

The Turnbull Times

May, 2016 Volume 2

Inside this Issue

- A Matter of Breath or Death
- True Differentiation
- Tales From the Hood

A Matter of Breath or Death...

September 16th, 2013 My Mom was just arriving back in Phoenix after being a snowbird in beautiful North Idaho. She had her check up with her Pulmonary Hypertension Specialist, and it didn't go as planned. Her specialist believes she contracted the disease from taking the famously dangerous diet drug Fen-Phen. Little did she expect to have a drug she took decades before would have an everlasting impact on her health. This was no magic drug, and there was no magic cure. After years of battling the "unknown disease" at local hospitals in Idaho, my mom moved back to Arizona to see Specialist. Dr. Feldman, one of the many specialist who has had an ever lasting impact on why my mom is still with us today. Pulmonary Hypertension patients have a typical life expectancy of 3-4 years.



After that appointment my mom called me and I could tell there was something wrong. We have a tight relationship, but I sometimes would go a week without calling or talking to her. She was upset as Dr. Feldman wanted her to come check herself into the hospital the next morning as her oxygen levels were dangerously low. Plan A was to check her into the hospital for a few days, run some tests and treatments, and then send her on her way, or plan B which had never even crossed my mind as a possibility is a Double Lung Transplant. WTF?

September 18th I arrived in Phoenix, and headed to the hospital to see my mom. After years and years of tests and trials I got pretty familiar with how hospitals worked. However, I had never stepped foot inside of St. Joseph's in downtown Phoenix. I headed up the elevator and as I stepped off I soon realized she wasn't in a standard room where she would be going home in a day or two, but in the ICU. My stomach sank. I checked in at the desk, and got access into her room. She had a full breathing mask on, and her oxygen levels were in the 70's which a normal healthy person should be in the 90's. Dr. Feldman was around and

would periodically come check in and let us know what was going on. They were going to run some tests, take a camera down her esophagus and check out her lungs.

September 20th Each hour it was looking like plan B was more of an option. After days of tests on Friday the Dr's had finally reached the conclusion that she would need a double lung transplant, and it was urgent.

September 21st Typically when patients receive a transplant of any kind they have time to prepare. Receive counseling on what to expect, get all of your ducks in a row. The transplant list goes in order, starting at one for who is most in need and on down the list. My mom was #2, but it would take someone to pass that would be an organ donor, have "O" blood, and preferably a full grown adult no older than 40. Within 24 hours of going on the transplant list, they had received a possible match.

As it turns out the donors lungs weren't a good match for the person who was 1st in line, and were a match for my mom. By Saturday evening, no less than 24 hours after going on the transplant list they were scheduling the procedure for midnight. By this point my brother and I had finally seen some worry in my mom's eyes. After all she is the toughest individual I have ever met going through the passing of our father, many of her immediate family, and numerous bouts with skin cancer. She had been given the ultimate ultimatum, and without a doubt wouldn't give in now.

Heading to the pre op room around midnight I have never experienced a feeling like that. Almost like a flashback of all the things my mom has done for my brother and I over the years, and all we could do for

her was kiss her, hug her and hold her before they took her away.

Periodically the surgeon would come into the waiting room where my brother and I tried to rest and give us brief updates. Minutes felt like hours. Finally around 6am the surgeon came into the room and told us that the surgery was successful, and that her lungs were in such bad shape that she probably wouldn't have survived another day. On the flip side she was so weak from the lack of oxygen to her body that the

road to recovery would be that much tougher.

September 22nd For what felt like eternity my brother and I would sit in her room, watching the machines breath for her. Tubes in virtually every hole there was no way of communicating. Her arms had to be restrained to the bed to keep her from pulling out the tubes. On occasion the nurse

would release the restraints if she could muster up the strength to tell us a message with her pencil and paper.

It was obvious at this point the road to recovery was going to be much more of a challenge than any of us expected.

The last week of September Each day after the transplant my mom was gaining strength. Still on a ventilator for the week, but each and every day was gaining more and more strength. Slowly the doctors were starting to let her try to breathe more on her own. One week after her transplant I was able to dig up this selfie 😊



October After a couple of weeks of being on a ventilator my mom was finally able to breathe on her own. This did not come without its challenges. It is like learning how to do everything over again. During the surgery they essentially shut down the body as far as they can, and the brain therefore loses many functions.

Gathering the strength and muscle memory to do something as simple as walking was a challenge.

We started with doing one lap around the floor a day, and then that slowly became 2 laps. Then it was multiple laps, multiple times a day. It was during this period when I posted this, and is the reason why I plan on launching the Nurses Only™ program in the very near future.



She was progressing, but very slowly. After a month of recovering in the ICU she was finally able to swallow food, and gather the strength to get out of bed without much assistance.

November 17th After nearly two months of being in the hospital she was finally discharged in time to watch the Seahawks kick the Vikings butt.

This was actually the second time she had been discharged but had some complications a couple of weeks prior and ended up back in the ICU as her lungs were holding fluid.

Over the next couple of months my brother and I continued to take turns flying down to Phoenix to be her care takers.

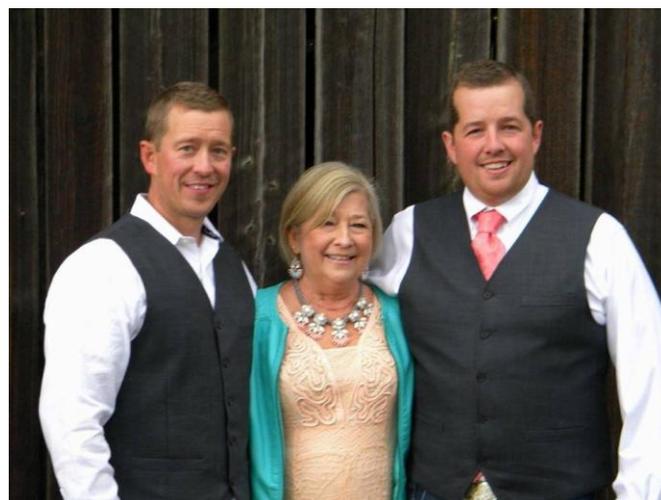
The tides had turned.

We had gone from Mom always being the one who took care of us, cooked us food when we were under the weather, or hung over, and wiped our asses 😊.

Now it was our turn. Fortunately we have a wonderful support system, and made the situation as seamless as anyone could hope for.

It seems like every day there is a different dragon for my mom to slay. Doctors continually have to alter her medications, which on any given day is 20 plus pills. Most recently she has been able to receive most of her treatments here at KMC. The anti bodies are continuously building up and fighting against the foreign lungs.

Some days are better than others, but it is the Heart Power that my Mom has shown over the years that can never be taken away from her. As she always says "Life is too short for cheap wine". So keep drinking that fine wine Mom! Cheers!



Cory, my Mom, and I at my Wedding on September 5th, 2015. Almost 3 years to the day of her transplant

It's not as easy as you think to achieve maximum profit...

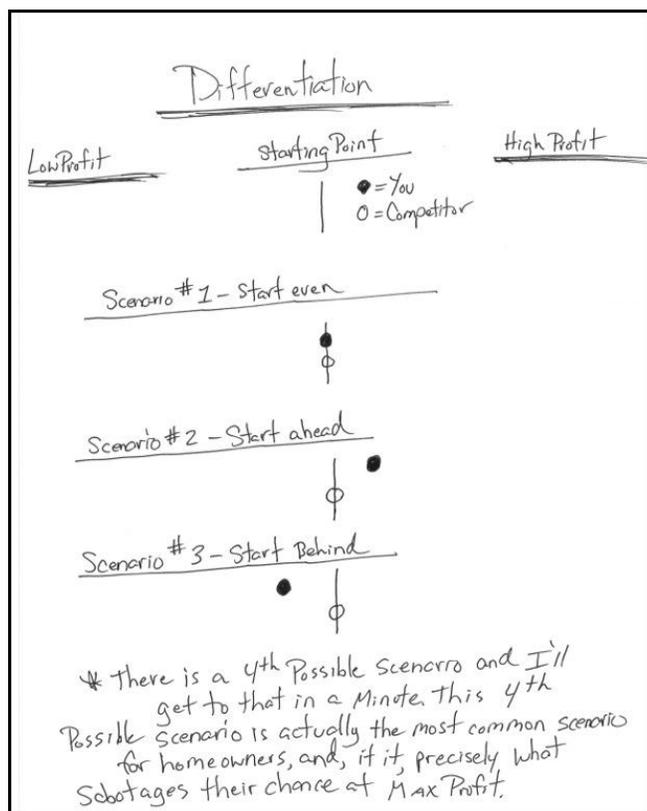
True Differentiation: How it impacts profit and dictates strategy when selling a home.

I realize the image to the right may not have 20 horses in it, but I have simplified it for better understanding. This sketch is comparing your home sale to that of a horse race which in turn can be compared to the "Granddaddy of them all, The Kentucky Derby". This sketch can have a profound and direct impact on the bottom-line profit in your home sale. You'll also want to share this with friends and family members that you care about too.

When I set out to compare a home sale I thought what a better opportunity than a horse race. Many of you know that I am a gambler, and it's not my fault. I believe it is hereditary. Some would call me crazy, or say that it's just how I was raised.

Grandma Mary Ann and Grandpa Bill had race horses. Believe it or not there used to be horse races held at the Kootenai County Fairgrounds until 1983, and also in Spokane at Playfair up until 2000. Grandpa Bill first dabbled in thoroughbreds in 1962, and stayed in horse racing until his death in 1979.

Aunt Pat was telling me a story about how Grandpa got kicked out of Playfair for accusing a jockey of throwing a race... Turns out Grandpa Bill may have



indulged in a few too many beers and lost some money 😊

Anyway back to the story .I couldn't even tell you the list of preparation that goes into a horse race, especially talking about the Kentucky Derby. The Derby is limited to 3 year old horses, most of which have never lost a race in their young careers. Leading up to the big race there are qualifying races such as the Santa Anita Derby, Arkansas Derby, and Florida Derby. These horses don't just roll out of their paddocks and run a mile and a quarter in two minutes. They prepare.

Refer to the sketch above and notice that there are three scenarios. Each scenario describes the starting position of your product , your home, in relation to other competing homes on the market, or in this instance in the race.

The more and better you differentiate your product, the faster you will move forward toward the higher

profit. And of course, the less you differentiate the faster you move backwards toward a lower profit. All the while the other homes on the market, in your neighborhood, in your price range, with similar square footage are competing in the race.

In Scenario #1- you, your home, you start even with your competitors. You are neither ahead or behind. There is no discernible difference between your home and others. No apparent advantages or disadvantages. Odds are 10-1

In Scenario #2- you, your home, starts out ahead of the competition. This could be for a number of reasons. But through some means of differentiation, you have the advantage of a 5 second head start. So as long as you run the race appropriately, and don't stumble down the back stretch or get bumped, you are the odds on favorite to win. Odds are 2-1

In Scenario #3- you, your home, starts out at a notable disadvantage to the completion. You are the longshot at 99-1. To win, you have to run the most amazing race of your life, and catch a few breaks along the way. Sure it happens but there is a reason the odds are 99-1

Part of my job is to be the trainer. Before the race starts I create a "race strategy," which in turn creates your homes starting position.

Take the Kentucky Derby from earlier this month for example. Nyquist went off at 2-1 odds. He was the favorite for a reason. His preparation was unmatched. He trained with the Derby in mind, and won the Breeders Cup Juvenile, and Florida Derby on his way to the Derby. He did not just stroll out of paddock on May 7th, and ease his way to victory. There was lots of strategy that went into it.

From the second the horses broke from the gate he had an advantage. The jockey, Mario Gutierrez was told by the trainer, Doug O'Neill to get out in the front like scenario #2 shows.

Yea you could try to make the argument that it's a horse race, they all start at the same time like scenario #1 shows, but when you really think about it there were many horses that actually started at scenario #1, and even scenario #3, but not Nyquist, he started out ahead because of the pre race preparation.

Sure he was challenged by other horses such as Gun Runner, and the late charging Exagerator, but he was by far the class of the race, and it showed.

Now you would think that every home, given the three scenarios above either starts a) even b) ahead or c) behind the competition, right? Wrong. There is actually a 4th possible scenario.

In scenario #4- you, your home, starts out ahead of the competition, but.... Only "in your mind," for obvious reasons this is dangerous.

When a homeowner is blinded to their true starting position in relation to other competing homes on the market; due to pride of ownership, ego, arrogance, they sabotage their chance for maximizing profit.

There is, by the way, nothing wrong with starting from behind. The fabled underdog stories exist for a reason. To upset the odds-makers. But the underdog to win, must realize he is the underdog, and through strategy, offset his handicap.

Nyquist versus every contender: An apparent mismatch, but in the race the contenders will place their shots strategically, and BANG, one misstep or stumble by the front runner and that unbeatable horse is no longer unbeatable.

This is why, in my book, *The Value-Driven Approach to Sell Real Estate; A practical guide to protect yourself from REAL ESTATE GREED & bank an extra \$30,000 profit by thinking like the great Warren Buffett*, I talk about the importance of getting and accurate and comprehensive diagnosis- for this very reason- to identify your homes true starting point.

The last scenario in the world you ever want to participate in is scenario #4. You may as well put the blinders on and ride jocky-less.

One interesting tidbit too, about how true differentiation works, when done correctly and effective, you not only control whether your home moves forward or backward "in the race" toward higher or lower profit, you also control whether competing homes (with yours) move forward or backward too.

I suppose it's kind of like cheating, that is tying a rope around your competitor, and anchoring him to a tree before the start of the race, but hey- that other

homeowner should had hired someone who understands true differentiation, then they wouldn't be placed in that position, chained to a lower potential profit.

The biggest secret, though, for maximum profit you must know your "product's" starting point in relation to its competitors. Without this, nothing else really matters as the details are fiction and hypothetical, not reality.

But with reality, we can get to true strategy.

If it turns out that we're the underdog so be it, we'll run the race of the underdog and in accord to the facts, shoot for the upset.

Tales from the 'Hood

**Real stories from Cole Turnbull's
every day experiences. The Good, The
Bad, and the Ugly!**

Can you lay down at night and feel good about your day?

Just the other day I was listening to a fellow agent talk about how she gets business. It makes me feel sorry for what my buddy Ryan Fletcher would call the "Low Information Agent". Two things she said really stuck in my head.

Are you shitting me #1

The first was that she spends around \$30,000 a year on bettering herself and her business. Now here is the kicker. This \$30,000 is going towards three different coaching programs. ..

I sat there and thought about this for a second. This gal spends \$2500 in a month for three different coaches to tell her to make 20+ calls a day, knock on doors, and memorize scripts? One coach isn't good enough, and then two coaches weren't good enough, so you had to get a third?

"The fear of cold calling has melted away. I make 20+ calls a day and I have grown numb to rejection..." she said.

I am no genius, but does it really take \$2,500 a month for these gurus to build up your confidence to where you feel numb to rejection?

Are you shitting me #2

The second statement she made that I am still giggling about is that the reason all of these new agents fail is because they work with underqualified and unmotivated clients...

Maybe the reason why 90% agents can't pay their bills in their first year of the business is because they are taught tactics such as yours, but just haven't grown numb to the rejection yet.

Sure an agent shooting from the hip, cold calling and door knocking may be able to get fortunate and land a new client, but even a blind squirrel finds a nut every now and then.

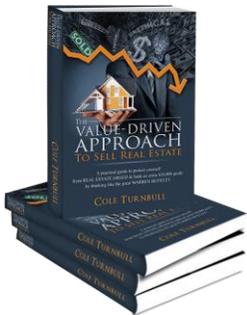
You see it's not the new agents fault that they aren't successful pounding on doors and bugging people like telemarketers. It is the way they are told to run their business that makes them suffer.

Most are just too lazy to put in the work of creating content. I offered a fellow agent to read my story on differentiation the other day and he looked and it, and said "I can't read this it's too long", and went back to calling FSBO's. All I can do is try to help, but some people just don't see it because the ROI isn't instant.

Tab's Favorite Game					
		3	7	4	5
		1			2
	9	4		7	
1	5	6	3		
4	2			8	6
		8	1	5	4
	3	8		2	
2			1		
7	4	5	2		

Have you received a copy yet?

Check out www.freebook4cdacharity.com to find out what The Value-Driven Approach is all about, and to help local charities.



About the Author- Cole Tumbull is an entrepreneur and relentless innovator of the real estate industry. He is the creator of the "Value Driven Approach to Sell Real Estate". Fortunate enough to be one of the few who were born and raised in North Idaho. Cole Enjoys spending time in the great outdoors, and is an avid Seahawks and Sun Devil fan.

Cole also supports many great national charities too, such as: National Foundation for Transplants, St. Josephs Foundation, Boys and Girls Club, Movember Foundation, Forward Assist Foundation, Rocky Mountain Elk Foundation among others. Being a committed philanthropist he hopes to raise/donate over \$10,000 to local charities each year.



The Turnbull Times

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May Edition

Testimonials from Turnbull Times Members

- Cole did an excellent job, we will be listing our home for sale in the very near future, and we will again choose Cole to work with us. – JoAnn Solberg
- Cole Turnbull was extremely helpful with the build of our house, and dealing with issues as they arose. We are completely satisfied with Cole and highly recommend him. – Shavon Young
- In the process of purchasing our first home, Cole Turnbull ensured it was a memorable and exciting experience. He was very knowledgeable and helpful with each question and concern we had. We would highly recommend Cole to family and friends! – Ty & Ashley Sanders

This newsletter is intended for entertainment purposes only.