

Kathryn,

I hope this letter finds you well, and that you don't mind hearing from us. I wanted to reach out and, first and foremost, thank you for everything. As long-time renters, we've been searching for our forever home for a while, with bumps and disappointments along the way. As we indicated in our offer letter, something felt different when we walked into the Bowdoin house. We'd seen more staged houses than we could count, and they had all started to look the same. This house felt so unique, infused with the charm and character that was clearly carefully and lovingly chosen by your sister.

I had been looking for a "feeling" as I'd walked through house after house. I truly felt it for the first time on Bowdoin Street. I wondered what it was - if it meant that this house was destined to be our home, or if it was the result of the huge presence left behind by your sister, or both. I'm not a religious person, but I've always been spiritual, so I said hello to her as I walked through the house. In this space filled with her elegant and joyful taste, it seemed impossible not to acknowledge her there. I thought about all of the people that would walk through the open houses over the weekend, and felt grateful for the opportunity to see the house when it was quiet. The noisy crowds we'd encountered in so many houses before this would feel wrong here - because this wasn't just another staged house. It was Heather's.

Brian's family and mine have also both been hit in significant ways by cancer. It's excruciating, how the earth somehow continues turning afterward. Over the last few weeks, I've thought a lot about how it might feel, selling the home of someone I love after they're gone. In a competitive and fast-moving market like the Bay Area, I'd wonder if the people I'd sold it to were so focused on acquiring their new home that they wouldn't take the time to think of and honor those who came before. For that reason, I very much want you to know that both Brian and I have been and will continue to think of Heather often, as long as we live here, which we hope is a very long time. Thank you for choosing to share her home with us. We are honored to be the next chapter of this house's long story - that began almost 100 years before us, and surely will continue long after us as well.

If there's ever anything you might need from us, please don't hesitate to reach out. If you're ever in the neighborhood and want to say hello, we'd be very happy to meet you. And if this is the last time we connect, know that we will think of you often, too.

Please accept our gratitude, and our condolences for your monumental loss.

Sincerely,

*Lindsay Domecus*

PS - I've attached a line drawing I did of the house that I wanted to share with you. This version is high quality and would print well, though I'd be happy to send a physical copy if you wanted one.