

Thinking at first that I would take the #2 train to the Bronx, I gave up the idea in favor of driving, so I could pass through some favorite cross streets, in particular Fordham Road where it intersects the botanical gardens and zoo. And the memories began flooding in...

Parking in Pelham Parkway posed no problem and at exactly 10:30 a.m. as planned, I met Mel Citrin and Stu Chinkin under the windows of my long-ago apartment, on the corner of Lydig and Wallace Avenues.

Fifty-five years dissolved into the air as if they were lost pounds following a rigid diet; I was 13 again, and loving it! We walked to the courtyard of the Mitchell Gardens and stopped at the entrance to 2138 Wallace, my address for 22 years. My camera-happy companions made it a photo opportunity moment, as my parents had done on the exact same location over 5 decades ago, when I wore my PS 83 sewing-class-stitched graduation dress with the unbalanced sweetheart neckline and uneven hem.

We went on to visit Mel's and Stu's buildings incurring similar emotional reactions before grabbing a bite at Moisby's, Pelham Parkway's only current kosher eatery.

After a trip to PS 105, where we were unable to be granted a tour, and following a wonderful walk down Lydig Avenue and White Plains Road, where we perhaps too loudly defended our individual recollections as to where various shops used to be located, we drove over to our beloved CCRS.

We were pleasantly surprised; beyond the familiar steps, the colorful halls were pulsing with activity. Once again, I was a teen walking from Mrs. Balish's french class to Mr. Chad's math class, imagining the crush-of-the-week I'd perchance meet en route.

After my friends and I said our good-byes and I drove towards the city, leaving Pelham Parkway's 6 story skyline behind, I found myself already planning recipes to bring to the passover table, the holiday being less than a week away. It was "totally awesome" being a kid again for 5 hours today, but it was okay to be 68 again, too.