



# Links Players

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## Forgiveness Turns the Page

*Not that I speak in regard to need, for I have learned in whatever state I am, to be content: I know how to be abased, and I know how to abound. Everywhere and in all things I have learned both to be full and to be hungry, both to abound and to suffer need (Philippians 4:11-12, NKJV).*

“Someday we’ll roll away the stone that we’ve carried for so long. All our burdens will be gone ...If faith is the final place where all fears have been erased.” Kieran Kane

I have heretofore resisted the shallow cliché that golf imitates life. There are parallels aplenty, but I remain aware when one is playing golf, there is a human holding the club.

More apparent to me is the possibility we cast our life upon the game. Deeper reflection convinces me life imitates life and golf is just a game illuminating our imperfection. I do not recall God creating a golf course in the first six days.

Golf’s cliché reminds me of my friend, Bruce. Pushed by a demanding father, Bruce excelled in golf early. With his talent, he lived an outward Eden. His future possessed no bounds, but there were dark, unseen corners in his life seeking gravity in his psyche.

Reflecting, unmissable was the uncontrolled circumstance by which Bruce formed his outlook. I had missed it and it would take years to unravel the consequences. Hidden from me at the time, Bruce’s father was an alcoholic.

Tainted by the insecurity, every perception and relationship in his future years displayed the hurt and pain Bruce experienced at home. Never relinquishing it, he demanded in others what was missing in his father, and when he found a void in someone, wrath ensued. It was a standard no one could muster or escape.

The color of Bruce’s life was scarred by an elusive desire for security. The loss expressed itself in every decision he would make. He learned to love himself more than others because it was the only form of love on which he perceived he could depend. But we suffer the same crossroads and cast our pain through time and relationships. Life exposes us all.

Our own history communicates who we are, colored by the veiled image we project and those dark, hidden corners. This is how we resonate and greet each other’s pain. It’s a winding road we take to God’s love through a forest of pain and failure and sin. Contentment comes at the price of loss.

Too often, God’s love is a destination delayed. His love is present while we are blinded by our own spiritual poverty. Yet, in the journey to peace, the final chapter can come. The last page can turn. The story may continue.

And thus, in Christ, the final chapter does come. Forgiveness turns the last page and the story continues where all fears have been erased.

“Those who have ears to hear, let them hear” (Matthew 11:15).

**Prayer: Lord! Open our eyes to your love!**

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