



A Note from Executive Director, Vicki Hickman

From Empty Nesters to Full House: Our Leap into Multigenerational Living

This summer, my husband and I are making a big move. Not to a retirement condo in Florida, or a cabin in the woods, or even one of those charming tiny homes you see on TV (we like indoor plumbing too much). Nope—we're going multigenerational.

That's right: we will be sharing a home with our daughter, son-in-law, and their family. You read that correctly. The whole gang will be under one roof. Some people think this sounds like a sitcom. Others picture total chaos. We think it sounds like the best of both.

We started thinking about this when we realized that aging comes with a few uncomfortable truths: loneliness can sneak in, bills don't retire when you do, and eventually someone's going to have to lift the heavy stuff. We want to stay independent but connected, helpful but not overbearing, and let's be honest—somewhat conveniently located for hugs and emergency diaper changes. We want to be surrounded by people who love us—even if they do leave Legos on the stairs and eat the last cookie without remorse.

One of the major perks? We're not just crashing in a spare bedroom. We'll have our own private in-law suite—complete with bedroom, full bath (double sinks), living room, kitchen, and laundry. We get privacy and autonomy while still being just a hallway away from family movie nights and spontaneous "can you watch the baby for a minute?" requests. Gigi and Grandpa will be available for childcare on demand. Need a last-minute babysitter? We live here. Want to run errands in peace? Toss us the baby and go. We'll be in the backyard trying to remember how swings work.

We're also looking forward to the financial benefits. Sharing costs for things like utilities, internet, insurance, streaming services, and home maintenance just makes good sense. Plus, we'll have a built-in tech support team for all future remote-control emergencies.

But perhaps most importantly: we still have our gym. Our fitness space in the basement will remain intact and unaltered. They may use the equipment, but they may not change the vibe. This sacred space is for squats, sweat, and the occasional dramatic stretching routine—not Paw Patrol marathons or rogue yoga toys.

Sure, there will be moments where the noise level rivals a rock concert, or someone (not naming names) leaves (not quite empty) cans of Mountain Dew Zero everywhere. We'll also need to negotiate parking for four vehicles, which may involve a whiteboard, a whistle, and possibly a rotating garage schedule that rivals airport ground control. Whoever wins garage privileges will be required to act humble about it. Or at least pretend.

Multigenerational living isn't just an arrangement, it's a mindset. It's about blending independence with interdependence, support with space, and wisdom with Wi-Fi. And honestly, we're up for it.

So, wish us luck as we begin this next chapter, where we will laugh more, love more, and live each day in a house that's full of people, of purpose, and of joy. It's a step into something richer. And we can't wait!

-Vicki