

The Turnbull Times

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Inside this Issue

- Tatum's First Ride
- A Case Study: 1147 S. Palomino Dr.
- As Heard On Coeur d'Alene Advice Givers With Ryan Davis
- As Heard on Coeur d'Alene Advice Givers with PJ Slauson

Tatum's First Ride

Wow, the last month has just flown by and it has been filled with a ton of firsts for myself, Tab, and of course Tatum. It seems like every day we are challenged with firsts in our lives, especially in becoming parents. Many Firsts are emotionally charged, stressful, and worrisome. While they may be beneficial, they challenge us to stretch ourselves and help us grow as individuals.

One of the firsts that I will always remember is Tatum's first car ride. It was June 20th, around 6pm, the sun was still high in the sky, and the discharge papers had all been signed. We were wheeled out in front of the hospital with all of our belongings being turned loose back to this crazy world.

I nervously left Tab and Tatum's side to go fetch the car. With perceived dangers all around I scanned the entrance area to make sure nobody appeared to be a threat to my family.

All was Clear.

As I pulled up to the entrance where Tatum and Tab awaited, the nerves really began to set in. My palms were sweaty, stomach was tightening up, and my hands felt a bit shaky. I felt like I was about to get on one knee all over again.

Suddenly all of the fears and questions that I had crossed my mind in the 9 months leading up to this moment had reappeared. There was no practice run. What if I was doing everything wrong? My brain was full of questions doubting my abilities, but mostly...

WHAT DID WE KNOW ABOUT PARENTING?

I was now responsible for another human being, and damn if I was going to do anything that could potentially harm her.

The car seat was our first challenge. As we sat the carrier down on the ground I slowly lowered Tatum into the seat. It appeared that she was far too small for this thing. How was

it supposed to strap? Was it too loose? Was this car seat even made for an infant? No that can't be right, can it?

I felt like everyone coming in and out of the hospital was judging me. Were they all criticizing me on how I was supposed to be strapping my little girl into her car seat? I wanted to run back inside and ask the nurse if she could give us a hand, but I knew this was the start of being on our own. We wouldn't have a nurse at home to hold our hands and tell us what to do. It was time to Dad up and figure it out.

Fortunately for me, Tab was patiently waiting for me to step aside to let her work her magic on the car seat. Within the matter of a few minutes we were loading Tatum into the car.



As I closed the back seat door behind Tab I realized that I was no longer just responsible for myself, but our precious cargo in the backseat was dependent on me. It was up to

me to get them home safely. I had no choice but to be stoic, and take to the road like the thousands of other times I have done so without incident.

As I stood outside the car by myself I began conducting what felt like a hundred point safety inspection. I inspected the tires, making sure that they were all filled to the desired psi. I made sure all of the doors were closed tightly, and I slowly settled up behind the steering wheel. First seat belt, then adjusted the side mirrors, then the rear view. Quick turn into the back seat to make sure Tatum didn't make a run for it. We were good to go!

Ever so slowly I crept over each speed bump through the parking lot. I stopped for seconds at every stop sign. I even stopped at the yield sign even though there wasn't another car as far as I could see.

The running joke from earlier in the day came from my sister-in-law, Franki. She asked "Are you actually going to get on the interstate when you go home?" My typical smart ass response "How else would I get to Post Falls?"

But in all honesty I was absolutely nervous about getting on I-90. Taking the side roads did cross my mind for a quick moment, but no way would I chicken out.

I was sure to accelerate to the 65mph speed limit as I merged onto the interstate. Once through Coeur d'Alene it was free sailing to Post Falls, in the right lane of course.

As we pulled up to our home, the garage door began to open. I began to get emotional.

Just a couple days before Tab and I were pulling up to the house having a conversation

about how much different our lives would be with a child in the backseat. How our lives were going to be changed forever. That moment was finally REAL.

That first drive home had changed my outlook on a lot of areas in my life both personally and professionally.

THIS IS WHEN IT HIT ME

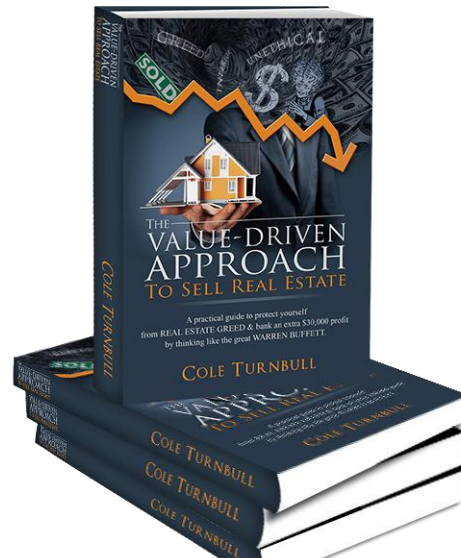
I will do everything in my power to assure that Tatum is never exposed to unnecessary dangers by making fundamental mistakes.



Since then, each and every time we get into the vehicle, we take the same measures to eliminate the unnecessary dangers by eliminating fundamental mistakes. I have become confident with the ins and outs of getting Tatum in her car seat, securing it in the vehicle, and ultimately assuring the vehicle is safe for travel.

The same goes for myself Professionally. I will do everything in my power to assure that my clients are never exposed to unnecessary dangers by making fundamental mistakes, and ultimately putting their futures in peril.

Take the Eachon's Case Study (pg.4) for example. On the surface it appeared that their home was ready for the market when I originally arrived. However there was weeks of preparations to take place before we were ready to hit the road.



**Have you received a copy of
“The Value-Driven Approach to Sell Real Estate”?**

If you would like one please visit www.colesturnbull.com/my-book/ to receive your free copy.

A Case Study

1487 S. Palomino Drive, Coeur d'Alene, ID

It felt like it was just yesterday when I was opening the door to the pungent smell of cat urine at 1487 Palomino. It was a hot late August day back in 2013, and the Eachon's were looking to get away from the hustle and bustle of Coeur d'Alene. They had found this listing, drove by it, and wanted to investigate further why it was still available.

As we pulled up to the home, it was quickly becoming obvious why a home on 10 acres hadn't sold when it was listed at only \$149,900. The skirting around the double wide was broken. Missing in places. Makeshift fences were used as dog runs. Where there was supposed to be grass, there was only dirt and weeds.

As I walked up to the door dodging the yellow jackets, I remember fearing for my safety with the rickety old wooden stairs leading to the front door. As I opened the lock box, and turned the key in the knob it became even more obvious why this home hadn't sold. The inviting smell of cat piss hit us in the face like a sack of rocks. Typically when this happens while showing homes, you quickly close the door again, put the key back, and move onto the next home. But this one was different. I could tell that both Chris and Amber had a vision for what this place could be.

So we proceeded with the showing. The walls were covered with wallpaper, the carpet was heavily stained, and mistaken for a litter box. Every little nook and cranny filled with the

sellers items. There was no rhyme or reason for any of the décor.

But we kept going. All of the toilets and bathtubs had an orange tint to them, making it very obvious that the well was high in iron. This didn't scare Chris and Amber off either. They knew that all of these were things that they could fix.

We eventually put an offer in on the home, and closed shortly after.



Before

Earlier this year my phone rang, and it was Chris on the other line. He wanted me to come up to the home and talk to them about possibly putting their home on the market. To be honest with you I thought he was insane when he was telling me that he thought they could get north of \$250k when all of those memories from when they purchased came to my head.

I knew they had done a ton of work to the home from previous conversations, but I hadn't seen it. As I pulled up I couldn't believe it. Was I at the same house? The

broken white skirting was gone. It was now replaced with a beautiful cedar lap skirt that flowed with the new exterior paint job. But this wasn't even close to the most noticeable addition to the home.

Where those old rickety steps used to be now sat one of the most beautiful decks I have ever laid my eyes on. It was huge, partially covered with tongue and groove ceiling, and iron railings. Not only that, but it ran to the edge of the flat landing overlooking Post Falls below. One of the most picturesque settings to watch the sun go down.

As Amber welcomed me inside, I was even further blown away by the work they had done. The old nasty wall paper was a distant memory, and so was the carpet the cats used as the litter box. I was now standing on a beautiful laminate floor, feeling like I was in a completely different home. They essentially gutted the place, and made what was once a place nobody wanted to step foot into a home. The toilets and sinks were no longer orange, as they had replaced them and installed a filter to account for the high iron concentration.



After

While their home may have appeared list ready to the average joe, there was still some

work to do utilizing 'The Value-Driven Approach' get them maximum value.

Like usual, we made an appointment with Griffen of White Brick Interiors and she came up to give the Eachon's her expertise in Scientific Staging.

Stain the deck. Add flower pots. Remove everything but a few jars from the kitchen counters. Pack up most of Finn's toys. Clear off the Fridge. Remove Family photos. Touch up paint. Replace the front door handle. Mostly items in which most people would balk at, but these small adjustments make a big difference in selling a home and the Eachon's understood that.

Once the pre listing game plan was executed, we were ready for our professional photos. As usual Mike McCall of McCall Media made the home shine in the photos. Capturing each and every angle in which to maximize the visuals for buyers.

We hit the market at a list price of \$259,900. Nearly \$120,000 more than what they had paid for the home three and a half years earlier.

Within a couple of days we had showings left and right, and multiple offers. Before we knew it we were under contract, and had a back up offer in place.

The escrow went smoothly on the home. The bitter sweet moment of selling their first family home quickly became reality in just a matter of 34 days after we went live on the MLS for well over asking price.

Once again the documented approach had proven its weight in gold.

As Heard on Coeur d'Alene Advice Givers:

Ryan Davis of



When Ryan Davis accepted the position of executive director of the Boys and Girls Club of Kootenai County in 2006, it was, retrospectively, a leap of faith.

Davis, who previously worked at the Boys and Girls Club of Nampa as the director of operations, was ready to ascend in his career with the non-profit organization.

But while the North Idaho chapter had a horde of supporters, it was, unlike Davis' previous stops, a start-from-scratch operation devoid of its own facility, a situation compounded by the 2008 recession.

A cursory glance at the club's two current locations -- the Jordan Johnson Center in Post Falls and the Lola and Duane Hagadone Clubhouse in Coeur d'Alene -- coupled with a robust membership, might suggest that his operation went off without a hitch.

The affable Davis, who grew up on a Craigmont, Idaho farm, is quick to state the contrary.

"We had 100-something kids in a basement with two little windows," Davis said of club's initial location at the Church of Nazarene in Post Falls. " In the summertime, a lack of air conditioning. Those are times we can look back on and smile now. But, at the time, there was never a dull moment."

Davis and his diligent staff pounded the pavement, though, presenting the club's mission to businesses, hosting events and writing grants, among other fundraising efforts.

A decade later, Boys and Girls Club of Kootenai County has grown into a service that impacts roughly 5,700 area kids a year. Fifty-five percent of the members are at or below the poverty line.

"When you can look back and be able to make a difference... Wow, I got to see someone succeed. I got to be a part of that," said Davis, who got his start at the Lewiston Boys and Girls Club. "That's what keeps you going every single day."

Davis sat down with Coeur d'AleneAdviceGiver.com's Cole Turnbull to discuss his personal journey with the Boys and Girls Club.



As Heard on Coeur d'Alene Advice Givers:

PJ Slauson of



*Professional Locksmith
Sets & Systems*



A 10-year-old PJ Slauson made his coin by selling red worms, exhibiting the sort of entrepreneurial spirit that helped him sell his business by the tender age of 12.

Twenty years later, Slauson owns and manages key-based CLK Supplies, Aero Lock and Custom Print Wear -- all while balancing the life as a husband and a father of three.

Between his adolescent and adult trades, however, were two instances that ultimately veered the Coeur d'Alene man into becoming his own boss.

After graduating from Lake City High School in 2003, Slauson, whose father, Peter, owns Country Lock and Key, was looking to make some extra money while attending North Idaho College.

Slauson had been helping his father cut keys since he was 6. He saw a window of opportunity, though, when he noticed three shelves in the corner of his father's shop stocked with supplies he could sell on eBay, then a new and burgeoning bid-and-sell website.

"Can I sell that on eBay?" Slauson asked Peter, pointing to mostly seal case supplies and key tags. "I can sell them and let's split split the money."

Peter obliged. His son's new business soon boomed.

Slauson would often take orders while in class at NIC, often stepping out during lectures. One unexpected call warranted his attention.

It was a producer from the set of

CSI: Miami. The show had chosen Slauson's business for some episode props.

"If I am going to do this, let's do it it," Slauson told himself. "I dropped out of college at that point and got serious."

Slauson would later buy Aero Lock, once a Tennessee-based company that specializes in professional locksmith systems,

He wasn't done. In 2010, Slauson started a silkscreening and embroidery business, one that features a machine capable of spitting up to 500 pieces an hour.

One of Slauson's keys to success? Seeking mentorship in people you already know and respect.

"Taking advantage of friendships you already have," he said. "The ones that have been there and done that."

Slauson hasn't just balanced a healthy marriage and the demanding life of an entrepreneur. He's dedicated himself to fitness, too, which has enriched other aspects of his life.

In the last 14 months, Slauson has lost 80 pounds, a lifestyle change he attributes to the book "The 4-Hour Body" and famous Beachbody trainer, Shaun T.



"It's about becoming OK with being uncomfortable," said Slauson, who has also authored the 54-page book "Lock Rekeying Made Simple."

Slauson sat down with Coeur d'AleneAdviceGiver.com's Cole Turnbull to discuss his three businesses and the keys to keeping a balanced and healthy lifestyle.

The Turnbull Times

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About the Author- Cole Turnbull 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.



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