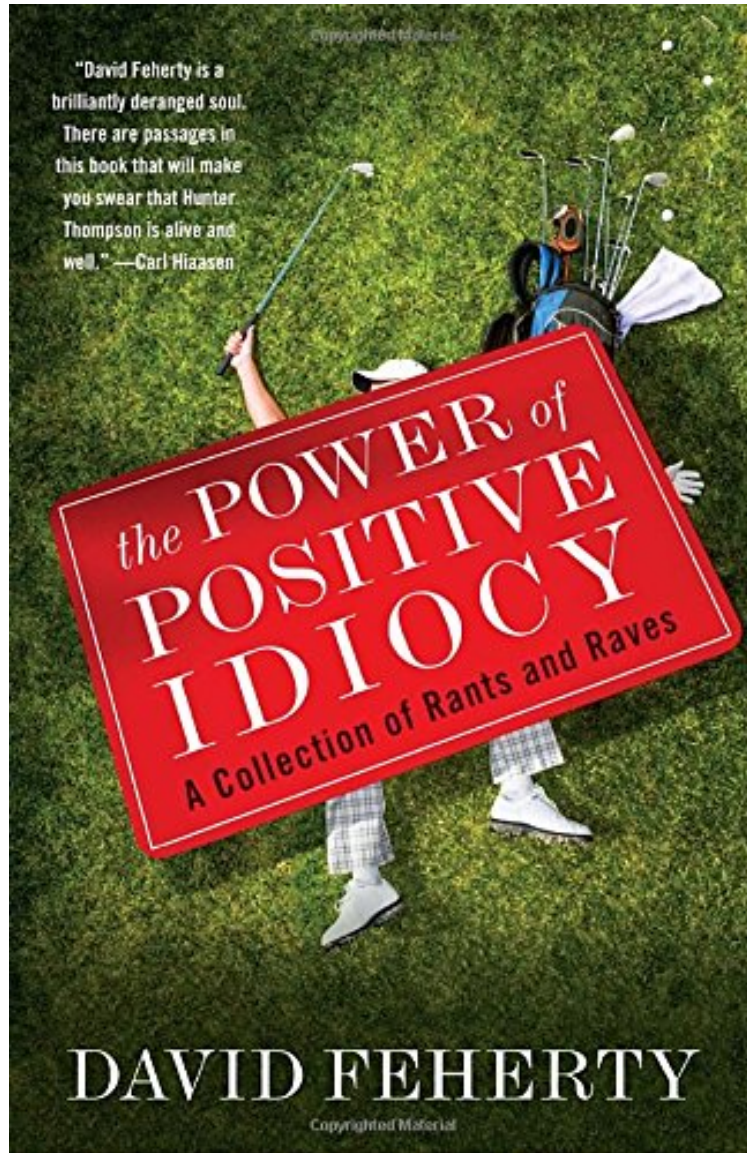


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The Power of Positive Idiocy: A Collection of Rants and Raves

David Feherty

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David Feherty : The Power of Positive Idiocy: A Collection of Rants and Raves before purchasing it in order to gauge whether or not it would be worth my time, and all praised The Power of Positive Idiocy: A Collection of Rants and Raves:

0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. More classic Feherty By Volleybill Some memorable lines in here, but it gets predictable pretty quickly. Funny, light stories, but not much novelty 0 of 0 people found the following review helpful. Five Stars By M. Franklin I love this item. It is just what I wanted. Will buy from seller again. 0 of 0

people found the following review helpful. The only author I laugh out loud!!! :)By ThinkerSeveral years ago, at a doctor's waiting room, I've picked up a Golf magazine; don't know why - never played golf. There was Mr. Feherty's "article". Well.....I made a fool of myself - I was laughing hard and loud, people were rolling their eyes..... I couldn't stop laughing. Then, I've bought ALL his books.....I have many joke books.....NONE gives me as much laughs as any of the Mr. Feherty's books. Thank you!!! :):):)

David Feherty, ex-pro golfer and current commentator at NBC Sports and the Golf Channel, delivers a laugh-out-loud funny and totally uncensored collection of rants sure to surprise and crack up golfers everywhere. Have you ever wondered where the weaknesses are in Tiger's game? Or what would happen if there were PGA Tour cheerleaders? Or how Old Tom Morris would play if he came back from the dead? In *The Power of Positive Idiocy*, readers will be treated to Feherty's answers to these questions, as well as his distinctive commentary on aging, Texas, the Irish, parenting, addiction, Charles Barkley, and, of course, every pro golfer and golfing situation you can imagine. Full of great laughs, ridiculous wisecracks, and some of the best advice for anyone new to the game of golf, Feherty's remarkable collection is a must have for golfers of every stripe.

"David Feherty is a brilliant deranged soul. There are passages in this book that will make you swear that Hunter Thompson is alive and well."—Carl Hiaasen "Will bring about a cracked smile, even on your worst of days."--World Golf "David has a wonderful and entertaining perspective not only on golf but on life. He reminds us not to take either too seriously."—Jack Nicklaus "'Feherty and the word, 'idiot,' are mutually inclusive." —Gary McCord

About the Author David Feherty is a golf commentator for CBS Sports and a columnist for Golf magazine. He is the author of *A Nasty Bit of Rough*, *Somewhere in Ireland a Village Is Missing*, *An Idiot for All Seasons*, and *David Feherty's Totally Subjective History of the Ryder Cup*. Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

Introduction The author of perhaps the most famous self-help book ever written, *The Power of Positive Thinking*, was Norman Vincent Peale, a bigoted evangelical Protestant preacher who, when confronted with the imminent election of John F. Kennedy (a Roman Catholic) in 1960, declared, "Our culture is at stake," and openly worried that "our right to free speech may disappear." Maybe it's just me, but holy crap, that kind of thinking doesn't seem positive. Despite the obvious fact that he was a pious and hypocritical old fartbox, in 1984 NVP was awarded America's highest civilian honor, the Presidential Medal of Freedom, by, you guessed it, Ronald Reagan. I can only surmise that this honor was for another of his gifts to literature from 1957, the magnificently titled *Stay Alive All Your Life*. The stupid son of a bitch must have been Irish. It's been several years since my last book was published, and almost three since I quit drinking, narcotics, and believing I was indestructible. I've also turned fifty and become addicted to road biking, which, in an irony I didn't find at all comforting, nearly killed me a lot faster than the alcohol and painkillers. What's more, it really hurt. The only way I would have found anything remotely amusing about the experience was if the truck that ran over me had been hauling alcohol and painkillers. Now, I don't care who you are, that would have been funny. I don't expect this book will help anybody a whole lot, but then again, according to mental health professionals (then and now), neither did Positive Norman's. But you never know. Laughing, or even smiling, can be at least as effective as expensive therapy in banishing negativity from a person's thoughts. I wonder how many people are thinking positively when they are swallowing all their sleeping pills, attaching their larynxes to exhaust pipes, or teetering on some pigeon-stained ledge. I suppose they might be positive that they're going to die, but I'm not sure that's what Norman was trying to get across. At the depth of my bout with addiction and depression, I too considered grabbing my own hat and assuming room temperature more than once, but there was always something or somebody who did something that made the part of me that was still alive giggle a little and take a step back up from the bottom of my amygdala, which is the landing that sits in the middle of the emotional stairwell of our brains. (I know that because I had a lot of expensive therapy.) Sometimes it was one of my children, or Anita, my beautiful and long-suffering wife, but more often than not, it was one of my dogs. All of my life, I've looked at dogs and imagined what they were thinking. Why do they look at me, embarrassed, when they are snapping one off on my lawn? Willard, my elderly Schnauzenweiner cross, will stop in midsqueeze and wait for me to lose interest before he'll continue. In one dog-shit psychology experiment I counted five or six rest rings in his offering, which coincided exactly with my glances in his direction. What the hell does he want—for me to look the other way and whistle, like there's nothing to see here? There most certainly is: Apparently, I can sculpt dog turds using only my mind. I don't know about you, but I bet Sigmund Freud would have been deeply impressed. So there is less about golf in this book, and more about scat and other similar material, like life in general, which is just other people's scat when you think about it, which you positively shouldn't. That's the whole point—sorry, Norm—positively don't think. Just get on with whatever it is you're doing and pay attention to the present moment. If you can forget the past and disregard the future, you're right here right now, which is lucky, because right here, right now, is all you ever have. It's that simple. You idiot.