

The Day Before the Auction



Auction Testimony from Regina Brett

For Theresa Blocher, Realtor®/Auctioneer

The day before the auction, I was up until 2 a.m. I couldn't sleep thinking about letting go of the home that had been in our family since 1935. So I prayed and asked for a blessing over the auction, the house, the new owner and my family.

I arrived in Ravenna around 11 a.m. The weather was perfect: sunny skies and 75 degrees. No rain. Whew.

My heart sank a little when I saw the bright yellow auction sign in front of the house. Wow, we were really doing this. But I smiled when I saw the bright blue Port-a-Potty in our yard. KIKO thought of everything.

We found a crew from KIKO boxing up items to sell. The entire backyard was full of items that were boxed or stacked or in plastic tubs in "lots" to sell. The inside of the house had been cleaned out. Every closet, shelf and cupboard drawer was empty. What an amazing job they had done.

At first it looked a little sad to see everything from the house and shop spread out on the driveway and lawn. But as I moved from box to box and stack to stack, I realized it was all just stuff someone else could use. Inside the house, the furniture was staged to sell. KIKO made the house look so attractive.

A food truck pulled up to sell food and drinks for the customers. People registered with KIKO and got a yellow tag with a number to bid on items.

KIKO was amazing. The team showed up in red shirts, caps and treated every stranger with dignity and respect. They honored the house and every box of stuff they carted out.

One couple was looking intensely room by room. They were interested in the house, so I told them the history of the house.

One of the KIKO brothers wore a microphone and they had speakers set up in the yard. He went from pile to pile and the crowd followed him, bidding as he went. He spoke so fast, it sounded like a foreign language. Some boxes went for a buck, some for \$50.

Then he went through the shop and crowd of 20 or so men followed him and they sold the ladders, the lumber, the slate, section by section. How wonderful to see men like my dad excited to buy a tar bucket or a box of car oil, or a stack of slate. Some did roofing, some sheet metal work, some just tinkered. They came specifically to buy glass or brass or tools.

Then, at exactly 5:30, the KIKO auctioneers said it was time to sell the real estate. I paused and wrote down a

number in my notebook and prayed we at least got that amount for the property.

The auctioneer described the home perfectly. He offered praise for the home as he sought the right amount for it. The bids bounced from one family to the other until he said, "Sold!" The couple I had met inside bought it. The amount was \$6,000 more than what I had hoped for. What a relief.

The man who bought it was grinning like he had won the lottery.

That's how I felt, too.

There was a joyful feeling in that yard. It was like a party, watching everyone carry away things they were excited to own. One family bought the mattresses and futon and their kids giggled with excitement as they stumbled

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under the weight of their new beds as they carried them away. The couple who bought the dining room table loved it. A young man who bought piles of books looked like a kid in a candy shop.

The people from KIKO handled every detail, big and small, with grace and professionalism.

When I called my Mom, she was ecstatic over the price. She was also thrilled that a family will move in. The price gave her great peace.

The ride home was pure bliss. I can't tell you how holy and joyful the day felt. It was truly a blessing from start to finish, thanks to the hard work of everyone at KIKO.

There were no tears, no sadness, no remorse. I felt something so much greater than relief. It was a deep peace and gratitude for my old home and a joy for its new owner.

A big thanks to everyone at KIKO!



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