

FEATHERING A NEW NEST

FROM A **NEWTON VICTORIAN** TO **SOUTH END SLEEK**. AFTER THEIR SUBURBAN HOME BECOMES AN EMPTY NEST, ONE COUPLE REVERSE MIGRATES.

by **PATRICIA STANTON** | photos by **NAT REA**



In the spring of 2011, my husband and I sold our house. The house. The one we'd bought in 1992, to raise our family in. Our older son had been 3 years old then, and our younger son was born two months after we moved in.

The house was a stately brick Queen Anne Victorian built in 1890. Never updated, it had all the charm you would expect from a Victorian: cozy nooks, sleeping porches, a 19th-century intercom system of bells, a speaking tube, and a brass mouthpiece. And all the inconveniences as well: pull chains instead of light switches, two pantries instead of kitchen cabinets and counters, a worn-out soapstone sink where standing water never reached the drain.



AFTER: Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetur adipiscing elit, sed diam nonummy nibh euismod tincidunt ut laoreet dolore magna aliquam erat volutpat.