

THE STORY OF STANLEY WALTERS

Just Believe

THE TEN PRINCIPLES OF THE MESSAGE



TRACY J TROST
with
JIM STOVALL

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DEDICATION

This book is dedicated to my beautiful wife Denise and my children, Greg, Wesley, Austin, Haiden, and Joscelyn.

*It is your belief in me that allows me to Just Believe;
anything is possible.*

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

There are some moments in life that you experience where you walk away knowing you will never be the same. That is how I felt after my first meeting with Jim Stovall. Jim is one of those people who can present you with a question, and when you walk away you realize you need to make some changes in your life. Thank you, Jim, for your willingness to join forces with me to impact the world around us.

I would also like to thank the staff at NTN and, in particular, Dorothy Thompson for her Herculean effort to bring this book to press.

I would like to acknowledge Don Green at the Napoleon Hill Foundation for allowing us to use the wisdom and insight of Napoleon Hill. Steve Forbes, Harland Stonecipher, Paula Marshall, and the other people who have populated this fictional tale.

I would also like to acknowledge Tom and Marilyn Jestus—friends, counselors, and mentors. Your sowing in my life is reaping huge returns.

A special thank you to my staff at Trost Moving Pictures and Trost Consulting. Your hard work and dedication is allowing these dreams to come true. A special acknowledgement to Joe Jestus, Carol Cummings and Evan Uyetake

Just Believe is a work of fiction. Although some of the characters are real people, they have been put into this novel for the purpose of sharing their wisdom and influence.

A large portion of the Ten Principles have been derived from the writings and teachings of Napoleon Hill. This information has been used with permission from the Napoleon Hill Foundation.

For more information on Napoleon Hill and the Napoleon Hill Foundation go to: www.naphill.org



FOREWORD

I have written 15 previous books, and all of them are very special to me in one way or another. Each book seems to take on a life of its own as it is being written and when it is released to the world. At this writing, I have had five of my books either made into a movie or currently in production. It is a wonderful transition when the characters you have created in your mind pour onto the page and then are projected onto a movie screen.

This book you hold in your hands is a companion to the novel and movie entitled *The Lamp*. *The Lamp* is a very special story to me because of how it came to life. In 1994, I had the privilege of being asked to do a series of arena speeches with the legendary author Og Mandino. If you haven't read Og Mandino's books, you are in for a treat. It was late in his life, and the promoter had told me that while I was on the speaking tour with Og Mandino, I would have to be ready to carry the program and do an hour-and-a-half or two hours of material if Og wasn't feeling well, but I might only do 20 or 30 minutes if he was having a good day. This didn't bother me as I was just excited to work with one of the greatest writers and creative forces of his generation.

About eight weeks before our first arena event, the promoter called me to let me know that we had a “slight problem” with the tour. He went on to explain that the previous night, Og Mandino had passed away. I told the promoter that if this was a “slight problem”, I didn’t want to be around if we had a major issue. He asked me what I wanted to do, and I gave him the only reasonable response which was to simply cancel the tour.

That promoter, who has become a dear friend, said, “Before I cancel the tour, think about what you might do if you had an arena full of people and three hours to fill.”

After thinking about it, I came up with an idea for a motivational / inspirational live variety show entitled *Discover Your Destiny*. The program included live music, audience participation, kids and celebrities on the big screen, my speech, and a one-act play I wrote entitled *The Lamp*. I actually played the part of Stanley myself, and my friend and talented colleague, Kelly Morrison, played Lisa. Since my acting from that time ’til now has been limited to brief cameos in all of the movies based on my books, it has become obvious to me that my talent lies in writing stories and dialogue for real actors.

Several years later, I expanded the one-act play into a book, and then in 2010 after completing our first movie together entitled *A Christmas Snow* with my friend and partner Tracy Trost, I shared *The Lamp* novel with him and was delighted that he saw the same potential for a movie that I had seen.

In these pages, you will relive Stanley and Lisa’s loss and their struggle to believe. You will learn about the power that Stanley and Lisa discovered through an old oil lamp. You will come to the same realization that they did as you understand that the real power is and has always been inside of you if you are willing to just believe.

Through millions of books in print, including the one you hold in your hands, I have the privilege of sharing hope and possibilities with people around the world. As I have done with each of those people, I would like to extend an offer to you. From this point forward, any time your troubles seem too great or you doubt in

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your own power to just believe, please email me (Jim@JimStovall.com), and I will correspond with you personally as we engage your power and potential as you explore the ability to *Just Believe*.

JIM STOVALL
MAY 2011



PREFACE

Dear Reader

The story you are about to read is one that is very near and dear to my heart. It is not so much the people or the events in the story that mean so much to me as it is *The Message* that exudes from it. I was fortunate enough to meet Stanley and Lisa Walters when my friend and business partner Jim Stovall introduced us. Mind you, this was not your typical introduction. There was no formal meeting at a nice restaurant over a dinner or gathering of friends in a home. No this was an unusual meeting. You see, Stan and Lisa lived inside of a book. This book was written over 15 years before I was introduced to them

We had just finished filming our second feature film at Trost Moving Pictures, *A Christmas Snow*. Jim was telling me about Stanley and Lisa Walters and the lesson they had learned in their life through an encounter with a mysterious messenger named Charles. Stanley and Lisa had gone through some hard times, and they were pretty much at the end of their ropes. Then one day they were given a very special gift that brought them more than they could have ever expected. This gift was not like any other you

would expect. It was not something that you could put your hands on, as it is more of a thought process than a tangible item.

After I read the book, I had to meet Stan and Lisa. I had to know more about their experience with Charles and what they had learned. I needed to know more about how they applied the principles that Charles had given them.

A meeting was arranged at a nice restaurant on the shores of the Arkansas River just south of Tulsa on a warm spring evening. Stanley and Lisa arrived on time with a sense of curiosity on their faces. They didn't know what the meeting was about. They only knew that I had heard about their story and wanted to know more. As we ate dinner, the two of them began to recount the events of their lives of almost 20 years ago. How they were both at their wits' end and how they both had found a new way of thinking which eventually allowed them to gain their hearts' desires.

This was the first of many meetings that continued for a few years. There was one meeting that I remember in particular, after our friendship was to a point where they trusted me with more personal information. Stanley reached into his computer bag and took out a manuscript for a book. I could see clearly on the cover page *JUST BELIEVE*. I asked what it was, and he said it was their story—what they had gone through with the loss of their son and how meeting Charles and being able to “Just Believe” had changed their lives.

I took it home that night and read it through in one sitting. I was captivated by their story and how two simple words had changed their lives. I knew at that moment, this story had to be told. Being a filmmaker, it only made sense to turn it into a movie. So in the fall of 2010, my partner Jim Stovall and I did just that. You may know the movie as *The Lamp* starring Jason London, Meredith Salenger, L. Scott Caldwell (Rose from *Lost*), Muse Watson (Mike Franks from *NCIS*), and Academy Award Winner Louis Gossett Jr.

Turning someone's life story into a movie is a challenge, because you only have 90 minutes to fit in years of experiences. You only get

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a small taste of all that happened and what they experienced during those events.

This book is Stan's story and what he experienced when The Messenger Charles visited him. I hope you learn as much from this story as I did.

TO YOUR SUCCESS!
TRACY J. TROST

LISA



*“A bell’s not a bell ‘til ring it.
A song’s not a song ‘til you sing it.
Love in your heart wasn’t put there to stay.
Love isn’t love ‘til you give it away.”*

OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II

The first time I saw her was one of those moments I will never forget.

Much like some of the other big events in life, I remember the moment vividly as if I could teleport myself there at any moment. There are few moments like this in life. For example, when I heard that President Reagan had been shot. I can go back to that moment in my head at just the mention of his name. I was 12 years old driving down an old country road with my mother. She had just picked me up from a friend’s house and we were headed to the local Tom Thumb to pick up some groceries before heading home. We were listening to the radio and the announcer came on after a song ended and said, “Breaking News! President Reagan has been shot.” That moment has forever been fused in my brain, and I can replay it at any moment.

The first time I saw Lisa Schmidt, that was her name before we were married, is one of those very same moments that are etched in my brain. I was a senior at Oklahoma State in Stillwater, Oklahoma. I was going to college on a baseball scholarship from my hometown of Tulsa. I loved playing baseball. It was all I ever

wanted to do. From the time I was old enough to hold a glove, I would be playing with my father or friends. I went through all of the traditional training with Little League all the way through high school. They told me I was a natural. I could play any position. I could even pitch. Of all the different positions on a team, shortstop was my favorite. I loved the pace of it. There was always action, and I loved the feeling of throwing a guy out at first base. There was nothing like it. There still isn't anything that gets my blood flowing like baseball.

In my senior year of high school, I was playing at the top of my game. I had broken several high school records. For batting, I had an average of .370. My coach had arranged for a scout from Oklahoma State University (OSU) to come to see me play. After the game, the scout came up to me and offered me a full ride. My dad was so proud.

My Father had played ball as a kid, but he wasn't able to keep playing because his family was not able to send him to college. He was drafted right out of high school and went to war representing the USA in the Vietnam Conflict. He served two terms and then came back home. He married his high school sweetheart, and 11 months later I came along. He took a job to support his family and any dreams of playing ball were traded for providing food and a home for his family. My birth was difficult on my mother, and the doctors told her she wouldn't be able to have any more children.

My Father was OK with that. He had his boy, and his boy was going to be a ball player—and I was. I loved the game, and I loved spending time with my father.

This brings me back to the first time I saw Lisa. I was playing in a ball game with OSU. It was early in the season. I love the spring. It was just starting to get warm outside, the trees were budding, and love was in the air. As I said, this is one of those times that I will never forget, for two reasons really. First, when I saw Lisa, I couldn't take my eyes off of her. Secondly, because I was staring at her, I completely lost track of the game. The batter hit a nice line

drive right at me, and the ball hit me square in the chest. I didn't know what hit me.

The ball knocked the wind out of me and left a welt the size of a grapefruit on my chest for a month. I went down hard but snapped to it, got up, and grabbed the ball. I could hardly breathe, but I threw the ball to the second baseman and called a time out. The runner made it to first base safely. My coach just about had a coronary. I could hear him screaming all kinds of colorful metaphors from the dugout. All I could do was apologize and go sit on the bench until I could get my wind back. I was a little embarrassed though. Thankfully, I was the only one that knew that the reason I missed the ball was because I was staring at a girl. I could hardly look at her after that. I will never forget the look of concern on her face. "*I think she already likes me,*" I thought to myself. I knew at that moment, as I watched her in the stands, that she was going to be my wife.

Lisa was our first baseman Steven Schmidt's sister. She was in town with her family visiting and to catch the game. They had planned to head back home right after the game. Steven had been trying to set me up with her for quite some time. He would invite me to come home for breaks to meet her. I just declined. I wanted to go home to be with my family anyhow. Besides, being "set up" on a blind date had such a negative vibe to it. You know what it's like. If she is so great, why does she need to be set up? Besides with baseball and school, what time did I have for girls? I was a ball player and I was going to go pro. I had plans. A girl was just going to make things difficult. But then I saw her walking down the stairs in the bleachers. He didn't tell me how beautiful she was. She entranced me. I couldn't take my eyes off of her. Why didn't he tell me she was so beautiful?

At the end of the game, I was all over him about her.

"Dude, why didn't you tell me she was so beautiful!"

He looked at me with a bit of disbelief. "What! I have been trying to get you to meet her for almost four years now," he said as he punched me in the arm.

"Well, I want to meet her now," I said.

He just looked at me and smirked and then he said, "Well I don't know if I want to introduce you now, ya big jerk"

Just then Lisa peeked her head around the corner of the dugout and said, "Hi Stevie."

I had to laugh. I had never heard anyone call him Stevie before. He knew what I was thinking. He gave me a dirty look as he walked over to her and gave her a hug.

"Come on, let's go," he said to her.

As he said that, he looked at me with a huge grin knowing that I wanted to meet her. She looked at me and smiled. I will never forget that smile. Then they turned to walk away.

"Wait!" I yelled.

It just came out. I didn't mean to yell *Wait*, but now they were both looking at me. Lisa was looking at me with anticipation as to what I was going to say next. Steven was looking at me with an *I got you sucka* expression on his face.

"Are you guys going to go to The Grind after this?" I asked.

Lisa looked to Steven, wondering if they were going to go. Steven, being the dog that he is, said "Oh no, I'm kinda tired, and Lisa really doesn't like coffee. So I think we will just head out."

Lisa jumped in, "I am sure they have other things than coffee, and it would be rude just to take off without saying goodbye to your friend."

She smiled at both of us, and at that moment both Steven and I knew she wanted to meet me.

Steven laughed out loud for a moment and then said, "OK. Let's go. But I gotta warn you about this guy. He is no fun. Everything is baseball with this one."

That was the beginning for us. The future was bright. Lisa was attending The University of Oklahoma (OU) in Norman,

Oklahoma, which happened to be a rival school. She was going to school to be a physical therapist. She loves the human body and the study of it. She wanted to work with injured people who needed to be “rebuilt,” as she would put it. After that meeting at the game, we were together as much as possible.

Norman is about 65 miles from Stillwater. Depending on my ball schedule, she would come visit me on the weekends or I would head down there. On the days that we couldn't be together, we talked on the phone. This was the routine for the following year.

The next spring, I graduated and was picked up by the Texas Rangers baseball team. This was a dream come true. I was going to play for a Major League team and be able to live in Tulsa. Most teams have Minor League or Double-A teams that they put their new recruits in to play until they feel they are seasoned enough to play pro ball.

The Rangers just happened to have a Double-A affiliate, the Tulsa Drillers, who had a stadium about 5 miles from where I grew up. I remember going to countless games there with my dad. Since Oklahoma doesn't have a Major League Baseball team, the Drillers are the biggest thing there.

This added about one hundred more miles between Lisa and me. With my baseball schedule, I was usually out of town playing a game on the weekends. This made it difficult for us to be together. So we did what most young people who are in love and can't stand to be apart do. We decided to get married.

Lisa could transfer to the Tulsa campus and finish her school out there. I was getting paid to play baseball. Not much mind you, but I was getting paid. My father said I was being too impulsive. He said we should wait until Lisa graduated, and until I got more established with the team. My mother just cried and said it was beautiful. Both my parents really loved Lisa, so once the initial shock wore off, they were excited to have her join the family.

Neither of us were really churchgoers at the time. Since Lisa had grown up going to the Lutheran church, we decided to get

married there. I can still see her walking down the aisle to me, dressed all in white with a huge smile on her face. Of course I cried. Lisa's brother Steven was my best man and made fun of me during the best man's speech at the reception.

The next few years went by quickly. Lisa graduated from school with her degree in physical therapy and personal training. She promptly got a job at an exclusive gym training the members. She was happy and loved what she did. I was progressing with the Drillers. I had become a regular starter, and there was talk of moving me up to play for the Rangers. Of course this would mean that we would have to move to Texas, but we were both fine with that, since it meant I would be in the Majors, and Lisa was originally from a small town outside of Dallas called Flower Mound.

Things were going very well for us. We were very happy and loved our lives.

I was out of town playing baseball with the team when I got a call from Lisa's friend Deb. Deb was one of the members of the gym, and she and Lisa had become fast friends.

"Stanley, this is Deb," she said. "Lisa has some sort of bug and can't keep anything down. I am going to take her to the doctor."

"Let me talk with her," I said.

"Well, that might be kind of hard. She has her head in a toilet right now," Deb replied.

I was upset. Lisa is a very healthy person and hardly ever gets sick.

"I'm coming home. I can rent a car and be there in four hours." I told Deb.

"No you stay there and play the game. I'll call you as soon as we find out what's going on."

I stayed and played the game. It was one of the worst games I had ever played. The coach pulled me aside after the 4th inning to ask me what was going on.

"My wife is sick and I need to go be with her," I told him.

“There is nothing you can do about it from here,” he said. “She is going to be fine. Just get your head back in the game. We need you.”

I played the rest of the game and then called Deb.

“What’s going on? How is she doing?” I asked frantically.

Deb snickered for a second and then said, “I think you need to talk to your wife.” She handed the phone to Lisa.

“Stanley, honey,” she said.

“Yes, Lisa. What is it? Are you OK? I am worried!” I told her.

“Don’t worry honey. Everything is fine,” Lisa reassured me.

“Oh, thank God. So, what was wrong?” I asked.

“Stanley, are you sitting down?” I didn’t say anything. “Stan, you’re going to be a daddy...”

I was shell-shocked. I didn’t know what to say. How could this be? We had not planned on this yet. We had our goals and our plans and now, a baby?

I sat down on the bench in the locker room and started to cry. I was so happy. This is the second moment in my life that is etched in my memory.

CHANGE OF PLANS



“A baby is God’s opinion that the world should go on.”

CARL SANDBURG

So now Lisa was pregnant. My baseball career was going strong. Life was good. At eight weeks pregnant, she was just starting to get a little baby bump and looking so cute. She had planned to keep working up until the baby was born and then stay home with him or her after the birth.

It was looking more and more like I was going to get called up to the Rangers. My coach told me it might be a good idea for me to make some plans and start looking at places to live in the Dallas area. I was very excited.

Lisa’s parents were in town for a visit, and we had just finished a nice meal. Lisa’s father and I sat outside on the porch and watched the sunset. We talked about life and our future plans. He was excited that we were looking to move to the Dallas area. That would bring us within about 20 miles from them.

That night while we were sleeping, Lisa woke up with bad stomach cramps. We thought maybe it might have been something she ate. I told her I wanted to take her to the emergency room. She didn’t want to make a big deal out of it.

She got up to go to the bathroom. When she did, I noticed a spot of blood on the sheet.

“That’s it. We’re going to the ER,” I said.

She conceded, and we took off. I woke her parents up and they quickly got dressed and came with us.

When we got to the hospital, the cramps had increased, and I could tell she was in a lot of pain. They took her to an examining room and the doctor came in to examine her. They made all of us leave the room, I fought to stay in the room with her, but they were adamant that I go. They said it would cause her too much stress and that I needed to leave.

I hated to leave her. They put us in a waiting room that was maybe ten by ten feet. I think it might have been the old smokers lounge, because it still had a lingering smell of old tobacco. There were a couple of chairs and an old scratchy couch.

I couldn't sit. I paced back and forth while we waited. We were in the room for about two hours, and I couldn't take it any more. I went to the nurses' station several times.

"What is happening with my wife? Can someone tell me what is going on?" I kept asking.

"Sir, we will let you know when we find out. I am sure she is fine," is all I would get from them.

It was very frustrating.

After being in the room for about two hours, the doctor came in to update us.

"Mr. Walters, I am Doctor Lee," He said.

I could only stare at him as he talked to me.

"I am sorry to say that we were not able to stop the bleeding," the doctor continued.

I felt as though I were 100 miles away, trying to understand what he was saying. He kept talking to me, and I was trying to pay attention to him, but all I heard were the words bleeding and miscarriage. Lisa's father stepped in and started talking with the doctor. I just continued to stare off in the distance. Then the doctor said I could see her. At that, I snapped to and headed down the hallway.

A nurse came alongside of me and directed me to the right room.

As I entered the room, Lisa just looked at me and started to cry.

"I'm sorry honey," is all she could say.

Sorry! How could she be sorry? This wasn't her fault. I went to her, held her close, and we both cried together. This is the third memory that will always be etched in my mind.

The doctors were not concerned with Lisa's health after the miscarriage. They told us that this happens and that we should keep on trying. So we did. It was not so much that we wanted a kid, or that we were ready for one, but once we were pregnant, we were looking forward to it and really wanted to have a child. We kept on trying. The doctors put her on all kinds of pills and treatments. Over the next two years, Lisa had two more miscarriages. At this point, we resigned ourselves to the fact that we were not going to be able to have children.

During all of this, my life had taken an unexpected turn. After the third miscarriage, I was out of town playing a ball game against the Springfield Cardinals. It was a typical summer day. It was hot. If I remember correctly, it was in the upper 90s. I was glad to be playing this game because when we finished, we would get back on the bus headed home. I would have four days without a game, and Lisa and I had planned to take some time and go to a nice little cabin at the Burnt Cabin Marina on Lake Tenkiller. Tenkiller is a beautiful lake in eastern Oklahoma that has warm aqua-blue water. This is one of our favorite places to escape to, and I was really looking forward to the upcoming long weekend.

The score was 10-3. We were up by seven. Winning this game would secure us the top position in the league, so we were all pumped as we were going into the ninth inning. I was in the field at my regular position of shortstop. The batter got up to the plate and squared off. I had taken balls from this guy many times throughout the season. I knew he would swing too hard and top the ball. He would ground it right at me or between the second baseman and me.

I called out to Franky the second baseman, "Get ready, Franky! This one is going to come to me, and I am going to throw it to you. Runner's out, and we go home!"

Franky gave me a nod, and he moved a couple of steps off the base toward me. The pitcher looked over to me and gave me a nod. We all knew the ball was coming to me.

The pitcher settled in and got into his wind up. He purposefully threw the batter a fastball to the inside, because he knew this guy would swing at anything. He was right. The batter reared back and swung the bat as hard as he could, driving the ball hard on the ground. I could tell the ball was going to go right between me and second base. I have seen this scenario a thousand times. I have practiced this play since I was in Little League. This play was no different than all those other times except, for some reason, my left knee didn't like it this time.

As the ball came off the bat, I did what I always do. I shifted my weight and dug in. I pivoted on my left leg and started to take off toward the ball. But for some reason, this time was different. This time, my left knee gave out. I can still hear the sound. CRACK or POP. It was kind of a combination of the two. My knee gave away, and I went down like a bag of potatoes.

At first, I didn't realize what had happened. I tried to get up, but I couldn't. I could see the ball going into the outfield and I was frustrated. I tried to get up again, and then all of a sudden the pain hit me. Pain shot up my leg from my knee. When I looked down I could see my leg was bending the wrong way. What was going on?

Then I could hear Franky talking to me. "Just stay down man. Let's get the doc out here."

Stay down? I can't stay down. I have a game to play. Then the reality of the situation hit me. My knee. Not my knee. I have to be healthy to play for the Rangers. This can't be happening.

They got me to the Springfield hospital and took x-rays. I had torn my anterior cruciate ligament (ACL). This ligament in the knee crosses from the underside of the femur (the thigh bone)

to the top of the tibia (the bigger bone in the lower leg). It would require surgery and many years of rehab. Even with that, there was no guarantee that I would be able to play at full capacity. My baseball career was all but over.

They patched me up at the hospital. By the time I was ready to go, Lisa had made the three-hour drive from Tulsa to come be with me.

“How are you?” she asked.

“Well, it looks like you married a cripple, and you will have to take care of me for the rest of your life,” I replied.

She smiled and came over to the bed and sat next to me. She took my hand in hers.

“Stanley, we are going to be fine. We have gotten through tougher times than this. You can get your surgery, get healed up, and play again,” she said reassuringly.

“It’s not that easy,” I told her. “It takes months, even years, to heal up, and then you are never the same. I’m done, cooked, fried. You name it; I’m it,” I said.

She just looked at me and smiled. I wasn’t sure what she was up to, but I knew there was something.

“You seem to be taking this pretty well,” I said.

She motioned for me to move over in the bed, and she slid in next to me and laid her head on my chest.

“Stanley,” she cooed softly. “What would you say if I told you that there is going to be a big change in our lives?”

Had she not been listening? That is what I was trying to tell her. My career was over and she didn’t seem to care or notice. I sat up in bed, which caused her to sit up too.

“Lisa, aren’t you listening to me? That is what I am trying to tell you. My days of playing ball are over. I am going to have to find another job. Pro ball is gone,” I explained.

She just kept looking at me with this sheepish grin on her face. It was actually starting to make me mad. She didn’t see the real

issue here, and she was making light of me losing my dream of being a professional ball player.

"Listen," I said. "If you have something to say, you better say it, or I'm not sure what I am going to do next," I replied.

"Stanley, stop. You're going to ruin the moment," Lisa said.

"What moment?" I let out.

"The moment I tell you that you are going to be a daddy," she said smiling.

BAM. Those words hit me like a ton of bricks. Daddy? How? Who? What? I was full of questions. She just looked into my eyes with that angelic smile of hers for what seemed to be hours.

"How can I be a daddy?" I asked her.

"I don't know honey. All I know is that I am peggant, and you are the daddy."

We both let out a laugh when she said that. I grabbed her around the neck and held her tight. At that moment I knew that being a daddy was more important to me than playing professional baseball.

This is the fourth memory that is etched into my brain.

On the way back to Tulsa, we talked about many different things. She told me of the homeopathic herbs she had been taking to help her get and stay pregnant. I had known that she was seeing a different doctor, but I did not know the details of what she was doing. This was an alternative medicine that uses herbs along with chiropractic care to get and keep the back in alignment so the nerves can do all the work they were made to do. She had been seeing this new doctor for about a year now and here she was pregnant. She was going to keep on the regimen during the pregnancy.

Listening to her talk took me back to that first time I met her when we went to the little coffee shop. She talked on and on for hours. I loved just sitting and listening to her. She was my angel and I loved her. Now she was going to give me the best gift of all, my son.



EDDY

“When the going gets tough, the tough get going.”

ENGLISH PROVERB

My dad always said to me, “Life is what you make of it.” Growing up, I didn’t really understand what he meant by that. It wasn’t until I got married, and we ran into some of the struggles we did, that I got a good understanding of that phrase. Losing the babies and injuring my knee were some pretty big setbacks. To be honest, there were a couple of times when I wasn’t sure what we were going to do. For us, we just kept moving forward. We just kept doing what we knew to do each day, and it all seemed to work out.

I had surgery on my knee right away and started my rehab. Knowing that a pro career was not really an option any more, I went back to my second love, writing. Writing was my minor in college, and I had always loved the art of storytelling, so I started working on my first novel. It was tough. I wrote every day while I was healing up after the surgery.

Lisa was getting bigger and bigger. There is a special kind of beauty that only pregnant women have. I am not sure what it is,

but Lisa was more beautiful when she was pregnant than she had ever been before. She would catch me looking at her and get upset with me.

“Stop staring at me,” she would say.

“Why? You are beautiful,” I would reply.

“I’m fat. My legs are swollen, and my butt is huge,” she would complain. I would just laugh at her.

“Yes. All that may be true honey, but you’re my beautiful fat girl with swollen legs and a huge butt, and I love you,” I would tease.

She would just wave an arm at me and tell me to stop.

I continued to write until I finished my first book, *The Player*. It was about an old washed-up baseball player that comes out of retirement to help his team win a championship. I guess, in a way, it was about me and my dreams. I started sending it around to different publishers hoping it would get picked up and published.

Lisa carried the baby to full term and gave birth to a beautiful baby boy. We named him Edward after her grandfather. He became Eddy to all who knew and loved him. He was amazing. He had a full head of hair with bright blue eyes.

I still had a pretty strong limp in my left leg as I carried him around the hospital. One of the nurses stopped me and gave me a cart. I think she was afraid I would drop him with my bad knee. She said it was for insurance reasons. I didn’t care. I was going to show my boy to anyone and everyone who was willing to look.

We brought him home and started our life with a child. I continued to try to get my book published but there were no takers. It was becoming very apparent to me that I would need to do something to make some money. The insurance from my injury covered most of the medical expenses, but there was no regular money coming in other than what Lisa made at the gym.

Now we had little Eddy home, and she wasn’t able to work, so I had to get something done. I got online and started looking at all of the want ads. There wasn’t very much available for a washed-up

ball player. I did, however, find an ad from Globe Publishing for a technical writer. I went in to the office and met with Joel Nelson.

Joel was second generation in the business, and I could tell he really enjoyed the work. He explained the job and what the responsibilities would be.

“You would be hired to write manuals for different products our customers build. You will have to get an understanding of how they are made, how they work, and how to maintain them,” he said.

It wasn't fiction, but it was a writing job.

“Do you think you can do that?” he asked.

“Yes, sir. I can,” I answered. And that is how I became a technical writer. Not the most exciting thing in the world, but I was gainfully employed. Of course, I also brought my novel and asked Joel to read it. He said he would, and that he would let me know what he thought.

Lisa and I celebrated that night with a nice candlelit dinner for two. Well, two and one-half actually. Eddy enjoyed a nice bottle of formula.

Want to know what happens next?

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Just Believe

at

www.ShopTMPics.com



Award-winning director and visionary Tracy J Trost's filmmaking technique has rendered him one of the most recognizable independent filmmakers in the industry. The first two films that he co-wrote and directed, *Find Me* and *A Christmas Snow*, have won numerous awards including Best Feature, Best Actor, and Best of Festival and have created a wave of audience appreciation and critical acclaim. His follow-up to these instant classics, *The Lamp* starring Academy Award-winning actor Louis Gossett Jr, is another masterpiece that highlights his artistic talent and richly-detailed storytelling. He is quickly building the success of his studio Trost Moving Pictures and his career in the director's chair.

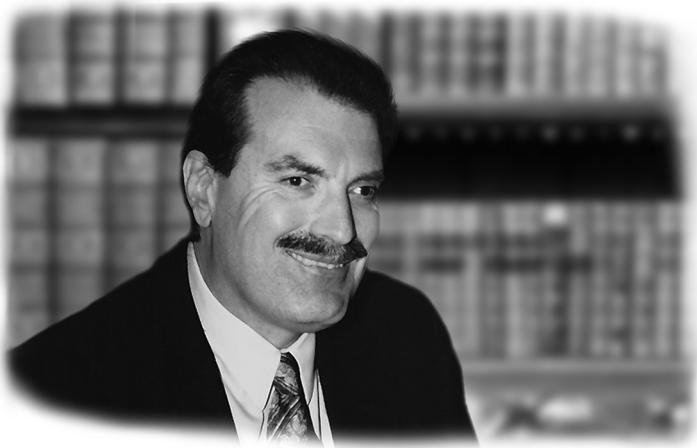
In addition to filmmaking, Trost has become an established and well-respected author with his second book, *Just Believe: 10 Principles of the Message*, being released nationwide alongside his film *The Lamp* in 2011. *Just Believe* is a companion book to the film and follows the story of the main character Stanley Walters. His first book, *Restored: 11 Gifts for a Complete Life*, was released nationally in October 2010 and was written as one of the main character's (Sam's) journal from his second film, *A Christmas Snow*.

Trost brings more than 20 years of award-winning television production experience to Trost Moving Pictures that has taken him coast to coast and around the globe. He has directed and produced live events that have been broadcast internationally to more than 200 countries and been attended by hundreds of thousands of people. In November of 2011 he is bringing his first theatrical play to the stage in Branson, Missouri.

Though Trost is building a successful career in filmmaking, television production, and writing, he is well respected in the marketing industry as President/Founder of Trost Consulting.

Through his films, books, shows, and speaking engagements, Tracy desires to inspire people to follow their dreams and take actionable steps to make them a reality.

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Jim Stovall is the author of 15 previous books including the best seller *The Ultimate Gift* which is now a major motion picture from 20th Century Fox, starring James Garner, Brian Dennehy, and Abigail Breslin.

He is among the most sought-after motivational and platform speakers anywhere. Despite failing eyesight and eventual blindness, Jim Stovall has been a national champion Olympic weightlifter, a successful investment broker, and an entrepreneur. He is the founder and president of the Narrative Television Network, which makes movies and television accessible for America's 13 million blind and visually impaired people and their families. NTN's program guide and samples of its broadcast and cable network programming are available at www.NarrativeTV.com.

The Narrative Television Network has received an Emmy Award and an International Film and Video Award among its many industry honors.

Jim Stovall joined the ranks of Walt Disney, Orson Welles, and four U.S. presidents when he was selected as one of the Ten Outstanding Young Americans by the U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce. He has appeared on Good

Morning America and CNN, and has been featured in *Reader's Digest*, *TV Guide*, and *Time* magazines. The President's Committee on Equal Opportunity selected Jim Stovall as the Entrepreneur of the Year. In June 2000, Jim Stovall joined President Jimmy Carter, Nancy Reagan, and Mother Teresa when he received the International Humanitarian Award.

Jim Stovall can be reached at 918-627-1000 and Jim@JimStovall.com.