

# Introduction

July 23, 2062

It had been a long time since he sat on the wrought iron bench that overlooked the lake. Fifty years to be exact, and nothing had changed. Not even the bench. The view was the same, the air was still clean and the promise of another day still loomed large. What had changed was him. He was older, wiser, and most of all content.

There was something magical about Otsego Lake. Its untellable spirit was evident from the moment David Danly gazed on its sparkling beauty so many summers ago. The lake, in the center of this tucked away town, was like a mirror that reflected greatness to the heavens. This was a place to lose concerns about the future and celebrate the past. The stores, restaurants, and small talk shared between perfect strangers evoked innocent reminders of yesterday.

Cooperstown, New York, is home to the Baseball Hall of Fame. The epicenter for lovers of baseball, and the place for storied legends to live in perpetuity. Aside from its palpable beauty, perhaps the most romantic aspect of it was the location. Far from city lights, sequestered from the clutter of humanity, this town was hidden; to get there took effort and a devotion for the national pastime.

For David, Cooperstown represented a beginning. It's where at the age of fifteen he became a man. It's where he learned to accept things out of his control and to control things that were unacceptable.

It's where he experienced the most magical two weeks of his life.

On this glorious day fifty years later, he looked across the lake as a subtle breeze blew through his thinning gray hair. He couldn't help but think about everyone who impacted his life. And then there were the others, the ones whose stories he kept near and dear to his heart, locked away.

Who would believe him anyway?

But he knew that somewhere in a place still unknown to even him they were all jubilant.

He reached into his coat pocket and removed a small, black leather Moleskine notebook. The old book was held together by a cracked, green rubber band. He peeled off the rubber band and removed an index card. In an instant his eyes swelled with tears. He read out loud, "*Because of you I found my voice. Use your passion and find yours.*"

He smiled knowing this moment was perfect.

"Heaven on earth," he whispered.