

# My Gypsy Journey

"A home isn't about the stuff that's in it or what it looks like or where it is, it's about the people that surround you. That's what makes a home". Oh how I tried so desperately to believe these words as I heard them uttered from my very own lips. I'm telling you, I have got some pretty spectacular people in my home but even they couldn't help me deal with the fact that for two years while renting various houses I could not call even one a Home. And for that entire period of time I felt unsettled and lived with a constant empty pit in the base of my belly. I tried absolutely everything to change my perspective, to better my situation, to snap the frick out of it. But to no avail. Coach KI was failing miserably with herself.

Let me give you a brief (ok not so brief) synopsis of this Gypsy journey:

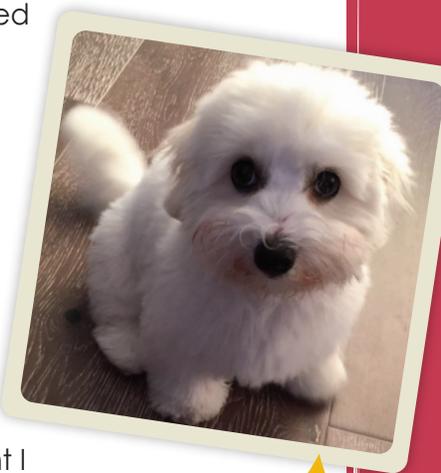
- After a somewhat stress filled year (cancer, dog died, closed Kits store) I was ready to kiss 2013 goodbye. And btw, anyone that says 13 is a lucky number...is a big fat liar. I was ready for change in 2014.
- Late that next spring we decided to sell our house of 17 years and buy into the new development at Tsaw Shores near the ferries. It was shiny and new and my office would look at the water which is all I've talked about for years. According to Mr. Salesman (also pretty shiny) the development should be ready Sept 2015. We thought we would put our house on the market assuming it would probably take a few months to sell, we had an offer within a week.
- I didn't want to sell without a rental in place but like an angel from Heaven (or perhaps somewhere further south)...someone came along offering her multi-million dollar dream home right on the beach in Tsaw for a rent that we could actually afford. As we sat with our realtor, pen in hand I had my husband call her to confirm before we signed the deal. Yes, she said...it was all a go and we could rent until our house was ready. Oh wait, did I mention this person was my husband's EX-GIRLFRIEND?? I know I know, stop rolling your eyes. Of course I'm now convinced she's been waiting patiently in the wings to screw him over for 25 years. Shockingly, the deal fell thru.
- This tidbit of information came to us two weeks before we were to move. So while we frantically tried to find a rental the situation on the home front was unbearable. I felt that this was my idea and my decision alone to move and I have now put my son and my husband in this horrible predicament. I remember one night crawling under the stairs pretending to pack boxes as I wept uncontrollably. What have I done??
  - We eventually found a rental that was actually at Tsaw Shores in the first phase (we bought into Phase 2). We would be able to watch our home being built from our back yard. Maybe things were looking up?
  - Of course there was a delay moving in so several of our friends took pity on our homeless asses and gave us a place to sleep...little did I know this would be the beginning of our gypsy journey.

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- Funny side story...the night before we were to move from our home of 17 years our very good friends and neighbours had us over for a good-bye dinner. They offered for us to sleep over so we could have everything packed and ready for the cleaners coming the next morning at 8am with the new owners coming at noon. We partied like it was 1999! Sharing stories of our many years together and cheering every one with a martini, then some wine, then a martini...it was a perfect send off. We crawled into bed at around 2:30am and for some crazy reason I checked my email. The cleaners had sent a message that "unfortunately we are unable to accommodate your cleaning time tomorrow morning. Please call to re-schedule". If I could remember the company name I would call them out right now but from that moment on they were referred to only as those \$#@%-ing cleaners. We set our alarm for 6am and dragged our sorry hung-over selves over to our house which was in a horrific state. At around 9am our friends noticed we weren't at their home and discovered what happened. They came directly over with juice and muffins and rubber gloves. Todd and Maureen...you are amazing humans and I love you both madly.
  - We are now in our rental. We don't have any furniture as we got rid of everything and wanted all new stuff but it was delayed and delayed so we used patio furniture and a mattress as a couch. I was a minimalist and I was OK with it. I felt kind of cool. While I did not feel like this was a home and I was constantly nagging Ji and Jess not to mark walls or scratch floors, I was pretty happy here. You can sense it can't you?...that cloud starting to drift over. We got a call that our landlord was selling and we had to be out by Sept 2015. But that should be OK because our house was to be ready by then. Ya right...not even close. They hadn't even started the sidewalks yet never mind broken ground. The vague emails from the developer started right around now. In fact they continued on right up until the day our home would eventually be built. Is there anything worse than not knowing? I simply don't get it...how is it that everyone I talk to that has been in this situation has the same story? Timelines are always off, and by like a LOT, and they never give you a straight answer. That unsettled feeling was creeping back into my belly and would stay there for the remainder of my Gypsy journey.
  - Again it was the 11th hour and we were homeless but we found a rental in a furnished home in Tsaw that was to take us to our NEW completion date. We moved all of our lovely new furniture into a POD and prayed it would survive the time in storage (spoiler alert...it didn't). The home was owned by a great couple and they were fantastic to deal with. However, the house was difficult for me to live in. The boys loved it as it came with a Man-Cave. But jerseys, big screens, and recliners with beverage holders were not what made a Home for me. I started to realize that more than anything in the world I need LIGHT. I have always felt I suffered from SAD and this house was very dark. I entered into what I would describe as a period of depression that I have never experienced before. And it wasn't just the house, we were constantly fighting with the developers and there were moments I wasn't sure if I would ever see my new home. As you can imagine this can also take a toll on a relationship. My husband had no idea what to do with me. And neither did I.
    - Time for a little deja vu...we get a call that our landlord is selling. In his defence we were supposed to be out by the time he was to sell but of course our home was not ready. Every waking moment is now spent on Craigslist, Airbnb, local rental companies, etc. Many properties were promised to us during this time and then one after the other they would fall thru. That burning pit in my stomach was a constant. And it was getting hotter.

- We finally found a furnished rental in Tsaw but we could only have it for two months. We were desperate so we snapped it up. It was clean and it was bright. Success! We prayed our house would be ready when we had to leave but once again, prayers denied. And just when I was giving up hope on the Divine, a real life angel descended.
- A customer and model for The Urban Rack came up to me at an event and said "would you like to live in our house this summer by any chance? we go to Summerland and it will be empty". I thought I was being punked for sure. And then she slayed me with "and it has a pool". The skies parted, the birds sang, and the sun surrounded her like a halo. If you think I'm exaggerating you would be wrong. I had been dancing with the embers for two years and this was a true moment of light for me. So duh, I said YES.
- We moved to this lovely home in East Ladner (kind of a full circle moment as our original home was in East Ladner) for two months. It was like a holiday for us and we appreciated every moment. Jamie and Darren will likely never know what they did for us at a very dark time. I tear up when I think about it and pray that one day there will be a moment that I get to pay it forward and help someone as they helped us.
- But while we loved their home it was just that...their home. I longed desperately for my own. I wanted to feel I could drop something and not worry it would leave a mark, or that I could crank up Lenny and wouldn't upset someone else's neighbour. Even tho our gracious hosts always allowed us every freedom in the world and I never felt there were any restrictions, I just couldn't relax into it the same way I would in my own home.
- And then the day came...Aug.19th, 2016. Date of possession. We packed up for our fifth move in two years and came home.

I now know that I am not a gypsy, even at heart. I value Home and this journey has taught me what I need to fill my soul and brighten my spirit. Some things may sound superficial but I am OK with that. I want to fill my space with things that bring me lightness and joy (like my yellow flying pig)

but I know it's my people that are the beating heart of this home. My supportive husband JI who has miraculously managed to love me through all my crazy and my son Jesse who has thought every house was "cool", he never complained and knew how to make me laugh even when I thought I forgot how. Without their love within these four walls, I think they would just crumble away. Hm? go figure...I guess it is about the people...and the furballs



Sugar is having so much fun breaking in the new house. Who needs grass when there's brand new floors and carpets. But then there's those eyes...all is forgiven.

and this view...

I snapped this photo 5 minutes ago in my office. I wish I could have captured the birds in flight that seem to show up every afternoon and put on a full acrobatic performance. Man we live in a stunning part of the world. I think I'll stay here. Forever.

