

The Devil Called it Golf



On the seventh day God rested, and as he rested he spied in the shadow of a distant mountain a meadow watered by meandering streams and dotted with blossoming trees wherein nested all manner of brightly plumed songbirds. And he saw that it was good.

Then God divided the meadowlands, rough from smooth. And the rough he called *rough*, and from the smooth he fashioned tees, fairways, and greens and surrounded the greens with cunning entrapments: sand traps and waste bunkers and water hazards fashioned he them. And God saw that it was good.

Then God rolled a lump of clay into a ball and breathed upon it to give it life. And from the limb of a hickory tree he hewed a mighty club with which to smite it. And God smote the ball and sent it arching across the heavens. And behold, the ball fell upon the green, and it was good.

Then God summoned a multitude of the heavenly host to witness the wonders he had wrought on the seventh day. And all but the Archangel Satan praised the work of the Lord unstintingly.

“Interesting,” smirked the Prince of Darkness, “but somewhat lacking in challenge. Might I suggest you drill a small round hole in each green and make it the object of this childish diversion to see how many strokes it takes to sink the ball therein?”

Then all the angels nodded in agreement, and lo, God waved his hand, and it was done. And the Lord looked down upon his work and called it good.

“*Good?*,” quoth the Devil with a fiendish smile, “Actually, I was thinking of calling it *Golf*.”

Moral: It’s a sublime game, basically—the Devil’s in the details.

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