

RYAN: I was a late bloomer. *(back to story)* It was January and I had just gotten my driver's license. The lakes were frozen over, so we piled into my car and hit the ice to do donuts. When, out of nowhere, I hit a soft spot and the hood of my car tilted up and I'm sinking backwards into the water.

My door wouldn't budge and we literally started to drown. Within a few seconds, I black out. Then, I wake up in the sky. I'm in a helicopter, laying on a stretcher. This guy in a uniform is telling me I was minutes away from dying.

Right? *(relives it for a second)* So just as we're hovering over the hospital, I sit up. And from there, I could see the whole western horizon. Snowy rivers. Bridges with sparkling tail lights. *(a beat)* My parents had lied. They'd taught me we lived in the best place in the world, but now I could see that the world was really just one place and comparing didn't make much sense.

(catches himself) We'd been flying twenty minutes. *Twenty minutes* to reach a city I'd thought of as remote, halfway across the state... a foreign capital. And I remember thinking – Don't tell me this isn't an age of miracles. Don't tell me we can't be everywhere at once.