

Keeping Busy

By Howie Flomberg

I have about an hour before time stops while I watch the Bronco game – when I read this, if we won, applaud. If we lost just look sad. What to do? I guess this is as good a time as any to do my homework for the Writers Club.

Over ten year ago Judy and I lived in a single story house on a cul-de-sac on the Highline Canal. We raised both of our kids and a lot of their friends in that house. The kids were grown and living their own lives. We really did not need a third of an acre of poorly managed lawn and a long stretch of sidewalk to shovel when it snowed. Also given my physical restrictions, the major portion of the work fell on my wife's shoulders. I decided to look around for another place to live.

I checked Heather – I didn't like it. No sense of community. It seemed like another old-folks neighborhood. I looked around for another "Active Retired" community. The only one I could find that peeked my interest was Windsor Gardens. I drove around the "loop" a few times over the next week or so. I was impressed by the feeling of community. The last time I drove through I stopped a few people and asked them about their community. "I am thinking of buying in here. How do you like it?" I stopped three people. All three were quite positive. The only negative I heard was one person's dissatisfaction with Board politics. People generate politics. I'll take that with a large grain of salt. Judy and I bought a two bedroom, two bath condo.

We've lived here for about ten years and are very happy. I play my guitar the second Thursday of the month in the Emerald Grill, note February 14th on your calendars. After my set this month, I stretched my legs and got some fresh air. People were going into the auditorium building to play Bridge. It looked like they were preparing the auditorium for an exercise class. I said hello to the people I passed. I knew some and didn't know others. All gave me a friendly "hello."

I walked back into Centerpoint. I notice that a Golf lesson was going on in one of the meeting rooms. Artificial greens and driving nets were laid out. This was a Thursday night. It was the middle of the week. There were plenty of people out engaging in activities. Judy and I are in the Theater Club. 99% of the people I see are dynamite. We have all built careers and no longer feel the need to be competitive.

I think that I have stumbled into the success of Windsor Gardens. We are all adults. We all, or almost all, have successful careers behind us. We live here because, simply, it's fun.

I was told by more than one person when I was browsing, if you live in Windsor Gardens and you're bored, it's your own fault.