



## **New York City Moments from the Satellite Sisterhood**

### **Transformative Travel**

My sister Cyndi and I went to New York City for my 21th birthday. The morning we arrived into town, the hotel allowed us to check in early, we rested a bit from the red eye and then went exploring. After walking forever we blew into the Russian Tea Room after the lunch rush and two California girls received attentive service and enjoyed the best hot coffee and pate plates plus dessert. Everything was great that week before Easter - the shows, the food, shopping, sightseeing bus through many neighborhoods plus a turnaround to a very junky Atlantic City. That was April 1981 and thirteen months later, Cyndi died from a congenital blood disease. I am still so glad we had that time together.

For every joy that passes, something beautiful remains.

*Kathleen*

### **We Get It**

I read Angela's Ashes about nine months after everybody else and finished it during my morning commute. So ,there I am on the C train, tears streaming down my face and staring straight ahead as we pulled into 42nd street. A group of fellow commuters, none whom I'd ever spoken to before, clustered around me and ushered me off the train as they recognized I usually got off at that stop. They murmured gently and created a wall to shield me from the bustle on the platform until I could pull myself together. 'It's ok,' one of them said. 'It's ok. We read it too.'

*Mary*

## **I'm Walking Here**

I did the Avon Breast Cancer walk several times in NY. The first year I did it we started in New Jersey and walked to NY. We walked 20 miles each day. The absolute best part of the walk was walking over the George Washington Bridge into upper Manhattan. I was so beautiful to see Manhattan from that vantage point traveling so slowly as opposed to zipping over it in a car.

*Andrea*

## **I'll Have What She's Having**

his Los Angeles native was a bit intimidated to learn I'd been given a work assignment that meant living in NYC for a year. It is an amazing place and was an amazing time. Walking or subwaying everywhere meant I often bumped into friends while out and about and saw ever so many more celebrities than I ever did car-bound in Hollywood. One night a visiting friend from back home and I decided to go to Sardis (she is an actress, so the famous haunt of 'theatre folk' was a must see). While enjoying our afternoon cocktail amongst all the memorabilia and photos of star-patrons, we fell into a conversation about what celebrity can you imitate? I contended that everyone can give an at least half way decent impersonation of someone famous. She reluctantly replied by breaking into an uncanny mimic of (her theatrical idol) Carol Channing. I was astounded having never known my friend could do that! I was not the only appreciative audience as the neighboring table broke into rousing appreciative applause. I was thrilled, my friend was mortified! Because leading the cheers was Miss Channing herself who had just joined the group (unnoticed by us). She was terrific about it, invited us over, shared another round with us, and appreciated how much my friend and I adored her. Many years later I met Carol again at a fund raiser in CA and asked her if she remembered that night. She graciously said she did... I'm thinking she was just being polite... but it certainly was an unforgettable occasion to me and my Satellite Sister! A moment that could only happen in NYC!

*Dave*

## **This Ones About Nothing**

I was in a West Village cafe with friends around 1990. There was a man sitting alone in the booth next to us ( behind me). When he spoke to the waitress, I turned to sneak a look, very casual and cool, since his voice was familiar.

The waitress asked 'Do I know you? You look familiar.'

He replied 'I'm Jerry Seinfeld. I have a tv show on NBC'

The waitress replied in a very bored voice 'No, I don't know you. I don't have a tv.'

Classic New Yorker response.

*Jennifer*

### ***We Get It, Part 2***

Celebrities, street performers, people taking wedding pics, dogs of every breed...you name it and you can find it just by sitting on a park bench.

My favorite NY moment was in the early 1990's I was riding on the 1 train and JFK Jr. got on and sat in the empty seat next to me. Some people looked up for a second and went right back to what they were doing and some people didn't even notice. Meanwhile, my heart was racing with excitement!

*Ann Marie*

### **When Times Square was REALLY Times Square**

I grew up in Bergen County, NJ, just over the bridge from NYC. Every year, my friends and I would ditch high school on St Patrick's Day (with our parents' permission) and take the bus into the city to see the parade. It was always a wild time. Thousands of people. Packed streets and bars. One year I actually ran into my cousin from Philly in Times Square. Just as we were shouting, "I can't believe I ran into you," a middle-aged man walked up to us and opened up his raincoat. He was naked underneath. Yikes! First and only time I've ever run into a flasher!

Christina

### **The Cab Ride**

I have lived in NYC for nearly 40 years. I was trying to hail a cab in Long Island City (just over the 59th Street Bridge) many years ago, where I've had my art studio for some time. A benefit of having a studio in an industrial area is the many taxi garages. Usually, I would take the elevated subway into Manhattan. However, the large boot protecting my broken toes made it nearly impossible to navigate the stairs. My only hope to get home to Manhattan was a taxi.

I began to grow a bit frantic as I had missed their shift change. The light was fading, and the streets started to grow eerily desolate. A cab finally did appear when I flagged him down. Alas, he told me his shift was over, but he would send someone to get me. Needless to say, I was dubious.

Fifteen minutes passed, and I was desperate for a Plan B when suddenly a taxi swerved over to the sidewalk where I was standing. My knight in bright yellow armor? The driver asked if I was the "nice lady looking for a taxi?" Guilty as charged. I clamored into the back, stretching my aching leg across the back seat. Relieved.

I grew alarmed when he drove in the opposite direction of the bridge. He explained in his broken English that he had something important to do before he took me home. He had to wash his taxi before he could begin his shift! Apparently, it's a law in NYC – who knew?! He drove back to the taxi garage, where he frantically jumped out of the car and said he'd meet me on the other side.

There I was! Stretched out in the back seat of a yellow cab, alone in an automatic car wash! As the enormous brushes were whirring away, and I was sitting in sudsy darkness, my phone rang. It was my husband wondering where the heck I was. He had heard it all until this, my latest adventure. And me, once again asking myself how I got here??!!

True to his word, the driver hopped back into his cab and proceeded to take me home. I actually had to insist that he turn on his meter so I could pay him. I think of that driver often and still to this day, grateful for his kindness and proud to call this city my home.

*Caroline*

### ***Stars, There Just Like Us!***

Walking down 8th Avenue on a bright sunny cold day and realizing that Debra Harry of Blondie was walking next to me. (No one else has those lips.) We had a lovely chat as we walked. Going to see Ben Vereen in "Fosse" and sitting with former President Gerald Ford and Mrs. Betty Ford. We had a great time discussing each number and watching out for their Secret Service contingent.

Walking down 33rd Street near Penn Station and realizing that Tommy Tune was next to me. We had a wonderful talk - I told him about how we met when I was 16 and he took me and a friend to dinner after seeing him in Seesaw. He didn't remember, of course, but it is one of my most treasured memories.

On a field trip to the Metropolitan Museum of Art with my high school class and dashing to catch up with them and knocking Dick Cavett flat on his back when I rammed into him. He walked me back to my group and was quite nice about it.

Locking eyes with Brian Dennehy as we crossed a street on opposite sides. Exchanged hellos and an acknowledgement that, being a New Yorker, I would never ask for an autograph. Rushing through Times Square on the way to meet friends to see "Rocky: the Musical" (shouldn't have bothered) and finding myself walking with Snoop Dogg. Didn't fully realize who he was until I walked away, but we had a nice chat about where he was going and where I was going. I think about 400 people behind us took our picture, but I was in such a rush I didn't notice them.

*Erika*

