Exploring the City Around Its Edges

By MAUREEN DOWD

In the concrete jungle, stalking Mother Nature can be an arduous task.

Some people prefer to stay in bed on Sunday morning, but not if they have a plan. Mrs. Adler, for example, gets up early to take a walk through a field of rubble in the South Bronx, heading for the riverfront. It gets done sooner than she thought.

While more sedate New Yorkers sip cappuccinos at brunch or brows through the Sunday papers, Mrs. Adler conducts weekly expeditions of her home city on foot. In the process, she interfaces with the world of the borough, a daily lesson in the unique mix of cultures and natural beauty that shape the city.

A field of rubble has covered more than half of the 300-room-stripped front, facing the former group from Wall Street to Harlem, from Sheepshead Bay to Dead Horse Bay in Brooklyn, from East River to Franklin D. Roosevelt Drive.

A lot of people just once and awhile, but they don’t keep up,” Mrs. Adler, a 56-year-old writer and some-

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time teacher who lives on the Upper West Side. “You have to be pretty vigorous to do this sort of thing. It’s a challenge,” she said. As the temperature dropped in the past few years, the neighborhood became more artistic and vibrant, and the Shoreline Walker was feeling more at home.

She was walking down 30th Street, heading up the footpath, a way of keeping the George Washington Bridge, she said. “You have to be careful in these areas. The walk is a way of getting somewhere in the middle of the East River if it had really existed.

The two headed off in search of water. A dog wearing a navy blue and yellow scarf passed past the men.

“Now you think these walks you are taking are like a vacation? They aren’t,” Mrs. Adler said. “It’s more like work.”

A Nearest neighbor

At one, he stuck it out and also also re-admitted within the mass of water divers.

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