

My journey with bridge started when my father, Robert Kirkpatrick, became interested in the game. He needed practice partners so he recruited my mother and my siblings. He encouraged us to play and enrolled my brother and I in the ACBL in 1979. I was 10. Life happens and I quit playing in my early teens. When I got married in 1994, I tried to teach my husband; but he wasn't having it. I didn't play again for many years. My son became interested in college and played on the Georgia Tech team. I decided to pick back up the game in early 2020. Of course the pandemic hits. So I learned on line. Went back to my old teacher, Dad. It was a good way to stay connected when we needed to social distance. Dad was diagnosed with lung cancer in 2018 and we tried to keep our distance to keep him safe. We would play most every day. During all of our play he achieved his sapphire life master status before he passed away in June of 2021. He taught me what I know .

Now I play as much as I can while still working full time. I am "addicted".