



CHAPTER ONE

The End

“Live as if you were to die tomorrow. Learn as if you were to live forever”.

- Mahatma Gandhi

Ex-MSU Defensive Tackle Max Bentley stands in front of two small gravestones in the middle of a tiny cemetery in a small farming community north of Detroit. He wears a suit and tie.

In his early 30's, he's a huge man who looks the part of a former football player. His eyes tell us that “off the football field” he is gentler than a giant. It's Springtime and the trees push tiny buds of life out the open arms of their spindly branches.

The green grass stretches across the landscape between headstones, like sections of turf in a football field end zone. The sun peaks over the horizon sending lasers of light through the morning air.

A cool breeze pushes across the area, just fast enough to make the trees bow and wave like fervent fans in a football stadium.

You can smell the richness of the plowed earth of new life growing in farms nearby. It whispers a silent prayer of God's eternal greatness... just waiting to be shared.

Max holds a copper urn of ashes in his right arm, like a tailback carrying a football. Strong, young, and handsome, he clashes with the lifeless symbols of death all around him. A tear slips from his right eye and rolls down his cheek.

Finally, he smiles as long-lost memories whisper in his ear. Let us join him and hear his story.