

Why I Chose Windsor Gardens

By Dennis Knight

I moved to Windsor Gardens six years ago simply because I liked it from the first time I visited, and it is where I plan to spend the rest of my life. We are a community of about thirty-six hundred seniors who live in a park-like setting of flowers, lawns and trees. We have room to stroll, a golf course, and a large community center with a restaurant, swimming, workshops and activities for everyone.

Windsor Gardens was established over fifty years ago as Colorado's first condominium community. Our buildings are solid masonry in a midcentury modern design, mostly four stories, but with a number of two story structures and townhomes for architectural interest. Individual units vary in size and layout, and owners may remodel interiors within certain standards.

At least eighty percent of our residents are owners under association bylaws. Most are retired, but those of us who do go off to work consider ourselves to be home again the moment we turn into our community from Alameda or Dayton. Our buildings and beautiful grounds are overseen by an elected board of directors supervising an excellent management team. There is a low turnover of employees at Windsor Gardens. From grounds crews and maintenance personnel to office workers, security staff and managers, they are dedicated and loyal to us, who as owners of our properties are effectively their employers.

That quickly summarizes why I live here, but for balance, I should mention what some might consider the cons of Windsor Gardens. First, we don't have laundry hookups in our individual units but common laundry rooms in each building with good, modern machines. With scheduling and cooperation things generally work out, but as a bachelor I'll acknowledge it might be nice to toss my socks in my own washer at two in the morning and leave them until I awaken.

We all live on one or the other side of a loop more than a mile in circumference. There are only three spots inside the complex that could be called corners, and with the commonality of our architecture, it's difficult to give verbal landing instructions. It's easiest to have them meet you at the closest bus stop. You won't be able to explain which one, but tell them to keep running the course, and if you're dressed colorfully and wave hard, they'll find you.

I wish our founders had named our buildings rather than plotting them with numbers in no particular geographic pattern. I live in Building 42, but it is signed only with the street number, 655. I have no idea where buildings 41 or 43 may be. I would like to tell my visitors to look for a distinguished name. Lancaster or Devonshire or even Worcestershire would fit in with our community's English name, and my Irish ear would vote for names like Kilkenny or Kildare. How about mountains, birds or animals?

I will wrap up with a note about our neighbors to the South, which is an apartment complex that occupies the other part of the original Windsor dairy farm and has a population averaging about thirty years younger than us. They got Windsor Lake, and upon it they plopped a club house on a wharf from which, on weekend evenings, rock and roll rattles the windows of those of us on the other side whose homes overlook the Highline Canal. It's been quieter this year, however, so we may have neutralized their menace by threatening strategic bombardments of our heaviest artillery, the music of Glenn Miller.