

“Going to the Farm Side”: The tale of a city girl gone country: The Farm Hunt Part 5

We'd finally found our dream farm! But the purchase process was anything but easy. For some reason this farm had GST attached to it... and this was not a functioning commercial farm; it was a bungalow with 50 unfenced acres where a local farmer took the hay off once every year.

There was a fair chunk of change in contention on our offer, and neither buyer nor seller was willing to assume the “responsible for GST” condition. Our wonderful real estate lawyer, Paul Crowe from Stouffville, said that it was an error to even have the GST attached to this property.

So the matter went to “GST Court”, The Tax Court of Canada, and our offer was almost dead in the water before a ruling came back on the matter. The day before closing, the verdict was in... no GST should be applied to the sale of this farm.

So, smooth sailing right? Nope. Our lawyer could not get in touch with the seller's lawyer because she was on vacation and no one else in their office seemed to know a thing about this real estate deal.

On the final day we did not know if we were moving or not. Our stress was unimaginable! At least we were not being forced to leave our Mount Albert farm (kind landlord, and it wasn't rented out again yet), but we were packed, ready to roll and in a horrible holding pattern.

Holding my breath, I left work early at 3:00 pm hoping to get the key to our new dream farm. This put me in Stouffville at our lawyer's office at 3.30 pm.

Crowe was busy stalking the seller's law office, but they were impossible to get a hold of until 4:40 pm, at which point they finally returned Crowe's call and asked for two obscure documents we did not have.

For the sale of a property to “close” you have to have the deed registered by 5:00 pm.

After sweating, fighting, and cajoling frantically with the other law office, we closed at 4:59 pm. One minute before that deal was dead in the water, and we had a team of family ready to help at the Mount Albert farm.

Near the end of November, it is black outside early in the evening, so with my brand new and dearly gotten key clutched in my hand I drove up to the new house

with my one year old baby Faith Fawns, Mother-in-law Linda Fawns and our amazing and ever-ready to help Aunt Heike Fawns.

We rolled in to Udora and up the dirt driveway at approximately 7:00 pm. After struggling in the dark to find the front door, I slid the key in, and... it didn't work.

The key in my hand did not open a single door anywhere on this house.

We were freezing, it was pitch dark, and I had a wee baby in my

arms.

Then my husband came up the driveway with his father, George Robert Fawns, and our livestock trailer loaded down with 80 small squares of hay.

Luke broke into our new house by jimmying open a kitchen window, so at least we are out of the cold! He and his father unload the trailer of hay into the property's drive shed while we ladies checked out the new digs. (The place was probably really, really lovely in the early 70's.)

So far this was an exhausting night, but was not over yet! Our troops left the farm at 9:00 pm (we never did plan to sleep up at the farm that night, seeing as how we weren't sure the deal would close) to head back to the Mount Albert Farm.

Baby Faith and I were in Linda Fawn's truck and were following Luke home as he hauled the empty livestock trailer. We were all cruising down Durham Road 30 at 80km an hour when the pindle hook which held on the horse trailer broke and fell off the back of Luke's truck. He was also doing 80km an hour. This promptly blew his transmission when the trailer chains hauled backwards on his truck and then the chains flew forward and smacked up the back of his vehicle. Luckily no one was hurt, and we were very close to the Mount Albert Farm.

Luke's truck could still drive slowly in first gear so, with sparks flying from the metal of the trailer dragging on the highway, we followed him the rest of the way home with four ways blinking, at 20km an hour.

What a night. But we did own our dream farm. And if I only knew the adventures that awaited me I would have known not to relax quite yet!



Going to the Farm Side

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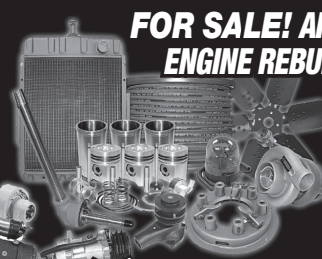


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