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My New Years Resolution, revision ? I've lost track
By Philip G Rice

I am 66 years old. I have 3 brothers, no sisters. Both of my parents are dead. My younger brother Jim (age 62) was diagnosed with Glioblastoma in April of 2019. Jim lives in Irvine, CA.

I have established as the **number one**, single most important thing that I want to accomplish in 2020, is to play a round of golf with my brother Jim. I need to play the round of golf **sooner rather than later**, and right now I'm not ready. I need to get ready, sooner rather than later.

In 2004, I joined the Aurora Hills Mens Golf Club. The club consists of 120 old men who play at a municipal course on the weekends, about 3 times a month. I started out at the bottom, and slowly worked my way up to about middle of the pack.

The golf season begins in April. In 2017, I was 64 years old. My golf game was getting worse with each passing year. I can summarize my 2017 golf season by saying I played in every tournament. I didn't win very much, but (as is my custom) I had a lot of fun.

In 2018, I had a very bad year. I was able to bend over and mark my ball on the green, but when I (eventually) rolled my ball in the hole, I was unable to bend the additional 10 inches (or so) to get the ball out of the hole. I had to get on my knees to get my ball out of the hole. This was humiliating.

I played in every tournament. My total prize money won for the year was \$zero. My score was dead last in every one, and it was by a wide margin. I kept practicing. I showed signs of improvement when hitting range balls, but it did not get any better when I teed it up on the golf course. At the end of the 2018 season, I took stock.

The Key Learning: If you can't get your ball in the hole, and then you can't get your ball out of the hole, you can't play golf.

I decided that I could not have another golf season like 2018. I needed dramatic improvement, or I needed to quit. I was 65 years old. I knew if I didn't play in 2019, I was done for the rest of my life. I didn't quit. I got my shit together.

In addition to a workout at the gym 3 times a week, I hit practice balls for an hour a day, 7 days a week, all thru the winter.

In 2019, I played in every tournament. My golf game was very much improved. I acquired a putter that let me get the ball out of the hole without bending over, but as it turned out I didn't need it now. I could get my ball into the hole, and then out of the hole, with dignity intact.

The season builds to the club championship at the end of August. I cashed a first place check for my flight. And to be clear, my flight was the bottom flight. I wasn't the best golfer in the club. I was the most improved of the bad golfers. But my prize money check was for the same dollar amount as the club champ (flat belly).

In the 2019 season, I finished 'in-the-money', pretty much every time. I was number two on the prize money list for the 2019 season (see attached). This is a good thing.

I was receiving testosterone treatments in 2017. I played good golf in 2017. I was not receiving testosterone in 2018. I played terrible golf in 2018. I resumed the testosterone treatments in 2019. I played terrific golf in 2019.

The 2020 Aurora Hills Men's Club golf season is scheduled to start on April 25, 2020 - my 67th birthday. And as things stand now, anything could happen. I am keeping my eye on the **number one**, single most important thing that I want to accomplish in 2020. I want to play 18 holes of golf with my brother Jim.

I know what to do.

Philip G Rice
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