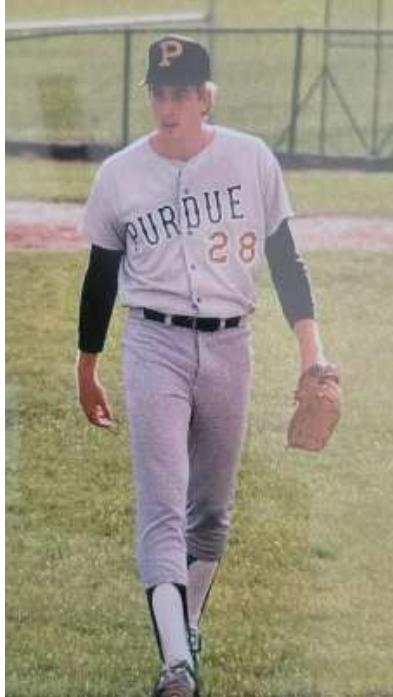


Spotlight on the Member: Kent Maggard – From the Mound to the Boardroom



On the sun-drenched fairways of The Plantation Golf and Country Club, Kent Maggard is known as a steady presence—a thoughtful competitor with a calm demeanor. But behind that quiet confidence is a life story marked by ambition, adversity, and the rare determination to face one's toughest opponent: oneself.

Kent grew up in a family where baseball wasn't just a pastime—it was the family language. His mother, Judy Maggard, was the epitome of warmth, channeling the loving spirit of Aunt Bee and June Cleaver with her joy for singing and homemaking. His father, Clyde, hailed from Hazard, Kentucky, was the 1959 batting champion and served as Kent's only coach until age 15. Baseball bound them together, with Kent's older sister—four years his senior—faithfully keeping the stats as he chased his dreams on dusty diamonds.

Some of Kent's earliest memories are of growing up in a trailer park with a baseball field just across the street—a childhood version of paradise. "Every Christmas, when we'd open the 'What do you want to be when you grow up?' box, from kindergarten through high school, my answer was always the same: baseball player," Kent recalls. A move to rural Indiana only intensified that focus. Mischief never distracted him; as his father proudly noted upon retirement, "Kent never gave me a day of problems."

At Norwell High School, Kent emerged as a three-sport standout, but baseball was clearly his calling. For a time, he flew under the radar—until a 1981 tryout camp for the Cincinnati Reds changed everything. "I went from being on no one's radar to everyone's," he says. Purdue University, his boyhood favorite, offered him a full-ride scholarship—virtually unheard of for baseball players at the time.

Then came the curveball no one saw coming.

As a freshman at Purdue, Kent unleashed his 91-mph fastball—and promptly lost control of it. A mental block crept in, turning raw power into uncertainty. “I could throw it hard,” Kent says, “but I had no idea where it was going. It was absolutely terrifying—for me and for the batter in the box.”

To his credit, Kent’s Purdue coach never gave up on him, standing by him throughout all four years. By his senior season, flashes of his high school fearlessness returned. Kent graduated in 1986 with a degree in supervision and was drafted in the 12th round (292nd overall) by the Cleveland Indians.

His rookie season with the Batavia Indians in the New York–Penn League was a memorable one. He started strong, then transitioned into a closer role under manager Mike Hargrove. The highlight, however, came off the field: watching his father co-sign his professional contract. Despite a solid season, the mental battle persisted. Exhausted, Kent made the difficult decision to retire voluntarily at just 24. “I knew what I was capable of,” he reflects. “I just couldn’t do it.”

Rather than letting the crossroads defeat him, Kent pivoted.

Banking proved to be a natural fit. He rose quickly through the ranks, eventually becoming a community president at a major Midwest regional bank. But baseball wasn’t quite done with him yet. In the summer of 1989, playing in a local league, something clicked—the demon vanished. At 26, Kent was throwing freely again.

With his bank’s blessing, Kent trained under a St. Louis Cardinals coach and earned a spring training invite in 1990. “Baseball was fun again,” he says. He pitched successfully at the AA and AAA levels, but timing once again intervened. A Major League Baseball lockout forced organizations to make difficult cuts when players returned—and Kent was among them. Just as quickly as his comeback began, it ended.

Yet Kent considers the experience a victory. His proudest accomplishment wasn’t a stat line or a contract—it was proving to himself that he could conquer the unthrowable pitch.

Today, our Plantation gentle giant has found the perfect balance. While his days on the mound are behind him, you’ll find him enjoying our fairways, cherishing time with his wife Karen and their children—Loren, Ross, and Delaney—and embracing the community he calls home. As Kent puts it, “I am so happy I found The Plantation, and I’m happy that others who live here have found it too.”

So next time you see Kent in the Bar & Grill, ask him about his Cleveland Indians contract. It’s a hole-in-one conversation starter—and a reminder that the greatest wins often happen long after the final pitch.