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Wednesday, May 07, 2008

## New York & Thoughts on Jill Jones-Soderman

Nyack is about 40 minutes drive north of New York City where I flew in on Monday.

The impressive New York skyline was not to be seen with its Manhattan skyscrapers as we skirted to the north of the city and I was sitting on the wrong side of the plane to see it anyway as we came in for wobbly landing.

I thought it was just as well as the last time I came to New York was in December 2000 and the Twin Towers dominated and of course they are no longer there.

I remember meeting the Twin Towers for the very first time, coming off the underground train and walking a block to the plaza where they were situated but having my view of them obscured by the surrounding urban skyrisers that blocked out the sky as you walked in their shadow.

The hustle and bustle of a big city The Big Apple which never sleeps while at ground level those distinctive yellow cabs plied their trade punctuated by the wail of a siren from a patrol car and everywhere, people going about their business.

It was cold with a bite that told you you were not in London but apart from that it could have been.

New York has its own electric ambience that I have only felt in London.

A determined purpose generated from the human morass and miasma.

Not catching the skyline today leaves me with the perfect vision of New York before 9/11.

Sitting here with my first coffee of the day and one of the dogs snoring by me, this feels like home. Extremely relaxing and I have slept well again for a second night. I think that had something to do with the bottle of Bowmore scotch my host bought for me; Jill Jones-Soderman.

The company is excellent here with Jill and her lovely daughter, Gillian, herself a 19 year old student with a penchant for working out at the gym late at night. I have suggested that if she desperately has the urge for exercise she should try a cold shower - that usually works for me!

I keep thinking how relaxed and comfortable I feel and the fact that I should be feeling nervous and apprehensive but not a bit of it. Hopefully I shall be seeing Emily on Saturday but I am purposely old inside as I do not wish to get my hopes up. Jill and Gillian make sure I am not left alone and except for this early hour as I drink coffee and listen to the sounds of a small town waking up with brilliantly red cardinals flying around the garden I have been treated like a king.

I can feel the stomach pangs as my emotions try to dictate how I should feel ,however I will not succumb; my head is ruling my heart.

Tomorrow I fly down to Florida and have to start thinking of how to get my papers down there with me. I don't want to go in a way; I haven't sampled Nyack night life but it does exist as I had a taste of the cafe and bar society that exists downtown while driving home with Jill. An all too brief visit yesterday had me

playing guitar with a young man called Mike who was jamming away in an empty bar that had been opened so staff could clear out the trash. Swapping stories of Fender Strat ownership and trying to get my fingers to remember that they can play the strings as I rendered a terrible version of the solo in Pink Floyd's Another Brick in the Wall but made do with the E chord power trip you only get from 20th Century Boy.

Returning home, I satisfied myself with my bluff at being a raconteur with Jill and Gillian and making them giggle though I wonder if they were just humouring their guest by laughing at his crappy jokes. Imbibing far too much 10 year old malt whisky left me feeling pleasantly exhausted and a sleep of the blessed has left me up at 6.30 and feeling fresh as a daisy.

I should be back here again on the 17th for a day and a night as there is a big pow wow with the Foundation's head honchos and this will reunite me with David Bennett of London pub crawl fame. He wants a rematch in the matching wits stakes so it is only polite to let him take me on on his home turf. I'll be gentle.

As the whirlwind that is Gillian has now arrived in the kitchen it is time to close this and look to another day.

Posted by Emily's Dad at 12:20 PM 1 comment: 