



THE RAINES GROUP



RAINES REVIEW

A REPUTATION FOR RESULTS AND EXCEPTIONAL SERVICE

WINTER 2008



A NOTE FROM RON CADIEUX

Dear Friends,

We typically do not write about real estate in the cover letter to our newsletter. However, the present state of real estate nationally compels us to make an exception.

Let us begin by saying that the condition of the real estate market in Florida, Arizona, and Nevada do not resemble the central Ohio market in any way. Those markets, among others, benefited from a great deal of appreciation in prices and now are going through a substantial market correction. Central Ohio has historically been a market with modest appreciation and as a result more modest depreciation in a correcting market. The October issue of *Forbes Magazine* cited central Ohio as the third most stable market in the country.

It is true that the sub-prime market has had a substantial impact on our financial institutions, which has led to a tightening of lending guidelines. Good candidates to purchase homes will still be able to buy homes at very competitive interest rates. Also, the neighborhood that you live in is not one that will see a great number of bank foreclosures.

At The Raines Group, December 2007 was our second most active month in re-sales in 2007. Both January and February of this year have been our best for sales (for these months) in the 10 years that we've been in business.

Is it a tough real estate market? Yes. Is it as bad as the national press depicts? No. The Raines Group sold 174 homes in 2007. We are sharing this to simply tell you that homes that are well priced and in good condition are selling.

If you are interested in receiving a consultation on buying or selling a home, please give us a call. We would love to be of service.

We hope that 2008 is an outstanding year for each and every one of you.

Warmly,

Sandy Raines and Ron Cadieux
CEO/President Managing Partner
The Raines Group/Real Living HER

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USE OUR TRUCK FOR FREE!

We are happy to provide our valued clients, neighbors, and community organizations free use of this truck for local moves and errands. All you pay for is the gas!

For more information, please call our toll-free hotline at 1-800-498-1480, code 3169

*Valid Driver's License, Proof of Insurance, and \$50 refundable security deposit required



www.TheRainesGroup.com



A Sandpiper to Bring You Joy *by Mary Sherman Hilbert*

Several years ago, a neighbor related to me an experience that happened to her one winter on a beach in Washington State. The incident stuck in my mind and I took note of what she said. Later, at a writers' conference, the conversation came back to me and I felt I had to set it down. Here is her story, as haunting to me now as when I first heard it.

She was six years old when I first met her on the beach near where I live. I drive to this beach, a distance of three or four miles, whenever the world begins to close in on me. She was building a sand castle or something and looked up, her eyes as blue as the sea.

"Hello," she said. I answered with a nod, not really in the mood to bother with a small child. "I'm building," she said. "I see that. What is it?" I asked, not caring. "Oh, I don't know, I just like the feel of sand." That sounds good, I thought, and slipped off my shoes.

A sandpiper glided by. "That's a joy," the child said. "It's a what?" "It's a joy. My mama says sandpipers come to bring us joy." The bird went glistening down the beach. "Good-bye joy," I muttered to myself, "hello pain," and turned to walk on. I was depressed; my life seemed completely out of balance.

"What's your name?" She wouldn't give up. "Ruth," I answered. "I'm Ruth Peterson." "Mine's Wendy... I'm six." "Hi, Wendy." She giggled. "You're funny," she said.

In spite of my gloom I laughed too and walked on. Her musical giggle followed me. "Come again, Mrs. P," she called. "We'll have another happy day."

The days and weeks that followed belong to others: a group of unruly Boy Scouts, PTA meetings, and ailing mother. The sun was shining one morning as I took my hands out of the dishwasher. "I need a sandpiper," I said to myself, gathering up my coat. The ever-changing balm of the seashore awaited me.

The breeze was chilly, but I strode along, trying to recapture the serenity I needed. I had forgotten the child and was startled when she appeared. "Hello, Mrs. P," she said. "Do you want to play?" "What did you have in mind?" I asked, with a twinge of annoyance.

"I don't know, you say." "How about charades?" I asked sarcastically. The tinkling laughter burst forth again. "I don't know what that is." "Then let's just walk."

Looking at her, I noticed the delicate fairness of her face. "Where do you live?" I asked.



"Over there." She pointed toward a row of summer cottages. Strange, I thought, in winter. "Where do you go to school?" "I don't go to school. Mommy says we're on vacation."

She chattered little girl talk as we strolled up the beach, but my mind was on other things. When I left for home, Wendy said it had been a happy day. Feeling surprisingly better, I smiled at her and agreed.

Three weeks later, I rushed to my beach in a state of near panic. I was in no mood to even greet Wendy.

I thought I saw her mother on the porch and felt like demanding she keep her child at home. "Look, if you don't mind," I said crossly when Wendy caught up with me, "I'd rather be alone today." She seemed unusually pale and out of breath. "Why?" she asked.

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DAYLIGHT SAVING TIME HAS DUAL PURPOSE

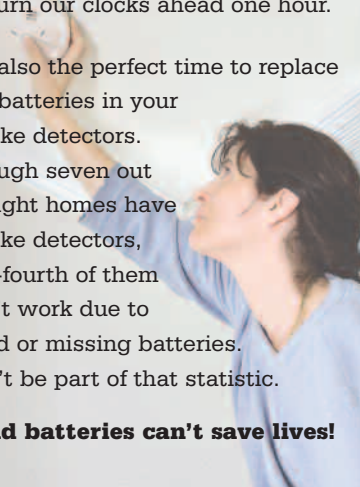
Daylight Saving Time begins March 9th and we "spring forward" – that is, turn our clocks ahead one hour.

It's also the perfect time to replace the batteries in your smoke detectors.

Though seven out of eight homes have smoke detectors, one-fourth of them don't work due to dead or missing batteries.

Don't be part of that statistic.

Dead batteries can't save lives!



MEET OUR TEAM

WE'RE PLEASED TO INTRODUCE YOU TO OUR TEAM!
Look for new profiles in each issue of our newsletter, or visit www.TheRainesGroup.com to learn more.



TIM WATKINS ■ Real Estate Consultant

Originally from Chicago, Tim Watkins relocated to the Columbus, Ohio area in 1999. He has experience in vocal performance, nonprofit management (Columbus Symphony Orchestra), and consulting services for the nonprofit business sector. Tim obtained his real estate license in March 2006 and joined The Raines Group in July 2007. He believes that the most rewarding experiences in this profession include being a part of the collaborative process that converts customers into happy clients. Tim and his family reside in Westerville where they enjoy board games, movies, and healthy outdoor activities.

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KRISTINA SMITH ■ Real Estate Consultant

Kristina Smith is a central Ohio native and currently resides in New Albany with her dog, a Malteepoo named Kendal. Kristina's educational background includes studies at The Ohio State University as well as Columbus State Community College, where she obtained an Associate Degree in Finance. Licensed in Ohio in Real Estate and practicing since 2003, Kristina joined The Raines Group in June 2007. She loves the sense of accomplishment that she feels when handing her clients keys to their new home. In her spare time, Kristina enjoys boating, taking road trips, and of course cheering on the Ohio State football team.

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JUST PLANE FUNNY

All too rarely, airline attendants make an effort to make the in-flight "safety lecture" and announcements a bit more entertaining. Here are some examples that have been heard and reported:

- "Ladies and gentlemen, we will be turning down the cabin lights. This is for your comfort and to enhance the appearance of your flight attendants."
- "There may be 50 ways to leave your lover, but there are only four ways out of this airplane."
- "In the event of a sudden loss of cabin pressure, masks will descend from the ceiling. Stop screaming, grab the mask, and pull it over your face. If you have a small child traveling with you, secure your mask before assisting with theirs. If you are traveling with more than one small child, pick your favorite."
- "As you exit the plane, make sure to gather all of your belongings. Anything left behind will be distributed evenly among the flight attendants. However, please do not leave children or spouses."
- "Ladies and gentlemen, if you wish to smoke, the smoking section is on the wing...and if you can light 'em, you can smoke 'em."
- "We'd like to thank you for flying with us today. And, the next time you get the insane urge to go blasting through the skies in a pressurized metal tube, we hope you'll think of US Airways."
- "Your seat cushions can be used as a flotation device; and, in the event of an emergency water landing, please paddle to shore and take them with our compliments."
- "Thank you for flying Delta Business Express. We hope you enjoyed giving us the business as much as we enjoyed taking you for a ride."



"Nurture your mind with great thoughts, for you will never go any higher than you think."

—Benjamin Disraeli, 1804–1881, British Statesman and Prime Minister

FOOD for
THOUGHT

Can Your Standards Be Too High?

Lowering your standards does not mean that you lower the quality of your work, but instead means that you lower your standards of perfectionism or achievement. Perfectionism or unrealistic goals can debilitate you on the job. When you lower your standards, what you do is say, "All I need to do is this first little thing." Then do it without hesitation, and it's likely that you'll be on your way to getting things done.

IRISH BLESSINGS



Here are some Irish blessings to incorporate into your March 17th St. Patrick's Day celebrations:

May your right hand always be stretched out in friendship and never in want.



May the saddest day of your future be no worse than the happiest day of your past.



May the roof above us never fall in, and may the friends gathered below it never fall out.



May you have warm words on a cold evening, a full moon on a dark night, and the road downhill all the way to your door.



May you live as long as you want, and never want as long as you live.



May your troubles be less and your blessing be more, and nothing but happiness come through your door.



I turned to her and shouted, "Because my mother died!" and thought, my God, why was I saying this to a little child?

"Oh," she said quietly, "then this is a bad day." "Yes, and yesterday and the day before and—oh, go away!"

"Did it hurt?" "Did what hurt?" I was exasperated with her, with myself. "When she died?" "Of course it hurt!" I snapped, misunderstanding, wrapped up in myself. I strode off.

A month or so after that, when I next went to the beach, she wasn't there. Feeling guilty, ashamed and admitting to myself I missed her, I went up to the cottage after my walk and knocked at the door.

A drawn looking young woman with honey-colored hair opened the door. "Hello," I said. "I'm Ruth Peterson. I missed your little girl today and wondered where she was."

"Oh yes, Mrs. Peterson, please come in. Wendy talked of you so much. I'm afraid I allowed her to bother you. If she was a nuisance, please, accept my apologies." "Not at all—she's a delightful child," I said, suddenly realizing that I meant it.

"Where is she?"

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"Wendy died last week, Mrs. Peterson. She had leukemia. Maybe she didn't tell you."

Struck dumb, I groped for a chair. My breath caught.

"She loved this beach; so when she asked to come, we couldn't say no. She seemed so much better here and had a lot of what she called happy days. But the last few weeks, she declined rapidly..." her voice faltered. "She left something for you...if only I can find it. Could you wait a moment while I look?"

I nodded stupidly, my mind racing for something, anything, to say to this lovely young woman.

She handed me a smeared envelope, with MRS. P printed in bold, childish letters. Inside was a drawing in bright crayon hues—a yellow beach, a blue sea, and a brown bird.

Underneath was carefully printed:
A SANDPIPER TO BRING YOU JOY.

Tears welled up in my eyes, and a heart that had almost forgotten to love opened wide.

I took Wendy's mother in my arms. "I'm so sorry, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry," I muttered over and over, and we wept together.

The precious little picture is framed now and hangs in my study.

Six words, one for each year of her life, that speak to me of harmony, courage, undemanding love. A gift from a child with sea-blue eyes and hair the color sand—who taught me the gift of love.

The condensed version of "A Sandpiper to Bring You Joy," as reprinted here, was first seen in the June 1980 issue of Reader's Digest. The full-length story was published in a Canadian religious periodical in 1978.

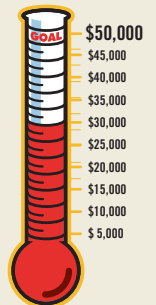
This passage serves as a reminder to all of us that we need to take time to enjoy living and life and each other. Life is so complicated, the bustle and bustle of everyday traumas can make us lose focus about what is truly important for what is only a momentary setback or crisis.

We want to share this story with all of you with wishes that you have many "sandpipers" in your lives.

HELP US REACH OUR GOAL!

We believe that the best way to keep our community strong, vibrant, and growing is by supporting community endeavors, such as The New Albany Performing Arts Center.

In our efforts to work hand-in-hand with children, families, and the community, The Raines Group will donate a percentage of its commissions to the New Albany Performing Arts Center. We met our donation goal for three years running and we need your help to keep on track! Our goal is to donate \$50,000 over five years. Call today to find out how you can help!



REAL ESTATE SERVICES



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www.TheRainesGroup.com