

Why We Moved to Windsor Gardens *by Gerry Biram*

At the time that Windsor Gardens was under construction we were living in Laramie, Wyoming. We saw pictures of the grounds and apartment buildings and learned of the activities that were taking place but because we were years from retirement actually living in this place simply did not occur to us.

In the spring of 1981 my husband decided that he would like to retire early and I, too, decided that I could do the same. He was already in his early 60's but I was just 59. Where to go was the next decision. We were avid square dancers and wanted to live in a place where roads would not close due to snow and keep us from dancing. Many of our friends went to Arizona in the winter. This did not appeal to us because we had a house that would need to be winterized before we could go south and an empty house could attract vandalism.

My sister lived in Denver and had friends who lived in Windsor Gardens. She often visited them and found enjoyable activities as well as friendly people. And so it was decided that once our house sold we would seek a condo here. We moved on December 12, 1982 to one of the newer units that had underground parking. For the next two years we were constantly on the go. We had a motor home in which we traveled extensively. We danced four or five times a week when we were here. We spent three weeks in Alaska visiting every corner of that state. We spent time with each of our two daughters and their families both of whom were out of state.

Then, in the spring of 1984, my youngest daughter who lived in Dallas, Texas, separated from her husband and came to Denver. Of course she had to work and taking care of her four year old fell to us and a day care. So no more long trips. That fall, just before Halloween, Cami was diagnosed with terminal cancer which started on her bladder, spread to the lungs and was in the bone marrow. We elected for treatment. Because the cancer was on her bladder it was the policy to remove this organ and use a bag as most of the children died within a few months of diagnosis.

Her oncologist had been trained in Palo Alto, California at the University by a doctor who did not remove the bladder but removed the tumor and treated the child with chemotherapy and radiation.

I remember a Christian Jew who was a faith healer came to her room in the hospital on the third day after her surgery and prayed for her. He asked that God work with the treatment she was getting and that she would be healed of cancer and be under God's protection during the rest of her life. Cami is now 31 years old and although she suffers from a damaged immune system due to the chemicals and radiation, she lives a pretty normal life.

I am convinced that our move to Denver was orchestrated from Above because of the life of this child. Coming to Windsor Gardens was an added bonus because I joined the Children's Hospital Volunteers here and Cami was given so many, many extra kindnesses during her treatment because of my membership.

This is the incredible true story that has shaped our lives for the past 27 years.