

I recently returned from a trip to New York City. It was my first time in the "big apple" and so many things rushed through my senses, I felt the need to gather my thoughts on paper.

My first impression was of the massiveness of the buildings. The streets - both sides - ~~are packed like sardines in a jar, building to building stretching their way into~~ are ~~filled~~ crowded with them, like soldiers standing shoulder to shoulder, single file, with their proud heads stretching upward to the sky. Some soldiers are taller than others, they are the young ones, new to the streets, each ~~is~~ trying to grow taller than their neighbor. There amongst all of them are the twins, the tallest of all - the World Trade Center, with its two mighty towers, 108 stories high. The elevator ride to the observation deck is in itself comparable to a ride at the amusement park. Once on the top floor, ~~it was possible to~~ ^{we can} walk the perimeter of the building - which is totally encased in glass. The eerie feeling of being that high struck me immediately. I had to sit on one of the metal benches which lined the windows around the top floor. After catching my breath, I began to walk around - I am certain my mouth was gaping open - the site of New York City spread out before

me was astonishing. The image was no longer of soldiers standing single file, but of a mob of intense people, huddled together, awaiting the coming of some main event.

When ~~an~~ an old soldier can no longer march to today's fast tempo, when the maintenance and replacement of his old "parts" is too costly - he is laid to rest, with the help of a wrecking crew and demolition equipment. And then as quickly as the old soldier leaves, a new, young soldier springs to attention in his place. He wedges himself into the same tired space, bringing new spirit, new architecture, new faces to the street. It is impossible to imagine creating a new structure in NYC, with its ~~crowded~~ crowded streets, the throngs of people rushing, rushing, rushing everywhere. How does the heavy equipment arrive on the scene? How is the concrete foundation poured? How do the large trucks of supplies make their way amidst the thousands of taxi cabs and hundreds of buses? Ah, but everything is possible in NYC. And, soon, the young, tall, proud soldier makes his way among the other giants. People scurry in and out of his revolving doors, up and down his escalators and elevators

shopping, tipping, learning, sewing the millions
of new Yorkers and visitors each day.