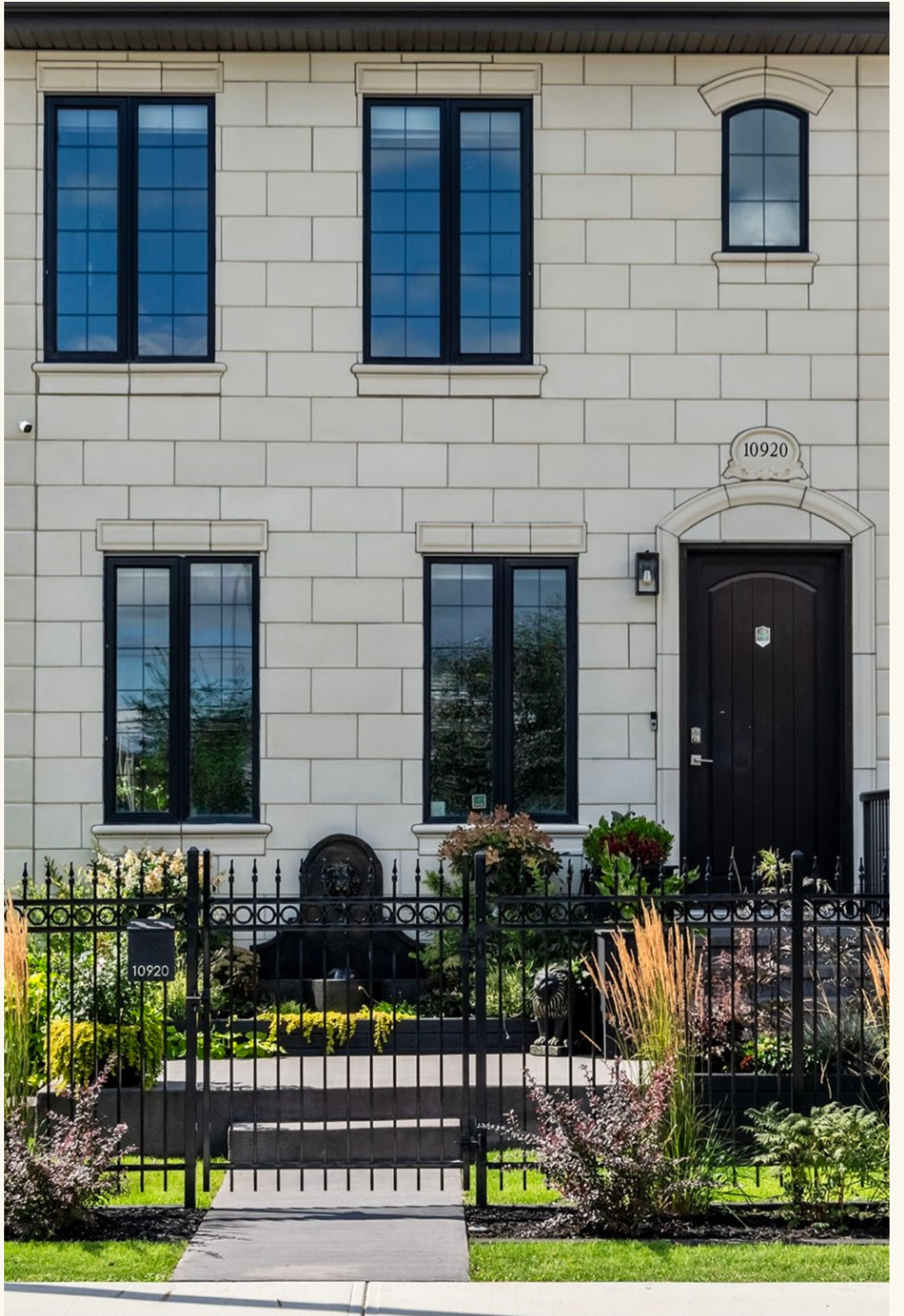


FROM ONE HOMEOWNER TO THE NEXT

The Home You Keep Thinking About

10920 CHURCH STREET • EDMONTON



Front elevation, 10920 Church Street.

Some showings end the moment you pull away from the curb, and yet, every so often, one home refuses to cooperate.

It follows you.

The conversation moves on after a viewing. It waits until the next morning, while making coffee, answering emails, or absent-mindedly scrolling back through the photographs we insisted were only for comparison. Between closing the front gate and returning to ordinary life, something subtle begins to happen. We stop remembering the house we visited and begin imagining the life we might have lived there.

WHAT A VIEWING CANNOT SHOW

Do you ever wonder why that happens? Part of the answer is easy to name. We notice proportion, light, craftsmanship, location and the practical details that determine whether a property can support the way we live. At the same time, most people are already imagining more than a floor plan. They picture coffee near a window, friends gathered around the island, the route to work, perhaps children moving through the rooms. The imagination arrives early. What no tour can reveal is which of those passing thoughts will become ritual, or how a place may gradually change the pace of a day.

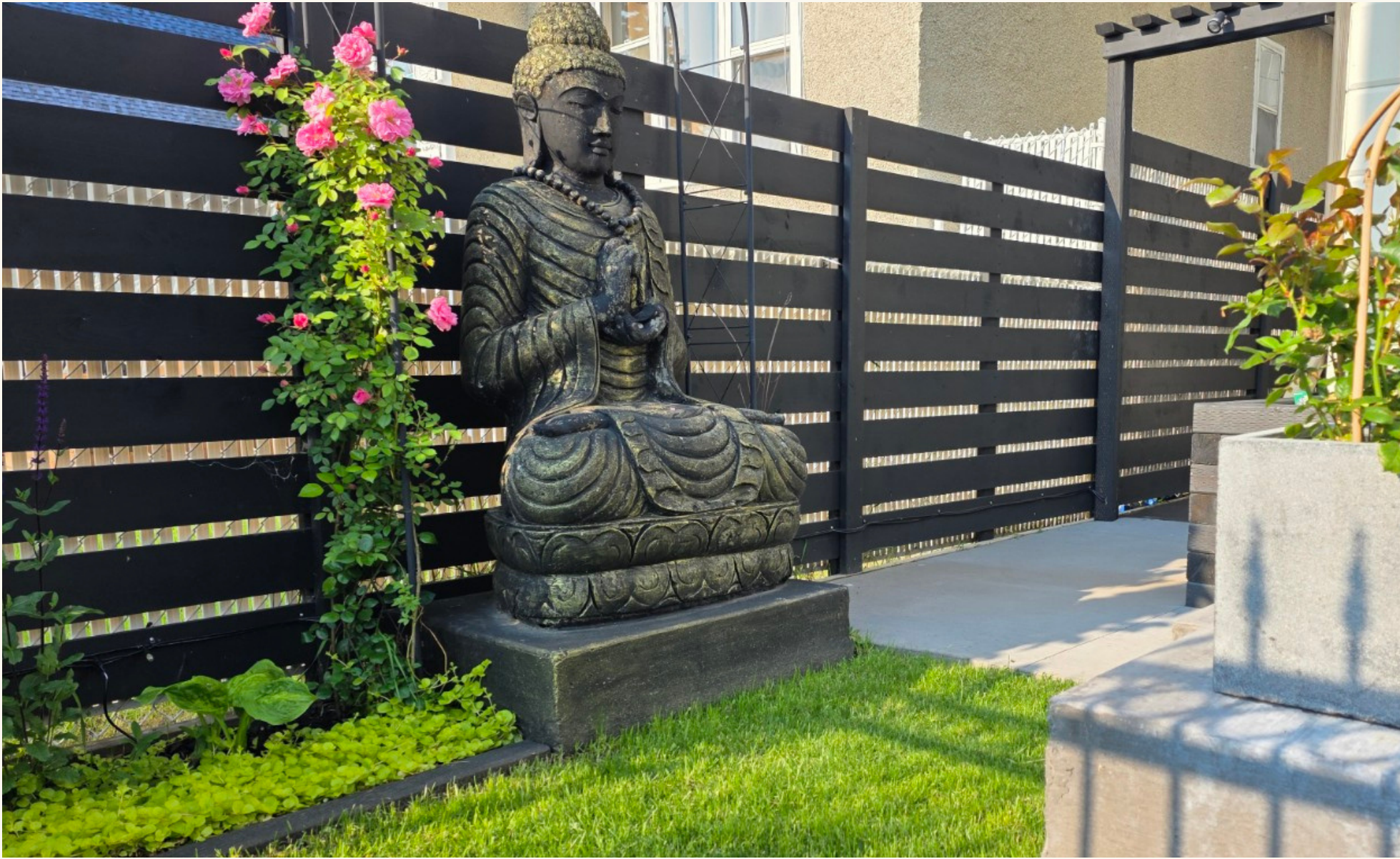


The bathroom window framed the same tree differently in every season.

For years, weekends often began upstairs with a shower that lasted a little longer than it needed to. Through the bathroom window, our mature tree moved with the breeze and changed almost imperceptibly with the seasons. In the softer light, it felt less like a view than a living painting: familiar, never quite the same, and reason enough not to hurry.

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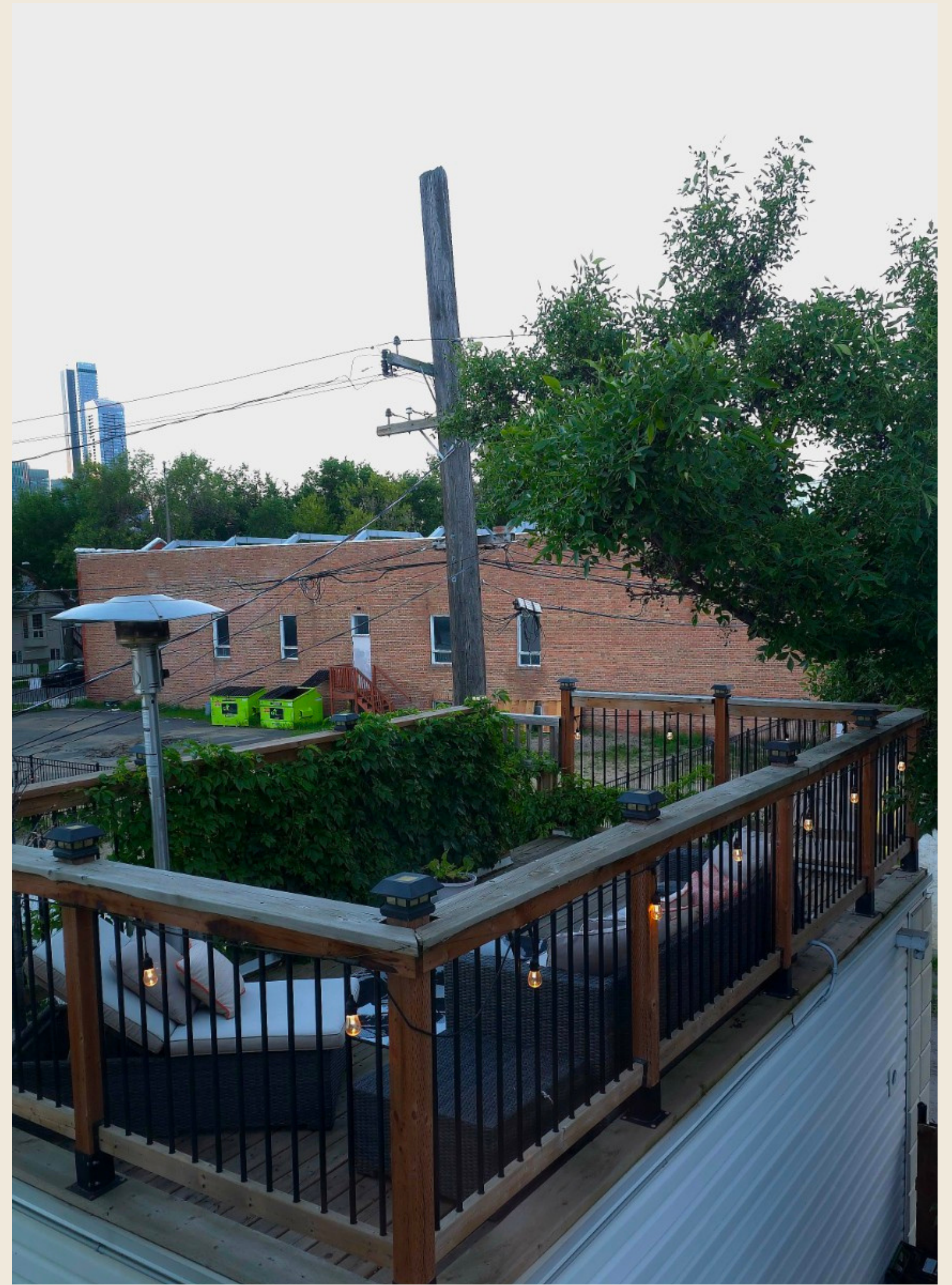
THE RITUALS THAT REMAIN



After we built the new garden, twenty minutes with a watering wand gradually became two hours.

After we built our new garden, those unhurried mornings gradually moved outside. I would take my coffee and a watering wand to the front courtyard, intending to spend perhaps twenty minutes among the roses. Twenty minutes became two hours. The markets opened on my phone while I sat on a pillowed cushion or a Moroccan pouf. The sun crossed the planting beds, a scent of lavender carried through the air, and the street settled into its morning. Familiar faces passed beyond the layered greenery. Sometimes they stopped to chat; sometimes a smile was enough. The garden was not merely something to maintain. Those front steps became a place to sit, observe, and interact with passersby.

The rooftop gave our evenings a different kind of ease. A few friends often arrived with something to drink, then we would walk the two blocks to the Italian Centre together. We moved through the aisles choosing cured meats, cheeses, breads, olives, fruit and whatever else caught someone's attention, catching up as we went. Back at the house, bags opened across the kitchen island and the boards took shape between unfinished stories. By the time we carried everything onto the deck, the gathering already felt well underway. The ingredients changed from one evening to the next; the pleasure was in making it together, then lingering in a cozy space as afternoon softened into night.



Some evenings began with a walk to the Italian Centre. By the time we returned, the conversation was already underway.

These are not arguments against practical criteria. We naturally begin with the things that can be measured. Square footage. Commute times. Interest rates. Rental income. School catchments. They're important because a buying decision deserves practical thinking.

Square footage tells us whether our lives can fit; it cannot tell us which corner will become a refuge. Commutes can capture traffic and time, but they gloss over that ritual stroll to the Italian Centre with friends. No spreadsheet can predict which neighbour will become familiar, which habit will deepen, or which unremarkable Saturday will later hold the texture of an entire chapter. A house earns its meaning gradually, through repetition, until the routines once imagined become part of how we recognize ourselves.

A NEIGHBOURHOOD IN FULL VIEW

Like many people, I once found it easy to think of cities in simple terms. Good neighbourhoods. Bad neighbourhoods. Places that were finished and places that were still becoming. Life, I've learned, is rarely interested in those kinds of categories. There were mornings when all I noticed was another rose beginning to bloom. There were others that reminded me not everyone experiences the city in the same way.

Both belonged to the same place. Neither cancelled out the other. With time, I've come to appreciate that communities, like people, are rarely defined by a single characteristic. They are collections of contradictions, challenges, kindnesses, ambitions and setbacks, all existing together. The ones that leave the deepest impression are often those that ask us to see more than one truth at the same time.



The front courtyard offered both privacy and a place to remain connected to the street. The sound of moving water somehow made the city feel a little farther away.

The centre of a city keeps prosperity and hardship close enough that neither can be entirely ignored. That proximity creates tension, and it asks more of residents and institutions alike: safety and order matter, as do empathy, dignity and the willingness to see people rather than abstractions. Over time, I came to value a neighbourhood that did not insulate me from every difficult truth. It challenged me to hold more than one idea, and to consider what a healthy city looks like when people of different incomes, backgrounds and circumstances continue to share its streets, schools, businesses and public spaces.

Between Chinatown, Church Street, and Little Italy, change won't arrive as a grand announcement. A neighbourhood becomes, because people quietly invest themselves long before anyone else notices. Someone restored a neglected storefront. Some planted trees they would never fully enjoy. Someone renovated an aging house instead of walking away. Some built their legacies by volunteering to make life better for their community. Someone chose to raise a family there because they saw not only what the neighbourhood was, but what it might become. Meaningful places are almost always built that way.

THE NEXT STORY

When I think about leaving this home, I don't feel only one thing. There is gratitude. There is excitement. There is sadness for a chapter that's ending and genuine anticipation for the one that's about to begin.

Perhaps that's exactly how it should be. If a place has been deeply loved, leaving it was never going to feel simple.

I'll miss the first Saturday each spring when the garden quietly announces that winter has finally let go. I'll miss lingering over coffee while the neighbourhood slowly wakes around me. I'll miss walks to the river valley, and then detouring back through Chinatown for the evening Hot Pot special.

More than anything, though, I'll be grateful. Grateful that this place became the backdrop for so many ordinary moments that, somehow, became extraordinary only in hindsight.

Now another chapter is waiting, not just for us, but for whoever comes next.

One day someone else will water these gardens. They will discover where the sun lingers, choose a favourite chair and gather people whose stories have nothing to do with ours. Their traditions should be different. That is the quiet generosity of a well-loved place: it can hold one life completely, then make room for another.



Some mornings asked for nothing more than coffee and a little more time.

Every well-loved home deserves another story. And perhaps that's why some showings never really end. Some places simply stay with us.

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10920ChurchStreet.ca



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Explore the Chinatown Transformation Collaborative or connect with the Chinatown and Area Business Association.