

Remembrances of Moving to Windsor Gardens

By Anne Sloan

9 a.m. June 25, 2008. The movers have just parked the truck in front of our beautiful old house at 6th and Madison Street. My two sisters are already "on call" to assist us. Sister Barbara has lived at Windsor now for two years and knows the ropes, so she's doing surveillance at the front door of 665 So. Alton. Sister Joan has vowed never to move out of her house, so she'll wait in our new home for the movers to arrive.

The 4th floor neighbors are dropping in asking Joan if she's the new tenant. "NOT!" It seems to take forever to get the truck loaded. I finally decided I should really get out to Windsor, after all, the movers knew where they were going and I was certainly no help to them in my present state.

Everything happened so fast after we decided it was time to downsize, that it is still all sort of hazy. We had lived in that house for 48 years, having moved in on June 21, 1960! Three of our children never knew another home. Anyway, everyone knows how stressful moving can be, especially with 48 years accumulation. We had sent away more than one truckload of things we previously thought we couldn't live without. I'm still not sure what all we got rid of.

Sometimes when I'm looking for something I'm sure we brought along and it seems to be missing, I think "Well, I guess that went on one of those truckloads to somewhere." I do remember a few things that I regret letting go. After arriving at Windsor Gardens, I had to tell the movers where all that furniture had to be placed. Did we really keep all of that? Will it fit?

Looking back, I believe things really moved along quite well. After a day or so, it was time to begin putting things away. Now, I think I moved too quickly; articles which I thought belonged in a certain place were stashed-linens in the closet, dishes in the cupboard, junk in drawers, all sorts of odds and ends in the apartment storage room, and it's all still there. It looks like McGee's closet. I am not happy with myself when I open cupboards and closets. I vow once a month or so that I'll neatly rearrange everything just as soon as I have the time. Time? I have so much time now I could have rearranged 40 closets. Oh well, nobody sees them but me and an occasional kid looking for something to eat. The other storage room down the hall is stuffed with mostly Christmas decorations. Our 7½ foot Christmas tree in that huge box really could be moved to the garage to make room for the Halloween and Easter decorations.

All the memories about moving to Windsor Gardens are fairly happy ones. The sad memories are all about leaving our house after 48 years. I'm not sure we'll ever be totally over it. But it was time. We didn't need all that space anymore and the old bones complained about all the stairs-up to two of the bedrooms and down to the laundry. Two people really don't need 5 bedrooms! Windsor is beginning to feel like home to us and the children and grandchildren have almost forgiven us for selling the old homestead they all loved. But life goes on and one day at a time makes the world go 'round.