

My Golf Story

**How I Played The Best Golf Of
My Life At The Age of 70**



By Mike Griffiee

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About the Authors

Mike Griffee, is an emerging golfer who took up the game for the third time after sailing for much of his life. A 1969 graduate of Indiana University School of Dentistry, Mike practiced in the United States Navy and in private practice as an endodontist in South Bend, IN for 27 years. Mike is now retired and resides in Grand Rapids, MI with wife Jeri.

Scott Seifferlein, PGA Golf Guru & Owner of GrandRapidsGolfLesson.com at Watermark Properties, has been in the golf business for twenty two years. Scott is a featured author in Donald Trump's book, *Trump: The Best Golf Advice I Ever Received*. Scott's own books include *The Game of Golf & The Art of Business*, *Stop Slicing In Five Swings* and *19 Holes of Business Golf Conversation*. He currently provides coaching to West Michigan golfers at Watermark Properties, offers virtual coaching to golfers around the world and does it all without ever drinking a single cup of coffee.

Learn more and contact him at: www.GrandRapidsGolfLesson.com

My name is Mike Griffiee. When I was about 25, friends suggested I take up golf. My first warning should have come with the fact that the word golf contains four letters. But I bravely accepted my friends' invitations.

The first shot of my first game was right down the center. There was just one problem. It was on the ground the entire time and killed a few worms. That was one way to avoid the high winds sweeping across the course. My ball stopped in tall grass along the edge of a small creek that crossed the fairway.

I could barely see the ball and tried to retrieve it with my club head. I pulled it up and out only to discover attached to my club was a FIVE FOOT FLORIDA SNAKE! The day went downhill from there. I took home a 138 but left the snake behind.

Maybe golf lessons would help. I sought out the local pro. He had much experience and a great tan but after a summer of lessons he could not solve my slice nor my duck hooks. This is when I decided to quit golf...for the first time.

Later, at age 35, another friend convinced me to retry golf. Time heals all wounds, right? This time around we ended up playing a lot and I enjoyed his and other's company more than I minded my achingly marginal game with all its slices. A couple of years later in a weak moment I found myself agreeing to enter a club tournament.

I thought I could bury myself in the high flight and my lack of ability would be hidden. On the 7th hole, a dog leg right par 5, I hit FIVE consecutive hooks out of bounds within a fifty foot circle near the bend in the dogleg. I never hit hooks. I had no idea what to do next. The more I aimed to the right, the more my shots curved out to the left. Five times!!

I uselessly tried to ignore the smirks and giggles from the foursomes of golfers queuing behind me to tee up. I just wanted off that bloody tee and outta there! So, I grabbed my six iron and aimed even more right. I hooked the iron shot out about 140 yards and left the tee without looking back. I hit the ball up

the fairway again and gathered my 5 uniformly hit OB balls. Now the waiting players could finally tee off. Oh, and on the hole I scored a 17.

You'd think that would be the end of it. But I was burned up the rest of the day. Especially late at night, staring at the ceiling, not sleeping, wondering what had gone wrong. I thought that the game of golf was not adding joy to my life. It was adding misery.

The next morning was bright and sunny. I felt better. I decided I might even want to play the second round. I went to the clubhouse and was surprised to see a large throng of people below a huge hole-by-hole scoreboard behind the teeing area. I looked for my flight and name.

I first saw it because there was a 10 inch high RED 17 on the board and it was on the same line as my name. It was the only red score on the whole board. All the rest were a respectful black. I really don't remember if I played golf that day or not. I do know that I saw those balls curving left in my mind over and over. This seemed to be a game in which I had no control. I needed more control in my life. Not less.

A few days later I was at a beach and I saw this rudder thing in the back of a sailboat near the shore. I could see that when the sailboat started to curve that a pull on this stick would aim the boat straight. Straight was what I needed. A sport I could control. Sailing seemed like a good choice so I sailed for the next 30 years and left golf behind.

The Next Chapter: Back To Four Letter Words

A few years ago I took up golf again. Perhaps thinking 30 years of sailing would have magically made me a better golfer. It did not. But then I met Scott Seifferlein founder of GrandRapidsGolfLesson.com. We started a training program to help my chipping contact and distance control around the green. Then we moved into full swing and the results I saw were... wait for it... ACTUALLY FUN!

In February of this year I turned 70 and my golf continued improving. Drives got longer and chips got in the air and became more accurate. Two weeks after my birthday I found

myself in Florida on an annual trip playing golf with 5 lifelong friends. I hadn't played since early November and had no unrealistic expectations. On the practice tee I thought something felt really different. I hit some nice long straight shots. I hoped I could take some of those shots to the course.

That day of golf was incredible! I hit drives that were not hooked or sliced. They were straight and often over 200 yards including one of 240. Nice shots all day.....most of them. We played four rounds that week and in spite the fact that I had not lifted a club for 3 months, my scores were 96-102!

WOW! I played with confidence and high expectations. Chips and pitches. Anywhere, any time, they were going on the green! Sand shots? No problem, just hole them out. I now know I am going to play better. I've never felt that way before.

Today is early in April and after hitting some balls yesterday I was happy to find I still have the straightness and length. It still just feels good. I'm looking forward to even better golf this year for the first time in my life. And if I hit an OB hook or strangle another snake — I'll just call my pro.

Thanks to Scott I started playing the best golf of my life after I turned 70.

My final words to you; developing golf skills does not have to be an exercise in drudgery. Find a pro you communicate well with. I recommend giving Scott a call. After you make progress with your technique, the best way to practice is just the way you play.

Go out to the course when it is not busy and drop two or three balls behind a tree or off to the side of the green or in a bunker. Be creative and try different shots. If the course is too busy, set up on the practice tee and play each shot as if it were a shot on the golf course.

Imagine yourself on the first hole, hitting that nerve racking tee shot. Picture the position of the hazards and the desired curvature of your golf shot. Then try to execute what you imagined. After you hit your tee shot, do your best to predict the outcome as if you were on the golf course. Imagine what you would have to do for

your 2nd shot to get it in the position that would best set you up for shot number 3. Select the appropriate club and repeat the process above until you have reached the imaginary green.

And finally, stay away from the snakes!

Fairways and Greens,

Mike Gruffee

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Thank you for reading Mike's story. After thorough negotiations, Mike insisted I not pay him any royalties on his work, but instead he required that I offer you my very best introductory special offer. Therefore, I am giving you 1/2 off your choice of either the 30 minute, 45 minute or 90 minute introductory sessions!

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