

Section 3

In Motion

Golf Out of Control

Congratulations! You have just gone through and accomplished a lot of great stuff for your golf swing. The mechanical aspects of your golf swing are now much more grounded on a solid foundation of tried, true and proven fundamentals. We are now however moving past the purely mechanical aspects of golf and are going to move into the next phase for your golf game. As I stated in the foundation sections; we go through these mechanical aspects with the assumption and the desire to create a “perfect” golf swing. In my definition a perfect golf swing would be a golf swing that required zero compensation. There is a problem however; **YOU CAN’T BE PERFECT!** No one ever has and no one ever will perfect the sport of golf. As human beings, perfect isn’t in our DNA. In this section we will begin to un-wrap the fact that even with our imperfections there are many tools that can allow us to play great golf.

It’s time to begin to set your swing free! I firmly believe that great golf cannot be all about the mechanical positions and rules. For example if a “perfect” takeaway is an absolute requirement of great golf then somebody forgot to tell Jim Furyk (ranked number 3 in the world), if “perfect” footwork by keeping your feet firmly planted on the ground is all that causes great shots then consider Jack Nicklaus (voted greatest player of the last century), and if a technically sound follow through is a requirement of great golf then what about Arnold Palmer (one of the greatest players to ever play our sport). The list of faults within the greatest players’ swings could get very, very long. So if all of these great players make so many technical mistakes then why work on them at all? The answer is a single word – **COMPENSATIONS**. For every position and motion that strays from “correct” there must be a compensating move. That is an undeniable consequence. Therefore don’t make the mistake of not diligently working on your foundation. That is not my point at all. My point is that to achieve your best golf you have to go much further than just the “mechanical rules”.

For me when I watch a great golf swing I don’t immediately notice the mechanical aspects; I see something else entirely - grace, tempo, fluidity and balance. I think a great golf swing is a beautiful thing to observe - never rushed, never jerky, never tense, ***never over-controlled*** and yet precise, fluid, effortless and powerful. In this section we will walk through several concepts, tools and drills to allow you to attain this very necessary element in your golf swing and game.

Life Out of Control

*To the Jews who had believed him, Jesus said,
 “If you hold to my teaching, you are really my disciples.
 Then you will know the truth, and the truth will set you free.”
 John 8:31-32*

Absolute obedience to the degree required by God? Never even one slip, one mistake or one selfish motive or thought? Anyone who would even claim such a thing just committed the sin of lying absolutely proving their own immense imperfection. One way of looking at the rules and requirements of a perfect golf swing is to measure it against the rules and requirements of being a perfect human being. In the Old Testament for example it is revealed that there were some 613 laws that had to be strictly adhered to every single day for one to be considered righteous. 613! Being in golf my whole life I would put the number of required motions and positions at least at the same number and even worse most golfers never seem to be able to get out of this mentality.

It seems that we tend to keep this basic component of human nature alive and well in our daily lives. *“If I go to church on Sunday, wear the right clothes to church, put some money in the collection plate, say the Lord’s Prayer every day then I am doing the right thing. Everybody else who doesn’t do it (follow the religious rules as I do) is in big trouble though!”* It seems that we love to believe that following the rules will gain us more love and more acceptance and maybe even a higher place on the “heaven scale”. What we’re forgetting is the fact that no one other than Christ himself can be perfect. So if it really does all boil down to being “perfect” then we’re all in a whole lot of trouble!

In the book of Galatians, Paul addresses this way of thinking very clearly when he confronted the Galatians for not only acting as if they were living perfect “mechanical” lives but worse were leading others to the same destruction;

You foolish Galatians! Who has bewitched you? Before your very eyes Jesus Christ was clearly portrayed as crucified. I would like to learn just one thing from you: Did you receive the Spirit by observing the law; or by believing what you heard? Are you so foolish? After beginning with the Spirit, are you now trying to attain your goal by human effort?

Galatians 3:1-3

You foolish golfer! The comparison when I work with golfers who have fallen completely into this mechanics minded mentality is astonishing:

- Golfers who struggle with bad golf tend to listen to any and all mechanical advice in hopes that it will lead them to golf’s Promised Land.
- Accomplished players take credit for controlling and understanding the mechanics of their swings while upon video inspection, the aspects that claim to be controlling are not even happening anyway.

- Great players take full credit for ultimately “controlling” their golf swing mechanics when in reality everything is happening way too fast for anyone to be able to “control”.

What great players live in is a state of trust – not control. Great players have an innate God given talent and yet you hear them time and time again take credit for it! Someone should remind them that they didn’t give themselves their hand eye coordination; they didn’t create the amount of time they were given to develop and hone their skill; and they themselves cannot be ego driven enough to actually claim to fully understand EVERYTHING that happens in their swings, ball contact and ball flight in the minuscule amount of time it takes to send their ball to it’s target! The lie of being all knowing, all controlling and perfect, is that it puts its victim in the trap of having to live a lie which robs even the greatest players of reaching even greater heights.

My Bottom

In my life pretending to be perfect and having it all under “control” was something that quite literally almost took my very life. I have no way of knowing where you are in your life right now. More importantly than that, I have discovered that it really is not “my job” to judge you or any other human being. Not to mention the fact that trying to force someone or “telling you what to do” is both wrong and futile. But I will share with you what has happened in my life and if you’re honest I would be willing to bet that there are parts where you will be able to identify.

Unfortunately it would seem that for most human beings we have to be thoroughly and completely beat before we will give up on our way of doing things. Oh we may tweak it here and there but completely surrender? No way! Pain however is a great motivator. But for most of us a little pain won’t do it. For me even a whole lot of pain and chaos didn’t do it. I had to go all the way to the absolute bottom. I had to reach my own pit of misery, despair and intolerable pain before I would even consider that there may be a different way. I understand that you may not be (and probably are not) at that kind of place in your life. What I hope to do here is allow you to borrow something very precious from me. Borrow my misery, my pain my despair. Contemplate my bottom over the next few pages. Through over forty years of living I didn’t think that I was doing anything bad enough to lead me to where I ended up either. “That could never happen to me” was something that I thought many times. I call that the “yet” disease. None of those things may be happening yet, but what if you don’t stop? What if it goes to the extreme end of where it could lead? I hope that you will literally try to put yourself, your personality, your situation into the context of my story. Maybe your “yet” won’t come because of something you read over the next few pages.

I have already shared with you my foundation; my childhood and the impressions that I grew up with. I will tell you that into adulthood I took a lot of junk and funk with me. However, I will also share with you that I was not some kind of monster. I was actually a pretty “good guy”. I mean I had a good job, had a beautiful wife, wonderful kids, a nice house and car. I paid my taxes, didn’t beat my wife or kids and I was even nice to strangers (*I even gave a guy on the side of the road a dollar once!*). All kidding aside I

am being completely honest when I tell you that I thought my life was just fine and I saw myself as a basically “good person”. And another fact is that I believe that the world at large (people around me) would have agreed with the idea that I was a good person as well. *“Yeah, I know Tim Moore. Seems like a great guy!”*

As I share my story a very easy thing to do would be to see me as one of “those” people who was so terrible and so screwed up that you can feel sorry for me (or even judge me) but assume that you have nothing in common with me. I am telling you that, that isn’t true. Again, I had a great job, a great family and lots of friends. As you know from my foundation story earlier however I was also an alcoholic. I would be what is referred to as a “functional alcoholic” however. What that means is that I didn’t live in the streets. I wasn’t falling down drunk every day. I didn’t panhandle in tattered clothes to buy some cheap whisky and I didn’t live under a bridge. I just drank sometimes like I saw everybody else doing.

I was a golf professional at one of the best country clubs in the state of Texas. A typical day for me was to get to work early in the morning, work until mid afternoon and then go play golf with some of friends at the club. Sure we drank a few beers while we played (doesn’t everybody?). And yes after we finished we’d go into the 19th hole and have a few more (but doesn’t everybody?). Sure I would get home later than I had told my wife I would be but after all *I worked very hard and my job description includes playing golf with members* so I wasn’t doing anything wrong and once again, “everybody does it”.

When I was at home I saw myself as helpful, loving, caring and kind to my wife and kids. I helped around the house as much as I could and I helped the kids with homework, played catch and watched cartoons with them. *“What’s wrong with my life it’s great!”* My “friends” that I worked for, played golf with, taught lessons to and hung out with were after all some of the most successful people in the entire state. They were doing the same things and look how great their lives were. It was very confirming; It was in fact just like Dad had taught me. I REALLY WAS SPECIAL.

Well this is what you may have seen if you knew me back then but the truth was a little different. By “little” I mean “Grand Canyon little”! The truth was that I drank almost every day. Not just a little either, I drank to the point of drunk 4 to 5 days out of the week. At home my “helpfulness” was always nothing more than a pretense in order to look good or to get something for myself. My true unhelpfulness, better than everyone attitude and constant sarcastic jabs were poking pin hole after pin hole into our marriage. My wife and I were constantly at odds over what I saw as “little things”. What I never saw was that little by little I was eating away at her ability to love me because my actions and attitudes constantly hurt both her and my kids.

To be perfectly (and somewhat painfully) honest my biggest concern over our marriage was that as I saw it we didn’t have enough sex. *“I had a much bigger sex drive than she did”* is what I always thought. Constant frustration, bitterness, resentment and anger were the ingredients being poured into our marriage. I saw myself as doing more than enough to “deserve” a good wife but she just wasn’t holding up her end of the bargain.

The world had taught me that her job as my wife was to “make me happy” - and she most assuredly wasn't because I was miserable!

With this constant battle and the “lessons” from the past from my father it is no surprise that I turned to pornography as yet another form of release from all of this pain. *“After all she never had sex with me and I had a high sex drive. Actually it is a very positive way of dealing with it. No one knows that I look at porn so who does it hurt? At least I'm not cheating on her.”* Let me tell you something true instead of that lie that I lived; a belly full of alcohol and a computer screen filled with porn is a very dangerous fuse to light. Drinking and watching porn led to watching more porn to satisfy the unquenchable desire caused by the very thing that I was looking at! Eventually because the porn wasn't fully satisfying me it led to internet chat rooms. Women that I couldn't see and who couldn't see me were easy to talk to in any way that I wanted. This activity eventually became not enough so I tried cyber sex, which led to phone sex, which led to real in person meetings and straight into adultery. But as I saw it, *“no one knew so who was it hurting?”* Life was going just fine for me. Great job, great friends, I was fulfilling my own sexual needs (I thought) and no one knows or is getting hurt. What more could there be?

Pornography is one of the most vile, ugly and evil things on our planet. It destroys people, families, communities and our entire world. Porn as an industry is a multi-billion dollar per year industry. For example you can take all of the major automobile manufacturer's profits in a given year and add them together and you still won't get to the number of dollars spent on pornography. I don't enjoy admitting these things about my past; but with that much money I am quite sure that I am not the only one who has fallen victim to its lure. I am very certain as a matter of fact that someone reading this right now is feeling somewhat convicted as a matter of fact. Again if that is you then please read on and find out where this “nobody knows or is getting hurt” mentality could lead.

Of the innumerable horrible effects of porn consider a husband who consistently looks at porn; at the click of a button there is every size, shape, color and style of woman that you can ever imagine. “She” will always be ready, willing and able and will never deny your desire. For a man's sexual desire porn is like pouring gasoline onto a small fire; it causes it to grow bigger and bigger. It does not do what it advertises – quench your sexual thirst – its like drinking sand, the more you drink the thirstier you get! Now ask yourself this; how could **any** woman measure up? How could even the world's greatest wife ever compete with all of those images and impressions running around in your head? It's completely unfair and your wife will end up feeling inadequate. She may not actually “know” that you look at porn but your demeanor and attitude (your spirit) will let her know loud and clear. Mine sure did.

As I look back I now see that my attitudes and actions surrounding sex affected my life every bit as much as alcohol did (maybe more). They fed each other. My lust (and hence my frustration) led me to the bottle. The bottle lowered my inhibitions so I didn't feel bad about my lustful behavior. Even as a small child I learned to glean much of my feelings of acceptance, contentment and manliness from my sexual prowess. Sex formed

much of the foundation of my life. No, I didn't actually see it that way at the time but it was nevertheless absolutely true. If I was good in bed then I was worth loving and more special in some way than you were. Do you think that my feelings here are not common? Then explain the number of dollars spent on penis enlargement! These were the impressions that not only I was living under, but due to the fact that I was a husband and a father; in a very real way so were my wife and kids. No they didn't see or look at the filth I was looking at but they lived with a "man" of the house who did. This action led me to be an incredibly ineffective "leader" in my home. But though I didn't know or accept it, a leader is what I was.

*"But I want you to understand that Christ is the head of every man,
and the husband is the head of his wife, and God is the head of Christ."
1 Corinthians 11:3*

I want you to notice that this scripture does not say that husbands "should be" the head; it says that we are! "Head" – what does that mean? I see it to ultimately mean my spirit. Think about my story for a second; my eyes were seeing nasty, filthy images. These images soaked into my brain and eventually began to darken my spirit; in other words who I really was inside. Whether or not I admitted that or understood that; it was absolutely true. As a husband and a father *my spirit* (my "head") was dark and ugly. It's not about the persona I was showing on the outside, it's about "my spirit"!

In our seventh year of marriage there came a day when I was sitting outside at a table trying to do some paperwork. My wife had just gotten back from taking our kids to school. She came outside, sat down and told me that "we needed to talk". I was irritated because I was busy. But I listened as she told me that she wanted me to move out of our bedroom and that I was to live upstairs for a time. It was to be a kind of "in-house separation" if you will. After just reading about the kind of person I was I know that it makes perfect sense that this conversation came; but at the time it hit me from out of nowhere. It seemed so strange! I mean we had not been fighting recently and I hadn't noticed anything out of the unusual so this seemed to me to have just come out of the blue somewhere. I hadn't recently been falling down drunk. She hadn't caught me looking at porn. She didn't find out about some secret meeting with some woman because at that time it hadn't happened for a long time. I was totally confused but mostly I was mad! She in fact said that she would not even consider taking me back unless I agreed to go to AA (alcoholics anonymous) again and IF I actually completed all 12 steps this time then she might consider allowing me to come back to our marriage and our bedroom.

We had, had what seemed to be a million arguments before. She had been angry with me and threatened me so many times that I was actually pretty used to it. Usually, it would all blow over after a few days or so. But as I looked into her eyes I remember a cold chill running up and down my spine from the look on her face. Something was different this time and it literally gave me a sick feeling in the pit of my stomach. I moved to the upstairs bedroom and weeks dragged on. She would go out with friends, go to work and

what I remember the most is that she would talk on her cell phone all of the time as if I didn't even exist. I was going to AA and was in fact working the 12 steps as thoroughly as I could. I had actually gone a couple of months without so much as even one beer! But as each day went by I saw her grow farther and farther away from me. I honestly couldn't understand it. I had accepted at this point (for the first time) that I truly was an alcoholic and so I was desperately working those steps! Why couldn't she see how hard I was working and just let me come back?

Eventually I found out what *for me* was the most devastating news that I have ever had to face. The nights out with friends, the phone calls all day and night, the trips out of town for "business" were all in fact because there was another man. For months and months she had been having an affair of her own. She had found someone else. Another man filled her thoughts and mind so thoroughly that she just had to hear **his** voice (not mine) on the phone countless times per day. Another man was financially able to give her the things that I could not. Another man was able to satisfy her physically in a way that I could not. As she told me at one point; *"our time apart has taught me a lot and one of them is that there is nothing wrong with my sex drive (her way of letting me know that it really was just me)*. Astonishingly to me this man not only drank at least as much as I did but he brought her to a party lifestyle that actually exceeded anything that I had done. Drinking after all was the primary thing that she had claimed to hate about me. Most painfully for me was the sexual misconduct. She didn't like anything sexually about me, wanted nothing to do with it; but with him it was a whole different story!

Let me be clear about something. I am not bringing this up to show what a terrible person she was or even to get you to feel sorry for me (though I did live in that for a long time). Before you condemn her consider the kind of man that I was. Can anyone blame her for not finding *that man* attractive!? Yes, I deserved it but the utter and complete devastation that this one statement caused me cannot be overstated. I knew that I hadn't been exactly the best husband in the world, but this was just too much for any man to take as I saw it. I mean a person who commits a terrible crime and ends up in solitary confinement may very well deserve it, but let me assure you that the intense pain of the punishment is still very real.

The biggest quandary to me at this time was the fact that at this exact time in my life I was going through a process of turning my entire life over to the care of God! *"I'm giving you my life and this is what I get!?"* I didn't understand any of it. I do not possess the words to describe the complete and utter devastation that I felt. With the person that I was (so defined by my sexual greatness), there could be no greater consequence than this. It was quite literally unthinkable to me. Over the ensuing months I will tell you that I literally went utterly insane. I did not sleep, I did not eat and I could not do anything except think about her, call her, try to see her and beg her to stop seeing him and come back to work on our marriage. Over a 3 to 4 month span I lost 30 to 40 pounds, talked to myself constantly, walked around the block over and over and over again at all hours of the day and night worrying, planning, praying and crying. Can you imagine the irony? I had lost my wife, my kids and my job in the same few months as I had surrendered my life to God. I had, had enough!

At this point in my recovery program (the 12 steps of AA) I was on step 4. In short, step four is where you list all of the funk and junk that has accumulated over the course of your entire life. By the time you're done you will have revealed much about yourself. Most difficult for me was the fact that I had to accept that my junk and my funk was in fact a large part of what caused all of the pain that I currently found myself in. No, Cherry was not doing what was "right". It was in fact terribly wrong but I had to face the fact that none of it would be happening if I had not been the person that I was. If I had been a better husband in both big and small ways then this would never have happened. As much as I loved to play the victim, the real truth was that I was getting exactly what I deserved. I went through so many periods of blaming Cherry and worse even blaming God for what was happening to me. But the truth was that this punishment was most unbearable because I had (without knowing it) realized a biblical truth:

"Do not judge so that you will not be judged. For by the standard that you judge you will be judged, and the measure you use will be the measure you receive. Why do you see the speck in your brother's eye, but fail to see the beam of wood in your own?"

Matthew 7:1-3

I blamed Cherry for being a "bad person" (the speck) and ignored all that I had done to cause it (beam). As I look back now however I can clearly see that far from being God's fault, God was the only one who not only didn't betray me, but instead literally held me up. It is a simple formula, there is (always has been and always will be) consequences for our decisions. God didn't make me an alcoholic nor did He encourage my lustful behaviors nor did He cause me to leave my underwear lying on the floor all of the time, He didn't tell me to never help with the dishes or at least thank her for doing so and He didn't tell me to use sarcasm as a knife to stab my wife with constantly. I chose those things and I paid a severe consequence.

One night I sat on the damn of a nearby lake contemplating "the note" that I was going to leave. I had decided without any doubt that it was time to end this insanity once and for all. I felt like I was left with no choice, killing myself was the only solution that I could see. It was strange how calm I was that night. For months I had been anything but calm, I was in fact hysterical most of the time, but not this night. I was calm but I was also incredibly frustrated. This night I was frustrated because I could not clear my head long enough to formulate the stupid note! I saw that note as being incredibly important. I mean it was the last thing that anyone would hear from me and I wanted it to be incredible! All of the guilt and shame that I was going to throw at my wife, all the vast wisdom that I was going to leave my children and all of the apologies that I was going to leave for my mother, sisters and brother. It was going to be brilliant! But I just couldn't think!

I finally decided to just go home and go to bed (at this point I was staying at my mother's house). *At age 42 I was living with my Mom; it just kept getting better and better didn't it?* Of course I couldn't sleep and so I went walking again. But this night as I walked around

and around that block I decided to pray as I walked so that God would help me formulate that note. I prayed and walked for hours until I was finally exhausted enough to fall asleep for a couple of hours before I had to go to work again. The next day was Saturday and I was working at the same golf course where I had been fired as the head golf professional. I was now “counter help” working for an hourly wage instead of a nice salary with benefits and moreover with absolutely no authority over anyone. In fact the people who had worked for me were now my superiors. Talk about humiliating!

While I was at work my cell phone rang and I jumped with anticipation that it might be Cherry (my wife). She almost never called me but I always almost panicked every time my phone would ring anyway. This time her name did pop up on the caller ID! “*Hello, how are you? I miss you... bla, bla, bla.*” She said that she was busy but she wanted me to know that tomorrow (Sunday) she was taking the kids to church with her and a girlfriend of hers who had invited her. Since we had decided to try to spend Sundays together as a family (to help the kids ease into our divorce) she wanted to know if I wanted to go with them. To this day I have no idea what motivated her to ask me to church. Maybe she felt obligated, maybe she still had hope for our marriage, maybe she never even thought about why. I don’t know but I do know that I quickly told her that I would go. I mean at that time anything that I could do to spend some time with her I was willing to do. Even if it meant going to church, a place as you will recall from my foundation was not exactly on my top 10 list of places to go. But who cares! “*Maybe I could talk to her some more and she would stop what she was doing and take me back*”. I obsessed over crazy thoughts like that all of the time. I’m not kidding when I say that at that time I believe I was clinically nuts!

The church we visited was Fellowship Church in Grapevine, TX. Ed Young is the founding and acting pastor of this massive “mega-church”. As I walked in every alarm in my head was going off! It was huge, big screen TV’s, loud rock type music blaring and people laughing and wearing blue jeans to church! “*Now come on!*” It had been a long time since I went to church but “*I know church and this ain’t it!*” I was so uncomfortable and my head was spinning from everything that I was going through (no sleep, no food, insanity, etc...) that I couldn’t really sink in to what that pastor was talking about. He seemed to be pretty funny and a really good speaker but for the life of me I couldn’t hold a thought long enough to actually hear what he was saying. All I could think about was Cherry sitting next to me. “*Was she going to leave church and go to him? Was she going to call before she even got out of the building? Would she finally crumble with guilt and beg me to take her back? Bla, bla, bla.....*” My head was spinning and I was way out of my comfort zone. After all of this I was after all sitting around all of these “holier than thou hypocrites” in some kind of crazy church – it was driving me nuts!

Through that “ridiculous Church” with all of those “hypocrites” I will tell you today that without any doubt I experienced ***the*** defining moment in my life. This church will have some 3,000 people on any given weekend, it gets very loud with music and activity, the pastor seemed like some kind of stand up comedian or rock star or something. But at the end of that service for the first time in almost a full year I heard a sound that I hadn’t heard in a very long time – ***silence***. Complete and utter silence fell over that

congregation and for the first time in many months silence was all that I heard inside my own head. I looked at the stage and there stood that pastor. In that moment it seemed as if he was looking and speaking directly to me, as if he knew me by name and in that immense silence Ed Young said, *“be sure to come back next week when we will begin a powerful 8 week series entitled “The Love Affair”. Through this series we will unveil God’s plan for marriage and even more specifically **how to keep adultery out of your marriage.**”*

- *how to keep adultery out of your marriage.”*
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It had been only two nights before this that I had spent hour upon hour praying for God to give me the perfect plan to end my life. Well I will tell you loud and clear that my “old life” did end that very day because that is the day that I accepted Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior. That was the day that I was born again. That was the day that I hired a new teacher to walk me through a process of retraining my backwards life nature.

I understand many people have so many reasons, blocks and preconceived notions about church, Christianity, being born again, Jesus and more. But I want you to take a second or two and contemplate this question; ***How did this happen?*** If it was not direct intervention by God himself then try to answer that question. There are thousands of churches in the Dallas/Fort Worth area. My past had kept me about as far away from even thinking about church as a person could get. My wife was having an affair and partying consistently with people who were very far from church. With my exact situation; alcoholic struggling to stay sober, wife was having an affair, kids scared and confused, job gone, life a complete train wreck. I had prayed for an end and two days later God proved to me that He truly does know me by name, He knew exactly where I was in life and led me exactly to that church for that pastor to speak directly to me and to my wife about His plan for marriage. I dare you to try to explain this event in any other way than God Himself intervening!

*You keep track of all my sorrows. You have collected all
my tears in your bottle. You have recorded each one in your book.
Psalms 56:8*

*And the very hairs on your head are all numbered.....
Luke 12:7*

I know it probably seems impossible to literally believe that God, the creator of the entire universe could actually know us to the level that He revealed in His word. *He knows me so well that He knows the exact number of hairs on my head? And He not only is aware of the pain in my life but He cares enough to keep every tear that I’ve ever cried in a bottle?* Seems impossible to believe doesn’t it? Well it may be hard for you to believe but I know it to be an absolute fact! In that instant, in that Church, I knew that it all had to be true. How could it all be some hoax when only God and I knew what I had prayed

to Him for? I immediately and completely believed (not perfectly, but as best as I could at that time) and was given God's ultimate gift of forgiveness and grace.

It's your choice though; you can believe that the two of us (my wife and I) being in a church (any church) is just a coincidence if you want. You can believe that some human being, my wife or her friend secretly planned this event. But if you do then I believe that you're ignoring yet another absolute and undeniable miracle of God. You don't believe in miracles? Just two weeks ago (at this writing) I was standing in yet another church (one of about a dozen so far) speaking to a crowd of over 50 people who wanted to learn something about God through me. Imagine the Tim Moore that I was (I just admitted a few pages ago who Tim is by his first nature) speaking in a church! What else besides a miracle could create that situation? My wife and both of our children were there to love and support me while I spoke. I have a marriage that today exceeds any of my wildest dreams of only a few years ago. My kids are healthy, happy and well adjusted kids. I serve in a great church (Fellowship Church) as a greeter every Sunday morning. I have a great job; I teach golf and share The Good News on a daily basis! Our finances are in better shape than they have ever been. We have better friends than ever before... If I tried to explain all of the incredible things that have happened to me since that day this chapter could easily turn into 1,000 plus pages. But I'll end with this - If you don't believe in miracles then I will give you one last challenge; EXPLAIN ME! Without Jesus I was nothing; but just look at me now. I want to be perfectly clear on this point; I can take absolutely no credit for anything that has happened good in my life. I had reached a point of no return and was simply desperate enough to actually wish for a way out through my own suicide. No, I didn't create the miracle that happened to me, He did.



After only some six months after walking into Fellowship Church in Grapevine Texas; on January 14th 2006 my wife Cherry and I were baptized in the same water at exactly the same time. You don't believe in Miracles? Then you haven't met us!

*Then I passed by and saw you kicking about in your blood
And as you lay there in your blood I said to you, "Live!"
Ezekiel 16:6*

Today I have absolutely no doubt that God knows me personally, loves me more than I can ever imagine and is more than capable to handle any situation. I will tell you another incredible truth as well; He knows you at this level as well. And Let me assure you that no matter where you are right now He is very ready and able to lead you to freedom as well! If you haven't heard me proclaim it before let me be perfectly loud and clear for you - Jesus Christ truly is "***the way, the truth and the life***" and I have an eternity to thank Him for. Thank you Jesus!

Commitment Tool

If you have not yet availed yourself of even one of the commitment tools that I have recommended thus far then please don't ignore this one. "The Love Affair" by Pastor Ed Young is a series that saved my very life. If you're married or single these eight lessons may very well change your life as well. You can find it at www.edyoung.com.