

A Ride Through Generations

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Keep Pedaling

The first Sunday in January, while visiting our middle son Barry in Jacksonville, FL, Barry said, "Come on, Dad, let's go for a bike



ride." The weather was perfect, mid-sixties, not much wind. Barry rode his electric-assist bike. I borrowed my daughter-in-law, Christie's. After adjusting to the assist, it was great! I rarely used the motor-assist, but it was great to have the boost when I needed it.

Barry and Christie's home is on an inlet of the St. Johns River. Their backyard is like a little slice of paradise. Our grandson, Augie, loves fishing off their dock, sighting manatees, and wonderful birds of prey. Their house, while small, is cozy and conveniently located near Augie's school and Christie's Johnson & Johnson office. They're dream - a big home on the St. John's River.

After riding for about a mile,



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we arrived at McGirt Street, the street Barry and Christie dream of calling home. It's a stunning neighborhood with multimillion-

dollar houses ranging from 3,000 to 7,000 square feet! Some are new and others date back to the 1920's. Every home boasts its own unique architectural charm. Barry eagerly pointed out his favorites, the features he admired, homes that had recently sold, and the ones pulled off the market. His research was meticulous. As we rode, I realized that this wasn't just a leisurely bike ride; it was a ride through his dreams.

Barry's passion and vision reminded me of my journey and the many miracles in our lives that began as impossible dreams. In 1963, Donna Lee and I were only married a year when we moved back to Ann Arbor, MI. With a little savings and a \$500 loan from my brother Bill, we bought our first home, a small 1,100 square foot, two-bedroom house on Golfside Drive with its wood burning fireplace and attached garage. It felt like a palace to us.

After about four years, it was time to move closer to work in Detroit. We sold our little house for almost 22% more than we paid and bought a red-brick, center

entrance, colonial in Detroit. We paid over *double* the price we bought our first house for. As time passed and my career progressed, we caught wind of a house owned by acquaintances on Lahser Road in Beverly Hills, MI. It was a dream, an impossible dream. I'll never forget one evening



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*Take a ride
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as the sun was setting, Donna Lee and I standing looking out over five breathtaking acres, the river running through it, complete with bridge and waterfall. We held hands and dreamed for a moment. Less than eighteen months later, we sold our Detroit house and bought that dream property for five times the price we paid for our Detroit house.

What I've learned from my experiences is that dreams, no matter how impossible they seem, can come true. When I fix the dream in my mind, have meaningful plans, work hard, and move forward with faith, miracles happen.

Sometimes, the simplest moments, like a bike ride or standing on a quiet hillside can spark the flame that ignites the desire required for miracles.

My challenge to you is to take a ride on the street of your dreams and let the miracle of renewed belief launch you into places you have never been before.

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