

Brandon Clay Enterprises, LLC

**THE SALES CRUMBS
TRILOGY VOLUME II**

**A Trail of Sales
Crumbs**

**A Guide to Achieving Sales Success &
Life Mastery**

**Using the Power of Daily
Observations to Create Sales and
Life Success**

Brandon L. Clay

Act I - Family Matters

A Trail of Crumbs

It was early Sunday afternoon and Matt was at Grandbooty's 1,000 acre farm. It had been in the family over 100 years, passed down from his great-great grandfather. He took great pride in the farm and lovingly called it the "family gathering place". As a family tradition, they had Sunday dinners there after church once a month. The entire family was there; Grandbooty, whose real name was George, his wife Frankie, Matt's parents, Alfred and Sara, Matt's wife, Erin and his sister, Donna. These gatherings were smaller than the impromptu but more frequent get-togethers with Erin's larger family. Both were always fun and Matt truly enjoyed spending time with both sides of his family.

The ladies were all in the kitchen and the men were getting the table ready. The smells emanating from the kitchen always made Matt salivate.

"George, we have a problem," said Frankie with a feigned sense of alarm.

"Alright Frankie, *where's the fire?*" replied George in a 'yes dear' tone.

"We are out of eggs."

"That don't sound like a problem to me," he said nonchalantly.

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"Alright, you tell Matt he won't be getting my warm pound cake with homemade ice cream today! *Matt, is that alright with you?* Oh yes...I was going to bake an extra one for you and Erin to take home with you!"

"Houston, we have a *big* problem!!!" Matt exclaimed.

His wife Erin spoke up rubbing his stomach, "Matt, you put the *pound* in pound cake - 25 of them since we got married to be exact!"

"Is that the pot calling the kettle?" Matt responded comically.

"This is baby weight, *your baby* in fact!" Erin interjected, rubbing her own belly now over 7 months pregnant. "That is my excuse and I am sticking with it...*what's yours?*"

Admittedly, he had picked up 25 pounds since Erin had gotten pregnant. Along with the job loss, and the stress of his new position he indulged in habits that weren't exactly healthy. *That didn't matter right now.* Though he had promised Erin he would lose the weight, all he could think about was Frankie's pound cake with ice cream and peaches from the farm!

"I know my son, and by the look on his face, the 'no dessert' option isn't on the table for discussion," said Sara.

"Well, if cakes are going to be on the table, I need 6 eggs - the *whole thing* means nothing without eggs," Frankie said maintaining the air of urgency.

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"Why are they so important?" Matt asked. "Can't you make it without them?"

"One pound each of flour, butter, sugar won't hold together if you don't bind them with eggs!" she explained. "George, go down to the hen house and bring me 6 fresh eggs."

"Alright, I'm going. But Matt, since you will be the benefactor of the extra cake, you come with me," commanded Grandbooty realizing that his wife of 50 years would always have the last word.

"Gladly!" said Matt giddily.

As they walked down the road a few football fields to the hen house, Grandbooty asked Matt how work was going. It was going to be a long walk, so Matt relayed how he had struggled the first 2 weeks but then met LeRoy. He summarized how he was mentored by him for 30 days over lunch and how impactful their time together had been. It had only been a week since LeRoy left and he was still trying to make sense of the job and all that he had learned.

"Wow! You certainly have had an eventful start. I am glad to hear it is going better for you."

"I'm not out the woods yet, but I *feel* like I can do it. I can see all the things I need around me, but don't know how to put it together yet."

As they reached the hen house, Grandbooty carefully took 6 eggs from the nest and put them in a cloth covered basket. There were scores of little chicks flittering around the

area right in front of the hen house. Grandbooty took a hand full of a feed and scattered it about. The chicks danced like it was Christmas day, chirping and leaping up in the air. The scene reminded Matt of the first day at the cafe with LeRoy and the two birds. He relayed the story to Grandbooty who shook his head in appreciative acknowledgement.

"I understand how difficult it is trying to put together the pieces of life's puzzle. For a man to find his way with so much on the line is the real challenge. There's one thing *another* old man can tell you that might help you get through life," he offered.

"Please tell me, I am all ears," said Matt sincerely desiring clarity for where he was in his life. He drew in closer as Grandbooty's wisdom was always simple, but somehow *dead on*.

"It is not the big things that show you the way, but the *little things*. To use a cue from LeRoy's first lesson - *life is about the crumbs.* When I want these little chicks to go a certain way, I will spread a trail of crumbs in the direction I want them to go. To get the prize, they must follow the trail. *Life is like that.* Little voices of instruction call to you gently - guiding your path. Some people call it intuition, inspiration and the pastor at church calls it divine revelation. You have to be on the lookout for those crumbs and have the faith to follow them when they appear. Each crumb will take you a little further on your path, and sustain you on the journey."

"That reminds me of my first sale with a man named Mr. Jacobs. Things were going *really bad*, when, instinctively, I began telling him the story of how you bought the Microsoft® stock when I was one years old. I shared how those 10 certificates helped pay mine and Donnas' way through college. Telling that story helped turn the situation around and Mr. Jacob's disposition changed," Matt recounted.

The memory of that day brought a big smile to Grandbooty's face. "I remember that day like it was yesterday. Your father even cried up a storm. I will never forget that day...*it was one of the greatest of my life!*" he reminisced.

"I have to ask you - how did you have the foresight to know to buy that stock all those years ago?" asked Matt trying to gain insight into how a man comes to make critical decisions in his life.

"That's just it, I didn't have any magical insight," he admitted candidly. "I was scared out of my mind of the stock market because of my dad and my grandfather. All they ever talked about was the Great Crash of 1929 and the Depression. It hit'em real hard. They almost lost this farm because the bank couldn't loan him *any money*, even if only to buy seed, *for 3 years*. They didn't trust banks or Wall Street after that."

"How did you get past your fear?"

"I found something more important to focus on. Something so precious that it guided me past my developed

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ignorance and years of fear. Something that required I get over my limitations and get out of my lazy boy chair."

"What was that?" Matt asked intensely interested.

"It was you?"

"Me?"

"The day you were born, I looked into your eyes and held that tiny little hand and I knew I had to do something. *Something that would last well beyond my time here on earth.* My dad gave me this farm, as did his father before him and so on. True, your dad broke the generational line when he went off to make his own life in the car business. I have to admit, that hurt me but I understand a man having to blaze his own path. I have learned to respect him for that - it took a while, though."

While Grandbooty and Alfred got along alright, there was a historical tension between them based on that decision. Matt sensed it ever since he was a little boy but *no one* ever talked about it.

"We put our differences aside because you were here and none of that was important. I only wanted to be in your life and do something important for you. Since I realized that you, too, would eventually blaze your own path, I had to give you another legacy...another type of farm...*an education,*" he said reliving all the emotion of the time.

"How did you even know about Microsoft back then?" Matt said to change the intensity of the highly reflective conversation.

"Well, it was truly one of my life's best little trail of crumbs. It seemed to come out of nowhere, but I heeded the voice when it came."

"Tell me what happened."

"Well, I did my banking business down at 1st Federal and a young man, named Jim Maxwell used to always want me to sit down to talk about investments. He must have thought I was rich and educated, because he always made me feel important. He would talk about the coming wave of technology, computers and all that jazz. He must not have known I only got a 6 grade education because he kept it up - almost every time I walked in."

"Was he a pest?" wondered Matt as he knew persistence was LeRoy's top key to success.

"Strangely...no," he said thinking it through. "As my mind raced to find a way to give you a future, I walked into the bank just two weeks before your first birthday and Jim said I had to come see him about this new company. He spent several hours with me, walking through the company and how buying stock worked. He reassured me of how he would be with me every step of the way. At that point, something on the inside of me said 'do it'; so I gave him \$210 and bought 10 shares of Microsoft stock. I was scared out of my mind but looking back on it, *it was the best thing I ever did.*"

Grandbooty continued, "I have bought and traded with Jim ever since and I don't mind sharing with you that I

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make *more money* from my investments than I do from this farm. Me and Frankie have a secure living and I owe that to Jim and how he treated me when I didn't have nothin. Now we will leave a good legacy to our family. But don't get any ideas; I ain't going *nowhere* anytime soon!"

"You know I wouldn't have it any other way! Jim sounds like a good man," Matt asserted.

"He sure is. *I think you should meet him.* I don't know why I didn't think of that sooner! I have a standing lunch with him once a month. The next one is a week from tomorrow. I want you to join us. Jim won't mind as it will give him someone to talk to besides an old man. Maybe he knows something that can help you with your new job."

"I would love that. I have to tell you, I feel a little lost now that LeRoy is gone. *I know it is time to stand alone, but how do you know what to do when you feel pressure and are scared out of your mind?*"

"In a way, what I did with the stock was like these here eggs. Like Frankie said, 'all the other ingredients don't mean nothin without something to hold them together' -"

"A binding agent!" Matt declared.

"Right on! *In life, when something means more than life itself, you will find the courage to fight lions and faith to move mountains!*" he said energetically.

"That sounds like something LeRoy had tried to tell me. That if a man knows 'WHY' he wants a thing; he can bear

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almost any 'HOW'. He taught me that a sincere desire to accomplish your mission would take all the other ingredients and hold them together while the baking process was being completed. I have to tell you, I feel like I am in the oven right now," Matt admitted, knowing it was safe to expose his fears to his grandfather.

"You will do just fine. Remember, life is always teaching you...showing you the way with -"

"A trail of crumbs!" exclaimed Matt with a fresh revelation of how life would guide him.

"Exactly! Even with simple things like these here eggs there are lessons to be learned. Desire is the tie that binds and gives you the gumption to follow your path. Mr. LeRoy was right, when you want the answer *bad enough*, the answer will appear. The answer will also contain a resolve for you to do it!" he finished clinching his fist like an old-school prize fighter taking a swing in the air for dramatic effect.

At that moment, they walked into the kitchen, "You're right on time!" said Frankie to Grandbooty

"Have I ever let you down?" he replied lovingly.

"*Never in 50 years,*" she said with all the love of a 16 year old wearing the captain's varsity jacket after the big game - belying their 50 plus years of marriage. She takes the eggs and hugs him and kisses him on the cheek.

The sweet scene was a reflection of how rich Grandbooty's life *truly was* - a richness that couldn't be

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measured in money, alone. Moreover, Matt was comforted to know that Grandbooty could relate to his fears and that intense desire had motivated him to move beyond his natural comfort zones all those years ago. He made up his mind to always be on the lookout for the trail of crumbs - *the answers that would help him be successful.* Not just in his career, but in every area of his life, but for now...it was time to eat!

Crumb # 1 - The Power of Two

Matt had eaten so much that afternoon he felt he would explode - and yes, the warm pound cake with the peach ice cream was the highlight of the day! After the compulsory afternoon nap, it was time to take the 2-hour drive back to the city. The ride was lively with Sara, Donna and Erin doing most of the talking. Matt jumped in where and when he could but loved listening to the women in his life in vigorous exchange.

Alfred on the other hand, was a quiet man. He would be listening but seldom contributed to the conversation. Matt never thought his silence meant anything negative. He was always good to him and his sister - *he just rarely showed emotion.* Matt was sure he got his loquacious gene from him mother. It was certain that Donna, who was studying acting at Fulbright College did - she *never stopped talking!*

In a moment of rare silence, Matt opened, "Guess what Grandbooty and I talked about today? The Microsoft stock. You should have seen the pride on his face as he relived that moment. We talked about you shedding tears that day, Dad. You...*a grown man!*"

"Yes, that was quite the day," Alfred said. "But don't ever remind a man about his tears," he said in classic authoritative tone. He was a fiercely guarded person for sure.

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"Oh Alfred, tears of joy for your children is nothing to be ashamed of. *Did I ever tell you he cried like a baby when the two of you were born?*" added Sara.

"*What?*" exclaimed Matt and Donna in unison. They had never heard that before.

"Matt, the day you were born also brought Grandbooty and your dad back together. They had not really talked in years -"

"Ok, Sara, let's not get into *that* with everyone in the car," he said firmly.

He rarely, if ever snapped at Sara in front of the kids, but they all knew he was serious. She respected him enough not to press the issue. *The next several miles were like the long green mile.* Then Alfred broke the code of silence.

"You both are grown enough now to hear this from me," he began. "Yes, my dad and I have had our differences. Once I told him that I didn't want to take the family farm but blaze my own path, it strained our relationship. He is a strong willed man of tradition but I did not **love** farming like he did. I loved cars and working on them and wanted to build a career out of it. I didn't like feeling like I was choosing between *my life* and my father, but for a few years it separated us."

Everyone was astonished how expressive he was, but did not respond, knowing he was putting his thoughts together.

"If it weren't for Sara, I am not sure I would have made it," he said in a serious tone. "We were very young, but

her unstinting belief in me and walking away from a certain life to one of uncertainty takes a *precious ruby of a woman*. I made many mistakes and we have had major financial ups and downs, but knowing she was in my corner was all I needed," he said uncharacteristically expressive. The car was now thick with emotion as everyone knew he was fighting back tears.

"You are good man," Sara added, "and it is always easy to follow a good man". She reached out to take his hand as he found the strength to compose himself for what would be the most important thing Matt had ever heard him say.

"Matt, you are a fortunate man, indeed. Erin is cut from the same cloth as Sara and you owe it to her to take care of her and your children. I don't know everything, but I have learned some things in my time here on earth. *Do you want my keys to success in life?*" Matt could only shake his head affirmatively, no words coming out.

Alfred began passionately, "Love your wife, tell her what is on your heart and mind at all times. Decide on a course of action with her as an equal partner, and use that power of agreement to fight lions and move mountains. *Doesn't matter what anyone else says, including me or your mother.* When the two of you believe together, nothing will be impossible," said Alfred letting the words flow without filtering.

At this point, the entire car was in tears. Matt realized that he had been hiding things from Erin so she wouldn't worry. When he lost his job, he had waited two days to tell her.

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When he took the job in sales, he had not really consulted her about the 3 month salary and then going on straight commission. *Yet*, she supported him with what he now realized was *blind faith*.

As he looked Erin in the eyes, they sensed what the other was thinking. That sixth sense connection reaffirmed their understanding of each other's intentions, but Matt knew now he had to rely on her not only for blind support, but agreement. He could use her natural strengths to make up for his many weaknesses.

As the car continued to roll down the secluded country road, Donna spoke up in her classic satirical style. "If ya'll are through with this rendition of 'On Golden Pond', can we change the subject? *Some of us aren't married yet!*"

"Yes, let's change the subject for the old maid in the car!" Matt said fulfilling his obligation as big brother to raze her for being single.

Everyone had a good laugh, including Alfred, but he then went right back to being his usual quiet self, and for the first time in a long time, *that was ok*. Matt realized he had just gotten a most important crumb to set him on the right path. His antenna was now up for what else he could learn from careful attention and observation. He also had a new respect for his father and grandfather and wanted to be more like them.

Crumb # 2 - I Play One On T.V

They passed through an afternoon thunderstorm and it was so torrential that took a full hour longer than usual to get home. It was almost 9pm when they pulled up at Matt and Erin's place. It was small but comfortable and Erin had done a great job of making it a home. They had been fortunate enough to purchase it before Matt lost his job.

Donna yawned and asked, "Do you guys mind if I crash here tonight? I don't want to go back to the dorms with all the storms - *hey that rhymes!*"

Before Matt could give the smart alec big brother answer, Erin said, "*Of course*, you are always welcome!"

Erin went to put the spare room together and Donna kept right on talking, "*Can you believe dad in the car?* That was the most emotion I have seen out of him in my entire life!"

"Yes, it was surprising but his heartfelt advice hit home. I can certainly relate to much of what he said."

"Are you under *that much* pressure with this new job?"

"To say the least," Matt confessed.

"What is so hard about it...it is just sales...*right?* And *anybody* can do sales," she said in a patronizing tone.

"I am not about to dignify that with a response - you obviously have no clue!" he said defensively. "Ok, then I guess acting is *so difficult*...pretending to be someone you are not?"

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"Hey, it is an art and a craft and I intend to be a famous and world renowned actress one day! You have to believe in yourself and as I mentioned earlier, I have no Erin to be in agreement. It is all on me!"

Matt had to acknowledge that Donna *was talented*. She had been voted Miss Hollywood in high school and was the center piece of several of Fulbright's plays. He was proud of her, but his brotherly instincts would never allow him to tell her so.

"Acting takes the characteristics of someone and conveys that in a manner that is believable so that the audience takes the emotional ride with the actor, the director and the writer of the story. When done properly, it is quite effective. Hey, why don't you try *acting* like a successful sales professional?

"*Acting*," said Matt, "*Wouldn't that be fake?*"

"Not if you are believable and give an Oscar worthy performance."

Erin walked in right at that moment, "Hey, didn't you pretend to be Leonardo DeCaprio and imagine me as Kate Winslet from *Titanic*? We watched the movie together and you held me in your arms and called me 'Rose'. It was so touching, it made me cry...*were you acting then?*" she said in a playfully accusatory voice.

"Of course he wasn't!" Donna interjected saving him from a sure night on the couch. "He used the characteristics of someone who was more charismatic, gorgeous and talented *than*

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himself as a guide and transferred that energy and emotion to you...*acting!*" she said proudly.

"How would I *act* like I am a sales professional?" Matt asked.

"More specifically, how would you act like a very successful sales professional?" Donna clarified.

"Ok, if I am going to do this, I might as well be the best! Ok, *Katherine Heartburn*, how can you help me with my acting skills?"

Taking over in director style, Donna began, "There is an exercise that I learned in my dramatic theater class called the 'I AM' exercise. It is designed to help you prepare for a role so that you not only act...*you become*. Step one: You take the five areas of your life and write five key words to describe the character you are emulating - physically, mentally, spiritually, socially and financially."

"I don't get it," Matt interrupted.

"Ok, physically, list 5 words would you use to describe the image of the very successful salesperson."

Erin stepped up and rubbed his belly, "I have the first two - *Fit and Sexy!* Like Brad Pitt in *Thelma and Louise!*"

"Brad Pitt could sell me insurance *anytime!*" Donna swooned.

"Don't start in on my weight - either of you!" Matt lamented. "Alright then, I will see your Fit and Sexy and raise you a *Stylish, Healthy and Youthful!*" he added.

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"Those are 5 powerful imagery words," said Donna.
"Which one of them encapsulates the image you want most?"

"Stylish," Matt asserted, "It accomplishes all the rest."

"Perfect! Now we will do that for the other 4 categories until we have one word for each that epitomizes the character for our script - *of you!*"

In the next hour, they completed the process of getting 25 vividly descriptive words for each of the categories. They then began whittling it down to the most powerful, all-encompassing and dominant word for each category.

"Now that we have the 5 words, you simply write; '*I AM a stylish, brilliant, compassionate, respected, and wealthy sales professional*'" Donna directed. "Now we need to emotionalize those statements. If you were stylish how would that *feel*?"

"Being stylish would make me more confident," Matt offered knowing that he felt great when he wore a suit to important functions.

"Now we have to 'do the work' as they say in the business. Character actors will go to prisons, the inner city and sports arenas to get the experience of the person they are portraying. It is a form of emersion that allows them to replicate the price that their character has paid to become *who they are*. What are you willing to do, for instance, to become stylish?" Donna asked.

"Lose 20 pounds!" Matt rushing to say it before Erin could.

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"*What else?* This is where you need to list the things you will give - the price you will pay - in order *to be* this person."

"I need to exercise, eat right, be fashion conscious and meticulous about details of my appearance," rolled off of his lips as he knew what he needed to do but never verbalized it. Just saying what he would do to be successful made him *feel* more successful. He learned that from LeRoy from with the 'Why Are You Here' exercises, but this was actually taking it a step further and he liked it.

"Finally, we have to put it all together into the actor's credo and mantra," said Donna. "Based on what we have written, key words and phrases the two of you have agreed on, here is your 'Who I AM' affirmation";

"I am a stylish, brilliant, compassionate, respected and wealthy sales professional. Being this person makes me feel confident, successful, admired and secure. To be my best, I must exercise, be fashion conscious and pay meticulous attention to the details of my appearance. I must be a voracious reader, speak compassionately and powerfully to convey authority. I must encourage others, inspire/motivate them, and give of my time and resources. I must change lives by empowering, enlightening and improving the quality of their lives. I must represent myself and my products with integrity, passion and purpose for my mission of helping them build generational wealth...This is WHO I AM!"'

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There was a moment of stillness in the room as Matt began to allow the statements to soak in.

"Wow," said Erin, "That is the man I married! I know you can do it!"

"Actually, he can't just do it, *he must be it!*" clarified Donna.

Matt then followed up in classic big brother style, "*To be or not to be, that is the question'.* I will be this person. If feels natural and gets my juices flowing...hungry for change and success."

"It is supposed to compel and propel you to a higher state of thought. I agree with Erin, you can *be* this!"

"Thanks sis," Matt said sincerely. "This was a great exercise!"

It was almost midnight but the time spent was well worth it. Matt prepared for bed with his head full of this person he would *be*. The thoughts filled his head the entire night.

The next morning, in spite of a late night, Matt woke up at 6am and put something on he hadn't for almost 8 months - *bis running shoes!* Erin was already in the living room in the lotus position for her daily yoga regime.

"*You going for a run?*" she asked as he passed her groggily.

"It may be more of a brisk walk, but it is time to get back to the old me."

"Or after last night's exercise...the *real you*. I love you. Coffee will be ready when you get back."

"Great, can I trouble you for some eggs and wheat toast?" asked Matt ready to begin anew.

"No trouble for my Brad Pitt!" she replied lovingly.

They shared a quick laugh and Matt was off to hit the streets for a run. As he ran, he began to notice that the world he thought would still be slumbering was already *quite busy*. Sprinkler systems were running, the newspaper delivery guy was throwing the morning edition, neighbors waved while walking their dogs, and some people were already backing out of their driveways to head off to work. *He realized that waking up at the last minute to hurry off to work was not the way to be*. He had to make more of the precious time that was given to him.

Though his heart was pounding from being out of shape and though he had to stop several times to walk, he felt empowered by his first steps toward becoming successful. He continuously wiped the sweat from his eyes. His sweat was evidence that effort was being expended; that his body was rising to the call of change...*sweat was good*.

As he showered for the day, he began to think of what a successful sales professional would be doing in that moment. He began to see his day outlined in his mind - *full of success*. As he jumped out of the shower, Erin asked if there was anything he needed. He asked her to write down his agenda for the day as he got dressed;

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He would skip the morning water cooler griping and head right to his desk with the 4 phones. Skipping the mindless office dribble would give him the 30 minutes he needed to review his warm list of leads. He would begin calling promptly at 9:30 right after the Monday morning sales meeting. At noon, he would take 30 minutes to do a call review with his manager. It was always offered, but no one took him up on it - they would all rather hurry off to lunch.

Next, he would eat lunch at his table with his I-Pod loaded with the motivational program he loved so much. From 1-3pm he would work on the financial needs analysis for the 3 clients he had appointments with later in the week. He would call them to see if he could re-arrange the times so he could see them all on the *same day* rather than break up 3 different days - as a successful sales professional is efficient with their time. Then at 3pm he would go back to the phones for a strong 2 hours of calling until it was time to go home. Just thinking about how his day was going to go in advance made him feel more in control.

"Sounds like a well structured day," said Erin, "*I am in agreement with you that the day brings great success!*"

"An early rise, a good run, and planning with you...the day can't get any better!"

"Come get your eggs and toast," she said.

"Food! Ok, the day *can* get better!" he announced ravenously.

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 became 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.

A B O U T B R A N D O N L C L A Y

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

Additional Titles Available from Brandon L Clay;

Sales Crumbs Trilogy

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