In a fascinating, behind-the-scenes, no-holds-barred autobiography, college football sensation Keyshawn Johnson, presumed savior of the New York Jets, offers a candid look at his life on the field and his rookie season in the NFL. Wide receiver Keyshawn Johnson was a high school and college football superstar in California and an All-American who led the USC Trojans to a Rose Bowl win. He was the first player chosen in the 1996 NFL Draft, and Adidas has crowned him their new national spokesperson, complete with a specially designed signature shoe. He is being heralded by the New York Jets as the savior who will lead them from the cellar to the Super Bowl. In this autobiography, Johnson gives readers a look at his first season in professional football -- the exhilaration of winning, the despair of losing, the fickle fans, the relentless New York media, the money, and the extraordinary pressure placed on you when you're 23 and expected to perform miracles on the gridiron.

My Personal Review:
Keyshawn Johnson's memoir, Just Give Me the Damn Ball, is a chronicle of one man's journey to understand himself. The "Ball" as every reader of Johnson's prose understands, is not an actual leather ball, but a metaphor for the unnameable phatom that evades all of us, and the thing that can give us, if we could just get our hands on it, a true spiritual balance that could once and for all stop the longing we all feel and that some people attribute to our being made in the image of a creator to satisfy this creator's longing. Using a musical and lyrical style, he paints a portrait of the difficulties and obstacles faced by many of our young men in this country today. And he pulls no punches; make no mistake, Keyshawn writes like he plays: often dropping the "ball", but rarely failing to dwell in those small moments of triumph. While the narrative is first person, the voice Johnson achieves can give an impression of almost total detachment. He describes his battles as uphill conquests, relaying little detail other than those of his
own ability to catch the "ball", though we all know no one can hold on to the ball forever. Johnson understands this, though he never comes to the point where he feels comfortable saying it. The idea that one thing, the ball in this case, can satisfy a being, one made of skin and nerves and thick red blood, is nothing new, but Johnson is able to breath life into it by creating a world where we, while, at our core, understanding that the grasp of one object could never satisfy our depths, the pursuit of this object could give a life purpose and, ultimately, could satisfy the pointed ends of the "ball" which would only leave the middle, and though the middle could never be satisfied, the pursuit of it all, the endless journey we put ourselves in, is one that will one day be rewarded. But when will we know for sure?

For More 5 Star Customer Reviews and Lowest Price:
Just Give Me the Damn Ball!: The Fast Times and Hard Knocks of an NFL Rookie by Shelley Smith - 5 Star Customer Reviews and Lowest Price!