



# Links Players

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## The Divots We Miss

*His mercies never fail. They are new every morning. (Lamentations 3:22–23)*

There's something every golfer understands—we hate divots.

Nothing is more frustrating than a well-struck shot that ends up sitting down in someone else's scar. You didn't cause it, you didn't deserve it, but there you are, trying to make the best of a bad lie.

My friend loved the range. Not because he was great—he wasn't. But because he loved the game.

There was something about the repetition, the rhythm, the simple act of hitting one ball after another that brought him peace. And like all of us who have spent time on a range, he left behind plenty of divots.

At the time, they were just marks in the ground. Now, they feel like something else.

Because the truth is—we spend so much time cursing divots that we forget to notice who left them. And when that soul is gone, those are the divots we miss. When someone takes their own life, we are left standing in a place that doesn't make sense.

We ask questions that don't have answers. We replay conversations. We look for signs we might have missed. We try to make sense of something that, on this side of heaven, we probably never fully will.

What we do know is this: The pain they carried felt unbearable to them. And in that place, something tragic happens—their view narrows.

The love around them becomes harder to see. The future feels closed off. And whatever mistake, regret, or weight they're carrying begins to feel permanent.

But scripture tells a very different story about our mistakes. God does not define us by our worst moment. He separates us from it:

“...His mercies never fail. They are new every morning.” — Lamentations 3:22–23

What feels irreversible to us is met with mercy that resets each day, because what feels like the end to us is not the end in God's hands.

For those of us left behind, the grief is its own kind of divot. It's uneven. It's unfair. And we didn't choose it. But we still have to learn how to hit the shot.

We cope by remembering. We cope by talking about them. We cope by refusing to reduce their lives to their final decision.

And slowly, we begin to realize something: The divots they left behind are evidence that they were here. That they mattered. That they were part of our story.

And for those who are struggling—whether they say it out loud or keep it buried—there's something we have to do better: We have to show up. Not with answers. Not with fixes. But with presence.

Because sometimes the most powerful thing you can say is: I'm here. You don't have to carry this alone.

People don't need perfect words. They need to be seen. They need to be reminded—over and over again—that they are loved, that they matter, and that their story is not over.

I don't know why our friend felt the way he did—I wish I did! But I do know this—I miss my friend. I miss his game and his divots.

And if there's anything his life—and his loss—has taught me, it's this: We may not understand the pain someone carries, but we can always remind them they don't have to carry it alone. And sometimes, just sometimes, that reminder is enough to keep someone here.

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