

For many years, my wife worked as a hospital social worker on the maternity unit. She coordinated adoptions and foster-care placements, and was the one responsible for contacting the birth fathers when a mother decided to relinquish custody of her child. More than one young father learned that he had a child this way. I began to imagine a college student – a guy more interested in sports and hanging out with friends than in preparing for the burdens of adulthood – meeting his child under such circumstances and surprising himself with his willingness to become a parent. From those daydreams came “The Next Sidney Crosby.”