



GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY

Department of Sociology and Anthropology

Mr. Nathan Carnes,  
W.C. & A. N. Miller Realtors  
5518 Connecticut Ave., NW  
Washington DC 20015

Aug. 2, 2009

Dear Mr. Carnes:

I'm writing with the most enthusiasm that I could possibly have for Wicca Davidson, who recently helped me sell my mother's house, my childhood home. Wicca was wonderful at all levels and in all aspects of the sale. In a difficult economy, she did everything possible to bring the house onto the market, and then to successfully guide the process from start to finish. She went the 'extra mile' so often I lost count of the miles! (You don't know me, but I'm an editor and I rarely use exclamation marks.)

The house, at 5738 Oregon Ave., was, as you may know, in terrible condition. Wicca managed to find people to help cart away much of my mother's 50 years accumulated stuff for charity. She also helped me deliver several paintings for auction. We had a tree fall on the property. Wicca not only got help and dealt with PEPCO – she hauled and hacked many of the branches herself. (Her own car narrowly missed being in our driveway at the time.) Our contract was for the house to be sold "as is." Wicca's conscience didn't let her leave debris or trash in the house. The paperwork was also complicated, since I got a DC tax notice declaring the house to be "abandoned" and therefore in a super-high tax category. Wicca calmed me down and guided me through the process of getting the designation delayed one year. She also handled the long period between the contract and the final settlement, requiring extra work on her part.

None of the details above begins to explain how I feel about what Wicca did to make this sale come true. Wicca has an uncanny ability to sense how people are feeling, and to make connections that last. She used her huge networks at various points to make sure that as many people as possible knew about the house, and knew about what was needed to make the house saleable. On a particularly touching level, I told her a story about my mother once losing a diamond from a ring in my childhood bedroom. I'd looked for that stone many times myself – but Wicca of course searched as well. We didn't find the diamond – but Wicca is a treasure.

with warm regards and many thanks for having such a great agent,

Marjorie Mandelstam Balzer, Research Professor