

Left or Right, Up or Down
by Kenita Gibbins

It seems like men know directions better than most women. Gee, the mountains stand in glory in the west. When I can see our fascinating, prominent summits, I know my way. To find an address in Denver becomes a time for me to say, 'Siri, please find 795 S. Alton Way.' My problem is I recently bought a new iPhone, and I can't get Siri to guide me! Never-the-less I will try again to get directions from my new gadget.

Fortunately, our condo is at the end of the building. Therefore, if I take a short way out, I must walk down four flights of stairs. I prefer the elevator. If I go out the side door, I know to turn right to our garage and left to the High Line Canal. Thank heaven I know my way to Fairmont Cemetery or to Havana. The only thing I have to worry about is the very fast bicyclists. Yea, I know more than one turn to get downtown. It is easy to get to Anschutz Hospital and Rose Hospital. I wish I didn't need to know the way to those two places. I don't like knowing the turns to I-225, I-25, and I-70, but that is a necessity if I want to continue to drive in the city traffic. I just as soon not to have to go toward the rising or lowering sun.

Most of my life, I've taken the right turns. I knew to say yes when George proposed. He even asked my Daddy for permission to marry me.

We phone-hatched two of our children. The minute we received each call, I said yes, we would come and get our baby boy and then our baby girl. Each time I had trouble getting ahold of George and my parents and in-laws. I jumped up and down with happiness by myself. We didn't have cell phones then. My mother arrived from El Paso to meet her grandson before the Broomfield grandparents arrived.

George was still able to drive when we went to get our children. He made no wrong turns. A few days after we picked up each child, we had to go to court to make the adoption legal. Our children are 22 months apart. For each court date, I bet they were the cutest dressed kids ever. They were seven and five when our surprise child came. Marisa, our five years old, declared herself as a mother. She loved holding her little brother. I appreciated her help. We made the right turns in life as we welcomed all three children.

We raised our kids in a house in Virginia Vale. It was a big decision to sell our house and move to Windsor Gardens. I'm thankful George isn't crawling around on top of our roof. I'm thankful George doesn't have to shovel snow. He has enjoyed his little garden in WG. Moving here was a huge turn in our lifestyle, but it is just life when changes are made.