

Male Perspective



Old Friends

by Michael C. Waters

Old Friends are the best. They know you better than anyone, you can count on them for anything, and they listen to your problems. They don't tiptoe around difficult subjects and they know when to "tell it like it is". I have many friends, but only a few that I would consider to be an "old friend" per se. I met my friend Tony, while in the Air Force. Originally from New Jersey, Tony is a little rough around the edges, but his heart is in the right place. Without question, if a need arose, Tony would be a friend that I could count on for anything. He is still in the Air Force, currently stationed way out in Arizona, but I know that Tony has my back, despite our awkward introduction.

Tony and I met while stationed in Montana. We were stuck together on a two man team in a captain's choice golf tournament. A little insight . . . I suck at golf. I love to play, but I am terrible. After a hellish 17 holes, we teed off on the 18th. I had a nearly perfect drive in the fairway, which we decided to use. Tony hit first, and placed a beautiful shot right on the green. He walked back to the cart and sat down, waiting for me to ruin my own shot. While in my backswing, Tony decided to play a prank (something he was notorious for doing, even in awkward situations!). He tossed a ball from the cart that landed right next to my ball, just as I was swinging. It distracted me completely, and I shanked my shot out of bounds. Tony lost it, laughing hysterically while I fumed, trying to decide how to get even. The ball he had tossed in my direction was still lying on the ground by my feet. I turned, squared up to

the ball, aiming it directly into the cart. He stopped laughing in time to see me swinging the club in his direction. Luckily (for both of us), the ball didn't hit him, but it did thunder into the side of the cart, causing Tony's bladder to become slightly "unstable". After finishing the 18th hole, we discussed the incident over a few beers. It was agreed upon at that time, exactly where the boundaries were in relation to practical jokes.

Tony and I recently had a chance to chat online and catch up on old times, after arriving back in the States following his recent deployment to Haiti (earthquake relief effort). Some details of the golfing incident were embellished slightly, while others were forgotten altogether (mainly the issue with his bladder! Go figure!!!). Even though we had a moment to catch up, it still just wasn't the same. Isn't it funny how we miss our "old friends"?

