

A little Christmas story

HAMBURG WATER Cycle and moving into a new apartment on Christmas Eve

The "day of the technical monument at the water" three years ago had several stories ready for us. I hesitate for two years to pour these events from October to Christmas 2015 into a story.

I had long noted the day of the tour. I had not planned at all to run into my dear friend Martje, who also wanted to chat at length. "Martje, that is only possible if you go with me to the Water Forum". Fortunately, we were then quickly on our way to the Billhorn Deich.

With a little Fort Knox ambience, a dedicated woman welcomed us and we climbed the steps to the first exhibits. Her special joy at this tour did not remain hidden from us for long. In addition to the exhibition rooms, a tour of the outdoor area, some of which is 170 years old, should also be on the schedule. Ina, a friend of Martje's, had skilfully implemented the sculptural depiction of the old and modern water supply in many new and crafty areas. The golden toilet inspires. The outlook on future developments in the HAMBURG WATER-Cycle project in the Jenfelder Au was presented to us at the end. This was the first time "Jenfelder Au" for me.

I was touched by the spacious outdoor area, which makes it clear that here man is not just a labour force. It is rare that industrial architecture shows pride. On the last meters to the exit, along the pond, I thought only how privileged one must feel here.

Then I drove to the clinic to see my husband, who had just woken up after six difficult months and was waiting excitedly for me. Because he had found an apartment that we had wished for: an optimal room layout for us, affordable, located on an alley-like wide street in the Jenfelder Au with good transport connections and plenty of green in the surrounding area.

There it was again, the "Jenfelder Au", planned by Rotterdam specialists for urban development. We knew this way of living because we had lived for seven years in a modern Dutch city quarter. It was a very pleasant memory.

Somehow, I had the feeling everything was going to be all right. After all, we had to leave our apartment by 31.12. - no matter how! Everything else was actually easy. The office of the housing association was right outside the gates of the hospital, where I spoke the next morning. Two days later, we received a confirmation.

The keys could be handed over to us one day before Christmas. The next morning two karate steel high-school graduates helped us to move. We had moved a lot. After 25 moves, the change was a routine and the two guys managed to clear the place and rebuild it in 10 hours.

We were so grateful and happy to fall asleep so well on Christmas Eve.

Meanwhile my husband is well again, very well even. His extremely rare disease has been diagnosed. Doctors and nursing staff called the recovery the miracle of geriatrics 1, where my husband went out of hopelessness - or even despair?

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