

## SHARON HART

So, in 1988, my father died and left me a thirty thousand dollar inheritance and my partner and I started to dream about the possibility of entering the Toronto real estate market. And after seven years of trying and still being chopless, we thought we might be able to swing it this time. Given the crazy prices in Toronto and the fourteen percent interest rates, it was a bit scary.

So in '89, March '89, we bought a little semi-detached and were so excited, it was such a flurry that first month. Family and friends were coming by and we were, y'know, tearing down walls and scraping off wallpaper and yanking out old, cruddy broadloom and it was like the happiest time ever.

So it was pretty confusing, but I kept having these little crying days and one night, I'm standing there doing the dishes, having a little cry and I realized that I hadn't had my period that month. So my partner flew over to shoppers drug mart, grabbed a pregnancy test, unfortunately, we had to use morning urine, so all that night was like a write-off but in the morning, within minutes, I am now pregnant.

I was out of my mind. I had always wanted a baby, in fact, lots and lots of babies and instantly our house became a home. That next forty weeks was just mind-blowing.

Feeling a child inside you turning and stretching and hiccupping... Hiccupping! inside you! It was just— it was indescribable. And then at the end of it all, I had this little bundle of joy named Jack and five years later, I had another one named Kate and they continue to bring me joy and I think that although they made me wait a long time, they were just waiting for their nest to be built.