



# Links Players

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## Augusta and Amen

*Let us hold unswervingly to the hope we profess, for he who promised is faithful. And let us consider how we may spur one another on toward love and good deeds, not giving up meeting together, as some are in the habit of doing, but encouraging one another—and all the more as you see the Day approaching. (Hebrews 10:23-25, NIV)*

Even casual sports fans talk about the annual Masters Tournament with deep reverence. Augusta National Golf Club is one of the few places in life that not only lives up to the hype but surpasses it. People often use church-like words to describe it.

The most famous stretch of holes, of course, is known as Amen Corner. Fans say there's something "spiritual" about the place. It's hailed as one of golf's great cathedrals. Holy ground.

Just ask the guy who tried to take a cup of sand from one of the bunkers a few years back and was hit with jail time and \$20,000 in expenses.

It truly is a tradition unlike any other.

As I sat in church on Sunday, thinking about the final round that was about to transpire and the course in full bloom, our worship leader led the congregation in the song "House of Miracles."

Come alive in the name of Jesus.  
Come alive in the name of Jesus.  
This is a house of miracles.  
We bring everything to the feet of Jesus.  
Everything in the name of Jesus  
This is a house of miracles.

Earlier that morning, I'd shared news of our adoption with a woman who'd prayed for us at the altar last year. I still don't know her name, but we hugged and rejoiced over our toddler in the nursery.

It's the same altar I knelt at decades ago in college, praying for a husband.

Coming together in pursuit of the Lord's will has great power, as we see in Matthew 18:20: "For where two or three gather in my name, there am I with them."

The beauty of that famed former nursery in Augusta, Georgia, is amplified by the stillness and silence of thousands of people gathered in awestruck wonder. In that way, it reminds me of a great cathedral filled with grateful and broken hearts alike, searching for miracles.

How often do we step into a house of worship filled with the same anticipation that we'd feel walking into the gates of Augusta National?

Every Sunday, we gather in a house of miracles, surrounded by like-minded folks in the presence of a King.

Talk about sacred.

**PRAYER: Father God, we thank you for beautiful places because that beauty reminds us of you. Forgive us of the times we treat the truly sacred as routine.**

—

Beth Ann Nichols

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