

A Letter
03-28-2016 by Harry Zirkelbach
Stars and Sun date 34374



Few conversations are neutral. Some point is intended. The same for Epistles. My title is neither a negative or positive statement. Not so this remainder.

Windsor Gardens has 72 Housing Buildings, about 2700 Condominiums sheltering those 55 years and older. A moving figure, perhaps 3500, live here, that lessening as the new arrivals have tended to be single.

New residents are announced monthly in Windsor Gardens Life. You see a familiar name, want to contact. Look up name on windsorgardensdenver.org, find address, no phone number. Call the Office, they won't release the phone number. Call 303-555-1212, and that will be provided. Problem solved.

New residents provide our management will personal data, names, address, phone number. In the latter case, they may indicate the phone number is not to be released, Most newcomers are like you and me, want to be in contact with the world, welcome the calls from friends, other residents here, even at the expense of unwelcome solicitations. For most new residents here there is no implied intent in providing phone numbers when moving here, that this be restricted from release.

Meanwhile Windsor Gardens does publish resident unrestricted phone numbers. Each Building maintains, regularly updates, a Roster by Unit Name, Phone number (unless denied).

In these days of computer assistance, there is no need to print documents that may be of out-date before distribution.

Please call your Board of Directors, tell them to join the 21st Century.

Still space, so this tale regarding the people of Belgium. Daughter and family lived their five years. We visited spring 1999. Many side trips. One, a train ride to Bruges, Belgium, an hour train ride northwest. Saw the sites, spent the night. Ate at the Hotel where the Duke of Wellington dined with his senior Officers the night before the Waterloo Battle. History galore through the fields of Europe.

Next days' return train journey routine. Stopping shortly before arriving at Brussels, four young ladies board, sit near the three of us. As we arrived at Brussels, the ladies scrambled out first. Our daughter wearing a backpack, immediately is aware, her billfold missing from it. She rushed out of our car, finds the ladies going through her billfold. In French she asked for it back. They say it was found on the Station platform. She insists, saying they had stolen it. It is returned. A Belgium policeman nears, is hailed; our daughter begins explaining that these ladies had stolen her billfold from the backpack. He has a communication problem.

Suddenly, the four girls, take off, running into the Station proper, their full length skirts pulled up past their knees. Quite a sight, 8 short skinny legs, balloon waists, disappearing into the crowd. Then, the Policeman understands, gives chase, and the five soon disappear from our sight. In the drab Arab garb covering all but face, these girls were indistinguishable Eastern Europeans.

We learn they are Gypsies. Their life supported by theft, mainly from tourists; their favorite tactic, pickpocketing. That afternoon, they escaped capture, after a decent exercise.

And then we laughed, survivors of another misadventure. What has this to do with phone numbers on Windsor Gardens.

Baffles me.