



The Dream

The story of Silver Sands

Last night I had a dream that seemed so epic as to last the entire night.

It was the beginning of Silver Sands Golf Academy. The handsome blonde with a darker mustache Wayne was fully stretched to his composure limit - hiring the right people, making sure the facilities worked with running water - considered a luxury in this dream, and not looking like he wasn't calm and at the helm.

The campers came one by one and were doted on by the young Rolfs children. Pam was always first to the mailbox to see if there was that one more needed camper coming late - and there was!

The week began and Wayne acted as if he'd been doing this for years - with standards and precedent already set. A jump in the lake during the remains of the day was the cherished reward for a hard day's learning for the sunburned golfers.

Thursday night finally came and there was a celebration with awards of all sorts given to the now very proud and bonded golfers. Mostly - they had bonded to Wayne - their Pied Piper.

There is no limit to describing how thankful Wayne and his bride Judith were for having pulled it off - if only for this one week. They had successfully escaped the world's machine that sentenced them to a life of dull mediocrity - an Illinois number that no one would remember in the end. They had escaped to Wisconsin and experienced making a difference in families' lives while as also making what looked like could become a real living of their own.

But what of next week? How could they sustain this series of fortunate incidents coming together again? And yet again the following week - all then all throughout Summer?

It was so early the softball game at the end of the week had not even been invented yet. But what had been invented was a new way of life - living it to the full, to the fullest extent of their talents and to the fullest extent of stretching their seemingly brand new fiery faith in God.

The Dream ended like an episode - that first week, the pilot. It left me wanting more - more family togetherness - more laughing as they learned, more following their great Captain and provider - a true leader.

He was a can do guy and everyone he connected with felt they "can do too" after being with him. It was happy and fascinating and fun.

It was 4:30 when I awoke from it - I had gone to bed at 10. Fully inspired by the Rolfs family's improbable success, I tried to fall back asleep to see what happens next week.

I ended up staying awake for what seemed like a long while thinking about what an amazing life of true adventure the guy lived. This morning I told myself to tell you. Now that the story has been told, I feel the story needs to be written. It's content - to this dreamer anyway - is THAT good.

It was a wonderful dream, a particularly unique American dream. I concluded God is not a treacherous tease as to lift that eternal happiness away forever. Therefore I believe that in one corner of Heaven and for all eternity - it will always be the first week of Silver Sands.

