

## Thoughts on moving

Heidi Schlumpf | Sep. 12, 2009 NCR Today

For anyone who's noticed that I've been absent from this blog for a few weeks, don't worry. I'm still here--just in the middle of a move.

Yes, we're among the few lucky Americans to have sold our house (a condo)--and rather quickly, I might add. I guess if the price is right...

And we were doubly lucky in that we found a nice house, a small Chicago bungalow, at a very reasonable price. Unfortunately the closing dates require us to be "homeless" for two weeks, so we've been bouncing from relative to friend to relative.

I forgot how hard moving is, and now I'm witnessing how the disorientation affects a 2-year-old. There's the packing, then the sadness at seeing your empty home--our first home as a married couple, the place we brought our son home to.

And when the movers arrive--four recent immigrants who worked harder that morning than I have all year--there is the guilt over having SO MUCH STUFF. Having to pack everything you own really highlights how much you own. At the end, when we were tossing the last miscellaneous junk into unlabeled boxes, I had a strong urge to give up all my possessions and move to a monastery.

But then we got the keys to our new place, and four hours after the bank said it was ours (well, really, it's the bank's, and they're letting us live there), we were tearing up old carpet and pulling staples out of 80-year-old hardwood floors. And getting homemade chocolate chip cookies from our new neighbors. And dreaming of life with our children in this space.

Throughout this whole process, I keep thinking of all those Americans who are losing their homes in this economic downturn. Home ownership has always been part of the American dream. It is tragic that it has become such a nightmare for so many.

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