



WHAT ITS LIKE A DAY IN THE LIFE OF A

REALTOR

I am often asked what it's like to be a Realtor, which is not an easy or a short answer, so I'm going to tell you some of the best parts of what I love to do. All of this happened in the last month, just to show you how crazy it gets. I just have to add in one of my all-time favorite stories to tell because you just can't make this stuff up.

Having the pleasure of showing a fabulous property nestled back in the woods behind a scenic lake was a treat itself, as I just enjoy seeing the places that stand out from the rest. We had toured the whole property for about an hour and when the Buyers and I walked back outside to get into our vehicles, 3 little goats were underneath my car. We sure didn't see those little guys when we drove up, but pretty soon we were all at their level, enjoying the playfulness as they were hitting our hands with their tiny horns and making their "baaaaaa" sounds. The only way we could get those goats to move so we could leave, was by letting them suck on our fingers.

I never know where an appointment will take me, from goats sucking on my fingers to going to list a home of some longtime clients. I was excited to see the Carders last month when they called to list the home that I had sold them about 4 years ago. We had met several years prior when they were looking, and this home I was going to list would be my third transaction with this couple. While looking at their home, we talked about where they were wanting to move to and they described a piece of land they had been thinking about purchasing and wanted to build a new home on.

I listened as they told me about what they were interested in building for themselves and how it would be their last home. I had both Carder's home that day, so I asked if they had a few hours free and, more importantly, if they could ride a 4-wheeler. I knew exactly what they were describing and when they showed me pictures of where they might build it, I knew right where they should.

We spent the afternoon riding one of my favorite pieces of land, which quickly became one of theirs, because as we rode along the rock bottom creek I could see they were in love with this special place. As we rode through the land, I could tell they were home. Their earlier plans just changed a bit or at least their location, and that's when being a Realtor is the absolute best.

In this profession, I am able to know so many of my clients on a personal level and they simply become friends. When I am working with someone, they are the people I talk to daily and when the transaction is complete, I miss our daily interaction, but then it's time to move onto the next set of people needing my personal attention. Scott and I have talked about how we don't have a lot of close friends because we use all of our time on our clients. They make for some great stories and I sure remember all of them.

Just a few weeks ago, my son Gavin was at the office while I had an appointment with a couple I am helping to build a fabulous new build. Being 15, Gavin was so surprised when they pulled up to the office in a Tesla and gave him a ride, which he thought was pretty cool. Now he thinks my vehicle is way behind the times and I should go fully electric and get into this Century.

One of my all-time favorite stories does have to do with the Carders I had mentioned earlier and every time I think about what happened, I still laugh!

I had just met Kenny and Elaine at one of my listings when they decided to use me as their Buyer's Agent to help them find a house. We looked at a lot of homes and this country home was the last one on our list for the day.

It was a bit further out of Jefferson City and on a gravel road. We pulled up the long circle driveway and started walking to the door to find the lockbox. I noticed a very still ball of feathers perched on the railing of the long front porch. I really thought it was fake at first, and I wasn't sure what it was. Well...it was a peacock. Yes, a peacock! It seemed really friendly and didn't move much. I can't remember if we even pet it, as it was right at our height while sitting on the porch railing. Its feathers were bunched together and hanging behind as it sat there calmly looking at us.

We unlocked the door and entered the house to view the listing. I guess about 10 minutes passed before we were downstairs. Once we were on the lower level, I could see something dashing by one of the windows. I couldn't make out what it was, but I thought it was just a cat, dog or something because we were in the country. As we were looking around, there it was again very noticeably passing the windows and the three of us looked at each other wondering and laughing, "What the heck was that..." Then, there it was again. We all reluctantly got to the window and saw that front porch peacock was lapping the house, over and over.

We tried to finish looking at the house, but it was getting very distracting and the peacock was getting more and more upset. I was starting to realize we were going to have a problem getting out of this house and back into my vehicle. We went upstairs and had to think about how this was going to happen, so we decided to open the front door just as it passed and run for the car while getting the door locked behind us. I'll tell you, with locking that deadbolt from the outside and then returning the key to the lockbox, we barely made it into the vehicle when that peacock ran straight for us.

Its head popped up over the hood of the vehicle as quick as we got in. It was tall enough to just get its head centered right in front of us with these crazy eyes looking right at us. Hey, if I wouldn't have been there myself, I don't know if I would have believed it either. That's why I put the names of my clients as witnesses.

There we all sat, eye to eye.

We decided to try going in reverse because I wasn't going to explain running over the family pet that was harassing us. We moved, and the animal moved with us to resume the same position with its head. That little head would just pop up again and again every time we moved. We would think, because we couldn't see the rest of its body, we had backed up away from it and like one of those Jack-in-the-Boxes, there was that head springing right back into position.

We moved and manipulated the area inches and feet at a time and short of running that thing down, we were stuck. Don't fool yourself, it knew just how to pin us down, which is why I used the word "harassing" earlier, and it was getting more and more aggressive. Elaine and I were in the front seats with Kenny hunched down from the back leaning between us, our faces must have looked like we were in a movie theater watching a horror movie.

This same routine went on with us backing up and the peacock disappearing in front only to have that head pop back up right back at the center of the hood. Kenny decided we were not going to be able to leave unless he distracted it in some way to get it away from the car. On a "One-Two-Three" that may have been just in my head, he jumped out and yelled back at us, "Go, Go, Go!"

We tore down the driveway and made it to the end where we stopped at the County Road for Kenny. I was afraid to even look back through my rearview mirror and only could see Kenny running as fast as he could getting ready to jump in. As soon as he hit the seat, he was yelled, "GO, GO, GO!"

We turned out of the long driveway onto the County Road where I could finally breathe. Like in slow motion, we all looked over to something on the right of us and there was that peacock keeping up with our vehicle. I'm sure I had to have jumped when I saw it right next to us, kind of like those dogs that chase cars in the country, well there it was. Likewise, I had no idea those things could do strides to keep up with a moving car. Apparently, I now know, they can run on average of 14 MPH. Are you getting a picture of what we had going on beside us? It was just flat scary!

I had to look up a picture of a peacock, just to refresh my memory before I started writing this article, and even though it has been about 9 years ago, I felt a little anxious when that face popped up on my phone. Some people are scared of clowns, I think I now have that same feeling towards peacock faces!

Being a Realtor has definitely never been the same day twice.