

Beginnings

My husband and I had our first date in Barrington. If you asked me back then, in the spring of 1996, what I knew of Barrington, I would have said to you, “I’ve been through the town a few times. I’ve attended ‘Art in the Barn’ at Good Shepherd Hospital.” If you asked me, back then, what visceral, immediate reactions I might have to the town’s name being uttered I would have said, “ Uhhhhhh – good schools, open land, money, horses, small town.” I didn’t, we didn’t, know Barrington at all on that May day a decade ago. As we drove up Roselle Road, on our way to a little restaurant called Pasta Impromptu, we were busy drinking in the beauty of Inverness and getting to know one another.

We forgot about Barrington for a long time – too busy dating and getting engaged! The town popped back on my radar one March morning – my mother and I drove out to Wedding Belles so I might try on some dresses. We got into town a little early and had coffee at the Starbucks on Hough Street – I always have that memory with me when I now go into the Starbucks, children usually in tow! I ended up finding my dress that day, here in Barrington.

We forgot about Barrington again – too busy marrying and going on a honeymoon! But – a few months after our June wedding, I said to Dave, “Let’s just look in the real estate section of the Trib – let’s just go for a drive, see what’s on the market...” We thought we’d end up in Arlington Heights or Mount Prospect. As I said before, we knew very little of Barrington – we simply assumed it was out of our price bracket. After looking around the Northwest suburbs for a few weeks, we took a drive on a Sunday

afternoon to look at a house in a pretty little subdivision. The price was right, the house was not. Back in the car we went. We drove down the street, turned the corner, and – oh my! A house for sale, up on a hill. Could we stop? Yes, they were having an open house. We walked in, walked to the kitchen, and saw an enormous back yard. I imagined the swing set, patio furniture, and gardens I would fill that backyard with. I think Dave saw the subtle shift in my posture, the infinitesimal change in my demeanor that said, “I’m done. This is the house and I will look no further.”

We bought the house. Two years later, we brought Kathleen Beatrice Pechan home from Good Shepherd Hospital. Dave videotaped me walking around our back yard with our newborn, showing her the gardens we had planted for her. We are both saying, on the videotape, “Katie, this is your house! This is where you will live, where you will grow up!” Two years later, as we drove through the four a.m. streets on the way to Good Shepherd to deliver our second child, I felt like Barrington was becoming my town. After Maggie Rose Pechan came along, and our family was complete, I felt ever more part of the community. All of the sudden, we knew people from all facets of our hometown – church, school, ballet, swimming lessons, soccer, gymnastics, the grocery store – even Dave’s deliveries for the Meals on Wheels program.

When I think about our early encounters with Barrington, and how we came to buy our house in this town, I think about the enjoyment our first experiences brought us. Barrington has been a place of birth and growth for us – we started literally started our relationship here, and then we started our family here, as well. Our roots are planted in this place, and they have taken a firm, deep hold.

Heloise Pechan