

# Unknown Heroes

## By Elizabeth Sproehlich

I'd like to shake their hands. The people who years ago saved the beautiful lakefront in Sheboygan, WI. A place where anyone can walk the shore of white shell sand, taking in that great expanse of water.

I'd like to thank those generous leaders who envisioned young people playing volleyball while elderly men and women sit on benches. The young making memories, the old sharing their memories, both to the music of the crashing waves. The rhythms mimic our lives. Starting out strong and wild, slowing to a weaker, quieter trickle.

I'd like to think the souls of these visionaries grew full watching their children and grandchildren emerge from those refreshing waters, flopping playfully onto waiting towels warmed from the sand below.

The fire pit rings wait for families to sit and share stories, passing on the ritual of toasting marshmallows. No admission is charged to exclude by income levels. The carefully planted seagrass encircles them like an embrace.

I'd like to hug these decision makers who chose community over development dollars. They are my unknown heroes. I doubt that I am alone in thinking that.

I'll probably never meet them to say they have touched many lives, and will continue to touch many more. People who make those selfless decisions often don't seek notoriety. They are fulfilled by looking around themselves not at themselves.