

Why Did I Move to Windsor Gardens?

by Mari Lu McGinnis

Why did I move to Windsor Gardens? Because I had to.

It was a move of last resort. We were paying a lot for a big apartment down the street, having sold our home of twenty-five years in downtown Denver, without a clue as to what we were going to do next. My husband was progressively unable to cope with a two storey house, detached garage, on a busy street. We were still not settled.

I played bridge with a group of friends, one of whom lived in Windsor Gardens. We met in her home and I loved it. She suggested I look around and buy a unit. So we looked. This was the year 2000, February. Believe it or not there was just one unit on the market ... or so I was told. It was a mess. Just what I wanted. With my husband nodding, I bought it in just one-half hour, and moved in May 1st. It was perfect for us. Two baths, lovely view of the golf course, first floor – though we probably should have been on an upper floor. If I seemed absent for a moment – shower or bathroom, or even cooking – out he scooted and he was fast!

The Security Group was just wonderful to us. Keith thought they were there just for him. His best friends – sort of an extension of his command when he was a Colonel on the Air force Base. He had plenty of sky to watch and aircraft to identify, although that was a bit iffy at times. Even the Officers' Club and the Golf Course were right next door, just as on the base – wherever that might be. He was happier here than he would have been any where else I think – the old home forgotten.

Keith was with us here just a matter of months before his death. It is a great piece of luck that we relocated when and where we did. I traveled extensively from 2001 till 2011 and the turnkey leaving was fabulous. I have to laugh at myself – forking over \$1,000.00 in a half-hour to buy 4A, Bldg. 63, but I appreciate it even more now than I did then, now that I am of a certain age and have a cat.