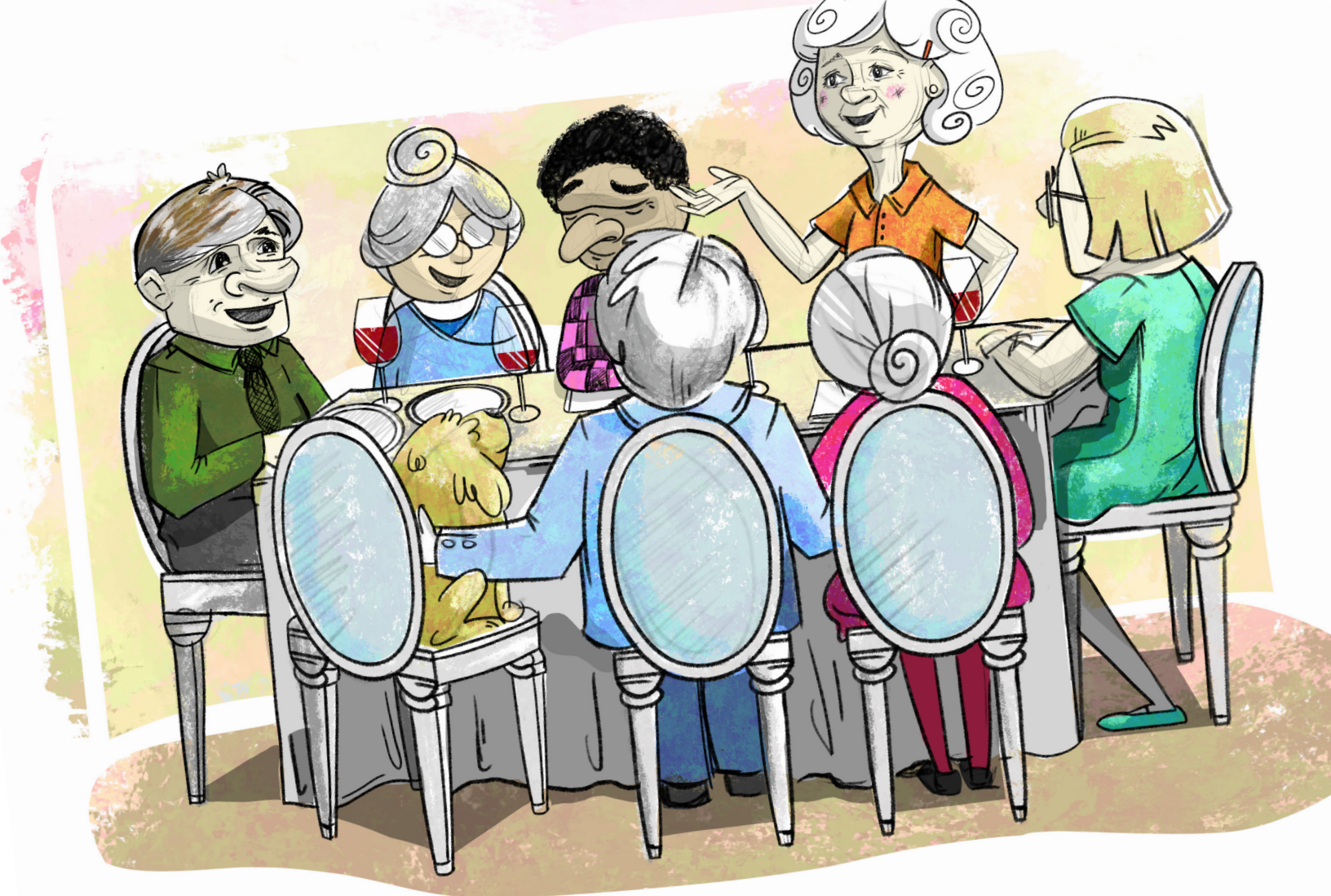


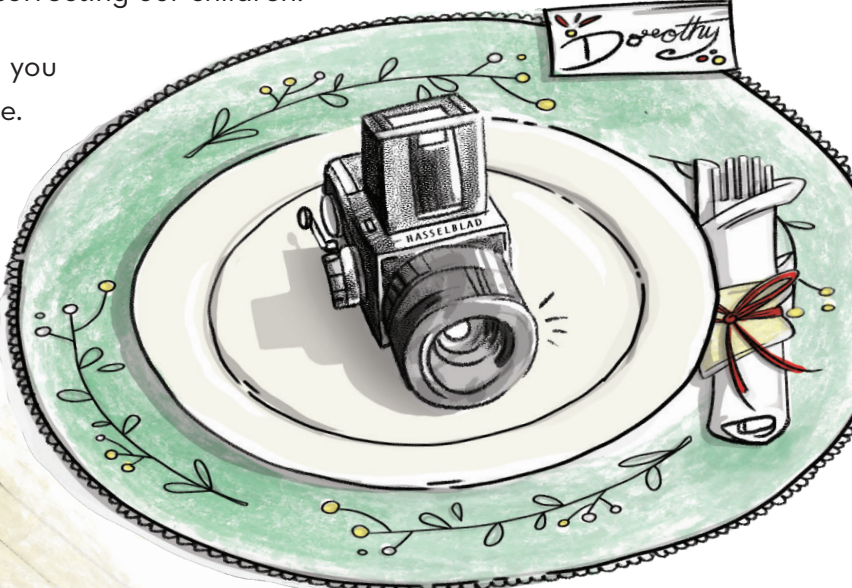


WELL, I GUESS I WILL TAKE IT OVER AND SHARE OUR STORY. We, me and Dorothy, would like to take a second and reiterate what Carl said. All of you here today, along with the team that works here, have made this transition so much easier.

Darling, I agree with everything you said except for the fact that it is Dorothy and I, not me and Dorothy! Plus, we need to commend the woman of the hour, Amelia. Thank you so much for bringing us all together tonight for whatever eccentric plan you have.

IF ANY OF YOU DIDN'T KNOW, Dorothy was a grammar teacher in the not-so-distant past, and I do believe she misses it quite a bit. Or at least misses correcting our children.

Richard, you knew all my attention would fall on you once the children left the house, for better or worse. Plus, with this pristine Hasselblad 500C camera sitting in front of us, how could it not fling me back into teaching mode? It reminds me of all the trips we took with the kids. Remember our trip to Europe or when we visited British Columbia?



I REMEMBER finding that **Roll** of film in our attic when we were packing up and decluttering to move here. Finding that roll of film seemed to be a sign that we were doing the right thing.



AS SOME OF YOU KNOW, the journey that got Dorothy and me here wasn't exactly the easiest because I wasn't ready to make a move.

But I was!

I mean, not having to maintain a house that was now far too large and filled with memories of what had been. Plus, some of my daily tasks were beginning to take longer and not bring me joy like they used to. Cooking dinner, for instance, was becoming more of a chore rather than the enjoyable hobby it used to be, on top of living far from family and friends.

WHILE FOR ME, the idea of leaving the home we had worked so hard for and raised our children in was hard for me to imagine. I fully believed that if we moved to a community, I'd be giving up my independence, and not be able to keep working or go to my weekly round of golf. I could not see the positives that Dorothy saw. Nevertheless, I knew it was something she wanted to pursue, so I decided to investigate it all for her.

INFORMATION OVERLOAD



AS A BUSINESSMAN, I wanted to make sure I was making the best and most calculated investment for our future, so I tried to look at all my options. My search was like our friend Steve Rose's initial search and ended in a complete information overload. The only positive that arose was that my attitude had changed, and I was now excited by the prospect of moving. However, I was defeated and had very little hope of finding the perfect place, and that's when Dorothy, who has always been brilliant, came in with a manageable pile of information from three communities near our kids.

Thank you for the kind words, darling.

I had been compiling information from communities near our children for the last couple of months and had narrowed it down to my top three. I had five main wants and needs that I wanted the communities to fulfill. **Lots of activities, housekeeping and yard maintenance, great food, good reviews.** Plus, I knew it would be our last move, so I wanted it to have all levels of care. With so few places to call, I was able to create a relationship with the teams in these communities before we even toured by calling them and asking questions. Everyone was great,

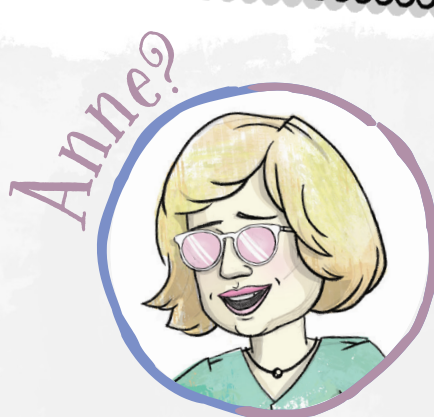
but Grace, our Lifestyle Advisor, was the best, sending packets of information along with letters to just check in. She even sent us a gift for our youngest daughter's first baby. When we arrived for our tour here, we knew it was the right place. It had all the amenities we wanted, everyone was so kind, and it just felt like home.

WE SIGNED OUR CONTRACT A FEW DAYS LATER; like Dorothy said, we just knew. However, even with that feeling of rightness, I was still a little uneasy about leaving our home. It wasn't until that roll of film that I felt that we had made the right decision. So, there we were, three generations, standing in the attic combing through memories, when one of our younger grandchildren found an old canister of film from our long-lost Hasselblad 500C camera.

Even though Richard told him to throw the film away, assuming the years in the attic had disintegrated the film one of our children pocketed it and had it developed. The photos were from our honeymoon and were some of the first pictures that we had taken using the camera. In the hustle and bustle of life after returning home, we had forgotten to develop the film. Even though these photos were affected by age, finding them was a wonderful surprise and the perfect end to that chapter of life. Our children and grandchildren gave us a few of them framed on the day we moved in here. It allowed us to realize that we are now entering a time in our lives where we can yet again focus on one another, traveling, and having fun. So, thank you for this gift, Amelia! It will be put to work on our next adventure.



Well, THAT'S MORE THAN ENOUGH ABOUT US.
Who's up next?



PART 4 OF
CASSEROLE
CONVERSATIONS
with Anne
Coming Soon!