

We have lived in many houses and have sometimes wondered who lived there before us. This is a little slice of how we arrived here, what we enjoyed, what we learned and where we went.

We bought this property in 1987. At the time, we were living in Indianapolis, close to downtown, in a tiny house, on a tiny lot and the only parking was curbside. We were eager to make a radical change. Although many times our discussions turned to moving, the thought of selling several rental properties and packing everything kept pushing the idea into the future.

With the birth of our daughter, the future arrived with a hard deadline. - school was on the horizon. Because both have exceptional schools, we decided to look at houses in the Carmel and Zionsville school districts. After much time driving through both areas, we decided on Zionsville. Hamilton County has six times the population of Boone County and has a much more urbanized environment. The Union Township portion of Zionsville has much more open land and it seems to be more rooted in rural values. My wife was raised on a farm, so country life was her goal.

After two years of running down leads from our realtor (no Zillow or Trulla), we had zero results. We decided to set out on our own, “war driving” as we came to call it. During one excursion, we got lost somewhere north of Sheridan - (no GPS either). We finally got headed back south, entirely by random selection, on 1100 E. When we came to 90 North, a miracle happened - there it was; a big ranch on a big hill with big acreage and a big barn. We immediately knew we were home.

The house was perfect for us - large enough to accommodate the parties and sleepovers that became de rigeur for our daughter and her friends. Our house became a popular destination as we enjoyed the luxury of having huge bonfires and copious fireworks.

If I had to choose only one word to describe the time we spent here it would be, “fun”. My daughter and I spent many hours playing in the creek. The hills are great for sledding. Warming up by the fireplace with some hot chocolate was an essential. No child should miss the experience of raking up a giant pile of leaves big enough to literally dive into. Works great for teens too!

We have had gardens, a variety of dogs, chickens (chased by the dogs) and a panicked fawn in the dog yard (it survived). Some of the most mundane features of the house are the most memorable. The windows are a good example. Watching the succession of seasons was a pastime we never grew tired of. Fall colors get prime billing but we found the infinite variety of greens that emerge in the spring to be their equal. We also found fascination in summer flowers and winter white etching the landscape.

During one heavy snow storm, several big limbs were broken out of the pine trees. These were stacked with other brush and by summer had become quite dry. Our daughter invited her friends over and in the evening I lit the brush pile which ignited with a great whoosh that only dry pine

needles can deliver. One of the girls, unaccustomed to such sights, went running into the house. Sheet pale, she reported breathlessly that there had been a huge explosion and something was on fire!

Christmas was a cherished time here. The family room was always adorned with a giant tree. In a Christmas crafts magazine we found instructions for making a decorative aluminum foil chain. Four inch wide strips of foil are rolled into a pencil diameter shape. One end is crimped and tucked into the other end and the link is crimped together. The first year, my daughter was 5 and we made about 8 feet of chain before her interest drifted to other things – probably cookies. Next year, we tripled our output. This became a project we worked on every Christmas until we had enough chain to garland the living room twice.

We are avid cyclist. I remember our six year old daughter struggling to pedal to a 4 mile landmark - then to Zionsville, then to Eagle Creek Park, then we were loose. A huge benefit for us is the vast network of well maintained, paved county roads. On 100 S. and many other roads, it is unusual to be passed by more than 2 cars in 5 minutes.

Many people have asked us why we would leave a property that suits us so well. The answer is simple, we always wanted to build a house of our own design. We were married in 1971 and in the same year, we drew our first house plan. Even though we knew that building, if ever, would be in the distant future, we continued to draw houses - floorplan after floorplan.

For many years, we thought we would build a variation of a two story Federal style house, attractive because of its symmetry and simplicity. We don't know how this happened, maybe rooms, one by one walked themselves downstairs, but one day, we realized that the Federal style house we had envisioned had morphed. . .into a ranch! It took us years of living here to realize the many benefits of a ranch style house. It is now impossible to imagine living in anything else. When interest rates hit a multi-generational low, the house drawing hobby turned into a serious push to build.

The house we built is very much like this one, an open floorplan with kitchen, dining and family rooms sharing one space, a fireplace, with a bedroom wing and an attached garage on the other end. We could never have gotten there without first living here.

For us, one of the advantages of living here is the great versatility of the property. You can't have a fireworks factory, but, within the realm of reason, you are free to do exactly as you please.