

LIVING WELL IN LOWRY

BY NEIGHBORS FOR NEIGHBORS

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Signing off from...The Porch

It seems like just yesterday, but it's been 12 years already since we met here, on the porch. We had only been living in Lowry for a few years at the time. There were just a handful of kids on our block back then, most under the age of five. I was in my mid-30s, just married (or so) and we had one two-year old son.

It's funny how we measure time. It was maybe three or four cars ago, three presidents ago, before the Lowry Beer Garden and The Great Lawn Park. *Living Well in Lowry's* circulation was half of what it is today because even Lowry was still "a baby". The year was 2009. The year I bought this business.

To be a small business owner in *any* capacity is exciting. To be the sole owner, even more so! It comes with its own set of challenges, and every day is different than the next. In my case, though, I never had to deal with *office drama* because it was just me. Well, I take that last part back. I owe special thanks to the few brave friends over the years (and neighbor kids) who helped me prep and stuff the newsletters. Some came for the sushi and wine, others came with coffee and gossip, but in any case their helping hands cut the work load in half (or more), and were always welcome and appreciated.

Oh, I did have two other employees if you could call them that, my kids. They started young, worked on-the-cheap and were mostly just happy with Goldfish crackers and a few bucks at the end of their "shift". Aside from managing them, if anything went wrong, it was on me, the owner, and I would not have had it any other way!

I know I've told my story once or twice, but as I bow out and these pages come to a close, I'll tell it again...

The two-year-old mentioned earlier was taking a nap on an unseasonably warm December afternoon. When I went out to the porch to get my daily dose of Vitamin D, I picked up the latest *LWIL* from my porch. I noticed an ad inside saying it was *for sale*. I never returned to my corporate job after our son was born, and I admit I did miss getting my hands dirty in something other than sandboxes and diapers. Hmm, I thought, with my background in journalism and public relations, this little business could be a perfect fit.

I was a stay-at-home-mom who was learning as I went along. I had days when I nailed it, and others...well, not so much. *LWIL* offered me the perfect balance (and escape) to work independently on something that felt like *grown-up work*. I was able to get out in the community, meet other business owners and work from home (or not far from it), all while being able to meet our kids when they got off the bus and be *Mom's Taxi*, too.

LWIL was always meant to be a light read. It was never so demanding as to take time away from our growing family, or time we spent with friends. It could be anything I wanted it to be, as big or as small as I could make it. I could work as much, or as little as I wanted to on any given day, week or month. This little newsletter has been a gift to me in so many ways, one I thank you for letting me be part of for so long.

When I talk about *Living Well in Lowry* to anyone, I've always use the word

we, even though it's only ever been *me*. *We* are hand-delivered to 3,000 in the neighborhood. *We* are Lowry's longest running, locally-owned print publication (since 2002). *We* get directly into the hands of homes and businesses within 80230.

Why *we*? Simple. It takes *we* to make a community newsletter happen. It's *we* who live here, *we* who shop here, *we* who work here, and *we* who support here, Lowry.

A lot has changed in the last 12 years. Obviously, I'm no longer in my mid-30s, closer to 5-0 than the good ol' 20s (sigh). We'll be celebrating our 20th wedding anniversary in just a few short years. Today, our son who was napping 12 years ago is a freshman in high school, and, along the way, he picked up a little brother...the one we didn't know we were expecting at the time my first issue dropped. That guy just started middle school this fall. Our puppy turned one in October and we moved from Lowry at the end of the summer. For the first time in over 25 years, we're no longer Denverites, but we'll always be Coloradans.

While *we* may not see you *on the porch* anymore, my hope is that when you find yourself on yours every now and then you'll remember all the good times we shared here, inside these pages. Maybe you read something funny, met someone new, visited a new business you learned about here, or just clipped a deal you couldn't pass up. *We're* glad to have been a part of it.

Wishing you a warm holiday season spent with the ones you love, followed by health and prosperity in the new year, and all the years that follow.

Cheers!
Julie A. Landen

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