

Hello, my name is Jim Robertson. I'm 96. My wife and I have lived on Terry Boulevard since 1962. My beloved died a few years ago. Dementia. We were married for over 65 cherished years. We both worked, tended our home, raised two sons and a Beagle. We loved and enjoyed our backyard, planting flowers, trimming, weeding, enjoying meals outdoors. The yard was and still is, a place to relax and reenergize. Since my wife died I've planted a small garden of delicious tomatoes. Over fifty years ago we planted a tiny tree seedling. Now it's profound growth spreads a magnificent shade. Blessed relief from the sun. Within the past three months I've been hospitalized suffering two major health complications. This past December, influenza and heart failure. In February I was again hospitalized and placed in isolation. Covid. My body was devastated, my mind exhausted. I'm truly aware that I'm living on borrowed time. Each day is a gift. I'm very grateful to the Doctors and nurses of Guelph General, the Senior's Community Health Organizations, my two sons and my wonderful friends who have and are continuing to support and encourage my renewed will to live. I'm working very hard towards my recovery. Daily attempts at exercise. Stairs, short bursts on my stationary bike and treadmill. Also, knee bends and stretches. I've managed to retire my splendid Walker and now rely on my cane. My mind is sharp and lucid. Daily newspaper and crossword puzzles are a treat. I do my banking and pay my bills on my iPad. More importantly I await in anticipation for the arrival of Spring and warmer weather when at last I may emerge from my dark winter of seclusion to enjoy the welcoming embrace of my backyard and the delightful sing-song of birds. But now I'm feeling quite stressed that the tranquility I need for my physical and mental renewal, the quiet enjoyment of my backyard is to be violated. The neighbour behind my house and yard wants to extend his driveway from street, deep into his backyard abutting my properties fence. Furthermore, he wants to construct a large, tall garage-workshop for repairing engines. Am I now to suffer the hurly-burly of noise, clanging, banging, winching, revving of tools and motors, the voices of strangers and the comings and goings of vehicles at all hours. Also, the security motion detector lights strobing nightly in to my bedroom window. Unbelievable bedlam. I'm totally aghast and horrified. I truly fear for my physical and mental wellbeing. My ability to revitalize and heal is seriously threatened. In summation, by saying No to this proposal you'll be giving a grateful 96 year-old a renewed lease on life. HOPE, to live out my final years with family, friends, devoted neighbour and especially with my memories. Simply, as the curtain of my finite existence gradually descends, allow me to at least enjoy the quiet enjoyment of my sanctuary. Thank you and Sincerely, Jim Robertson (1927—)