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Tina Klein Broker

December, 2023

I love this time of the year. No, not the hustle and bustle of finding that perfect gift for someone I care about. It is the magic of Christmas, the lights, that feeling of joy and peace, the Christmas music, the smell of the cookies baking and of course Christmas Day and Dinner, spending time with Family and the People I love. I hope you enjoy the enclosed Christmas Story as much as I did.

I want to take this opportunity to also update you on the Rexdale Real Estate Market. This has been a strange year for the Real Estate Market. Whether you open up a Newspaper, turn on the T.V. or look on your computer for news, Real Estate is covered on a daily basis by someone. Some of the articles are doom and gloom and some are so optimistic.....

Toronto has become the 7th most desirable city in the world to live in. #1 is New York, followed by Hong Kong, Singapore, London, Paris, Amsterdam. We're #7, and for a long time our prices were very, very low compared to some of the other Cities. We're catching up! I have put together what our average price for the month was starting with October 2000. You can see the progression in prices. The high point of the Market was February 2022, that was when the Bank of Canada started their interest rate hikes.

Table with 3 columns: Date, # of Sales for the year up to Oct 31, Average Price for that month. Rows include October 2000, 2013, 2019, 2020, February 2022\*, and October 2023.

So where are we going? The Toronto Regional Real Estate Board brought out a survey this year predicting what they thought would happen by 2050. Some of the highlights for me were: they



Realty Executives Plus Ltd., Brokerage

Home Office: 2185 Kipling Ave. Toronto ON M9W 4L1
Direct Line: 416-743-3832 • Fax: 416-743-8462
Email: Tina@TinaSellsRexdale.com • TinaSellsRexdale.com

Head Office: 5700 Cancross Ct. Mississauga, ON L5R 3E9
Tel: 416-621-2300 • Fax: 905-848-1918

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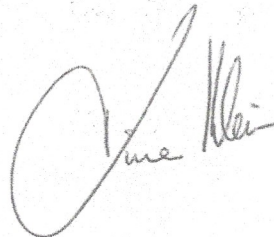
saw the Population of the Golden Horse Shoe increase from the current 8 million to 16 million people. They did not predict prices. However, it does not take a Rocket Scientist to predict that prices will go a lot higher than they are today. If you would like a copy of the survey, don't hesitate to give me a call or e-mail me at [Tina@TinaSellsRexdale.com](mailto:Tina@TinaSellsRexdale.com) This is a very volatile Market. If you would like an update on the Current Market Value of your Home, just give me a call. You can always reach me at **416-743-3832**.

*I wish you a Very Merry Christmas*

*and a*

*Happy and Healthy New Year!*

*Keep Smiling!*

A handwritten signature in black ink that reads "Tina Klein". The signature is written in a cursive style with a large, looping initial "T".

*Tina Klein*

Broker

P.S. I have a few 2024 Calendars left over if you need one, just give me a call.

- Source: Toronto Regional Real Estate Board



## *A Christmas Story*

It's just a small, white envelope stuck among the branches of our Christmas tree. No name, no identification, no inscription. It has peeked through the branches of our tree for the past 10 years or so.



It began because my husband Mike hated Christmas – oh, not the true meaning of Christmas, but the commercial aspects of it—overspending...the frantic running around at the last minute to get a tie for Uncle Harry and the dusting powder for Grandma; the gifts given in desperation because you couldn't think of anything else.

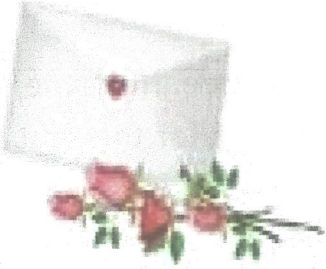
Knowing he felt this way, I decided one year to bypass the usual shirts, sweaters, ties and so forth. I reached for something special for Mike. The inspiration came in an unusual way. Our son Kevin, who was 12 that year, was wrestling at the junior level at the school he attended; shortly before Christmas, there was a non-league match against a team sponsored by an inner-city church, mostly black. These youngsters, dressed in sneakers so ragged that shoestrings seemed to be the only thing holding them together, presented a sharp contrast to our boys in their spiffy blue and gold uniforms and sparkling new wrestling shoes.

As the match began, I was alarmed to see that the other team was wrestling without headgear, a kind of light helmet designed to protect a wrestler's ears. It was a luxury the ragtag team obviously could not afford. Well, we ended up walloping them. We took every weight class. And as each of their boys got up from the mat, he swaggered around in his tatters with false bravado, a kind of street pride that couldn't acknowledge defeat.



Mike, seated beside me, shook his head sadly, "I wish just one of them could have won," he said. "They have a lot of potential, but losing like this could take the heart right out of them. Mike loved kids—all kids—and he knew them, having coached little league football, baseball and lacrosse. That's when the idea for his present came.

That afternoon, I went to a local sporting goods store and bought an assortment of wrestling headgear and shoes and sent them anonymously to the inner-city church. On Christmas Eve, I placed the envelope on the tree, the note inside telling Mike what I had done and that this was his gift from me. His smile was the brightest thing about Christmas that year and in succeeding years.



For each Christmas, I followed the tradition – one year sending a group of mentally handicapped youngsters to a hockey game, another year a check to a pair of elderly brothers whose home had burned to the ground the week before Christmas, and on and on. The envelope became the highlight of our Christmas. It was always the last thing opened on Christmas morning and our children, ignoring their new toys, would stand with wide-eyed anticipation as their dad lifted the envelope from the tree to reveal its contents.

As the children grew, the toys gave way to more practical presents, but the envelope never lost its allure. The story doesn't end there. You see, we lost Mike last year due to dreaded cancer. When Christmas rolled around, I was still so wrapped in grief I barely got the tree up. But Christmas Eve found me placing an envelope on the tree, and in the morning it was joined by three more. Each of our children, unbeknownst to the others, had placed an envelope on the tree for their dad. The tradition has grown and someday will expand even further with our grandchildren standing around the tree with wide-eyed anticipation watching as their fathers take down the envelope. Mike's spirit, like Christmas spirit, will always be with us. May we all remember each other and the REAL reason for the season and His true spirit this year and always.



*\* This story first appeared in Woman's Day magazine in 1982. My mom had sent the story in as a contest entry in which she subsequently won first place. Unfortunately, she passed away from cancer two years after the story was published. Our family still keeps the tradition started by her and my father and we have passed it on to our children. Feel free to use the story. It gives me and my sister's great joy to know that it lives on and has hopefully inspired others to reach out in a way that truly honors the spirit of Christmas. – Kevin Gavin*



I came across this wonderful Christmas Story. It brought tears to my eyes and I hope you enjoy it as much as I have. *Keep Smiling!*

*Tina Klein* – Broker/Realty Executives Plus 416-743-3832.