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NEWS FROM RICHARD BAILEY

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Real Estate in Launceston

Since we last spoke in late September, the Launceston property market has continued along at high levels although with not the number of buyers that we saw during the middle of the year. Either the market has got too high for some or others have decided to take a break after missing out on multiple homes.

The number of properties coming to the market has increased a little but in general there is a shortage of stock which is keeping the pressure on prices.

The press and the banks are trying their hardest to put some negatives out there with interest rate rises and a general tightening on funds to lend. But generally speaking we are seeing the banks being pretty reasonable so long as the buyer has a significant deposit and is pre-approved. Obviously in all up markets, there will be a flattening at some point and this may be starting. It will be interesting to see if more stock comes to the market prior to Christmas and what will happen from a buying perspective when the borders open up in mid-December. I certainly don't have a crystal ball but like I said in the last newsletter, if you are thinking of selling I wouldn't be trying to pick the exact top price point of the market because you may miss it! Happy Christmas and we look forward to an interesting 2022!

Indicative Home Loan Repayments



AMOUNT	2.09%	2.29%	2.60%	2.85%	3.00%	3.29%	3.49%	3.69%
\$150,000	\$129	\$133	\$139	\$143	\$146	\$151	\$155	\$159
\$200,000	\$173	\$177	\$185	\$191	\$194	\$202	\$207	\$212
\$250,000	\$216	\$222	\$231	\$238	\$243	\$252	\$259	\$265
\$300,000	\$259	\$266	\$277	\$386	\$292	\$303	\$310	\$318
\$400,000	\$345	\$355	\$369	\$382	\$389	\$404	\$414	\$424
\$500,000	\$431	\$443	\$462	\$477	\$486	\$504	\$517	\$530
\$750,000	\$647	\$665	\$693	\$715	\$729	\$757	\$776	\$796
\$1,000,000	\$863	\$886	\$923	\$954	\$972	\$1009	\$1034	\$1061

NOTE: Weekly repayments based on principal and interest over a 30 year loan, repayments are an indication only and are subject to lender's acceptance and conditions. Please visit www.uploans.com.au for further information.

A Favourite Recipe

Filipino-Style Roast Pork Belly with Chile Vinegar



SERVES: 8-12

Ingredients:

- 1 skin-on, boneless piece of pork belly (4-5 pounds)
- Kosher salt
- 1 tablespoon vegetable oil
- 1 (12-ounce) bottle unseasoned rice vinegar
- 12 garlic cloves, chopped
- 6-12 green Thai chillies, lightly crushed but left whole
- 2 serrano chillies, torn into small pieces
- 4 (12-oz.) bottles hard apple cider
- 2 tablespoons honey

Method:

1. Season pork generously with salt. Set (skin side up) on a wire rack set inside a rimmed baking sheet. Chill at least 12 hours and up to 2 days.
2. Preheat oven to 180°C. Pour 4 cups water into baking sheet with pork. Rub pork skin with oil; season with more salt. Roast, adding more water to pan as needed, until skin is golden brown and an instant-read thermometer inserted into thickest part of pork registers 90°C (1.5 - 1.75 hrs)
3. Meanwhile, pour out 1/2 cup vinegar from bottle (save for another use). Add garlic, chillies, and a large pinch of salt. Cover and shake to distribute; let sit until ready to serve.
4. Bring hard cider and honey to a boil in a large saucepan; cook until thickened and very syrupy, 30-45 minutes.
5. Increase oven temperature to 230°C. Continue to roast pork until skin is browned and puffed, 15-20 mins (add a few more splashes of water to baking sheet if juices are scorching). Transfer rack with pork to a cutting board; let rest 20 minutes.
6. Pour off fat from baking sheet and add 1/2 cup water, scraping up browned bits.
7. Remove skin from pork, using the tip of a knife to get it started (it should come off in 1 large piece with a little help). Slice pork lengthwise into 2"-wide strips, then crosswise into 1/2"-thick pieces. Transfer to a platter and drizzle with reduced cider mixture. Break skin into large pieces and arrange on top; place a few chillies from vinegar around. Serve with chile vinegar.

Best Day Ever

"The world always looks brighter from behind a smile"

- Author Unknown

The rain fell gently. I stared out my kitchen window as my morning coffee got cold. Pretty soon my quiet house would be bursting with activity, as it was every day. My husband would rush out the door to his twelve-hour shift. I would be in charge of the children, all five of them. Soon my three daughters would wake up to get ready for school. I would make sure they brushed their teeth, combed their hair, got dressed, and ate breakfast all in time to rush out the door to make the school bus. My son was in the afternoon kindergarten class, so I would have to repeat all of the above with him, while holding my infant son on my hip.

My mind drifted back to the years before I got married and had children. I had fantasized what my life would be like. I would marry my Prince charming, live in a beautiful house that was spotless.

My children would be well behaved, neat as a pin. I loved my children and husband, but I never imagined it would be so hard. My girl's alarm clock rang and startled me back to reality. I dragged myself away from the window, not ready for the day's marathon. This particular morning, I was more somber than most. My oldest daughter picked up on my mood. "Mum, why are you sad?" She asked.

I asked her why she thought I was sad. "I just said you look pretty, Mum"

I was so absorbed in my own self-pity that I didn't even hear my daughter tell me I looked pretty. I forced myself to smile and said I was sorry I didn't hear her. "See mum, when you smile, you look even prettier!" She chirped. This time, I didn't have to force myself to smile.

When I woke my son for kindergarten that day, I did so with a big smile. At first, I had to force the smile, because I didn't want him to pick up on my sadness as my daughter did. But that forced smile felt so good that before I realised it I was truly smiling.

That afternoon the clouds gave way to the sunshine. I decided to break our normal routine. Instead of putting my son on the school bus, I bundled him and his baby brother up and decided we should walk the ten blocks to school. The walk was invigorating, and my son gleefully chatted all the way to school.

As we approached the school he asked excitedly, "Can we do this again tomorrow? Please?"

"Of course we can," I said, and I meant it. As I walked back home, I practically grinned all the way. Wait; was that a skip in my step? I picked up the speed and sang a silly song along the way. My baby boy started giggling as he bounced in the carriage. Soon I was giggling right along with him.

When I approached the house, my neighbor waved to me and invited me in for a cup of tea. "I'm so happy to see you - it's been a long time" she said.

It had been. I couldn't even remember the last time I'd seen her, and we lived right next door from each other. As we sipped our tea, we caught up and had many laughs.

We promised to get together more often.

***Please note: If you prefer not to receive future editions of this newsletter, please let me know. No offence taken!*

Back at home, as my youngest child slept, I did some self-evaluating. So far, this day was one of the happiest I'd had in a long time. Not much was different, just the fact that I allowed myself to see things through a different perspective. And I allowed myself to smile. My children would be home from school soon, and my baby would be awake. Instead of just watching TV and feeling sorry for myself, I took out my camera and photographed my baby boy as he slept. He was beautiful, a true gift, as all my children were. I was so clouded by the day's chores and obligations that I had been missing out on what was truly important in life, my family.

That evening I gathered my children in the kitchen and smiled at them. "Who wants to bake a cake?" I asked. In unison, they shouted, "I do, I do!"

As we started our cake, I looked at my children and felt truly blessed that I could practically hear violins playing in the background. Years ago, before I had my children, this was my fantasy of how it would be.

Then right on cue, plop, my youngest daughter dropped the whole bag of flour onto the floor right next to where her baby brother was sitting. The flour was everywhere and my baby boy was covered from head to toe with it.

He looked up at us with his toothless grin and giggled contagiously. We all started to laugh until our sides hurt. I ran for my camera and took photos of my flour-covered baby and my children and our delightfully messy kitchen. Later that night, after I read my children a bedtime story, my middle daughter said, "This is the best day ever!" I couldn't have agreed more.

- Dorann Weber



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