

Thots on a Jumelage Trip to the Hudson River Valley . . .

What do *Jumelagists* do on a trip - - - well, they do not sit around the dinner table and drink red wine and speak of great things *in French* . . . They get up early -- board the bus -- stop, look, and listen -- and absorb the scenery, the history, and the ambiance of the group of thirty two -- for seven days under blue skies with moderate temperature.

For what we planned on doing, you might take a peek at the Winchester Jumelage web site:

<http://www.jumelage.org/documents/hudsonitinerary.pdf>

Moreover, surprise, we pretty much stayed on schedule and took in almost everything in that preliminary agenda. Ed Davis was the “wagon-master” for this trip and he kept us moving.

However, a Jumelage trip is more than what we did – it's what we saw and its sharing these scenes and thots with our friends from St. Germain-en-Laye. For better or worse, here are one person's thots – really three sets of thots on the history reflected in the buildings, the folks who were my companions for this week, and the river.

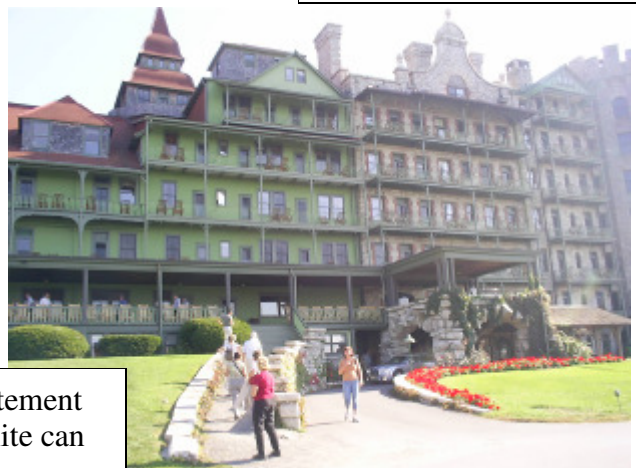
The historic buildings were each a “gee whiz” experience – the grandeur of a bygone era but, still fresh and beautiful in the 21st century– simply overwhelming.



Boscobel – an example of the classic era of the very early 19th century



Vanderbilt Mansion – one of four owned by this family in the 19th century – this being the smallest



Mohonk Mt. House – a statement of what \$500 to \$800 per nite can bring you

Our Jumelage trips have been about new sights, sites, and scenery – but they have also been about the people – the friends we make among Winchesterites and those from nearby communities – the friends that we make from St. Germain-en-Laye and from their nearby communities.



Lunch at the Culinary Institute of America – the real CIA



A before dinner relaxing moment on the dock at Cold Spring.

Listening to the guide at Locust Grove, the Samuel F B Morse home [upper] or at Olana [lower], the home of Frederic Church and the Hudson River school of art



Or simply enjoying the peace and quiet in the garden at the Mohonk Mountain House – or a walk down the path in the rain – the only rain we had during our seven days



Now, a few other things that struck my fancy . . .



Not all of the homes were grand – this being an 18th century home from the French Huguenot settlement in New



Nor, was everything old – this being one of 125 plus commuter trains that passed up and down the valley each work day

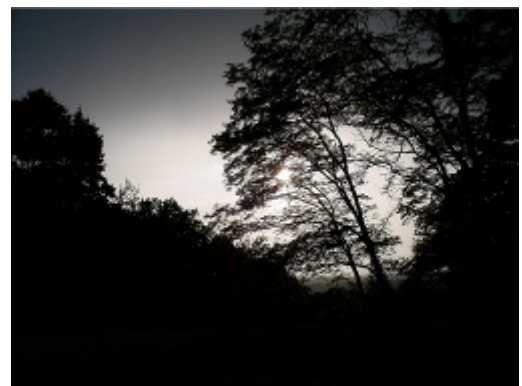
The “star of the show”, for me, has to be the River...
the majestic Hudson River – the Rhine of America...



Just a few closing thots . . .



At the Civil War memorial at West Point, the boundary is marked by cannon, plunged into the ground – a thot that maybe *war is not the answer!!*



No matter where you look, there is something to see

a jumelage fellow traveler