

In a Little While

I read this scripture in the NIV and then read several translations hoping to find something different. But they all had this same phrase: "After you have suffered a little while, He..." Now the promise of what He would do after a little while is incredible but honestly, I don't like the fact that I may have to walk through a difficult situation. I want immediate deliverance.

However, I must acquiesce and understand what God wants to do in my heart and in me through the trials. He wants me to know Him more. In the trials, my faith muscles are being strengthened. I am becoming a force to be reckoned with. I am growing in Him. I am being shaped more and more into His vessel. I am becoming a prophesying, mountain-moving, laying hands on the sick, walking in the Spirit, evangelizing, mighty woman of God. And it will only take "a little while."

"In his kindness God called you to share in his eternal glory by means of Christ Jesus. So after you have suffered a little while, he will restore, support, and strengthen you, and he will place you on a firm foundation." (1 Peter 5:10 NLT)

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are they coaching? There are big differences between them and how a golf pro engages with their students on the driving range.

The Coaching Spectrum

WHEN SO MANY DIFFERENT KINDS OF COMMUNICATION CAN FALL UNDER the umbrella of coaching, you need to understand when each style helps you succeed with each member of your team. ISM uses five different types of coaching, from telling to listening, in what is called the Coaching Spectrum.



Coaching Spectrum™

Download a full-sized color copy of the Coaching Spectrum by accessing this book's Companion Resource website—www.acultureofpredictablesales.com.

Rolland was working from the left side of the Spectrum during his meetings with Brad, from a pure telling position of Lecture to a Training style as Brad demonstrated cooperation. Before going to Enrique, however, he should have recognized that he needed to begin on the right-hand side of the spectrum, listening through Debriefing, and move toward the left as Enrique invited him to do so. Noting the differences in style and levels of responsibility in your salespeople will help you figure out where on the Coaching Spectrum you should begin and continue with them.

At the **Lecture** and **Train** positions, you will dictate the focus

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GROWING PAINS

"I miss being a kid. My only responsibilities were running around and laughing a lot. And someone else was in charge of my hair."

—AUTHOR UNKNOWN

GROWING UP IN ORANGE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA, I WAS IMMersed in culture from birth. My California heritage dated back to the eighteen-hundreds, consisting of five generations of orange ranchers. A quiet Orange County suburb filled with farmlands and orange groves as far as I could see. Lining the citrus trees were miles of majestic eucalyptus trees that provided a windbreak. The biggest threat was fire season, where fierce hot winds would destroy all in its path.

Rustic Orange County was what I knew, sweetly existing long before it was coined "The OC." Highly recognized from the cookie cutter "reality housewives" that helped kick-start reality T.V., high heels and all.

The chaotic home I was raised in had three loud brothers and a sister that constantly competed for attention. My voice was small and quiet in comparison.

At age six, I remember sitting still on the couch in my childhood home watching cartoons after dinner. My brothers were having their fighting ritual that happened most nights. It felt like they hated each

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Takeaways

The Boss Lays It on the Line

Accountability Partnership and Planning

NO MATTER HOW STRONG AND WELL-INTENDED YOUR PLANS FOR THE future, present-day concerns can be hard to see beyond. Dom is a forward-looking, generally hands-off boss. He believes in what Monroe and Rolland are doing. However, he has pressing sales concerns that need fast answers. To that end, Dom suggests using CRM to hold people accountable.

Accountability Partnerships help people hold themselves accountable to their own goals and produce results through the partnership.

Recall that Accountability is one of the two walls in the Team Balloon Model that can be used to lift the balloons higher when proper pressure is applied. I say "proper pressure" because most of the time, when thinking about accountability, people imagine holding someone's feet to the fire. In that scenario it's one person with power over another, holding them in a position that is definitely undesirable. I call that Impositional Accountability.

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the girl in the glass

PRESENT DAY

FINNIAN BELL'S EYES LOOKED IDENTICAL IN THE TRAIN window's reflection. Funny, that. How such a perfect mirror could tell such a perfect lie.

He willed himself to turn away, but his reflection held him motionless, despite the clickety-bump of the rail sections below him and the cramp in his leg he'd had ever since the Amtrak train left Texas headed for Portland, Oregon.

The scraggy hair and hand-me-down jeans and T-shirt were all right. At least they were clean. But he'd give anything to hide his ugly eye. It was glaring back at him, mocking his stupidity.

What made you think you could come back? That they would forgive your crime?

Finnian absently rubbed at the scar trailing down from the center of his splotchy, brown iris. It should be blue, like his other, like his mother's. Would it ever be again?

The old ache hit him in the chest again. He had dreamed of his mother for days, dreamed of her accepting him back with open arms despite . . . He shook his head to erase the memory of the last time he had seen her, the horror in her eyes turning into accusation as she held the lifeless body laying between them.

He forced his eyes away, and his gaze slipped to a spot beyond him in the window, toward a seat across the aisle. A girl sat there. She didn't look much younger than he was, maybe seventeen or eighteen, and she had a slightly exotic shape to her eyes and mouth. Even through the glass he could tell she was crying.

Finnian did not turn, did not blink. He simply stared at her. She



THE BETRAYAL

Earth, 2094
Lifter 2, Solix Sky Space Elevator

Today equatorial Earth shone out against the abyss of the cosmos, its blues and greens almost the picture of paradise from this distance. Almost.

As the lifter rose up through the 30,000-kilometer mark toward the Solix Sky Elevator's Docking Station, Solomon Reach's gaze drifted down through the viewing panel beneath his feet for the first time in a long time. It wasn't his custom to think about what was happening down on Earth. He was one of the few living in space who kept his eyes on the stars.

In the last few weeks before launch, almost everyone else, including his Reach Corp crew, focused their attention on what and whom they were leaving behind. Crews gathered to view the planet below, anxious to memorize the shapes of the continents, the vastness of the oceans, and the whorl of storm clouds—signature markings of the only home they'd ever known.

Each vertical kilometer took the elevator's lifter

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The Prima Vita

Sicily

February 21, 1723

"MADAME PETRA, PLEASE FORGIVE MY BOLDNESS, BUT MAY I ASK...?" Aurelia bit her lip, hesitating, but Lady Petra Valerii was waiting, one eyebrow arched. "How many times have you died since the turn of the first millennium, my lady?" She immediately regretted asking. It was not like her to question Petra about her past—a past she had long concealed.

"Contemplating your own immortality tonight, Aurelia?" Petra asked, laughing softly as she glanced up from the pianoforte Lucius had given her last year. The lady hadn't the natural skill or interest in music that he had, but she still loved to stumble through Pietro Scarlati's toccatas to while away the rainy Sicilian winter nights.

Tonight Aurelia had been hard at work on her encryption for hours in the *Essentiae* enclave's massive library, as she was most nights after transcribing Petra's dictation for the Immortal Codex, a secret history spanning millennia. But now her quill stood motionless in the inkwell as she gazed at her maker. Petra wore a wide contouche gown in the French style, the folds of gold shimmering in the flickering firelight as the luxuriant fabric spilled to the floor. Cobalt-blue ribbons adorned the embroidered flower design at her breast and wove deep

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PART I

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The Villa di Avidus