

Adventures in McCloudland

By Marilyn J. Ogden

Chapter 17

October, 1993

It's October 1993. The hotel escrow is about to close. With the line of credit on the equity in the house payable when the house sells and with the previous owner's willingness to take back a note also contingent on selling the house, the escrow closes without incident. And the bank loan would be available when we needed it. Maybe Barry was right, this was all going to work out okay.

I'd known almost from the beginning I'd have to be on site to start this project and Lee would have to stay in Oakland where he could commute to UCSF until the house sells. We can't do without his income right now. We'll probably also need his continued employment to finalize the construction loan. He'll drive up on Friday nights and return Sunday afternoons. Not good, but not too bad. We can manage for a while.

The rooms I was moving into would only allow for the barest necessities. We would use the large center room (previously the manager's living room) opening directly to the lobby for an office where I could conduct business during the project. It made sense. The room next to it would be a small sitting room and TV, and the next room would have a bed, dresser, and wardrobe. Three rooms connected without going into the hall. The bathroom and small kitchen were on the other side of the office with a door opening onto the back porch. We'd need a small stove and refer. And there was no heat. We'd bring up a couple of small electric heaters. That ought to do it. Nothing fancy, but it was only for a short time. Maybe six months.

So we were off. May, and our completion date, is just seven months away. I've packed a few things. We load up the van and, surprisingly, I barely look back. Lee was driving the van and I'm driving my little two-seater Fiero. We're off for the ride of our lives.