

A Day Out – Part One

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doesn't count.

As I walked to the platform, I remembered how I had sat in a house party all those years ago in Newcastle with my friend who I am going to visit and she and I had this memorable but brief conversation about how blessed we both felt in our lives. (And that was a while before I considered blessings in a religious context.)

And here I am now, just over 21 years later, walking freely down a platform as she waited in her home for three of us to visit her, unable now to walk.

I've always felt, partly for selfish reasons, how it's important to keep in contact and do something to nurture old friendships. It gives my life a deeper, more connected narrative. Facebook rarely suffices and is very two dimensional. And of course friends are precious, so best never to forget them.

Just waiting for my train to York to pull out of Kings Cross. I'm off for the day to go and visit an old friend from Uni who has been very unwell for many years and is quite house bound. Two other Uni friends are meeting up with me in York for the visit. Really looking forward to seeing them as well.

First time I have seen the newly designed station. They've done a beautiful job; a vast improvement on the chaos that used to be Kings X. It's been a long while since I've headed out early in the day to go off on my own somewhere without the family. Enjoying the semi solitude.

Had a nice chat with an Elderly Australian, partly Irish, couple waiting for their platform to come up on the screen. They said they had just been to Paris and Versailles and had found it draining.

I think for middle aged people with families, it's probably good to get out on one's own every so often just to remember one's 'self', in a different context from being the main driver, herder, etc.

And the commute to work in the morning