

Welcome to Vancouver

Written by Susan Hollingshead
Friday, 22 June 2007 14:26



For twenty years we lived in the country and though there were always plenty of people coming and going from our house, we never concerned ourselves with security. Once back in the early '80's someone came up our lengthy driveway and helped themselves to the guts of our satellite dish (one of the big 12 foot ones) while we were sleeping. Then once in 1993, shortly after Jim died, someone entered the barn, 200 yards from the house and stole my brand new snowmobile which was locked. Both times we're pretty sure that the thieves had been there and knew what they were after. The last time we experienced a theft was when Karley and Jamie each had cars decked out with fancy stereos and they were parked in our driveway along with Rick's truck. We woke up one morning and the stereo's were gone as well as a couple of books of CD's and Rick's cell phone. Everytime the thieves were sophisticated enough to steal things that had value and could be exchanged for quick cash.

Last night our car was broken into. This morning when we went down to our secure (?) parking garage to retrieve Rick's leather jacket, we discovered that the side window was shattered and the car had been rifled through. The console contents were all over the car, the glove compartment was empty and the side pocket of the door was emptied. It seemed we were fortunate that we didn't have more in the car but it appeared as if the thief was looking for something of value.

Imagine our surprise to discover Rick's cell phone, his leather jacket, his Adidas sunglasses, our Garmin Nüvi GPS system and our XM Roadie still in the car; untouched. Evidently some desperate, drug crazed meth freak broke into our car to see if he (she?) could find some money to support their habit. The worst part is that in order to relieve us of \$7-\$8 in coins they inflicted over \$1000 damage, which will cost us \$300 in a deductible fee. Had the thief been a thinking

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individual he could have walked away with several hundred dollars worth of relatively sellable items. The incident left us both angry but relieved and I find myself feeling less charitable to the poor homeless souls who I see on Vancouver's notorious Hastings Street. I found myself wanting to set a variety of traps for the next reckless burglar and fantasizing about how I could cause them pain. That has left me not liking myself right now for having those feelings and I hope I get over it soon.

Despite our experience we still love Vancouver; we love our condo and we love its location. It turns out that two other cars were broken into last night in the same garage so you can be sure the property management company has heard about this and we expect that the security there will tighten as a result.