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I don't have a lot of time for reflection. I think a lot about meditating, about taking more time to just think, but with 2 kids, 2 dogs, a career, and aging parents, there is little time to for this luxury. I had been intrigued by Montello for years, it was an escapist fantasy. Finally, it seemed that 2018 was the time- I would logistically be able to withdraw from life, and selfishly focus on me. I prepared as best as could, watched many YouTube videos on how to change a tire, flew from New York City, packed the rental car with water and food, and headed out from Salt Lake City. The landscape was so foreign, so empty, so unfriendly. I called the family and said a final farewell before going off the



grid down “the dirt road”. Soon, I began seeing hills, trees, cows, and mile after mile of nothing but a sense of space and quiet. Finally, the house appeared on the horizon, as if an oasis. Once inside, and unpacked, I sat on the deck and watched the sunset. No noise, no human, only my thoughts. A blank journal had been left for my use- all those years of waiting for an opportunity for reflection had arrived. Go. I left the page blank for a couple of days as I explored the vicinity, sat at Blinky’s way, biked around. All of a sudden, there was so much time. And nothing to fill it other than eating, reading, walking, working, or reflecting. As the days went by, I set up my “studio”, I had come with no agenda other than to see what happened. I started projects I had not had time to think about before, and wrote songs for no reason. I gave myself the opportunity to create without a deadline or other requirements. I luxuriated in the absence of anything, and promised to remember that feeling when back in New York. A little stem of sagebrush now sits in my noisy and cramped NYC studio as my reminder of the Montello mindset.

For a song written by Lewis Flinn please go to montellofoundation.org/audio.htm