

Beau Overlook Cottage Blog Spot

December 2013 ~ WHAT'S IN A NAME ANYWAY?

Back to my notebook, with a few minutes to ponder some of my favorite notions of the NORTH COUNTRY. I had recently given some thought back to when we came up to look at this home for the first time. It was more than two and a half years ago now. In some ways it seems like yesterday, but when I look around & see many of the things that we have gotten done & review some of the original photos taken, I do realize that there have all ready been many layers of change, since we inked our names on the dotted line back in August 2011.

One of the things on my mind was was how we came to name the home "Beau Overlook". The cottage name happened quickly. The reason for that was based on our first impression of the cottage, after arriving in Willsboro to see it in person, on a beautiful summer day in mid-June of 2011.



It was one of those rare moments in life, when you know almost instantly that the you are making the right choice, there is no doubt, question, or fear. Before even entering the house, we stood on the back patio, gazing down upon the lovely Boquet River below us. The river was moving swiftly, but did not seem scary or too ferocious. Lapping gently against the shoreline, the river seemed to be playing a soothing & rhythmic background song during the home tour that we were about to enjoy in the following half hour. At the end of the "see it in person" appointment, Rick & I did not really have much to say to one another. We were both pretty quiet, as things go. But there was one thing for sure, and that was we were in 100% agreement that we were very excited about the prospects of this being "the house"! I kept waiting for him to speak up and he, likewise. Almost as if speaking about it, would make the dream that was right in front of us, "not come true".

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December 2013 ~ page two

As we were leaving the Adirondack region, I mustered up the courage to speak up and ask his thoughts. He seemed to like it "just fine" ~ but it was what was "not said" that mattered. Some of the ideas & nuances of this simple cottage seemed intangible. Those concepts are pretty tough for a nuts & bolts kind of guy to put into words. That is where I come in. You know I said, "it is pretty close to everything wonderful & hanging out there so nicely, high on the river's edge, you don't have to go anywhere to enjoy yourself right where you are at". And I guess that kind of sealed the deal for us.

After we moved in our trailers full of stuff in mid-August, many of the town folks quickly arrived at our door to say hello and let us know to call upon them, if we ever needed anything. WOW! We had just moved from an area (Mid-Atlantic) where we were both raised & had lived all of our lives. Neither of us could remember a single neighbor coming over to greet us in such a friendly manner, after we had moved to a new home. We were both pleasantly amazed.

Later that night, my husband, totally exhausted, was fast asleep in the bedroom, amongst our many stacks of un-opened boxes. I was so far past exhaustion, more like a kid, waiting up for Santa. I could NOT fall asleep. My mind was racing with ideas & the recent introductions to our various new neighbors etc. etc.

Finally, I decided to make a cup of tea, & slipped quietly out of bed to the kitchen, passing the dining room on the way. There it was! "THE GIFT"! The window was bright & beckoning. The full moon was beaming off of the dancing waters in the river below the cottage. It was sending its own happy greeting of "HELLO"! I can hardly put into words the mesmerizing feeling that came over me, as I stood at the window in awe of mother nature, above & below me. I realized instantly, that this was going to be the priceless gift that no money could buy; but was the special bonus to the folks, fortunate enough to make this home their own. I stood at the window for a long time, taking in scene that words could not do justice. LUCKY US!