Even the mightiest of engines may need some attention after 200,000 miles, so it came as no surprise that Dom felt a bit under the weather in January, 2004. The Einstein cardiologists found that he had a malfunction of couple of valves, the result of a childhood encounter with streptococcus. The question was where the repair was to be carried out. It might have been done locally, had Randy’s College Service Station still been in business. But the decision was made to pack Dom into an ambulance and send him to the Brigham. And off he went.

The trip went well until they reached the Boston outskirts, at which point the driver, a Bronx man, confessed that he didn’t know just where the Brigham was. The rear door of the ambulance opened, and out popped Dom, who pointed the way. And so they arrived.

Exactly what happened next is shrouded in secrecy. It’s rumored that Dom, buoyed up by his success in getting there, wanted to do the procedure himself. But the surgeons, mindful of possible legal problems, feared that some sort of healthquake might ensue. All parties finally are said to have reached a compromise: the surgeons would do the procedure, and Dom would direct them.

It went beautifully, and Dom was discharged with a full warranty, good for another 200,000 miles. We all look forward to Dom’s new life in Kennedy, and to many happy years ahead.