

Why I Moved to Windsor Gardens

by Mike Harris

Life is not static! Mostly man thinks and “GOD” winks. Just about the time things seem to settle into a routine, somehow something way out in left field sets everything helter-skelter.

I found myself at 94 suddenly faced with a decision. Continuing the way things were going was no option. As always when faced with a decision I stop and try to assemble what knowledge or information is available to me, to help me choose the right path to follow.

First evaluate the circumstances, the pluses.

I seem to be in excellent health.

My finances also seem to be in excellent health. My car only has 60,000 miles on the odometer.

My children do not need my financial help.

I can not stay in my present habitat.

Well it's time for a conference call with my family. Resulting options. Daughter, “Come live with me.”

Son and Daughter-in-law, “Come live with us.”

My reaction, “3 days and fish” – no way, thank you! Since living in Philadelphia is out of the question where would I like to live? At 94 be smart, you may need help. So independent living is an option, but where?

When my wife and I retired 32 years ago for 16 of those years we followed a pattern, we were living in a Philadelphia suburb. House paid for and children educated and on their own, Mom and I wanted the best that we could afford. So after election day it was Florida, west coast, till Easter, then back to Pennsylvania, one of the nicest places to be in the spring, till Memorial Day. Then to Denver to a sublet till Labor Day, return to Norristown for the fall and election day, then Florida again and so the circle went. We traveled by trailer most of the time, and trips to Florida from Pennsylvania to a campground, and the trips west were adventures in themselves. One trip west through Canada to Calgary and on to Seattle, and a cruise to Alaska, then down California and over to Denver was a real hi-light.

Another time straight across on rt. 70 we really had a full Denver summer with family and grandchildren. One year we made a break in our routine and spent a whole year in Europe, in a mini motor home, wow! 35,000 miles and visited everything we ever dreamed of, that was all great with my partner, but now I was pretty much alone, the foregoing was great, but it's water under the bridge. Present circumstances and realities have to be addressed.

Happy memories of Denver and nearby family make Denver a possible good choice and independent living is doable. “Decision made Denver and independent living” conversation with son and daughter-in-law and I explain that this could be a possible choice. My son first question “Dad, how much money do you have?” My answer, “None of your business.” His reply, “That's not what I mean, Do you have more than a given sum?” “Yes.” “All right I will buy something for you and you can reimburse me when you get here.” My daughter-in-law very firmly says “NO! You do not buy a pig in a poke, come and rent for six months, if you fit then you can buy.” I agree, that is being smart. “Son, find me a rental and we can go from there.” He is on the computer and the next day has found me a condo in Windsor Gardens – a six month rental. In the next six months I buy a unit. So here I am and “GOD” is still winking, my plans do not hold water.

The above addresses the subject for the week.