I was planning on beginning with a detailed story of losing my Soul Mate in a car wreck on a rainy Sunday morning. The guilt I carried so many years for not driving her that day. The spiritual experience I had in Suite 315 at 167 Bannatyne Ave in December 2020. The peace of self forgiveness.

However, after proofreading I felt it was too selfish. This isn't about my personal struggles with regrets. This actually isn't about me at all.

This is about the life changing experiences that come with staying in communities with real people. Humans that care for others, and share their experiences with struggles. New perspectives on life. Walks to local restaurants that shine with positivity and aroma's that no Covid mask can block. Laugh with strangers that treat you as a member of their own families.

A little background, I'm from North Carolina and went to Winnipeg in November 2020 for a work related project. We all knew up front that the scope would require several months in the city, and multiple trips between Winnipeg and Toronto. Bear in mind that at the time there was no Covid vaccine.

We booked a multiple month short term suite at 167 Bannatyne, and my life was changed in such a positive way I'll never be the person I was before. A long term hotel stay during the same time frame with the same work related pressure would have been personally unbearable.

I met my next-door neighbor Val. A true gem of the Exchange. We enjoyed hanging out on the back steps smoking cigarettes and telling each other stories. As a matter of fact, after being vaccinated and restaurants reopening, I took her to Corrientes for dinner. Unbelievable I can understand, but this tiny lady ate a whole pizza by herself!!

Then there are all the great people that accepted and spoke with me in the halls and elevators. Definitely NOT a hotel experience!

Or the Building Super that made me feel as if I was his son. What a remarkable man! So much respect for him.

Maybe consider the owner of the unit that lives across the hallway. She supplements her income by leasing the condo to professionals. The security she must feel by knowing that her neighbor is properly vetted. If the project had turned into a permanent position with the company I would have been sponsored for PR. She agreed to sell the suite to me. Unfortunately, the job didn't work and I accepted a position with a company back in the US. Truly a regret that will stick with me for the rest of my days. I absolutely love 315. No one will ever say that they wanted to buy a hotel room.....

Out of true appreciation I gifted her my travel guitar when I moved. A beautiful black Hummingbird that spent many miles on the road with me. Soothed my soul on nights when

nothing else could provide comfort. The instrument that rang out with songs of joy, sadness, reflection and calmness. Much respect and love to her!

My general point is this, hotels are great for some people. However, a large portion of so-called "road warriors" find these types of short terms essential to maintaining sanity. With jobs that require travel, it's hard to maintain a center. Options like 167 Bannatyne provide us with a feeling of home, and help us to focus on the details of our jobs.

And by the way, I rebuild antique textile machines for a living. These machines have cut off more fingers and seriously injured more workers than almost any other industry. You have to understand how hard it is to sleep at night worrying about whether you have designed it safe enough to never hurt another individual. Imagine sleeping in a hotel with that burden.....

Best Regards,
Lewis Childers
704-349-XXXX

Questions, comments, references are welcome at any time.