mountains to the north. Small outcroppings of sheer rock shined in the Rincons to the east. Miles to the southeast, the ghosts of Wyatt Earp and Doc Holiday shared a whiskey and reminisced once more about that long ago battle with the Clantons. It was summer in the high Sonoran desert.

Standing next to Waymon was a slick black dude in a zuitsuit straight out of Harlem in the late 1940s. His threads were shiny yellow, his silk shirt forest green. He wore a yellow and white polka-dot tie. His broad brimmed yellow hat was encircled by a dark green ribbon with a maroon feather sticking out.

This cat was black. Deep full ebony. So black that some of the skin on his temples looked bruised. He wore gaudy jewelry, including a pinkie ring as bright as his eyes.

“What happened to your hair, bro’?” the zuitster asked. “You forget ‘n order any?”

With that he cackled crazily, exposing a gold tooth in the front of his broad mouth.

“You look like an eight-ball they forgot to number, baby!”

He erupted in mirth, spun a complete three-sixty on his left heel. All the bald ghost could do was roll his eyes.

“Am I not the slickest nigger you ever seen, or what, baby?” he bragged, twirling a big watch on the end of a long gold chain.

“Who the hell are you?” Waymon asked.

“Name’s Luther Grey, baby. The Legendary Luther Grey. Hell ain’t got nothin’ to do with it. I’m your trainer, baby, so show me some respect.”

“My trainer?”

“Yeah, mama, you ain’t got it together enough to be a real guardian angel, so they sent me to break you in on the way it is. And you better get it, baby, ‘cause if you do, I get my wings. So don’t mess up.”

“Excuse me. You are the one who is going to teach me how to be a guardian angel? Sorry for the skepticism.”

“Ooh, you talk so pretty I could almost kiss yo’ white ass. Where’d you get that jive talkin’, baby? Grow up with Beaver Clever?”

“No,” Waymon answered, looking around, “I grew up right here in Tucson. About eight miles that way,” pointing south. “How about you, Luther?”

“Strictly Harlem, baby. Some Chi town. Visited relatives in Mississippi once; decided I didn’t hanker to hang, so I moved my black ass back to Harlem

as fast as I could. Now I get sent to this God-forsaken desert to straighten out your sorry butt.”

“So what do you know about being a guardian angel?”

“Sonny boy, I been a guardian since before you was housebroke. I am your basic bad-ass advanced soul.”

“Do all advanced souls have to dress like you?”

“Baby, you don’t know diddly about soul. That’s why I’m here. I’m gonna give you a good lesson in soul, bubba.”

“Great, another jive lesson in blackness.”

“Not blackness, baby--soul. It has nothin’ to do with color. Sure, soul is ribs and Wonder Bread and sweet potato pie. Huddy Leadbetter singing on the Louisiana prison farm. It’s listening to Blind Lemon Jefferson on a hot delta night. Squeezin’ your sugar ‘til she can’t scream for more. But it’s also Patsy Cline, and Johnny Cash, and lotsa things white. I learned that from my Momma. And tho’ I said this guardian angel stuff is a whole lot like a Jimmy Stewart movie, there’s nothin’ wrong with that. I love that Jimmy Stewart. And I been one righteous guardian. I been savin’ kids from the streets; I been guardin’ little children in chemotherapy; I’ve even been protectin’ little blind kids’ pets, ‘cause they give ‘em so much joy. Now, I am oh so close to gettin’ my wings, so pay attention.”

“What happens when you get your wings?”

“What happens when yo’ get yo’ wings?! What happens when yo’ get yo’ wings?! Are you stupid, or what? What you think happens, baby? You go to

Heaven, and sing for the Big Daddy. The Good Lord. After that, it's all milk and honey, forever and ever. Baby, that's what I want. I've seen enough of this thing. I felt like Hell, and saw it, too. The Devil, he's down here, brother, and I don't wanna be no more. It's Heaven for me from now on. Light, faith, fulfillment. I'm goin' to the Show , baby, to the Big Leagues! Long as you get it right. So get it right!"

"And what do I have to do?"

"Care for a kid. Watch over him. It should be easy. He's your nephew. C'mon this way."

The two walked through the electronic doors and down several typical hospital corridors. Tucson Medical Center used to be high desert rustic, with screens on the windows and brown mud walls, but no more. With the coming of the University of Arizona Medical School in the early '70s, the medical facilities all over the state of Arizona quantum-leaped all the way to big-time button-down treatment. The new TMC was just the place to need a couple of guardian angels.

"Brace yourself, Brother Waymon, but your brother Austin died in a car wreck today, along with his wife, Debbie. I'm sorry, baby. Their son, Khalil, is just barely hanging on in this room right here. This is the kid you gotta help."

The two walked into a TMC intensive care suite. A delicate looking twelve-year-old lay attached to dozens of tubes. The room resonated lightly of technology trying to save--a respirator clicking in a four-second count. The pulse



meter registered 71 on an LCD. All over the room, bacteria failed to survive. The kid, too, looked like he was about to die.

“My God,” Waymon cried, “My God!”

“He can make it, baby, and we’re gonna help! This kid is tough. He’s got your family’s heart. Your brother fought death all the way, Waymon. Believe me. Tried to crawl over and save his wife, too. They died in each other’s arms. Now, you and I just gotta look for a chance to jump in and help their child. Remember the rules, baby. But once things are this side of the rules, jump!”

The two ghosts were standing beside the bed worriedly studying Waymon’s nephew when in walked Kai Jacome, her face drenched with grief. Kai Jacome--Waymon’s old girlfriend. Tall, regal. Perfectly coifed cornrows. Sheer silk pant suit. Elegant. Oh, man.

She didn’t want to marry Waymon because broadcasting was too transient. She was a broadcast sales rep herself, though. Couldn’t leave because of her career. A sales grunt! Worse, she’d succeeded beyond Waymon’s wildest fears. General Manager of Tucson’s number one station, KCEE. President of the Arizona Broadcasters Association. Sure, it was a little like being commander of the Peruvian army, but it made her a cool seventy thousand a year and undeniable professional status. Almost enough to make her forget that Waymon had left her for The Big Time. When she was it.

She didn’t want to hear that she had made the choice. She was mad at him for it.

But this was Khalil. The kid she'd always favored when Waymon took her to see his family. A cute, athletic kid. Anybody who saw his eyes could tell he was something special. Always a flirt. She adored him.

"Now, Waymon, you got a choice to make," Luther said almost wordlessly. "You can help this kid on the outside, in partnership with this lady. I can feel it. Or you can do it on the inside. I feel that, too."

Waymon took a deep breath to control his eyes.

"You mean I can actually be a guardian angel inside her? You're kidding!"

"No, baby, some of our best work has been done on the inside. You just have to wait for the woman to sigh, and then jump right in. Don't be afraid. You can get out when she sleeps. And if she dies, you get out first. Hey, I can tell you once loved her. May even loved her like crazy. It won't be anything like that. You can't effect her personality on the inside, but you'll see out her eyes, and feel all her nerves. You'll hear her thoughts, and only lend a hint now and then. But the two of you can take care of this boy, and love him 'til she dies. Then, you can go play golf together. Whatever."

"And I needed you to tell me all of this? I wouldn't have found out for myself?" Waymon asked.

"Believe me, Brother, you're just startin' to figure stuff out. Now get in there, and give me some status in Heaven."

"Status?"

“Hell, yes. The most successful guardian angel trainers are some of the most renowned angels of all. They often get the tee times right behind Jesus’ own foursome. ‘For they helped the living find Heaven.’”

Waymon’s bald pate thoroughly shined. “Thanks, Luther, great lesson. A little quick, but I’ll try to remember.”

“It’s a simple game, bro’. See the ball, hit the ball.”

In the next moment, Kai nearly lost all control. She couldn’t believe all the loss. This sweet little boy. No Mom. No Dad. Probably dead himself.

“God, let him live; I’ll take care of him,” she sighed. And Waymon slipped through.

Her eyes widened through the tears as Khalil stirred, awakened, and looked at her in surprise.

Down the hall, a page bell rang.

The Legendary Luther Grey went to sing for the Big Daddy.



## *Chapter Twenty Four*

### *Inside Job*

“Kai, is that you?” Khalil whispered through his pain.

“It’s me, baby, I’m here,” Kai responded. Waymon noticed that the sound of her voice seemed strangely reverberant to him. He could also feel her relief in seeing the child’s eyes open.

“Where am I?” Khalil asked.

“You’re in the emergency room at TMC, baby. You had a bad accident.”

“My Mom and Dad didn’t make it, did they? I heard them die before I passed out.”

Waymon winced.

“No, honey, they didn’t make it. It was a terrible accident. They’ve gone to Heaven, now. And you’re coming home with me. I’m gonna take care of you Khalil, from now on. I promise.”

“Oh, God, I want my Momma!” Khalil began to tremble and moan. “I want my Daddy!”

Kai leaned over to comfort Khalil, and Waymon felt the goodness in this woman. He had known how good years ago. He felt love for her all over again.

Suddenly, the door to the emergency suite flew open; a tall, well-dressed black man entered the room and came to Kai. He wore his hair in glossy waves, sported a mustache, and smelled of Estee Lauder for Men, Waymon noticed. He also felt Kai soften, her sweat glands open, her eyes dilate slightly, her pulse quicken. Uh oh, this guy's her lover.

"Kai, my Lord, are you all right?" he asked, glancing briefly at Khalil.

"Dunning, I'm glad you're here," Kai whispered. "God, it's terrible. This baby's parents are old friends of mine. They were killed in a car wreck this afternoon. He survived. This is Khalil. Khalil, my fiancée, Dunning Greer. Dunning, Khalil is coming to live with me, and eventually, us."

Khalil eyed the stranger groggily.

"Hello, Khalil. He what? He's coming to live with you?"

"That's right, Dunn. He's coming to live with me. I'm going to watch over him." Waymon contributed to Kai's emphatic nod.

"Why, that's great! Yes. That's the right thing to do. Certainly." Greer looked from Kai to Khalil and back again. "Uh, Kai, could we talk over here for a moment?"

Here comes the curve ball, Waymon thought to himself.

Kai and Greer walked to the far corner of the suite, and lowered their voices as Khalil nodded off.

"Darling," Dunning began, "I think it's wonderful what your heart is telling you to do. I support it completely. But do you think you might be rushing into this

a little quickly? The accident just happened. You're upset. You might be allowing your emotions to rule your mind."

"In a situation like this, Dunn, I think emotions should rule the mind." That a girl, Waymon thought. "This child has noone left. One Uncle was murdered; the other lives halfway around the world. I've always loved him. I'm not going to desert him. He's coming home with me."

"And I don't get a say in this?" Dunning bristled. "After all, you're soon going to be my wife. I think I should have some input on this decision, Kai." Greer enveloped her in his arms. "I just want what's best for us."

Dickhead, Waymon thought. Where in the hell did she come up with this guy?

"Dunning, let's get this straight," Kai said coolly. "I love you, but I make this decision. You don't know Khalil; I do. He's coming home with me for good. If you love me, you'll love him. That's all there is to it."

Your butt just got kicked through the uprights, my man, Waymon smiled.

Kai smiled, and softened.

"Come on, baby," she cooed, rubbing him gently. "We're going to create lots of babies together. This one just comes ready-made. Now, let's say goodnight to Khalil, and you can come over to my place for coffee and fun."

Dunning Greer smiled at the offer, and held his tongue. He would have a lot more to say about this little black waif in the future. When she was his wife, Kai would have to start accepting a more traditional structure to their relationship, wouldn't she? He kissed her and moved away.

“See you at the house, my love. Give my best to Khalil if he wakes up.”

With that, Dunning walked out the swinging door.

When the stranger had left, Khalil opened his eyes and looked pleadingly toward Kai.

“If I come to live with you, Kai, is that the man who’s going to boss me around?” The boy was deeply concerned. His dad had been a fair man, a good dad, and had made Khalil’s growth an open process, without deceit. The boy could feel the difference in this man.

Khalil had always harbored a crush for Kai--not only because she was a knockout. She had brains and class--the complete package. Khalil had always thought that Uncle Waymon had been a total doink to pass her by. The young man would not have made the same mistake if he had gotten the chance. Of course, Kai Jacome was the sole member of her species, as far as Khalil could tell.

“I don’t want you to worry, Khalil,” Kai whispered, and Waymon again felt the love he’d left behind. “I’m going to take care of you always. Where I am, you will be. When either of us is hurt, we’ll each be there to soothe the other. You are my family, now, Khalil, and I hope that I will always be yours. There is a lot of good in Dunning Greer you haven’t seen yet, child, but he’ll feel the same as I do. You two will be great friends. You’ll see. I’m sorry about your Mom and Dad, baby, but there is a reason you were left alive. I’m going to do all I can to help you find out what it is. Get some rest now. I’ll see you in the morning.”

Waymon felt tears rush to his eyes, then realized they were Kai's. The line blurred between his feelings and hers. This inside work was a lot more complex and perplexing than he had expected.

He watched the door to the emergency room close, as Kai walked down the hallway and out of the hospital. Climbing into her Sterling, Waymon became more aware of the intimate feeling of her breath, the finite movements of her mouth, the strong regular beat of her heart.

She still had tears in her eyes as the enormity of what she had just done lingered. She never wavered, just took a deep breath and pulled out into traffic. Waymon sat back and felt his surroundings.

Kai Jacome. You've been on my mind a lot over the years, girl. I married my Elizabeth and had a house full of kids, but I never forgot what we had. You would love my wife, Beth. She is so much like you. The heart, the mind, the soul--the things that always won me. She could garden for hours, work her hands to the bone, then get dressed up for an evening of opera. I miss her so much, but I find myself near you once again for the best of reasons. Man! Beth is a jealous woman, but she'd understand. It's funny, isn't it, Khalil bringing us together like this? I always felt like given half a chance, he would try to take you away from me.

Sweet Khalil, Kai Jacome mused, the darling little imp. So bright, so sweet. So much like his Uncle. My God, if that man would just have stayed in Tucson, we could have had one just like him. Or several. Now Waymon is gone, and it's like I haven't cried enough already? The bulletins came over the wire



and broke my heart. 'Chicago Talk Show Host Gunned Down by Gang Violence.' Only I could put the soul to the headlines. Waymon, why did you leave? They don't kill talk show hosts in Tucson. We could have been such a wonderful team. You and me, and our children. Now what do I have? My career, my memories, now your nephew. Maybe happiness with Dunning, I don't know. I wish you were here beside me right now. I'd tell you how much I will always love you, how my decision to care for Khalil had more to do with your death than anything else. It has led to all this. I'm not a believer in predestination, but wherever this road goes, I'll do it for you.

Kai, my sweet Kai, you can't hear me now, or feel me, or know how I love you. It broke my heart when we each chose our careers. What were they but paychecks and ego. It all seems such a waste now, doesn't it? If I could just look you in the eyes right now, instead of out yours, you'd see that I never changed over you. The passion, the poetry in your spirit, I'd like to touch them now and hold on. I'd change the years between then and now except for my sweet Beth and the kids. We made our choices; I can't say they were wrong. It's just sad--our divergence. It's amazing that I find myself in you now. Closer to your heart than I thought possible. It's a great heart, rock solid. I'll stay here with you and take care of Khalil as long as you two need me.

"Oh, Waymon, you idiot, why did you leave me? I need you here now, not in the grave! There's no way you could have found anyone who loved you as much as I did. No way. Damned career. Two cars. A townhouse. Shit!"

Kai pounded the steering wheel and cried all the way home; Waymon was likewise miserable. The disaster of the day overwhelmed, and her tears seemed to wash them both. By the time she pulled into her driveway in the Catalina foothills off Swan Road, their emotions were spent--but both felt much better.

Kai swung out of the car, and walked into her townhouse. It was one of the classy Spanish-tile roof, Mexican-modern models built in the '80s when Tucson thought that IBM would make them the San Francisco of the Southwest. Her cat, Mr. DooDah, nuzzled her leg as she put on the coffee, lit the candles, and began to make herself ready for Dunning. She went into the bathroom and redid her makeup; Waymon got a wonderful close-up. Her radiant face was a face to cherish. Coffee-colored, trim, unblemished. He used to love to trace her aquiline nose, her lips, her strong chin, and not stop there.

Better watch out. I'm a spirit now, not flesh. Dammit! What I would give just to kiss her!

From the entryway came the sound of a key in the door.

"Darling, is that you?" Kai called.

"It's me, sweets, where are you?" came the reply.

"Right here," she said walking down the hall. "I needed to fix my makeup."

"You don't need any makeup, woman, it will just wear off," Dunning said, grabbing her. He pulled her to him hungrily, his hands lifting her skirt. He kissed her with a passion that took Waymon's breath away. Whoa, this guy doesn't wait. Not that I would either.

Dunning kissed Kai, parting her lips. He enveloped her in his energy, his hands seeking her like the parched lips of the dehydrated. Waymon had never experienced this from the feminine side, and wished the dude would go at this gradually.

“Dunning, please,” Kai said pushing away, “don’t you think we should talk about Khalil first?”

“No I don’t,” came the reply. “I think we should talk about us first, and not talk.”

With that, Dunning pulled Kai to him once again, and this time Waymon felt her respond. She dug at his neck as he ripped at the zipper of her dress. Their breath came in spurts; Kai moaned as Dunning’s hands began to survey her curves. Their tongues danced a lusty tango. Mama! If this guy was trying to lay claim to possession of her flesh in the face of the twelve-year-old interloper, Kai was giving it up. They tore at each other with passion unfurled. Clothes began to drop like hot rain. Good Lord, Waymon thought, this girl has it bad for this guy.

Then Waymon remembered Rule Number 8. No Peeking in Bedrooms. Damn! That means me. Oh well, I was feeling a little like a voyeur, anyway. Probably a good idea to get out of here.

Kai broke for a breath, sighed at Dunning’s touch, and Waymon exited. For the first time in several hours, he was outside looking in. It took a moment to get his balance, then he started moving. He looked back heading out the door, and saw the two nearly naked still in the foyer, their clothes at their feet like the

trim of a statue. Yep, these folks will be able to have all the kids they want, Waymon thought as he went out the door.

Now, if I hurry, I can still get in eighteen at Tucson National.



## *Chapter Twenty Five*

### *Malvina's Riddle*

Khalil came home to Kai's townhouse a week later. Other than the visible scars on his legs, and the teeth he'd lost in the crash, the only long term impacts would be psychological. Kai and Waymon had their work cut out for them.

The little guy was a great student, but he would have to transfer schools. He wouldn't miss a beat. He had been nearly a straight-A student all his life, and had no trouble getting along socially, either. He'd have a little more trouble navigating the foothills around Kai's place on his bike; his family's house had been on the flatlands out near the airport. He would soon love the new neighborhood. His relationship with Dunning Greer would not go as smoothly.

Khalil could see he wasn't a bad guy. The young man even came to understand and appreciate how much Kai loved him. It was just that Khalil didn't like him.

Khalil cut Dunning a broad swath, but couldn't fail to see that his own presence was creating a strain between the two adults. There seemed to be an element to the mix that eluded the boy; Waymon soon realized that the major problem was Dunning's mother--Malvina.

“She thought she was going to come live with us after we married,” Dunning reminded Kai one afternoon. “Now, I don’t see how there will be room.”

“You know, Dunning,” Waymon thought, “I got some real respect for you that night before the sex. But trying to move your mother into the honeymoon suite? Pretty sick.”

“Dunning, we had not agreed that your mother was going to live with us. That’s a pretty heavy move to make early in a marriage without unanimity.”

“But Kai, my Mom will be all alone after I leave. She’s old and frail, and I believe in taking care of old folks.”

He still lives with his mother? Waymon laughed. Kai will chew this poor sucker up and spit him out.

“That’s real honorable, Dunn. But one word I would not use to describe your mother is ‘frail.’ Don’t you remember the guy she took down last year at the L.A. Airport when he tried to steal her purse? He won’t be using that arm for awhile.”

“Well, at least she’s family. Blood counts for something here, doesn’t it? This kid is what--the nephew of your former lover.”

Damn straight, Waymon thought.

“Be careful where you tread here, Dunning.” Get him, Kai. “Would you have me put the child out? Discard him? Maybe put an ad in the newspaper: ‘Orphan available. House-trained. Looking for home with suitable black family more caring than my fiancée.’ Is that what you want?”

Tell him to stuff it, baby.

“If that’s what you want, you can stuff it!”

Yes!! Telepathy at its best!

“What I want, Kai, is what we have talked about for over a year now. A strong marriage, a traditional marriage.”

“Dunn, if by traditional marriage you mean you rule like a king, and I obey like a serf, you can stuff that, too! I didn’t spend the last fifteen years of my life building what I’ve built professionally--running a major broadcast operation--to come home and kowtow like a house slave.”

That a baby, Kai. That’s the woman I loved. Take a shot at his manhood.

“And if you’re half the man I think you are, you won’t be threatened by that.”

Not exactly what I was looking for, but you always were an independent sort.

Dunning Greer stood up, towering over his fiancée.

“Kai, I love you. I want to marry you. If you don’t expect me to act like a husband after we’re married, though, maybe we should rethink this thing. And by the way,” he said heading out the door, “if you call that radio station you manage a major broadcast operation, maybe you should recheck your perceptions.” He slammed the door behind him.

Up yours, Dunning.

“Up yours, Dunning!” Kai yelled, just before she broke down crying. She bawled like a baby. This Waymon didn’t expect. He thought she would be done with the lout, and good riddance. But here she was washing the table in tears.

Khalil came in and put his arms around Kai.

“Are you O.K.?” he asked. “Am I the problem? Because if I am, we could probably get one of my other relatives to take me in, you know. Uncle Waymon’s wife would probably be glad to have me.”

“No, Khalil, you aren’t the problem,” Kai assured him. “It’s that witchy mother of Dunning’s. God, if I could just get her claws out of her son, he’d be fine.”

Kai sighed, and Waymon slipped out, a plan in mind. He’d watched this little psychodrama unfold the last several weeks, and thought maybe now was a good time to reconnoiter the witch’s den. Dunning was still huffing in his car outside, so Waymon ran out and got in. It’d be a good idea to see what they were up against; he might be able to help fix the problem. Nobody said I couldn’t be a guardian angel for Kai, too. Never know until you give it a go.

Dunning had lived with his mother in a little house near Speedway and Silverbell Road since long before his dad died fifteen years ago. Old Mr. Greer had been a janitor at Tucson High School. His wife worked in the cafeteria. Dunning had graduated from there with honors, and then from the University of Arizona Business School. He was the hottest young investment advisor in the Tucson offices of Shearson Lehman, but the old woman was impatient. She knew he would be a success within ten years, but she wanted her holidays now. She was sixty-one, had a bad heart and a yearning to see the world before she turned sixty-two. This young broadcast bitch might be the ticket. She made what--seventy? Seventy! And Malvina could tell she loved her son madly.



But now, this little orphan had gotten in the way. She had to figure out how to get him out of the picture. She didn't need the competition in the household. Pretty soon, Kai Jacome would want to get rid of her mother-in-law; the price would be cheap. One round-the-world cruise would do, thank you. It wouldn't happen if this kid was underfoot. She might even think that Malvina would make a good baby-sitter for the brat! That would never do! She had served her last lunch to a teenager--you could bet money on that.

Dunning came into the house through the squeaking screen door. His mother waited just inside. She was wearing a flowery dress. Just like your sweet Aunt Fern, Waymon thought. He could tell you can't judge the woman by the flowery dress.

"Well, what did she say? Are you going to get rid of the kid?" Malvina demanded without a greeting.

"Mother, please," Dunning implored her, "give me a chance to get a glass of iced tea before you open me up for the procedure."

"Watch your mouth, boy," his mother advised him. Her forehead folded into a squeezebox as she stepped away to let Dunning into the kitchen. On the mantel over the small fireplace, a big mirror reflected her displeasure. Beside it was a picture of Kai. As Dunning went in to open the refrigerator, Waymon stayed in the living room to size up his foe. She was a short, fat black woman with a broad nose and two big birthmarks on her face.

She might have been your sweet Aunt Fern, if it wasn't for the eyes. Waymon had seen the same eyes on the gang leaders the night he was killed.

With eyes like that, she would just as soon gut you as ask your name. How had such a gargoyle raised a boy who Kai Jacome could love, Waymon wondered to himself.

“You know, Dunning,” Malvina shouted into the kitchen as she heard him pour tea over ice, “I didn’t sacrifice all of those years so you could get that high-falutin’ schooling and ditch me.”

“Mother, please,” Dunning begged her, “I’m not going to ditch you. You and Dad taught me better than that.”

“Oh, now I have to hear about that princely Father of yours,” Malvina smirked. “If he was so beneficent, why did he leave me hanging--a poor widow, without prospects. He as much as deserted me.”

“Mother, Dad worked all his life so you’d get his insurance and his pension and this house when he died. He couldn’t control when it was his time to go--but he didn’t ever ditch you. He loved you, and he loved me. And I won’t hear you trash him.”

That’s the missing chord, Waymon thought. The old man was a saint. A saint with no taste who bound himself to a crone who drove him to the grave. There still might be hope for this boy yet.

“Watch your tongue, child, and remember I’m your mother.”

“I can never forget that.”

“I said watch your tongue, boy. I heard what you meant by that. Now, let’s figure out how we can get rid of the kid. You know how Kai loves you. Can’t you play on that? There won’t be room for all of us in that little townhouse of

hers. We could sell this place and pocket the money, but that still won't be enough. You know that woman has more money than you think. Why don't you convince her that you need to buy a bigger house? Or why can't you convince her that you want to start a family from zero, and that kid doesn't fit?"

Dunning walked back in the room swirling ice around half a glass of tea.

"What do you want her to do, Mom, kick the kid out into the streets?"

"What, there aren't any orphanages? Or relatives with a conscience? Why does he have to get dumped on us? Oh, my heart! Oh, my Lord!" The witch feigned pain in her chest.

"What's the matter, Mother? Are you all right?"

"Lord, boy, I've been having the pains in my chest again. Get me some water!"

Dunning ran to the kitchen, looking back with concern. When he was out of the room, Malvina went to the mantel and picked up Kai's picture.

"You may marry him, sweetie," she snarled in a whisper, "but you'll never possess him. He's mine. Always has been. Always will be. And I'll take that round-the-world cruise ticket as a dowry from you, thank you very much."

With that, Malvina looked wickedly at her visage reflected in the big mirror. Imagine the shock when standing next to her she saw what could only be a ghost--his bald head broken by a conspiratorial grin.

"Boo!" Waymon screamed as his eyes flew out and splattered on the mirror. "I've come to take you away, haha!"

Malvina looked beside herself, and suddenly, there stood her dead husband. He pointed at her and then at his heart.

“You killed me, you hag, and now you’re turning on our son. I won’t have it. I’ve come for you. It’s time for your reward. Hellfire is too good for you, or what you’ve become. But Hellfire it will be, Malvina my love.”

The old woman’s heart couldn’t stand what she saw. She was sixty-one, and would never make sixty-two.

“The world cruise is out,” Waymon intoned as she fell. Her son, running back with her water, got there just as she hit the ground. Before he got to her she was dead; Dunning failed to find a pulse.

“Mother! Oh, Mother! Oh God!” He cried unashamedly, but then, rising to his feet, clinched his fist, and wiping away his tears, screamed, “Yes! You’re gone, finally gone!”

Dunning, old boy, you and I are going to get to be really good pals, Waymon thought.

Just as he finished that thought, Waymon witnessed the first spirit-ascension he had ever seen. She might have been evil, but Malvina did have a spirit. Suddenly, it rose to stand looking at Waymon. No longer wearing a flowery dress, this spirit wore black, her face covered in pustules.

“You! You are the one who came!” she shrieked at Waymon. “You turned yourself into my husband to scare me to death. Now you shall deal with me on an equal footing!”

“Oh great!” Waymon responded. “A rookie ghost who thinks she’s the boss. Back off, bitch; let me tell you how it’s going to be.”

The ghost of Malvina screamed and shrieked and dismembered itself. She threw an arm at Waymon; it landed on his face and tried to claw his eyes.

“I’ll destroy you, my bald friend. You owe me a cruise. I had it going, except for you. You should have left well enough alone. What are you? What power do you possess? Tell me now. I have a haunting to do.”

“Wait a second, lady,” Waymon interjected. “Aren’t you pretty new to this game to be planning your own itinerary. What makes you think you get to choose your own trip? For that matter, what is it you think you might do?”

“I’m going to haunt the marriage of my son and that young bitch, Kai Jacome, you ass. I will further make the life of that little brat a misery. He’ll wish his folks never died before I’m through.”

“He already wishes that, Malvina, so that won’t be any great accomplishment. But I’m afraid I can’t let you get to them. I’m a guardian angel, you see, protecting Khalil. Before I’ll let you harm him, I’ll tear you apart and feed you to the winds.”

“Oh, a guardian angel is it? Well, we’ll see what meager powers you might boast. I, for one, will ask the help of the Devil, if that’s what it takes to get by you.”

“Well, sweetie, giving the Devil his due, I don’t think he cares what the Hell a rookie like you might like to do. You’re just another mean-spirited spook on the way to the fires. I think it’s just me and you.”

“Choose your weapons, baldy.”

“How about a riddle?”

“A riddle?”

“A riddle. You guess the answer, and I’ll step aside. Make a mistake, and you go straight to Hell. See if you can talk the Big Bad Guy into backing your comeback. What do you say?”

“So be it.”

“O.K. Here’s the riddle: It takes four positive integers, adds them together, and comes up with a negative number. What is it?”

“Ah, a trick question, not fair!” Malvina screamed. “Math was always my weakest subject! No fair!”

“Ain’t death a bitch?” Waymon smirked. “Come on: It takes four positive integers, adds them together, and comes up with a negative number. What is it?”

“Arghh! You can’t hold me to this! I didn’t get to choose the category!”

“Hey, bitch, this ain’t Jeopardy. But the clock has run out. Give me the answer, or go straight to Hell.”

“O.K. Just a second, just a second. It takes four positive integers, adds them together, and comes up with a negative number.”

“Times up.”

“Shit! I can’t think. This ain’t fair!”

“For a one-way cruise to Hell, Malvina Greer, come on down! The answer is: a golf tournament!”

“A golf tournament?”

“Nick Price. 1994 PGA Championship. 67-65-70-67. Minus-10 overall. Wins the tournament. And you, Malvina, win the booby prize--an eternity in the flames with the Devil himself. Bye, booby.”

With that, Malvina screamed, and disappeared in smoke.

Wow, just like in the movies, Waymon thought with a smile. This guardian angel thing is growing on me.

With that, he walked out the door and headed back to Kai, and Khalil, and his new pal, Dunning.



## Chapter Twenty Six Ann's Ace

HOLE	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	IN	TOTAL
Tour Black	558	256	342	411	164	400	442	508	430	3511	7216
Championship Blue 79.1/145	533	236	323	395	143	383	412	492	410	3327	6786
Regular White 70.8/130	502	207	305	390	131	353	387	468	385	3128	6374
Men's Hdcp.	2	8	18	14	16	10	4	6	12		
Par	5	3	4	4	3	4	4	5	4	36	72
Waymon Thornton (18)	5*	6	dnf								
Harvey Glickstein (23)	5*	4	4								
Ann Miller (14)	5*	4	4								
Mac Douglas (9)	5*	2	5								
Women's Hdcp.	2	14	16	12	18	10	8	4	6		
Championship Gold 72.8/132	475	171	287	357	117	321	350	451	354	2883	5766
Ladies Red 70.2/126	452	145	252	336	92	296	317	436	345	2671	5199

Ann's approach arched high toward the thirteenth green, landing fifteen feet from the pin and spinning to within ten. She had hit her drive a hundred and seventy yards into a tree, but had benefited from a good bounce onto the fairway. She then hit a seven-wood from 176 yards--the kind of shot that had always kept her coming back--a thing of beauty and spirit that seemed to escape the earth. It had nothing to do with strength, gender, or speed of swing. It was grace and pace, and a possible birdie.



Mac had hit another monster drive near the tree on the right, a hundred forty yards out. His eight-iron approach flew straight to the flag, hitting two-inches to the left, rolling twelve feet past.

Harvey had enjoyed a great hole at twelve. He and Ann both carded par fours, while Mac slipped to a five. Now, on thirteen, Harvey continued to play well. He hit a short, straight drive, a nice fairway wood to within ninety yards, and an eight-iron to the fringe on the left.

This was golf. You forget how you struggled earlier. Everything goes right, the game seems simple, and your partners are playing on the same plane. Swing easy, watch it fly. You hardly feel the club hit the ball; it appears your inner energy induces the sphere to soar. You might have hated it twenty minutes earlier, but suddenly golf is you. Silly game. In ten minutes, you may break a Commandment venting your frustration.

Harvey chipped a seven-iron that rolled true, bouncing off the pin, coming to rest six inches from the cup.

“God, I love this game,” he shouted. The old Jew danced with his seven-iron across the green, and knocked in the gimme, spinning and grinning. “Annie, I’m so hot, give me a big kiss.”

“You’re not playing that well, Harvey.”

Mac rolled his birdie try slowly down a left-leaning bulge, but the putt rimmed out. He knocked in his fourth for par. Ann did the same, her birdie attempt coming up two feet short. Her par putt nestled into the heart of the cup.

“So, Harvey, now that all is sweetness and light, tell me what you don’t like about golf,” Mac asked as they walked to the fourteenth tee.

“What I don’t like about golf? O.K. I don’t like shanking the ball. I don’t like hitting a great shot one moment, and then--with the exact same swing--duffing it the next. I don’t like three-putting--let alone four-putting. I don’t like orange golf balls--or yellow, or pink ones. I dislike private country clubs where the people don’t play the damn game, just meet for lunch and munch sandwiches with no crusts. The presumption of some assistant pros pisses me off. You’d think they were all PGA Champs at Pebble Beach. When most of ‘em haven’t got the brains or talent to spread fertilizer on the fairways.”

“Harvey, you shouldn’t be so judgmental. It’ll keep you from getting into Heaven,” Ann advised with a laugh. “Besides, I knew quite a few wonderful country club folks and assistant pros in my time.”

“Yeah, Harvey,” Mac added, “if you don’t sweeten up, when you do get to Heaven they’ll make you be a bald headed old duffer with a 23-handicap, and give you an assistant pro to coach you on spreading fertilizer.”

“Oh my Lord, and I thought my Heavenly fate was to have large bosomed gypsy women fight over me for eternity!”

“We’re talking about Heaven, Harvey, not Fantasyland,” Ann cracked.

“So, what do you guys think happened to Waymon?” Mac asked his friends. “I miss him, you know.”

“Me, too.” Ann agreed. “If I know Waymon, he’s guarding some kid who likes basketball and girls, and who is just getting into golf.”

“Basketball, girls, and getting into golf.” Harvey confirmed. “The proper evolution of a young man.”

HOLE	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	IN	TOTAL
Tour Black	558	256	342	411	164	400	442	508	430	3511	7216
Championship Blue 79.1/145	533	236	323	395	143	383	412	492	410	3327	6786
Regular White 70.8/130	502	207	305	390	131	353	387	468	385	3128	6374
Men's Hdcp.	2	8	18	14	16	10	4	6	12		
Par	5	3	4	4	3	4	4	5	4	36	72
Waymon Thornton (18)	5*	6	dnf	dnf							
Harvey Glickstein (23)	5*	4	4	5							
Ann Miller (14)	5*	4	4	4							
Mac Douglas (9)	5*	2	5	4							
Women's Hdcp.	2	14	16	12	18	10	8	4	6		
Championship Gold 72.8/132	475	171	287	357	117	321	350	451	354	2883	5766
Ladies Red 70.2/126	452	145	252	336	92	296	317	436	345	2671	5199

The fourteenth hole at Indian Summer is a par three, 143 yards for Mac, 131 for Harvey, 117 for Ann. There is water from tee to green; a rock wall guards the front edge. Eight trees in a line separate the back of the green from a small lake beyond.

The trees swayed like a melody line in the wind as the ghosts stepped to the tee. Ann held honors from two holes before, and Harvey and Mac walked up to the women’s championship tee to watch her hit. Ann’s red-head skin glowed in the moonlight as she chose her nine-iron. She was the picture of class going through her setup. Grip, stretch, practice swing. Position the ball in front of the center line in your stance. Step the front foot into place, then the back. Waggle. Breathe. Relax the arms. Focus your thoughts on the target. Press forward, then begin the takeaway. Smooth now, no need to hurry. Take the club back

until the arms break naturally. At the top, the clubhead points directly at the target as the wrists cock. Your weight shift starts forward; the hands remain back. Inertia now brings your arms down, the clubhead picking up speed throughout. Back on the high road, through on the low road. When your left hand reaches the plane of your left thigh, the club is parallel to the ground. Your hands release; your left hand is just in front of the ball at impact. The classic Bobby Jones position. Your arms extend toward the target; the club continues its arc until it almost lies across your back.

As the ball flew off the clubhead, Mac immediately said, "That's in the hole."

"Too much club, Mac," Ann disagreed.

"God, that's beautiful," Harvey whispered.

The ball arched majestically to its apex; then, gravity carried it gently back to Earth three feet beyond the rock wall. It bounced twice lightly, and as if drawn by another invisible force, popped into the cup. A hole-in-one.

Ann dropped her club at her feet, stood motionless for a beat, and then leaped into the air, whooping. She had never had a hole-in-one.

"An ace! An ace!" Mac screamed, patting Ann crazily as the three of them ran like children around the water hazard to the green. He had never had a hole-in-one, either.

"Annie, that's great! Just incredible!" Harvey agreed. He had never even seen a hole-in-one.

Harvey tripped and fell as the three came up over the hillock leading to the cup. He hadn't run in twenty years, and it showed. He laughed, rolled over on the green, and came up on his knees. He felt young and crazy. A hole in one!

Ann leaned over and took the ball out of the cup, kissed it, then threw her arms around Mac's neck. Then she leaned over and planted a kiss right on Harvey's lips. The old boy was momentarily speechless. As she threw her arms around Harvey's neck, she caught sight of a bright glow along the cart path back beyond the fourteenth tee. Thinking it was probably a car light, she looked away and kissed Harvey on both cheeks.

"God, I'm glad you two were here to share this," she enthused, looking once more back down the fourteenth fairway, where the glow she'd seen came up over the rise next to the tee.

"What is that?" she asked, as Mac and Harvey finally saw it, too.

"What the..." Mac's mouth fell open, as the glow followed the carpath and headed toward them. It seemed to float along the path unimpeded.

"Listen," said Harvey nervously, "if this is a UFO deal, I don't want to go to another planet. O.K.?"

"Harvey, you're dead." Mac whispered. "UFOs don't kidnap dead people."

"How do you know, Mac? What about Elvis? He's dead, and they kidnapped him."

"He had a brain. Your safe."

"Will you two shut up! What is this thing?"

As they talked, the glowing object came closer still. It seemed to slowly pulse, and changed from pure white to golden as it swung around the green. It came to a stop thirty yards away. As it halted, they could see it was a golfcart surrounded by a most amazing light. The owls and crows--and even the crickets--turned silent as the cart sat vibrating in the moonlight.

It was difficult to see who was driving the vehicle; then, from out of the light stepped a young woman dressed in white lace.

“My Lord!” Ann murmured.

“What?” Mac asked.

“It’s my sister Millie,” Ann whispered with a catch in her voice. Her eyes widened and instantly glistened with tears as the young woman approached. She walked without a limp, and was quite simply breathtakingly beautiful. Her skin had an alabaster purity that looked impossibly deep. Her eyes were dark pools of peace. She wore pearls, Ann’s ring on her finger, and carried a small, glowing object in her hands.

“Hello, Ann,” she said with a voice that seemed to resonate from another place.

“Millie? Millie, is it really you?” Ann cried.

“It’s really me, Sis. It is so good to see you. I’ve prayed for this moment for so long. I know how you suffered when I died, and I wanted so many times to tell you not to worry. All was well. I didn’t hurt anymore, I was in a great place, and look--my legs are even the same length. The diseases were simply passing phases. What lasted, Sis, is how much we loved each other.”

“Oh Millie!” Ann cried unashamedly. “Millie, I can’t believe it’s you!” She reached to embrace her long dead sibling, but the younger woman backed away.

“We can’t hug just yet, Sis, but soon. That’s why I’m here. I’ve come to take you with me.”

“With you?”

“Yes, there is another level, if you haven’t figured it out yet. But look how I’ve forgotten my manners,” she said, turning to Ann’s playing partners. “You are Mac. Nice to see you. And Harvey, I’ve looked forward to meeting you for quite a while, too.”

Harvey couldn’t speak for a moment. He just looked into the eyes of this apparition.

“Are you an angel?” was all he could ask.

“Yes, Harvey, you could say I am. An angel by the grace of God and the love of my family. It was the price I paid with my pain, I guess. The price I paid with my pain. But look. I have something for you,” she said, raising her hands and holding out a radiant orange.

“An orange?” Harvey asked.

“Yes,” Millie responded. “It’s from your brother, Donald. He says, ‘Shalom.’ He says he looks forward to seeing you, when you are ready to join him. He says eternity is too long for brothers to be apart.”

Now it was Harvey’s turn to cry. He took the orange into his hands, and it suddenly was just an orange. The old fruitstand owner had never seen a more magnificent fruit.

"This is from my brother?"

"Yes. He says your days of argument are over. There was never a winner. You both simply lost years together. That's all you did. He says it takes much more than a broken pair of glasses to sunder a brotherhood."

"Oh, my God! My brother! Donald! I was so stupid, and selfish. And small. He helped me make it. How could he forgive me?"

"Because forgiveness, dear Harvey, is the way to Heaven. You can't get there until you forgive. Think about that while you finish this round."

"Now, Mac.."

"Yes?" Mac said, dropping his eyes.

"Mac, you've never felt you were worthy. While you were alive, you had this enormous inferiority complex that you tried to overcome with looks, and golf, and sometimes drugs. You never realized that the Buddhists, the Quakers, the Jains--they are all exactly right. We all have God within us. You just didn't take very good care of your God. You're better, though. That's one of the reasons you were put on this golf course with the three friends you've played with since you died."

"They all definitely have God within them," Mac confirmed.

"So do you, Mac," Ann said, squeezing his hand. "So do you."

"Time to go, Ann," Millie said.

"Go where?" asked Harvey.

"Oh, out there beyond the eighteenth hole," Millie smiled. "Heaven. Ann has earned it. Good-bye, Mac. Good-bye Harvey."



Ann suppressed a sob, kissed both of her friends, turned on her heel and followed her sister back to the golfcart. They entered the enveloping light; the glowing orb then rolled up the cartpath toward the fifteenth tee and disappeared.

In the distance, the owls and crows cried in the night.



## *Chapter Twenty Seven*

### *Male Baggage*

HOLE	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	IN	TOTAL
Tour Black	558	256	342	411	164	400	442	508	430	3511	7216
Championship Blue 79.1/145	533	236	323	395	143	383	412	492	410	3327	6786
Regular White 70.8/130	502	207	305	390	131	353	387	468	385	3128	6374
Men's Hdcp.	2	8	18	14	16	10	4	6	12		
Par	5	3	4	4	3	4	4	5	4	36	72
Waymon Thornton (18)	5*	6	dnf	dnf	dnf						
Harvey Glickstein (23)	5*	4	4	5	dnf						
Ann Miller (14)	5*	4	4	4	1						
Mac Douglas (9)	5*	2	5	4	dnf						
Women's Hdcp.	2	14	16	12	18	10	8	4	6		
Championship Gold 72.8/132	475	171	287	357	117	321	350	451	354	2883	5766
Ladies Red 70.2/126	452	145	252	336	92	296	317	436	345	2671	5199

The two remaining ghosts stood and watched the receding glow of the departed golfcart. Their minds raced for an explanation. Both sighed. It was too much.

Harvey put the orange in his golf bag. He and Mac played on.

“Mac, would you please promise me that you won’t leave me. Playing as a onesome has never been much fun. I start talking to myself; then I get mad at myself. At least I still got you to talk to. Good drive.”

“It looks like I can’t promise anything, Harvey. People keep dropping away left and right. Let’s count the bodies. Hundreds of ghosts came and went. We’ve seen Waymon dissolve in front of our eyes, and witnessed an angel come take Ann away. Now, it’s just us.”

“Well, I hope they let us finish the eighteen before either of us get to Heaven.”

“Gee, Harve, nice hit yourself. I don’t know if either of us get to go to Heaven yet. You heard Millie say Donald was waiting for you to get there ‘when you are ready.’ I think we both have a way to go.”

“Yeah, what did she mean, ‘when you are ready.’ What is this--a merit badge requirement?”

“It seems we both need to unpack some baggage before we make the next move, Harvey. You first.”

“What d’ya mean me first? Hell, the only things that ever really bothered me were being poor and being a failure. Damn, I sculled it. It pissed me off no end. That and the depressions I’d fall into every month or so. And the fact that after the first year and a half, my marriage was about as exciting as gefilta fish. Come to think of it, my life sucked.”

“So, I guess we rack that up to wasted time. You spent your life pissed off. Sounds like me.”

“What did you have to be pissed off about, Mac? You were good looking. You had three wives. You got to travel around. Ooh, you skulled it, too. That’s

in the lake. Hell, Mac, you even made enough money to afford to be a drug addict for awhile.”

“Lifestyles of the upper middle-class and stupid, Harvey. That’s a heckuva measure of success. ‘Yeah, when I grow up, I want to be an executive, travel around a lot, and burn money up my nose. Then I want to screw around with a bevy of vacuous women, lose two wives, piss off my kids, and become psychotic and suicidal.’”

“It’s the American Dream, Mac. God, I sculled it again! That’s in the sand. Where the hell is my concentration?”

“So what do you think happened to American men, Harvey? It seems we used to be role models. Now we’re just venal egotists.”

“You mean we used to be David Niven, Cary Grant, Jimmy Stewart, and Van Johnson. Now we’re Jim Morrison, Ted Bundy, Donald Trump, and O.J. Simpson? I’ll tell you what happened, Mac. Movies happened.”

“Movies?”

“Yeah, and cigarette advertising. Hell, advertising in general. Remember what the image of the man’s man was during the ‘60s? James Bond. Lots of willing women going straight to the sack. And they wondered why John Kennedy couldn’t keep it zipped up. He was the most powerful man in the Bond era.”

“I always thought that you weren’t really a man if you didn’t play around. And look what it got me. Alimony and anger.”

“Yeah, it’s like my old Dad used to say, Mac, ‘that sex stuff--it’ll fuck you right up.’ Wow, what’s happened to you? That’s the first time you’ve hit two

straight bad shots all night. And now, of course, we got femi-Nazis and AIDS. Suddenly, the table has turned 180-degrees. You don't dare get laid, and the women's movement has no sense of humor at all. Half of my material from the old days you couldn't use in the Catskills any more. In the Catskills!"

"What kind of stuff?"

"Oh, one of my all time favorites is the guy who calls his doctor and says, 'Doc, I think my wife is dead.' 'You think your wife is dead?' the doc asks. 'Yeah,' says the guy, 'the sex is the same, but the dishes are piling up.'"

"That's terrible, Harvey. You can't get into Heaven telling jokes like that."

"You're probably right, Mac; God I hope you don't have to be politically correct to get past the Pearly Gates. I'm going to be in big trouble if Susan B. Anthony is social chairman. Shit! On in four!"

"Do you notice how the quality of our language has deteriorated since Ann left?"

"She was something, wasn't she? So much class, good looking, helluva player! How'd you like to bop her?"

"Harvey, she's dead. And I don't think that's called cleaning out old baggage."

"No. Sex with my wife was cleaning out old baggage. Ha! What, that's not funny? You don't think ghosts can have sex?"

"So far, I've been given no indication that ghosts can have sex, no. And I don't think you and I are getting any closer to straightening up our male stuff so

we can get on to the next level, either. Damn! On in four and two putt. That's one of my bad holes."

"Hell, maybe I don't want to clean up my male stuff. This ain't such a bad existence. We just pick up a couple of new players and go on tomorrow night. What's that old movie--`Heaven Can Wait?' That's how I feel. Oh, piss! On in four and three putts! I hate this game!"

HOLE	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	IN	TOTAL
Tour Black	558	256	342	411	164	400	442	508	430	3511	7216
Championship Blue 79.1/145	533	236	323	395	143	383	412	492	410	3327	6786
Regular White 70.8/130	502	207	305	390	131	353	387	468	385	3128	6374
Men's Hdcp.	2	8	18	14	16	10	4	6	12		
<b>Par</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>3</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>4</b>	<b>36</b>	<b>72</b>
Waymon Thornton (18)	5*	6	dnf	dnf	dnf	dnf					
Harvey Glickstein (23)	5*	4	4	5	dnf	7					
Ann Miller (14)	5*	4	4	4	1	dnf					
Mac Douglas (9)	5*	2	5	4	dnf	6					
Women's Hdcp.	2	14	16	12	18	10	8	4	6		
Championship Gold 72.8/132	475	171	287	357	117	321	350	451	354	2883	5766
Ladies Red 70.2/126	452	145	252	336	92	296	317	436	345	2671	5199



## *Chapter Twenty Eight Sex in the Afterlife?*

The moon was setting atop the Olympic Mountains as Harvey and Mac teed off at sixteen. In the trees beyond the out-of-bounds stakes, hundreds of birds began the first rustlings of the coming light. Dawn was still a couple of hours away; by instinct, these creatures would be ready.

In the wooded neighborhoods around Indian Summer, sports fishermen were already stirring, ready to meet the dawn in their fourteen-foot runabouts. Coffee was brewing in countless houses as radio morning-hosts, exercise fanatics, shipyard laborers, stock analysts, college professors, highway maintenance personnel, newspaper delivery boys, airline mechanics, anyone lucky enough to have an early tee time, and tens of thousands of others rose to meet the day. Life went on all over the Puget Sound region as Mac Douglas watched his latest soaring masterpiece pierce the starry blackness. Two hundred and forty-five yards away it came to rest, to a smile from Mac and disgust from his deceased partner.

“Ridiculous!” Harvey huffed. “Boring. Inhuman. Machine-like. Try some variety, will you Mac? Go back to the insecure male-baggage routine.”

Harvey moved up to his teebox, twenty-five yards closer. He breathed deeply trying to relax. He'd watched Mac and Ann enough during the night to realize that his major problem was as it had always been--he did everything too fast. Just ask Ethel. This time, though, he concentrated on slowing down. He forced himself into what he felt was nearly slow-motion. The result was pleasing--his best drive of the round. Two-hundred twenty yards straight down the middle. He sat right next to Mac on the manicured fairway.

"Oh boy! The big hitters! Side by each!" he raved.

"Nice hit, Harve," Mac said with a grin. "Machine-like."

"So tell me, Mac, do you really think ghosts can have sex?"

"Harvey, you're dead. You were over seventy when you died. You probably had sex--what--twice in the last few years of your life?"

"More than that."

"Much more?"

"More."

"So what's this sudden fixation on sex in the afterlife?"

"Well, we get to play golf in the afterlife, right? That involves muscles, touch, physicality, right? So I've been thinking that this might not be all there is. The Good Lord has left us with all necessary merchandise to accomplish the trade, so why would there be an embargo in that area?"

"Harvey, let me ask you this," Mac offered. "During this whole round tonight, have you had to step off into the trees to answer Nature's call?"

"No."



“So what does that tell you?”

“It tells me I haven’t drunk any beers while I been playing, that’s what it tells me. And why would that have anything to do with whether ghosts can have sex or not.”

“Harvey, hit your second shot.”

“Gladly.”

The old ghost stepped up to his ball with a five-wood in his hands. Remembering the slow-motion lesson of the drive that got him there, he smoothly smacked the ball right on the sweet spot. The sphere flew straight to the flag, ending up fifteen feet short--on the dance floor.

“Simple game. See the ball. Hit the ball.”

Mac laughed and stepped up to his second with a four-iron. His swing was as pure as always, and it nearly resulted in his shot of the night. The ball didn’t rise more than ten feet off the ground on the way to the green. It bounced on the front lip, and rolled right up to the pin--six inches from being an eagle. It was a gimme birdie.

“Bastard!” Harvey hissed.

“Harvey, you gotta start being sweeter, or you’re never going to get into Heaven. Now, why can’t you be happy for me over that gorgeous shot I just hit?”

“Because I would have spent most of the night happy for you, you jerk.”

“And what would have been wrong with that?”

“It wouldn’t have been me.”

“Try a new you, it’ll get you past St. Peter. And try that putt. It might get you a birdie.”

Harvey bent down to survey his fifteen foot attempt. He walked around and viewed it from the opposite angle. He came back and bent over the putt, took a deep breath, and hit it toward the hole. It rolled straight, but short, stopping three feet from the cup.

“Damn, got it caught in my hem.”

“Now, Harve, you need to stop the sexism. Ann never would have hit that putt three-feet short. So why would you make a disparaging remark like that because you blew the birdie?”

“Listen, Mac, could you stop being the propriety police, please? Let an old man be. I mean, I come from a time when sexism was our most impotent...important product. You can’t change an old horse.” He knocked in his par.

“An old horse’s ass, you mean,” Mac laughed, tapping in his birdie.

The twosome walked off into the false dawn toward the next tee.



## *Chapter Twenty Nine Party at the Nineteenth Hole*

HOLE	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	IN	TOTAL
Tour Black	558	256	342	411	164	400	442	508	430	3511	7216
Championship Blue 79.1/145	533	236	323	395	143	383	412	492	410	3327	6786
Regular White 70.8/130	502	207	305	390	131	353	387	468	385	3128	6374
Men's Hdcp.	2	8	18	14	16	10	4	6	12		
Par	5	3	4	4	3	4	4	5	4	36	72
Waymon Thornton (18)	5*	6	dnf	dnf	dnf	dnf	dnf				
Harvey Glickstein (23)	5*	4	4	5	dnf	7	4				
Ann Miller (14)	5*	4	4	4	1	dnf	dnf				
Mac Douglas (9)	5*	2	5	4	dnf	6	3				
Women's Hdcp.	2	14	16	12	18	10	8	4	6		
Championship Gold 72.8/132	475	171	287	357	117	321	350	451	354	2883	5766
Ladies Red 70.2/126	452	145	252	336	92	296	317	436	345	2671	5199

Seventeen was an almost exact replay of sixteen. The ghosts had their games together; the excitement of the angel's visit had subsided, and they were back into the fray. The jokes were coarser, the ribbing rougher; Ann was gone, and they were men. True, dead men, but even at this stage, you can't really change Nature.

Neither knew why God made males so crude and females so different. Made most men polygamists, most women monogamists. Could be because

testosterone was one of God's little chemical mistakes. It seemed to involve ancient pre-history, though. Something to do with hunting. Long periods of dangerous travel, where only the brute survived. Poetry and soul appear to have developed long after spears and adrenaline. Mac thought about that; Harvey couldn't care less.

Mac Douglas grew up when men (and almost all his heroes) were men. Roy Rogers was his first hero. Mickey Mantle replaced him. Jim Brown. John F. Kennedy. Alan Shepherd--hitting a five-iron a gazillion yards on the moon. Bill Bradley. O.J. Simpson. Mercury Morris.

As the media explosion enveloped America in the last quarter of the 20th century, he learned that almost all of the men who were his early heroes had clay feet. Sure, Bill Bradley's only sin appeared to be that he was a boring politician, but in Mac's eyes, only Roy Rogers emerged as deserving his early status. Yet he had stuffed Trigger!

Mickey Mantle--that most quintessential American sports hero--had become a fall-down alcoholic. Sure, he had sought help just before his liver gave out, but this was Mickey Mantle! Dwight Eisenhower was a beloved President at the same time, had led the troops at D-Day--a giant of the 20th century. Mickey Mantle towered over him in the mid- to late-50s. Jesus, Mac had even written fan letters to the guy! Like some silly teenage girl to a young movie idol! Mac, and millions of young boys just like him, didn't think there was anything un-masculine about the adulation. To Mantle, however, it was evidently too much. Or maybe losing it was too much. He was just a country boy from Oklahoma

who could hit a baseball five-hundred feet. He loved his booze. When he stepped down from his pedestal, unfortunately, he didn't lose his love of liquor.

He was only human. He had clay feet. We mere mortals aren't about to forgive our heroes their humanity. We're shocked, and ashamed. At the same time, while we judge the fallen, we keep our feet hidden.

The good news is that somewhere in the universe, right at this moment, Mickey Mantle is still hitting five-hundred foot home runs. And we still love him madly.

Heroes from an earlier era seem to have fared better. Sure, a recent made-for-TV movie claimed that Amelia Earheart wasn't a very good pilot. Mac was always afraid that an investigative article would soon divulge that Bobby Jones improved his lies, or Gene Sarazen didn't count all his strokes, or Walter Hagen carried too many clubs in his bag. Mac didn't want to know. Golf gods held a special place in his heart. It was beyond idolatry. It was belief in a nearly royal tradition. These were the legends who had walked hallowed St. Andrews and Turnberry. Gleneagles and Troon. Firestone and Olympic. Pebble Beach and Baltusrol. Sacred grounds of a sacred game. Mac would have rather not learned that there might be moles in Amen Corner at Augusta, thank you.

At seventeen, Mac hit his longest drive of the day--roughly three hundred five yards with a good bounce off a yardage marker. Harvey continued his good play with a two-hundred ten yard drive right of center. He put his second shot in the rough to the right ninety-two yards from the green. Mac's second shot ended

up in the sand in front of the green. Harvey's nine-iron from out of deep grass flew to the secondary cut right of the green. He chipped on and two putted--a bogey six. Mac blasted long out of the sand, leaving himself a tough downhill putt for birdie. He missed, but dropped the next for par.

HOLE	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	IN	TOTAL
Tour Black	558	256	342	411	164	400	442	508	430	3511	7216
Championship Blue 79.1/145	533	236	323	395	143	383	412	492	410	3327	6786
Regular White 70.8/130	502	207	305	390	131	353	387	468	385	3128	6374
Men's Hdcp.	2	8	18	14	16	10	4	6	12		
Par	5	3	4	4	3	4	4	5	4	36	72
Waymon Thornton (18)	5*	6	dnf	dnf	dnf	dnf	dnf	dnf			
Harvey Glickstein (23)	5*	4	4	5	dnf	7	4	6			
Ann Miller (14)	5*	4	4	4	1	dnf	dnf	dnf			
Mac Douglas (9)	5*	2	5	4	dnf	6	3	5			
Women's Hdcp.	2	14	16	12	18	10	8	4	6		
Championship Gold 72.8/132	475	171	287	357	117	321	350	451	354	2883	5766
Ladies Red 70.2/126	452	145	252	336	92	296	317	436	345	2671	5199

The eighteenth hole at Indian Summer doesn't really qualify as one of the classics. It's not the Pacific-rimmed number eighteen at Pebble Beach, nor Inverness; not the Old Tom Morris Number 18 on the Old Course at St. Andrews, nor the classic 18th at Oakmont. These final holes bring tears of reminiscence to golfers worldwide. No, it's just the last hole at Indian Summer. It's a pretty one, though. A big right-bearing dogleg with trees and sand, valleys and brush. There are no homes along eighteen at Indian Summer. That comes in 'Phase 3.' That's when a lot of crazy people who have always wanted to live on a golf course suddenly learn why that is such a stupid idea.

People who live on golf courses liked the idea better than the reality. They expect a life of natural splendor and peace. What they get is a bad case of

shellshock. It's this way all over the world. Dad's enjoying a Saturday morning shave when--crash! A golf ball blasts through the bathroom window and splashes down in his soapy water. Seven-thirty Sunday morning after a hard week of eighteen hour days--kabam! Your roof is hit by incoming fire.

Ask anybody who owns a house on a golf course. Winston Churchill is their patron saint. It's true. In fact, late at night, once a month, the ghost of Churchill visits the house on an English course that has received the heaviest bombardment that month. Churchill's ghost growls, flashes the victory sign, grumbles something about idiots living in harm's way, and walks off.

You can't have little wiener dogs if you live on a course. They're like magnets for errant shots. They're pretty dingy to begin with, then--bonk! They get brained by a Max-Fli, and run screaming into the trees. Cats are smarter about such things, and catch moles as well.

Gardeners are especially hard-hit by living next to a fairway. They are determined to deadhead their geraniums and petunias when--boink! They wish they had worn their crash helmet. Sure, golfers are supposed to yell 'Fore!' when they hit a ball off-line, but they aren't trained to look for gardeners down on their haunches digging in the earth.

Don't ever live on a golf course. Play on them. Live on a lake. This message from the American Home Insurance Association.

Mac and Harvey strolled happily down the eighteenth fairway. As they swung around the dogleg, they noticed a party of ghosts on the sundeck behind the eighteenth green. The pro shop staff had just arrived to open up, sunrise

being less than a half hour away. They were still an hour away from finding the trashed greens and the broken 4-wheel drive on numbers nine and ten. Meanwhile, here were a several dozen ghosts laughing and drinking little party beverages unbeknownst to the humans not fifty feet away. Both Mac's and Harvey's mouths fell open.

Harvey quickly hit his second shot and took off like an old horse headed for the barn. It could have been because he saw a couple of the ghosts smoking cigars. It could have been the girl-ghosts. Mac smiled and setup for his approach. He had played well tonight, and wasn't going to lose concentration just because there appeared to be a party waiting. He was sober, after all. He hit an eight-iron from 138 out, the ball soaring in a perfect arc, biting three feet beyond the pin, and spinning back to within three feet pin-high. The ghosts on the sundeck cheered lustily.

Harvey could hardly restrain himself. Drinks and cigars! And women! Wowie! This afterlife stuff had just taken a major step up. He took a nine-iron out of his bag and hit it from sixty-one yards. His shot also flew straight, rolled up and bounced off the pin--coming to rest six inches away. The nineteenth hole ghost gallery went wild!

Harvey and Mac were both in their element now. They strolled toward the eighteenth green and actually doffed their hats to the cheering ghosts beyond. The gallery loved them! Hell, neither had received this kind of tribute when they were alive. It was like the damned U.S. Open, for God's sake! Palmer and Nicklaus in '62. Freddie Couples at the '92 Masters. Mac blushed. Harvey



pirouetted shamelessly. He recognized several of the ghosts from the incident with Seth and Fox. He bowed, he strutted, and tapped in his putt for par. Once again, the nineteenth-hole ghosts cheered.

Mac's was for birdie, so he took a little longer to look at the putt. As he stood over the ball, a single well-groomed ghost separated himself from the group and walked toward the green. Mac was focused too well to notice. He slowly took his putter back, and effortlessly stroked the ball into the cup. A birdie to finish the round! The party spirits gave him a standing ovation. Drinks were spilled; hats were thrown.

Mac and Harvey walked to each other and bear-hugged. This had been the most wonderful game of their lives--and deaths. They looked at each other and laughed heartily.

"Mac, thanks for tonight. I learned a lot about this game just watching you. You are one smooth young golfer."

"Harvey, I love you. You helped me loosen up, and I appreciate it. The next time I need somebody to sell fertilizer to a cow farmer, you are the man."

"Thanks, Mac. God bless you."

"God bless you, too, Harvey."

They hugged again. They then both noticed the handsome young ghost standing next to the green. In his 1930s golf attire and wavy dark blond hair, he was vaguely familiar to both Harvey and Mac. He wore pressed white pants and a light blue-striped collared shirt under a sleeveless golf sweater. His oxford golf

shoes, like his clothes, were spotless. He walked up to the twosome with a shy smile.

“Harvey. Mac,” he began with a warm Southern twang, “I’m Bobby Jones. Nice round.”

“Bobby Jones?” Harvey was flabbergasted. “Our welcoming committee at eighteen is Bobby Jones? Now that’s a round of golf!”

Bobby Jones. British Open Champ in 1926, ‘27, and ‘30. Hero to a world of golfers for generations. Maybe the single greatest name in the history of the game appeared to them as he had in his heyday, with no sign of the paralysis that would give his later life such pain and glorify even more his magnificent character.

“Hell, Bobby,” Harvey gushed, “all the we did was chase a couple of drunk teenagers away from trashing this course!”

“Oh, I’m not here because of that, although these folks back here told me all about it,” Jones said with a gesture toward the gallery. “Good job. Actually, I’m here to invite Mac to play a round tonight with me and some friends.”

It was Mac’s turn to be flabbergasted. His eyes shot open almost as wide as his mouth; his knees nearly failed him.

“You want me to play golf with you and some friends?”

“Yeah,” Bobby Jones affirmed. “Cary Middlecoff, Julius Boros and I have a tee time at Pebble Beach this evening, and we’d like you to join us.”

“Jesus, Mac, that’s great!” Harvey enthused. “You’ve played golf all of your life, plus a little extra, to do that. I’m happy for you.”

Mac could still hardly speak.

"I use to love Cary Middlecoff," he said. Dr. Middlecoff was the playing doctor of the 1950s, a gentleman professional.

"Cary's great. You'll love him again," Bobby Jones said. "So it's on. We'll be waiting for you at the first tee tonight. Pebble Beach, right?"

"I love Pebble Beach."

"Wonderful, Mac, we'll have a great game," Jones drawled with a Georgia smile. "Right now, though, how about a drink? I'm kind of a fruit juice sort, but I'll treat."

"Well, Bobby, I don't drink anymore," Harvey quipped. "Of course, I don't drink any less."

The three ghosts walked toward the party laughing. Bobby Jones and Mac Douglas to talk golf history. Harvey Glickstein to try his best to find out if there is sex in the afterlife.

As dawn broke clear and bright, out on the number one tee Indian Summer was coming to life. The first golfer of the day shanked his initial shot into the lake right of the of the first tee.

"In the water? Not in the water!" he moaned. "God, I hate this game!"

HOLE	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	OUT
Tour Black	388	415	561	179	553	425	182	414	436	3705
Championship Blue 79.1/145	371	395	530	153	553	425	182	414	436	3459
Regular White 70.8/130	353	367	490	136	523	404	168	395	410	3246
Men's Hdcp.	13	11	5	17	1	9	15	3	7	
Par	4	4	5	3	5	4	3	4	4	36
Waymon Thornton (18)	7	3	7	4	6	3	3	5	6*	44
Harvey Glickstein (23)	6	11	7	5	6	6	3	5	6*	55
Ann Miller (14)	4	5	7	3	6	4	4	4	5*	42
Mac Douglas (9)	4	3	6	3	5	4	3	4	4*	36
Women's Hdcp.	13	7	5	15	1	3	17	9	11	
Championship Gold 72.8/132	314	310	449	122	483	341	133	370	361	2883
Ladies Red 70.2/126	282	269	414	97	437	318	100	316	295	2528

HOLE	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	IN	TOTAL
Tour Black	558	256	342	411	164	400	442	508	430	3511	7216
Championship Blue 79.1/145	533	236	323	395	143	383	412	492	410	3327	6786
Regular White 70.8/130	502	207	305	390	131	353	387	468	385	3128	6374
Men's Hdcp.	2	8	18	14	16	10	4	6	12		
Par	5	3	4	4	3	4	4	5	4	36	72
Waymon Thornton (18)	5*	6	dnf	dnf	dnf	dnf	dnf	dnf	dnf	DNF	
Harvey Glickstein (23)	5*	4	4	5	dnf	7	4	6	4	INC	
Ann Miller (14)	5*	4	4	4	1	dnf	dnf	dnf	dnf	DNF	
Mac Douglas (9)	5*	2	5	4	dnf	6	3	5	3	INC	
Women's Hdcp.	2	14	16	12	18	10	8	4	6		
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*GOLFING*

*IN THE AFTERLIFE*

*CONTINUES TONIGHT ON COURSES*

*AROUND THE WORLD*

## A NOTE FROM THE AUTHOR

I awoke yesterday morning to a Mutual Radio newscast reporting geometric increases in interest in issues involving death and the afterlife. They attribute this to a crossroads in time. Our parents are dying. Our children think themselves immortal. Many of them are bringing a new generation into the world, while we baby boomers confront our mortality.

It definitely has our attention. We wonder what happens when we die? Is this all there is? We get this little flash of light, and then nothing? Five gazillion years of history, and our part is like a firefly? Is that it? After this, we don't get to play golf anymore? Can't be.

This book answers two big metaphysical questions:

1. Is there an afterlife?
2. Do I get to play golf there?

Yes and yes. There is an afterlife, and there is golf in the afterlife. It came to me one evening while playing a late round in Mexico. As sure as I'm sitting here, I saw ghosts teeing off in the twilight. Since then, I've researched the question extensively, and have come to the conclusion that golf courses are where ghosts go at night. What, you think they go to graveyards? How depressing.

Now, depending on your beliefs, you might think you live, you die, and then you go to Heaven or Hell. Kinda like a Christian. You might think that you live, you die, and that's it. Kinda like an asparagus. You might think you live, you die, and you move to Andromeda. Kinda like Elvis.

I don't want to upset you or your belief system. Please, please don't write me decrying my paganism, my irrationality, or my personal incapacity at golf. I know all these things. That is not the purpose of this book. The reasons I wanted to share this story with you are Ann Miller, Harvey Glickstein, Waymon Thornton, and Mac Douglas. They all lived, they all died, and now they all play golf in the afterlife. They are all like us. They didn't want to die, but it isn't half bad, beyond the uncertainty in their future. That's way too much like life, but that's the way it is.

Equally serious is the question: "Why do I love golf so." What makes me waste my time, round after round, playing as mediocre a game as I do? In truth, sometimes when I play, I wish there was nothing more.

Often, I hope if there is an afterlife, we simply get to play harps; but then I wouldn't hit a three-wood for all eternity. That really depresses me.

Life. Golf. Harrumph!!

In more than half a life of golf I've identified a couple of eternal bewilderments about the beautiful, silly game.

First, there is the tormenting promise.

"Someday, I may figure it out. Someday, I may finally put it all together. Each of 187 things that have to happen correctly for the shot to be perfect can fall into place. Then, an entire game can change if I can just keep myself in the zone."

How's that for optimism?

Unfortunately, most of the time, I am two time-zones away from “the zone.” I struggle with casting my clubhead, opening the face, being twice as fast as I should on the takeaway--all leading to yet another 47/47. Meanwhile, I am sure that, in an alternate reality, my anti-self is having the game of his life.

One thing that keeps me coming back is the camaraderie. I think that the golf course is one of the most sociable places I’ve ever found. We are enjoying a natural setting, we’ve escaped the rigors and pressures of our regular lives; and there is something about the basic nature of a golf course that makes people downright congenial.

Another reason I go back is that in every round there are four or five shots that compel me to return. No matter how frustrating the day has been, sprinkled in is just enough sweetness to make me want to taste it again. Kinda like marriage.

Finally, I’m certain that one day I will get my hole-in-one. I know that I should be worrying about more holes-in-four, but I want that ace. I’ve never had one. I may never get one--until the afterlife, that is.

I saw one once. I was put on at SemiAhMoo in Blaine, Washington with two of the world’s all-time biggest jerks. We’ll call them Gus and Ollie. Gus was an architect who could hit the ball pretty well, but wasn’t enjoying it because he had to play with Ollie.

Ollie was a case.

Every shot he hit, he complained. He bitched about the weather; he bitched about the trees. He complained his shoulder was sore. He hated his job.



His marriage was on the rocks. Most of all, he hated every shot for the first five holes. Did I say golf was congenial?

I'm pretty easygoing on the golf course. I can get along with just about anybody. I nearly walked away from those two. It wasn't worth it.

Then, on the sixth tee at SemiAhMoo--a 167-yard par-three--Ollie hit his tee shot into the sun. When it left the clubhead, I said, "That's in the hole."

"Damn," he yelled, jerking his club through the air, "too much club. I hit it over the %#!\*?! green!"

"Ollie, that's in the hole," I reiterated, despite the fact that the glare of the sun and my problems with depth perception made it impossible for me to be sure.

Ollie griped and moaned and griped some more as we walked down the fairway. He immediately went beyond the green, and looked in the trees trying to find the pellet.

I walked to the cup, and sure enough--lying aside the pin was Ollie's hole-in-one.

"Ollie," I interrupted his cussing, "it's in the cup."

He stopped swearing; his face changed color and shape; he came screaming out of the trees.

He was beside himself with joy. He'd never had a hole-in-one.

He couldn't believe he'd done it. He laughed hysterically about how he thought he'd hit too much club.

Suddenly, Ollie was a different human being. He turned into Mr. Goodwrench.

“Hey, Terry, it’s great playing with you. What do you do for a living? How many kids you got? That’s great. Just great.”

After witnessing the change that one shot made in Ollie’s life, I want one, too.

I’ve had to wait, though. I met Ollie seven years ago. Since then, a lot of buckets of balls have spun off into the wind.

You never give up, however.

By writing Golfing in the Afterlife, I hope I showed you I mean never.

## TERRY MACDONALD

Born in Indianapolis in 1948, Terry MacDonald grew up in Tucson, Arizona. He became a broadcaster three days out of high school, and attended the University of Arizona.

Terry was on-the-air for eighteen years in Tucson, Portland, San Francisco, and Seattle--your basic rock jock morning man with a six-cup-a-day habit, trying to kick-start his brain too early every day.

From 1985-95, Terry owned and operated Seattle's first digital recording facility. Among thousands of projects, he audio sweetened the definitive high-definition version of Tolstoy's War and Peace, starring the Seattle and Kirov Operas; mixed one of America's hottest gospel CDs starring four homeless street singers discovered in Seattle's Pike Place Market; and helped produce a hit lullaby CD that is still putting babies to sleep coast-to-coast; he also was involved in numerous interactive projects for an upstart Seattle concern called Microsoft.

Golfing in the Afterlife is Terry MacDonald's first novel. It represents a strongly held love of an impossible game. It tells the extraordinary life stories of four golfing ghosts, who play eighteen while trying to cope with being dead.

Terry is currently a 17-handicap. Only one who has suffered at the game so much could have written this book. He was disappointed to learn that you take your game with you.

Terry almost died twice while climbing Mt. Rainier. He's stood on the summit of the Washington giant twelve times. He also counts the north ridge icewall of Mt. Baker, the west ridge of Forbidden Peak, and the hike between the first and second tees at Bear Creek Country Club as a few of his other climbing successes. He celebrates surviving several near-death experiences on the waters of Western Washington. But those are all stories for another book.

Indeed, Terry is presently working on his second book, entitled The Art of Misadventure, which details his madcap life in the great outdoors. He now lives and works in Annapolis, Maryland.