



The House That Was Meant to Be

Description

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Have you ever had a feeling something was meant to be despite appearances? My husband and I bought a second home in the country seven years ago. We traveled down a dirt path which led to a fork in the road and view of a soybean field.



To the left was a private tree-lined dirt path which used to be an old railroad track. At the end of the quarter-mile drive sat a house. The house was nestled in the woods with no other houses in sight except those created by nature.



In front of the house sat a huge deck. A little dock hovered over a pond stocked with fish and on occasion black snakes, and turtles. There was also a period of time where two muskrats decided to call the pond home. The minute I traveled down the tree-lined path I felt transported to my childhood home in Pennsylvania. I was sold on the home before I even entered it due to the peacefulness and natural beauty of the property.



The home needed some work and the woman who lived in it was a smoker. The house reeked of smoke and yet surprisingly I didn't seem to care. My husband looked at me in bewilderment as I oohed and aahed over things. He was quietly thinking, "Does she see what I'm seeing?"





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He saw a lot of time, work and money. I saw blooming flowers and trees and peaceful tranquilly. The older couple who lived in the house built it 15 years ago and shared stories with us of every little detail.

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There was a swing he made for his wife on one of their anniversaries, a path he had cleared out to walk or ride ATV's in the several acres of woods behind the house and a little wooden hut they called the sweat lodge.



My son who was 12 at the time called it his dream home. My husband was in disbelief. He thought the property was special, but wasn't as swept away emotionally as my son and I. My daughter's only concern was whether we could get cable TV.





In the end the house was meant to be. Everything fell into place from the remodeling of the inside of the home to the final sale of the home this past week.



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My husband was right. It was a lot of work, but I was also right. It was a special place and it gave us a lot of great memories. Seven is a perfect number and it was time to let someone else make their memories at this special place.



Goodnight little house in the big woods.

Linking to: [Celebrate Your Story](#)

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