

My husband, Chip and I moved to L.A. from NYC in 2009 to care for my father-in-law, Edgar and his wife, Alice. We lived across the street from them for 3 years. It was great! We had such lovely dinners and adventures together, Ikea was like Disneyland to them! :)

Eventually Edgar's dementia progressed to a point where he moved to a Assisted Living in Burbank. This worked out well for everyone until Alice broke her hip. She needed a greater level of care. W we all agreed she wouldn't be happy in a nursing facility, so we pooled our resources and bought the home we now live in. Alice had her own floor giving her the privacy she sometimes desired and yet we were right there for whatever she needed. We eventually brought dad home as well.

In August of 2013, Alice began failing physically and mentally and it was recommended we have Hospice come in to help out. Coincidentally or perhaps not so coincidental, Chip's dad began to fail and it was recommended that he too be put into Hospice care. One week later Dad 'crossed the rainbow bridge' and Alice followed 3 days later. It's a pretty cool story, but there isn't enough room to tell it here :)

The reason I'm sharing this experience with you is for this reason; We bought this very large home, to accommodate all four of us, we shared the mortgage and other household bills. Now that they are gone, we are burdened with covering the bills without their help.

When we discovered this new phenomena called, Airbnb, it was a godsend. Since 2014 we have been renting out a couple of rooms to people vacationing in Los Angeles. It's not only fun to meet new people (& cook for them!) but it makes it financially viable for us to remain in what has become our beloved home.