

Columnists

She's obsessed to possess this house

By Esther Baird
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BEVERLY, MASS. -

I have a small obsession right now. Actually it's not that small. It's mansion sized. It's 73 Lothrop. You know the house: White, Victorian, oceanfront. For sale. It's gorgeous. If all you could see were the stairwell banister and dining room floors, you'd already know the house was remarkable. Then of course there are the multiple fireplaces flung about, the zillions of stunning rooms in all shapes and sizes, and the kitchen with a killer view. Did I mention the multi-tiered deck and lawn overlooking a little body of water we like to call the Atlantic? It's a fantastic house.

Not, that I've set foot in it.

I've simply reviewed —OK poured over — the pictures on the realtor's Web site. Also, I walk past it often — who in downtown Beverly doesn't — and when I do, I study it as best I can while trying to appear like any other mom out for a stroll. Sure we slow down, practically stop, when we go by. Whatever. So do you. It's a great house and we all know it. It's just that pesky, pesky price tag. So, I like the house. That's all. Sometimes I daydream about owning it. That's it. That's my obsession.

OK. There's maybe just one other thing. You see rumor has it that Elizabeth Shue has been renting the house while filming in North Andover this summer. And I'd like to meet her. I'd like to be her friend. I think we have a lot in common.

First, I have two children, and she has three. Secondly, I've seen Karate Kid, Back to the Future II and III, Adventures in Babysitting, and my favorite movie of hers, The Saint. Hello! Val Kilmer and Elizabeth Shue!? It rocked. I've seen it three times. She has, in turn, starred in those films. Lastly, I own a perfectly nice Beverly home with an ocean view, when you crawl into our attic and lean out the window — in the winter. And she is renting a perfectly nice Beverly mansion with her own ocean view — albeit from every room in her house.

I'm just saying. We are meant to be friends.

Not just that, but we were meant to be friends who hang out at 73 Lothrop. I'll come over with my two girls, and they'll play with her three children while her nannies supervise and come up with creative, yet challenging, age-appropriate games, while Lisa — her best friends and family call her Lisa — didn't you know that? — and I will hang on the terrace looking at the harbor swapping stories of our crazy days.

I'll talk about my hectic race against time to Target before my younger daughter fell asleep in the car thus wrecking nap time, and how I sat in a moldy raisin pile in my rush and then had to change said daughter's dirty diaper on the trunk of the car because I didn't think I could make it to the Kohl's public restroom and I refuse to use the changing table in the food court at the Liberty Tree mall. And she'll tell me about how she hung out with Hayden Church while filming a scene in her current film and had some interviews with internationally recognized media outlets while looking stunning.

We'll have so much to talk about.

And of course we'll both love the house. That's why, when she has to leave — which sadly I think is this week or last if reports are correct — she'll be overcome by our friendship. She'll also be overcome by her love of 73 Lothrop. She'll declare, "Not just anybody can call this place home. It deserves someone special. Somebody like you Esther!"

"What me!? Well, I can't disagree. But oh Lisa, how?"

And then because she is a famous celebrity, she'll buy it and sell it to me for a dollar and the house will become ours — with an account that Lisa will set up to cover taxes and let's throw in heating bills while we're at it.

And so my family will move from Prospect Hill to 73 Lothrop and we will love the house and we will love the views. And we'll love that Lisa and her family — including her talented husband David Guggenheim, who I'll shower with praise for directing Al Gore's Inconvenient Truth, and her brother Andrew, who I'll happily admit to watching in Melrose Place — will visit us often.

It will be just perfect. But really it's nothing I dwell on.

Psst Lisa, you can find my email at the bottom of this column, just in case you meant to contact me before you left Beverly but simply forgot.

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