

*Richard LoPresto's*

*Old Timers  
Day*

As told by God to Richard LoPresto

written by Richard LoPresto and Jerry Schafer

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This book is dedicated to the love of God.



*Each of you should use whatever gift you have received  
to serve others, as faithful stewards of God's grace  
in its various forms.*

—1 Peter 4:10





# *Old Timers Day*

“I’m going to be talking to you about putting together the greatest, most important baseball game of all-time; a game between my team and a team represented by Satan himself.

“I will relate to you the way the players chosen for each team will be selected. I’ll give you the names of several Major League Baseball legends like Willie Mays, Hank Aaron, and Jackie Robinson, who are a few of the players who will be on my team but would never be selected by my opponent.

“Close your eyes, Richard. Let me tell you something no one knows; something about one of the greatest baseball players of all-time, a man who received a multitude of awards including the Presidential Medal of Freedom— an award I know he was very proud of— and the National League’s most valuable player award.

“This wonderful man played in the National League for 18 seasons. He was one of the greatest outfielders of all time. His name was Roberto Clemente Walker. He was born on August 18, 1934. He died on December 31, 1972, at the age of 38 years old. His death was brought about as a result of a plane crash. For many years, Roberto had been involved in charity work in Puerto Rico and in Latin American countries. In December 1972, Roberto financed the cost to fill an entire cargo plane with relief supplies to be taken to earthquake victims in Managua, Nicaragua.

“Now,” said the Lord, “I will relate something to you that no one knows: As the plane was crashing into the ocean, Roberto began to pray. In the same way you hear me now, Roberto heard me then.

“I told him that I knew he wouldn’t understand, but it was necessary that he give up his life for something that would transpire later. I assured him that I would welcome him into my arms.

“As I’m sure you do know, Roberto was married to Vera Clemente—a wonderful woman who never remarried, but rather continues along with her three sons to carry on the legacy of Roberto Clemente to this day.”

Sitting in the Central Church, having the Lord ask me to close my eyes to tell me the story of Roberto Clemente, and the way I pictured those events unfolding, was like some mystical, magical daydream. His words were clear, the events that unfolded were startling. I knew there was a reason, a plan for this to be happening.

As I drove away from the church, I continued to think about the amazing dreamlike event that just happened. The Lord’s words continued to ring in my ears “I’m going to be talking to you about putting together the greatest most important baseball game of all time.”

The Lord knows my love for all sports, especially baseball, but, at the same time, I couldn’t imagine why he selected me to be the one to document the greatest baseball game of all-time. I started to think about all the baseball movies I’d seen such as *Field of Dreams* and *Pride of the Yankees*.

I walked into my apartment and sat on the couch. I felt as though I had just run a marathon. I was exhausted, yet I had done nothing more than go to church as I had done every week. I don’t know what came over me, but suddenly I began to cry. Thinking about it now, I realized that I was crying tears of joy because I had the most remarkable, revealing experience of my life . . . I had actually felt the presence and heard the voice of Abba Father, God Almighty inside my head. I knew that if I told anyone, they’d think I was crazy.

At the same time, I felt compelled to tell my friend, and partner, Rick. I had been trying to get Rick to go to church with me for some time, but he always had an excuse.

That night, I tossed and turned in bed unable to sleep. Over and over His words echoed in my ears: “I’m going to be talking to you about putting together the greatest baseball game of all-time.” I sat up with a jolt, like being hit by a bolt of lightning. I was being called on by the Almighty to witness the greatest baseball game of all-time become a reality. This wasn’t a movie. I knew I wasn’t having hallucinations. This was the real thing.

For the first time since I left church last night, I began to relax. I knew that at the right time, God would tell me what I needed to know. In a way, I felt like a kid in a candy store.

That morning, I called Rick and asked him to meet me for lunch. Finally, he agreed to go to church with me. After he had agreed, I decided to tell him what had happened, but I also decided to wait to tell him until we were on the way to Central Church.

As I said, I love sports, and big league baseball is one of my favorite sports. The players, coaches, owners, and fans have made up the nucleus of the sport since its inception back in the days when Abner Doubleday supposedly invented the sport.

Thinking about putting together the greatest baseball game of all-time would certainly require using the greatest players that ever played the game. Since this idea is coming from my heavenly father, I'm sure He has thought of that and has a plan to make it all come together. I'll just have to wait to find out what the plan is.

Later that night, Rick followed me as we drove to the Central Church. I was excited to finally show him around and share my feelings about the church with him. I knew we would only have a short time because Rick had to get back to work. I decided not to say anything about my experience until after I showed him around. Maybe I'd tell him tomorrow.

As we walked into the church, I explained that Central Church is a pioneering and creative community of faith. I told him that for me, it's been a place for new beginnings and at the same time, I knew it was a place that represented a life-changing experience for thousands of people.

The moment we walked into the church, I saw Rick's expression change. It appeared as though an inexplicable peace came over him. As we walked further into the church, I opened the door to show Rick one of the rooms. Inside, two young boys were playing Strat-O-Matic baseball. We could hear their young voices as they exchanged comments about the game.

I looked at Rick and told him how I used to play Strat-O-Matic baseball. As I was talking to Rick, the experience I had yet to tell him about was running through my mind

We walked further into the church. I opened another door when suddenly, a blast of cold air hit me in the face like a snowball. An amazing metamorphosis happened.

I found myself standing outside the church. I was actually standing at the home plate of a baseball field in the middle of nowhere. There is no baseball field at Central Church, but there I was, standing in the batter's box, looking out onto the field. For some reason, it made me think of the movie *Field of Dreams*.

I then noticed two young boys standing on the pitcher's mound deep in conversation, one dark-haired, the other blond.

As I was witnessing this happening, Rick was talking to me, but for some reason, his words came out in a cacophony of sounds, making it impossible for me to understand what he was saying. Yet, at the same time, I could clearly hear the conversation between the two boys.

The sound of their voices took me aback. They were not the voices of young boys, like the boys in the church playing Strat-O-Matic. These boys had the mature, deep voices of grown men.

At that moment, I realize they were wearing baseball uniforms, but, when I first saw them, they were wearing regular clothes. The back of the dark-haired boy's uniform said OLD TIMERS, while the back of the blond boys' uniform said CENTRAL CHURCH.

I was mesmerized. I seemed to be having some uncontrollable hallucination that abruptly ended when Rick placed his hand on my shoulder.

I knew that Rick was unaware of what I had just witnessed. I also knew he had to get back to work. I was happy to finally be able to show him around part of my church. He looked at me and smiled. "I've got to get back to work," he said. We shook hands, and Rick opened the door leading to the parking lot. "I'm coming with you to the next service!" he said looking over his shoulder at me.

The moment he disappeared through the door I turned back, once again finding myself standing in the batter's box on the baseball field.

It may appear to you, Reader, that some of the things I've said may seem outside the box (as they call it), and I admit that's true, even for me. Nonetheless, I can testify that what I have said is 100 percent the truth and nothing but the truth.

Although raised a Catholic, I've come to think of Central Church as my church, a place where I've had communication from the Almighty in an unexplainable way, a way that will give me the opportunity to do something I could never have imagined I would be called on to do.

Not only am I confident that I will receive the information needed to carry out the task but I have also been told exactly whom I should work with to make this come about.

I have always considered myself to be a creative person; however, I am not a writer. The story you are reading was related to me from the Almighty.

According to my instructions, I have passed it on to a writer, a man the good Lord has chosen to work with me.

As I listen to the two boys talking at the pitcher's mound, I discover who they really are: the first is Satan, disguised as the dark-haired boy, and, in turn, the blond-haired boy is none other than Abba. The plan being discussed is incredible, and could ultimately save mankind from the prophecy of Armageddon.

The idea is that the greatest baseball game of all-time will be played between a team chosen by God Almighty, called The Central Church Angels, and Satan's chosen team, the Old Timers.

They agreed that no restrictions would apply to player selection. Players dead or alive, famous or not famous, would be eligible.

At this point, and true to his fallen nature, Satan made it clear that he would not be signing any black players to play for his team. He also pointed out that his team would not include any players who represented certain ethnic and/or religious groups. With a smile on his face, he said, "I will take great pleasure in offering you the players I will not allow to play on my team . . . You will be welcome to them all."

They agreed that this would be a game of winner take all, for all time. The loser agrees never to return in any form, to any planet in the known, or unknown, universe. For the loser, it will be the true definition of "The End of it All."

It seemed as though there had been no interruption in the events since Rick put his hand on my shoulder. I could hear every word being said by the Almighty and the Devil as their conversation continued.

Satan looked at the Almighty and said, "It's been a long time since we've been face-to-face . . . I make it a little over two thousand years!"

The Almighty looked him straight in the eye as he said, "Yes, that's right. It's been over two thousand Earth years since you stuck that spear into the side of my son as he hung on the cross. I saw you take over the body of the Roman soldier they called Longinus when you did that."

Satan smiled a sinister smile, "You're still holding a grudge, aren't you? Come now, let's let bygones be bygones. You don't want me around. I know that. So, let's let this baseball game settle the issues between us once and for all.

"If my team wins, you're done forever! Your name will be stricken from every account on the face of the earth. If my team loses, the same thing will happen to me. My name, together with any account of me, will disappear for eternity."

The Almighty said, "Knowing your deceitful ways, knowing that anything you say or have ever said cannot be trusted, we'll have to come up with a fail-safe way to ensure the fate of the loser. Will you agree to that?"

Again, Satan smiled a knowing smile. "I like that idea. In fact, I'll let you come up with the fail-safe to ensure the loser's demise. Don't bother telling me what your so-called plan would be. Just be prepared to suffer the consequences when you lose. And to start things off . . . Abaddon will act as my team's General Manager."

This time, Abba smiled a knowing smile. “I thought you’d bring him into the picture somewhere along the line. You’ve made a perfect choice for your team, using Abaddon the Destroyer.”

Satan turned his back, laughing a little as he said, “If I had my way about it, and I will, Abaddon will find a way to destroy your team before we even reach the ninth inning.” He then turned back around and looked at Abba. “By the way, who will be your choice for General Manager?”

“I think I’ll just let that come as a surprise to you.”

Satan crossed his arms in front of his chest, “It won’t be a surprise to me. I know you’ll choose one of your seven Archangels like Raphael or Gabriel. No! Wait a minute. I’ll make book you’ll use Michael, am I right?”

Abba replied, “You’re just going to have to wait to see.”

Looking up into the sky Satan said, “What about choosing team managers? After all, the team manager is responsible for team strategy. I think I should have the first choice.”

Abba smiled. “I see, you want to pick a manager like Joe McCarthy or Casey Stengel?”

Satan laughed. “Nice try but no cigar! You think I’m stupid? Why didn’t you mention a manager like Connie Mack? After all, he holds the record for most games won as a manager. You think I’d overlook him?”

“Not at all. I think Connie Mack would be a good choice for you.”

“I bet you do. Well, guess what, Your Majesty, I’m not going to use McCarthy or Stengel or even Connie Mack. I’ve got other ideas. How about it? So, can I have the first choice?”

“Tell you what. I’ll give you first choice of team manager if you give me the right to pick the ballpark where we’ll play the game.”

“You’ve got a deal,” Satan said. “The fact of the matter is, it won’t matter where we play. You won’t have a —excuse the expression— prayer. You’re going to lose!”

Ignoring Satan’s comment, Abba calmly said, “Now that we’ve agreed on who gets the first choice of managers, are you going to keep it a secret who you plan to choose?”

“Secret? Not at all. I’m going to use Billy Martin, so put that in your pipe and smoke it! And how about you? How about divulging your managerial choice?”

Without hesitation, Abba said, “I’m going to use Gil Hodges.”

“That figures. Of course you’d pick a guy like Hodges. He was in the Marine Corps, and he won the bronze star during World War II. Unfortunately, that won’t buy you a winning team.”

“I won’t bother to discuss Gil Hodges’ credentials with you,” Abba said, “I’m simply telling you that he will act as the manager of my team.”

Satan took a couple of steps back and then glanced in my direction. For a moment, I thought he could actually see me until he turned back to Abba and said, “What about the rules of the game? Don’t you think we should discuss the rules?”

Once again, Abba smiled. “Maybe we should appoint a playing rules committee. After all, that’s what they have in Major League Baseball. If I’m not mistaken, there are nine men on the committee.”

Satan laughed. “I suppose you want to appoint committee members.”

Abba looked at him and quietly said, “No, not really, I think we should divide the committee member choice evenly.”

Satan turned his back on Abba. “How can we divide nine men evenly?”

“We can’t, so why don’t we select ten men? Ten is an even number,” Abba said.

In his usual abstinent way, Satan said, “Why not use eight men. Where I come from, eight is also an even number, and I happen to have four perfect choices. If you want, I can name them for you right here and now. Asmodeus will be my first choice.”

Abba shook his head. “Asmodeus, the so-called king of the Demons? That figures. What does he know about baseball?”

“You let me worry about that,” Satan said turning back toward Abba. “No, wait a minute. On second thought, I don’t like the idea of having a playing rules committee. *We’re* the committee, we make the rules. Why don’t we agree on selecting the umpires instead of a committee? After all, the umpires are the ones who keep the game going, they’re the ones to call the plays. So, what do you have to say about that?”

“Okay, I like that idea. Let’s see, there are four umpires in a major league game and in playoff games, there are six. Before we talk about the umpires, we’ve got to agree on what’s going to be permissible before, during, and after the game.”

Satan put his hands in his pockets and, looking down, kicked a bit of dirt with his right foot. He appeared to be mulling over what Abba just said. Then he looked. “You want to know the truth? I hate the word *permissible*. Anything I do is permissible because I am the boss of me and I intend to remain the boss of me, before, during and *after* the game.”

Abba looked Satan directly in the eye. “You ask if I want to know the truth. Do you have any concept of what the word truth means?”

Satan squinted his eyes. “In this instance, the truth means that whatever we decide is permissible, as you put it, won’t matter anyway because you don’t stand a snowball’s chance in —excuse the expression— HELL of winning the game. In fact, to save us both a lot of trouble, why don’t you agree to forfeit the game right now and declare me the winner!”

Once again Abba smiled, obviously unaffected by Satan's tirade. "For your information and edification, the word truth is most often used to mean in accord with fact. Your statement is not in accord with fact. And for your further information and edification, the opposite of truth is falsehood. That's exactly the category your comment falls into. Whether you think that's permissible or not, that happens to be the truth."

The dark-haired boy's face took on a frightening transformation. In a guttural voice, he growled, "Is that so Mr. God Almighty? Well, let me tell you a little something about the reality of setting the ground rules, and let me tell you a little something about the human aspects of what we're proposing to do . . . in other words, let's get real. . . It's called reality!"

In contrast to the appearance and sounds Satan had produced, Abba's countenance and voice became very angelic while a golden light surrounded him. He smiled at Satan and then quietly said, "Every human being relies on his knowledge and experience to live. This is what we call reality. Knowledge and experience, however, are ambiguous thus reality can become an illusion. No sir, you can't talk to me about the human aspects of anything because the reality is, you're not human!"

"You're right! I'm proud and happy to say I am the one and only Lucifer. I knew from the beginning man would use your name to justify the unjustifiable. That's why I rebelled against you in the pre-earth life, and you cast me out of heaven, and I became fallen. Now it's your turn to fall . . . Forever!

"No, Mr. Almighty. The instant the game is over, every member of my team, your team and every single human being on the face of the earth will find themselves taking the vows I will prescribe for them . . . they will become my disciples. So, let's get down to it and set the ground rules for what will become the most important baseball game imaginable."

I watched as Abba walked forward until he was standing inches from Satan. The sound of his voice was as clear as a church bell. "One of the most important ground rules, as far as I am concerned, will be that neither you nor I can interfere in any way with the outcome or the playing of the game. We must agree that any interference in the game from either of us, and that includes using managers or anyone else who represents us, will be cause for immediate forfeiture of the game. What do you have to say about that?"

Satan smiled a sinister smile. "What do I say? I say Bravo, Your Majesty. I won't have any need to interfere, not with the players who will be playing on my team. As far as interference is concerned, don't think I won't be watching for those good old acts of God you pull off from time to time. You know what I am talking about—what you call miracles. I, too, will be watching for anything you may do to sway the outcome of the



game . . . That's a no-no, Your Majesty!" Satan turned away from Abba, took a few steps and then he turned back and said, "It's like I said before, we could save a lot of time if you just forfeit the game right now. You've got no chance to win!"

Ignoring Satan's comment, Abba said, "What about designated hitters? What do you think about those?"

Satan lowered his voice and put his hands behind his back. "You can bet all your marbles I would never use a player like Ron Bloomberg who, as you know, was the first designated hitter in history. I say whoever we use as pitchers have to do their own hitting."

Once again, I saw Abba smile. "For your information, Ron Bloomberg was also a first baseman and a right fielder. No matter, I guess we agree; there'll be no designated hitters allowed in the game."

Satan said, "You bet we agree on that, and even though it has nothing to do with ground rules, you can also be sure that I'd never use Ron Bloomberg on my team. If you want to sign him up, that's up to you!" Satan crossed his arms in front of his chest. "What about steroids? Do you have a problem if any of my players use steroids?"

Abba crossed his arms in front of his chest. "You bet I do! Steroids have been banned from all sports."

"So what? Like I said before, this game is for all the marbles. Since we're setting rules why can't we make certain exceptions?"

Abba shook his head. "Because steroids, including anabolic steroids and androgenic steroids, are nothing more than synthetic derivatives of the naturally occurring anabolic hormone known as . . ."

Satan interrupted, "Yeah I know, testosterone."

Abba smiled. "Very good. I didn't know you were up on such things."

"You didn't, huh? Well, I also happen to know that athletes who take steroids are trying to masculinize themselves!"

Abba smiled. "Well then, you shouldn't have a problem making the use of steroids illegal in our game . . . Unless of course, you don't think the players you intend to pick can win the game without, as you say, masculinizing themselves!"

In a loud, very guttural voice, Satan said, "Steroids will be considered illegal in our game. I was going to mention that before you brought it up."

"Really?" Abba asked with a smile. "How about what we're playing for? I think that should remain only between us."

Again, Satan put his hands in his pockets. "You mean all the marbles. As far as I'm concerned, that's the bottom-line of what we're playing for."

"We've agreed the loser is done forever, finished for all time, never to be heard from again, his name withdrawn from every book that's ever

mentioned it. The moment the game is over, the name of the loser will disappear from the minds of all mankind. Are those the things you want to remain between us?"

Satan then pulled his hand out of his pocket; his hand was filled with marbles. Slowly, one at a time, he let the marbles fall out of his hand onto the ground.

Abba smiled. "Looks like you lost your marbles."

Satan grinned. "Not really. I just wanted you to see what we're playing for. It's called 'All the marbles!'"

"Good, then we agree. Neither of us can disclose what we're playing for. Any mention of it will be cause for immediate forfeiture of the game, and the one who discloses will be the loser."

Satan shrugged. "Why in the world would I want to disclose this to anyone? No, sir, not me. This is between you and me. I won't talk about this in any way, shape or form." Satan turned and took a few steps away, then turned back and said, "After all, my word is my bond!"

Abba smiled. "All I can say to that is, if you keep your word, it will be the first time in the history of history. But don't worry, it's okay with me if you stay true to your way of being and lie about it because if you do, you're the one who will lose all the marbles. Be advised I'll be watching and listening!"

The moment the Lord said that the door to the church opened and the pastor walked over to me with a big smile on his face. "Hello, Richard," he said, "What are you doing out here all alone?"

I quickly looked around to find myself back in the exterior surroundings of Central Church. The ballpark was gone, and so were the two boys. "Oh," I said. "I just stepped out for a breath of fresh air. It's a beautiful evening, isn't it?"

Jud Wilhite, the pastor, agreed. "Funny you should say that," he said. "That's why I stepped outside as well."

"Well, that just goes to prove that great minds think alike."

We both chuckled as the pastor said, "Richard, what do you think of this?" He walked to where the pitcher's mound had been, standing on the exact spot where I saw the two boys talking a moment ago. "It's been suggested that we build an exterior meditation area right about here. Or maybe a baseball diamond or basketball court. What do you think?"

I said, "I think it's a great idea. As you know, Pastor Wilhite, I'm a big-time baseball fan so, naturally, I vote to build a baseball diamond."

The pastor looked around. "Maybe," he said. "The pitcher's mound could be right about here." He motioned to the area where he was standing.

When he did that my mind went sort of blank, then started whirling a thousand miles per hour. I was amazed at what the pastor was saying right on top of where the event occurred only moments before he walked outside the church . . . The idea that he would suggest the pitcher's mound on the same exact spot where I had seen it was mind-boggling.

Just then the church door opened, and the pastor's secretary walked out. She told the pastor he had an emergency phone call. He looked at me and said, "We'll have to talk later, Richard. Duty calls." With that, he walked back inside the church.

I stood there for a few moments trying to compose myself. The pastor had been standing on the exact same spot where I saw the two boys standing only moments before he walked outside the church.

At that moment, my eyes went from the door of the church back to where the pastor had been standing. What I saw next startled me, but after a moment it gave me a feeling of amazing rapture.

There, where the pastor had been standing, were two doves: one was grayish brown, the other was white. As they were pecking at the ground, it seemed that both of them were looking at me. I wondered if they would talk to me.

If that had happened, I'm sure I would have had a heart attack and died on the spot. Thankfully, that didn't occur. After a few moments, they both flew away in opposite directions.

I walked over to a bench located just outside the church door and sat down. I was trying to compose myself. I began thinking about the events I'd just witnessed.

I know the incredible things I've recently experienced are directly connected to my becoming a member of the Central Church. Since then, I have found God in a way I had never known him before. I am able to communicate with the good Lord in ways I didn't know were possible. It seems like my connection with Central Church has given me an amazing direct line to God in Heaven.

The Lord knows how much I love the game of baseball. In my heart, I consider myself to be an aficionado. I became a fan when I was a kid growing up in New York City. Over the years, I've come to know the batting averages and field positions, along with the names of some of the greatest and most famous big league ballplayers of all time.

Besides knowing the names of the ballplayers, I know the names of the most famous baseball announcers, umpires, managers, and coaches too. There's no question about it, the Lord knows I know these things.

I believe that is why I'm being called on to cause this story to be written. It is my duty to tell the writer what the Lord has related to me. So,

everyone will know, through the words written, how the greatest, most important baseball game in the history of history, will be put together and played between God's team and the Devil's team, and the outcome of which will prove to be the savior of mankind.

At the same time, I know the telling of the story will be the single most important thing I will ever do in my life. It will give me the opportunity to serve the Lord in a way I could never have imagined.

In that service, and in that spirit, I'm going to continue relating the story. I know it will be difficult to grasp the reality of what I say, especially since I'm the only person who has witnessed it, and who has been called on to relate it to you through my writer. I will tell you that as you continue reading, the motive behind it all will become crystal-clear to you. I know in my heart that wherever you may be, whatever your religious convictions may be after you read this, you will agree that the Lord works in mysterious ways.

I closed my eyes for a moment trying to relax my thoughts. When I opened my eyes, the ballpark was once again before me. Deep in center field, Satan walked towards the pitcher's mound. Abba walked towards the mound from behind third base.

They arrived at the pitcher's mound at the same time. Satan stuck both of his hands into his pockets. "Okay," he said, "let's get down to brass tacks. We're going to have to decide where we're going to play the game."

"Well," Abba said, "we have a lot of choices. There are approximately 30 ballparks to choose from, and even more if we decide to use a ballpark that no longer exists."

Satan pulled his right-hand out of his pocket holding a piece of paper. "I've made a list," he said. "There's the newest ballpark of them all, Marlins Park, and of course there's good old Yankee Stadium; there's Fenway Park and Angel Stadium. I'll bet you really like that one, don't you!"

Abba said, "Actually I had Ebbets Field in mind. As far as I'm concerned, it's one of the most nostalgic ballparks ever. Unfortunately, it's nonexistent now."

Satan crossed his arms in front of his chest. "You're right, it's nonexistent now . . . the same way you'll be after losing this game. Oh yeah, I like the idea of Ebbets Field."

Satan put the list back in his pocket. "Say no more, you got a deal. Ebbets Field it is, home of the Brooklyn Dodgers." With a big smile he said, "and for your information, Mr. Almighty, I'm going to pick quite a few Brooklyn Dodgers to be on my team!"

Abba said, "Oh really, I guess you're thinking Jackie Robinson or

maybe Don Newcombe or Roy Campanella, or maybe that great pitcher Joe Black.”

Satan looked at him and smiled a sinister smile. “You’ve got to be kidding. I wouldn’t touch any of those players with a 10-foot-pole. No, not me. Not one of those guys can play on my team, and I’m sure I don’t have to tell you why. Be my guest, you can have them all.”

Abba said, “Oh really. Well, that brings up the subject of how we should choose the players.”

Satan put his hands on his hips. “That’s easy, I want the first choice. I want to pick the first player!”

Abba said, “Actually, I think we should pick them two at a time.”

Satan put his hands in his pockets. “I get it,” he said. “We take turns picking two players at a time. Is that the way you want to do it?”

“Why not? Seems like a fair way to do it.”

“Okay, we agree. We’ll play the game at Ebbets Field. We also agree that neither of us can disclose what we’re really playing for and we agree that any mention of that by either of us will mean we lose the game. We’re going to pick our players two at a time, and I get to pick the first two players. Is that about right?”

Abba smiled. “I’m happy to see you’re keeping track of our deal, but there are a few things you’ve forgotten . . . like our agreement that neither of us can interfere with any part of the game. Interference carries the same penalty as disclosing what we’re really playing for. You agree with that too, don’t you?”

Satan’s voice became deeper than ever before. “You bet I agree and once again I say why don’t you just call it a day, concede victory to me, declare yourself the loser because that’s exactly what you’re going to be when the game is over.”

Abba completely disregarded Satan’s statement and said, “What about the day of the game? We have to agree on that too. Do you have a suggestion?”

Satan said, “Go ahead, you get to pick the game day since I get to choose the first two players. Only make sure it’s a day game, not a night game.”

Abba agreed. “A day game it will be. How about Christmas Eve Day? Does that suit you?”

“That suits me just fine, as long as you’re not going to pull one of your acts of God by making it rain or snow in order to delay the inevitable.”

Abba said, “You can be sure the weather will be perfect for the game. There can be no excuses, no exceptions and no changes regarding any of the rules we’ve agreed upon.”

“Do you want me to sign something?”

“You’ve got to be kidding.” Then Abba asked Satan to close his eyes.

“Why should I close my eyes?”

“I’ve got a surprise for you.”

I don’t know what came over me, but I closed my eyes too. At the moment I opened them, I was standing near first base at Ebbets Field. I was flabbergasted. I stood there in disbelief and continued to listen.

Of course, Satan saw that he was standing on the pitcher’s mound at Ebbets Field. “Oh, I see. You’re going to start with your miracles before the game even begins,” Satan said.

Abba said, “No, not at all. I just want you to be sure this is the baseball stadium you want to play our game in. I know things about this ballpark that you may not know.”

Satan took a step forward. “Is that so. You think you know more about this ballpark than I do, huh? Don’t kid yourself, Your Majesty. It just so happens that I know the exact date the last game was played on this field by the Brooklyn Dodgers!”

“You mean September 24, 1957, when they beat the Pittsburgh Pirates?” Abba asked.

“Well, anyone who knows anything about big league baseball knows that. Do you know that Charles Ebbets bought the Brooklyn Dodgers in the early 1900s?”

“Of course, I know that. Actually, he bought the team in 1902. The construction of Ebbets Field, however, didn’t begin until 1912. That’s when Charles Ebbets decided to name the ballpark after himself.”

As I was watching and listening, it became obvious to me that I was actually witnessing a battle of baseball trivia between the good Lord and Satan.

Satan said, “Did you know that the first night baseball game was played at Ebbets Field in 1938?” Satan asked.

Abba said, “In case you’re interested, the exact date was June 15. The Cincinnati Reds won the game, and Johnny Van Der Meer pitched a no-hitter.”

Satan crossed his arms in front of his chest. “For your information, I may pick Van Der Meer for one of my pitchers. I happen to know that Van Der Meer is the only big league pitcher who ever pitched back-to-back no-hitters!”

Abba said, “I know that too. The *Dutch Master* is a great pitcher! I guess you also know that at one time he played for the Dodgers.”

“Of course, I know that. I know everything there is to know about the Dodgers.”

“Oh really, do you know what year they left Brooklyn?”

Satan smiled. "Of course, I know. They left Brooklyn in 1957. The Dodgers should never have left Ebbets Field or Brooklyn. If it weren't for that Walter O'Malley, both the Dodgers and Ebbets Field would still be there!"

"Well, actually Ebbets Field became structurally unsound, and if you remember, the community it was located in was in decline. O'Malley did the only thing he could do . . . he moved the team."

I could tell that Satan was uneasy. I think he was getting tired of trying to top Abba with his knowledge of baseball facts. "You know," he said, "I think we've talked enough about these things. Don't you think it's time to start lining up our players?"

The moment he said that an indescribable flash of white light lit up the sky behind Satan. It looked like a gigantic flashbulb had exploded. The baseball diamond that was here yesterday reappeared.

I heard faint sounds, but I couldn't make them out. I could tell that Satan could hear them too. He took a couple of steps backward as he looked out toward center field.

I'm not really sure how to describe what happened next. All I can do is tell you exactly what I saw. It looked like a huge picture being developed, and figures emerged from the bright light onto the field until the entire outfield was filled with black baseball players jogging towards the pitching mound.

I couldn't believe my eyes. The great Hank Aaron, in his Atlanta Braves uniform, lead the group. Behind him came Ernie Banks in his Chicago Cubs uniform, followed by Ike Brown in his Detroit Tigers uniform and following him was every negro baseball player who ever played in the famous Negro Leagues.

I saw the names of their teams on their uniforms, names like Birmingham Black Barons, Washington Black Senators, and Chicago Brown Bombers. It was an amazing sight to behold. Suddenly, I saw a group of seven famous players approaching the pitcher's mound: Hank Aaron, Willie Mays, Jackie Robinson, Larry Doby, Josh Gibson, James 'Cool Papa' Bell, and Satchel Paige.

Satchel Paige looked at the blond-haired boy and said, "Looks like there's going to be a game here. Didn't want you to forget about us."

The blond-haired boy said, "How could I forget about you? How could I forget that most of you never had a chance to play in the big leagues? You can be sure I'm going to use all of you that I can. Not all of you will get to play, but all of you will be allowed to watch the game."

Satan looked Abba in the eye. "Is this some kind of trick?"

Abba smiled a knowing smile. "A trick? What kind of trick could it

be? You don't think I had anything to do with these ballplayers showing up, do you? They must be here to play the game!"

The players took their positions on the field. Before I knew it, there were players on all three bases, in the outfield, the shortstop took his position and threw the ball to the second baseman.

None other than Bob Feller stepped onto the pitcher's mound to warm-up with his catcher.

Josh Gibson swung his bat by the dugout getting ready to step into the batter's box.

Satan looked at Abba and said, "This is too much for me. I'm out of here! What do you say we meet tomorrow afternoon? That is *if* you're not planning to arrange another fantasy game of some kind."

Abba ignored his comment. "Okay, let's meet tomorrow and finish up our arrangements. Does twelve noon work for you?"

"Noon it is," Satan replied. I watched as he jogged across the field. Within seconds, he disappeared from sight.

I looked for Abba, but he was gone as well.

By this time my head was spinning. I was completely exhausted. I walked over to the bench and sat down. I closed my eyes for a moment, and when I opened them, the baseball field had vanished. My head was still whirling as I walked to my car.

As I drove home, all I could think about was getting back to Central Church tomorrow by noon. I know that I am part of the Lord's plan as far as being chosen to be the one to see, hear and cause to be written the events that are taking place.

The moment I got home, I called my best friend, Jerry, who is a writer. I wanted to tell him exactly what I had witnessed while it was fresh in my mind.

After my conversation with Jerry, I still couldn't get the fantastic series of events that happened out of my mind. There was no question about it, I was exhausted. I took a shower and went to bed. I'm sure you'll understand when I tell you that I spent a sleepless night twisting and turning with one thought after the other.

The boys' conversation played in my mind repeatedly. The feeling that came over me once I realized who the boys really were. I lay there staring wide-eyed into the darkness. Sleep was impossible. I was in an emotional quandary as one thought after another raced through my mind.

I thought about seeing the African American baseball greats. Wow, that made an impression on me. I've always been proud of the way I've kept track of ballplayers since the beginning of baseball; it's been my passion since I was a kid.



Knowing what I know about the game, including statistics of the players, I believe many of those black baseball players would be in the Hall of Fame today if they'd been given the opportunity to play in the big leagues. That's how good they were.

I looked at the digital clock on my nightstand. 3 a.m., too early to head to the church.

My head spun with thoughts of what the day would bring. Around 5:30, I finally fell asleep. I climbed out of bed four hours later at 9:30 a.m., went into the kitchen and made myself a cup of instant coffee. The excitement and anticipation I felt grew, making time seem to pass slower than usual.

I kept looking at my wristwatch. Finally, I got into my car and drove to Central Church; I wanted to get there early enough to sit in the church and communicate with the Lord.

As I drove, I wondered how this would play out. Of course, I knew the love and power of God Almighty. At the same time, I knew enough about Satan to understand that he is a despicable and deceitful creature. As far as I'm concerned, he would never have agreed to participate in a game that could eliminate him and his name forever unless he had devised a diabolical scheme that would allow his team to win.

Knowing this, I wondered how the good Lord planned to win. Certainly, he knows that Satan cannot be trusted in any way, shape or form. He also knows this is the most important baseball game in the history of history. Knowing that, I'm convinced that the good Lord will use his powers to win the game and eliminate the Prince of Darkness for all time.

I arrived at Central Church at 11 a.m. and went inside the church. I sat quietly with my eyes closed, praying to the Lord. After a few moments, a kind of peace came over me. For the first time in many hours, I was completely relaxed.

I sat in peaceful meditation for thirty minutes. When it was time, I went outside and sat on the bench that had become quite familiar to me. It was a beautiful December day with a few clouds in the sky. I couldn't help noticing that it was warmer than usual at this time of year. The sun was bright; I could feel its heat on my face. I closed my eyes, enjoying the comforting warmth. Suddenly, a blast of cold air hit me from out of nowhere.

I opened my eyes in time to see Satan, still in the guise of a dark-haired boy, jog past my bench. Today, he wore a red T-shirt, black pants, and a red baseball cap. He jogged towards the area where the pitcher's mound had been yesterday. Today, however, instead of a baseball diamond there was only an empty field of grass and trees.

After Satan had jogged about 50 yards from where I was sitting, he stopped and looked around. After a few moments, he put his hands into his pockets and looked down at the ground. Then, raising his head, he started looking around again as if he thought he was being stood up by Abba. Suddenly, a bright light appeared followed by a puff of smoke, and there stood Abba, in the form of the same blond-haired boy from yesterday wearing a powder blue T-shirt, a pair of white slacks, and the same blue baseball cap.

Satan took a quick step backward, surprised by Abba's sudden entrance. "I see we're going to start the day with some theatrics."

"I didn't mean to scare you," said Abba.

Satan laughed. "*You scare me?* Who are you trying to kid? I stopped being scared of you over two thousand years ago. If any scaring is going to be done, it will be done by me. That's why we're here, isn't it? You're scared of me! You want to try to eliminate me for all time by beating me in a baseball game. Well, let's get to it, Your Majesty. Let's start choosing up sides."

Abba smiled. "You're right, there are only two days left before Christmas Eve. You're also right that I plan to eliminate you for all time by winning the game."

Satan put his hands on his hips. "Let me tell you something. Where I come from, my disciples say that you don't stand a snowball's chance in hell. Get it? You're the one who's going to lose. I'm going to make sure it will be the all mighty end of the Almighty."

Unconcerned with Satan's comment, Abba casually said, "Go ahead. Pick your first two players."

Satan smiled. "I can't wait to see the look on your face when you hear who my first pick will be."

"Just go ahead, make your choice."

A huge smile came over Satan's face. "Okay, Your Majesty. My first choice is Ty Cobb. I'm sure you've heard of him!"

"Of course I've heard of him," Abba said. "He was the most disliked player in the history of the big leagues!"

"That shouldn't concern you. He's my choice, and he'll be playing on my team."

As I listened, I knew that Satan had picked one of the greatest players of all time. No question, Ty Cobb had his idiosyncrasies and was disliked even by players on his own team. Nevertheless, he held many records including hitting over .400 three years in a row. Then I remembered something I forgot to tell my writer . . . As you will read, this may be one of the most important facts in the overall scheme of things.

Back when Abba and Satan agreed that neither of them could interfere in any way with the playing of the game, they also agreed that the managers would tell players they select that this game will become known as Old Timers Day. It will not only present the greatest players of all-time, both living and dead, it will also be recorded in the history of big league baseball as the last game to ever be played at Ebbets Field. It is expected that this game will surpass game four of the 1947 World Series, which is known to be the most exciting baseball game ever played at Ebbets Field.

“Okay,” said Abba. “You’ve chosen Ty Cobb, now who is your second pick?”

Satan smiled. “My second pick is Walter Johnson. Maybe you’ve heard of him?”

“So, you’re taking ‘The Big Train’, are you? I must say, he’s a good pick too. I guess you know he holds the record for pitching shutouts.”

“Of course I know it!” exclaimed Satan. “Why do you think I picked him? In case you’re interested, the number of shutouts was 110. When our game is over, it will be 111. So, go ahead, it’s your turn. Pick two players.”

“Well, let’s see. You got the ‘Georgia Peach’, an outfielder, and ‘The Big Train’, a pitcher. I think I’ll match fire with fire if you’ll excuse the expression. I’ll just reach into the Baseball Hall of Fame and pick ‘The Ryan Express’. I’m sure you’ve heard of Nolan Ryan.”

“Yeah, I’ve heard of him . . . I know he’s baseball’s strikeout leader, and I know he was a bigwig with the Texas Rangers Baseball Team, but so what? Who’s your second pick?”

Abba adjusted his cap. “We’re going into the outfield now, so my second pick will be ‘The Sultan of Swat’, ‘The Bambino’—Babe Ruth. I guess maybe you’ve heard of him!”

When Abba said the name Babe Ruth, I saw the expression on Satan’s face change. He had been smiling through the beginning of the picks, but now his face became quite serious.

I thought, *Holy Cow! Babe Ruth!*

I know this is going to be the greatest game ever played in the history of big league baseball, and after hearing the first four picks, there’s no question about it. I’m overwhelmed and unbelievably excited to think that I’ll be able to see Ty Cobb, Walter Johnson, Babe Ruth and Nolan Ryan on the field at the same time. I can hardly contain myself, as these legends are just the tip of the iceberg.

Satan crossed his arms over his chest. “Okay, it’s my turn now. Since you don’t have an exclusive on players in the Baseball Hall of Fame, I’ll reach in and take Honus Wagner. Put that in your pipe and smoke it!”

Abba smiled. “Good choice. ‘The Flying Dutchman’ may be the greatest shortstop that ever played the game!”

Satan uncrossed his arms. “I know his credentials, Your Majesty, that’s why I picked him. The Flying Dutchman will be playing on my team . . . and so will my next pick, who also happens to be a member of the Hall of Fame.”

Suddenly, Satan began to laugh. His laughter was uncontrollable, and he danced around like a madman. As quickly as his fit started, it stopped. He looked at Abba, still grinning and said, “Sometimes, when I realize what a genius I am, I can’t control myself. I’m sure you’ll understand when I tell you that my next choice is none other than Cy Young, also known as *the Cyclone!* Imagine that, the Flying Dutchman and the Cyclone both on my team. What do you think about that?”

“I see, you’ve picked another pitcher,” Abba said calmly.

Satan scowled, his face turning bright red. “You’re going to find out that he’s more than just another pitcher. I’ve got news for you: Cy Young is going to strikeout every one of your batters. He may even pitch a no-hitter! Not one of your players will ever make it to first base!”

Relaxing a bit, he stuck his hands into his pockets. His confident smile returned as he said, “Go ahead, it’s your turn to pick your next two players.”

Abba said, “Since I’ll have to worry so much about Cy Young’s pitching arm, I think my next pick will be ‘Stan the Man’ . . . I guess maybe you’ve heard of Stan Musial, one of the greatest hitters of all time.”

Abba danced a little jig. “As you know, I love fighting fire with fire!”

Satan opened his mouth to speak, but Abba interrupted him. “Excuse me,” he said, “but after your comments about your pitcher pitching a no-hitter, I decided to add a little more fuel to my fire by making my second pick none other than ‘Teddy Ballgame,’ Ted Williams! Being the genius you say you are, I’m sure you know Ted Williams led the American League in batting six times. His lifetime batting average was .344, and his records as a big league ballplayer *and* manager are nothing short of amazing!”

It was obvious Abba knew exactly how to push Satan’s buttons (as they call it). Between that little jig I saw him do and his comment about fighting fire with fire, Satan was obviously taken aback. He put his hands on his hips, and stated forcefully, “Where does it say that I have to listen to your glowing commendations of every player you pick? Let’s just limit our conversation to picking players and leave it at that.”

Abba smiled a knowing smile. “Good idea,” he said, “The faster we pick the players, the faster we’ll be able to get on with the rest of the details.”

Satan didn’t waste any time. “My next two picks will be Rogers Hornsby, sometimes known as ‘The Rajah’, and Jimmy Foxx, sometimes

known as ‘Double X’.”

Abba smiled. “I see,” he said. “So, now you want to name your selections along with their nicknames, is that the deal? You think I don’t know that Rajah is a second baseman or that Double X is a first baseman. You’ve got to be kidding. I’ve got it real clear, you’re beginning to load up your bases.”

I can tell by the tone of his voice that Satan was irritated with Abba’s statement. A sarcastic look came over his face as he said, “The last time I looked, there were three bases, a pitcher, catcher, shortstop, and three outfielders on a baseball team. If my calculations are correct, that adds up to nine men! And you’re right, I’m starting to load up my bases the same way they’re going to be during every inning of our game. I’d advise you to get used to it!”

He took a couple of steps away. “How about it, Your Majesty? You ready to pick two more players?”

“You bet I am. In keeping with your nickname format, I’ll take ‘The Heater from Van Meter’, also known as ‘Bullet Bob’ or ‘Rapid Robert.’ My second pick will be the man who said, ‘A nickel ain’t worth a dime anymore!’—None other than Yogi. Okay, those are my picks . . . Now it’s your turn. Pick your next two players.”

With a smirk, Satan said, “You think I don’t know that Rapid Robert is Bob Feller, a pitcher, or that Yogi is Yogi Berra, a catcher? You’re just kidding yourself if you think you know more about big league baseball or the players than I do. Knowing some of the phrases that Yogi Berra said won’t do you a bit of good. I know I’ve said this before, but I’ve just got to say it again—this really is a waste of time. Why don’t you just admit defeat right now and call it a day? That’s what I think! Why do you think they call it the Stairway to Heaven and the Highway to Hell? Because there’s a lot more traffic going my way!”

Abba said, “The only thing coming from your way is a lot of hot air. I think your jabber is nothing more than your way of trying to buy time while you try to think of who your next two players are going be. The fact of the matter is, things haven’t changed much in the two thousand years since you were cast out of heaven because of your wicked, rebellious ways. You’re all talk with your ‘why don’t you admit defeat’ routine. You fell down my stairway to heaven, and you’ll never be able to walk up again! When this game is over, that will be the end of you once and for all. Go ahead, hotshot, let’s hear who the next two players on your team will be. That is if you’ve had enough time to think about who you want to pick.”

Once again, Satan’s face burned red with anger, his response becoming more forceful. “I know exactly who I want to pick. Contrary to your

belief, I've already carefully calculated every player I'm going to pick. You see, the truth is, I already know my entire roster." Putting his hands on his hips, he said, "My next two picks will be none other than 'Master Melvin' and 'The Yankee Clipper', sometimes called 'Joltin' Joe'. So, who do they sound like to you?"

Abba smiled. "Mel Ott and Joe DiMaggio, a center fielder and a right fielder. Great choices, I might add. I guess it's my turn now so my next two picks will cover center field and first base. I pick 'The Commerce Comet, also known as 'The Mick' for center field. Being the know-it-all that you are, I'm sure you know all about Mickey Mantle. I'll cover first base with Lou Gehrig. And of course, you know they call him 'The Iron Horse'."

I continued to listen to them select players like Joe DiMaggio and Mickey Mantle. Along with the other luminaries that both Abba and Satan were selecting, it was nothing short of mind-boggling for me.

The thought that I was actually given the opportunity to see players who passed away years ago come to life and step onto the playing field in the uniforms they so proudly wore when they were the most famous stars in big league baseball was becoming overwhelming.

In my mind, I recapped some of the selections they had made: players like Billy Martin, Gil Hodges, Ty Cobb, Walter Johnson, Nolan Ryan, Babe Ruth, Honus Wagner, Cy Young, Ted Williams, and Mel Ott.

There was no question about it, by the time the good Lord and his arch enemy Satan finished their selections, this would be the greatest baseball game with the greatest players ever assembled on any baseball field. There were several more players yet to be selected, and I felt that Abba was holding back with a few of his selections; waiting to see who Satan would pick. He knew that because of Satan's dark side, there are certain great players he will never select. At the same time, I know that when the time comes, blessed Abba will select them.

I realized more than before the importance of this game, and what the outcome will really mean. The final results will go down in history as the game that would erase the name of Lucifer for all-time and forevermore.

I also knew that Abba was aware of how evil Satan could be. The fallen angel was a master schemer, a liar, and a fraud. There was no question in my mind that Abba knew Satan had an evil plan that would help his team win the game.

The game wasn't yet over. It hadn't even started. From the players chosen on both teams, I knew this would be an amazing test of skill and ball-playing professionalism the likes of which had never been seen in the history of the game of baseball.

The fact of the matter is, the outcome of this baseball game remained in doubt. There's another fact I'd like to make clear to my readers: My faith in God Almighty allowed me to believe, that in the end, his team would prove unbeatable. I admit, my anxiety had more to do with my wondering which players would be picked next rather than the outcome of the game.

My thoughts were interrupted when Satan said, "My next two picks will be 'The Rocket' and 'The Meal Ticket'. I guess maybe you've heard of Roger Clemens and Carl Hubbell."

Abba clapped his hands together. "Two more pitchers, huh? That reminds me, I should pick another pitcher too. I pick Sandy Koufax and, as the first baseman, I'll take 'The Hebrew Hammer', Hank Greenberg."

Satan smirked. "Koufax and Greenberg, eh? You think sticking a couple of the Chosen People on your team is going to help you win the game?"

Abba smiled. "Actually, yes, I do!"

Satan looked down at the ground. "I'm not going to make any more comments about those two. I will, however, tell you that my next two players are both members of the Baseball Hall of Fame I'm sure you've heard of Eddie Mathews, he'll be covering third base for me. Bill Dickey will be playing catcher."

"I'll take Shoeless Joe Jackson for my outfield, and 'Charlie Hustle', Pete Rose. I'm sure you've heard of him. Pete'll be an all-around player for me . . . In fact, I may start him at third base."

Satan has a rather sheepish look on his face as he said, "I must say, I'm amazed that you picked Joe Jackson and Pete Rose. Joe was accused of fixing a World Series game, and Pete was permanently banned from the Hall of Fame for betting on his own team. Those aren't your kind of guys, they're *my* kind of guys."

Abba smiled. "That's where you're wrong! I've forgiven both of them. Besides, neither of them were proven guilty."

"When you picked Roger Clemens, I didn't say anything about him being accused of using steroids. I'm sure you know all about that controversy, but I didn't say a word. In fact, I gave you credit for forgiving him."

"You've got to be kidding. What was there to forgive? Hell, Clemens is my kind of guy! I know he was acquitted of all charges, but I would've picked him if they'd found him guilty! In fact, if they'd found him guilty, I would have made sure he was named Captain. I was going to pick Rose and Jackson too, but you beat me to it. No matter, you haven't got a chance to win this game anyway. As far as your picks are concerned, they're nothing more than an exercise in futility."

Satan put both of his hands on his ears and looked off into the distance. After a few moments, he looked back and said, "Would you agree to a short break? Beelzebub and Leviathan have requested a meeting with me. You remember them, don't you? So, what do you say? Can we take a short break?"

"Okay," Abba said. "Is fifteen minutes enough?"

"I only need ten," Satan replied.

Abba smiled. "Okay," he said. "I'll meet you back here in ten minutes."

And with that, both boys disappeared in the blink of an eye.

I was thankful for the break. So many players had been chosen, and I was beginning to lose track of who was playing for which team. Thankfully, I had grabbed my notebook before leaving my house so I could keep track of the players. I know it may sound strange, but standing there watching this put an indescribable strain on me. Without doing anything other than paying close attention to what was going on, combined with my lack of sleep, I was exhausted. This break was a perfect opportunity for me to try to relax for a few minutes.

I walked over and sat down on the bench. I closed my eyes and reveled in the feeling of the sun on my face. I tried to relax, but thoughts of the outcome of this game and what it would mean to mankind kept racing through my mind.

I found myself thinking about the permanent extinction the loser of this game would suffer! Of course, I knew that Satan has been the arch enemy of the Almighty for over two thousand years, and now Abba has the opportunity to get rid of him permanently.

I must admit Satan frightened me. John 8:44 says: *"He does not speak the truth because there is no truth in him. When he speaks out, he speaks from his own resources, for he is a liar and the father of it."*

I also know that Beelzebub and Leviathan are two of Satan's most powerful fallen angels. I'm sure they wanted to meet with Satan regarding some devious arrangement related to the game.

Based on my love of God and what I know, and based on what I have been taught, my fears were compounded. There was no question in my mind that Satan was going to lie, cheat, deceive, or use some kind of diabolical scheme to win the game and get rid of the Almighty once and for all. Even as the sun beat down on my face, that thought sent a chill through my body.

I opened my eyes and saw Abba walking back into the clearing where he and Satan had been picking their players. In the far distance, I saw Satan



also returning. He was now wearing all black: A black T-shirt, black trousers, black shoes and a baseball cap with a large red letter 'S' embroidered on it.

I had a feeling both Abba and Satan were going to get down to brass tacks picking the remainder of their team members without much discourse about the picks. They both knew the game was only two days away leaving only one day for practice.

As Satan approached, he had a huge smile on his face. "I'm ready with my next picks," he said. "I'll take Tris Speaker and Willie Keeler— 'Grey Eagle' and 'Wee Willie'— I guess you know they're both Hall of Famers."

Abba smiled. "Still using nicknames, are we? Okay, my next two picks are 'Say Hey' and 'The Hammer'—Willie Mays and Hank Aaron. By the way, they're also in the Hall of Fame!"

Satan put his hands into his pockets. "I think I'll grab a pitcher and a catcher next. Let's see . . . I'll take Mordecai 'Three Finger' Brown to pitch, and Mickey 'Black Mike' Cochrane to do some catching for me. Black Mike is as close as the word 'black' will ever come to being on my team!"

Again, Abba simply said, "So you think it's time to pick pitchers and catchers, huh? Good idea, I think I'll do the same. I'll take Don Drysdale to pitch, and Johnny Bench to catch. A couple more Hall of Famers can't hurt. You know, if we keep going on like this, we won't finish picking our teams until the sun sets. What do you say we hurry things up? After all, tomorrow *is* practice day . . ."

Satan agreed. "Good idea, but how can we hurry the process?"

"We've both been taking lots of Hall of Famers. As you know, there are over 250 players in the Baseball Hall of Fame alone. Why don't we limit ourselves to, let's say, fifty players each? That way, a total of 100 players will be chosen to play the game."

"Sounds like a plan, Mr. Almighty. One hundred of the greatest players living and dead should make up a solid roster for both of us. As you say, fifty for me and fifty for you. But I want to add something to this part of our agreement; there can be no going back. No new picks after we've chosen our total of fifty players. Injuries don't matter, nothing can change any of the picks. Will you agree to that?"

Knowing how devious Satan was, I could tell Abba knew that statement must have something to do with the way Satan was planning to cheat to win the game. Nevertheless, Abba agreed with a smile on his face.

"I like that idea," he said. "No changes no matter what. And remember, once the game starts, we're out of it for good. All we can do is watch. Speaking of watching, you can be sure that I will be watching every move you make!"

Abba continued, “The agreement has to include the fact that the manager players can play and/or manage, and any player can be moved to any position at any time. How about it Mr. Baseball, will you agree to that?”

Satan was delighted. “Great idea,” he said. “I was going to suggest that, but you beat me to it. By the way, Your Majesty, I’ll be watching you too!”

Abba smiled. “It seems like we’ve completed the rules and regulations, so why don’t we move ahead. Go on, it’s your picks!”

Satan did a little jig. “I’ll take ‘The Big Six’ and ‘The Fordham Flash!’”  
“Okay, I’ll take ‘Captain Cool’ and ‘Captain Clutch!’”

As they quickly continued picking, I wrote the names in my notebook. I noticed that they were now using nicknames only. Thankfully, my knowledge of baseball covered nicknames: ‘the Big Six’ and ‘the Fordham Flash’ were Christy Mathewson, a fantastic pitcher, and Frankie Frisch, a Hall of Fame switch-hitting second baseman. ‘Captain Cool’ was Mike Schmidt, the Hall of Fame third baseman from the Phillies, and ‘Captain Clutch’ was Derek Jeter, who holds the record as the all-time leader in hits in Major League Baseball by a shortstop. He recorded 3000 hits!

Once again, Satan danced a silly jig. “My next picks will be ‘Gentlemen George’ and ‘Old Pete!’”

I jotted down, George Sisler, also known as ‘Gorgeous George’— regarded as one of the best fielding first basemen in baseball history. And I remember reading about Old Pete, Grover Alexander, a real success story. He was one of thirteen children whose pitching career led him to become a member of the Baseball Hall of Fame.

Abba didn’t waste any time making his next picks, choosing ‘Tom Terrific’ and ‘Gibby’— Tom Seaver, a Hall of Fame pitcher who recorded sixty-one shutouts during his career; and Bob ‘Gibby’ Gibson, another pitcher also nicknamed ‘Hoot’ after the famous western cowboy star, Hoot Gibson. What was really amazing about him is that he was also a professional basketball player who played for the Harlem Globetrotters.

There is no question about it, this game is going to feature a group of the greatest baseball players of all time. Knowing what I know so far, I have to admit, I am a bit concerned about the outcome. I’m grateful that during my formative years I had played a lot of baseball with my friends, and that I had read all the books I could get my hands on about big league baseball, player statistics, and other elements of Major League Ball that had always fascinated me.

I am also grateful for the many times I played Strat-O-Matic baseball. The combination of these things has given me information about the game and its players that are proving invaluable to me now. I’m sure the good Lord knew these things about me. I’d like to believe that’s one of the

reasons I'd been selected to document the series of events leading up to the most important game of any kind ever played in the history of man. That's exactly what the outcome of this game will add up to be.

Satan was dancing again. "I'll take Robert Moses Grove, sometimes known as 'Lefty', and Al Simmons, sometimes called 'Bucketfoot Al'! Don't bother trying to figure it out, Lefty is a pitcher, and Bucketfoot Al is an outfielder."

"Not to burst your bubble, but for your information, Mr. Baseball, Al Simmons' real name happens to be Aloisius Szymanski. Anyway, my next picks will be Greg Maddux, a pitcher sometimes called 'Mad Dog,' and Mariano Rivera, another pitcher they call 'Sandman.'"

The picks were really getting interesting to me. Looking over my list, it seemed Abba and Satan both seemed to be stocking up on Hall of Fame pitchers. I wondered what strategy they were planning to use on game day.

Lefty Grove was one of the greatest left-handed pitchers in Major League Baseball History. Greg Maddux was the only pitcher in Major League Baseball History to win fifteen games for seventeen straight seasons. Mariano Rivera was one of the most famous relief pitchers of all time.

There's no question about it, the pitching and fielding picks couldn't be better or smarter. As I've said, I only wish that I could figure out the strategy behind their picks.

Affecting a British accent, Satan said, "I say, old chap, my next selection will be Eddie Collins. Oh, excuse me. My next selection will be 'Cocky.' I'll also take 'Hooks'— Warren Spahn. I just love left-handed pitchers!"

"Using that British accent doesn't change the fact that you're babbling about your player selection again," Abba said. "I know all about Cocky and Hooks, I don't need any background information from you."

Satan was obviously taken aback by Abba's statement . . . I could tell he was disguising his anger with a big phony smile on his face as again, using an English accent, he said, "I say, old chap, you seem a bit irritated!"

Abba didn't respond. Instead, he calmly said, "My next selection will be Jackie . . . Jackie Robinson; and I'll also pick the 'Iron Man', Cal Ripken."

Once again, the strategy used in the selection process seemed amazing. Abba had just picked another player from the Hall of Fame who excelled at both first and second base, Jackie Robinson, and a third baseman, Cal Ripken. It was obvious to me that Abba was filling in his infield. Selecting Jackie Robinson was a fabulous choice as far as I was concerned. Not only was he the man who broke the color barrier in professional big league ball, he was also one of the greatest players of all time. Cal Ripken

was considered to be one of the best shortstops and third basemen in baseball history.

Today, MLB is composed of thirty teams: twenty-nine in the USA and one in Canada. Teams play 162 games each season. Five teams in each league advance to a four-round, post-season tournament that culminates in the World Series. For both Abba and Satan, this game was the most important baseball game of all time. It is a one game winner takes all, wherein the loser will be cast into oblivion and forever forgotten.

This is something the good Lord has bestowed upon me because of my love of the Lord and the game of baseball. I knew that I would be the only person on the face of the earth able to see and hear the drama that would unfold as this game was being played. I also knew what was expected of me as far as reporting the outcome.

Whatever subversive things Satan was planning to do when it came to telling his players who they were playing for was on my mind. I could not imagine the lies he would tell, but I knew, beyond a shadow of a doubt, the lies would be fantastic.

I also knew that Abba was well aware of this fact. However, at this time, His hands are tied when it came to doing anything other than picking players.

Once the game began, it would be a contest between a group of the greatest competitors and most famous ballplayers the game has ever known. Each one of the players knows only one way to play the game, and that was to play to win. Of course, that element would make this the most exciting competitive baseball game, and maybe the longest baseball game, ever played.

Knowing what I knew about professional baseball caused me to think about the statement I just made. 'This could be the longest game ever played.' I knew only too well that the longest baseball game ever played in professional baseball history took place in the Triple-A International League at the McCoy Stadium in Rhode Island, on April 18 and 19<sup>th</sup> in 1981. The game was between two of the most competitive teams in the league, The Pawtucket Red Sox and the Rochester Red Wings. The competition was so fierce, the game lasted an amazing 33 innings and is recorded as the longest professional baseball game in history. I think this came to mind because Abba's latest pick, Cal Ripken, played for the Rochester Red Wings in that game.

As I've been putting my thoughts forward to you through my writer, Abba and Satan continued making their picks, and I kept track, jotting down the names of the players in my notebook.

Satan picked Sam Crawford, whose nickname was ‘Wahoo Sam’, a Hall of Fame outfielder who was known as one of the greatest sluggers of the “dead ball” era. Wahoo Sam holds the record for inside-the-park home runs in a season.

Then he picked Harold Traynor, a Hall of Fame third baseman who they called ‘Pie.’ Following WWII, Pie Traynor was often referred to as the greatest third baseman in Major League Baseball history. In recent years, his reputation has been diminished with modern era careers of third basemen such as Eddie Mathews, Brooks Robinson, Mike Schmidt and George Brett, who have moved to the forefront in the memories of baseball fans, like me.

Satan also picked an amazing shortstop who later became a manager and general manager, not to mention that he also served as the President of the American League for fourteen years. His name is Joe Cronin.

Then he picked a first baseman named Adrian Anson who they called ‘Cap’, a man who led his team to five National League pennants in the 1880s.

There’s no question about it, Satan knew how to reach back into baseball history and pick players who could rival any of the greats of today.

At the same time, Abba picked Ken Griffey, Jr., an outfielder called ‘The Kid,’ or ‘Junior.’ Ken Griffey Jr. was one of the most prolific home run hitters in baseball history who recorded 630 home runs.

Abba also picked Frank Robinson, a fantastic outfielder who became the first black manager of a major league team in baseball history.

For me, the excitement was building, as pick by pick, it became obvious that both Abba and Satan were not just picking Hall of Fame players, but players who had certain qualities and experience that they believed would lead their team to the ultimate victory.

As an example of this, Abba picked Albert Pujols, also known as ‘The Machine’, or ‘Prince Albert’, a first baseman, left fielder and third baseman who had won multiple batting awards. Along with Pujols, Abba chose Clayton Kershaw, ‘The Claw’, a left-handed pitcher who won the Cy Young Award and who they say rivals the great Sandy Koufax.

Both Pujols and Kershaw have exceptional skills. When Albert Pujols faces a left-handed pitcher, he uses a heavier baseball bat than when he faces a right-handed pitcher. It’s all part of the certain qualities and experience I spoke of that are necessary to lead the team to the ultimate victory.

Satan knew this, as indicated by his next two picks: Napoleon Lajoie and Harry Heilmann. Lajoie, also known as ‘the Frenchman’, was a Hall of Fame second baseman who has been called the greatest second baseman in the history of baseball. At the turn-of-the-century, Napoleon Lajoie managed the Cleveland Naps and became known as Napoleon ‘Nap’

Lajoie. Harry Heilmann was known as 'Slug.' Slug was a right fielder and first baseman who was an exceptional slugger credited for hitting a home run in every ballpark in use during his career.

Hearing Satan pick a hitter like Harry Heilmann, Abba's next choice was none other than Ralph Kiner, an outfielder who was the home run batting champion in the National League seven times. His knowledge of the game also led him to serve as an announcer for the New York Mets.

After taking Kiner, Abba's next choice was Harmon Killebrew, whose nickname was 'Killer' and 'Hammerin' Harmon.' Killebrew was a prolific Hall of Fame player and famous hitter. At the time of his retirement, he was second only to Babe Ruth for home runs hit in the American League. Harmon is credited with being an all-around player who is known for playing first base, third base and he also played as a left fielder.

With each pick by Abba And Satan, the plot grew thicker. The choices being made are beyond any baseball fan's wildest imagination.

One takes a great hitter, the other picks a pitching strikeout artist to counteract his opponent's choice. From the beginning of the picks, this had been the strategy used, and like I said, it was obvious that choices were being made keeping in mind the overall aspects of what would be needed, as far as the athletes are concerned, to win the game.

Abba picked Smoky Joe Williams, followed by Satchel Paige.

Smoky Joe Williams was known as 'Cyclone Joe' or 'Smoky Joe'. He was an American right-handed pitcher who played in the Negro Leagues. Smoky Joe was widely recognized as one of the game's greatest pitchers. He was inducted into the Baseball Hall of Fame even though he never played in the major leagues.

Like Smoky Joe Williams, Satchel Paige was a Baseball Hall of Fame pitcher who was among the most famous and successful players from the Negro Leagues. His amazing and outstanding control as a pitcher was what first got him noticed, but it was his cocky, enthusiastic personality, and his love of the game that made him a star. On town tours across America, Paige would have his infielders sit down behind him and then routinely strikeout the side. Satchel Paige attracted record crowds whenever and wherever he played.

Satan smiled a sinister smile. "You just picked four players in a row, Your Majesty, but of course you know that, don't you? Try as you may, you can't kid a kidder! Saying those things about Smoky Joe and Satchel Paige isn't news to me. I know all about those particular players, and I don't need you to give me information about them because I'm sure you know I wouldn't touch either of them with a 10-foot pole . . . You can be sure I wouldn't have either of them on my team. The bottom line is . . ." he put

his hands behind his back, acting like a big shot. “You’re taking pitchers again, aren’t you!”

Suddenly, a big smile spread over Satan’s face. “Well guess what, Your Majesty, I know how to play that game too. My next pick will be ‘Gettysburg Eddie’! Guess maybe you’ve heard of the Hall of Fame pitcher, Eddie Plank.

“My Second pick will be Bill Terry. I’m sure you know his nickname is ‘Memphis Bill.’ He’s a first baseman considered to be one of the greatest baseball players of all time. On top of that, he also happened to be a great manager. As a matter of fact, he won the World Series the first year he managed. So, go ahead, Mr. Almighty, put those picks in your pipe and smoke them!”

Once again after hearing a snide remark from Satan, Abba picked the Hall of Fame left fielder and first baseman Carl Yastrzemski whose nickname was ‘Yaz’. Although Carl Yastrzemski was primarily a left fielder, from time to time he played first base, and was also a designated hitter. His entire major league career was played with the Boston Red Sox.

Next, Abba picked Joe Morgan, whose nickname was ‘Little Joe.’ Joe Morgan is a Hall of Fame second baseman considered to be one of the greatest second baseman of all time. He was voted the National League’s most valuable player twice. Upon his retirement, Joe Morgan became a baseball broadcaster. I couldn’t help thinking how amazing the choices continued to be as both Abba and Satan reached back in time and selected famous Hall of Fame players who, as a baseball fan, I consider to be special Hall of Famers because of the contributions they made to the game of baseball. Contributions that have stood the test of time, among other things managers, broadcasters, role models and more.

Satan danced around like a madman. “You’re going to love my next pick, Your Majesty. I’m going to really pull a rabbit out of the hat with this pick. I’ll take Charles Radbourn, the Hall of Fame pitcher who played for such teams as the Buffalo Bisons, the Boston Beaneaters, and the Peoria Reds, a barnstorming team, as their right fielder and change pitcher.”

In case you don’t know it, no substitutions were allowed at the time, so if the starting pitcher became ineffective in the late innings, the change pitcher who usually played right field would exchange positions with the starter to try to save the game.

“My second pick will be none other than Hall of Fame pitcher named Dizzy Dean! Being all-knowing as you say you are, I guess you know he became a popular TV sports commentator.

“Actually, he gained fame by heading up the Gashouse Gang as it was called for St. Louis. But I’ve got more information for you about Dizzy

Dean. Did you know his brother Paul also played for the Gashouse Gang? Well, he did! The sportswriters used to call them Dizzy and Daffy.

“Okay, Mr. Almighty, it’s your turn. I’m sure I’ve added to your all-knowing everything there is to know with the information I just gave you about my last two picks. Especially what I told you about Charles Radbourn.”

Abba smiled. “I was surprised you didn’t mention Charles Radbourn’s nickname was ‘Old Hoss.’”

Satan crossed arms in front of his chest. “Of course, I knew that, but I decided not to mention it just because.”

Abba smiled. “Just because you’re full of the stuff that makes the grass grow!”

Satan lowered his eyes as he said, “That’s the stuff I’m going to rub your nose in when you lose the game!”

In a way, I was shocked listening to the dialogue between Abba and Satan. I’d always known there’s no love lost between them, but the sharp-tongued comments sort of took me aback.

They were becoming testier as they chose their players. Now, more than ever, I knew that our Lord wanted to deliver the final blow in the baseball game that was set to take place and end the reign of Satan for all time, erasing his name from the history of man and angels.

Abba’s next pick was Neil Walker, a switch-hitting second baseman who plays for the Pittsburgh Pirates. Neil Walker has also played the hot corner too. He is an all-around athlete proficient in both basketball and football as well. His love of baseball, though, took precedence over the other sports.

I remember when the Pirates drafted him back in 2004. He was drafted as a catcher but was moved to third base. The fact of the matter was, Neil Walker had played nearly every position on the team until he finally settled in as a top of the line second baseman.

Next, Abba picked Josh Hamilton, A five-time major league all-star who also won the American League’s most valuable player award. Josh Hamilton is an outfielder who has a litany of nicknames including: ‘The Hammer’, ‘Hambino’, and his favorite— which is tattooed on his arm— ‘Hambone.’

Once again, I was fascinated by the diversity of the picks. Seeing Abba pick two current players instead of reaching back in time proved that he is as contemporary as he needs to be and, of course, all-knowing.

Satan took notice of the last two picks. He was well aware that Neil Walker plays for Pittsburgh so, with a wide grin, he said, “I’ll take Paul Waner, whose nickname was ‘Big Poison.’ I’m sure you know he was a Hall of Fame right fielder who played for Pittsburgh. He also won three



National League batting titles! His brother Lloyd was also a big league player. In case you don't know, his brother was known as 'Little Poison'. In other words, the brothers were Big Poison and Little Poison! Being a lover of poison, I just had to pick Paul Waner. Guess what? He's going to help me poison your team in a big-time way! I'll also pick Ed Walsh, who is known as one of the best pitchers in baseball. He also happens to be a member of the Baseball Hall of Fame. Good old Ed was best known for throwing spitballs, something that was later outlawed in big league ball but of course knowing that he threw spitballs makes me love him. He's my kind of guy!"

Satan jumped up and down as he proclaimed, "And now he's on my team!" Lowering his voice, he said, "We didn't say anything about outlawing spitballs in our game, so don't try to add that to our rules list. I've got big Ed Walsh and that's that!"

Satan put his hands on his hips and took a couple of steps backward. Then he stopped, crossed his arms in front of his chest, and said with a smile, "Once our game is underway, you can count on the fact that I will arrange for my team to cook up some poison spitballs just for you, Your Majesty."

In his own inimitable way, Abba smiled and said, "I guess I'll have to bring a little sunshine onto the field after hearing your last remark. To do that, I'll just move ahead and pick 'Mr. Sunshine', Ernie Banks—a Hall of Fame shortstop and first baseman who I'm sure you know played with the Chicago Cubs for nineteen seasons. Ernie Banks was the National League All-Star for eleven seasons, and he received back-to-back National League most valuable player awards.

"My second choice will be Gary Carter, a Hall of Fame catcher. Gary's nickname 'Kid' was given to him because of his youthful appearance. In case you didn't know, Gary Carter was voted the Expos player of the year four times! He also won three consecutive Gold Glove Awards, and he chalked up 298 career home runs. He's in the baseball history books as being sixth all-time for hitting home runs by a catcher!"

I hope I'm not being too redundant when I say again that the player selections are astounding. These players are not only great on the field, but off the field they can each bring something to the table that I know will be an asset during the game.

As Abba was making his last selection, Satan was concerned. Not only because of the ability of the players but also because of their character. I was sure that would be on his mind when he made his next picks.

Once again, Satan did a little jig as he said, "Next, I'll pick Roger Bresnahan, 'The Duke of Tralee.' Roger stacks up as a pitcher, outfielder, and catcher!"

Putting his hands in his pockets, Satan continued, “An all-knowing fellow like you must know Roger was the one responsible for popularizing the use of protective equipment in baseball. He introduced the shin guards worn by catchers, and he developed the first batting helmet. By the way, Roger is also in the Baseball Hall of Fame.” Satan laughed. “And now, he’s on my team.”

Abba smiled. “I remember when Roger Bresnahan was a manager. I also remember that one time he owned a minor league baseball team called The Toledo Mud Hens! I also know that during the 17 years he played major league ball, he played all nine positions at one time or another.

Frustrated by Abba’s all-knowing remark, Satan’s face turned bright red. He said, “You’re not telling me anything I didn’t already know about Roger Bresnahan. I know everything you said, and I know lots more about him too. And I’ll tell you something else, I don’t need your interruptions when it’s my turn to pick!

“I’m taking Chuck Klein next. The ‘Hoosier Hammer’ won the National League home run title. And, Mr. Know-it-all, are you aware that he was the first National League player to hit four home runs in a game in the 20<sup>th</sup> century? Or do you know that he remains one of the only sixteen players in baseball history to have accomplished that feat?”

Abba looked at Satan with a knowing expression on his face. “Of course, I know those things and a lot more. I know that Chuck Klein hit 300 home runs during his career. I also know he was voted the National League’s most valuable player.”

Once again Satan’s face turned bright red

“Well, let me tell you something else I know.” He pointed his finger at Abba and said, “I know you wish you would have selected Chuck Klein and Roger Bresnahan for your team, but guess what? They’re on my team, and that’s where they’re going to stay! Go ahead, Mr. Almighty, make your next picks! No, wait a minute. I need another ten-minute break. I want to consult with one of the members of my board of directors.”

Abba smiled a knowing smile. “Okay,” he said. “A ten-minute break it is.”

The tone of Satan’s voice, together with the fact that his face turned redder and redder with each remark, made it clear that the tension was building. I knew that Satan was well aware of the enormous powers of Abba.

As far as I am concerned, that thought, together with the fact that Satan was a master manipulator, are what hold everything in check. Somehow, I believe this ten-minute break had something to do with whatever underhanded things Satan was cooking up. Again, I thought about the lies

Satan would eventually tell his players about who they were playing for. As history has proven, Satan is a liar and master manipulator. However, the team he is selecting is comprised of not only a group of great athletes, but the men also happen to be very bright and have experience dealing with the manipulations of sportswriters, etc. As far as I am concerned, they won't be pushovers when it comes to buying whatever story Satan has told them.

As choosing up sides continued, my thoughts ran wild. Witnessing this was beyond anything I could ever have dreamed in my wildest imagination. As I have said, I know Abba wants me to document this in the most accurate way possible, and that's precisely what I am doing.

At the same time, I admit my thoughts are going to the movie screen. I can't help thinking that if I can somehow turn these events into a motion picture, it may become the greatest, most important movie ever made; not only about baseball but about the true power of our Creator.

Tonight, when I say my prayers, I'm going to ask the Lord if, somewhere along the line, I can pursue that idea. Thinking about the enormity of this game at a time when the world finds itself in an array of problems that are catastrophic in some places, the world of sports remains a constant inasmuch as being something that seems to set itself apart from the social and economic pressures felt by countries around the world. Of course, being the kind of baseball fan I am, I consider baseball to be the greatest sport of them all. I love baseball, not only for the amazing sport it is but also because of the good it's done around the world since its inception.

Back in 1876, William Hubert became the founder of the National League. He enjoyed a monopoly on the game for a quarter of a century until the American League opened in 1901.

The two leagues slugged it out for two years, competing on everything from ticket prices to players' salaries. Finally, in 1903, the two league owners merged the leagues together; Major League Baseball as we know it today was born, World Series and all. The first game in 1903 was between the Pittsburgh Pirates of the National League and the Boston Americans (now the Boston Red Sox) of the American League.

Today, there are fifteen teams in the American League and fifteen teams in the National League. Major League Baseball is broadcast to 229 countries around the world. It is estimated that as many as 85 million fans view MLB worldwide.

And now the most important game in the history of man, let alone the history of baseball, is about to take place. As you read, it is my responsibility to report the game as it will be played and report the outcome in this book.

I am certainly no Vin Scully—one of the greatest baseball announcers of all time. I will, however, do my best to relate the game to my writer almost on a play-by-play basis. I know my ability to do this will be guided by the hand of the Almighty.

I looked up and saw Abba on the pitcher's mound. Satan was nowhere in sight. As if from nowhere, I heard Satan's voice echoing through the stillness. His raspy tone seemed to be coming over through the loudspeaker. He yelled, "My next two picks are Louis 'Hack' Wilson and Ducky Medwick."

Abba smiled a knowing smile. "Sorry, old boy, but it's my turn to pick. I'll just wait until you get back here, and then I'll tell you my selections."

Moments later, Satan walked towards Abba. "Here I am," he said, "Go ahead, make your picks!"

Abba said, "Okay, I'll take David Wright and Bryce Harper, and if you'll excuse me, it's my turn to take a break. What you say we meet back here in about fifteen minutes?"

Satan looked at Abba for a moment. Then, quite out of character he said quietly, "Good, I have some unfinished business to take care of. Fifteen minutes sounds just about right to me." With that he walked away, glancing back once to look at Abba, but Abba was already gone,

Once again, I found myself wondering what was behind their picks. Abba had just chosen David Wright, a third baseman who was a seven-time All-Star and who currently holds the Mets record for most runs batted in, doubles, total bases, runs scored and more. He was named the captain of the team and given the nickname 'Captain America.' To me, David Wright was one of the most exciting players around.

Then Abba chose Bryce Harper, an outfielder who happens to be one of the youngest players in National League baseball; a player I have watched with great enthusiasm. Since he became the first overall pick in the draft, he was voted National League Rookie of the Year, and he was a National League All-Star.

Abba's last two picks were young players: a third baseman and an outfielder. Satan chose two Hall of Fame outfielders: Hack Wilson, who rivaled Babe Ruth by hitting fifty-six home runs, and Ducky Medwick, who played during the Gashouse Gang era of the 1930s as well as leading the league in batting average, home runs and runs batted in—the National League Triple Crown.

It seems that Satan is loading up with Hall of Fame power hitters, and now, after selecting a group of some of the most famous baseball players of all time, Abba seems to be choosing younger promising players.

There is no question about it, this game is going to come down to the highest order of baseball strategy. No matter how you look at it, every player selected is a master technician as far as his position on the team is concerned. I know beyond a shadow of a doubt that every player who has been selected possesses an amazing will to win.

At the same time, thinking about the gravity of this game, thinking about the bottom-line of what it means as far as the loser is concerned, tells me that Satan will pull out all the stops when it comes to his devious ways. He will lie, cheat, and if possible, steal anything in sight to win this game.

Abba is well aware of what Satan is all about and knows only too well the true dark side of this fallen angel.

As I have said, this will come down to a game of the highest order of baseball strategy. It will come down to playing smart baseball, which will consist of, among other things, knowing when it is appropriate to hit and run. Knowing when to intentionally walk a batter. Knowing when to pinch-hit, when to double switch, when to use a pinch-hitter, when to bring the infielders in, when to shift the infielders and other important factors that will ultimately determine the winner of this game. Things like I have just mentioned, together with things like who to bat lead-off, who to bat second and who to bat clean-up will all come into play.

Like I said, as far as I am concerned, professional baseball is a game of strategy. With the array of players that will be taking the field in this game, smart baseball will have to be the smartest baseball ever conceived or played.

The coaching will have to be the best it can be. Tomorrow's practice will be the warm-up leading to the game of all games. The players, as well as the coaches, will have to be at the top of their game in all respects. Knowing some of these players' reputations, and what they may get involved in after practice, make me think of what Casey Stengel once said: "Being with a woman all night never hurt no professional baseball player. It's staying up all night looking for a woman that does him in."

This is not to say that some of the players will be looking for women, or staying up all night visiting the local watering hole. It's just a statement of fact that some of the players have rather dubious reputations off the field and, as we know, leopards don't change their spots.

No question about it, this baseball game will be a mix of the greatest fastball, screwball, curveball, split-finger fastball, sinker, knuckleball and change-up pitchers who have ever played the game versus the greatest, most powerful home run hitters of all time. It will consist of the best, most versatile, fastest infielders and outfielders who will be determined to do their stuff and not make mistakes. Coaches will be responsible, as I have said, to make certain that their team plays the smartest baseball possible.

Unfortunately, what keeps running through my mind is the fact that in the background of these things is the inevitable cheating Satan will definitely employ one way or another.

No matter what we may say or think, Satan is possessed of his satanic nature. It is an indisputable fact that somewhere along the line, somehow during the course of the game, he will try to cheat one way or another in order to ensure his success. It is the nature of the beast.

Of course, Abba is well aware of this fact. I am confident that through the playing of this game, Satan and his henchmen will discover that the power of the Almighty is unbeatable.

As I continued to wait for their return, I kept thinking about the vast array of players that had been selected who were members of the Baseball Hall of Fame.

Over the years, many people have asked me if I knew how a player gets into the Baseball Hall of Fame. For those of you reading this account who are unfamiliar with how it works, please allow me to explain. First, a player must play Major League Baseball for a minimum of ten years and be retired for five years. Players get nominated by a member of the Baseball Writers Association of America (BBWAA) with at least ten years of membership. Each writer may nominate up to ten players each year.

Any player selected by 75% of the writers during the final ballot vote is elected to the Hall of Fame. Players may also be elected by the veterans' committee, a group of living Hall of Famers. Managers and umpires are elected by a separate committee that votes in even years. Obviously, it's no easy trick getting into the Baseball Hall of Fame.

I looked up, but neither Satan nor Abba was in sight. Suddenly, the silence was broken by the loud booming voice of Satan. The names of his next two picks echoed through the loudspeaker. "I need another all-around player," he said. "A player who can pitch, manage and coach too, so I'll take Ted 'Sunday Teddy' Lyons. Of course, Mr. Almighty, you know that Ted was a pitcher, manager, and coach, but did you know that on top of his other attributes, old Sunday Teddy also had the distinction of having the second-highest ERA of any Hall of Fame pitcher in history.

"To catch for Teddy, I'll take Gabby Hartnett— a player-coach who was a six-time All-Star known to be one of the greatest catchers in the history of the National League. So, there you have it, Mr. Almighty. Let's hear your two picks."

Abba and Satan suddenly appeared. Satan had his hands in his pockets and a fake smile on his face. He stood there for a moment without

saying anything, and then his smile grew wider. “Well, go ahead, Your Majesty, pick. It’s your turn!” he said.

Calmly, Abba said, “Okay, taking your last two picks into consideration, my next two picks will be Bobby Richardson and Jim Abbott.”

Abba put his hands into his pockets and stood staring at Satan without saying another word.

Once again, I find the choices made to be nothing short of amazing. Bobby Richardson was a fantastic athlete and second baseman who played eleven years for the New York Yankees. He was a five-time recipient of the Gold Glove Award. The Gold Glove is awarded to players judged to have exhibited superior individual performances at their fielding position, as voted by the managers and coaches in each league.

Eighteen Gold Gloves are awarded each year, one for each of the nine field positions in each league. Of course, the managers and coaches cannot vote for players playing for their teams.

In my opinion, Abba’s second choice, Jim Abbott, is nothing short of sensational. Jim Abbott is without a doubt one of the most revered pitchers in Major League Baseball history. Born without a right-hand, Abbott went on to become a winning Major League Baseball pitcher credited with pitching a no-hitter against the Cleveland Indians. In spite of his handicap, he went on to stack up eighty-seven wins during his career. Abbott also won the Golden Spikes Award, an award sponsored by the Major League Baseball Association that is bestowed annually to the best amateur baseball player in the United States. The award is given to the player who best exhibits and combines exceptional all-around ability and exemplary sportsmanship.

Abba has picked another two exceptional athletes, neither of whom are in the Hall of Fame, but both of which are major award winners, known to possess the character and sportsmanship Major League Baseball is really all about.

The excitement of the game soon to be played was growing by leaps and bounds as pick by pick the player’s list grew with the names of the most famous and greatest baseball players in history.

I know I’ve said this before, but I can’t help wondering what Satan has in mind as far as who he will tell his players they are playing for. It goes without saying that whatever he tells them will be an out and out lie. It also goes without saying that the lie will have to be supported, substantiated, inning-by-inning as the game progressed.

That means whoever Satan appoints as his manager, as well as his coaches, will be the ones responsible for keeping Satan’s lie alive. There is no question that the Prince of Darkness will bring together other fallen

angels like Beelzebub, known as the voice of Satan, or Asmodeus, known as the second-in-command, or maybe Baphomet, known as the shield of Satan. Deep in my heart, I believe that whichever of these fallen angels Satan picks, or even if he should use all of them, it won't matter. As far as I am concerned, the overwhelming power of the Lord will win out over any and all obstacles.

At this point in time, both Abba and Satan have picked forty-two of the agreed upon fifty players per roster. There is no question that the group of 84 players selected so far makes up a group of the greatest baseball players in the history of the game. Nevertheless, I know that both God and Satan are saving their best players for last.

Today is December 22. Tomorrow is the practice day for both teams. Between now and tomorrow, Satan will be telling his players who they are playing for. As I said, surely he will tell them a fantastic lie. My guess is that he will tell them they are playing for the Lord.

At some point, perhaps even during the game itself, Abba will have to find a way to expose Satan's lie and restore the sense of honor and fair play to each player on Satan's team.

In the end, Abba will explain why each of the players had been called upon to play the most important game of all time. Ultimately, he will also explain that each and every one of them share equally in mankind's reward, or damnation, related to the outcome of the game.

In other words, I know the Lord will provide all the players with the greatest feeling of accomplishment any of them have ever experienced, provided the Central Church Angels win the game.

Of course, I have no way of really knowing what Satan will tell his players. Assuming he will tell them they're playing for the Lord may be wrong. I don't pretend to understand how devious or how resourceful, for that matter, Satan can really be.

In spite of what I have said, I admit that I'm deeply concerned about the outcome of the game. With the players Satan picked, chalking up a win against them will take every ounce of skill the players and coaches on Abba's team can muster up.

The reality of it all at this point is that both Abba and Satan have enough players to make up five different teams covering all nine positions with an extra five men who can be used in case of injury or for any other reason.

Their teams consist of pitchers who, as I said before, can throw anything from an inside curveball to an outside curveball, to a slider, to a record-breaking fastball, slow ball, screwball and more. You name it, they can pitch it. Their catchers, infielders, outfielders, and batters are all world-class.



So now, Abba and Satan have only eight more players to pick. That will round out their agreement of fifty players each. Tomorrow is practice day and the following day, Christmas Eve day, will be the most important baseball game of all time.

I know these last eight picks have been well thought out by both Abba and Satan. In a way, it reminds me of a horse race. When the horses come into the stretch, running full out, and the jockeys are doing all they can to make their horse cross the finish line first.

It seemed rather strange that Abba and Satan were just standing there not speaking or making picks—as if both were transfixed by something I could not see or understand.

Suddenly, Satan smiled as he blurted out, “My next two picks will be Goose Goslin and Waite Hoyt, who was known as the ‘Friendly Mortician!’”

Goose Goslin is a Hall of Fame left fielder, and Waite Hoyt is a Hall of Fame pitcher who became a broadcaster. So again, Satan selected Hall of Fame players, one of whom also had an intimate understanding of the game through his broadcasting experience.

Seemingly unmoved by Satan’s selections, Abba said, “I’ll take Tony Conigliaro and Paul Goldschmidt.”

Interestingly, neither of Abba’s choices are in the Hall of Fame. Tony Conigliaro, or ‘Tony C.’, led the league in home runs becoming the youngest home run champion in American League history. At the age of twenty-two, he not only reached a career total of 100 home runs, but he reached that milestone at the youngest age of any American League player.

Paul Goldschmidt was one of the best five-category performers in the National League. He was elected player of the year and was a double-A All-Star first baseman.

Again, it becomes obvious to me that the player selection was well thought out by both Abba and Satan. I know they are both taking more into consideration concerning their picks than meets the eye.

Now they were down to six players each. With all these amazing players, I couldn’t help thinking once again about making this into a movie. Thinking of films that had been produced about famous baseball players like *The Stratton Story* about Monty Stratton or *Pride of the Yankees*, the story of Lou Gehrig, makes me want more than ever to be able to make a movie of the game about to be played.

No question about it, if I can find a way to produce it, this will be the greatest baseball movie ever.

If only I could find a way to document tomorrow’s practice on film, I’m sure I would have the most amazing powerful baseball practice footage

ever produced. After all. There would be considerably more baseball greats in the footage than anything ever put on film. I think of the kind of money baseball movies have earned; *A League of Their Own* earned over \$107 million dollars, and *Moneyball* earned \$75 million, but neither of them could even come close to what this story has to offer.

I can just imagine Satan's team taking the practice field tomorrow. Ty Cobb, Walter Johnson, Cy Young, Mel Ott and Joe DiMaggio, to name a few.

This may be wishful thinking on my part. I know I'm caught up in the excitement of what's taking place before my eyes, but at the same time, when I go home tonight, I will be asking the Lord to give me the strength and insight to continue to document the events taking place, followed by the game on Christmas Eve.

As we know, the conclusion of the game on Christmas Eve would create an outcome that will change human history.

The closer we came to game day, the closer we came to the rules agreed upon by Abba and Satan. Rules which clearly stated neither Abba nor Satan could interfere, in any way, with the playing of the game. A violation of this edict would result in the immediate forfeiture of the game.

I knew during practice tomorrow, Satan would call any demons and make all necessary assignments as far as his manager and staff were concerned. This would be the time when Satan would put together any and all of his devious plans.

There was no doubt about it, Satan and his demons would choose a disguise that fit the occasion. I'm sure that today, after the final selections are completed, will be the last time I will see Abba and Satan appearing in the form of two young boys.

As I looked at the pitcher's mound, Abba seemed to be in a happy mood. He looked at Satan and said, "I have made my final selections. Do you want me to tell them to you, two at a time, or do you think you can absorb all six at once?"

Satan smiled a knowing smile. "Go ahead, Your Majesty, tell me the names of your final six picks. Not that it will matter anyway, your team is destined to lose this game no matter which players you pick!"

"Okay," Abba said. "I'll give you the list in alphabetical order: Roberto Clemente, Tony Gwynn, Bo Jackson, Reggie Jackson, Randy Johnson, and last, but certainly not least, Mike Trout."

Satan put his hands into his pockets and in a loud voice said, "It figures you picked Mike Trout. An Angel, and an outfielder too. I'm surprised you didn't give me his nickname, which by the way happens to be 'The Melville Meteor!'"

Once again Satan's knowledge of the players amazed me. He knew that Mike Trout was an outfielder for the Los Angeles Angels, and he knew his nickname too. Of course, he didn't know what I knew about Roberto Clemente, but more about that later.

Satan's rampage continued. "I admit that your choice of Tony Gwynn was interesting. I mean, picking a right fielder who played for the San Diego Padres for twenty seasons that earned him the nickname 'Mr. Padre' may be interesting to you, but guess what, it's meaningless to me . . . No sir, Mr. Padre won't help you win!"

Abba just stood there, but that didn't stop Satan from continuing his outrageous commentaries.

"Picking Bo Jackson won't help you either. Oh sure, everyone knows he was an All-Star in two sports, and everyone knows he was an outfielder who played for the White Sox and the Kansas City Royals, but let's face it, he's yesterday's news as far as being able to help your team win! Now, let's see, that makes three of your last six picks. Oh, gee, let's not forget that right fielder you picked, Roberto Clemente, who played eighteen seasons with the Pittsburgh Pirates."

Satan put his hands on his hips. "I guess you know I had a hand in his demise."

Abba didn't seem moved by Satan's comment. He simply said calmly, "Are you through rambling yet?"

Satan crossed his arms in front of his chest. "No, I'm not through, and I'm not rambling either. I've got a few more things to say about the last two players you picked. Let's see, Reggie Jackson. I guess you like the name, Jackson. Good old Reggie, another right fielder who played Major League Baseball for over twenty seasons for five different teams. Think I don't know about him? Reggie Jackson, or 'Mr. October', won't help your team win this December. You can make book on that!"

Satan continued his rampage. "Let's not forget Randy Johnson, a left-handed pitcher they called the 'Big Unit'. He'll become the little unit when my team is through with him."

Abba looked at Satan, who seemed quite pleased with himself. "Well," he said, "How about you, Mr. Know-it-all? Do you know who your final six players will be?"

Satan smiled. "Of course I do. Just like I know important facts about every big league ballplayer who ever played the game. Not only that, I know little-known facts too; facts I'm sure even you don't know."

Abba said quietly, "Oh really? Can you give me an example?"

Satan said, "I'll bet you have no idea what caused the four-man umpiring crew to be implemented. It just so happens that I'm an expert not

only on big league baseball players but also on big league baseball trivia.”

Abba smiled. “Is that so? Okay, I’ll tell you the answer while you try to think up your next picks. You see, I know your game, you’re stalling for time so you can decide who your last six players will be.”

Once again, Satan crossed his arms in front of his chest. “As far as I’m concerned,” he said, “you’re the one who stalling for time because you don’t know the answer to my question, do you?”

Abba smiled. “I know that when the former New York Giant and Green Bay Packers tackle Cal Hubbard was done playing football, he turned to baseball—this time as an official, not a player.

“Hubbard was an umpire for the American League. He worked four World Series and three All-Star games during his career. After being forced to retire due to a hunting accident that damaged the vision in his right eye, Hubbard became supervisor of umpires for the American League.

“Hubbard is the one who came up with the idea that umpires needed to be positioned better on the field in order to make more consistent calls. Based on his suggestion, Major League Baseball implemented the four-man umpiring crew used in each game and, as you know, that plan is still in use today. So, there’s your answer, Mr. Trivia. Tell you what I’ll do, I’ll even add one more fact for you. Did you know that Hubbard is the only man in history to be elected to both the baseball and football Hall of Fame?

“Okay, Mr. Know-it-all, I’ve answered your question and even added a bit of trivia for you. Maybe now you’ve had enough time to think about who your players will be.”

I could tell that Satan was taken aback by Abba’s answer. He wasn’t about to let it go at that. Satan pulled a large white pipe out of his pocket and lit it, taking a big puff, and blowing a huge cloud of black smoke high into the air.

With a casual look on his face, he said, “I’ll tell you who my players are, but first I’ll tell you something about one of the players you selected that I’ll bet you don’t know! For your information and edification, in 1919, Babe Ruth ordered special bats from Louisville Slugger that allowed him to hit twenty-nine home runs in his first full season as a position player. And, Your Majesty, that happened to be the first baseball bat that was ever produced with a knob on the end!” Satan took another big puff from his pipe and smiled at Abba. It was obvious that he was proud of himself. “How’s that for trivia?”

Abba calmly looked at Satan and said, “Interesting, but of course I already knew that! I also know that even though Babe Ruth had a career batting average of .344, he wasn’t quite so inclined when called upon to pinch-hit. In fact, as a pinch-hitter, he only hit a paltry .167. He only had

13 hits in 76 at bats! Put that trivia in your pipe and smoke it.”

It seemed like this battle of wits would continue until Abba said, “Are you ready to tell me who your last six players will be? I’d like to talk with my team before too much more time goes by.”

“Tomorrow is practice day. I don’t know about you, but later today I plan to indoctrinate my team, let them know the rules, explain what they’re playing for and whom they’re playing for. I can assure you that my players will be ready to step onto the field and play the greatest nine innings in baseball history. There’s no question about it, my team will win the game.”

Suddenly, an indescribable bright red reflection came from Satan’s face. His mouth was open enough that I could see his teeth elongate in the most unnatural way. I was stunned at the sight of this as it was quite frightening! Then, as quickly as the red glow appeared, it vanished. Satan looked at Abba and said, “Don’t try to pull any of your heavenly psychological bluffs on me. It won’t fly! You know, and I know, that my team will be unbeatable because it just so happens I picked the best players, and in baseball, that’s the name of the game.”

The boys grew louder and louder. Satan moved around in a most unusually animated way. He threw his white pipe high into the air and waved his arms like a crazy man. In a loud screeching voice, he continued speaking, “No, Your Majesty. Your team isn’t going to win! Putting it in terms you’ll understand, your team doesn’t have a prayer! You can get down on your knees and wiggle your ears, but it won’t help! Your team is destined to lose, and may I say, in a big-time way!”

Abba seemed unmoved by Satan’s theatrics and outburst. Using a quiet voice, Abba looked at Satan and calmly said, “I’ll tell you what. Without a full roster of players, there won’t be a game! You’ll be forced to forfeit, and it will be bye-bye to you for all eternity. You’re holding off telling me your final picks because of your pride. Your foolish pride.”

Abba’s voice became a bit deeper. Suddenly, a loud clap of thunder roared overhead.

For the first time, I heard Satan referred to as ‘Beelzebub.’ Abba said, “It seems to me, Beelzebub, that your foolish pride is about to cause you to forfeit this game, to be cast away from the history of mankind for all time, the same way you were cast out of heaven. You fell because of pride. You wanted to be me; to kick me off my throne. Well, it didn’t work then, and it won’t work now. I can assure you that you won’t be able to tell lies to your team the same way you used your lies on Adam and Eve. Sorry, Beelzebub, that will never work again.”

Abba took a couple of steps away and turned and pointed to Satan. “As far as I’m concerned, we’re at the end of the road as far as making

our player choices. You've had enough time to decide on the players that will round out your roster. Don't think for a second I'm not aware of the devious thoughts that continually run in your mind. I know you've been changing the subject and stalling for time to decide on your final picks, and also to decide just how you're going to deceive your players as far as who and what they're really playing for. Are you ready to name your last six players or maybe you're ready to admit defeat? You can forfeit the game right now. We can call it a day by saying goodbye to you forever."

Once again, Satan crossed his arms in front of his chest. In a very deep voice, he said, "You're not going to intimidate me with your words and two-thousand-year-old memories. I have powers of my own and don't you forget it. My last six picks are going to amaze you. They happen to be players you've never heard of."

Abba smiled knowing smile. "Is that so. Tell you what, I'll be sure to give you a short scenario on each player you name because whoever they are, I want you to be sure that I know all about every one of them, including the position they play. I may even tell you the first name of each of their mothers."

It's funny, but when Abba said that, I had a feeling he already knew who Satan's players were going to be. After all, he is the Almighty.

At the same time, I couldn't get out of my mind what Satan had said about having powers of his own, or the smugness in his voice when he said: 'don't you forget it.'

When Satan said he wouldn't be intimidated by anything Abba said, I instinctively felt the opposite was true. As far as I'm concerned, Satan was intimidated and upset. Knowing his appetite for lies and deceit and misdirection, his being upset made him an even more frightening and dangerous adversary.

I thought it important as the man telling this story that I tried to clarify my thoughts and belief as to who Satan really is. Satan is a term as well as the name of a figure who brings evil and temptation and is known as the deceiver that leads humanity astray. Satan originated as an angel who fell out of favor with God seducing humanity into ways of sin and who now rules over the fallen world. Satan is primarily an accuser and adversary, a decidedly malevolent entity also known as the devil, who possesses demonic qualities.

Hopefully dear reader, you have gleaned the basis of what is happening at this moment in the story. So far, God Almighty and Satan have held several face-to-face meetings and have worked out a plan to play a baseball game wherein the loser will be stricken from all historical accounts and records for all time.

Both the Almighty and Satan have taken on the form of young boys for the purpose of selecting the baseball players who will play on their respective teams. They have agreed on rules and regulations by which they must both abide or risk forfeiting the game which would bring about having their existence stricken from any and all records and accounts that ever existed. Accordingly, there would be no record of the loser ever existing! Both Abba and Satan agreed to select fifty players each to make up their teams. The roster of players consists of baseball players both living and dead.

They also agreed on the selection of umpires and any others deemed necessary to successfully play the game.

As you have read, at this moment Satan must select six more players to complete the rosters for both teams. Once the rosters are completed, the following day will be a practice day for both teams. The day after that, Christmas Eve Day, the most important baseball game and the most historical event of all time will take place.

I'll be praying for Abba's team knowing in my heart that if Abba's team wins, it would mean the end of evil for all time. It would mean the elimination of the devil and all he stands for. It would have the most positive and dramatic affect mankind has ever experienced.

It would cause people all over the world— every race, creed, and color— to go about their lives in the most positive ways conceivable. Only good thoughts and love would exist in the world. Negative things becoming positive, for all eternity. That would be my prayer.

Of course, in the back of my mind, I knew the unthinkable may also happen. Satan's team could win the game! That's why, as I relate the facts of what I see and hear each day, I do it in the most pragmatic way possible.

To me, being pragmatic means dealing with facts and occurrences exactly the way they occur, and that's what I've done, and that's what I will continue to do as I relate the rest of the story.

Satan smiled a half smile as he said, "Okay, your Majesty, here are a few more names for you: Howard Wood, who, I'm sure you know, was known as Smoky Joe Wood. I'm sure you also know that he was a pitcher who played for the Boston Red Sox!"

Abba quietly said, "Yes I know that. I also know that he played for the Cleveland Indians, only at Cleveland he didn't pitch, he was an outfielder!"

Satan reacted to the comment, saying, "My next choice is Ross Youngs. His nickname was 'Pep.' He was one of the greatest right fielders who ever played the game, and he played for the New York Giants."

Once again, in a cool, calm way, Abba said, "Right you are. Pep was a fantastic player. You forgot to mention that he's also a member of the

Baseball Hall of Fame. I remember him well. I called him home when he was only thirty years old. Guess maybe you know he passed away from Bright's Disease, the same disease that took Lou Gehrig at a very young age."

Satan didn't react to Abba's comments about Pep, but I could tell he was upset as his voice became much deeper. He said, "My next pick just happens to be another Hall of Famer. I guess maybe you've heard of Edd Roush, a center fielder who played for the Cincinnati Reds." Satan took a step towards Abba and put his hands in his pockets. This time his voice wasn't as deep as he said, "Edd Roush was one of the most dangerous hitters of all time, did you know that?"

Abba smiled. "Sure do! I also know he was a two-time winner of the National League Batting Championship."

Abba put his hands in his pockets, smiling at Satan as he said, "Another interesting thing about Edd Roush is the fact that even though he played Major League Baseball for eighteen seasons, he never had a nickname."

Satan's voice became even deeper as he said, "Of course I know that! I know all the things you said. Why do you think I picked him! I also happened to know that his middle initial is 'J.' Did you know that no one ever knew what the J stood for? How's that for a piece of trivia?"

Abba had a knowing smile on his face. He said, "Maybe I can help you out there. The 'J' didn't stand for anything! It was just an initial his parents gave him to honor the first names of both his grandfathers: Joseph and Jerry."

It was obvious that Satan was not happy with the reality that Abba is all-knowing! Once again, his face turned bright red as he said, "I'll tell you what, I'll give you the names of the last three players for my squad, but I don't want to hear any commentary from you. I'll do all the talking as far as my players are concerned. I'm not interested in what you think you know about them. My next player will be Jimmy Collins, a Hall of Fame third baseman who also happens to be a great manager for none other than the Boston Red Sox."

Satan's smile grew. "In case you're interested, Jimmy Collins was also known as a 'magician with a glove and a terror with a bat.' You're going to find out both of those things will go a long way toward my team's eventual win." Satan laughed as he said, "Yes sir, misdirection and terror, two of my favorite things!"

Abba stood motionless, not responding to the veiled threat. Again, Satan put his hands in his pockets and said, "I'm taking Luke Appling, a Hall of Fame shortstop. As you know, I don't love anything, but I admit I love Luke's nickname: 'Old Aches and Pains'. Oh, by the way, Old Aches and Pains just happened to have the highest batting average of any shortstop in the twentieth century!"



Satan stood staring at Abba expecting him to make a comment. He crossed his arms in front of his chest and kicked at the dirt on the pitcher's mound. Obviously frustrated, Satan said, "Last, but certainly not least, I'm taking 'Prince Hal,' Hal Chase, the Black Prince of baseball.

"He was a fantastic first baseman whose legacy was tainted by accusations of corruption that included, throwing games on teams he played for, consorting with underworld characters, gambling, and from time to time, even drawing some of his fellow players into his conspiracies. Good old Hal Chase is definitely my kind of guy and definitely my kind of player!" With a big smile on his face, he looked at Abba and in a loud voice said, "Your coaches better keep an eye on him when he's on the field!"

Satan laughed until his laughter became what can only be described as hysterical. The longer he laughed, the louder and more hysterical he became. He threw his arms in the air and finally threw himself on the ground, where he rolled around like a madman.

As he did this, he looked toward Abba from time to time to see if Abba was taken in by his antics. Instead, the wilder he grew, the more sedate Abba became. He seemed almost to fall asleep as he stood at ease with his hands behind his back while Satan continued his bizarre, hysterical laughter.

As quickly as he began, Satan stopped his insane laughter. He looked at Abba and said, "Oh, I feel much better now. I needed that!" Then, with a serious look on his face, he said, "Tomorrow is practice day, Your Majesty, and the day after that will be the last day you will ever be heard of for the rest of eternity, I and my wonderful team will see to that!"

Satan reached into his pocket and pulled out his pipe. As he struck a match to light the pipe, Abba disappeared into thin air. A strange look came over Satan's face. He took a huge puff from his pipe and walked away from the pitcher's mound. Moments later he was gone leaving behind a bit of black smoke from his pipe still lingering in the air. The sight of that smoke gave me an eerie feeling.

As I stood there rehashing the events that just occurred, it dawned that if I tried to relate what I had just witnessed to anyone other than my writer, I would be looked upon as someone who had a series of incredible hallucinations. In reality, what I had just witnessed was as real as rain, and now I must relate all that I saw and heard to my writer.

First, I was going to church to pray. I wanted to assure the Lord that I would convey to my writer all that He had entrusted to me with as honestly and as accurately as possible.

As I walked into the church, my mind once again shifted to the fact that, somewhere along the line, I needed to do what I could to turn this

experience into a major motion picture. There was no question in my mind that if this experience could be translated onto the movie screen and distributed around the world, it would be the most powerful film ever produced about the sport of baseball, or any other subject.

I would speak to the Lord about this, for the Lord's blessing and a whole lot of money will be needed to turn *Old Timers Day* into an epic motion picture. I could only imagine how it would look on the big screen when those famous baseball players appear wearing their original uniforms and using the equipment they used back in the day.

Because of my love of baseball, I have researched more than player stats. I've spent time learning about the equipment used in the 1800s and 1900s. Back in 1920, they used several different types of gloves including the Grover Alexander's split-fingered glove, the full web glove, and the Rawlings claw glove. Catchers used Maynard Catcher's mitts. Today, Major League Baseball players prefer the Wilson A2K or A2000 gloves or the Rawlings Heart of the Hide or Pro-Preferred gloves. Both Wilson and Rawlings also make popular catcher's mitts, but it would seem the Akademia mitt is moving into the top spot for catchers.

The evolution of the balls themselves is also amazing. The first baseballs had anything from a Walnut to a rock in the center. Today, baseballs have a rubber or cork center. Over the years, the weight of the baseball changed from 6 - 6.25 ounces to today's 5 - 5.25 ounces.

If I could ensure that this game made it to movie screens around the world, the viewing audiences would see the evolution of the game of baseball through the greatest players of all-time. They would see the equipment used back in the 1800s and 1900s as well as equipment used today.

Of course, the game would come down to the bottom line of winning or losing. What the outcome will mean to mankind can actually mean saving the entire human race and possibly the planet Earth. I could not conceive of anything other than the Lord's team winning this game; anything else was unthinkable to me. At the same time, as I have said, the Lord's team would be playing against Satan's team. The awful truth was, the devil himself would be doing whatever he could conceive of to win this game.

The Bible gives us a clear portrait of who Satan really is, and how he affects our lives. Put simply, the Bible defines Satan as an angelic being who fell from his position in heaven due to sin and is now in direct opposition to God, doing everything in his power to thwart God's purposes. He is an accuser, a tempter, a deceiver. His very name means adversary or one who opposes.

Knowing these things introduced the element of doubt as far as the final outcome of the game was concerned. Especially when it came to

something as potentially earth-shattering, and life-changing as the outcome of this game would be.

Once again, I remind you that Old Timers Day is a winner take all situation. The loser will be erased from the annals of time itself, for all time, forever and ever!

However you look at it, Old Timers Day is a game of good against evil in all aspects. The players on Satan's team will have no idea who they were really playing for, just that they'd been selected to play in the last game ever to be played at Ebbets Field.

As quickly as they had disappeared, both Abba and Satan were once again standing on the pitcher's mound, facing each other down as they had throughout the entire selection process.

Satan smiled one of his insipid smiles. He stepped back a bit and lit his pipe, blowing a cloud of smoke toward Abba. "You know, Your Majesty, with every player you've picked, and every word you've said, my resolve has gotten stronger!" Once again, I saw Satan's face turn bright red. In that frighteningly deep guttural voice, he said, "You will never defeat my plan!"

I have to admit, seeing his glowing red face and hearing that voice frightened me to the core. I stood there, unable to move until I saw Abba move closer to Satan. It was obvious that Satan's outburst didn't effect Abba all.

Abba looked at him, showing no expression whatsoever. "I'm sure you believe you have a winning plan. You know what they say: he who fails to plan, plans to fail." Abba stepped closer to stand toe to toe with Satan and whispered quietly, "Guess what, I have a plan too."

With that, Abba vanished again and so did Satan. The only thing left on the pitcher's mound was some smoke residue from Satan's pipe.

After this exchange, I definitely knew that whatever plan the Almighty came up with would be the best possible plan. I knew that God's perfect wrath and justice would be satisfied just as I knew that those who love him and who wait for his plan to be fulfilled, would be thrilled to be a part of that plan, and would praise and glorify him as they saw it unfold through the playing of the most important game ever imagined.

Somehow, I believed that all the preliminary things that had taken place were part of the Lord's plan to rid the world of Satan once and for all. I was sure that the Lord chose Christmas Eve Day as game day because, in the most innocuous way, that day is also part of the Lord's plan.

I also knew that the Lord had given me the responsibility to report it all as far as I was concerned, there was no question about it. The outcome of the game would prove to be the most important day in the history of mankind.

I hope it doesn't sound self-serving when I say that it would also be the most important day of my life. I prayed that the Lord would help me maintain the proper sense of direction and the sufficient willpower to do the job required of me. It was now time for me to go home and go through my notes with my writer. Once this was completed, I was looking forward to enjoying the magical restoring power of sleep before tomorrow's practice took place.

After relating the information to my writer, I took a shower and crawled into bed. Needless to say, I was mentally exhausted. Yet, as hard as I tried, I couldn't sleep. The excitement of tomorrow's practice day with a group of the most famous baseball players of all-time together in one place was mind-boggling to me.

I thought about the science behind baseball. I'm not trying to sound like a college physics professor, but, as far as I'm concerned, most people have no idea how difficult it is to hit a fastball in the major leagues.

The fact of the matter is, there are various aspects of science in baseball. Believe me when I tell you that batters use physics every time they're at bat. In Major League Baseball, the pitcher's mound is sixty-feet, 6-inches away from home plate. It takes the ball about 0.4 seconds to travel this distance. This is significant because it emphasizes how fast a reaction time is needed to get a hit.

As the ball leaves the pitcher's hand, it takes 0.1 seconds for the hitter just to locate the ball. In that time, the ball has already traveled 12 feet.

The batter then takes .07 seconds to calculate speed, spin, and trajectory. In this time, the ball has traveled another 10 feet. It then takes the batter 0.017 seconds for the brain and body to work together to execute a swing. This means that the batter has about 0.09 seconds to make the decision whether to swing or not. If the hitter hesitates for even .001 seconds, it could result in a foul ball or a strike.

Another aspect of physics in baseball is the optimal angle at which the ball must be hit. According to a physics teacher I once knew, the best angle at which to hit the ball is when the bat is at 45-degree angle to ensure the ball will travel farthest, and resulting in a hit or possibly a home run.

There is also physics involved for the pitcher. A pitcher uses his body movement to execute a pitch. Pitchers use something called the sequential summation of movement, or the momentum of the body to a ball. In this action, the largest body mass moves first, and so on, per decreasing body mass. To do that, the pitcher first drives his legs, then his hips, shoulders, arms, wrist, and finally the fingers. This whip-like action gives the pitcher the ability to get momentum and accuracy on the ball.

Pitchers transfer the momentum from their body into the ball, which is the purpose of the windup that is so familiar to baseball fans.

Now that I've shown off a bit of my knowledge related to the science of baseball, I should also tell you that the average major league pitcher can throw a ball about 95 miles per hour.



# *Practice Day*

December 23

Was it any wonder that I woke up at four a.m. on December 23<sup>rd</sup>? Sleep was impossible as one thought after the other kept racing through my mind. Satan's team would take the practice field first at eight a.m. this morning.

That meant I was going to see Ty Cobb, Walter Johnson, Cy Young, Rogers Hornsby, and the rest of the Hall of Famers on his roster.

The game of baseball has been so amazing in so many ways since its inception back in the nineteenth century, producing a group of famous players year after year that become, among other things, role models for youngsters around the world. Is it any wonder that thousands upon thousands of young men want to become Major League Baseball players?

Interestingly, Major League Baseball players are among the highest compensated athletes in the world. Back in 1964, the average salary of a Major League Baseball player was \$15,000 per year. By 2012 the average salary of a Major League Baseball player ballooned to slightly more than \$3 million.

The New York Yankees 2012 payroll was the highest in Major League Baseball, at \$198 million. During the same time, the San Diego Padres spent the lowest, with a payroll of \$56 million.

In any event, Major League Baseball player salaries broke the \$3 million a year mark for the first time in 2012. Yankees players had the highest average annual salary in 2012, at just over \$6 million per player, while players on the Oakland Athletics had the lowest annual salary, at an average of \$1,845,750.

Of course, the salaries only show what the players make on the field. Many players, particularly stars with a lot of name recognition, earn millions more off the field through product endorsements and more. Money earned by Major League Baseball players has always been something the

fans are interested in. Accordingly, many people wonder who the highest-paid players are. Being the kind of fan I am, I happen to know the answer to this question.

Alex Rodriguez of the Yankees was paid \$29 million in 2012, while Johann Santana of the New York Mets earned \$24 million, making him the highest paid pitcher in Major League Baseball until most recently. In 2014, when 25-year-old two-time Cy Young Award winner Clayton Kershaw of the Los Angeles Dodgers agreed to the largest contract for a pitcher in baseball history to the tune of 7 years at \$215 million USD.

Here I was, telling my writer about the science of baseball and the salaries earned by big league ballplayers and was an hour and a half away from the beginning of practice day.

There are other things I will talk about later, especially on game day when I talk about keeping the box score during a game, but right now I had to leave for Central Church. I wanted to find a spot where I could see everything during practice. Maybe I could get permission to go up to the roof of the church so I could get a bird's eye view of everything. I was going to take a few things with me to help me do my job.

Of course, I'd love to be able to use Central Church's Globe Caster they use to project interactive communications onto screens located inside the church, but, of course, that was impossible. I knew that I was the only one able to see and hear what would happen today during practice and tomorrow during the game.

I arrived at Central Church at seven a.m., an hour before practice was scheduled to begin. Satan's team would take the field first. That meant I would be seeing Joe DiMaggio, Dizzy Dean, Roger Clemens, and the rest of the amazing players on the team.

I imagine Satan would use his players in a way he felt would maximize his ability to defeat Abba, including, of course, the batting order. As I'm sure you know, the batting order, or batting lineup, consists of the nine members of the offensive team taking turns batting against the pitcher of the defensive team. The batting order is the main component of a team's offensive strategy.

In Major League Baseball, the batting order is set by the manager who, before the game, must present the home plate umpire with two copies of the team's lineup card—a card on which a team's starting batting order is recorded. The home plate umpire keeps one copy of the lineup card for each team and gives the second copy to the opposing manager. Once the home plate umpire gives the lineup cards to the opposing managers, the batting lineup is final, and managers can only make changes under the official baseball rules governing substitutions.



I knew that batting practice, fielding practice, and infield practice will be part of the regimen used by the players. I also knew calisthenics would play an important role at the onset of practice today. As far as batting practice was concerned, four groups of players would usually take several rounds of swings with a few bunts followed by 25 or 30 total cuts for each hitter.

Some players swing for the fences. Some work on hitting the other way. Some do both. Some spray balls to all field positions. Some wait patiently for a pitch in a specific part of the strike zone. Some swing at anything and everything. The thing about batting practice is that every player is different. Some players need to swing and swing. Others may take one swing and say, "I'm good" and then walk away. The great Hank Greenberg once said, "As far as I am concerned the bottom line of batting practice is that it's a comfort thing."

Of course, there are many things that take place on a practice day such as fielding drills, ground ball work, infield practice, bunt drills and the list goes on and on.

I couldn't help wondering how these famous ballplayers would handle practice day. I wondered how a great home run hitter like Babe Ruth would handle batting practice, but, of course, I wouldn't find that out until Abba's team takes the field.

Thankfully, the pastor gave me permission to go up on the roof of Central Church. Of course, I couldn't tell him why I really wanted to go up on the roof, but I didn't lie, either. I showed him my new digital camera and said I wanted to take a few photos of the surrounding area around the church.

Pastor Wilhite asked, "Why do you need the folding chair?" I explained that I wanted to spend a lot of time on the roof, shooting some time-lapse shots during the day. Again, I didn't lie. I had decided to shoot a lot of pictures during practice day, and of course, the look of things would change as time goes by.

Remember, before I left my house, I said I planned to take a few things with me to help me do my job. Well, I brought my camera, a folding chair, my notebook, my binoculars, three pens and two pencils, and my baseball scorebook.

I found a great spot on the roof where I could see in all directions. I set myself up as if I was getting ready to announce a baseball game instead of watching practice sessions.

Of course, tomorrow would be a different story. Tomorrow, during the game, I would document every move that was made on an inning by inning basis. I looked at my wristwatch. There was still 30 minutes to go

before practice began for Satan's team. I remember feeling like a kid in a candy store. I was filled with anticipation knowing I was about to see a group of famous baseball greats practicing for tomorrow's game right here, right before my eyes.

I grabbed my camera and took a couple of shots of the area where practice would take place. As I looked at the photos I had just taken, that entire area transformed into a baseball diamond, complete with dugouts.

I quickly grabbed my camera and took a couple of shots of the baseball diamond. When I looked at the camera, however, to check out the photos I had just taken, there was nothing there! It was blank! I took another picture, but again, when I looked at the photos I had just taken, there was nothing there.

I was taken aback and thought maybe my new camera was broken. I stepped a few paces away from my seat and took a picture of where I had been sitting. I looked at the camera, and there it was: a perfect photo of my chair, my notebook and my binoculars sitting on the chair. The camera was working perfectly. I decided to take pictures of the baseball diamond again.

As I looked through the eyepiece, I saw the unmistakable image of the Georgia Peach, Ty Cobb, followed by Dizzy Dean, Carl Hubbell, and the remainder of Satan's baseball team all coming onto the field.

My heart pounded as I watched these famous big leaguers, all wearing the uniforms of their respective teams, walk across the same field at the same time. Then, in the most professional way imaginable, they began to warm-up and practice for tomorrow's game.

I snapped a photo of Joe DiMaggio walking near home plate. He had a big smile on his face as he picked up a bat and hit the ball far into center field, where I snapped another photo of Ty Cobb as he effortlessly caught the ball.

I took four more fast pictures of Joltin' Joe DiMaggio as he continued to hit one long fly ball after another deep into center field, then into right field where Ross Youngs was waiting for them. He hit one far into left field where the one and only Tris Speaker caught it.

I shot a lot of pictures of the practice, zooming in on Smoky Joe Wood as he warmed up his pitching arm by throwing fastballs to Mickey Cochrane. I took photos of Honus Wagner at shortstop as he threw the ball to Hal Chase covering first base.

Then my eyes went back to DiMaggio. I saw him with two infielders getting ready to play pepper. I noticed how he choked up on the bat as he hit the first ball to Eddie Mathews, the third baseman. Eddie threw the ball back to Joe, who hit the next ball to the second baseman, Eddie

Collins, who immediately threw it back as the pepper session continued going faster and faster.

Then my attention went to where the pitchers were warming up. I saw Carl Hubbell pitching to catcher Bill Dickey. Alongside them, Charles Radbourn was pitching to Gabby Hartnett. My attention went to the infield where I saw Adrian Anson on first base and Eddie Collins on second base. Eddie Mathews had moved from playing pepper to playing third base. They made up an unimaginable infield.

The practice session continued at a furious pace, giving me the opportunity to watch these Hall of Fame players effortlessly go through the paces they were so familiar with on a practice day.

I had taken down pages of notes along with at least 100 photographs during the practice session. I looked through my notes, wanting to make sure I had written the information in a way that I could easily relate to my writer. Then I picked up my camera excited to see the photos I had taken. What a shock! Not one picture was visible. I couldn't imagine what had happened, especially after being so careful as I was taking the pictures, making sure everything was in perfect focus. The disappointment I felt actually made me feel physically sick.

A cold chill came over me as I realized that taking pictures of the players was not part of my arrangement.

I was the only one designated to see these players and events. I knew full well that my assignment was to give an honest and accurate account of what happened.

In my heart, I knew that the entire world would become aware of the *Old Timers Day* book, and later, this awareness would be magnified to the worldwide release of the *Old Timers Day* movie.

That thought made the chill I was feeling disappear. A warm glow came over me as I looked out over the empty practice field waiting to see the players on Abba's team arrive.

Then, once again, the eventual outcome of the game crossed my mind. There was no question about it; Satan has been a formidable enemy of the Lord for over two thousand years! Never once did Satan try to disguise who he really was, or what he represented. That was the problem, as far as I was concerned.

Knowing that Satan's team consisted of a group of famous big league baseball players, all motivated by the same ambition as far as the game of baseball was concerned; the drive to win. Knowing this, and knowing how deceitful Satan was, I had to believe that he was going to lie to his players about many things, including who they were really playing for.

The fact of the matter was, I believed he was going to tell his players they were playing for the Lord.

Let me tell you why I say that. When I was given this assignment, I made it my business to read and learn all I could about the fallen angel, Satan. My biggest advantage came from my writer, who has written several articles about Satanism and the devil. He has a wealth of knowledge on the subject. Before we began writing this book, my writer told me about the Satanic Bible, something I hadn't even known existed. He explained that in the Satanic Bible, Satan said he has always believed that he is the best friend of the church, saying "I'm the one who has kept them in business for over two thousand years." Hearing that kind of madness, that kind of blasphemous talk, gave me an even more frightening understanding of just how dangerous Satan really is.

Neither the Lord nor Satan will be allowed to interfere in any way with the playing of the game once it starts. There's no question in my mind that, combined with the lies he would tell his players, Satan would also come up with the most divisive and underhanded schemes imaginable to ensure his team's success.

As much as I hate to say it, the fact of the matter is, the outcome of this game is in question. The dark side, known as Satan, is hovering over the outcome in a most sinister way. I can't help wondering what will happen to the world should the dark side prevail.

At the same time, I know that God has no dark side. God is love and works by love and by nothing else other than love. The power and presence of God in the world is love.

Of course, my writer and I had known from the beginning that this game boils down to good against evil, right against wrong.

Abba's team would be taking the practice field in a few minutes. Now that I knew picture taking wasn't part of what I could do as part of my obligation to document what I saw, I decided to come down from the roof and watch Abba's team practice right on the playing field. Being on the baseball field during practice or before a game is something that every baseball fan dreams of.

I stood in the same spot where I stood when Abba and Satan were selecting their players. I can't describe the feeling I had when I looked out over the field and saw Nolan Ryan, Stan Musial, and Ted Williams walking onto the field.

They were followed by the rest of Abba's team, which included Willie Mays and Hank Aaron, who played catch as they walked onto the field. At that moment, it dawned on me that Satan hadn't picked even one black

player to be on his team. As that thought crossed my mind, it dawned on me that not only had Satan not selected even one African-American player, he hadn't taken any players from any minority ethnic group!

That thought made me smile because I realized how this gave Abba a tremendous advantage during the player selection process. It opened the door for Abba to select the incredible players he selected to play on his team, players from all ethnic groups and religious backgrounds. It didn't matter to Abba because they were all his children.

Accordingly, players like a great right fielder, Tony Gwynn, and the pitching sensation Bob Gibson, along with the other black players I mentioned above, Willie Mays and the great Hank Aaron are but a few of the great ethnic players on Abba's team.

I couldn't take my eyes off the players during the practice session, which went off without a hitch. I only wish I could share with you, Reader, the feeling that came over me as I stood there almost rubbing elbows with a group of the most famous Hall of Fame baseball players that ever lived.

Watching them go through the various stages of practice, it became obvious that this practice was nothing more than going through the motions of the moves they all knew so well, be it hitting, playing infield or outfield, or running the bases. They were like a well-oiled machine!

The practice was like a group of ballet dancers warming up to go on stage. Of course, the fact of the matter was, they were loosening up for tomorrow's game. While it seemed rather effortless to me, I knew that really wasn't the case.

Can you imagine being on the same field as the great Babe Ruth, standing in the outfield waiting for Mickey Mantle to hit a fly ball to him? Or standing arm's length away from Bob Gibson—a pitcher credited with over 250 wins during his Major League Baseball career—as he pitches to a catcher like Yogi Berra?

As I have done from the onset of writing this book, I will continue to do my best to relate all that I saw to my writer as my notes are fresh off the press, so to speak. At the same time, I can't help wishing I could have taken pictures of what I was seeing and share them with you.

Of course, that lead me to think about what an amazing motion picture this would be or, I should say, will be. Because as you know, my plan after I publish this book is to produce a major motion picture that will reenact in live action all that I have seen, including tomorrow's game on Christmas Eve, and share it with the entire world via the movie screen followed by television screens worldwide.

Our movie production plan includes a preproduction phase that includes a 10-city tour in the USA, searching for look-alikes who resemble

all 100 players mentioned in this book and who participate in the playing of the game.

It is expected that this look-alike casting tour will provide *Old Timers Day* with approximately 20 weeks of unprecedented positive exposure that will, in effect, pre-sell the movie.

Once again, every time I think of the positive aspects related to this project, the reality looms on the horizon that the game has yet to be played and the outcome is yet unknown. That thought brings my thinking back to Satan, the devil, or the Prince of Darkness as he is called. Satan is now, and always has been, an adversary to the Lord.

Satan is the personification of demonic power outside man and the urge to do evil in the human psyche. His most powerful tool is deceit. It is not my intention to continue to write about Satan. However, I know that Satan's greatest advantage is that many people do not believe he exists.

Through the testimony I put forth in this book, it's obvious that I know beyond a shadow of any doubt that he does exist. I also know, beyond a shadow of any doubt that Jesus took him very seriously.

Over the centuries, Satan has been portrayed so often as a caricature with horns, spiked tail, and pitchfork, that millions consider him a myth. I truly believe that today he continues to use demons to cause havoc and destruction in the world. There's no question in my mind that, as I have said, he will use every deceitful trick he has ever used. He will stop at nothing to make sure he wins the most important event of his existence.

At the same time, I also believe that his power is not equal to the power of the Lord. Even so, after watching the practice of both the Lord's team and Satan's team, to pick the winner of tomorrow's game would be impossible. The skill and experience of the players on both teams is unequalled in the annals of baseball.

Throughout sports, there are certain franchises that have a storied history that will never be forgotten. It is an indisputable fact that Ebbets Field will never be forgotten in sports history, as it was one of the most nostalgic stadiums ever. For that reason, on Christmas Eve Day, the Old Timers Day game will be played at Ebbets Field.

Interestingly, center field is 484 feet from home plate at Ebbets Field; 84 feet further from home plate than in today's Dodger Stadium. That fact should make it difficult for even the great home run hitters playing in this most important game of all time.

Abba's players left the field. I started to relax when something caught my eye. Walking toward the pitcher's mound was one of the most beautiful, statuesque young ladies I had ever seen. She looked like a model right

out of the pages of *Harper's Bazaar* Magazine.

She was wearing a red, two-piece silk suit with a dark red vest and golden watch fob that glistened in the sunlight. From the opposite direction, I saw Abba, in his guise as a young man, approach her. It took a few seconds for me to realize that Satan was the beautiful, statuesque young woman.

Abba said, "Am I supposed to be impressed with your new look?"

"That's up to you," Satan said. "I can assure you my players seemed to like it!"

Abba smiled a knowing smile. Calmly, he said, "What do you say we conclude our business right here and now? I believe there are a few additional orders of business to take care of before tomorrow's game."

"You mean like selecting the umpires and player-coaches? Things like that?"

Abba quietly said, "Exactly. Things like that!"

Satan put her hands behind her back, and in the sexiest way imaginable said quietly, "I don't want this to come as a surprise to you, Your Majesty, but I happen to have a couple of other things on my mind. Things that have nothing to do with the umpires or player-coaches."

Abba crossed his arms in front of his chest "Oh, really? And what, may I ask, are those things?"

The young lady moved closer as she whispered, "First of all, I want you to agree to allow me to watch the game with a couple of my closest friends."

Abba smiled a knowing smile, "I see. I suppose you want to bring a couple of your friends like Asmodeus and Damballa, who would appear the way you appear now in an attempt to distract my players during the game. Is that your plan?"

The young lady smiled. "Not really, but now that you mention it, that seems like a good idea. Look, Your Majesty, we agreed that neither of us could have anything whatsoever to do with the game tomorrow. We've agreed that any breach of that part of our agreement would result in the immediate forfeiture of the game. Not that it matters, because you're going to lose anyway!"

She put her hands behind her back and smiled a weak smile. "No," she said. "I just want to view the game with a couple of my friends, but if you're afraid to grant that wish, so be it."

Abba put his hands in his pockets. "Tell you what, I'll agree that you can bring your friends to watch the game, and frankly, I don't care how you or they appear. There are, however, a couple of things I want in return."

Satan took a step back, and once again put her hands behind her back. "Go ahead. Tell me what you want."

Abba said, "I want to appoint two more players to my team. Actually, two player-coaches."

The young lady smiled. "Is that all? Well, I'll agree to that, right here and now if you'll tell me their names."

Abba said calmly, "Sure, I'll tell you. Their names are Moe Berg and Dummy Hoy."

Satan laughed, trying to be ladylike in her disguise. She turned her back as she laughed until, like once before, her laughter became hysterical. Finally, collecting herself, she calmed down and turned to face Abba. With a serious look, she said, "Oh really? You want catcher Moe Berg. Good choice. I must say he's a smart player, and guess what? I happen to know he's also a trained spy who worked with the OSS during World War II."

She put her hands on her hips and used her sexy whisper to continue. "I get it. You want to use him to spy on my team!"

She took a couple of more steps away and smiled a weak smile. "And you also want to use Dummy Hoy, the deaf center fielder. Of course, I know all about him too. I even know that Dummy Hoy was responsible for the use of hand signals in big league baseball. I also happen to know that he is credited with throwing out three runners at home plate in one game. Oh yes, your Majesty, I know all about both of your new additions."

She took out her golden pocket watch and looked at it for a moment. Carefully, she replaced the watch in her vest pocket as she looked at Abba questioningly.

"I wonder," she said. "Are you planning to have Mo Berg spy on my players and then send hand signals to Dummy Hoy, who will find some way to use them against my team?"

Abba was unmoved by her statement. He put his hands in his pockets, and with a knowing smile on his face said, "Let's forget it. I won't use the additional player-coaches, and you can stay away from the ballpark tomorrow. Let's agree on that."

Suddenly, the expression on Satan's face changed. Her attitude became that of a quiet and charming young lady. "I was just kidding around. Don't you remember? I already said I'd agree. In fact, my exact words were 'I agree here and now.'"

Her reassuring smile grew bigger as she said, "Go ahead, be my guest—use those two player-coaches."

She took a couple steps closer to Abba, and suddenly her eyes became fiery red—a dead giveaway as to who she really was—as she yelled in a deafening, screechy voice, "It won't matter anyway. You don't have a chance to win the game, and once you've lost, the world will be rid of you, Mr. Almighty. It will be rid of you forever!"



The tirade was just beginning. The fact that he was using the image of a beautiful young lady didn't seem to matter as Satan danced around like a madman, flailing her arms in the air, and laughing uncontrollably as I had seen once before. It was quite frightening to watch the image of this beautiful young lady displaying the movements of none other than the devil himself.

I looked at Abba who stood watching. He registered no emotion or reaction whatsoever. It was obvious that the satanic display was so far beneath His dignity, that he simply dismissed it, considering the source.

Finally, she stopped her rampage. As quickly as she had begun her insane screaming and irrational movements, she returned to her quiet, elegant, and seemingly dignified self.

She looked around, but Abba was nowhere to be found. She called out, "Abba, Abba. Where are you?" She walked quickly toward first base, as she looked around. Once again, she called out, "Abba, Abba. Where are you?"

Abba reappeared quite suddenly on the pitcher's mound as though he had never left. He said calmly, "I'm here! I'm right here. I haven't gone anywhere. By the way, have you decided to stick with the manager you selected?"

It was obvious to me that Abba's question and his brief disappearance had upset Satan. Of course, showing it was the last thing in the world she would do. Maintaining her composure, she calmly said, "Of course, I'm going to stick with my selection. What makes you think I changed my mind?"

"I know exactly what I'm doing as far as every selection I've made is concerned. Speaking of that, I need to take a quick break. I have something to take care of."

Abba smiled a knowing smile. "Good," he said, "So, do I. Let's meet back here in a few minutes. Without saying another word, they both vanished in the blink of an eye.

I stood there wondering what would happen next. Satan, being the deceitful character he was, seems concerned about Abba's choices of Mo Berg and Dummy Hoy, and was now wondering why Abba had asked if he still wanted to use Billy Martin as manager.

Both Abba and Satan reappeared in a few seconds. Once again, however, Satan appeared as the young boy I had seen during the player selection process. The beautiful young lady was no longer part of Satan's disguise, although for some reason I was sure he had plans to use it again.

Straight-faced Satan said, "As I said before, my manager will be Alfred Manuel Martin Jr." With a smirk, he said, "You heard me select him way back at the beginning of our discussion."

Expressionless, Abba said, "Yes, I remember when you picked Billy Martin. I just wondered if you changed your mind."

Satan seemed taken aback, "Oh really? I guess my selection worries you or maybe after thinking about it, you want to change your selection."

Abba said, "No, no changes for me. You've picked Billy Martin, and I've picked Gil Hodges!"

It was interesting to me that Satan had chosen a second base manager and Abba had chosen a first base manager. As I remember, those choices had been made way back at the beginning of this discussion about the game. Thinking back over the player selections, together with the choices of the player-managers, it started to become clear to me that from the beginning, these choices had been made the same way tactics and strategies are used in a game of chess to gain the upper hand over your opponent.

Each player was carefully thought out, according to their ability but also, in some cases, their temperament too. There was no question about it, this is going to be not only the greatest game ever played, but also the most technical, tactical, and strategic game of baseball ever played. With that in mind, Satan looked at Abba with sort of a half-smile on his face.

"You know," he said, "I've been thinking. I know we each have 50 players on our teams, but for some reason, I feel we need to add a few more backup players. You know, extras."

I could tell that Abba wondered what devious thing Satan was planning, but at the same time, seemed okay with the idea. In fact, he had a smile on his face when he said, 'Okay, how many more players do you want, and who are they?'

Putting his hands on his hips, and assuming a posture that made him seem like a big shot, Satan said, "I'll make it really easy, I want to add a half-dozen more players to my team. If their names are important to you, I'll name them all right here and now!"

Abba looked at him for a moment without speaking, then quietly said, "Good idea. Let's hear their names!"

Putting his hands into his pockets, Satan said, "Okay, I'll start with Charlie Gehringer, the second baseman." And then with a smile on his face, he said, "Next, I'll take Lloyd Waner. I guess you know they call him 'Little Poison.' I'll take him for a center fielder."

Taking his hands out of his pockets, Satan put them behind his back as he continued naming off additional players. "I'll take Phil Rizzuto for my shortstop, along with Zack Wheat, Rube Waddell, and Enos Slaughter for my right field. Those boys will fill up my outfield concerns. There you have it, Your Majesty. Let's hear what you got to say about that!"

Abba smiled a knowing smile. "To keep things on an even keel, I'll

add a few more players to my squad too, starting with Miguel Cabrera and Frank Thomas as additions to my first base position.” Then, imitating Satan, Abba put his hands behind his back and said, “Then I’ll take Brooks Robinson to cover third base.”

Continuing his imitation of Satan’s moves, Abba put his hands in his pockets and said, “I think I’ll beef up my outfield players with Carlos Beltran and Andrew McCutchen. Those boys will make great reserve players for my outfield.”

Abba took a couple steps to the side, and then, with a smile on his face, he crossed his arms in front of his chest. “To round off my backup players, I’ll add Josh Gibson as a catcher. That will do it just fine for me!”

Suddenly, the light around Abba became brighter. He looked at Satan and said, “I don’t know about you, but I’m getting tired of going back and forth over every aspect of the game. Now, all our players have been selected including our reserve players. We’ve agreed on our managers, but as you know, we’ve yet to agree on the coaches and umpires. I for one don’t want to belabor the selections.”

Satan looked around. After a moment, he said, “Although I hate to admit it, I agree. Let’s get it done and over with. Besides, I need to spend time with my managers.” A devilish smile came over his face. “There are some very special things I want my managers to tell my players!”

I knew Satan’s remark was a ploy to worry Abba since it was the kind of twisted lies he would have his managers tell his players, but Abba seemed unmoved and rather nonchalant as he said, “I’m sure you do. Tell your managers whatever you want, just remember that after today you are finished as far as having anything to do with this game.”

Anger came over Satan’s face. “Well,” he said, “let’s get down to it. What do you say we agree on having a total of seven coaches each? I don’t care who your coaches will be. I’ll be satisfied to find that out once the game starts. As far as the umpires are concerned, that may be a different matter.”

Abba smiled. “I like that idea. Seven coaches each will work as far as I’m concerned, and finding out who they are once the game begins is okay with me too. I agree the umpires are a different matter, but I have a suggestion in that regard.”

“Well go ahead, let’s hear it!”

Abba put his hands in his pockets. “How about this? I’ll pick, let’s say, the ‘Old Arbiter’, Bill Klem; he was known as the father of umpires. And now you can pick an umpire.”

Satan interrupted. “That’s easy, I pick Cal Hubbard. After all, he’s got more experience than anyone else; not in just one but in two sports!”

Abba seemed happy with that choice. “Okay, I’ll agree to Cal Hubbard. I guess we agree that Bill Klem and Cal Hubbard will be our umpires?”

Satan nodded. “Okay, I agree, But what about the other umpires?”

Abba said, “In a game of this magnitude, six total umpires will be needed.”

With a smirk on his face, Satan pointed towards the field. “That’s right, Your Majesty, we will need one at home plate, one at first base, one at second base and one at third base!”

Abba interrupted. “We’ll also need one in left field and one in right field. That’s a total of six.”

Sarcastically, Satan said, “I’m happy to see you can count!”

Ignoring his remark, Abba said, “How about this? Let’s agree to let Klem and Hubbard choose the remaining umpires.”

“I want to add Dick Higham to Bill Klem and Cal Hubbard. After that, I say the next two words we need to agree to hear are Play Ball!”

Abba quickly disagreed. “Not so fast, hold your horses. I have a few picks too, like Steve Palermo, Don Denkinger, and Doug Harvey. Add them to the list, and like you said, the next words you’ll hear will be ‘Play Ball.’

Satan’s face turned bright red, and his voice became very deep as he said, “After the words Play Ball, the next words you’re going to hear are ‘you lost the game’ and the words you’ll hear after that are ‘goodbye forever and ever, Mr. God Almighty!’ In fact,” he said, “I’ll leave you with those same words—goodbye forever and ever, Mr. God Almighty!”

With that, Satan vanished in what looked like a cloud of red dust. I turned back to find that Abba was gone as well.

On my way home from Central Church, I thought about all that had happened; my heart pounded as the reality of the game was only hours away, and the question of the game’s outcome became more unnerving to me.

In my mind, I kept seeing the hideous faces Satan made and remembered his deafening low-pitched screeching sounds. Those things, along with his last remarks really unnerved me.

Satan is a frightening creature who possesses demonic powers and abilities. I was beginning to believe that he was somehow causing me to have these horrifying thoughts.

When I finally made it home, I told my writer about the horrible thoughts I was having. I also told him those thoughts unnerved me to the point I had to stop driving and pulled over to the curb and close my eyes, praying for the Lord to help me relax my mind.

As I said before, my writer is well-versed in Satan. He has done endless research on the subject, including reading the Satanic Bible. Because his

investigations were so extensive, he not only understood, but he immediately reinforced my thought that the devil could be putting those thoughts into my mind.

“Make no mistake about it,” he said. “The devil is a supernatural entity that is the personification of evil and the enemy of God and mankind.”

At the onset of documenting what the Lord has allowed me to see and hear, I had no thoughts of Satan or what he represented. I had no idea about him at all, except for the fact that he was a fallen angel.

Now that I’ve had the experience of actually seeing and hearing Satan, there was no question in my mind that Satan possesses a horrifying evil spirit that could challenge the forgiveness or incite the anger of Abba. The moment that thought entered my mind, I heard the quiet, gentle voice of Abba, telling me not to worry. “After all,” he said, “one can only become angry with someone he respects.”

After hearing that, I realized that by appealing to his ego, the Lord had maneuvered Satan into a position where, once and for all, with the playing of a baseball game, the loser would be eliminated not only from the mind of man but also from the memory of mankind forever. I hated to imagine or even think what might happen to the world if the Lord’s team lost this game. I wanted to believe that could not be, but at the same time, I knew the reality was that it could. This was going to be a fight to the finish in the truest sense of the word *finish!* The loser would be finished forever!”

Once again, I related the events I witnessed to my writer. As I talked, I heard strange sounds, like wind whistling through the trees, and the last words I heard Satan say to Abba, ‘Goodbye forever and ever, Mr. God Almighty,’ echoed through my mind.

I don’t mind telling you that I broke out in a cold sweat. Jerry saw something was wrong. “What’s the matter?” he asked. I told him what I had just experienced. He told me that as far as he was concerned, Satan induced those sounds. “Remember,” he said, “Satan is a supernatural entity. He has supernatural powers to influence. Try to forget about it. Put it out of your mind. Concentrate on the information you need to pass along to me.”

That’s exactly what I did. It took a few moments for me to relax, but thankfully I did. Those awful sounds stopped. I picked up my notes and began reading, telling him what I had witnessed, but sadly my thoughts were once again interrupted. The notes became blurred. I felt myself slipping back into the memory of what Satan caused me to hear and feel.

A horrible thought came into my mind: What if Satan tried to use his supernatural powers on Abba’s players? He may try to confuse the players

by causing them to hear things that would interfere with their ability to play the game.

I know I've said it before, but the truth is there was no question in my mind that Satan would use whatever powers he has to make sure his team got the edge and eventually win the game.

I told my writer, Jerry, I wanted to be alone for a while. I excused myself and went to my bedroom. I got on my knees and prayed, expressing my fears to the Lord. Suddenly, a wonderful, unexplainable calm came over me, and it became clear that the Lord was in control. The Lord knew every move that was made and every word that had been spoken. What I have always known came into focus. Abba is and always has been the Almighty Lord God.

I believed that even though Satan is possessed of certain powers, when push comes to shove, he couldn't hope to compete with the power of God Almighty.

As quickly as all the horrible thoughts had entered my mind, they disappeared. I went back to work with my friend and writer, who instinctively knew that, in my own way, I had come to terms with what happened.

We finished going over my notes at about 6:30 p.m. Neither of us had eaten, and Jerry had another appointment. We said our goodbyes, and he left with his notebook that was filled with pages upon pages of notes.

I flopped down on the couch, hungry and exhausted. I closed my eyes for a moment, and before I knew it, that moment had turned into four hours. It was 10:30 p.m. when I finally opened my eyes.

I drove to Michael's, my favorite restaurant, located in the South Point Hotel, to have a bite to eat. After dinner, I decided to take a drive down the Las Vegas strip and look at the Christmas decorations that adorned the famous hotels. These decorations, combined with the flashing marquees, made everything seem surrealistic, especially after what I've been witnessing.

I looked at my wristwatch; it was just after midnight. It was Christmas Eve Day, game day, the most important day in history that no human other than me knew about. The fact of the matter was, after today's game, the world would change in the most dramatic way.

Suddenly, the words William Shakespeare wrote in *Henry IV* took on a different meaning to me. "Heavy lies the head that wears the crown!" Of course, I'm not wearing a crown, but I feel like I'm carrying the weight of the world on my shoulders.

I knew that when some people read this, they wouldn't understand how any of this is possible. All I could do was move forward, doing what I've been doing in the hope that those who understood the power of God

*Old Timers Day*

Almighty would understand that what I am seeing and hearing and relating to you is, in fact, the real thing.

Later today, when the Old Timers Day game starts, I don't know how, but I do know that yesterday will become today and today will become tomorrow.

The game is scheduled to take place at Ebbets Field, a world-famous baseball park that opened in 1913 and closed for good in 1957.

Through the power of the Almighty, this game will take place, and all the players chosen to participate will be alive and at the top of their game.

Ebbets Field will come alive too. During the game, the stands will be filled to capacity; the same number of people who witnessed the 1955 World Series played at Ebbets Field.





# *Old Timers Day*

Christmas Eve Day — Game Day

After spending a sleepless night, I looked at my watch. It was 5:30 a.m. No matter, I got into my car and drove to the Central Church. As I drove, my mind was clear and calm. I had no trepidations at all. I felt happy, calm, and well rested. As soon as I walked into Central Church, I got down on my knees and thanked the Lord for giving me the proper sense of direction and sufficient willpower to do what I had been chosen to do.

I walked outside the church, anxious to see what would happen. I looked around and found everything to be still and calm. On this early December morning, Las Vegas was enjoying about sixty degrees of sunshine.

I sat on the bench and wondered what would happen next. All kinds of things went through my mind. What if the game was canceled? What if the game never happened at all? What if all of this turned out to be nothing more than a grand illusion or some kind of hallucination I could never explain?

More time passed, and still, nothing happened. I became increasingly anxious. I got up and walked toward the area where the baseball field had appeared during all that I have seen and heard. There was nothing there but the empty church grounds.

I looked at my wristwatch: 6:25 a.m. A sick feeling came over me. I remembered that Ebbets Field was located in Brooklyn, New York. In New York, it was already 9:25 a.m.

I knew only too well that day games at Ebbets Field started at one in the afternoon. I also knew the players had a three-hour call ahead of the start time. That meant the players had to arrive at the ballpark within the next 30 minutes.

Once again, I began to worry that this was not going to happen. I was carrying three legal pads and a handful of pens and pencils. My binoculars

were hanging around my neck along with my camera, even though I knew any pictures I took wouldn't come out.

More time passed. I felt myself go weak in the knees.

The legal pads, along with the pens and pencils, fell out of my hands. I looked down, and the pens and pencils seem to fall in slow motion. I bent to pick them up when I suddenly felt a blast of cold air. I looked around and found myself standing by the third base dugout at Ebbets Field.

I didn't see any players on the field yet, but the ballpark was filled to capacity. I grabbed my binoculars and looked up at the press box. I recognized three of the most famous baseball announcers of all time: Vin Scully, Red Barber, and Mel Allen. Sitting alongside Mel Allen was none other than Charlie Ebbets, the owner and founder of Ebbets Field who decided to name the ballpark after himself.

Of course, this game wouldn't be broadcast, but I was sure the dignitaries sitting in the press box had been invited by Abba's representative.

I swung my binoculars around to the box seats along the first baseline. Much to my amazement, I saw a box full of undesirable gangsters including Al Capone, Dutch Schultz, John Dillinger and Arnold Rothstein—the guy who fixed the World Series back in the early 1900s. There was no question who had arranged for them to attend.

I scanned the other box seats. It didn't take long for me to spot the beautiful sexy young lady I recognized as none other than Satan himself. Seated next to him were two other gorgeous young ladies I knew where Satan's demons, Asmodeus and Damballa.

I guessed that Satan had decided to take the comment Abba made about his disguise to heart, including having his favorite demons deck themselves out as beautiful sexy young ladies, too. Somehow, I instinctively knew that Abba was keeping a close eye on them.

I knew that any minute the umpires would walk to home plate, where the managers of the opposing teams would meet them. First, Abba's manager, Gil Hodges, would give his batting order to the umpire-in-chief in duplicate. Next, Satan's manager, Billy Martin, would do the same. Once the umpire-in-chief had both batting orders in his hands, the umpires would be in full and complete charge of the game.

Next, the players on Abba's team would take their defensive positions. The first batter for Satan's team would take his position in the batter's box. Immediately after that, the umpire would call 'Play Ball,' and the game would start.

Suddenly, there they were—the umpires talking at home plate. A cacophony of cheering interrupted their conversation. It was so loud, I

actually felt the ground beneath my feet tremble— like an earthquake beginning to rumble.

My heart felt like it was going to jump out of my chest. Strangely, the only sounds I could hear were the extemporaneous sounds of cheering in the ballpark. I couldn't hear any dialogue from anyone in the stands, but, as I said, everyone in the stands was cheering at the top of their lungs.

When Gil Hodges and Billy Martin handed their batting orders to the umpire-in-chief, Bill Klem, I couldn't hear a word they said either. I thought maybe it was because of the deafening cheers from the fans.

Of course, I knew that Abba and Satan had no say or involvement from here on out. I knew I wouldn't be hearing them again, but I began to wonder just what, if anything, I would be allowed to hear.

Suddenly, the cheering of the crowd grew louder. I saw none other than Bing Crosby walk to the pitcher's mound. He was wearing a straw hat, and he had his ever-present pipe in his mouth. A moment later, a couple members of the technical crew ran onto the field and quickly set up a microphone for Bing Crosby.

The crowd grew quiet. I looked around, wondering what would happen next. Music began to play over the loudspeaker system, and Bing Crosby sang "White Christmas."

During the second chorus, the entire crowd sang with him, and I heard every word of the song. When the song ended, Bing Crosby waved to the crowd as he walked towards the third base dugout. Once again, the crowd cheered so loud it seemed the stadium would collapse.

The emotional thrill of watching this brought tears to my eyes. Old Timers Day was here. It was really happening, and the surprise entertainment would rival the Super Bowl or any other sports spectacular in the world.

Suddenly, the players from both teams walked onto the field and lined up along the first baseline. The crowd was going wild with excitement. Never before in the annals of professional baseball had so many great players lined up for player introductions at the same time. Believe me when I tell you it was a sight to behold.

The familiar voice of Bob Sheppard came over the PA system, and in his own inimitable way, he introduced the players from both teams one player at a time. The only way I can describe the crowd during the introductions is to say they seem totally mesmerized.

I must say that during the introductions I found myself taken in by the grandeur of it all. The red, white, and blue bunting hanging on both sides of the Schaefer Scoreboard, the American flag waving in the breeze, and more than 100 of the greatest baseball players who ever lived being introduced one at a time. It was, without a doubt, the most spectacular

sight I had ever seen. The feeling that came over me was indescribable.

I knew the game would start soon after the introductions, but the moment player introductions were finished, the crowd became curiously quiet.

I looked over toward third base and saw none other than the great Andrea Bocelli being escorted to the pitcher's mound. When he reached the mound, he stopped for a moment, then he waved to the crowd. Believe me when I tell you, a deafening roar exploded throughout the stadium. As the music started to play, the roaring stopped, he sang "The Star-Spangled Banner." As he sang, every person in Ebbets Field had tears in their eyes, including me.

At the conclusion of "The Star-Spangled Banner," Andrea Bocelli was escorted off the field. Nolan Ryan appeared walking alongside one of the greatest athletes who ever lived, the great Jim Thorpe.

As they made their way to the pitcher's mound, Bob Sheppard announced that Jim Thorpe would honor Old Timers Day by throwing the ceremonial first pitch to catcher Yogi Berra.

Needless to say, the crowd cheered wildly seeing the great Jim Thorpe throw the first pitch that would end the pregame activities.

My mind whirled as cheers from the crowd once again became deafening as Abba's team ran onto the field taking their defensive positions. I saw Lou Gehrig on first base, Jackie Robinson on second base, and Derek Jeter at shortstop. Third base was covered by Mike Schmidt. The crowd went wild as none other than Babe Ruth ran to right field, and the great Ted Williams ran into left field. Standing in center field was the one and only Willie Mays.

The roar of the crowd grew even louder as Nolan Ryan walked to the pitcher's mound.

Next, the lead-off batter for Satan's team stepped onto the field. It was none other than the Georgia Peach, Ty Cobb. He began warming up, swinging a couple of bats in his own inimitable way.

## **Top of the First Inning**

Umpire Bill Klem called out "Play Ball."

I see Ty Cobb walking toward the batter's box. I will do my best to bring the events of this game to you on a play-by-play basis, but at the same time, I hope you'll understand that I'm not Mel Allen nor any of the other great big league baseball announcers.

As you know, I'm here to relate the events of this game to you beginning right now as the great Ty Cobb steps into the batter's box. Cobb is a left-handed hitter. Nolan Ryan winds up and throws his first pitch.

In the blink of an eye, Cobb hits a vicious line drive. The ball careens off Nolan Ryan's glove to the shortstop Derek Jeter who catches the ball bare handed while falling down and throws a perfect strike to Lou Gehrig at first base, beating Cobb by half a step.

The fact that this game just started doesn't seem to matter to Ty Cobb, who in his own inimitable way started an argument with the umpire. It is obvious to me that Cobb is claiming he beat the throw and should be judged safe at first base.

I am amazed that the passage of time hasn't changed Cobb's attitude one bit. Of course, he lost the argument with the umpire and reluctantly walks back to the dugout.

As I look back toward the playing field, I see Nolan Ryan rubbing his shoulder. He seems to be uncomfortable; maybe he's in pain. Of course, I don't know, but I think it's possible that the force of that line drive has caused some kind of injury to his shoulder.

I don't mean to sound like a paranoiac, but in a strange sort of way, I can't help wondering if somehow, someway, Satan has his hand in what is happening with Ryan.

My attention is now on Honus Wagner, the famous shortstop who played for the Pittsburgh Pirates. He steps into the batter's box looking very confident as he takes a couple of practice swings. Wagner is a right-handed hitter.

Again, Nolan Ryan steps off the mound and is rotating his shoulder. Nonetheless, he winds up to pitch. Wagner hits Ryan's first pitch deep into left center field.

Willie Mays is off and running at the crack of the bat, as is Ted Williams. Mays and Williams barely miss colliding as Mays backhands the ball while leaping and crashing into the center field wall. Mays holds onto the ball for the second out. Both he and Williams are shaken up and down on the ground.

Wow, what an exciting game! And we're not even through with the first half of the first inning yet.

Tris Speaker, the left fielder and a left-handed hitter, steps into the batter's box next. I know that Speaker holds a record for hitting more than 700 doubles during his career, and there's no question that Ryan knows that too.

On the first pitch Speaker rifles a low, line drive between first and second base. The ball goes between Jackie Robinson's left and Lou Gehrig's right. Robinson, who is playing second base, makes a spectacular play on the ball by knocking it down with his glove and sliding on his knees as he simultaneously throws Speaker out at first.

As they say, that's three up three down at the top of the first. For me, being able to watch Nolan Ryan pitch to Ty Cobb is the ultimate fantasy baseball experience.

## **Bottom of the First Inning**

The crowd roars as Walter Johnson, who played for 21 years with the Washington Senators, walks out to the pitcher's mound. He stands there rubbing the ball with a fixed smile on his face. The roar of the crowd grows even louder at shortstop Derek Jeter, who played 20 seasons with the New York Yankees, steps into the batter's box.

Jeter is a right-handed hitter. The first pitch appears a bit high, but the home plate umpire Bill Klem calls a high strike on Walter Johnson's first pitch.

Again, Walter Johnson takes his time massaging the ball. His second pitch is a fastball. Jeter swings but misses. . . . Strike two!

Pitch three is a fastball outside for ball one.

On the fourth pitch, Jeter hits a hard one-hopper in the hole between third base and shortstop.

Eddie Mathews, playing third base, dives low but misses the ball, Honus Wagner, ranging to his right, backhands the ball and throws it to Jimmy Foxx at first for the out.

The second batter is center fielder Willie Mays batting right-handed. On the first pitch to Mays, Umpire Bill Klem calls another high strike. Obviously, Walter Johnson has recognized that Klem is calling high strikes as he did with Derek Jeter, that's why he is sticking with that pitch.

The second pitch is thrown high and inside, backing Mays up in the batter's box.

Pitch three: Mays rips a low outside fastball to deep right center. Cobb, playing straight away in center field, has no chance. DiMaggio, playing right field, runs to his right, backhanding the ball on one hop, and stops on a dime as he throws a strike to shortstop Honus Wagner covering second base, as Mays tries to stretch his hit into a double, but he's out at second. Wow, what an exciting play!

Next up is left fielder Ted Williams, a left-handed batter.

Pitch one is a strike called on the outside corner.

Pitch two is a ball, low and outside.

Pitch three: Ted Williams hits a line drive to deep left center. Speaker, at full gallop, backhand snow cones the ball for the third out. That's another three up and three down to end the first inning.

## **Top of the Second Inning**

The second inning begins as Joe DiMaggio steps up to bat. Joe bats right-handed. DiMaggio is facing Nolan Ryan on the pitcher's mound. The first pitch is a high inside fastball . . . Ball one. Pitch two is a curveball on the outside corner . . . Strike one!

Pitch three is a fastball that DiMaggio hits deep down the left field line. Had this ball been fair, it would have been a home run for sure. Pitch four is another fastball that Joe DiMaggio drives to left field for a single. He is now on first base.

The next batter up is Rogers Hornsby batting right-handed. The first pitch is a fastball on the inside corner. Hornsby hits a high one-hopper to Mike Schmidt's left at third base. Schmidt makes a great play on the ball catching it on the first hop; he throws to second trying to catch DiMaggio for a force out, but DiMaggio beats the tag and is safe at second. Jackie Robinson, playing second base, took the throw. And now we have runners on first and second base with no outs.

The third batter up is Jimmy Foxx, Double X as he is called. Foxx is a right-handed batter. Ball one is a fastball on the outside corner just missing the strike zone . . . It's ball one. The second pitch is outside and low, ball two; Ryan just misses the outside corner. The third pitch is a low inside fastball. Foxx hits it deep into left center field. Mays, running at full speed, leaps up and catches the ball barehanded without using his glove.

I have to say this was one of the most amazing catches I have ever seen. Mays throws the ball to Jackie Robinson at second base trying to catch DiMaggio, who gets back just in time to prevent a double-play.

The fourth batter is third baseman Eddie Mathews, a left-handed hitter. The first pitch is an inside fastball. Mathews rips it down the first base line as the first baseman Lou Gehrig backhands the ball and throws it to Nolan Ryan, who is covering first base, but Mathews is safe by half a step.

The bases are now loaded. Catcher Mickey Cochrane steps up, batting left-handed.

Pitch one is a ball, outside and fast. Pitch two is a beautiful curveball for a strike on the inside corner . . . It actually freezes Cochrane; he never even gets the bat in motion. Pitch three is a fastball. Cochrane hits a foul fly ball behind third base.

Jeter, running at full gallop, catches the ball in foul ground and simultaneously does a standup slide to prevent DiMaggio from scoring. He throws a perfect strike to Berra at home plate, and DiMaggio cannot score.

Pitcher Walter Johnson comes up to bat. I think that Billy Martin, who is managing Satan's team, must be contemplating bringing in a pinch-hitter

to take Walter Johnson's place to bat against Nolan Ryan, but I guess the fact that Walter Johnson has proven himself as a good hitting pitcher in the past causes Martin to leave him in.

Pitch one to Johnson is a fastball for a swinging strike.

The second pitch is strike two as Johnson swings at the ball and misses. Pitch three is a fastball on the outside corner. Johnson drives a low line drive deep into right field, but Babe Ruth spears it with a backhanded catch to save three runs ending the top of the second inning.

As Ruth runs toward the dugout, he hands the ball to a young black boy wearing a Brooklyn Dodgers baseball cap, and the crowd goes wild.

What I have seen so far is nothing short of spectacular. The players are beyond amazing. Every move they make seems picture perfect. Who could ever have imagined being able to witness these famous Hall of Fame baseball greats on the same field at the same time making one spectacular play after another?

At the same time, while I watch in total amazement, I know that in the background of it all, the outcome of this game is going to impact the way of the world forever.

## **Bottom of the Second Inning**

We're at the bottom of the second inning. Babe Ruth is batting. Pitch one—fastball inside—right in Ruth's wheelhouse. (Walter Johnson is still pitching.) Ruth hits a long drive off the right field wall; it is an unbelievably hard line drive that DiMaggio plays perfectly; Ruth barely makes it safely to second base as DiMaggio fires a bullet throw to Wagner covering second base.

Lou Gehrig is up to bat. Pitch one: fastball outside and low . . . Ball one. Pitch two: fastball outside and low . . . Ball two. Pitch three: high fastball. . . Ball three.

I realize Johnson is pitching around the left-handed bat of Gehrig to get to the right-handed batter up next: Jackie Robinson. Pitch Four: fastball low and outside . . . Ball four. Gehrig takes first on the walk.

Jackie Robinson now steps up to bat. Pitch one: fastball inside—just below the belt. Robinson turns on it and rips a line drive right down the third base line. Eddie Mathews dives to his right and backhands the line drive with his glove on the fly for the out. Now on his knees, Mathews fires to Hornsby covering second, almost doubling up Ruth, who dives back into second base safely. What a play by Mathews. One out; runners remain on first and second.

Mike Schmidt now steps up to bat. Pitch one: fastball, letter high.



Schmidt takes a mighty swing . . . Strike one. He was swinging for the fences with that one.

Pitch two: a ball inside and low . . . Ball one

Pitch three: a curveball low and a bit outside.

Schmidt hammers a hard ground ball right up the middle that looks like a sure base hit when Honus Wagner comes out of nowhere and, diving to his left, gloves the ball and, using only his glove, flips it to Hornsby covering second for the force out of Gehrig by a step. An amazing play by Wagner. Ruth moves to third; there is no play on Schmidt at first. Two outs.

Yogi Berra steps into the batter's box batting left-handed. Walter Johnson needs to get Berra out and Johnson knows he must be careful because Berra is a very smart batter, a tough out in anybody's book.

Pitch one: fastball, low and away . . . Ball one.

Pitch two: a low fastball. Berra swings and misses

Pitch three: fastball outside (on the black) Berra fouls it into the left field stands . . . Strike two.

Pitch four: fastball, same location on the outside corner . . . Again, Berra fouls it into the left field stands.

Pitch five: Berra for the third time fouls a fastball into the left field stands.

Neither Johnson nor Berra are giving an inch to each other.

Johnson steps off the mound . . . Berra is making him work by throwing extra pitches.

Pitch six: high fastball up around the letters . . . Berra does not offer . . . Ball two. Pitch seven: Johnson comes inside with a low fastball . . . Yogi swings and launches a line drive deep into right field . . . DiMaggio is off and running at the crack of the bat. DiMaggio, with his back to home plate, lays out and in a full dive catches the ball in his outstretched glove for the third out. What a play! That saved two runs. The Ebbets Field crowd is astonished by the play and gives the Yankee Clipper a standing ovation as he trots into the Old Timers bench.

## **Top of the Third Inning**

Ty Cobb is leading off. As he strides to the plate glaring at Nolan Ryan, Ryan is not intimidated and glares back at him.

Cobb continues to stare at Ryan as he enters the batter's box. Ryan starts to walk toward home plate as if he is about to confront Cobb. After a moment, it becomes apparent that Ryan wants to talk to Yogi Berra, who trots out to meet him at the edge of the pitcher's mound. Ryan and Berra

both turn their back to home plate as they talk. Umpire Bill Klem walks up to Ryan and Berra motioning for them to play ball.

Pitch one: inside fastball . . . Cobb drags a bunt up the first base line on the grass. As Ryan runs to pick up the ball with his right-hand, Cobb spikes him in the hand, tearing it apart. Blood gushes out as Cobb races to first base. As Cobb rounds the bag toward second, Berra charges up the line to field the ball and prevents Cobb from taking second base. Berra throws behind Cobb to Gehrig at first base as Cobb dives back in . . . He's safe at first.

Bill Klem calls time. Manager Gil Hodges, along with the entire Angels infield, runs out checking on Nolan Ryan. The Angels' trainer, Doctor Frank Jobe, comes out and wraps Ryan's hand in a towel, which rapidly becomes soaked in blood. Doctor Jobe helps him off the field.

Gil Hodges motions to Ruth in right field . . . Babe questioningly trots to the pitcher's mound. I realize that Babe Ruth is going to pitch. By the rules of baseball, Ruth gets as long as he wants to warm-up due to Ryan's injury; however, Ruth only throws three pitches to Yogi Berra and tells the umpire that he's ready. (When Ruth was warming up, he threw two fastballs and one curveball to Berra . . . all strikes.)

Hodges motions to the dugout as William Dummy Hoy charges out as Hodges sends him to right field. Dummy Hoy will be batting in the ninth position. Umpire Bill Klem shouts: "Play Ball," and then smiles toward Dummy Hoy as he puts his mask on.

Next batter is Honus Wagner. Ruth purposely pitches four outside balls to Wagner, walking him, in order to get to Tris Speaker who is a left-handed batter.

Pitch one to Speaker. Ruth hangs a curveball to Speaker, who hits a bullet line drive headed toward the gap in right center field.

Hoy cuts it off on one bounce, making a great play racing to his right. Hoy sets his feet as Cobb is off and running, knowing Hoy will have to play it on the bounce and not catch it on the fly. Cobb is now rounding third heading for home; Hoy makes a rocket throw to Berra at home. On a perfect bounce, Cobb and the ball arrive simultaneously as Cobb dives for home, hitting Berra head on, but Berra hangs on to the ball . . . Cobb is out at home! Both benches empty as the players of both teams run toward home plate. During the melee, Abba's players, led by Pete Rose, help Berra to his feet and walk off with him. Berra tries to get Gil Hodges to leave him in, but Berra is woozy and stumbling as he leaves the field to a thundering standing ovation. Wagner takes third on the throw home, and Speaker takes second. There's one out with runners on second and third. Cobb took out the battery of Berra and Ryan in the same half inning. As usual, he's a one-man wrecking crew.

Yogi Berra is helped into the Angels dugout by Pete Rose and Gil Hodges. Josh Gibson, wearing shin pads and his chest protector and carrying his catcher's mask, charges out of the dugout to cause all the fans who had just sat down to rise again, giving him a thunderous ovation even louder and longer than the ovation Berra received.

Babe Ruth and Josh Gibson, who will bat in the eighth position, meet on the mound shaking hands in a glorious larger-than-life moment. They speak briefly. As Ruth and Gibson are speaking, Ty Cobb walks to the top step of the Old Timers dugout and yells something unintelligible; I'm sure it wasn't something you'd want your kids to hear.

I see the right fielder, Joe DiMaggio, walking toward the batter's box. DiMaggio is a right-handed batter.

The first pitch is a fastball inside. DiMaggio hits a screaming line drive toward Schmidt at third who knocks it down with his glove and then picks it up, firing it toward Gehrig at first. Gehrig stretches and grabs it as DiMaggio is out by half a stride. Wagner easily scores from third. There are two outs, and Speaker is now on third base.

The next batter up is the right-handed hitter Rogers Hornsby.

Pitch one: Fastball outside and low for ball one.

Pitch two: Fastball inside . . . Hornsby swings hitting a hard ground ball deep in the hole to Derek Jeter's right. Jeter backhands it and then jump throws it to nail Hornsby at first for the third out, ending the top of the inning.

## **Bottom of the Third Inning**

It's the bottom of the third inning. William Dummy Hoy is batting for the injured Ryan after playing right field in the previous inning when Babe Ruth pitched. Hoy is a left-handed hitter. As he reached home plate, I saw the umpire, Bill Klem, and Hoy smile at each other.

The first pitch is an inside fastball that Hoy hits for a line drive into the right center field gap between Ty Cobb and Joe DiMaggio. Cobb, at full speed, cuts it off and gloves it; Hoy never slows down . . . He's thinking double all the way.

As Cobb tries to throw to Wagner, who is covering second base, he bobbles it and Hoy, who is extremely fast and a very smart base runner, hits second base with a picture-perfect slide. Cobb then appears to be screaming and yelling to no one in particular as Hoy flashes him a huge grin. The game is heating up in a big-time way.

Derek Jeter is up to bat. The first pitch by Johnson looks like a curveball heading toward the outside corner. As Johnson delivers the pitch, Hoy takes off running while Jeter swings through it for a strike.

Cochrane's throw to third is right on the money as Hoy slides into the bag. Umpire Don Denkinger calls him safe. Hoy steals third on the first pitch to Jeter. Eddie Mathews looks at the umpire in a questioning manner but does not argue the call.

The second pitch to Jeter is a fastball outside and low. The count is one ball, one strike.

I notice Hoy's lead at third is slowly expanding with each pitch! Johnson fires an inside fastball causing Jeter to back up a bit in the batter's box . . . Ball two. The count: two balls, one strike.

Johnson, focusing intently on getting Jeter, appears not to notice Hoy's lead at third.

The next pitch is a curveball to Jeter who attempts to bunt. As Johnson is releasing the pitch, Hoy breaks for home in a suicide squeeze play as Jeter misses.

Cochrane catches the pitch on the outside right-hand portion of home plate as Hoy does a headfirst slide into home, tagging the left-hand portion of the plate with his hand. Safe! The crowd erupts with a deafening roar. Hoy bounces to his feet, respectfully nods to Umpire Bill Klem, and then trots off to the dugout with a huge grin on his face.

The crowd continues to go wild, cheering louder and louder until finally Hoy emerges from the dugout and tips his cap to the crowd who are in a veritable frenzy because they know that Hoy cannot hear them. I must admit that I started to cry with joy at this glorious moment as Hoy's amazing athletic ability has caused Abba's team to tie the game. The score is one to one. (As you may know, William Dummy Hoy is noted for being the most accomplished deaf player in Major League History.)

As far as I'm concerned, this game is quickly becoming the most exciting baseball game ever played. The athletic ability of these Hall of Fame players is nothing short of amazing. At the same time, the umpires are without a doubt the best of the best. At the onset, Abba chose: Don Denkinger at third base, Doug Harvey at second base and Steve Palermo on the left foul line. While Satan chose: Bill Klem as the home plate umpire. As mentioned earlier, Bill Klem was dubbed by the sports media as the Father of Baseball Umpires. The first base umpire is Cal Hubbard, and the right field umpire is Dick Higham.

The only word to describe this game, considering the combination of Baseball Hall of Fame players and umpires, is "Glorious."

Of course, the end result will be something that will affect mankind for the remainder of eternity.

The count is now two and two. Johnson's next pitch is a fastball on the outside corner. Jeter hits it for a line drive to Jimmy Foxx's right at first base. The ball is hit so hard that Foxx can only get the tip of his glove on it. The ball is deflected toward Hornsby at second who makes a brilliant hustle play, picking up the ball barehanded and, in one motion fires, it to Walter Johnson who is covering first. He nips Jeter for the first out.

The crowd roars as Willie Mays steps up to bat.

Johnson's first pitch is outside and low, a fastball trying to get Mays to chase a bad pitch . . . Ball one.

The next pitch is an inside fastball, Mays hammers a low line drive toward Mathews at third base. In an amazing athletic move, Mathews dives fully horizontally to his right and backhands it on the fly securing the second out.

There's no question that Mathews saved a sure double and possibly a triple because of Mays's blinding speed. That's two outs!

Ted Williams steps up to the plate. The first pitch is ball one, an outside fastball. The second pitch is another fastball, inside high and tight, causing Williams to back up in the batter's box. Third pitch: a fastball on the outer half of the plate. Williams takes it for ball three. The count is now 3 and 0.

The next pitch is an inside fastball . . . Williams taking it all the way . . . Strike one. The count is now 3 balls one strike. On the next pitch, Williams hits a towering fly ball to right field that seems to hang in the air forever . . . The crowd jumps to their feet as DiMaggio, standing against the fence, makes the catch for out number three, ending the third inning.

So far, the game has been a seesaw battle of great plays by a group of the greatest players. As I've continued to say and know only too well, the outcome of this game is in question.

I look toward the box where Satan and the young ladies are seated. The girls are gone, they're nowhere in sight. Knowing who they really are makes me wonder what they're up to. I know enough about Satan to know that he has some kind of diabolical scheme in the works that will give his team the edge. There's no question that some sort of deadly deception must be in the works.

At the same time, I am confident that Abba is on guard, waiting for Satan to break his word, which will mean forfeiture of the game. Satan is a clever adversary who has been trying to figure out a way to sit on the Lord's throne for over two thousand years. The reality is, he knows that winning this game is the last chance he'll ever have to accomplish that goal.

Of course, Abba is well aware of this too.

Speaking of aware, I wonder who will pitch for Abba's team in the fourth inning? Will Babe Ruth continue to pitch or will they send him to right field and replace him with another pitcher?

I still can't seem to rationalize the fact that I'm actually standing here at Ebbets Field watching these Hall of Fame Baseball greats play this game . . . I'm actually seeing the great Babe Ruth play baseball and now I find myself questioning how the powers to be on Abba's team plan to use him as the game continues.

## **Top of the Fourth Inning**

Bob Feller, who will be batting in the ninth position, is warming up on the pitcher's mound while Babe Ruth has returned to his position in right field. Feller's throwing so hard that the ball seems to explode out of his hand. The sound of the ball hitting Josh Gibson's catcher's mitt can be heard throughout Ebbets Field.

Jimmy Foxx steps into the batter's box to face Feller. The first pitch is a fastball, low on the outside corner for strike one. I can tell that Foxx is trying to gauge Feller's speed, which can only be described as phenomenal.

The second pitch is a fastball outside and low, ball one.

The third pitch is a curve on the outside corner that misses the strike zone. The count is now two balls, one strike.

The fourth pitch is inside and low. Foxx turns on the pitch and drives it deep over the left field fence in such a hurry that the fans don't even get a chance to stand up until the ball has cleared the left field wall. The sound of the ball hitting Foxx's bat was like the sound of a cannon exploding. It was so loud that it's actually still reverberating throughout the stadium.

Feller seems a bit shaken up by the blast by Foxx. He steps off the mound to rub up a new ball.

At the same time, left-handed hitter Eddie Mathews is walking toward the batter's box.

The first pitch to Mathews is another blazing fastball that the batter rips down the third base line for a double, past a diving Mike Schmidt at third base.

Ted Williams runs down the ball, making a brilliant rocket throw to Jackie Robinson at second who almost catches a sliding Mathews but the runner's foot touches the base just barely before the tag. Mathews is safe at second.

At this time, Josh Gibson asks Umpire Bill Klem for time out. Gibson and Gil Hodges who emerge from the dugout meet on the pitcher's mound to talk to Feller.

The score is currently two to one in favor of Satan's team.

I looked toward the box seats. The three pretty young ladies have returned in time to see their team forge ahead. They are standing and applauding, exchanging knowing glances with what seems to be fixed smiles on their faces. Curiously, the young man (Satan) has left the box.

Next up is Mickey Cochrane, one of the greatest catchers of all time. He's a left-handed hitter facing the blazing Feller. Cochrane is a smart and cagey catcher, a tough out for any pitcher, even one of Feller's greatness.

Walter Johnson, the pitcher, is up next. As I see him standing in the on-deck circle I can't help remembering that he is credited with pitching 110 shutouts, the most in big league baseball history.

Feller does not want to make a mistake pitching to Cochrane with Mathews in scoring position on second base. The first pitch is a fastball outside and low: ball one. Pitch two is also a fastball, a bit closer but still outside and low: ball two. For his third pitch, Feller challenges Cochrane with an inside fastball, which Cochrane is waiting for.

He hits a long fly ball, deep into right field. It appears to be a home run but the ball hooks foul at the last second for strike one. The fourth pitch is a high fastball: ball three!

Feller knows instinctively that Cochrane could never catch up to his high fastball nor would he try. The fifth pitch is ball four, low and away. Cochrane takes first on a walk.

Walter Johnson steps up to the plate. I know that Johnson is an excellent hitting pitcher who can also hit for power. At the same time, it is definitely a potential bunting situation to move the runners to second and third with a sacrifice bunt, even with Johnson's ability at bat.

Manager Billy Martin calls time. Johnson steps out of the batter's box, and Roger Bresnahan comes into the game to pinch-run for Cochrane at first base. Bresnahan will stay in the game to catch and bat in the eighth position.

Johnson steps back into the batter's box. Feller comes right after him with a fastball low on the outside corner. Johnson squares around to bunt and offers and misses . . . Strike one.

Pitch two: Blazing fastball, Johnson squares to bunt again and offers his bunt attempt fails . . . Strike two.

Johnson steps out of the batter's box to check the signs with the third base coach John McGraw. In his mind, Johnson knows that he cannot successfully bunt Feller's fastball.

Feller comes after him again with a fastball low on the outside corner. Johnson hammers a hard grounder right up the middle past Feller. Jeter, diving to his left, gloves it behind second base and, using his glove, flips it

to Robinson at second. Robinson bare hands the toss and in one fluid motion leaps into the air, to avoid a collision with Bresnahan who is bearing down on him, and fires to Gehrig at first for a double play, while Mathews moves to third.

I must say, it was amazing to see the way Robinson touched the base for the force out at second while holding the ball in his right-hand to complete the play. There are now two outs.

Ty Cobb steps into the batter's box. In his own inimitable way, he gives Feller a long disapproving stare and then sneers at Josh Gibson behind the plate.

Without saying a word, Umpire Klem points at Cobb and then at home plate. Feller's first pitch is an inside fastball that Cobb hammers for a line drive just past a diving Lou Gehrig at first base for a base hit.

Mathews trots home to score, and Satan's team forges ahead, three to one.

Next up is shortstop Honus Wagner. As he steps into the batter's box, Cobb begins to lead off the bag at first base. His lead is large enough to cause Feller to throw to Gehrig at first twice before he even throws the first pitch to Honus Wagner.

The second throw to Gehrig almost picks Cobb off as he slips a bit getting his hand on the bag just prior to Gehrig's tag. Feller now sets on the rubber! The first pitch to Wagner is a blazing fastball down the pipe. Simultaneously, Cobb is off and running toward second on the pitch as Wagner swings and misses for a strike.

The action is fantastic as Gibson catches the pitch and is out of his catcher's crouch firing a missile all in one explosion of power to Robinson covering second. The throw is to Robinson's left, right into a sliding Cobb. Robinson makes a brilliant catch on the ball. The force of the throw and placement drives Robinson's glove right into Cobb's head. Umpire Doug Harvey, as if astonished by the play, appears to freeze for a fraction of a second before he makes the call— "OUT!"

Cobb and Robinson, both on the ground, are both shaken up on the play as Cobb's lower body upends Robinson after the tag. As they slowly rise to their feet the umpire, Harvey, steps between them. The top of the fourth inning is complete . . . Satan's team is still ahead three to one.

## **Bottom of the Fourth Inning**

Babe Ruth strides up to the plate. First pitch: a fastball, low and outside . . . Ball one. Pitch two is another fastball, low and outside . . . Ball two.

Johnson is careful as he pitches to Ruth knowing the batter's awesome power and batting prowess. Pitch three is a fastball that hits the inside corner for strike one.



As I see it, Johnson made a mistake and got away with it as the last pitch was right in Ruth's wheelhouse, but Babe didn't expect it. In fact, it seemed like he actually froze on it. Ruth will not make that mistake again!

Pitch four is outside, belt high for ball three.

Pitch five is inside at the knees.

Ruth drives a rocket line drive between first and second that is hit so hard it bounces off the bottom of the Abe Stark Suit sign on the right center field wall. Joe DiMaggio seems as surprised as anyone that the ball went right to him. To my recollection, Babe Ruth is the only player who ever hit the ball hard enough or far enough to hit that sign on the fly.

Ruth is running hard, thinking double all the way, but he has to pull up abruptly and quickly scampers back to first base. The first base coach, Ernie Banks, talks to Ruth probably to see if he is okay to continue running the bases. Ruth nods assuring Banks that he is fine.

I look over toward the box seats and, sure enough, the young man (Satan) has returned to his seat . . . The pretty young ladies are hovering around him with smiles on their faces obviously happy because their team is ahead.

Lou Gehrig steps up to the plate. Ruth takes a larger than average lead off first. Foxx is not holding him on at all. It seems to me that Foxx is more concerned about Gehrig hitting a ball toward the right side of the infield.

Johnson's first pitch is a fastball, inside and low. Gehrig hits a vicious line drive to Foxx's left. Foxx dives and makes a tremendous play on the ball for an out.

Ruth barely makes it back to the bag as Foxx slips trying to beat Ruth to the bag. Ruth seems a bit slower after the abrupt stop he made on his way to second base.

One out.

Once again, the first base coach Ernie Banks begins talking to Ruth.

Suddenly, for the first time, I can hear the public address announcer Bob Sheppard as he broadcasts that pinch-hitting for Jackie Robinson will be Joe Morgan, one of my favorite baseball players and television announcer/analyst today. Joe Morgan will stay in the game to play second base and bat in Robinson's spot.

What a thrill to watch Morgan stride to the plate batting against the great Walter Johnson. He takes strike one, a fastball outside and low.

Pitch two: a swinging strike on a blazing fastball.

Pitch three: Morgan hits a line drive right down the first base line into the right field corner. Morgan is flying now rounding first.

Ruth is trying to run hard, but I can tell he's laboring to make it to

third safely . . . Actually, if Ruth were able to run faster, Morgan may have turned this into a triple and Ruth may have scored but the third base coach, Earl Weaver, signals Ruth to slide and Ruth beat a flawless throw from DiMaggio to Eddie Mathews covering third with a perfect slide.

The crowd goes wild as umpire Don Denkinger calls Ruth safe. I can't help wondering how much longer Ruth will be able to play without hurting Abba's team?

Runners are now on second and third with one out. Mike Schmidt, a man who led the National League in home runs eight times, steps up to the plate.

Pitch one is a fastball on the outside corner . . . Strike one!

Pitch two: another fastball high and tight for ball one.

Pitch three: a curve outside and low . . . Ball two.

Pitch four: another curveball low and outside, ball three.

Johnson appears to be pitching around Schmidt to load the bases for Josh Gibson, who is batting in Berra's spot. A walk will set up a force at any base if Gibson hits it in the infield . . . It will also offer double play possibilities. Pitch five is a high fastball . . . Ball four, Schmidt walks.

One out, bases loaded.

Once again, I looked over at the box seats where I see the young man (Satan) sitting with the pretty young ladies. This is not the first time I've seen that insipid grin on his face. His feet are up on the rail of the box seats and his arms are crossed in front of his chest as he sits there gloating over the fact that his team is ahead.

Josh Gibson leaves the on-deck circle and begins walking toward home plate.

Earl Weaver is talking to Ruth at third base. He motions toward Abba's dugout. Moments later Gil Hodges and player-coach, Moe Berg, emerge talking to each other as they walk toward third base.

As they arrive at third base, Umpire Bill Klem walks toward them but deliberately stops about fifteen feet from the bag to talk to third base umpire, Don Denkinger, and allow Ruth, Hodges and Weaver to speak privately.

Just as the crowd stands, sensing something important is about to happen, Manager Gil Hodges motions to his dugout and Pete Rose runs out quickly arriving at third base. It has been decided Rose will run for Babe Ruth.

All the players in both dugouts rise to the top step of their dugout. Together, all the players on the field and in the bullpens, tip their caps to Ruth except for Ty Cobb, who in his own inimitable way, turns his back and walks toward the center field wall.

Ruth tips his cap toward the players on the field and then tips his cap to the crowd. Ruth leaves the field to a thundering standing ovation. As he reaches the dugout he is met by Casey Stengel, Mickey Mantle, and Bobby Richardson, who exit into the dugout with him, followed by Gil Hodges and Moe Berg.

Josh Gibson steps into the batter's box. Johnson's first pitch is a fastball on the outside corner—strike one!

Pitch two is another fastball—strike two! Gibson is now in a zero to two hole. He asks for time and steps out of the batter's box looking at Earl Weaver in the coaches' box at third to give him a sign.

Johnson appears to be throwing harder and faster with each pitch. Tris Speaker, who always plays an extremely shallow outfield, moves back a few feet in left field. Gibson has tremendous power and Speaker knows he will be swinging to avoid a strike three call.

Gibson will try to put the ball in play to get the run home. Pitch three is a fastball that Johnson let's catch a bit too much of the plate. Gibson lines a drive into the left center field gap . . .

Speaker is off and flying at the crack of the bat . . . It seems to me that it will be impossible for anyone to catch this ball even though Cobb is also on his horse . . . Cobb is heading right at Speaker.

At the very last moment, they miss colliding as Speaker reaches high into the air backhanding the ball as he is running away from the infield. The two base runners, Schmidt and Morgan, only going halfway to the next base, make it back to their respective bases.

Pete Rose tags up on Speaker's catch. Rose is flying down the third base line hell bent for leather (as they say) straight toward a waiting Roger Bresnahan.

Speaker, in an unbelievable display of athletic ability, stops on a dime and sets up and fires a perfect one bounce throw right into Bresnahan's glove.

Rose and the ball arrive simultaneously . . . For a split second, it appears as though the world was in suspended animation, and the sound of the force of the collision could actually be felt and heard throughout the entire ballpark.

Rose catapults into the air at full speed and drives his shoulder right into Bresnahan's body dislodging the ball. Rose then crawls to tag home plate just before an alert Walter Johnson, who was backing up home plate, picks up the ball and tags him.

Umpire Bill Klem signals safe! Morgan and Schmidt cannot advance due to Johnson's alert defensive play on the ball.

There are now two outs. The score is OLD TIMERS 3, ANGELS 2. Bresnahan has been hurt, almost knocked unconscious by the force of the collision with Pete Rose, who I can tell is also feeling the effects of the collision as he stands and shuffles toward the dugout.

On his way to the dugout, Rose passes by Mickey Mantle, who is pinch-hitting for Bob Feller. They exchange a few words as the Mick continues walking toward the plate.

Bresnahan is helped to his feet by Walter Johnson as Manager Billy Martin walks to home plate. Martin motions to catcher Bill Dickey who trots to home plate carrying his catcher's mitt and mask. Dickey, Martin and Bresnahan talk for a moment and then Martin helps Bresnahan back to the dugout.

Walter Johnson and Dickey are talking at the pitcher's mound when Umpire Klem calls, "Play Ball."

Dickey who will bat in the eighth position goes behind home plate. Mantle, a switch-hitter, steps in to face Johnson batting left-handed.

The first pitch is a fastball on the outside corner . . . Strike one!

The second pitch is high . . . Ball one! Johnson is pitching carefully to Mantle, who is possibly the greatest switch hitter of all time.

Pitch three is an inside fastball on the hands. Mantle tries to turn on it, but can't, swinging for strike two.

Pitch four: a fastball outside for ball two.

Pitch five: inside again and high . . . Ball three.

It seems to me that Johnson, who is still throwing hard, is tiring a bit, perhaps more mentally than physically.

Pitch six: a fastball, high and away. Mantle walks.

The bases are now loaded. Derek Jeter steps into the batter's box with a confident look on his face. Johnson's first pitch is a fastball on the outside portion of the plate. Jeter takes a powerful swing and pulverizes it back through the box at Walter Johnson.

The ball is hit so hard that Johnson can barely get his glove up in self-defense. The ball ricochets back toward home plate and toward the first base line. Dickey is out of his crouch like a rocket. He alertly picks up the ball and fires to Foxx at first to just nip Jeter for the out.

That ends the fourth inning . . .

The score is OLD TIMERS 3, ANGELS 2.

I must say that Satan's choice of Bill Dickey as one of his catchers was a stroke of evil genius. Dickey is not only a truly great catcher, but he is also a great coach and manager. The selection of Dickey gives Satan's team the advantage of having a manager playing on the field. Adding to that advantage, is the fact that Dickey knows all of the players on Abba's team as well as all the players on his team. He knows their foibles and weaknesses because during his amazing career he either managed and/or coached many of them.

## **Top of the Fifth Inning**

Stan Musial is playing left field for Ted Williams, and Hank Aaron is playing right field for Babe Ruth. They will bat in the same batting order as the players they replace. Left-handed Hall of Fame pitcher, Randy Johnson, is pitching for Abba's team and will bat in the ninth position. Johnson is an imposing, towering figure standing 6'10".

As he stands on the mound firing warm-up throws to his catcher, Josh Gibson, it's easy to understand why left-handed batters didn't like going up against "The Big Unit," as he was called.

Honus Wagner steps into the batter's box. He leads off the inning because Cobb was thrown out stealing second base while Wagner was still at bat. I must say he doesn't seem impressed with the huge southpaw pitcher as he takes a couple of warm-up swings.

Pitch one is a fastball inside that Wagner drives deep into the left center field gap for a stand up double. Stan Musial beat Willie Mays to the ball cutting it off before it could roll into the wall and then hitting shortstop Derek Jeter with the cutoff throw.

Tris Speaker steps up to the plate. Pitch one is a fastball low . . . Speaker swings and misses. Pitch two inside and low again, but Speaker rips it down the first base line past Gehrig . . . The ball is foul by inches.

Pitch three: Johnson throws high and inside, right under Speaker's chin. (Baseball fans and players call this "chin music")

The pitch causes Speaker to ask Umpire Klem for time. He steps out of the batter's box and refocuses. I'm sure that last pitch by Johnson was in excess of 100 miles per hour!

After a few moments, Speaker steps back into the batter's box. Pitch four is a fastball on the outside corner right on the black. Speaker is frozen . . . Strike three. One out!

Johnson set Speaker up beautifully with first the chin music, followed by going to the outside corner on the next pitch for the strikeout. I wondered why Gil Hodges put in the left-hander Johnson to pitch with only one left-handed hitter out of the first five batters he could potentially face in this inning.

Joltin' Joe DiMaggio, a right-handed hitter, is next up. Johnson knows only too well that one of Joltin' Joe's claim to fame is his famous fifty-six-game hitting streak.

The first pitch is outside and low . . . Ball one! The second pitch is a fastball. High and inside. DiMaggio bails out of the batter's box at the high heat . . . Two balls, no strikes! Pitch three is a beautiful slider, but it's low and just misses . . . Ball three!

Josh Gibson asks the umpire for time. He walks to the pitcher's mound to speak to Johnson. After a brief conversation, Gibson returns to home plate as DiMaggio steps back into the batter's box.

Pitch four is a fastball outside . . . Ball four . . . DiMaggio walks!

There's one out, runners on first and second.

As Rogers Hornsby steps up to bat I looked over and noticed that there's no activity in the Angels' bullpen.

The first pitch to Hornsby is a fastball that catches a bit too much of the plate. Hornsby hits a line drive to right field just out of the reach of Joe Morgan at second.

The ball is hit so hard that Hank Aaron fields it cleanly on one bounce as Honus Wagner rounds third base and ignores third base coach John McGraw's signal to hold up and not try to score. Wagner is running so fast I doubt he could have stopped even if he wanted to.

Aaron's throw is to Gibson's right on one bounce. Gibson fields it perfectly and sweeps both his arms down and low to his left to tag Wagner just before his foot touches home plate . . . Wagner is out!

Two outs. DiMaggio takes third, and Hornsby takes second on the throw. Randy Johnson, who was backing up home plate on the play, gives Josh Gibson a hug. They ask the umpire for time. Time is called as Johnson and Gibson walk to the pitcher's mound together.

I guess it stands to reason that I am in awe and amazement as I witness the play taking place in this game. Every play, every move by every player seems to be nothing short of spectacular.

I will be everlastingly grateful to Abba for choosing me and allowing me to be able to participate and document this historical game.

Right-handed hitter Jimmy Foxx is up next. Johnson intentionally walks Foxx to pitch to the third baseman and left-handed hitter Eddie Mathews.

It is a case of pick your poison as both Foxx and Mathews are devastating clutch power hitters. It seems that Manager Gil Hodges elects to play the percentages of a lefty against a lefty in this critical at bat with the bases loaded.

Mathews steps into the batter's box. The first pitch is a fastball inside. Mathews swings and gets under it a bit hitting a high pop foul toward the first base home dugout. Josh Gibson throws off his mask and takes off after the ball, as does first baseman Lou Gehrig.

So intent on catching the ball, neither hears the other calling for it. They collide head-on falling head over heels into the dugout despite the efforts of the Angels players who try to break their fall.

Amazingly, Gibson has somehow come up with the ball as the first base umpire, Cal Hubbard, is there to call it . . . Gibson has it for the third out.

I hope I'm wrong, but it looks to me like both Gehrig and Gibson are injured. Looking down into the Angels dugout, neither Gehrig or Gibson are visible. I presume they were taken to the clubhouse to be evaluated by the team doctor.

You can't imagine the thoughts that began to race through my mind as I look at the box seats to discover that Satan's box is empty! Could it be possible that he caused this horrible collision to happen? Where could he and the young ladies be right now? What are they going to conjure up next? Are they going to cast some kind of satanic spell that will keep both Gehrig and Gibson out of the game? My blood ran cold as these thoughts raced through my mind.

There's no question that as this game goes on, the action will become hotter and heavier increasing in intensity as it approaches the latter innings.

Knowing what's at stake as far as the loser is concerned, and knowing how cunning and deceitful Satan is, and knowing what the current score is, all add to cause these kinds of horrible thoughts to increase in intensity inside my mind.

## **Bottom of the Fifth Inning**

The dangerous right-handed hitter, Willie Mays, steps up to bat. The first pitch, a fastball is called a strike, hitting the outside corner.

The second pitch: another fastball, this time it was a bit outside!

Pitch three catches more of the plate as Mays blasts an opposite field rocket off the Schaefer Scoreboard in right field.

DiMaggio is off and running at the crack of the bat. He barely misses the ball as he leaps high into the air trying to make a back-handed catch. Cobb plays the ball perfectly off the scoreboard to prevent Mays from taking third base for a triple. Mays had been thrown out in the first inning trying to stretch a single into a double. This time he plays it a bit more conservative with his team behind three to two and no one out. He also knows that the great Stan Musial is coming up to bat.

Stan Musial steps into the batter's box to bat in place of Ted Williams. Musial is batting lefty against the right-handed Johnson.

First pitch is a fastball . . . Outside . . . Ball one!

Pitch two is also a low fastball . . . Ball two!

Pitch three: inside for ball three!

Pitch four is low and away . . . Ball four.

It's obvious that Johnson pitched around Musial to get to the right-handed hitter, Hank Aaron, who will be hitting in Babe Ruth's spot. Musial is on first, Willie Mays on second.

With no outs, Hank Aaron steps up to the plate.

Pitch one is a fastball on the outside corner for strike one!

Pitch two: Johnson throws a wicked curveball for a swinging strike two! Aaron was out in front of it and had no chance . . . I think he was expecting it would be a fastball.

Pitch three: Johnson wastes a pitch throwing a fastball high and outside for ball one! Speaker in left field instinctively backs up a few paces from his usual shallow position in left field.

Pitch four is an inside fastball. Aaron swings and gets under it just a bit, hitting a deep fly ball to left field. Speaker chases it endlessly . . . back, back, back . . . as the flight of the ball forces him to make a fantastic, back-handed catch, just before it reaches the wall, for the out.

Mays alertly did not go halfway to third on the play and makes it to third base standing. He cannot score due to a perfect throw by Speaker to the cutoff man, Honus Wagner, who then fires a strike to home plate. Musial, a smart base runner, takes second base on the throw home.

One out, with runners on second and third.

I look toward the on-deck circle, but there is no one there! Like everyone else in the ballpark, I was waiting for Lou Gehrig, but, like I said, there was no one there.

The umpire looked toward the Angels dugout with an inquisitive look on his face. Then, all of a sudden, Hammerin' Hank Greenberg emerged from the dugout, and the crowd went wild welcoming him. Of course, this means that Greenberg will not only pinch-hit for Gehrig but will also replace him at first base.

Hank Greenberg is one of my favorite baseball players. Having the opportunity to watch him bat against the great Walter Johnson in the most important baseball game ever played has moved me to tears.

Greenberg steps up to bat. Pitch one is low and away, ball one!

Pitch two is a fastball inside . . . Greenberg smashes a deep line drive to left field that goes foul by a few feet . . . Strike one!

Walter Johnson knows he got lucky and steps off the mound to rub up a new baseball.

Pitch three is outside . . . Ball two! The count is now two balls, one strike, it's a hitters count. Of course, Greenberg knows it and is riveted on Johnson's every move.

Speaker backs up a few steps in left.

I must say that Tris Speaker is one of the greatest defensive center fielders in baseball history. He is noted for playing a very shallow center field. Satan was smart by selecting a starting outfield using three center fielders to play in his outfield.



Speaker, while playing left field, could not play as shallow as he would in center field because left field is naturally smaller than center field. It's important to realize this seeing Speaker back up a few steps in left field.

Pitch four: a curveball that hangs up a little too long. Greenberg hammers a deep line drive into the left center field gap. Both Cobb and Speaker break for the ball, but it is Speaker who reaches up and spears it like a gazelle. As he and Cobb pass each other, Speaker flips the ball to Cobb's bare hand. Willie Mays tags up and scores easily from third; however, the heads-up play by Speaker flipping the ball to Cobb allows Cobb to rifle a relay to Honus Wagner, the cutoff man, which prevents Musial from scoring the go-ahead run. Musial is forced to stay on third as Wagner fires a perfect strike to Dickey at home plate.

There are two outs.

Joe Morgan, a left-handed hitter, steps up to the plate.

The first pitch is a fastball. Morgan lays down a beautiful bunt down the third base line trying to surprise everyone, especially Eddie Mathews at third base.

Mathews charges quickly toward the ball and bare hands it. His amazing athletic ability is exemplified as, while he is falling forward in the air, he fires a perfect strike to Foxx at first base, who stretches and grabs it for the third out.

That's three away, and the score remains: OLD TIMERS 3—ANGELS 3.

## **Top of the Sixth Inning**

Johnny Bench is now catching for Abba's team and will bat in the eighth position. In my opinion, Johnny Bench is the greatest all-around catcher of all time. What a thrill it is for me to watch Randy Johnson throw warm-up pitches to Bench.

Left-hander Bill Dickey steps into the batter's box.

Pitch one is a thundering fastball inside and high. Dickey bails out of the batter's box in the nick of time as the high fastball just misses his head by inches. Dickey lands in the dirt. He gets up slowly glaring at Johnson. The 6' 10" Johnson glares back in his own inimitable way.

Dickey and Bench exchange glances as Dickey steps into the batter's box.

Pitch two is a fastball inside. Dickey connects with a fierce line drive into the gap in right center. Hank Aaron cuts it off and fires it to Derek Jeter at second as Dickey slides in just ahead of the tag. A double.

Pitcher Walter Johnson is now due up to bat. As I mentioned before, Johnson is an excellent hitting pitcher. The first time he was up, there were runners on first and second. If you'll remember, Manager Billy Martin

signaled Johnson to bunt. Johnson had unsuccessfully attempted bunting the first two pitches and subsequently grounded into a double play.

With the score tied, it will be interesting to see if Billy Martin pinch-hits for the Big Train or if he'll keep him in the game. If Johnson comes to bat, I wonder will he bunt or swing away knowing that Randy Johnson throws extremely hard. Laying down a successful bunt may be difficult at best. This is a critical decision that could determine the outcome of this game. The Big Train is definitely going to hit with Dickey on second base and no outs.

Pitch one: Johnson squares around to bunt! Schmidt, at third, moves closer on the grass. It is a fastball. Walter Johnson lays down a beautiful sacrifice bunt. Derek Jeter slips over to cover third base should Schmidt attempt to take a shot and throw Dickey out at third.

Dickey, while not exceptionally fast, makes it easily to third on the sacrifice. Schmidt has only one play and that is to first to get Walter Johnson for the first out!

Ty Cobb is at bat with one out and Dickey on third base. Cobb strides up to the plate looking menacingly at Randy Johnson. The pitcher glares back. Johnson takes his time to deliver the first pitch. He rockets a high fastball inside that hits Cobb on the right shoulder bending him over in what appears to be excruciating pain.

Umpire Bill Klem calls time. Honus Wagner, the on-deck batter, comes over to check on Cobb. After a short interlude, Cobb trots slowly to first base, seemingly gaining strength and composure with every stride. As he reaches first base, he loses no time shooting another menacing look at Randy Johnson, who returns the favor. There's obviously no love lost between these two.

The Flying Dutchman, Honus Wagner, steps into the batter's box. Johnson knows only too well that Wagner won eight batting titles as he sizes Wagner up before delivering the first pitch: an inside fastball, strike one! The second pitch is another inside fastball. Wagner rips a bullet line drive just foul down the third base line. Strike two!

Pitch three: Johnson wastes one up high . . . Ball one!

Pitch four is a fastball that just misses the outside corner. Johnny Bench frames the pitch nicely and holds it for an extra second hoping to get the strike three call, but umpire Bill Klem doesn't see it that way . . . Ball two!

The count is now two balls, two strikes. The next two pitches are fastballs, low and away . . . Wagner works out a walk.

The bases are loaded with one out. Left-handed hitter Tris Speaker, the 'Grey Eagle,' steps up to bat just as catcher Johnny Bench asks for a time out.

As Bench walks toward the mound, pitching coach Orel Hershiser emerges from the Angels dugout walking toward the mound to meet with Bench and Johnson. As a player, Hershiser was a three-time all-star who set a major league record by pitching 59 consecutive innings without allowing a run.

Known for his slight frame and fierce competitive spirit, I got a kick out of it when Tommy Lasorda gave Orel Hershiser the nickname; ‘Bulldog.’

Once again, I looked toward the box seats where Satan and his henchmen should be seated. My heart skipped a beat when I saw that the box was empty. Where could they be? A horrible feeling came over me knowing that with the game in full swing, Satan will undoubtedly attempt some dirty trick to guarantee his team’s victory.

I looked through my binoculars, scanning the crowd, but they were nowhere in sight. Back on the field, Johnny Bench was returning to home plate, and Orel Hershiser was walking back to the dugout. My mind was in a whirl as I turned my attention back to the game as umpire Bill Klem called, “Play Ball.”

Speaker steps into the batter’s box. Pitch one: a blazing fastball on the outside. Speaker swings and misses, strike one!

Pitch two: another fastball that appears to be even harder. Speaker swings and misses, again . . . Strike two!

Pitch three: a beautiful slider that breaks down and away from Speaker who swings at it, but has no chance to connect with the ball . . . Strike three!

As a point of information, Randy Johnson nicknamed his slider ‘Mr. Snappy.’

Umpire Klem calls time as Hershiser again leaves the dugout and walks toward the pitcher’s mound. Bench also leaves home plate and walks toward the mound. A second visit in the same inning by Hershiser means, by rule, that Randy Johnson will leave the game and not pitch to the next batter: Joe DiMaggio.

I was so intent on the action of the game that I hadn’t noticed Don Drysdale completing his warm-up pitches in the bullpen.

Orel Hershiser motions for the big, tall, intimidating right-hander, Drysdale to face DiMaggio with the bases loaded and two outs.

Currently, the score is tied at 3 to 3.

Randy Johnson waits until Drysdale reaches the pitcher’s mound and then hands him the baseball. They exchange a few words with Hershiser and then as Johnson walks back to the dugout with Hershiser, the crowd comes to a standing ovation.

DiMaggio steps into the batter's box.

Pitch one is a blazing sidearm fastball inside and high. DiMaggio goes down 'eating dirt' to avoid getting hit by Drysdale's 'heater ball.'

Dusting himself off, DiMaggio steps back into the batter's box seemingly unruffled by Drysdale's brush-back pitch.

Pitch two: a fastball on the outside corner. DiMaggio hits a screaming line drive up the middle to the right side of second base. Joe Morgan lays out and makes a diving backhand try, but the ball hits the tip of Joe Morgan's glove and continues on into center field allowing Bill Dickey to score.

Ty Cobb, running on contact with two outs, rounds third without slowing down and is flying toward home. Willie Mays, playing a shallow center field, alertly charges the ball. He immediately scoops it up on the run and fires it toward catcher Johnny Bench on the fly. Cobb slides in at full speed as Bench blocks the plate beautifully and puts a perfect tag on Cobb who is called out by umpire Bill Klem.

As the two untangle and stand up, Cobb looks briefly at Bench but wants no part of him. He turns and walks away muttering to himself. That's three outs.

The score is now: OLD TIMERS team 4, ANGELS team 3.

## **Bottom of Sixth Inning**

Mike Schmidt leads off the inning for the Central Church Angels against the great Walter Johnson.

Pitch one is a fastball. Schmidt takes a mighty swing for strike one! It looked like he tried to tie the game with one swing.

Pitch two, another fastball. Schmidt swings and rips a one-hopper to Eddie Mathews at third base. The ball is hit so hard that Mathews appeared to be spun around by the force of the ball hitting his glove. He does a complete 360-degree turn as he fires to Foxx at first who stretches and scoops up the ball out of the dirt on one short hop for the first out. What can I say? Another amazing play!

As Johnny Bench steps into the batter's box, he gives Walter Johnson a long respectful glance. Pitch one is a fastball inside. Bench rips the ball far over the left field grandstand onto the streets of my beloved Brooklyn for a staggering home run.

Knowing the dimensions of Ebbets Field as I do, that ball traveled well over 500 feet, causing the astonished spectators to gasp at the magnitude of Bench's home run.

The score is now tied at 4-4.

The pitcher's spot in the batting order is up next. Although Drysdale is an excellent hitting pitcher, I am curious if he will bat or if a pinch-hitter will be used.

Old Timers Manager Billy Martin emerges from the dugout heading toward the mound to speak with Walter Johnson. Bill Dickey, in turn, strides to the mound from home plate. Who will tip their hand first?

The question is answered moments later when Neil Walker emerges from the Angels dugout to pinch-hit for Don Drysdale. To hear Bob Shepard announce Neil Walker to the Ebbets Field crowd is a moment I will never forget, as well as the many other things that have happened and are still to happen in this game. Time seemed to stand still, while the entire stadium seemed frozen, like a beautiful painting.

Manager Billy Martin has made his decision. The Big Six, Christy Mathewson, will pitch to Neil Walker, taking the ninth batting position. Mathewson, the 'Christian Gentleman,' arrives at the mound and as he begins his warm-up tosses, I ponder just how devious Satan is.

He chose a devout Christian to pitch for his team—a player who wouldn't even pitch on Sunday. There's no doubt in my mind that Satan chose him because of his leadership ability and the respect he receives even from opposing players. Satan must feel that Mathewson, a very educated Christian, will realize the magnitude of this game and, in turn, incorrectly believe that he is playing for the Lord along with his teammates.

Walker is batting left-handed. First pitch is a fastball on the inside corner . . . Umpire Klem calls strike one! Pitch two, another fastball on the outside corner . . . A swing and a miss . . . Strike two! Pitch three is to the inside corner. Walker swings and foul tips it but catcher Bill Dickey cannot hold onto the foul tip for the third strike, so it remains, strike two.

Walker asks Klem for time. He steps out of the batter's box for a moment and looks down at the third base coach Earl Weaver for a sign. Weaver goes through a battery of signs. Neil nods his acknowledgment and steps back into the batter's box.

Pitch four is a fastball inside that catches more of the plate than Mathewson would have liked. Walker crushes the ball deep over the Schaefer Scoreboard for a home run.

The impact sounds like deep-throated thunder that reverberates throughout the entire stadium. Neil rounds the bases meeting Jeter at home plate who congratulates him. As Neil enters the Angels dugout, the players are animated as they rush to add their congratulations.

The Angels have their first lead of the game, with a score of ANGELS 5, OLD TIMERS 4.

An interesting antidote to the story in the life of the great second baseman Neil Walker is that his father, Tom, was a teammate and a great friend of Roberto Clemente.

In December 1972, Tom Walker wanted to accompany Roberto on the ill-fated flight that cost Roberto his life. For some reason, Roberto asked Tom not to go along but instead remain in Puerto Rico with his family until he returned from the goodwill trip. Had Tom Walker taken that flight he would have lost his life, something, I am certain, Neil will remember as long as he lives.

The crowd is still buzzing as Derek Jeter steps into the batter's box. Christy Mathewson seems unfazed by Walker's homer.

Pitch one, a fastball inside . . . Strike one.

Pitch two: another fastball on the outside corner. Jeter hammers a bullet line drive to right field that is tailing away from DiMaggio toward the foul line. Running at full speed, DiMaggio dives and spears the low line drive before it hits the ground in fair territory. He 'snow cones' the ball, meaning the tip of the baseball is peeking out of the tip of his glove, and slides all the way into foul territory but maintains control of the ball for the out. A spectacular play by the Yankee Clipper, to the delight of the roaring fans.

The crowd continues to cheer as Willie Mays steps into the batter's box. Pitch one: a fastball as Mays swings and misses . . . Strike one. Pitch two is another fastball on the outside corner . . . Strike two! Pitch three: ball one outside. Pitch four, a fastball inside. Mays rips a deep fly ball to left field. Speaker, reaching across his body, backhands the ball as he crashes into the deepest part of the left field wall, miraculously maintaining a hold onto the ball for the third out. The inning ends, and Speaker slowly gets up and trots to the dugout.

As the teams changed sides, I found myself looking at the box seats. Once again, Satan's box is empty. Where are they and more importantly, what could they be up to?

Just then I spotted the three sexy young ladies standing above Abba's team dugout. They seemed to be trying to get the attention of the players but to no avail. From the player's vantage point, it would be impossible for them to see any part of the crowd.

As we know, any interference with this game in any way would mean immediate forfeiture. Of course, Abba knows this. All I can think is that somehow, some way, Abba is watching.

## **Top of the Seventh Inning**

As the top of the seventh inning begins, Paul Goldschmidt is now playing first base for Abba's Angels. He will bat in the fifth spot for Hank Greenberg. Manager Gil Hodges engineers a double switch; Bob Gibson comes in to pitch for Don Drysdale and bat sixth while Neil Walker, batting ninth, stays in the game and plays second base for Joe Morgan.

Bryce Harper is now in left field for Stan Musial, batting in the third spot and will lead off the bottom of the seventh inning. It appears manager Gil Hodges has brought in the 'young guns' in hopes of securing a victory for the Angels in the latter stages of this game.

I find myself trying to digest these substitutions as Rogers Hornsby steps in to hit against Bullet Bob Gibson.

Pitch one is a fastball inside. Hornsby rips a line drive to left center. Willie Mays cuts it off before it can roll to the wall. He fires it on one bounce to Neil Walker covering second. Hornsby barely slides in safely just as Walker makes a brilliant scoop of the throw and tried to put the tag on Hornsby but not in time.

Jimmy Foxx steps into the batter's box. Gibson steps off the mound briefly, rubbing the baseball, and measuring Foxx.

Pitch one is a fastball. Foxx rips a low line drive, off third baseman Mike Schmidt's glove, who dives but comes up short. Jeter gloves the ball deep in the hole preventing Hornsby from scoring. Foxx is safe at first.

There are runners on first and third . . . no outs!

Considered to be one of the finest third basemen of all time and credited with hitting over 500 home runs during his career, the dangerous Eddie Mathews is now up to bat.

Defending Eddie Mathews in this game, Gil Hodges has elected not to shift an extra infielder to the right side of the diamond to defend against him. Bob Gibson will stay in to pitch to Mathews. However, both Sandy Koufax and Satchel Paige have started to warm-up in the Angels' bullpen.

Loud cheering drew my attention toward the area where Satan and his young ladies had been seated. The ladies had left the area above the dugout of Abba's team and returned to their box seats. With runners on first and third, and with Eddie Mathews up to bat, they loudly celebrated the possibility of seeing their team move ahead.

The sexy young ladies were drawing the attention of quite a few male fans seated in the area. I also saw a couple of Abba's players casting a quick glance in their direction. Could this be part of Satan's plan? Does he intend to try to divert the attention of some of Abba's players using the sexy young girls as some kind of decoy?

Checking out their box seats, Satan himself was nowhere to be seen! My heart began to pound as my intuition about what those girls were doing may be right . . . This may be part of Satan's plan to get the edge in the game while seemingly appearing as no interference by him!

Eddie Mathews steps into the batter's box. Gibson goes right after him. Pitch one is a fastball inside. Mathews rips a line drive into the right center field gap. Mays and Aaron take off after it. Running at full speed, Aaron dives and backhands the ball on the fly, landing on the ground and then sliding headfirst just missing a devastating collision with Mays. He hangs onto the ball for the out. Hornsby tags up and scores easily from third. Foxx, who was halfway to second, goes back to first. There's one out. The score is tied 5 to 5. Bill Dickey is up to bat.

As I watch Umpire Bill Klem dust off home plate, it brings to mind a bit of baseball trivia I'd like to share with you: Did you know that before 1859, baseball umpires sat behind home plate in rocking chairs?

Okay, back to the game!

Manager Gil Hodges emerges from the dugout and signals for Sandy Koufax, the great southpaw pitcher, to come into the game. Sandy Koufax will bat in the sixth position.

Sandy, Bob Gibson and catcher Johnny Bench meet on the pitcher's mound. Gibson hands the ball to Koufax and walks to the dugout to a standing ovation. Now the great Sandy Koufax will face Bill Dickey, who steps into the batter's box.

Pitch one is a fastball outside . . . Strike one!

Pitch two another fastball . . . Dickey swings and connects a line drive just foul down the third base line . . . Strike two!

Pitch three explodes out of Koufax's hand. Dickey swings and misses. When the pitch lands in Bench's glove it sounds like a cannon's blast for strike three!

That's two out . . . The pitcher's spot is up.

Napoleon Lajoie will bat for Christy Mathewson. Napoleon is one of the greatest second basemen of all time. He's a great hitter and known to be a fierce rival of Ty Cobb, who he is now playing alongside. Lajoie steps into the batter's box to face Koufax.

Pitch one, a fastball outside and low . . . Lajoie connects and drills a low line drive right past Koufax up the middle.

Second baseman Neil Walker dives and backhands it on one-hop behind second base. He has no play on Foxx at second who was running on contact with two outs. From his knees, he fires to Paul Goldschmidt at



first, who makes an incredible scoop on the one-hop throw from Walker while he is outstretched along the foul line on the ground up the first base line. He backhands the throw just before Lajoie tags first. Goldschmidt hangs on and just barely keeps his toe on the bag for the third out. What a play! That's three out . . . The score is tied, five to five.

It's time for the seventh inning stretch.

Being a die-hard New York Mets fan, I know that no one sings 'TAKE ME OUT TO THE BALL GAME' like Harry Caray, the Chicago Cubs Announcer. We are all in for a treat as Harry Caray leads the fans that fill the Ebbets Field Stadium with a rousing rendition of 'Take Me Out to the Ballgame.'

Satan and Abba could not have disagreed on this one.

I do recall that they did agree on a few things like the Dodgers should never have been allowed to leave Brooklyn, and neither of them are allowed to interfere with the game in any way!

## **Bottom of the Seventh Inning**

Right fielder Bryce Harper steps into the batter's box to face Lefty Grove, one of the greatest left-handed pitchers of all time. Grove will bat in the ninth position. Harper wears number thirty-four because three and four add up to seven, which is his idol Mickey Mantle's number.

Grove starts him off with a fastball on the outside corner. Harper blisters a double down the third base line past the diving Mathews. It's obvious that Harper is thinking double all the way, never slowing down as Speaker fields the ball cleanly and fires a strike to Hornsby covering second. Umpire Doug Harvey calls Harper safe at second by a fraction of a second.

Batting for Henry (Hank) Aaron and playing right field is Bo Jackson, one of the greatest athletes in history. The applause from the fans is deafening as Jackson steps into the batter's box. He's a right-handed hitter and a perfect warrior for the Lord's team; he will bat in the fourth position.

Pitch one: a screwball which breaks away from Jackson . . . Outside ball one. Jackson steps out of the batter's box asking Klem for time to check the signs with third base coach Earl Weaver.

I wonder why Hodges pinch-hit for the great Henry Aaron? I guess that's a question that no one other than Gil Hodges can answer.

Jackson steps back into the batter's box. Pitch two is a fastball inside . . . Ball two. First base is open if Grove wants to pitch around Jackson.

Pitch three: a fastball on the inner half of the plate. Jackson swings and hits a vicious line drive to Eddie Mathews left. Mathews dives and

gets his glove on the ball. That line drive is probably the hardest hit ball I have ever seen. It rips Mathews' glove right off his hand as the ball travels into left center field where Speaker races to pick it up.

Harper flies around third and heads for home at full speed as Speaker fires it on the fly to Dickey. Harper and Dickey collide at the plate as the ball arrives. Both players go down hard. Dickey holds onto the ball but Harper touches the plate prior to the tag . . . Safe! Jackson heads to second as Dickey gets up and throws to Mathews at third preventing Jackson from advancing.

The Angels take the lead . . . 6 to 5!

Next up is Paul (Goldie) Goldschmidt. Manager Billy Martin goes to the pitcher's mound and signals for the great right-hander Grover Cleveland 'Old Pete' Alexander who trots to the mound to face Paul Goldschmidt. He will bat in the ninth position. Lefty Grove hands Alexander the ball. The crowd goes wild with applause as Grove and Billy Martin walk to the dugout.

Paul Goldschmidt steps into the batter's box.

Pitch one: a fastball outside corner . . . Strike one.

Pitch two: a curveball. Goldschmidt rips a foul ball toward the seats behind Abba's dugout causing Satan and his cohorts to go diving for cover . . . Strike two.

Pitch three is another curveball to the same spot, and, once again, Goldschmidt rips an even harder line drive that goes foul and heads directly toward the box seats where Satan is sitting . . . Satan and the girls dive for cover.

Pitch four: a high fastball . . . Ball one

Pitch five: a fastball . . . Goldschmidt hammers a line drive right up the middle for a base hit. The ball is hit so hard that neither Wagner nor Hornsby has a play on it. Cobb fields it in center, he has no play on Jackson at home, Bo is just too fast and scores easily from second. Cobb throws it to Wagner covering second and Goldschmidt stays at first with a single.

The score is now ANGELS 7, OLD TIMERS 5

It is the pitcher's spot to bat because of the double switch with Walker staying in the ninth position when he pinch-hit for Drysdale. I didn't have to wait too long to find out that pinch-hitting for Sandy Koufax is Tony Conigliaro, the great right fielder, who during the 1967 season was hit by a pitch on his left cheekbone and was carried off the field on a stretcher.

Tony sustained a linear fracture of the left cheekbone and a dislocated jaw with severe damage to the batting helmet he was wearing that did not have the protective ear-flap, that has since become standard equipment. A

year and a half later he made a remarkable return, hitting twenty homers.

I thought maybe Gil Hodges would pinch-hit a left-handed hitter to go against Alexander, but obviously, I was wrong as Tony Conigliaro stepped into the batter's box batting right-handed.

Pitch one: a fastball inside and right under Tony's chin. He bailed out of the batter's box just in time. After getting hit the way I just described, I can only imagine what went through his mind when the ball just missed him . . . Ball one.

Pitch two: curve outside . . . Ball two.

Pitch three: a fastball outside . . . Ball three

Pitch four: a curveball outside that misses . . . Ball four.

Alexander has pitched around Tony, now placing runners on first and second with nobody out. Mike Schmidt, the Hall of Fame third baseman who led the National League eight times in home runs, is up to bat.

I looked toward the box seats where Satan and the young ladies are seated and once again the box was empty, they were nowhere in sight. After ducking two foul balls in a row, I guess they figured it was too dangerous to stay in the box but thinking about the devious mind of Satan, I can't help thinking he felt that Abba caused those two foul balls to be hit directly at the box where he was seated. I know Abba is on guard now because there's no question in my mind that Satan will try to find a way to retaliate.

As Mike Schmidt comes to the plate, Billy Martin walks to the mound to discuss with Alexander and Dickey how to pitch to a hitter like Schmidt . . . At least that's what I'm assuming with no outs and Goldschmidt on first.

The first pitch is a blazing fastball. Schmidt crushes a line drive to Mathews at third . . . It is an absolute rocket. The grounder deflects directly off Mathews glove to Wagner at short who flips it to Hornsby at second for the force out as Hornsby simultaneously fires it to first for the double play. Goldschmidt alertly took third base on the play.

There are two outs and Johnny Bench is now stepping up to bat. Pitch one: Alexander hangs a curve that Bench hits deep into left center field. Cobb gets a great jump on the ball and runs it down at full speed back-handing it as he crashes into the wall . . . An amazing play on the part of Cobb. That's three outs . . . ANGELS 7, OLD TIMERS 5.

## **It's the top of the Eighth Inning**

Looking over at the bullpen I see Tom Seaver, who will bat in the sixth position, warming up. He trots to the pitcher's mound where he finishes his warm-ups. A Hall of Fame Pitcher, Tom Seaver, or "Tom Terrific" as he

is called, compiled over 300 wins during his pitching career. Seaver will face Ty Cobb who leads off the inning.

Cobb steps into the batter's box. Pitch one: a fastball. Cobb hits a rocket line drive into the right center field gap. Mays and Jackson take off after it as Cobb is flying around first base heading for a double.

Jackson makes a beautiful backhand play and gets it on one hop cutting it off before it can roll to the wall. He fires a perfect throw on the fly to Jeter covering second, who tags Cobb, but Umpire Harvey calls "Safe" as Cobb slides, in just beating the tag. Cobb is on second with a double!

Honus Wagner now steps up as Cobb takes a healthy lead off second base.

Pitch one to Wagner: fastball inside as Wagner rips a line drive off a leaping Derek Jeter's glove into left field. The ball slows down after hitting Jeter's glove and Bryce Harper, who was playing deep left field because of Wagner's power, has a long run racing at full speed to get to the slowing ball. Cobb flies around third in an all out gallop toward Bench, who is blocking home plate waiting for the throw. Cobb beats the ball home by half a stride and instead of sliding hits Bench at full speed with a shoulder block. The force of the impact propels Bench backward into umpire Bill Klem who yells safe as he falls backward hitting his head on the ground.

Cobb is safe at home, laughing maniacally as Seaver, who was backing up home retrieves the ball and fires a strike to Schmidt who is covering third base just as Wagner slides into third just under Schmidt's tag.

The third base umpire, Denkinger, calls safe and then calls time to sort out the play and to check the damage done to his colleague, Bill Klem.

I cannot help but comment on the play that just took place. Cobb could have slid with his "spikes high" as usual, but instead, he deliberately chose to bludgeon Bench with a shoulder block. Bench had no chance to make a play on the great throw from Harper, and as I said, Bench was propelled backward into umpire Bill Klem whose head hit the ground so hard it knocked him out.

Right now, he's still out cold, and Dr. Jobe is tending to him.

All the umpires huddled together after time was called by Denkinger, who will now be the home plate umpire, and Richard Higham will now umpire at third base.

Johnny Bench, a bit shaken up, will remain in the game. Moe Berg came onto the field and huddled with Bench and Seaver and Gil Hodges on the mound.

Adding another bit of nostalgia for you, Richard Higham is the only umpire in major league history to be banished from baseball for fixing games. It has been said that he also fixed games as a player.

Thinking about it, umpire Higham was picked by Satan. A cold chill came over me as that thought ran through my mind. It will not surprise me if Satan is planning to use Higham in some sort of clandestine way, to get the upper hand in the game.

I looked toward the box seats, Satan's box is still empty . . . Where can he be? Where are the girls?

My attention moved back to the playing field as the fans came to their feet giving Klem a standing ovation as Dr. Jobe walked him to the dugout. Klem is one of the only umpires I have ever seen that received a standing ovation from the fans. Believe me, these Ebbets Field fans are tough, tried-and-true fans of the game.

The game is getting ready to resume.

Tris Speaker, the Grey Eagle as he is called, is up to bat, Wagner is on third. Seaver winds up and throws a fastball outside, ball one! Pitch two: a curveball just misses . . . Ball two!

Pitch three: a high fastball outside . . . Ball three!

Pitch four: a fastball low and outside. Seaver tries to get Speaker to chase it . . . Ball four! Speaker walks.

Joe DiMaggio is up now. Manager Gil Hodges decides to play the infield at double play depth and concede the tying run to try for the ground ball double play.

Pitch one: curveball on the outer half of the plate. DiMaggio blisters a line drive right back at Seaver who knocks the ball down with his glove deflecting it onto the grass in front of the mound. Seaver scoops up the ball with his right-hand and flips it underhanded toward Bench at home plate to prevent Wagner from scoring. A great heads-up play by Seaver to save a run. DiMaggio is safe at first with an infield single. The bases are now loaded with no outs. Rogers Hornsby is up.

Manager Gil Hodges goes to the mound to talk with his 1969 World Series winning teams' ace pitcher, Tom Seaver. The two of them seem frozen in time like a beautiful Rockwell painting . . . Once again, I couldn't help wishing I could take a picture of this amazing moment.

Hodges and Seaver exchange nods then Hodges makes his way back to the dugout, and we're set to play ball.

Hornsby steps into the batter's box. Pitch one: fastball inside. Hornsby hits a vicious one-hop groundball to Jeter's right who takes one leaping stride and gloves it with his backhand on the short hop. The force of the ball hitting his glove along with his momentum take him to the ground and, on his back, he throws a perfect strike to Walker covering second.

Walker backhands the throw and fires to Goldschmidt at first base for the double play. Wagner scores from third. The score is now tied at 7. There are two outs, and Jimmy Foxx is up. Speaker is on third.

Jimmy Foxx steps into the batter's box . . . Speaker takes a very small lead off third Pitch one: fastball inside. Foxx hammers a long deep ball that appears to be headed for a home run but the ball hooks just foul at the last second. The fans were on their feet seemingly holding their breath as the ball sailed foul.

Since the game began, I have been hanging on every pitch, rooting with every fiber of my being for Abba's team, the Central Church Angels. It seems to me that the fans are truly enjoying this game, cheering for the great play with no real preference for either the Old Timers or the Central Church Angels.

If they only knew what's at stake here. Before long the winner will emerge victorious, and the loser will instantly be forgotten, as though he never existed. The loser and everything about him will be erased from the annals of history and from the mind of man to be lost in time for all eternity.

That thought has me looking at the box seats again where I now see Satan, disguised as the young boy, looking through a large pair of binoculars directly at his favorite umpire, Richard Higham at third base. I wonder what evil scheme is at hand? I also wonder where Asmodeus, Beelzebub, and Baphomet, disguised as sexy young ladies, are?

Seaver winds up and throws a fastball on the outside corner. The umpire calls strike two. Pitch three: a great curveball . . . Foxx swings and misses . . . Strike three! That's three outs . . . The score remains 7 - 7.

## **Bottom of the Eighth Inning**

'The Meal Ticket,' the great Carl Hubbell, is in to pitch to the first batter, Neil Walker. Carl Hubbell will bat in the ninth position.

A switch-hitter, Neil Walker, in my opinion, bats better hitting lefty than right-handed. On his way to the batter's box, Bob Sheppard announces, "Batting for Walker will be Bobby Richardson who will also play second base." Richardson and Walker talk briefly and shake hands.

As Richardson turns and walks toward the batter's box, I noticed a faint, almost golden glow that seems to emanate from his bat. I blink, thinking maybe it is just a glare from the setting sun on this beautiful Christmas Eve day. When I look again, the glow I thought I saw was gone.

I think Gil Hodges pinch-hit for Walker because Neil is not as good a hitter from the right side as he is from the left. Hodges put Richardson in to play second base because Richardson is one of the finest fielding second basemen of all time, as well as being a true clutch hitter.

By the way, as another tidbit of information for you: In the 1960 World Series between the Pittsburgh Pirates and the New York Yankees, Bobby Richardson is the only player on a losing team to ever win the World Series MVP.

As Richardson steps into the batter's box he smiles and nods to catcher Bill Dickey . . . Two great Yankee players now playing against each other. Richardson also nods to home plate umpire Don Denkinger.

The pitch: a screwball that breaks away from Richardson on the outer half of the plate. Richardson hammers a line drive just past a diving Jimmy Foxx into right field between first and second base. DiMaggio races to scoop it up as Richardson rounds the bag at first headed toward second but sees he has no chance to take second on DiMaggio who fires a perfect strike to Wagner covering second. Richardson wisely retreats back to first.

Leadoff hitter Derek Jeter, Captain Clutch, is up.

The pitch: a screwball that stays out over the plate . . . Jeter blisters a line drive just out of the reach of a diving Eddie Mathews between third and shortstop into left field . . . Tris Speaker is right there to scoop it up . . . Eddie Mathews scrambles to his feet and gets back to cover third base to prevent Richardson from taking third.

The ball was hit so hard to Speaker in left field that Richardson would have had no chance to take third safely. Third base coach Earl Weaver wisely puts up the stop sign.

Clearly, Carl Hubbell is not his usual self. Manager Billy Martin goes to the mound, along with catcher Bill Dickey. The three have a brief discussion after which Hubbell stays in to pitch to Mays.

Mays steps into the batter's box. Pitch one: a screwball on the outside corner called strike one. Pitch two: another screwball, same location. Mays is taking no chances; he swings and hammers a long deep fly ball that just hooks foul down the first base line missing an opposite field home run by inches . . . Strike two!

Pitch three: Hubbell comes inside with his fastball . . . Mays drills a line drive between shortstop and third base as Honus Wagner comes out of nowhere diving to make a beautiful snow-coned backhanded catch on the ball. He immediately fires a dart to Hornsby covering second base, but Bobby Richardson dives safely back.

There's one out . . . Bryce Harper is up next. Interestingly, Harper bats left-handed but he throws right-handed. As he steps into the batter's box Richardson takes a lead off second, and Jeter leads off first base.

Pitch one: fastball outside and low. I could tell that Hubbell tried to get Bryce over anxious causing him to swing at a bad pitch . . . No chance! Ball one.

Pitch two: a screwball inside and low . . . Ball two.

Pitch three: another screwball inside that just misses for ball three.

I could tell that Hubbell really thought that was a strike . . . He needed that pitch. Pitch four: fastball outside and low . . . Ball four . . . Harper walks. Hubbell is really struggling. I expect to see Billy Martin coming out to pull him, but Martin leaves him in. The bases are loaded with one out!

Bo Jackson is up next. Catcher Bill Dickey goes to the mound and talks with Hubbell about how to pitch to Jackson. As Dickey returns behind home plate, Jackson steps into the batter's box.

Pitch one: screwball that catches too much of the plate as Jackson hammers a line drive right at Eddie Mathews who is playing even with the bag at third. Somehow Mathews, in self-preservation (for lack of better words), is able to get his glove on the ball before it takes his head off.

Mathews knocks it down and fires to Hornsby covering second for the force out of Jeter. Jeter slides in low and hard taking Hornsby out and down to the ground, but not before Hornsby fires a strike to Foxx at first for the double play.

It appears Bo injured his hamstring muscle in his right leg. They would have never been able to double up Bo Jackson with his blinding speed otherwise. As the inning ends, the team doctor attends to Jackson at the first base bag.

Once again, I looked over at the box seats, and sure enough, there was Satan still in disguise looking through his binoculars with a big smile on his face watching Doctor Jobe attending to Jackson. Of course, seeing the grin on Satan's face makes me wonder if, somehow, he caused Jackson to come up lame. Anything is possible when it comes to the ways of Satan. I started to look away when suddenly the crowd seated near Satan's box became excited . . . Moments later, I saw his three disciples disguised as sexy young ladies making their way into the box. Each young lady was now wearing a bright red baseball cap. What is Satan up to?

Right now, I'm sure that by using the visual assets of the bright red caps on each of the young ladies, he's trying, in the most innocuous way, to capture the attention of each player on the field.

I think somehow through the use of the bright red baseball caps, he's making his move to get the edge in the game. He would disguise himself



as Allah or Imam Mahdi to the Muslims, Maitreya Buddha to the Buddhists, Jesus Christ to the Christians, Krishna to the Hindus, Messiah to the Jews, etc. if he thought it would help him win the game.

His goal is to win the worship and allegiance of every person on earth, but right now, I'm sure his sights are set on the ball players because if he loses, the ball game of his existence will be over forever and ever.

As I've said throughout all I've written, there's no question that one way or the other, Satan will utilize deception, he will find a way to cheat, in order to ensure his team's victory in this game.

All who read this book should understand Satan's deceptions. To put the matter in a single phrase, the greatest deception of Satan is to convince everyone in the world, that he is not Satan. He manipulates us to accept something quite the opposite. Satan wants people to believe that he is a righteous spirit who has nothing but their best interests, as well as the best interests of all human beings on earth, as his chief desire and that his ultimate goal is to promote your welfare and prosperity.

Truly, he wants you to succeed and be prosperous but only if you do things his way. Using the vernacular of the present day, though Satan is truly a bad guy (the worst of the worst), he projects himself to the world as a good guy (the best of the best), and Satan has accomplished his task quite effectively.

The Lord knows this and so he has devised a way through the Old Timers Day baseball game to rid the world of Satan once and for all time if, that is, the Lord's team wins this game. Otherwise, everything will be lost.

I pray the Lord knows what Satan is planning and uses his celestial powers to overcome whatever Satan's evil plan may be for as we know, the moment of truth is nearing, we're at the top of the ninth inning.

## **Top of the Ninth Inning**

Pitching for the Angels is the three-time Cy Young Award Winner, Clayton Kershaw. At first base is Albert Pujols batting fifth. Center field, Mike Trout batting second. In right field is Andrew McCutchen batting fourth. Hodges has decided to go with Kershaw, the big lefty strikeout pitcher, because Satan's first two batters are left-handers.

Kershaw completes his warm-up tosses on the pitcher's mound. Kershaw will bat in the sixth position. Clayton Kershaw has been compared to the great Sandy Koufax. He is simply one of the greatest pitchers I have ever seen.

With the score tied at 7 - 7 at the top of the 9th inning, Eddie Mathews steps up to hit against Kershaw. Mathews hit over five hundred home runs during his career as well as being voted an all-star for nine seasons.

Pitch one: a curveball which breaks away from Mathews but Mathews hits a vicious line drive right back at Kershaw to his glove side and about shoulder height. Kershaw somehow gets his glove up and spears the ball, the force of which propels him backward onto the grass for the first out.

Catcher Bill Dickey is up to bat against Kershaw.

Pitch one: four-seam fastball on the outside corner . . . Strike one.

Pitch two: four-seam outside, just misses, ball one.

Pitch three: a slider on the inner half of the plate and low . . . Dickey rips a line drive right up the middle past Kershaw to the right of second base that looks like a sure base hit. Bobby Richardson, coming out of nowhere, backhands the ball while flying through the air for the second out. The Ebbets Field fans roar, rising to their feet as Richardson holds on to the ball as he slams to the ground . . . What a play! Two outs.

Note: for those readers who may not be familiar with a four-seam fastball, also called a rising fastball or a cross-seam fastball, it is a member of the fastball family and is often the hardest (fastest) pitch a pitcher can throw. For some pitchers, such as Kershaw, the ball travels at over 100 mph.

The pitcher's spot is up next. Bob Sheppard announces that pinch-hitting for Carl Hubbell will be Al Simmons. Known as 'Bucket Foot Al,' Simmons is a dangerous right-handed hitter credited with more than 300 home runs.

Simmons steps into the batter's box. Kershaw is set.

Pitch one: a four-seam fastball that does not move. Simmons swings and hammers the ball deep over the left field wall for a home run. The fans are in awe of the blast, which sounded like a cannon firing when Simmons connected with the ball. The sound could be heard throughout the entire stadium.

Satan's team has taken the lead 8 to 7.

The crowd is still buzzing as Kershaw settles down and Ty Cobb again steps into the batter's box.

Pitch one: curveball outside and low . . . Ball one.

Pitch two: slider low, just misses . . . The count is now two balls no strikes, a hitter's count. Cobb is sitting on the fastball now for sure.

Pitch three: four-seam fastball with movement . . . Cobb rips a line drive into right field past Albert Pujols who dives and barely misses a backhanded spear of the ball. Cobb is flying to first and rounds the bag;

Andrew McCutchen plays the ball into Jeter covering second base on the fly . . . A great throw as Cobb wisely retreats to first base.

Time is called by Orel Hershiser who emerges from the dugout headed for the pitcher's mound where he will speak with Kershaw and Johnny Bench. After Hershiser leaves the mound, he goes to his dugout.

I see Orel Hershiser talking to manager Gil Hodges . . . After a few short moments Orel grabs his glove and trots to the Angels bullpen and starts to warm-up . . . WOW, 'the Bulldog' might get to pitch in this game.

The bullpen is rather busy now. Along with Hershiser, I also see the great Satchel Paige warming up.

Honus Wagner steps up to hit against Kershaw.

Pitch one: slider at the knees . . . Strike one.

Pitch two: fastball on the outside corner . . . Strike two.

Wagner asks for time and steps out of the batter's box for a moment. Now he is ready . . . Pitch three: a four-seam fastball low and outside. Kershaw tries to get Wagner to chase a bad pitch. Wagner swings and rifles a low line drive just past a diving Bobby Richardson between first and second base into right center field. Cobb is flying around second base and thinking third base all the way but third base coach, John McGraw, signals for Cobb to hold up. Cobb ignores the stop sign and is barreling toward third base.

Andrew McCutchen fields the ball beautifully and fires a strike to Mike Schmidt covering third . . . The throw beats Cobb to the base by a split second and Schmidt fields the throw perfectly appearing to apply the tag in time for the third out but umpire Dick Higham signals safe.

Schmidt tears into Higham yelling and screaming. Manager Gil Hodges rushes out of the dugout toward third base, but he's too late getting to the argument as Higham ejects Mike Schmidt from the game. Hodges is furious and continues to argue with Higham until, finally, Higham ejects Hodges as well. In his own inimitable way, Ty Cobb stands on the third base bag laughing. Honus Wagner has taken second base on the throw to third.

The game has stopped. If you remember what I wrote earlier, Dick Higham is the only umpire in baseball history to be banished from the game. As I said before, that is obviously why Satan selected him to be an umpire in this game. A liar and a cheat is his kind of guy.

That being said, Higham obviously made an incorrect call at third base. If done on purpose, no one will ever know, but it made me remember back during the seventh inning stretch when I noticed Hal Chase, one of Satan's first basemen (who was chosen last by Satan) was speaking

to Higham down the first base foul line. They were alone and spoke for maybe two minutes. At that time, I thought it was strange, but I was so intent on watching the game, I forgot about it.

I also forgot about the fact that Hal Chase was also expelled from baseball for game fixing on more than one occasion. I guess birds of a feather are exactly what Satan is counting on to get the edge and win this game.

Between Satan's three disciples wearing their bright red baseball caps, combined with what I have just said about Higham and Hal Chase, it's becoming more and more obvious that Satan's plan to get the edge in this game is beginning to work. At the same time, there seems to be no way that Abba can accuse Satan of physically interfering with the game. My knees grow weak as I take stock of what's going on.

Orel Hershiser has trotted in from the bullpen to speak to his fellow coaches, specifically Joe Torre, Frank Robinson, Earl Weaver and Moe Berg.

All the Angels coaches are huddled on the field by their dugout. I think they must be trying to figure out whom the new acting manager will be to take over for Gil Hodges.

It appears to be Joe Torre because Torre walks over to crew chief Don Denkinger to talk. Moe Berg walks alongside Torre speaking to him until they reach Denkinger, then Berg trots back to his dugout. Torre walks back to the Angels dugout and David Wright, the New York Mets third baseman, who will bat in the seventh position, charges out to third base to take Schmidt's spot. Clayton Kershaw remains in to pitch as Tris Speaker steps up to bat.

I believe Torre left Kershaw in because Speaker is a left-handed batter. Also, first base is open, so Kershaw is not obligated to give Speaker any good pitches. If Speaker is walked, Torre can bring in a right-handed pitcher, Hershiser, Paige or Maddux, all righties.

There are two outs with runners on second and third as Speaker steps into the batter's box. The score is OLD TIMERS 8 - ANGELS 7.

Kershaw's first pitch is a 12-6 curveball . . . Called strike one.

Point of information regarding the 12-to-6-o'clock curveball: The pitch is "in-and-out" of the hitter's zone quickly and efficiently giving the hitter only one potential point of contact because the pitch is diving straight downward. If the hitter misses his one chance to hit the baseball, he's missed his chance to hit the ball period.

Pitch two: a fastball four-seamer with movement. Speaker swings and misses for strike two. Kershaw can waste a pitch now with the count two strikes no balls. Pitch three: a high fastball . . . Ball one.

Pitch four: a changeup . . . Ball two.

Pitch five: a curve, just misses . . . Ball three. The count is now 3 balls two strikes.

Kershaw had Speaker behind in the count 0-2. Clayton does not want to lose him now; however, first base is open if he decides to pitch around him. Pitch six: Clayton challenges Speaker with a four-seam fastball with good movement. The pitch catches too much of the plate, and Speaker drives the pitch deep into the right center field gap. Andrew McCutchen makes a diving try for the ball but misses it as center fielder Mike Trout, who has blazing speed, comes in behind him and cuts it off before it can roll to the wall . . . Speaker is thinking triple all the way . . . Cobb and Wagner easily score on the play. Second baseman Bobby Richardson takes a perfect throw from Trout and fires a strike to David Wright at third. Speaker slides in as the ball simultaneously arrives, and Wright applies the tag too late, Speaker is in safely with a triple. The score is now OLD TIMERS 10 - ANGELS 7.

Acting manager Joe Torre emerges from the Angel dugout and walks to the mound. Johnny Bench leaves home plate to join him on the mound. Torre has summoned 'The Bulldog,' Orel Hershiser, who will bat in the sixth position, to pitch. Hershiser jogs in from the bullpen and meets them on the mound. Clayton hands him the ball, and after a brief conversation, Kershaw and Torre head back toward their dugout.

Orel takes his warm-up tosses, and Joe DiMaggio steps in to hit with Speaker on third with two outs. Hershiser is a crafty and wily pitcher with a variety of pitches and arm angles in his arsenal. He will need all his tricks to get the last out of this inning and stop the bleeding.

Pitch one: a sinking fastball on the outside corner. The ball is low and in the dirt. Bench gets his glove on the ball as the ball trickles away behind him. Bench cannot find the ball. Tris Speaker, sensing the opportunity, breaks for home and is hurtling toward the plate. Hershiser comes off the mound and runs toward home plate . . . He is screaming at Bench as he flies toward home. Bench finds the ball and flips it to Hershiser covering home with his back to the field. Hershiser grabs the flip from Bench as Speaker slides in, upending Hershiser, who tags Speakers leg a fraction of a second before Speaker touches the plate. The home plate umpire Don Denkinger is in perfect position to make the call and cries, "OUT" to end the inning.

## **Bottom of the Ninth Inning**

I stood in amazement watching the great Hall of Fame pitcher Dizzy Dean finish taking his warm-ups on the mound. Dean will bat in the

ninth position. I can't help thinking how hard it will be for Abba's team to tie this game up, let alone win it. Abba's team is three runs behind and, Albert Pujols is up facing Dean. The thought of Satan winning this game is incomprehensible to me, and the ramifications of losing and having evil win out are unthinkable.

My mind is all over the place as I try to stay focused on the mission given to me and pray that somehow Abba's Angels can tie this up.

Albert Pujols steps into the batter's box. I must say, that in many ways he reminds me of Roberto Clemente as far as his charity and his deep Christian faith is concerned. Like Clemente, Pujols has taken several trips to the Dominican Republic, taking supplies as well as a team of doctors and dentists to the poor who need medical care. Not only is he a great baseball player, but he is also a God-fearing family man and a credit to big league baseball.

Pitch one: fastball on the outside corner called strike one.

Pitch two: another fastball, same spot . . . Pujols hammers a line drive foul into the seats down the right field line.

Pitch three: high fastball . . . Ball one. Dean tried to make Albert chase one.

Pitch four: fastball again on the inside part of the plate. Pujols hammers a line drive between short and third for a base hit. Third baseman Eddie Mathews barely misses catching it as he dives to his left with his glove outstretched. Albert Pujols is on first.

Broadcaster Bob Sheppard announces that batting for pitcher Orel Hershiser is Josh Hamilton. As Josh Hamilton strides to the plate, I am overwhelmed with emotion and joy to see Josh have the opportunity to serve the Lord and mankind in this battle of good versus evil. He is one of the players that I pray for in Major League Baseball.

There's no question about the fact that Josh knows exactly what's at stake here as he steps in, to bat against Dizzy Dean.

Pitch one: curveball with late movement . . . Josh swings and misses . . . Strike one!

Pitch two: fastball on the outside corner . . . Strike two!

Pitch three: changeup . . . Josh rips a deep fly ball to right field—a towering shot that just hooks foul at the last second.

Pitch four: curveball again that appears to be a strike . . . Josh takes it. The home plate umpire, Denkinger, pauses a moment, then calls it a ball. That was really close; I thought it was strike three.

Josh asks for time and steps out of the batter's box. As I look at Josh, I notice a faint glow coming from his bat . . . It appears to be the same glow that I saw for a split second when I thought I saw it on Bobby Richardson's

bat and then, like with Bobby Richardson, the glow was gone in the blink of an eye.

I looked at the box seats where Satan and three young ladies are huddling together, having a conversation . . . I wonder if any of them saw what I saw?

Josh seems to be in deep thought . . . He adjusts his cap as he looks down at third base coach Weaver for the sign, then steps back into the batter's box. Dean is ready. Pitch five: fastball inside and tight up high. Josh bails out of the box to avoid getting hit . . . Ball two.

Josh is calm and focused as he steps back into the batter's box. Dean's next pitch is another inside fastball that Hamilton absolutely crushes for a home run deep into the right center field seats . . . It's a two-run homer. The crowd goes wild.

As Hamilton steps on home plate he is met by Albert Pujols . . . They both point toward the heavens as they walk side by side back to their dugout.

Manager Billy Martin comes flying out of the Old Timers dugout and appears to be furious as he signals to the bullpen for a right-hander Smoky Joe Wood, who was warming up alongside left-hander Eddie Plank.

Smoky Joe Wood, the legendary fireballer, completes his warm-up tosses and trots in from the bullpen. Martin still appears to be infuriated with Dean, who hands the ball to Wood and leaves for the dugout while Martin speaks to catcher Bill Dickey and Wood . . . Then, Martin storms back to his dugout still yelling at no one in particular. Martin has brought Wood in to save this victory for Satan's Old Timers. Wood will bat in the ninth position. David Wright steps up to bat against Wood.

Pitch one: a blazing fastball . . . Outside . . . Ball one.

Pitch two: fastball called strike one on the outside corner. Wright appears to be trying to gauge Wood's blazing speed.

Pitch three: fastball inside corner . . . Strike two.

Pitch four: fastball again misses low and away . . . Ball two.

Pitch five: off speed pitch, low . . . Ball three. Wright has worked the count full, causing Wood to throw a lot of pitches. I believe Wood will come in with his best fastball pitch now.

Pitch six: fastball low and in the dirt . . . Dickey blocks it . . . Ball four . . . Wright walks.

Johnny Bench is up next. There's no doubt about it, Johnny is a great clutch hitter, and now this will be the most important at bat of his life. David Wright leads off first; however, I sincerely doubt Wright will be stealing with no one out and knowing he is the tying run. Wood is ready, Bench looks fierce and focused.

Pitch one: fastball on the 'black' outside corner . . . Strike one.

Pitch two: fastball outside at the knees. Bench swings and misses, strike two.

Pitch three: fastball on the outside corner . . . The pitch appears to explode out of Wood's hand as Bench connects and drives the ball into the right center field gap. At the crack of the bat, DiMaggio is off and flying after it, but from where I'm standing, I feel there is no way DiMaggio can catch it on the fly. Cobb has no chance for it as he was playing shaded to left field. DiMaggio dives and makes a brilliant backhand catch of the ball. David Wright had gone all the way to second base but had to race all the way back to first so he would not be doubled up on the play.

To put the play in proper order for you, as DiMaggio slid along the grass, that's when Wright retreated back to first unable to tag up on the play as DiMaggio bounced up and fired a strike to Wagner covering second.

There's one out, Wright is on first. Another clutch hitter, Bobby Richardson is up to bat. I am disappointed at this turn of events as I thought for sure Wright, who is so fast and such a smart base runner, would have scored the tying run.

Bobby Richardson steps into the batter's box to hit against Smoky Joe Wood.

Pitch one: fastball inside . . . Richardson connects and hits a vicious line drive to left center field . . . Tris Speaker, who was playing deeper than normal to prevent Wright from scoring on a double, is racing to his left and toward the spot where the ball will land. He dives, backhanding the ball while sliding along the grass for the second out. Speaker quickly bounces up and fires a strike to Hornsby covering second base. Again, David Wright scampers back to first base. Abba's Angels are down to their last out . . . Derek Jeter is up next.

Derek must somehow find a way to hit safely or all is lost! There is no doubt in my mind that Derek knows exactly what is at stake here, as do all the players on both teams who all believe they are playing for the Lord. Putting in my two cents, there are less than a handful of players I would want batting in this position, and Derek Jeter is one of them.

Derek steps up and measures Smoky Joe. He's ready to hit. Smoky Joe delivers the first pitch, a fastball on the outside corner called strike one. Pitch two: same location as Derek swings and misses . . . Strike two.

Jeter asks for time and steps out of the batter's box . . . He is in deep thought for a moment or two, but then, with a determined look on his face, he steps back into the batter's box . . . He is ready. Wright leads off first base. He is being held close to the bag by Jimmy Foxx. The tension is mounting as Smoky Joe is set. Suddenly he fires a pickoff throw to Foxx



at first . . . Wright is caught off guard and dives back to first touching the bag. Umpire Cal Hubbard hesitates a split second to make his call, as the throw and tag appear to happen simultaneously. The entire stadium appears to be frozen in time and silent as Hubbard signals safe!!! Billy Martin explodes out of the dugout to argue . . . He is livid. Somehow after delivering his verbal tirade, Martin is not ejected by Hubbard because he is dragged back to his dugout by coach Miller Huggins.

The fans are in an uproar as order is restored. Moments later, we are ready to play again.

Smoky Joe sets . . . Jeter is ready . . . Pitch three: fastball on the outside corner . . . Jeter somehow takes it and Umpire Denkinger, on a very close pitch, calls ball one.

That was almost the game! Derek is such a clutch player, I believe in my heart and I pray he may tie or even win the game.

Pitch four: fastball inside . . . Jeter hits a line drive deep into the left center field gap. David Wright runs on contact with two outs. Ty Cobb has the only shot to catch it he is racing toward the ball, but he cannot make the catch on the fly. As he reaches the warning track, he makes a brilliant backhand stab of the ball on one hop, sets and fires a perfect relay throw to Rogers Hornsby in shallow left field. Wright has rounded third and is barreling home as he is waved around by third base coach Earl Weaver.

Hornsby fires the throw to Dickey who is blocking home plate as the throw and Wright arrive simultaneously. The throw from Hornsby is a fraction off the mark, a bit toward Dickey's right. Dickey gloves it beautifully and sweeps the tag toward a sliding David Wright, who decides to slide rather than crash into Dickey.

As Wright tags the plate, Denkinger pauses for a half second then yells "Safe." The game is tied. Dickey immediately fires to Eddie Mathews at third to try to throw Jeter out as he slides in safe on third.

The fans at Ebbets Field are in complete pandemonium and to be honest, so am I. My heart is beating what feels like a thousand miles per hour. We have tied the game.

I notice that David Wright walks slowly back to the Angels dugout after being congratulated by Mike Trout who is up next. David may have hurt his leg while sliding into home plate . . . We will see if he plays third if the game goes into extra innings. Billy Martin has gone back to the mound and removed Smoky Joe Wood, whom he is replacing with Mordecai 'Three Finger' Brown to try to stop the rally. There are two outs and Jeter, the potential winning run, is ninety feet away at third base.

Mordecai Brown, who will bat in the ninth position, lost parts of two fingers as a youth on his right-hand, yet he is a right-handed pitcher

who developed a wicked curveball as a result of the accident. As far as I'm concerned, Mordecai is a shining example of how to overcome adversity.

Mike Trout steps up to bat. Three Finger Brown is ready.

Pitch one: Brown hangs a curveball to Trout who hammers an absolute rocket between short and third base . . . It appears as though it will be a base hit as Eddie Mathews comes out of nowhere to grab it on one hop and, while down on his left knee, fires it to Jimmy Foxx at first base. Foxx stretches and scoops it out of the dirt for the third out.

The Angels victory was taken away by one of the greatest plays I have ever seen. The play at first was so close, and so fast, that I am just dumbfounded.

The game is going into extra innings as we move to the top of the tenth . . . ANGELS 10, OLD TIMERS 10.

## **Top of the Tenth Inning**

At the top of the tenth the greatest fielding third baseman of all time, Brooks Robinson, is at third base for David Wright. Robinson will bat in seventh position.

Manager Gil Hodges has made a double switch; Satchel Paige is in to pitch for Orel Hershiser and will bat in the third position. Josh Hamilton has come in to play left field for Bryce Harper and will bat in the sixth position.

Pitching is the legendary right-hander Satchel Paige. As Satchel is completing his last warm-up toss on the mound, Brooks Robinson leaves third base and goes to the mound to speak Satchel as Joe DiMaggio steps up to bat. Joe DiMaggio is on record saying, "Paige is the fastest and greatest I have ever seen!" So here we are, the Yankee Clipper facing a young Satchel Paige in his prime.

Pitch one: fastball on the outside corner . . . Called strike one.

Pitch two: Satchel takes a little off it pitching to the same location . . . DiMaggio swings and misses . . . Strike two. DiMaggio asks for time and steps out of the batter's box for a moment . . . then, Joe is ready.

Satchel gets the sign from Bench . . . A fastball again, on the outside black. DiMaggio swings and rips a low line drive between first and second base just past a diving Bobby Richardson for a base hit. McCutchen plays it in quickly to Jeter covering second as DiMaggio makes a wide turn at first where he stays for a single.

Rogers Hornsby steps in to bat against Paige.

Pitch one: fastball with great velocity and movement. Hornsby swings and drives the ball into left center field in the gap . . . With great anticipation, Josh Hamilton cuts the ball off before it goes deep into the alley and

plays it on one hop backhanding it, firing a rocket to Brooks Robinson at third base. DiMaggio thinks about trying for third but wisely decides not to test Hamilton's arm.

Hornsby on first, DiMaggio on second, nobody out. Jimmy Foxx is up. Manager Joe Torre emerges from the Angels dugout and meets Johnny Bench at the mound to talk with Satchel Paige about how to pitch to Jimmy Foxx.

Charlie Gehringer, the Mechanical Man, has come in to pinch run for Rogers Hornsby. He'll also play second base and bat in Hornsby's spot. There is no question that Charlie Gehringer is very fast and a very smart base runner . . . There's also no question that Gehringer is one of the greatest baseball players of all time.

Joe Torre departs the mound and goes back to the Angels dugout. Bench returns behind home plate. Foxx steps into the batter's box.

Pitch one: fastball . . . Strike one called on the outside corner.

Pitch two: fastball again with movement . . . Foxx swings and misses . . . Strike two. Foxx asks time and steps out to check the signs with third base coach John McGraw. DiMaggio and Gehringer takes a lead off their bases.

Pitch three: high fastball . . . Ball one.

Pitch four: fastball inside on the fists. Foxx swings and fights it off . . . Foul ball behind McGraw in the coach's box.

Pitch five: curveball . . . Foxx takes it low and away . . . Ball two.

Pitch six: fastball inside . . . Foxx hammers a line drive deep into left center field for a hit . . . Josh Hamilton playing deep gets to it first . . . DiMaggio scores easily from second . . .

Gehringer is being waved around by McGraw at third as Hamilton fires a perfect relay to Derek Jeter in short left. Jeter simultaneously fires it to Bench . . . Gehringer slides as the ball arrives and beats the tag with a brilliant wide slide tapping the plate with the fingers of his left hand before Bench can apply the tag . . . He's safe! Foxx takes third on the throw home as Bench fires it to Brooks Robinson at third, but Foxx slides in and is safe.

Satan's Old Timers now lead 12 to 10, and I am beside myself because of it. I'm sure manager Joe Torre is kicking himself for leaving Paige in there to pitch to Foxx. Torre has gone to the mound and calls for Mariano Rivera to keep it a two-run game.

As you may know, Rivera is one of the greatest closers of all time. He will pitch to Eddie Mathews with Foxx at third and no one out. Rivera will bat in third position.

Rivera comes in from the bullpen. The Angels have only two pitchers left available . . . Greg Maddux and Jim Abbott who are both warming

up. Paige dejectedly hands the ball to Mariano then Torre and Paige walk back to the Angels dugout.

Mathews steps into the batter's box. Mariano isn't ready . . . He steps off the rubber and asks home plate umpire Don Denkinger for time to fix his cleats. Apparently, some dirt is stuck in his cleats, so Mariano kneels down to dig the dirt out of them.

I think about what a devout Christian Mariano Rivera is. He inscribed on his pitching glove my favorite Bible verse: "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me" — Philippians 4:13. Rivera is one of my favorite players of all time.

I know he is feeling the pressure on this beautiful Christmas Eve Day of the need to win this game. He will have his hands full, to try to keep Satan's lead to only two runs. Rivera is now ready.

Pitch one to Eddie Mathews: a cut fastball with a late break . . . Mathews swings and misses . . . Strike one.

Pitch two: same cutter, but this one does not break as his usual cutter does. Mathews swings and drives the ball deep into the right center field gap.

Trout playing shaded toward right due to Mathews being almost a strict pull hitter has the only chance to catch it. The ball appears to be heading for the signage fairly high on the wall. While running at full speed, Trout literally climbs up the wall what seems to be at least five feet off the ground as he reaches up to make a spectacular catch. Trout lands on his feet and fires the relay into Bobby Richardson in short right field.

Jimmy Foxx tags up and easily scores from third. Richardson has no chance to throw him out. Satan's team now leads 13 to 10. Even though the play by Trout was spectacular, it is bittersweet because Abba's team is now down by 3 runs.

Bill Dickey steps into the batter's box . . . Rivera is ready. Pitch one: cutter that just misses outside . . . Ball one.

Pitch two: cutter again on the outside black . . . Strike one.

Not to interrupt the game but as a point of information: In baseball, a cutter, or cut fastball, is a type of fastball which breaks slightly toward the pitcher's glove side as it reaches home plate.

This pitch is somewhere between a slider and a fastball, as it is usually thrown faster than a slider but with more motion than a typical fastball.

Pitch three: cutter again with a last second drop . . . Dickey somehow does not swing at it . . . I don't know how he held back . . . Ball two. It is now a hitters count, two balls one strike.

Pitch four: another cutter, same exact pitch, movement and location.

Dickey checks his swing . . . Catcher Johnny Bench appeals to the third base umpire, Higham, for the call and Higham signals 'no swing' . . . Ball three. I didn't expect Higham to say strike. Dickey is one tough out. He's a wily and cagey catcher.

Pitch five: cutter of course . . . Misses inside . . . Ball four. It is obvious to me that Mariano tried to jam him on the fists but Dickey, taking it all the way, walks.

I thought that Billy Martin might put in a pinch runner for Bill Dickey; however, with a three-run lead, and Dickey a very smart base runner, Martin elected to leave well enough alone. Dickey remains at first. The pitcher's spot is up now.

The PA announcer, Bob Sheppard, broadcasts that batting for Mordecai Brown will be Willie Keeler. Wow, I remember his Strat-O-Matic baseball card from the Hall of Fame set.

Willie Keeler, 'Wee-Willie' as he is called, is a very small player standing only 5'4" with an equally small strike zone. He's a great hitter and a fantastic bunter. Added to these attributes, he also happens to be very fast. He developed 'the Baltimore Chop' style of hitting the ball into the ground so it would go high in the air enabling the batter to reach first base safely.

Mariano will have his hands full now. Brooks Robinson moves up onto the infield grass at third base to guard against the possible bunt.

Pitch one: cutter . . . Keeler misses the bunt attempt . . . Strike one. Dickey takes a modest lead off first.

Pitch two: cutter even harder than the first one . . . Keeler drags a perfect bunt up the first base line. Pujols charges the bunt as Keeler is racing up the first base line. Second baseman Bobby Richardson races to cover first while Derek Jeter covers second. Pujols fields the bunt cleanly and fires to Richardson, but Keeler is just too fast and is safe at first. Dickey is now at second. Pujols had no chance to get an out at either base.

Ty Cobb steps up to bat with Keeler at first, Dickey at second, with one out. What an amazing match-up. Satan's first pick and a universally despised player versus one of the true blessed Christian warriors of the Central Church Angels. Cobb sneers at Rivera, glaring at him from the batter's box . . . Dickey and Keeler take leads off their respective bases.

Pitch one: a blazing cutter that seems to explode out of Rivera's hand. Cobb swings and his bat is shattered as the ball makes contact with Cobb's bat. The ball rolls meekly foul behind third base. Bat splinter fragments are everywhere. Cobb appears furious about this as he strides to the Old Timers dugout to select a new bat.

Bench walks to the mound to speak to Mariano. Cobb returns to the batter's box just as Bench returns behind home plate.

Pitch two: a blazing cutter . . . Cobb swings and makes contact . . . The sound of Cobb's bat hitting the ball is the loudest sound I have ever heard of a ball making contact with a bat. Cobb rips a vicious line drive directly into Mariano's left knee. The sound of that ball hitting his knee can be heard all over Ebbets Field. Mariano is down grimacing in pain.

The ball was hit so hard that Mariano had no chance to try to get his glove in front of it to block it, let alone catch it.

As Mariano gets hit, the ball changes direction and appears to be headed out into the grass in foul ground on the third base side, but Brooks Robinson makes a magnificent diving stop of the ball and keeps it from going into foul ground thus preventing Dickey from scoring.

Mariano is in agonizing pain. Time has been called on the field by umpire Don Denkinger. Manager Joe Torre and Dr. Frank Jobe have come to the mound to check on Mariano. All the infielders have gathered around the mound.

I looked over to see Ty Cobb's reaction . . . What else could I have expected? He seems indifferent to it all. At the same time, I can tell that Bill Dickey seems quite concerned about Mariano.

The base runners remain on their bags even though time has been called. Yogi Berra and Casey Stengel have come onto the field to help Mariano back to the dugout . . . Each has one of Mariano's arms on their shoulders so he does not have to put any weight on his left leg.

As they slowly move toward the dugout, the Ebbets Field fans erupt, cheering Mariano while giving him a standing ovation.

Due to the injury to pitcher Mariano, the incoming Angels pitcher will get as much time as necessary to warm-up. Joe Torre has signaled for Greg Maddux, the right-hander, who is a superb control pitcher. That leaves Jim Abbott as the only pitcher left on the Angels team, who is still warming up in the bullpen.

Maddux walks to the mound. He will bat in the third position. Moe Berg has joined Torre and Maddux on the mound as they watch Maddux warm-up. I am still worried about Mariano. That was an awful sight to see as the second he got hit, the blood began to splatter everywhere. I have said a special prayer for him.

I begin to focus on Greg Maddux who just happens to be one of my favorite players of all time and perhaps the greatest modern-day pitcher to have ever played the game. Greg is now ready to face Honus Wagner with the bases loaded and one out. Torre and Berg walk off the field of play.

Wagner steps into the batter's box. The base runners lead off their bags. Brooks Robinson plays on the edge of the grass just inside the dirt.

Pitch one: curveball . . . Wagner takes a full cut and makes minimal

contact . . . It is a swinging bunt that is rolling up the third base line in fair territory on the grass . . . Brooks Robinson charges at full speed for the bunt as Bill Dickey races down the third base line toward home plate. Johnny Bench stands with his left foot on the plate for the force out. Robinson has only one play and that is to home. Brooks reaches the slow rolling ball and, with his right-hand, flips it hard to Bench at home. Dickey slides into Bench's left leg with all his might trying to rip his leg off the base but Bench hangs on to the flip and keeps his foot on the plate as he crumples to the ground. Denkinger calls, "You're out!"

Dickey is out by a half step at most . . . What a fantastic play. Greg Maddux runs in to check on Bench, helping the catcher to his feet. Bench is limping a bit but will remain in the game amazingly enough after Joe Torre comes out to check on him.

Torre and Bench walk very slowly to the mound. Torre turns and signals for the left-hander Jim Abbott to face the left-handed hitter Tris Speaker, to try to get the final out in the top of the tenth and prevent any more damage from being done.

There is no other pitcher in baseball history who I would rather have pitch to Tris Speaker, with the bases loaded, than Jim Abbott. It is surreal to see him warming up on the mound with his very unique way of switching his glove back and forth so he can pitch and, of course, catch and field with only one hand.

His baseball career is a triumph of the human spirit. From the beginning of his career, his fielding ability has always been tested by the opposing team, particularly his ability to field bunts. Amazingly, he always passed the test with flying colors.

At the same time, I am certain that Tris Speaker, who is one of the greatest players of all time, must be wondering about Abbott's ability to field his position.

Jim has completed his warm-up tosses and is ready to pitch to Speaker in this, the most important baseball game ever played. Of course, Jim knows the magnitude of this game, just as he knows the bases are still loaded with two outs.

The Grey Eagle, Tris Speaker, steps into the batter's box. The runners take their leads.

Pitch one: fastball inside corner . . . Speaker swings and crushes a line drive just foul by inches down the first base line.

Pitch two: slider low . . . Speaker takes it for ball one.

Pitch three: fastball on the outer half of the plate . . . Speaker hammers a line drive right back at Abbott. The ball is hit so hard that Abbott cannot fully complete the switching of his glove to his left hand to field the

vicious line drive from Speaker. The ball hits Jim's glove during the switch. It pops into the air toward the first base side of the pitcher's mound to Abbott's left, who dives and, with his outstretched left hand, bare hands the ball and catches it holding onto the ball as he hits the ground for the third out . . . What a play!

The crowd is in complete pandemonium. Ty Cobb shakes his head in disbelief . . .

## **It is now the Bottom of the Tenth Inning**

OLD TIMERS 13 . . . ANGELS 10

Once again, I looked over to the box seats, and there sat Satan along with the three young ladies in their disguises . . . The insipid smile on Satan's face told me of his confidence at this point in the game . . . three runs ahead at the bottom of the tenth. I don't know how he did it, but somehow, some way, I believe that Satan caused that terrible injury to Mariano's left knee.

As I think about the reality of the jeopardy that Abba's team is in, my mouth is dry. I cannot even swallow. To make matters worse, I realize that the pitcher's spot in the batting order is now due up . . . We have no more pitchers left on our roster, which means Jim Abbott will, of course, not hit and we are down three runs. The moment of truth is near.

The great Cy Young himself is completing his warm-up tosses on the mound. Cy Young will bat in the ninth position. Manager Billy Martin has brought in George Sisler to play first base for defensive reasons. He will replace Jimmy Foxx and bat in the sixth position.

We must score four runs this inning or all is lost. If we only score three runs and tie the game, we have no pitchers left to pitch the top of the eleventh inning.

The fact of the matter is, if another roster player were forced to pitch versus Satan's Old Timers, it would be laughable.

There's no turning back . . . The game is on the line. It's winner take all and goodbye for eternity for the loser.

PA announcer Bob Sheppard announces, "Batting for pitcher Jim Abbott, Miguel Cabrera." I know that Miguel, 'Miggy' as he is called, is a three-time American League batting champion and a ten-time major league all-star.

My heart is pounding a thousand miles per hour as Miguel steps into the batter's box to hit against Cy Young. Miguel is a true warrior of Christ the Lord. He looks strong and confident against Young. I notice that some



of the players on both teams are now standing on the top step of their respective dugouts watching the action . . . The entire crowd at Ebbets Field are also on their feet in anticipation of every move on the field.

At the same time, I notice that Satan, along with the disguised young ladies, remain seated and relaxed, knowing they have a substantial lead. The fixed smile on Satan's face almost seems crown-like making me wonder what evil thought is going through his mind.

Pitch one: a blazing fastball . . . Miguel rips a bullet off Eddie Mathews' glove at third base for a base hit into left field. The ball was hit so hard that I honestly lost sight of it until Speaker raced toward it and fired it into Charlie Gehringer at second base. Miguel rounds the bag at first but has no intention of trying to stretch it into a double when we are down three runs with no outs. Miguel goes back to first.

Andrew 'Cutch' McCutchen steps up to bat. Once again, I notice a faint glow momentarily from Andrew's bat . . . Then, as before, it disappears in the blink of an eye.

McCutchen, the son of a minister, is a Christian. He has spoken about his faith saying; "In my life, I want people to see that I'm not just a baseball player. I want them to know me as a Christian and as someone who is not afraid to make God's name known and I am thankful for every single day the Lord has given me and for what [Jesus] did for me when he died on the cross for my sins." Knowing this, and seeing that faint golden glow emanating from McCutchen's bat, gives me faith that the Lord will work his miracles at the same time Satan's evil scheme, whatever it may be, is taking place behind the scenes.

McCutchen looks toward third base coach Earl Weaver to check the signs. A moment later he asks the home plate umpire for time. Time is called by umpire Denkinger.

Carlos Beltran trots out of the Angels dugout to pinch run for Miguel Cabrera. Carlos and Miguel exchange knowing smiles and shake hands . . . Most fans know that Carlos is a smart base runner and very successful base stealer, although I sincerely doubt he will be stealing here when down three runs.

Pitch one: fastball on the outside corner . . . Strike one.

Pitch two: another blazing fastball, a bit more outside . . . Ball one. Beltran takes his lead off the bag . . . Sisler is loosely holding him on.

Pitch three: fastball inside and low . . . Andrew hammers the pitch up the middle just to the left side of second base. It appears as though it will be a base hit until Honus Wagner comes out of nowhere and, at full speed, gloves it and flips it to Charlie Gehringer at second base in one fluid motion.

Carlos Beltran is off and flying at the crack of the bat and is at full speed when he slides in low and hard and low bridges Gehringer who somehow stays on the bag and holds onto the ball for the force out of Beltran. Gehringer has no chance to even throw to first to try and double up McCutchen because he is on the ground and just trying to stand and gather himself. What a great job by Carlos to break up any potential double play . . . There is now one out, and McCutchen is on first.

Albert Pujols is up. He steps into the batter's box with a confident look on his face.

Pitch one: blazing fastball on the outside black . . . Strike one.

Pitch two: another fastball, same location . . . Albert swings and rips a line drive just foul past a diving George Sisler at first base, who makes a great attempt to glove it in foul ground . . . Strike two.

Pitch three: high fastball . . . Young wastes a pitch. Pujols takes it . . . Ball one.

Pitch four: a fastball inside . . . Pujols swings, blistering a line drive between the shortstop and third base . . . Honus Wagner makes a great diving backhand try at the ball and just misses making a great play.

The ball goes into left field. Tris Speaker plays it back in to Eddie Mathews at third base . . . McCutchen stops at second.

Josh Hamilton is up. Manager Billy Martin walks to the mound and meets with Bill Dickey. Martin calls for the great left-hander, Warren Spahn, to pitch to Hamilton. As Spahn leaves the bullpen for the mound, I notice that the Rocket, Roger Clemens, is starting to warm-up.

As Spahn takes his warm-ups on the mound, I observe Josh studying him intently and for good reason. Josh will have his hands full, as Warren Spahn is not only a very smart pitcher, he is arguably one of, if not the greatest southpaw pitcher of all time.

Hamilton steps into the batter's box.

Pitch one: a nasty curveball . . . Josh swings and misses, strike one.

Pitch two: fastball on the outside corner, just misses outside . . . Ball one.

Pitch three: curveball again, Josh swings and misses . . . Strike two. That curveball rolled right off the table top, impossible to hit.

Josh asks for time and steps out of the batter's box. He checks the signs with Earl Weaver in the coach's box at third base. Before he steps back up to hit, he looks down for a moment in thought, then he is ready.

Pitch four: another curveball that appears to not break as sharply as the last two. Josh swings and destroys the pitch . . . It is a fierce line drive just to George Sisler's right. Sisler makes a great backhanded attempt at the ball and manages to get the very tip of his long first baseman's mitt on it, deflecting it down to the ground to Gehringer's left. Gehringer anticipates

this and is flying toward the rolling ball. Warren Spahn is racing to cover first base as Sisler is out of position to cover it. Josh Hamilton flies up the line toward first base as Gehring picks up the ball with his bare hand and makes a perfect flip to Spahn in full stride as he touches the bag at first holding the ball.

Hamilton and Spahn hit the bag simultaneously, colliding viciously at top speed . . . Both men go down hard; however, Spahn is still holding the ball. Umpire Cal Hubbard looks directly at the first base bag and hesitates for what seems like an eternity until finally yelling, "Safe!" Josh is safe at first. As they say, tie goes to the runner.

The crowd is in complete hysteria as Manager Billy Martin flies out of his dugout and is running directly toward Hubbard. McCutchen is on third, Pujols is on second.

Hamilton and Spahn are both slow to stand up. Spahn is up first, albeit slowly, to make sure McCutchen does not attempt to score from third. Andrew has no intention to try it as they are down three runs with Brooks Robinson due up next.

After Spahn is up McCutchen goes back to third base. Spahn asks the umpire, Cal Hubbard, for time. Time is granted as the Old Timer manager, Billy Martin, is already in Hubbard's grill yelling at him.

Once again, coach Miller Huggins has to rip Martin away before he is ejected by Hubbard. Huggins is successful in this endeavor as they both go to check on Spahn after the brutal collision with Hamilton at first.

Umpire Denkinger comes out to the mound as Spahn takes some warm-up tosses getting ready to pitch to Brooks Robinson. Soon Spahn appears good to go. I think Martin chose to stay with him even though he is a southpaw and Brooks bats righty. Martin knows that Spahn possesses an excellent screwball to use in his arsenal against right-handed hitters.

Brooks Robinson walks from the on-deck circle into the batter's box. Brooks, in my opinion, is the greatest fielding third baseman in baseball history as well as being a tremendous clutch hitter. 'The Human Vacuum Cleaner', as he is called, is a true gentleman and role model for the young people in our country. Brooks looks Spahn over, and he is ready.

Pitch one: screwball that Brooks pounces on and rips a line drive just to the left of Eddie Mathews at third . . . Mathews lays out, and the ball deflects off Mathews glove into the air behind him and toward Honus Wagner at shortstop. Wagner, who was already headed for the ball in case it got by Mathews, dives and backhands the ball just before it can hit the ground. The ball is precariously at the top of the webbing of his glove, a classic 'snow-cone' as Wagner lands on the infield dirt.

What a play! There are two outs. We are down to our last out. The runners have all scampered back to their bases to avoid being doubled off by Wagner.

As I look over to the on-deck circle for the Central Church Angels, I notice that Johnny Bench, who is due to hit next is not there . . . The on-deck circle is empty. It's hard for me to express in words the anxiety I am feeling at this moment.

Don Denkinger, the home plate umpire and now crew chief replacing Bill Klem, anxiously looks into the Angels dugout. Just as he appears to be ready to walk over to the dugout, Roberto Clemente emerges. The PA announcer, Bob Sheppard, announces, "Batting for Johnny Bench, Roberto Clemente."

I don't know exactly how to say this, but I must tell you that when Bob Sheppard announced Roberto Clemente, his words seemed to reverberate throughout Ebbets Field as though they were coming out of the heavens above.

I am so welled up with emotion that I am in tears as my all-time favorite player, for so many reasons, is now going to bat with two outs and the bases loaded. The Central Church Angels are down three runs in the bottom of the tenth, and no matter how I say it, the bottom line is this at bat will be the deciding factor for God Almighty and the future of mankind as we know it.

As he is about to leave the on-deck circle, manager Billy Martin heads out of the dugout to the mound. He has already signaled for the right-hander, the great Roger Clemens, to pitch to Clemente.

As Roger Clemens walks to the mound to face Clemente, a strange feeling came over me. Suddenly, the realization that Satan specifically picked Clemens for this match-up came over me! It is absolutely terrifying thinking that Satan knew this at bat would occur exactly as it is about to happen.

I have always admired Roger Clemens as one of the fiercest competitors I have ever seen pitch. There's no question in my mind that he is one of the greatest pitchers in baseball history.

I'm not sure what lies Satan told him, as far as who he is playing for, but there's no doubt in my mind that Roger will compete with all his heart and soul and mind and body to get Clemente out. He will use every ounce of his fire and skill to win this game for his team.

Bill Dickey joins Martin and Clemens on the mound. Spahn hands Clemens the ball. Martin and Spahn return to the dugout, and Dickey takes his place behind the plate.

Clemens has completed his warm-up pitches. Clemente walks toward

the batter's box and just before he steps into the box he stops and stands there for a moment looking out over the ballpark. The entire moment seems frozen in time for me, like a Rockwell painting. Then suddenly, Roberto's bat emanates a beautiful golden glow that quickly disappears as Roberto steps into the batter's box.

Pitch one: a blazing inside fastball that is high and tailing inside up around Roberto's chin . . . Clemente goes down hard on his back as if he's been shot. I'm not sure if he got hit by the pitch or not . . . Dickey reaches up and somehow gloves the ball before it can roll to the backstop. From where I am standing, I cannot tell what the home plate umpire has called regarding if Clemente was struck by the pitch or not; nonetheless, Pete Rose has charged out of the dugout and is running right at Roger Clemens, followed by the rest of the Central Church Angels . . . The Old Timers have also charged onto the field heading toward the pitcher's mound . . . Both bullpens have now emptied. Roger Clemens braces himself as Rose gets to him and tackles him low bringing him to the ground.

They begin rolling around on the ground trading punches . . . Wow, what a scene! To my amazement, only Rose and Clemens are fighting. The other players are holding each other back but are not fighting. Finally, Frank Thomas and Walter Johnson separate Rose and Clemens pulling them off each other.

Joe Torre and Moe Berg are behind home plate talking to Roberto Clemente who seems okay. Doctor Jobe is also talking to Clemente. Roger Clemens has gathered himself up and is standing on the third base side of the pitcher's mound talking to Billy Martin and Miller Huggins.

The umpires huddle together on the infield grass at the first base side of the pitcher's mound, talking. After a few moments they break up, and the home plate umpire, Denkinger, speaks to Torre and Martin. It seems as though Clemente was not hit by the pitch and Roger Clemens will remain in the game . . . After all is said and done, the first pitch was ball one.

The crowd at Ebbets Field has calmed down; however, they are all standing and so are all the ball players and coaches in both dugouts. I looked over toward the box seats where Satan is still calmly sitting in his disguise along with the young ladies in their disguises. He seems quite pleased with the events that have taken place. A smirk comes over his face as Roberto steps up to bat again.

Clemens is set. Roberto steps up to bat. The count is one ball, no strikes.

Pitch two: fastball on the outside corner, called strike one.

Clemens looked so focused and determined that it is actually frightening to me. He appears to be looking right through Roberto as though he is

possessed. Pitch three: a blazing fastball of unbelievable velocity inside and high again causing Roberto to take a step back . . . Ball two.

Roberto appears unfazed and calm . . . very steadfast.

Clemens is obviously trying to move Roberto back and be able to pitch him on the outside corner to get him out by owning the outside portion of home plate. Pitch four: a vicious split-finger fastball that is off speed. Roberto is fooled badly and flails at it . . . Strike two.

Pitch five: Clemens comes inside with a blazing fastball . . . Roberto swings and connects sending a deep fly ball to left field. Speaker is going back, all the way to the left field fence . . . He looks up, and the ball just goes foul by a few feet at the very last second.

The entire crowd at Ebbets Field, myself included, was holding its breath. The entire world in front of me seemed to be in suspended animation as that ball went foul.

The base runners return to their bases. Clemens has stepped off the mound for a moment. Roberto returns to home plate and picks up his bat just as Clemens returns to the pitching rubber; Roberto steps into the batter's box. The count is two balls, two strikes.

Pitch six: a split-finger fastball on the outside corner . . . Roberto takes it.

This pitch may end the game. Everything now appears to me to be in slow motion as the home plate umpire, Don Denkinger, hesitates for a moment seemingly transfixed on the plate . . . Then he yells "Ball." I'm so relieved, we're still alive!

After Denkinger made the call, Clemens took one step toward home and looked directly at Denkinger obviously in complete contempt for him because of the call he made.

I was amazed that Roberto had the patience and confidence not to swing at that pitch. It is now a full count, three balls, two strikes. Clemens turns his back on home plate and is back on the rubber. Once again, Roberto is ready.

Pitch seven: fastball inside . . . Roberto swings, and as he makes contact with the ball, his bat shatters to smithereens . . . The ball tips foul right back off of catcher Bill Dickey's glove.

Dickey tries to hold onto it but cannot. If he had been able to hold onto that ball the game would be over. The force of Roberto's swing actually made him go down to the ground on his right knee . . . Wow, what a sequence as shards of broken bat are all over the infield grass.

Once again, I looked over at Satan where his disciples are huddled together with strange and rather sheepish grins on their faces . . . It is obvious to me they figure victory is but a few short moments away. There's no question about it, we're down to cases now, the loser of this game will

be banished from the history of the world for all time; it will be the end of it all for the loser and nobody knows it better than Satan.

At the same time, my belief in God Almighty, my faith in what I know the Lord stands for lets me believe that even though Abba's team is behind at the moment, the end of it all is only moments away for Satan.

The grounds crew quickly comes out and removes all the pieces of the broken bat from the infield grass under the supervision of the umpires. Clemens is like a raging bull circling the mound, waiting to pitch to Clemente. Clemente has gathered himself after standing up from one knee and appears very relaxed and calm. I must say that under the circumstances, he seems extremely peaceful.

Looking at the players on the field before the next pitch, my mind is whirling with positive thoughts of the Lord but still thinking if anything goes wrong this last pitch of the game could mean the end of our lives and futures.

Hamilton leads off first, Pujols leads off second, and McCutchen leads off third. Josh Hamilton represents the tying run, and Roberto Clemente represents the potential winning run.

Ty Cobb is playing shaded toward left field. DiMaggio in right is shaded toward center field. Speaker in left is playing deeper than he normally would, firmly in left field.

The fearsome Roger 'Rocket' Clemens is ready. As Roberto steps into the batter's box, his bat appears to be solidly glowing like the most brilliant sunshine I have ever seen.

The Pitch: a fastball of superhuman velocity that explodes from Clemens right-hand. Roberto swings his bat with the speed of a deadly Samurai swordsman and makes contact with the ball aimed at the outside portion of home plate.

For some reason, I cannot hear the impact of the ball hitting the bat! The base runners are off and running at full speed with a 3 - 2 count and two outs. I have lost sight of the ball . . .

I look toward the outfield; Joe DiMaggio is running at full speed toward the wall in right center field. Ty Cobb is also running at full speed toward the wall in right center. Suddenly, I see the ball heading toward a chasm in the wall just to the left of the Schaefer scoreboard. Cobb is racing for that spot as well. DiMaggio has now left his feet as he makes a magnificent backhanded diving leap at the ball . . . It appears at first that he will catch it, but he will not! The ball goes into the chasm in the wall. DiMaggio is on the ground getting up as Cobb arrives as the ball is shot back out of the chasm toward the infield at high speed . . . The ball is rolling toward the infield. Cobb is flying after it.

McCutchen and Pujols have scored and now Hamilton is crossing the plate just as Roberto is rounding the bag at third hurtling toward home being waved home by third base coach Earl Weaver.

Cobb picks up the rolling ball as he is running toward the infield . . . There will be no relay throw as Cobb is so close to the infield he will have to make the throw into home himself. As he sets himself to throw, Cobb bobbles the ball for at most a half second as he fires the ball on the fly to a waiting and perfectly positioned Bill Dickey at home plate.

The throw is to Dickey's right as he makes the catch at home. Clemente and the ball arrive simultaneously. Roberto dives headfirst toward the plate . . . As he dives, he shifts his body in mid-air, his legs angling his body to the right . . . Dickey lunges toward Clemente as he avoids the tag by Dickey's glove.

Roberto's unorthodox slide causes him to miss the plate as he literally flies by it. For some reason, as I'm watching, this entire sequence seems to be in slow motion even as Clemente crashes into the ground behind home plate. Roberto is now crawling toward home plate to try to tag it as Bill Dickey is scampering from the left of the plate toward him to try to tag Roberto before he can touch the plate.

Umpire Denkinger is in perfect position to make the call as Clemente tags the plate a millisecond ahead of Dickey's tag . . . Denkinger yells "Safe!" The crowd goes wild. **Abba's Angels have won the game!**

I looked over toward the box seats where Satan and his disciples were seated . . . The box is empty. As agreed between Abba and Satan, the loser of the game shall have his name instantly stricken from the records of mankind and shall be gone from history and from the mind of man forever and ever.

**The Devil lost the game**, the agreement has been honored. Thank Almighty God, **Satan the Devil is gone forever!** I am flooded with tears of joy and overwhelmed with emotion.

I closed my eyes for a moment, and when I opened them, the fans in Ebbets Field were gone. Then I saw the Negro Leaguers who were seated in the stands behind the Angels Dugout run onto the field along with all the players on both teams who were in celebration. Even Ty Cobb has joined to celebrate our Lord's great victory.

Suddenly, it began to snow, and as the lights at Ebbets Field start to dim I saw Roberto Clemente clasp his hands together and drop to his knees as he became the first player to kneel, followed by every player and coach on the field who immediately followed suit.



As you know, I have been unable to hear even one single word uttered by any player or coach on either team from the very start of the game. Now, in the softest whisper imaginable, I heard them begin to sing, “Silent night, holy night, all is calm, all is bright . . .” and then I saw the brightest light I have ever seen in my life.

Then inexplicably, I found myself standing outside Central Church in the exact same spot I was standing when this all started. It’s chilly here this Christmas Eve, the wind is blowing cold air. As I’m sure you can imagine, my mind was in a whirl as I began to ponder just how all that I have said, and all that has been written will be received, especially by the nonbelievers.

The moment that thought came into my mind, the wind blew a paper between my feet. I bent down and picked it up. I was astounded to find the Central Church line-up card signed by manager Gil Hodges, in my hand. At that very moment, from inside the church, I could hear the congregation also singing “Silent Night.”

The words of the song were resonating through my mind as I looked up and saw the blond-haired boy smile at me and wave goodbye . . . Then, in the blink of an eye, he was gone.

Standing here with the line-up card in my hand, I feel myself beginning to tremble. I turned the line-up card over and saw the words: **ALL POWER IS THE LORD’S.**

**OLD TIMERS DAY**

SATAN'S OLD TIMERS AT ABBA'S CENTRAL CHRISTIAN ANGELS

EBBETS FIELD, ON THE GROUNDS OF CENTRAL CHRISTIAN  
CHURCH

HENDERSON, NEVADA

DECEMBER 24

CEREMONIAL FIRST PITCH: JIM THORPE

GUEST PA: ANNOUNCER, BOB SHEPPARD

OFFICIAL SCORER: ED MUNSON

**SATAN'S OLD TIMERS**

|                   |                  |
|-------------------|------------------|
| Ty Cobb           | Pie Traynor      |
| Walter Johnson    | Joe Cronin       |
| Cy Young          | Cap Anson        |
| Rogers Hornsby    | Nap Lajoie       |
| Jimmy Foxx        | Harry Heilmann   |
| Mel Ott           | Eddie Plank      |
| Joe DiMaggio      | Bill Terry       |
| Roger Clemens     | Charles Radbourn |
| Carl Hubbell      | Dizzy Dean       |
| Eddie Mathews     | Paul Waner       |
| Bill Dickey       | Roger Bresnahan  |
| Tris Speaker      | Chuck Klein      |
| Willie Keeler     | Hack Wilson      |
| Mordecai Brown    | Ducky Medwick    |
| Mickey Cochrane   | Ted Lyons        |
| Christy Mathewson | Gabby Hartnett   |
| Frankie Frisch    | Goose Goslin     |
| George Sisler     | Waite Hoyt       |
| Pete Alexander    | Smoky Joe Wood   |
| Lefty Grove       | Ross Youngs      |
| Al Simmons        | Edd Roush        |
| Eddie Collins     | Jimmy Collins    |
| Warren Spahn      | Luke Appling     |
| Sam Crawford      | Hal Chase        |

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**ADDITIONAL SELECTIONS**

Charlie Gehringer  
Lloyd Waner  
Phil Rizzuto  
Zach Wheat  
Rube Waddell  
Enos Slaughter

**ABBA'S CENTRAL CHRISTIAN ANGELS**

|                 |                    |
|-----------------|--------------------|
| Nolan Ryan      | Frank Robinson     |
| Babe Ruth       | Albert Pujols      |
| Stan Musial     | Clayton Kershaw    |
| Ted Williams    | Ralph Kiner        |
| Bob Feller      | Harmon Killebrew   |
| Yogi Berra      | Smoky Joe Williams |
| Mickey Mantle   | Satchel Paige      |
| Lou Gehrig      | Carl Yastrzemski   |
| Sandy Koufax    | Joe Morgan         |
| Hank Greenberg  | Neil Walker        |
| Joe Jackson     | Josh Hamilton      |
| Pete Rose       | Ernie Banks        |
| Willie Mays     | Gary Carter        |
| Hank Aaron      | David Wright       |
| Don Drysdale    | Bryce Harper       |
| Johnny Bench    | Bobby Richardson   |
| Mike Schmidt    | Jim Abbott         |
| Derek Jeter     | Tony Conigliaro    |
| Tom Seaver      | Paul Goldschmidt   |
| Bob Gibson      | Roberto Clemente   |
| Greg Maddux     | Tony Gwynn         |
| Mariano Rivera  | Bo Jackson         |
| Jackie Robinson | Reggie Jackson     |
| Cal Ripken      | Randy Johnson      |
| Ken Giffey Jr.  | Mike Trout         |

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**ADDITIONAL SELECTIONS**

|                  |                |
|------------------|----------------|
| Miguel Cabrera   | PLAYER/COACHES |
| Frank Thomas     | Mo Berg        |
| Brooks Robinson  | William Hoy    |
| Carlos Beltran   |                |
| Andrew McCutchen |                |
| Josh Gibson      |                |

**SATAN'S OLD TIMER'S TEAM STARTING LINEUP**

|    |            |
|----|------------|
| CF | Cobb       |
| SS | Wagner     |
| LF | Speaker    |
| RF | DiMaggio   |
| 1B | Foxx       |
| 2B | Hornsby    |
| 3B | Mathews    |
| C  | Cochrane   |
| P  | W. Johnson |

**ABBA'S CENTRAL CHRISTIAN ANGELS TEAM STARTING LINEUP**

|    |             |
|----|-------------|
| SS | Jeter       |
| CF | Mays        |
| LF | Williams    |
| RF | Ruth        |
| 1B | Gehrig      |
| 2B | J. Robinson |
| 3B | Schmidt     |
| C  | Berra       |
| P  | Ryan        |

**TOP 1ST**

COBB                    GOUNDS OUT 6-3                    1 OUT

WAGNER                FLY OUT TO CENTER 8                2 OUT

SPEAKER                GROUND OUT 4-3                    3 OUT

0 RUNS

SATAN 0

GOD 0

*Old Timers Day*

**BOTTOM 1ST**

JETER                      GROUNDS OUT TO SS 6-3                      1 OUT

MAYS                      SINGLE OUT AT 2ND  
R/F TO SS 9-6    2 OUT

WILLIAMS                      LINE OUT TO LEFT 7                                      3 OUT

0 RUNS

SATAN 0

GOD 0

**TOP 2ND**

DIMAGGIO SINGLE TO LEFT

HORNSBY GROUND BALL 3RD TO 2ND 5-4  
FIELDER'S CHOICE

DIMAGGIO SAFE AT 2ND HORNSBY ON FIRST

FOXX FLY OUT TO CENTER 8 1 OUT

MATHEWS INFIELD HIT TO 1ST BASES LOADED

COCHRANE FOUL OUT TO SS 6 2 OUT

W. JOHNSON LINE OUT TO RF 9 3 OUT

0 RUNS

SATAN 0

GOD 0



*Old Timers Day*

**BOTTOM 2ND**

|             |  |   |       |
|-------------|--|---|-------|
| RUTH        | DOUBLES TO RIGHT   |   |       |
| GEHRIG      | WALKS  |   |       |
| J. ROBINSON | LINE OUT TO 3RD BASE   | 5 | 1 OUT |
| SCHMIDT     | GROUND BALL F/C<br>SS TO 2ND 6-4<br>SCHMIDT ON 1ST<br>RUTH TAKES 3RD |   | 2 OUT |
| BERRA       | LINE OUT TO RIGHT  | 9 | 3 OUT |

0 RUNS

SATAN 0

GOD 0

**TOP 3RD**

COBB            INFIELD HIT TO PITCHER (RYAN HURT  
RUTH INTO PITCH FOR RYAN  
HOY TO RIGHT FIELD FOR RUTH  
HOY BATS 9TH

WAGNER        WALKS

SPEAKER       SINGLES TO RIGHT,  
COBB OUT AT HOME 9-2  
BERRA HURT AT HOME AND  
JOSH GIBSON NOW CATCHING  
AND BATS 8TH

2ND AND 3RD   SPEAKER TO 2ND AND  
WAGNER TO 3RD ON THROW TO HOME PLATE   1 OUT

DIMAGGIO      GROUNDS OUT TO 3RD   5-3  
WAGNER SCORES – SPEAKER TO 3RD            2 OUT

HORNSBY       GROUNDS OUT TO SS   6-3            3 OUT

1 RUN

SATAN 1

GOD 0

*Old Timers Day*

**BOTTOM 3RD**

|          |                                    |  |       |
|----------|------------------------------------|--|-------|
| HOY      | DOUBLE TO RIGHT CENTER             |  |       |
| JETER    | (HOY STEALS 3RD AND STEALS HOME)   |  |       |
| TO 2ND   | GROUND OUT OFF 1ST BASEMEN'S GLOVE |  |       |
|          | BASE TO PITCHER 3-4-1              |  | 1 OUT |
| MAYS     | LINE OUT TO 3RD 5                  |  | 2 OUT |
| WILLIAMS | FLY OUT TO RIGHT FIELD 9           |  | 3 OUT |

1 RUN

SATAN 1

GOD 1

**TOP 4TH**

FELLER IN TO PITCH FOR RUTH AND BATS 9TH  
RUTH TO RIGHT FIELD FOR HOY

FOXX                HOME RUN

MATHEWS         DOUBLES LEFT

COCHRANE        WALKS

(PINCH RUNNER ROGER BRESNAHAN FOR COCHRANE  
AND STAYS IN GAME TO CATCH AND BATS 8TH

W. JOHNSON      GROUNDS INTO DOUBLE  
                         PLAY 6-4-3                                        2 OUT  
                         MATHEWS TO 3RD

COBB                SINGLES TO RIGHT, MATHEWS SCORES

WAGNER           COBB OUT STEALING 2ND 2-4 3 OUT

2 RUNS

SATAN 3

GOD 1

*Old Timers Day*

**BOTTOM 4TH**

RUTH                    SINGLES TO RIGHT

GEHRIG                LINE OUT TO FIRST 3                    1 OUT

MORGAN                (PINCH HITS FOR J. ROBINSON,  
STAYS IN GAME AT 2ND BASE)  
DOUBLES TO RIGHT    RUTH TO 3RD

SCHMIDT              WALKS                                      BASES LOADED

(ROSE PINCH RUNS FOR RUTH)

GIBSON                SAC FLY TO LEFT    7  
ROSE SCORES  
1ST AND 2ND                                      2 OUT

(BRESNAHAN IS INJURED AND IS NOW OUT OF THE GAME  
AND BILL DICKEY IS IN TO CATCH, BATS 8TH)

MANTLE                (PINCH HITS FOR FELLER)  
WALKS                                      BASES LOADED

JETER                    GROUNDS OUT PITCHER TO  
CATHER TO FIRST 1-2-3                    3 OUT

1 RUN

SATAN 3

GOD 2

**TOP 5TH**

(MUSIAL INTO LEFT FIELD FOR WILLIAMS AND BATS 3RD -  
AARON INTO RIGHT FIELD FOR RUTH AND BATS 4TH - R.  
JOHNSON INTO PITCH FOR FELLER AND BATS 9TH)

WAGNER            DOUBLE LEFT

SPEAKER           CALLED OUT ON STRIKES            1 OUT

DIMAGGIO           WALKS

HORNSBY           SINGLE RIGHT,  
OUT AT HOME WAGNER 9-2           2 OUT  
DIMAGGIO TO 3RD AND  
HORNSBY AT 2ND ON THROW  
TO THE PLATE

FOXX                INT. WALK                            BASES LOADED

MATHEWS           FOUL OUT TO CATHER 2            3 OUT

0 RUNS

SATAN 3

GOD 2

*Old Timers Day*

**BOTTOM 5TH**

MAYS                    DOUBLE TO RIGHT

MUSIAL                WALKS

AARON                FLY OUT TO DEEP LEFT 7            1 OUT  
MAYS TO 3RD - MUSIAL TO 2ND

GREENBERG        (PINCH HITS FOR GEHRIG AND  
STAYS IN GAME TO PLAY FIRST BASE)  
SAC FLY OUT TO LEFT 7  
MAYS SCORES, MUSIAL TO 3RD 2 OUT

MORGAN             BUNTS OUT TO 3RD 5-3            3 OUT

1 RUN

SATAN 3

GOD 3

**TOP 6TH**

(BENCH INTO CATCHER FOR J. GIBSON AND BATS 8TH)

BILL DICKEY      DOUBLES TO RIGHT CENTER

W. JOHNSON      SAC BUNT 5-3 DICKEY TO 3RD 1 OUT  
COBB HIT BY PITCH

WAGNER              WALKS                      BASES LOADED

SPEAKER              STRIKES OUT SWINGING              2 OUT

DIMAGGIO BATTING (DON DRYSDALE COMES IN TO PITCH  
FOR RANDY JOHNSON AND BATS 9TH)

DIMAGGIO              SINGLES OFF 2ND BASEMEN'S GLOVE  
DEFLECTED TO CENTERFIELD  
DICKEY SCORES AND  
COBB IS THROWN OUT  
AT HOME 8-2                      3 OUT

1 RUN

SATAN 4

GOD 3



*Old Timers Day*

**BOTTOM 6TH**

SCHMIDT      GROUND OUT TO 3RD 5-3      1 OUT  
BENCH HOME RUN TO LEFT

WALKER      (PINCH HITS FOR DRYSDALE –  
MATHEWSON COMES IN TO PITCH)  
HOME RUN TO RIGHT FIELD

JETER      LINE OUT TO RIGHT FIELD 9      2 OUT

MAYS      FLY OUT TO LEFT 7      3 OUT

2 RUNS

SATAN 4

GOD 5

**TOP 7TH**

(HARPER INTO LEFT FIELD FOR MUSIAL BATS 3RD –  
GOLDSCHMIDT INTO PLAY FIRST FOR GREENBERG AND  
BATS 5TH - DOUBLE SWITCH B. GIBSON INTO PITCH FOR  
DRYSDALE AND BATS 6TH AND WALKER STAYS IN GAME  
AND PLAYS 2ND BASE FOR MORGAN AND BATS 9TH)

HORNSBY DOUBLE TO LEFT CENTER

FOXX LINE DRIVE OFF OF 3RD BASEMEN'S GLOVE  
TO SHORTSTOP.  
NO PLAY. HORNSBY TO 3RD  
FOXX AT FIRST

MATHEWS SAC – LINE OUT TO RIGHT FIELD 9  
HORNSBY SCORES 1 OUT

(KOUFAX INTO PITCH FOR GIBSON  
AND BATS 6TH)

DICKEY STRIKES OUT SWINGING 2 OUT

NAPOLEON LAJOIE (PINCH HITS FOR MATHEWSON)

LAJOIE GROUND OUT TO 2ND 4-3 3 OUT

1 RUN

SATAN 5

GOD 5

**BOTTOM 7TH**

(LEFTY GROVE INTO PITCH FOR MATHEWSON AND  
BATS 9TH)

HARPER            DOUBLES TO LEFT

BO JACKSON      (PINCH HITS FOR AARON, STAYS IN GAME  
                         TO PLAY RIGHT FIELD AND BAT 4TH)

BASE HITS OFF 3RD BASEMEN'S GLOVE TO LEFT  
FIELD – HARPER SCORES – JACKSON TO 2ND ON THROW  
TO HOME

(NEW PITCHER GROVER CLEVELAND ALEXANDER IN TO  
PITCH FOR GROVE AND BATS 9TH)

GOLDSCHMIDT    SINGLES – JACKSON SCORES

CONIGLIARO      (PINCH HITS FOR KOUFAX)      WALKS

SCHMIDT           HITS INTO DOUBLE PLAY  
                         OFF 3RD BASEMEN'S GLOVE  
                         DEFLECTS TO SS TO 2ND BASE  
                         TO FIRST 5-6-4-3                      2 OUT  
                         GOLDSCHMIDT TO 3RD

BENCH            FLY OUT TO CENTER 8              3 OUT

2 RUNS

SATAN 5

GOD 7

**TOP 8TH**

(TOM SEAVER IN TO PITCH FOR KOUFAX AND BATS 6TH)

COBB                    DOUBLES TO RIGHT CENTER

WAGNER                SINGLES – COBB SCORES — TAKES 2ND  
AND THEN 3RD ON PLAY AT PLATE

SPEAKER               WALKS

DIMAGGIO             INFIELD HIT OFF  
PITCHER'S GLOVE                BASES LOADED

HORNSBY              DOUBLE PLAY 6-4-3                    2 OUT  
WAGNER SCORES – SPEAKER TO 3RD

FOXX                    STRIKES OUT SWINGING                3 OUT

2 RUNS

UMPIRE BILL KLEM IS KNOCKED OUT OF THE GAME AND  
REPLACED BY DENKINGER AT HOME PLATE – HIGHAM  
REPLACES DENKINGER AT 3RD BASE

THIS HAPPENS AFTER KLEM AND COBB ARE INVOLVED IN  
A COLLISION AT HOME PLATE

SATAN 7

GOD 7

*Old Timers Day*

**BOTTOM 8TH**

(CARL HUBBELL IN TO PITCH FOR ALEXANDER AND BATS  
9TH)

RICHARDSON (PINCH HITS FOR WALKER  
AND STAYS IN THE GAME  
AND PLAYS 2ND BASE) SINGLES TO RIGHT

JETER SINGLES TO LEFT – RICHARDSON TO 2ND

MAYS LINE OUT TO SS 1 OUT

HARPER WALKS BASES LOADED

JACKSON DOUBLE PLAY 5-4-3 3 OUT

0 RUNS

SATAN 7

GOD 7

**TOP 9TH**

KERSHAW IN TO PITCH FOR SEAVER AND BATS 6TH -  
TROUT INTO CENTER FOR MAYS AND BATS 2ND -  
PUJOLS AT FIRST BASE FOR GOLDSCHMIDT AND BATS 5TH  
- McCUTCHEN IN RIGHT FIELD FOR B. JACKSON  
AND BATS 4TH)

MATHEWS      LINE OUT TO PITCHER 1      1 OUT

DICKEY      LINE OUT TO 2ND 4      2 OUT

AL SIMMONS    (PINCH HITS FOR HUBBELL)  
AND HOMERS TO LEFT

COBB      SINGLES TO RIGHT

WAGNER      SINGLES TO RIGHT  
COBB TO 3RD  
WAGNER TO 2ND ON THROW.

(MIKE SCHMIDT AND MANAGER GIL HODGES EJECTED ON  
PLAY AT 3RD. NEW 3RD BASEMAN IS DAVID WRIGHT AND  
WILL BAT 7TH. NEW MANAGER JOE TORRE)

SPEAKER      TRIPLES TO RIGHT CENTER  
COBB AND WAGNER SCORES

(OREL HERSHISER COMES IN TO PITCH FOR KERSHAW AND  
BATS 6TH)

DIMAGGIO BATTING - SPEAKER OUT TRYING TO STEAL  
HOME – CATHER TO PITCHER 2-1      3 OUT

3 RUNS

SATAN 10

GOD 7

**BOTTOM 9TH**

(DIZZY DEAN IN TO PITCH FOR HUBBELL AND BATS 9TH)

PUJOLS            SINGLE TO LEFT

HAMILTON        (PINCH HITS FOR HERSHISER) –  
                      HOMERUN TO RIGHT CENTER  
                      PUJOLS SCORES

(Smoky Joe WOOD COMES TO PITCH FOR DIZZY DEAN AND  
BATS 9TH)

WRIGHT           WALKS

BENCH            LINE OUT TO  
                      RIGHT CENTER – 9                    1 OUT

RICHARDSON     LINE OUT TO  
                      LEFT CENTER – 7                    2 OUT

JETER             DOUBLES TO LEFT CENTER,  
                      WRIGHT SCORES  
                      JETER TO 3RD ON THROW TO  
                      HOME PLATE

(MORDECAI THREE FINGER BROWN IN TO PITCH FOR  
Smoky Joe WOOD AND BATS 9TH)

TROUT            GROUNDS OUT TO 3RD 5-3        3 OUT

3 RUNS

SATAN 10

GOD 10

**TOP 10TH**

(BROOKS ROBINSON AT 3RD BASE FOR WRIGHT AND BATS  
7TH DOUBLE SWITCH – SACHEL PAIGE IN TO PITCH FOR  
HERSHISER AND WILL BAT 3RD - HAMILTON INTO LEFT  
FOR HARPER AND WILL BAT 6TH)

DIMAGGIO         SINGLES TO RIGHT

HORNSBY         SINGLE TO LEFT – FIRST AND SECOND

(CHARLIE GEHRINGER PINCH RUNS FOR HORNSBY, STAYS  
IN GAME AT 2ND BASE AND BATS 5TH)

FOXX             DOUBLE TO LEFT CENTER,  
DIMAGGIO AND GEHRINGER SCORE  
FOXX TO 3RD ON THROW TO HOME.

(MARIANO RIVERA COMES IN TO PITCH FOR PAIGE AND  
BATS 3RD)

MATHEWS         SAC FLY OUT TO TROUT IN CENTER 8  
FOXX SCORES                                     1 OUT

DICKEY WALKS

WILLIE KEELER (PINCH HITS FOR PITCHER BROWN)

KEELER BUNTS FOR HIT, DICKEY TO 2ND, COBB SINGLES  
OFF PITCHER RIVERA'S KNEE CAP         BASES LOADED

(GREG MADDUX IN TO PITCH FOR RIVERA AND BATS 3RD)

WAGNER         SWINGING BUNT TO 3RD  
FORCE OUT AT HOME 5-2         2 OUT

(JIM ABBOTT COMES IN TO PITCH FOR MADDUX AND  
BATS 3RD)

SPEAKER         LINES OUT TO PITCHER         3 OUT

3 RUNS

SATAN 13

GOD 10



**BOTTOM 10TH**

(CY YOUNG IN TO PITCH FOR BROWN AND BATS 9TH –  
GEORGE SISLER IN AT FIRST BASE FOR FOXX AND BATS  
6TH)

CABRERA (PINCH HITS FOR JIM Abbott)  
SINGLE TO LEFT FIELD OFF 3RD  
BASEMEN'S GLOVE  
(BELTRAN PINCH RUNS FOR CABRERA)

McCUTCHEN GROUND BALL SS TO 2ND 6-4  
FORCE OUT AT 2ND  
F/C McCUTCHEN AT FIRST 1 OUT

PUJOLS SINGLES TO LEFT FIRST AND SECOND

(WARREN SPAHN SOME IN TO PITCH FOR CY YOUNG AND  
BATS 9TH)

HAMILTON INFIELD HIT OFF OF  
FIRST BASEMEN'S GLOVE BASES LOADED

BROOKS ROBINSON LINE OUT OFF 3RD BASEMEN'S  
GLOVE TO SS 5-6 2 OUTS,  
BASES LOADED

(CLEMENTE PINCH HITS FOR BENCH)

(ROGER CLEMENS COMES IN TO PITCH FOR WARREN  
SPAHN AND BATS 9TH)

CLEMENTE HOME RUN – McCUTCHEN, PUJOLS  
AND HAMILTON SCORE

4 RUNS

SATAN 13

GOD 14

(FINAL)

**SATAN'S TEAM**

**COBB**

|              |      |
|--------------|------|
| GROUND OUT   | 1ST  |
| SINGLE       | 3RD  |
| SINGLE       | 4TH  |
| HIT BY PITCH | 6TH  |
| DOUBLE       | 8TH  |
| SINGLE       | 9TH  |
| SINGLE       | 10TH |

**WAGNER**

|            |      |
|------------|------|
| FLY OUT    | 1ST  |
| WALK       | 3RD  |
| DOUBLE     | 5TH  |
| WALK       | 6TH  |
| SINGLE     | 8TH  |
| SINGLE     | 9TH  |
| GROUND OUT | 10TH |

**SPEAKER**

|            |      |
|------------|------|
| GROUND OUT | 1ST  |
| SINGLE     | 3RD  |
| STRIKE OUT | 5TH  |
| STRIKE OUT | 6TH  |
| WALK       | 8TH  |
| TRIPLE     | 9TH  |
| LINE OUT   | 10TH |

**DIMAGGIO**

|            |      |
|------------|------|
| SINGLE     | 2ND  |
| GROUND OUT | 3RD  |
| WALK       | 5TH  |
| SINGLE     | 6TH  |
| SINGLE     | 8TH  |
| SINGLE     | 10TH |

*Old Timers Day*

**HORNSBY**

FIELDERS CHOICE 2ND  
GROUND OUT 3RD  
SINGLE 5TH  
DOUBLE 7TH  
DOUBLE PLAY 8TH  
SINGLE 10TH

**MATHEWS**

SINGLE 2ND  
DOUBLE 4TH  
FOUL OUT 5TH  
SAC LINE OUT 7TH  
LINE OUT 9TH  
SAC FLY OUT 10TH

**FOXX**

FLY OUT 2ND  
HOME RUN 4TH  
WALK 5TH  
SINGLE 7TH  
STRIKE OUT 8TH  
DOUBLE 10TH

**COCHRANE**

FOUL OUT 2ND  
WALK 4TH

**DICKEY**

DOUBLE 6TH  
STRIKE OUT 7TH  
LINE OUT 9TH  
WALK 10TH

|                   |      |                    |      |
|-------------------|------|--------------------|------|
| <b>W. JOHNSON</b> |      | <b>W. JOHNSON</b>  | 1ST  |
| LINE OUT          | 2ND  | 2ND, 3RD, 4TH, 5TH |      |
| DOUBLE PLAY       | 4TH  | <b>MATHEWSON</b>   | 6TH  |
| SAC               | 6TH  | <b>GROVE</b>       | 7TH  |
|                   |      | <b>ALEXANDER</b>   | 7TH  |
| <b>Lajoie</b>     |      | <b>HUBBELL</b>     | 8TH  |
| GROUND OUT        | 7TH  | <b>DEAN</b>        | 9TH  |
|                   |      | <b>WOOD</b>        | 9TH  |
| <b>SIMMONS</b>    |      | <b>BROWN</b>       | 9TH  |
| HOME RUN          | 9TH  | <b>YOUNG</b>       | 10TH |
|                   |      | <b>SPAHN</b>       | 10TH |
| <b>KEELER</b>     |      | <b>CLEMENS</b>     | 10TH |
| SINGLE            | 10TH |                    |      |
|                   |      |                    |      |
| <b>BRESNAHAN</b>  |      |                    |      |
| PITCH RUN         | 4TH  |                    |      |

**GOD'S TEAM**

**JETER**

GROUND OUT 1ST  
GROUND OUT 3RD  
GROUND OUT 4TH  
LINE OUT 6TH  
SINGLE 8TH  
DOUBLE 9TH

**WILLIAMS**

LINE OUT 1ST  
FLY OUT 3RD

**MUSIAL**

WALK 5TH

**HARPER**

DOUBLE 7TH  
WALK 8TH

**CABRERA**

SINGLE 10TH

**MAYS**

SINGLE 1ST  
LINE OUT 3RD  
DOUBLE 5TH  
FLY OUT 6TH  
LINE OUT 8TH

**TROUT**

GROUND OUT 9TH

**RUTH**

DOUBLE 2ND  
SINGLE 4TH

**AARON**

FLY OUT 5TH

**JACKSON**

SINGLE 7TH  
DOUBLE PLAY 8TH

**McCUTCHEN**

GROUND OUT 10TH

**GEHRIG**

WALKS 2ND

LINE OUT 4TH

**GREENBERG**

SAC FLY OUT 5TH

**GOLDSCHMIDT**

SINGLE 7TH

**PUJOLS**

SINGLE 9TH

SINGLE 10TH

**J. ROBINSON**

LINE OUT 2ND

**MORGAN**

DOUBLE 4TH

GROUND OUT 5TH

**CONIGLIARO**

WALKS 7TH

**HAMILTON**

HOME RUN 9TH

SINGLE 10TH

*Old Timers Day*

**SCHMIDT**

GROUND OUT 2ND  
WALK 4TH  
GROUND OUT 6TH  
DOUBLE PLAY 7TH

**WRIGHT**

WALK 9TH

**B. ROBINSON**

LINE OUT 10TH

**BERRA**

LINE OUT 2ND

**J. GIBSON**

SAC FLY 4TH

**BENCH**

HOME RUN 6TH  
FLY OUT 7TH  
LINE OUT 9TH

**CLEMENTE**

HOME RUN 10TH

|                   |      |                   |               |
|-------------------|------|-------------------|---------------|
| <b>HOY</b>        |      | <b>RYAN</b>       | 1ST, 2ND, 3RD |
| DOUBLE            | 3RD  | <b>RUTH</b>       | 3RD           |
| <b>MANTLE</b>     |      | <b>FELLER</b>     | 4TH           |
| WALK              | 4TH  | <b>R. JOHNSON</b> | 5TH, 6TH      |
| <b>WALKER</b>     |      | <b>DRYSDALE</b>   | 6TH           |
| HOME RUN          | 6TH  | <b>B. GIBSON</b>  | 7TH           |
| <b>RICHARDSON</b> |      | <b>KOUFAX</b>     | 7TH           |
| SINGLE            | 8TH  | <b>SEAVER</b>     | 8TH           |
| LINE OUT          | 9TH  | <b>KERSHAW</b>    | 9TH           |
| <b>ROSE</b>       |      | <b>HERSHISER</b>  | 9TH           |
| PINCH RUNS        | 4TH  | <b>PAIGE</b>      | 10TH          |
| <b>GEHRINGER</b>  |      | <b>RIVERA</b>     | 10TH          |
| PINCH RUNS        | 10TH | <b>MADDUX</b>     | 10TH          |
|                   |      | <b>Abbott</b>     | 10TH          |

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ATTENDANCE: 40,777  
TIME OF GAME: 4 HOURS 13 MINUTES  
OFFICIAL SCORER: ED MUNSON



*Old Timers Day*

| <b>OLD TIMERS</b> | <b>AB</b> | <b>R</b> | <b>H</b> | <b>BI</b> | <b>BB</b> | <b>SO</b> |
|-------------------|-----------|----------|----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| Cobb cf           | 6         | 1        | 5        | 0         | 0         | 0         |
| Wagner ss         | 5         | 2        | 3        | 2         | 2         | 0         |
| Speaker lf        | 6         | 0        | 2        | 2         | 1         | 2         |
| DiMaggio rf       | 5         | 0        | 4        | 2         | 1         | 0         |
| Hornsby 2b        | 6         | 1        | 3        | 0         | 0         | 0         |
| 2-Gehringer pr-2b | 0         | 0        | 0        | 0         | 0         | 0         |
| Foxx 1b           | 5         | 3        | 3        | 3         | 1         | 1         |
| Sisler 1b         | 0         | 0        | 0        | 0         | 0         | 0         |
| Mathews 3b        | 4         | 2        | 2        | 2         | 0         | 0         |
| Cochrane lc       | 1         | 0        | 0        | 0         | 1         | 0         |
| 1-BRESNAHAN pr-c  | 0         | 0        | 0        | 0         | 0         | 0         |
| Dickey c          | 3         | 1        | 1        | 0         | 1         | 1         |
| W. Johnson p      | 2         | 0        | 0        | 0         | 0         | 0         |
| Mathewson p       | 0         | 0        | 0        | 0         | 0         | 0         |
| A-Lajoie ph       | 1         | 0        | 0        | 0         | 0         | 0         |
| Alexander p       | 0         | 0        | 0        | 0         | 0         | 0         |
| Hubbell           | 0         | 0        | 0        | 0         | 0         | 0         |
| B-Simmons ph      | 1         | 1        | 1        | 1         | 0         | 0         |
| Dean p            | 0         | 0        | 0        | 0         | 0         | 0         |
| Wood p            | 0         | 0        | 0        | 0         | 0         | 0         |
| Brown p           | 0         | 0        | 0        | 0         | 0         | 0         |
| C-Keeler ph       | 1         | 0        | 1        | 0         | 0         | 0         |
| Young p           | 0         | 0        | 0        | 0         | 0         | 0         |
| Spahn p           | 0         | 0        | 0        | 0         | 0         | 0         |
| Clemens p         | 0         | 0        | 0        | 0         | 0         | 0         |
| Totals            | 46        | 13       | 25       | 13        | 7         | 4         |

| <b>ANGELS</b> | <b>AB</b> | <b>R</b> | <b>H</b> | <b>BI</b> | <b>BB</b> | <b>SO</b> |
|---------------|-----------|----------|----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| Jeter ss      | 6         | 0        | 2        | 1         | 0         | 0         |
| May cf        | 5         | 1        | 2        | 0         | 0         | 0         |
| Trout cf      | 1         | 0        | 0        | 0         | 0         | 0         |
| Williams lf   | 2         | 0        | 0        | 0         | 0         | 0         |
| Musial lf     | 0         | 0        | 0        | 0         | 1         | 0         |
| Harper        | 1         | 1        | 1        | 0         | 1         | 0         |
| Paige p       | 0         | 0        | 0        | 0         | 0         | 0         |
| Rivera        | 0         | 0        | 0        | 0         | 0         | 0         |
| Maddux p      | 0         | 0        | 0        | 0         | 0         | 0         |
| Abbott p      | 0         | 0        | 0        | 0         | 0         | 0         |

*Richard LoPresto and Jerry Schafer*

|                    |    |    |    |    |   |   |
|--------------------|----|----|----|----|---|---|
| 1-Cabrera ph       | 1  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| 2-Beltran pr       | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Ruth rf-p          | 2  | 0  | 2  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| 1-Rose pr          | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Aaron rf           | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| E-B.Jackson ph-rf  | 2  | 1  | 1  | 1  | 0 | 0 |
| McCutchen rf       | 1  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Gehrig 1b          | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1 | 0 |
| C-Greenberg ph-1b  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1  | 0 | 0 |
| Goldschmidt 1b     | 1  | 0  | 1  | 1  | 0 | 0 |
| Pujols 1b          | 2  | 2  | 2  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| J. Robinson 2b     | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Morgan ph-2b       | 2  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| B. Gibson p        | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Koufax p           | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| F-Conigliaro ph    | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1 | 0 |
| Seaver p           | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Kershaw p          | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Hershiser p        | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| H-Hamilton ph-lf   | 2  | 2  | 2  | 2  | 0 | 0 |
| Schmidt 3b         | 3  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1 | 0 |
| Wright 3b          | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0  | 1 | 0 |
| B. Robinson 3b     | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Berra c            | 1  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| J. Gibson c        | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1  | 0 | 0 |
| Bench c            | 3  | 1  | 1  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| J-Clemente ph      | 1  | 1  | 1  | 4  | 0 | 0 |
| Ryan p             | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Hoy rf             | 1  | 1  | 1  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Feller p           | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| B-Mantle ph        | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 1 | 0 |
| R. Johnson p       | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Drysdale p         | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| D-Walker pr-2b     | 1  | 1  | 1  | 1  | 0 | 0 |
| G-Richardson ph-2b | 2  | 0  | 1  | 0  | 0 | 0 |
| Totals             | 44 | 14 | 20 | 13 | 7 | 0 |

Old Timers 001 201 123 3 -- 13 25 0

Angels 001 112 203 4 -- 14 20 0

**INSERT ADDENDUM**

| <b>OLD TIMERS</b> | <b>IP</b> | <b>H</b> | <b>R</b> | <b>ER</b> | <b>BB</b> | <b>SO</b> |
|-------------------|-----------|----------|----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| W. Johnson        | 5.1       | 7        | 4        | 4         | 3         | 0         |
| Mathewson (6)     | 0.2       | 1        | 1        | 1         | 0         | 0         |
| Grove (7)         | 0+        | 2        | 2        | 2         | 0         | 0         |
| Alexander (7)     | 1         | 1        | 0        | 0         | 1         | 0         |
| Hubbell (8)       | 1         | 2        | 0        | 0         | 1         | 0         |
| Dean (9)          | 0+        | 2        | 2        | 2         | 0         | 0         |
| Wood (9)          | 0.2       | 1        | 1        | 1         | 1         | 0         |
| Brown (9)         | 0.2       | 2        | 2        | 2         | 0         | 0         |
| Spahn (10)        | 0.1       | 1        | 1        | 1         | 0         | 0         |
| Clemens (10)      | 2+        | 3        | 1        | 1         | 0         | 0         |

| <b>ANGELS</b>  | <b>IP</b> | <b>H</b> | <b>R</b> | <b>ER</b> | <b>BB</b> | <b>SO</b> |
|----------------|-----------|----------|----------|-----------|-----------|-----------|
| Ryan           | 2+        | 3        | 1        | 1         | 0         | 0         |
| Ruth (3)       | 1         | 1        | 0        | 0         | 1         | 0         |
| Feller (4)     | 1         | 3        | 2        | 2         | 1         | 0         |
| R. Johnson (5) | 1.2       | 3        | 1        | 1         | 3         | 2         |
| Drysdale (6)   | 0.1       | 1        | 0        | 0         | 0         | 0         |
| Gibson (7)     | 0.1       | 2        | 1        | 1         | 0         | 0         |
| Koufax (7)     | 0.2       | 0        | 0        | 0         | 0         | 1         |
| Seaver (8)     | 1         | 3        | 2        | 2         | 1         | 1         |
| Kershaw (9)    | 0.2       | 3        | 3        | 3         | 0         | 0         |
| Hershiser (9)  | 0.1       | 0        | 0        | 0         | 0         | 0         |
| Paige (10)     | 0+        | 3        | 3        | 3         | 0         | 0         |
| Rivera (10)    | 0.1       | 1        | 0        | 0         | 1         | 0         |
| Maddux (10)    | 0.1       | 2        | 0        | 0         | 0         | 0         |
| Abbott (10)    | 0.1       | 0        | 0        | 0         | 0         | 0         |

**Addendum 1 – Old Timers Box Score**

Two outs when winning run scored. Old Timers PH: A-grounded out for Mathewson in 7th. B-hit home run for Hubbell in 9th. C-singled for Brown in 10th, Satan PR: 1-ran for Cochrane in 4th, 2-ran for Hornsby in 10th, Angels PH: A-walked for J. Robinson in 4th, B-walked for Feller in 4th, C-hit sacrifice fly for Gehrig in 5th, D-hit home run for Drysdale in 6th, E-singled for Aaron in 7th. F-walked for Koufax in 7th. G-singled for Walker in 8th. H-hit home run for Hershiser in 9th. I-singled for Paige in 10th. J-hit grand slam home run for Bench in 10th. Angles PR: 1-ran for Aaron in 4th. 2-ran for Cabrera in 10th. LOB: Old Timers 11, Angels 9. HR: Foxx (off Feller, 4th), Simmons (off Kershaw, 9th), Bench (off W. Johnson, 6th), Walker (off Mathewson, 6th), Hamilton (off Dean, 9th, 1 on), Clemente (off Clemens, 10th, 3 on). SB: Hoy (2), CS: Cobb, Speaker. GDP: W. Johnson, Hornsby, Schmidt, Jackson. DP: Old Timers (2) Mathews, Wagner, Hornsby, Foxx; (Mathews, Hornsby, Foxx); Angels: 2 (Jeter, J. Robinson, Gehrig; Jeter, Walker, Goldschmidt)

**Addendum 2 – Old Timers Box Score**

Winner—Abbott. Loser — Clemens. IBB: Foxx (off R. Johnson). HBP: Cobb (by R. Johnson). Umpires: Home—Bill Klem; First-Cal Hubbard; Second-Doug Harvey; Third-Don Denkinger; Left-Steve Palermo; Right Dick Higham. Time: 4:13. A-40,777 (41,000)