

Doors Down

Based on the True Story of
Friendship between a Boy
and a Baseball Legend

SHARON ROBINSON



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PROLOGUE

December 5, 1959, turned out to be the worst day of my life.

I was twenty, a sophomore at Brooklyn College. My dream was to one day become a doctor, so I concentrated on being a good student. But I was also a rebel, and my dad was a prime target. Those boyhood years when my dad and I shared a passion for baseball and the Brooklyn Dodgers were gone. Lately, there was more tension between us than love.

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That afternoon the fight was knocked out of me. I came home after a swim meet, tired and hungry. Mom met me at the door, looking worried.

“Stevie, your father’s home,” Mom said. “He’s not feeling well. I’m calling his doctor. Go to him.”

If Dad was home in the afternoon, he was really sick. I flew up the stairs. My heart raced as if I was still in the final lap of my last race. When I reached the landing, I was greeted by an eerie silence. It reminded me of a snowstorm that once shut Brooklyn down when I was younger.

I peeked into my parents’ bedroom. My dad was propped up against several pillows, struggling to breathe. His eyes were closed and his mouth was open. “Dad,” I called out as I rushed to him. I leaned in and shook his shoulders. “Dad?” He sucked in air without speaking. I turned and ran back down the stairs. “Getting an ambulance,” I managed as I passed my mother on the steps.