

Brandon Clay Enterprises, LLC

THE SALES CRUMBS TRILOGY  
VOLUME I

# **Sales Crumbs from the Master's Table**

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A Guide to Achieving Sales Success & Life Mastery

Inspired by the Sales Genius of  
Conrod Athelstan LeRoy Shuffler

# **Brandon L. Clay**



## Near death of a salesman

**M**att is already sitting up at the edge of the bed when the alarm clock goes off at 6:00am. His wife, Erin, rolls over and rubs his back, "Good morning honey, were you up all night again?"

"Yes, just couldn't fall to sleep," he said groggily, "A cup of your good coffee and I will be fine for the day." He leaned over to kiss her and rub her belly.

"Let me make you some eggs and toast to go with that coffee," she said lovingly. She was always very attentive to Matt, even though her life was busy, too.

"No, for now just the coffee...I am not real hungry. I am going to take a shower to get ready for work," he relayed with a hint of melancholy.

Work - that word had now taken on a whole new meaning. As he showered he began to play over in his mind the events of the last 3 months. He was laid off from a well-paying salaried position as an analyst at a prominent financial institution after only one year of employment. Despite all the networking and posting of resumes on every conceivable website, the global economic meltdown had taken all the demand for what he did out of the job market. As they were living solely on saving and Erin's income, he answered an ad for Financial Services Sales - Consumer Insurance Division. He had all the licenses from his old job and while he had never sold before, the Human Resources

manager said they would train him. Truth be told, Matt took this sales job as a last resort, hoping that he could do this a few months until analyst opportunities emerged again. The pressure was on as this new position paid a small salary for 3 months, and then he would be on commission only. He knew something had to give, but this was his best...no, his *only* option right now.

He entered the kitchen to see his wife putting some food on the table. She had been so supportive of him through the first two years of their marriage. They met as freshmen at Fulbright College where Matt received his Finance degree and Erin, an Education degree. They were inseparable the four years of college and married life was good. Their first baby was due in 3 months, so she had gone from full-time to working part-time as a teacher at the local elementary school. Financially, things were ok, but tightening with each passing day. He did his best to hide his anxiety, but she could see right through him, but she never seemed to dwell on their circumstances. She was his biggest cheerleader and never let on if she was worried, too.

"Coffee ready?" he asked.

"Yes, sweetie, but I still made you something to eat. You can't work all day on an empty stomach."

As he struggled his way through the eggs, he began to dread the day that was ahead. It was Thursday, and he and 20 other new recruits had just completed 5 days of orientation and 3 days of product training. Today was the first day on the phones trying to secure new clients. He was mortified at the prospect of

cold calling...even though the sales manager told him these were warm contacts. Supposedly, they were orphaned clients that had not been touched in years but had bought a policy, or they shown recent interest. Regardless, they didn't seem "warm" to him.

Then, there were the weekly Monday sales meetings where the production and activity for the previous week was put on public display. Though he had only attended two of these meetings, he quickly discerned them to be a kind of peer pressure motivation. All of this sales stuff was new to Matt, and because he was smart, he had been able to fake his way through these first 8 days. *That was short-lived.* Today was do or die and he was scared.

Erin hugged and kissed him and told him to have a great day and that she believed in him. He felt like a kindergartener who was being pushed out of the house for his first day of school. The world seemed big and cold, but he knew he had to make this work. Once he got to the office, the sales manager showed all the new recruits to a series of tables, each with 4 phones. The sales manager began his canned speech for the new team:

"As newbies, you have to work your way up to a cubical, then a shared office, and for the superstars, a private office with an assistant. I will provide you a list of warm leads daily, and at the end of each day, you will bring them back to me with your activity sheets. These sheets will be used to post your activity for the Monday sales meetings and will be reviewed by me and the

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sales director weekly. *Remember, the phone is your friend!* Ladies and gentlemen, start your engines!"

For the first time, Matt wished the normally long-winded sales manager would talk longer. He inevitably made it to Matt's table and gave him and the 3 other newbies sitting next to him, their daily "gruel with a crust of bread" leads. He knew his moment of reckoning had arrived. The day was a blur, he didn't know what he was doing, and had absolutely no confidence. The sales manager walked around like a drill sergeant and told several of them they were squandering the precious leads provided. Matt felt lost and with each unsuccessful phone call, a bit of his soul died. Thus went Thursday...and Friday.

Monday came much too soon, which meant the weekly sales meeting. There was ruckus applause and cheers for the new recruits who actually convinced some of these warm leads to meet with them. Amazingly to Matt, they had appointments to pitch the products that week. There was even more riotous applause for the top guns - the top producers that were selling like crazy. Their numbers on the board looked like a fantasy football league. It represented everyone from six-figure superstars, a rumored 7-figure giant, to those struggling to stay afloat. Matt wondered inwardly, what the top producers were doing, and more importantly, how he could do it, too.

After the meeting, the sales director pulled Matt and 5 other newbies into his office to tell them that they were already behind the other recruits and that the next 30 days were critical if

they wanted to remain with the company. Matt had *never* been called out so publically, and prided himself on being excellent in all that he did - a work ethic instilled in him by his father. His embarrassment to be included in the underperforming category quickly turned into pressure.

Desperate for direction, he approached his sales manager for help. He was empathetic, but told him that he has his own quota and 10 other recruits assigned to him. "Take the pitch book, and products guide and study them this week," was all he could offer as if Matt had not already poured over them gaining no magical insight.

He then got up the nerve to approach the top gun, Larry Wilcox, who was the rumored 7-figure earner, to see what fast advice or assistance he could offer. Larry hazed him as a "newbie" and quickly dismissed him like he had the plague. Not rudely, just resolutely as someone who didn't have time for amateurs.

Finally, he notices the old man who always greets everyone each sales meeting with a warm smile and hearty handshake. He was always well dressed and carried under his arm a leather portfolio. That was it - no smartphone, laptop, office, personal assistant, or even a cube. Matt had met him the first day of orientation but could not remember his name.

"Who is that man?" Matt asked pointing to the old man.

"Him? We all refer to him as the dinosaur," Larry quipped.

"*His name is LeRoy,*" interjected Larry's personal assistant. "From what I hear, he has been with the company for over 30 years," she continued. "He is friendly enough but a *little odd*. Every Monday morning meeting he shakes the hands of everyone and greets them with a 'Happy Monday' and wishes them 'Great Success' when they leave. Seems as though the company just tolerates him because the President loves him and he must have been somebody *ages ago*. Strange, but his name is not even on the sales leader board. I guess he is a lonely old man with nowhere else to go so he comes here."

Matt works up the courage to approach him. He was anxious for help from anyone and LeRoy had certainly been with the company long enough to know *something* that could help him.

"Good morning LeRoy," Matt began nervously.

"Happy Monday to you, it is a fabulous morning," LeRoy said enthusiastically.

"My name is Matthew Palmer, but please call me Matt. I am one of the new recruits."

"Yes, I know. How is it going?"

"Still trying to get my feet wet."

"Well, there is water everywhere my friend, jump in and join the rest of us for a good swim," LeRoy said with a big smile.

"That is just it...I don't know how to and I was wondering if you could teach me how to swim in the sales world?" said Matt relieved that he had gotten the request out so quickly.



"*Why me?*"

"Because I hear you are one of the best," trying his best to mask being incredulous.

LeRoy puts his hands on Matt's shoulders and draws closer. "Here is a *free* lesson. Never say anything you don't believe to be true, that is genuine and from the heart. Clients will be able to detect you are disingenuous and you will repel them quickly. *So I take it that you have already gone to your sales manager?*"

"Yes. He says he is too busy," Matt replies with his head down.

"Of course he is too busy. He has his own quota and many other new recruits. What about the people on top of the leader board, they would be a more obvious choice? Like Larry Wilcox, perhaps."

Matt relays he did that already and he dismissed him and called him a sorry rookie.

"Understandable, as you have not yet demonstrated a worthiness to be mentored. *Larry has no time to waste.* Then I suppose that makes me, an old man with time on his hands, your *last resort?*" LeRoy sounding vexed.

"No...I mean, yes. Look, the sales director said I was already behind the other recruits and that I had 30 days to prove myself. I have been unemployed the last 90 days, and my base salary runs out in less than 3 months. I am expecting my first child, my wife is working part-time and I am essentially living on savings. I pride myself on working hard and delivering great

results, but in less than two weeks of being here, I have already been warned about losing this job. *So yes, I am desperate.* Yes, I can use your help...no, I *need* your help." Matt felt the emotional weight of the past 3 months and two weeks pour out with each word.

LeRoy pauses a moment, "Thank you for sharing your situation with honesty. Honesty is pure, it is the seed of integrity, and will compel people to your vision and aide...for these reasons, *I will help you.*"

Matt is relieved, even though he isn't even sure LeRoy knows anything that can help him. Just the thought that someone would reach out to give him a hand provided a momentary mental reprieve.

Leroy continues, "I will take you under my wing and tutelage for the next 30 days, *but my wisdom will cost you.* The price is 20 days of lunch at your expense. I always go to the local corner cafe. I have been going there for over 30 years, and I always get the daily special for variety. It is very tasty and filling and as you know, a man should never work on an empty stomach!"

"I just explained my financial situation and how the salary runs out soon. I don't see how I can afford to do that in the position I am in," Matt says objecting to the terms.

"I am being economical by enjoying the lunch special which is \$7.99 plus I leave a 20% tip for a total of \$10 a day. The terms are quite reasonable," LeRoy counters.

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"That will be 20 lunches times \$10 - \$200 for the month!"

"*Here is your 2<sup>nd</sup> free lesson.* If you are not prepared to invest in your education for success then you will *never* achieve any," LeRoy says in his trademark venerable style.

"I won't be able to eat."

"Perfect! You should be listening anyway. *So you agree to my auspicious terms for a month of enlightenment?*" asked LeRoy executing a text-book assumptive close.

Matt could only think that all the old man wanted was a free lunch, or someone to talk to. But in his current position, he really didn't have much choice. He was between a rock and a hard place so he capitulated.

"Agreed," Matt said hesitantly. "*When do we begin?*"

"Today of course...I am hungry!" LeRoy answered with the satisfaction of a master salesman who had triumphantly won a new client. With a handshake and a smile from LeRoy, they headed over to the cafe.

## Monday - Lunch #1 Crumbs from the Master's Table

As they entered the cafe, it is obvious that the owner and the staff all knew LeRoy. He smiles at each of them warmly and gives them his customary "Happy Monday" greeting. They all seem genuinely happy to see him, even though he has been going there for years. He takes Matt over to introduce him to the owner.

"Today is a special day," began LeRoy. "Allow me to introduce Matthew Palmer, a new advisor with our company. He and I will be enjoying lunch together at your wonderful establishment for the next 30 days."

"Welcome Mr. Matthew," said the owner, "You are in the company of a great man. Moreover, he eats everything I bring him and always seems to enjoy it as though it was his last meal. I presume you would like today's special Mr. LeRoy?"

"As customary, but my friend here will not be partaking. He is in class and I am the instructor," LeRoy said with just a hint of gloating.

"He could find none better, for truly, you are supremely gifted in that area. Wonderful. Mr. LeRoy, can I interest you both in bread?" asked the cafe owner.

LeRoy replied as if this was a play that was staged, "You can always interest me in bread - warm with butter, please!"

They were seated just on the outer edge of the cafe, almost outside, where they were close to the sidewalk and could see all the people coming in and out of shops and businesses on the street. The bread arrived and LeRoy bowed his head briefly in prayer, then immediately begins tearing the warm bread and slathering it with the butter. A couple of bites and the oversized crusty roll was gone. Matt noticed that two birds had just flown in and were coming close to the outside table. He was preparing to shoo them away when LeRoy stopped him, "Hold on a moment, these are my friends and *my* invited guests."

He takes the butter knife and skillfully collects a pile of bread crumbs and slides it off the edge of the table into his hand. *The two birds come boldly forward and eat right out of his palm!* He then places a portion of the crumbs on the ground right next to his well polished shoe. The birds continue to enjoy their bounty which brings a big smile to LeRoy's face. Matt was amazed and perplexed. *Had he gotten involved with some crazy bird man?*

LeRoy reflects for a moment, looking off into the pristine blue sky and then says in a deeply reflective manner, "God always takes care of his little ones, even if it is just Crumbs from the Master's Table. It has been proven to me throughout my life and of this I have no doubt. Tell me Matt, *do you believe that?*"

He is not sure what to say. He remembers that the old man seems to have a sixth sense that can discern whether he is

telling the truth. So he says honestly, "I would like to believe it, as I could surely use some help myself right now."

"Here is Lesson #1, and this *is* paid advice. Since you are just starting out, don't chase the big deals. Go after the crumbs - the little accounts, orphan accounts, the type of accounts that the top guns feel don't warrant their time. *Don't despise small beginnings as they will lead you to greater things.* You need a series of experiences and starting small is the best way. To continue the metaphor, *simply go after the crumbs.*" LeRoy turned his attention back to the growing crowd of little birds, who were still enjoying their meal.

"As my little friends here have demonstrated, while you were ready to shoo them away as a nuisance, I was ready to embrace them and give them what they needed and desired. My reward is a *trusted relationship.*" He then turned to look right into Matt's eyes, who remembered the sting he felt being dismissed by his sales manager, and then Larry when he asked for help just an hour earlier.

LeRoy continued his impassioned speech, "Start small and give the best service you can provide for where you are in the moment. I know there are many things you do not know yet, but good character and a willingness to serve will see you through to the next level. People who are not used to being served in this manner are more grateful, loyal, and will trust you enough to take the good things you have to offer - despite your current lack of experience. They will remain lifetime relationships and as raving

fans, they will tell others about you. *Just look over at the curb at my raving fans."*

There were at least 10 other birds who seemed to witness what LeRoy had done for the two birds. He then throws the rest of the crumbs their way, which they enjoy.

"That alone is worth 20 lunches and is what created the man you see before you today," he said as he took a few sips of water. Matt could tell he was fighting back a well spring of emotion as the words flowed from a deep spiritual place. Whatever LeRoy knew seemed to bring him great daily joy and more importantly, *peace*. At that moment, that is the one thing he would have paid 1 million lunches for. As if by the power of osmosis, the same feeling came over Matt and for the first time in a several months, he felt...*hopeful*.

LeRoy finished his lunch and Matt was about to flag down the waiter for the bill. LeRoy stops him and says, "No need, just lay a \$10 bill on the table and we are good to go!" He waves goodbye to the owner and gives a rousing "Stay Powerful" as he turned left to go wherever he goes each day. Matt turns right to go back to the office. It was time for an afternoon of calling on warm leads, but this time, *with a renewed feeling of faith*.

## Tuesday - Lunch #2 Why are you here? *Part one*

The next day, Matt was walking over to the cafe for his daily meeting. Apparently, LeRoy only goes into the office for the Monday morning meetings and Tuesday through Friday he visits with his clients. Matt surmised that work had become more of a social activity for him. He had asked around and found out LeRoy was in his late-sixties and had come to this country over 30 years ago from Guyana in South America. That would explain his dialogue - his diction was immaculate, but Matt could detect a Caribbean accent. No one had a bad thing to say about him and to all of them he was the gregarious, kind-hearted, albeit eccentric enigma. LeRoy must have gotten to the cafe early and the same scene from the day before was playing out, down to the spontaneous but almost scripted banter between LeRoy and the cafe staff, the warm bread and butter...and *yes, the two birds.*

LeRoy immediately asks Matt to open his notebook. "Please write at the very top of the page in big letters the question, Why Are You Here? Take a moment to think about it before you answer as this is the most important question you can ask and answer," he says, like a taskmaster.

"I am here because I need money," Matt answered with a 'duh- like' sarcastic tone.



## WHY ARE YOU HERE? PART ONE

"We all need money but there are hundreds of ways to make it. Again, I ask...*why are you here?*"

"Because I lost my job in the financial services industry, couldn't find a comparable position, and I answered this ad and they gave me this job." Now Matt was getting agitated at the question.

LeRoy sensing his frustration, elaborated, "Ok, I can see that you are lacking the proper motivation to make a go of this business. Everything you have said thus far is about fear, about pressure, about necessity and about your circumstances. For a moment, think of me as a genie in the lamp...with a Caribbean accent! *What do you want out of life?*"

"I want to be able to pay my bills and take care of my family."

"That is noble and do-able. After you have taken care of the basics, *what then?*" LeRoy was pressing for him to think deeper and more expansively.

"I would love to buy my wife a beautiful new home to raise our children," he answered perking up a bit.

"Ahhh, the American Dream," replied LeRoy. "It is the dream of all humans to take care of those they love. But for a moment, go wild. What crazy things would you want if there were no limitations?"

"I would love for the home to be in a golf community as I would love to play golf on the weekends. I want to have nice cars," Matt said warming up to the exercise.

## WHY ARE YOU HERE? PART ONE

"Continue, what kind of cars?"

"A nice family sedan and a Porsche 911 for weekend excursions..." He began to run down a list like a child on Santa's knees and continued, "I would love to help my parents so my dad could stop working so hard, and I want to have nice clothes, watches, like the top producers have."

LeRoy interjected like a carnival barker, "*And how would having the ability to live like that feel?*"

"It would be amazing, liberating and satisfying!" he exclaimed.

Leroy was silent for a few moments as he could tell Matt was in the throes of imagining these things as possible. He understood that these brief but focused visualizations were powerful and could help break the myopic view of *current* needs that had engulfed the young man.

"The first thing you must do in life is determine what you want and why you want it. These two together will create a white heat of desire and that motivation will spur you to action...even in the face of obstacles, rejection, temporary failure and self-doubt." He continued, "You must determine what you want in *every* area of life -mentally, physically, socially, spiritually, and yes, financially. You must determine why these goals are important and allow the *carrot to rule more than the stick*. You must design a life that will compel you, support you and become your seeds of ambition and accomplishment. I like to call this Archimedic Leverage."

## WHY ARE YOU HERE? PART ONE

"Isn't Archimedes the guy that said 'Give me a lever and a fulcrum to place it on and I will move the world?'" Matt remembering an abstract lesson from college.

"Eureka, a scholar indeed! The lever is made up of what you want, the counter weight is why you want it, and the how becomes the fulcrum - *able to bear the full weight of your wildest imaginings.*"

"I can see it now. The emotion of *why* will offset my doubts and fears and make everything feel possible," said an enlightened Matt.

"I am thrilled you understand! One of the greatest lessons you can comprehend is that How Hard You Try Is Based On Why. One last time Matt...*Why Are You Here?*"

Matt now realized that the question was less about why he was here at the company, and more about why he was here on this earth. It was about his goals, dreams and aspirations, which would help him see beyond his current needs and circumstances. It was all the wish lists of life that he and Erin would lay in bed talking about for hours - they had not talked that way in quite a while as he was preoccupied with his current condition. LeRoy was directing him to who he wanted to be and his impact to mankind *beyond himself*. The notion of crafting a bigger meaning excited him and troubled him all at once. He had never thought of his life quite this way before, *but he knew it was time.*

## About Brandon L. Clay

Brandon L. Clay is an author/story-teller, international speaker, and sales leader. For the past 28 years, he has delivered his distinctive brand of instruction and inspiration to over 30,000 sales professionals and 1,000's of others outside the sales arena. His strength is that he understands that there is no standardized template or “cookie cutter” approach to creating high sales achievers. His power of connection allows him to recognize and leverage each person's unique talents and help them unleash their greatest potential.

In February 2011, inspired by his father-in-law, LeRoy Shuffler, and combined with his experience of the 1,000's of people touched and transformed by his unique combination of life and sales mastery, he penned **Sales Crumbs from the Master's Table**. Brandon's entertaining, empowering, and enlightening approach to coaching sales excellence is brought to life through this simple story. It quickly become regarded as a ***must read*** for anyone in sales and inspired the follow-up volumes in the Trilogy - **A Trail of Sales Crumbs** and **Feasting On Sales Crumbs**. This trilogy is now touching everyone from CEO's, VP's, managers, seasoned veterans, to "newbies" in their first week and helping him fulfill his mission of Helping Millions Achieve Success...One At A Time.

## **ABOUT BRANDON L. CLAY**

He lives in McDonough, Georgia with his high school sweetheart, Natalie, and their 3 children, Chaz, Christian, and Faith.

Learn more about Brandon, his available programs and additional resources at

**[www.brandonlclay.com](http://www.brandonlclay.com)**

Additional Titles Available from Brandon L Clay;

### **Sales Crumbs Trilogy**

**Volume I - Sales Crumbs from the Master's Table**

**Volume II - A Trail of Sales Crumbs**

**Volume III - Feasting On Sales Crumbs**

**Your Authentic Sales Voice - *Discovering and unleashing your most natural gift for greater sales success!***

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**The 80% Sales Solution - *Training program based on the popular Sales Crumbs Trilogy***