

Hello darling: Chris Gaul still reaching out

One of my guilty pleasures in the summer is ending a work day that began early with a rapid walk around the golf course. On May 14, after the most recent issue of the Catholic Review had gone to bed, I went home, let Nelly the mutt out back, then headed to Rocky Point for what I assumed would be a 9-hole stroll in 90 minutes. Alas, the place was jammed with a men's club and play was exceedingly slow. It was a good thing, because otherwise I would not have lingered on the 4th tee and encountered an old friend.

When I became managing editor of the Catholic Review in 2008, Chris Gaul was among the veteran Baltimore journalists invited to do some freelance work for us. He knew the turf, as he had been M.E. of the paper before his retirement in 2005. Whether Chris was reporting from the Holy Land or doing a stand-up from an operating room - many Baltimoreans remember him as the medical reporter for two local TV stations - the man who was born in England and never lost his British accent came across as erudite, engaging and informative. He could report, write and talk about it.

Chris also knew his way around a golf course. We lived in the same zip code, and I got to play with Chris and his friends a few times before he died last October at age 72. Some of his buddies memorialized his skill and style with a memorial plaque at No. 4 at Rocky Point, where he scored three holes-in-one.

