



## HOW WE FOUND MORGAN HILL

by Margo Hinnenkamp



I'm a native Minnesotan from the land of 10,000 lakes. That means I have lake water in my blood, in my DNA, in my bones, and particularly, in my heart. Lakes are my earthly connection to heaven, to things celestial such as laughter, play, freedom, beauty and joy. I am certain that I was born to live near a lake.

I was conceived by lake-adoring parents who treated our family to lake outings at every opportunity. We swam, picnicked, played and just generally enjoyed being at lakes. When I was about eight years old, my parents purchased a lot on a glorious Minnesota lake, called Big Birch Lake, ten miles from my Dad's childhood home and adjacent to our aunts and uncles' lake cottages. My Dad built a cottage that became our second home for the rest of our lives in Minnesota.

Every summer we played with our cousins both in and around this glorious blue body of water that we grew to love passionately. I can still recall the pain I felt during my first summer away from Birch Lake after 20 years of summering on her shores. It was 1972. My husband, Rich, was in the Navy and we had moved to Pensacola, Florida. I can still recall the ache in my heart that summer when I realized that we would not be going to Birch Lake. I longed to immerse myself in fresh, clear lake water. Yes, we lived near the gulf, but that was salt-water, and I was craving fresh, cool, lake water with my entire being. Of course, it wasn't just the water that I missed. I was homesick and just thinking

about how much fun the rest of the family was having at the lake didn't make me feel any better.

After 6 1/2 years with the Navy and frequently living near the ocean, we eventually moved to California in 1979. We enjoyed the beach at Santa Cruz, and even purchased a house at Lake Tahoe with friends, and occasionally swam in the icy waters of that glorious mountain lake.

And then... in the mid-90's, we discovered Anderson Lake in Morgan Hill. We were familiar with Lexington Reservoir in Los Gatos, but were ignorant about the rest of the Santa Clara Valley reservoirs, least of all Anderson Lake. One day, Rich was flying into the San Jose airport from southern CA when he noticed a lake from the cockpit window - a lake with some houses around it. He asked his flying partner, "What lake is that?" "Lake Anderson. It's in Morgan Hill and it's a beautiful lake. We often go boating there."

Rich was thrilled to discover that there was a lake in our vicinity that allowed houses to be built on it. He excitedly shared the news with me the minute he got home. The next day he headed to Morgan Hill on his motorcycle, found Anderson Lake, and drove down every driveway that appeared to lead to a lakeshore lot.

If you've been to our house, you can appreciate how incredible it was that he found that driveway that had no FOR SALE sign directing him where to go. Happily, he did find it and we will always be grateful for that discovery. He drove back into town, found a real estate office and inquired about the property. It turns out that the lot was for sale, but not officially at that point. There were questions about whether or not it was a buildable lot, but the story of how that all unfolded and the subsequent building of our dream home is a story for another day. We are so grateful for the serendipitous events that led us to Anderson Lake and our moving to Morgan Hill 21 years ago. We were led to the perfect place to live on a precious freshwater lake. I am more certain than ever that lake water flows through my veins.