

Things that could only happen to Peck.



Golf Cart Down



It was around 2014 when two of my best friends, Donny Frey and Ray Meeks, decided to take a golf trip to Ruidoso, New Mexico. Donny, Ray and I have been friends since we were six years old in Cleveland, Mississippi. I was just starting to play golf again after my bilateral knee replacement and we were having a great time playing different golf courses in the Ruidoso area.

The last course we played was a very beautiful mountainous layout called the Hall of the Mountain Gods. Donny and Ray were in a golf cart together and I was alone in a golf cart. We were playing our last hole of the day where the fairway was mountains on both sides. We hit our first shots and I started driving to my golf ball for the next shot when I saw a concrete cart path going straight up the side of the mountain. Of course, I was wondering where the path goes, so I turned to drive straight up the steep mountain.

When I got halfway up the mountain the path turned to go back down. I still don't know why this was a path to nowhere. When I turned the cart there was a very large log blocking the bottom of the path. I panicked and put the brakes on which caused the cart to slide. Then the golf cart slid sideways and started doing a slow-motion roll. I could not jump out: 1) my new knees would never be able to run down this mountain; and, 2) if I didn't move fast enough, the top of the cart would crush my legs. There was nothing I could do except try to stay seated in the fetal position and hope that the cart did not land on my body. Like so many other times in my life, I was thinking, "Oh Sh#t!!"

Donny and Ray were in the other cart witnessing this fiasco. They just knew, along with me, that this was going to be a bad accident. The cart, with me inside, slammed down on the concrete but kept sliding down the mountain. When we finally stopped sliding, I was in a



fetal position still inside the cart and trying to assess whether I was hurt or not. I gave myself a score of 10 for Form.

Donny and Ray came running and looked over at the cart that was laying on its side. When I climbed out of the cart, I only had a scratch on my knee and ankle from sliding on the concrete. We righted the cart back on four wheels and didn't finish playing the hole. We needed a drink!

The cart had a few scrapes when we returned it, but we drove back to our condo laughing the rest of the night about how lucky I was to not be in hospital with broken legs or broken neck.