

I don't know where I actually got the idea for this book, except to say that two of my daughters, Michele and Wendy, actually played on a Little League team called the Cherokees, when we lived in Pineville, Pennsylvania. The boys in their age category, who were also trying out for the team, were wearing their hair rather long as that style was just coming into vogue, and at that young age it was sometimes difficult to tell the difference between the genders. They were playing and hitting as well as the boys, and better than some. The coach didn't know the names of the players, as they were all new, and he identified them by pointing and saying, "you".

They made the team all right, but the coach did not know during the try out that they were girls, until I called them by name. He was shocked and actually walked over to where I was sitting in the bleachers, and asked me if they were really girls. I said, "Yes Coach, they are really girls."

"But they're playing better than most of the boys," he said. Unfortunately, their baseball careers were short lived, since we had to move to Arizona for my daughter Kristen's pulmonary health.

It turned out that they were the only two girls in the entire league who made a team, and when we moved to Arizona to a little town called Paradise Valley, we discovered the local school was named Cherokee Grammar School. I was thinking about that one day, and I realized it was almost a miracle they made the team-because they were girls, and it was at the coach's discretion who could stay on the team and play in the games. Back in those days girls weren't allowed to do a lot of things the current generations takes for granted today. Thirty seven years later, as I sat at my computer in the family's junk room that I call my office (my wife took over the den with her own computer) it dawned on me they had pulled off somewhat of a minor miracle, and a thought popped into my head that it must have been The Day God Played Baseball!