



# Arrivals





# The Revolution Begins

Monday—12:07 PM

(Tucson, Arizona)

“It’s been quite a while, Ms. Bancroft,” said the dark-haired woman with a smile. “Welcome to La Mariposa Resort & Spa.”

Abby glanced up from the usual check-in paperwork, drawn to the warmth in the woman’s voice. “Thanks,” she said. “Do I know you?” She was terrible with names. She blamed it on all the travel—the constant coming and going; it took the individual aspects of people and places and blurred them together into one continuous watered-down scene like the paintings hanging over beds in chain hotels. But the woman was still smiling and there was something familiar about her face.

“Mary Mitchell. We met a few years ago,” the woman said, reaching out to shake Abby’s hand. “Your seminar here—it changed my life.”

*A fellow revolutionary*, thought Abby with a grin. *I'm glad to hear it.* “What group were you with?” she asked, flipping through the sessions in her mind, searching for this face among the crowded rooms.

“I wasn’t with a group, Ms. Bancroft, I was your . . . uh . . . waitress. Seems like yesterday. It was a difficult time in my life, I was a single mom and in serious financial trouble.” Her voice trailed off and Abby could see emotion in her eyes as she recounted her story.

“I remember the day my manager told me you wanted to see me in the conference room you had booked for the sessions. I was very worried because I thought I’d done something wrong. I arrived in the room and you made me stand beside you in front of the whole group. I could feel my face turn red with embarrassment. Then you asked the entire room to thank me for my work during your conference. What you did for me, the applause, it made me feel like somebody important, like I mattered,” said Mary. “It really turned things around for me.”

“Suddenly, my job and I mattered again. I’m sure those Five Practices I overheard you speak of made the difference. I decided to go back to school to train in hotel management. I was fortunate enough to earn the assistant manager position here at La Mariposa. When I saw your name on the conference schedule, I knew I had to thank you.”

“Mary, that’s great,” said Abby, shaking her head. It never ceased to amaze her, the changes people could undergo when they really got it. “Would you and your staff join us later this week for some more applause and embarrassment?”

“That would be really great . . . sure. I’m always telling my staff about you. I have a great group, they will serve you well. I look forward to seeing their shocked faces,” chuckled Mary.

Abby glanced toward the double doors and the waiting bellman. “I’ve got to get settled but I’ll be in touch.”



Abby loved this place. The warm caress of desert breezes, the sun shimmering off the Santa Catalina Mountains. In all her years of coaching and speaking, this was one of her favorite off-site locations. And she was excited at the thought of being able to get together with Sam Arthur, her mentor and now primary investor in her new business effort, Perfect Leadership Consulting. His expertise and deep research into leadership, plus his investment, had been the key to her success. And he was always so modest about his achievements. Lately, he’d said he was dabbling in the hotel business. She was not sure what that meant, but she knew it would be interesting to find out.

As she made her way across the grounds, she shifted her thoughts to the week ahead. Her mission was to help two pharmaceutical companies build a cohesive team for the product sales joint venture they were trying to put together. Charlie Verona, the key facilitator, would be put to the test. His group had a real pistol of a problem in it, a sales veep named Joe Vanderson. They’d have to put their heads together on that guy before the first session. She looked forward to seeing Charlie again, not only to put a plan of action together on how to

combat the potential Joe problem, but also to share his company. Being on the road for so long made her crave some familiarity. And Charlie always seemed to bring out the cravings, in spite of the fact she had Dennis patiently waiting at home for her . . . waiting for an answer she just wasn't ready to give him yet.