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My mom doesn't like the Kirkwood Flats. She won't say that though. Just that they're too tall. That she'd be fine with them if they were four stories instead of the six, or perhaps if it was different architecture. I think she might have mumbled something about traffic at the end.

That sounds dismissive, but I don't mean it to be. I know a lot of people feel the same. And I know these people love Kirkwood. There's not a doubt in my mind that they do. It's just that they've done the math, and carried the one, and have come to the conclusion that these apartments leave Kirkwood worse off.

Walking around Kirkwood always leaves me with a different question in search of an answer though: How is this real? This quaint little town with the train station. I almost always feel guilty that others don't get to call it real too.

So then I think maybe we can check our math again. Maybe we can start thinking of the numbers as people. And maybe we can take a deep breath, and ask ourselves if maybe the seventeen feet are worth it. If seventeen extra feet is a price that we're willing to pay to let a few more families become our neighbors; if a few more cars are worth a few new faces; if a parking lot is worth a little more Downtown Kirkwood to explore when school lets out on a Friday afternoon.

And maybe the answer is still no. Maybe an extra apartment building on the underutilized outskirts of town would ruin it all. But maybe we decide, after we take a deep breath, that while these *are* sacrifices to be made, perhaps they are small sacrifices to be made. Made for a dream worth sharing.