

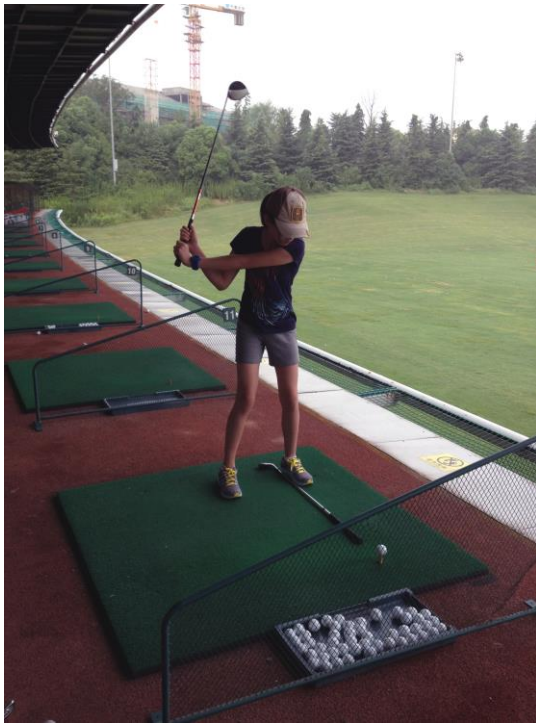
Blog 31 -- Playing Golf with My Dad

Recently, my dad was very busy at work and rarely came home before my bed time. Last weekend, our whole family decided to go on a “relaxation” trip to a nearby hotel and golf resort that’s only 15 minutes away from my home by taxi. The hotel had an indoor pool, tennis court, game room, pool room and most important: a golf course and driving range. It’s a good place for everyone to have some fun!!

My dad’s favorite sport is golf. When I was little, my mom used to be very busy with her job and had to work on the weekends. So from time to time, my dad would often take me to the driving range whenever he was the one taking care of me on Saturdays or Sundays. He even bought my first set of plastic golf clubs from Target when I was 4. At the driving range, my dad would be hitting those balls far off into the distance while I would be standing there next to him randomly rolling and chucking the ball. Sometimes, I would even start kicking the tiny ball with my tiny feet when I got frustrated. My dad would feel a bit guilty watching me playing by myself. He taught me the basic position and how to swing with my plastic golf clubs. A couple of years later, he bought me a set of real golf clubs which was pink and had Barbie logos all over. Unexpectedly, I could eventually hit the ball pretty far and straight! It was 3 years ago when I played my last round of golf. No doubt I forgot some of the basics, but I still have a spark of interest in the sport.

There was a big rainstorm last week and the weather was pretty cool. The driving range is really big and well maintained. It has a shade covering over where you stand and a large crisp green field out in front. By chance, we met a coach that weekend. He just came back from Orlando where he attended a youth golf training camp. His specialty is teaching teenagers how to play golf. He generously offered a free lesson to us when he learned that we’re from Florida. He spent one hour with me to fix my alignment and pointed out some of the wrong positions that my dad couldn’t be able to tell. That one hour of jam-packed training actually helped a lot! The feeling came crawling back to me and once again I became more familiar to the swing. Eventually, in every ten balls I could hit about 8 or 9 far into the field.

In the end, the coach offered to film my dad's and my swing from different angles and evaluating them by using his professional training software. He loaded the videos onto his laptop and drew a lot of red squiggly lines and circles on the screen around the parts we needed to fix. He compared our recordings to one of professional golfers. It amazed me that a simple swing could be so complicated and drives many golfers crazy. The funny thing is that the coach even loaded mine and my dad's on the screen side by side. He played the video in slow motion and analyzed them frame by frame. The conclusion he came to was that my motion was more precise than my dad's who's been practicing for almost ten years when I barely even practiced for two years! I admit that it was quite satisfying for me, but I could see that my dad felt a bit embarrassed. :)





In Nanjing, it's hard to find a big and open green field. I really don't mind coming here more often to practice golf and to have some quality father daughter time with my dad. I'm already 5.4 feet. I'm expecting my third set of golf clubs from my dad this year -----a real one and adult size. :)