



LINKS PLAYERS DAILY DEVOTIONAL

Links Players

Somewhere Between Heaven And Hell

“Go and announce to them that the Kingdom of Heaven is Near.” (Matthew 10:7, NLT)

Did you see the AT&T commercial during the Masters? Ben Stiller portrays the world’s worst golfer, seen on the 1st tee of a nice club, and finishes sixty seconds later looking like John the Baptist, trying to find his ball in a wilderness, with wolves howling. He is lost for sure. He calls Jordan Spieth, who answers the call.

“Ben, where are you this time?” asks Jordan.

“I’m a little off the green,” says the delusional Stiller. “Somewhere between heaven and hell.” Jordan tries to help with his final words- “Okay, so here’s what you’re gonna do....”

Aren’t we all living somewhere between heaven and hell? And shouldn’t some of us who participate in LinksPlayers groups be available, like Spieth in the commercial, to take the phone calls when our friends get lost... to instruct them how to make heaven their home?

Sue and I experienced a one-day metaphor for this commercial on April 6 at the Augusta National Women’s Amateur. We experienced a heavenly walk on the perfect grass among the azaleas of Augusta National with Laney Frye, a young Kentucky golfer who qualified for the final round. Fifty years ago, her grandpa was my college golf coach, so this was a special day.

But outside the hedges of Augusta National’s ‘heaven’ was an American version of commercial ‘hell.’ Within a five-wood of the famed Magnolia Lane (“Pearly Gates”) is a Walgreens, a Jiffy Lube, an Arby’s, World of Beer, the Golden Hair Salon, a Circle K gas station, and an embarrassing strip mall. And worst of all, a Hooters that proudly declared, “John Daly All Week.”

Outside the gates of ‘heaven’ is strip mall ‘hell.’

Even inside Augusta National was a small piece of hell. Long lines of “patrons” waited for two hours to get into a merchandise shop. They were giving up the most glorious day possible to stand in a mile-long line to buy logo stuff.

Washington Road is home to Walgreens, a Jiffy Lube, an Arby’s, a Tidal Wave Auto Spa (still a car wash to me), World of Beer, the Golden Hair Salon, a Circle K gas station, a pitiful-looking Baptist

Church, and a strip mall that should be an embarrassment to the city councilman who represents the area. There was even a tent with a big sign that said, "Masters Tickets Available". Isn't this supposed to be the hardest ticket in sports? And worst of all, a Hooters joint with a neon sign that said, "John Daly All Week." How is this possible? But Outside the gates of 'heaven' is an American version of strip mall 'hell.'

For Sue and me, the eighteen-hole walk was indeed heavenly. Laney was met on the first tee by Annika Sorenstam and Condi Rice in green jackets. It was a four-hour blur of perfection.

The day's spiritual highlight came when I asked Laney's dad how she handled pressure. Was she nervous? "I'm sure she gets nervous. But Laney plays for the glory of God." I stared back at the proud daddy. He was serious. I knew she had organized a Bible study back at U.K., but that statement stunned me. "... Laney plays for the glory of God."

So, we all live "somewhere between heaven and hell."

And we get to choose where to live.

We can walk in the Glory of God, like Laney.

Or we can stay outside near the strip malls.

Or just as sad, we can miss the glory of walking with Jesus, standing in a line to accumulate His memorabilia.

We get to choose.

PRAYER: Lord, today we choose Heaven on earth, walking and talking with you, living for your Glory.

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Tim Philpot

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