



CHAPTER ELEVEN

The Goodbye

Live as if you were to die tomorrow. Learn as if you were to live forever.- **Mahatma Gandhi**

8 years later...

It is the same scene that we saw in Chapter One, when this story first started.

Ex-MSU DT, Max Bentley stood alone in front of a small marker in the middle of a tiny cemetery in the farming community of Brown City, Michigan. He wore a suit and tie.

It's springtime and the trees pushed tiny buds of life out the open arms of its spindly branches. The green grass stretched across the areas between headstones like thick spots of turf on a football field.

The sun peeked over the horizon sending lasers of light through the morning air.

A cool breeze pushed across the area fast enough to make the trees bow and wave like fans in a football stadium. You could smell the richness of the plowed ground of the farms nearby.

It whispered a silent prayer of God's eternal greatness.

Max held a copper urn of ashes in his right arm, like a tailback carrying a football.

We saw the markers close enough to read the names.

One said Aldon Bentley and the other Beatrice Bentley.

Max looked at the urn under his right arm. It was engraved with the name... Bradley "Bee" Beesly. He opened it and poured one half of the contents onto each grave of his two parents.

Tears flowed from his eyes... as he slowly mouthed the words "thank you."

As Max walked over to his car, he could see a tree branch waving "good-bye."

Then he noticed that what he just saw was impossible.

The wind was moving in the opposite direction.

He looked up to the heavens and made the Catholic sign of the cross.

He thought about his cracked helmet and head injury before the Spring Game.

He thought about his meetings with Coach Davis. He thought about his encounters with Bee at "That Breakfast Place" and on the "Banks of the Red Cedar."

It all made him smile. One thing is for sure.

Max was living proof ...nothing is impossible