

A Special Lady

by Phillip W. Weiss

It was a cold dreary day in New York City. He didn't know what to do, where to go, who to call. Yet he wanted to do something. It was still morning, plenty of time to decide. He got dressed, put on his sweater, winter coat and left his apartment. Entering the street, he was greeted by a strong cold head wind hitting him directly in the face. But he was determined not to let the weather get the best of him. With the wind still blowing in his face, he entered the subway. Soon the train arrived. He got on the train. The ride was uneventful. The rain finally arrived at South Ferry. He left the train, climbed the stairs to the street, and found himself at one of the entrances to Battery Park. The wind was now blowing harder. Few people were in the park. But today he was feeling adventurous. Nearby he noticed a ferry. The ferry charged an admission. Nearby was a ticket booth. He went to the ticket booth and bought a round trip ticket. He went to the ferry, showed the crew his ticket, which they stamped and he went on board. The ferry was almost empty. Few people were willing to venture out in this weather. The ferry departed from the dock. It crossed upper New York harbor. The water was choppy, churned by the wind. A few minutes later the ferry arrived at an island. He departed the ferry. He looked up. What he saw almost brought him to tears. Standing tall in the wind with a light fog swirling about, was a lady. She was dressed in a robe, in one arm she held tablet and in the other a lamp, held over her head on which was

affixed a crown radiating rays of light. She was a tall lady with a stern expression on her face. He had always admired women but never met a woman like this. She stood atop a massive pedestal of concrete that easily supported her weight. He took in the scene. He was virtually alone, he and the lady. He was too awestruck to say anything. He just stood there, the wind blowing in his face, his feet cold, his hands frigid, looking at this lady. The more he looked at her the more reassured he was that visiting this island was the right decision. It was a moment of great intimacy, unencumbered by other people. Just him and the lady.

Later, after he had returned from the island, he recounted his visit to the island. He told his story to a lady who he did not know but for some reason he liked. She listened with much patience as he told her about his visit, how he felt and what it meant to him. Then he asked her for her telephone number. She politely declined his request, explaining that she was with her boyfriend. That jolted him back to reality. Soon the feeling of elation passed, but he would always remember and recall with fondness the best date he ever had with a woman, on that wind swept island in upper New York harbor.