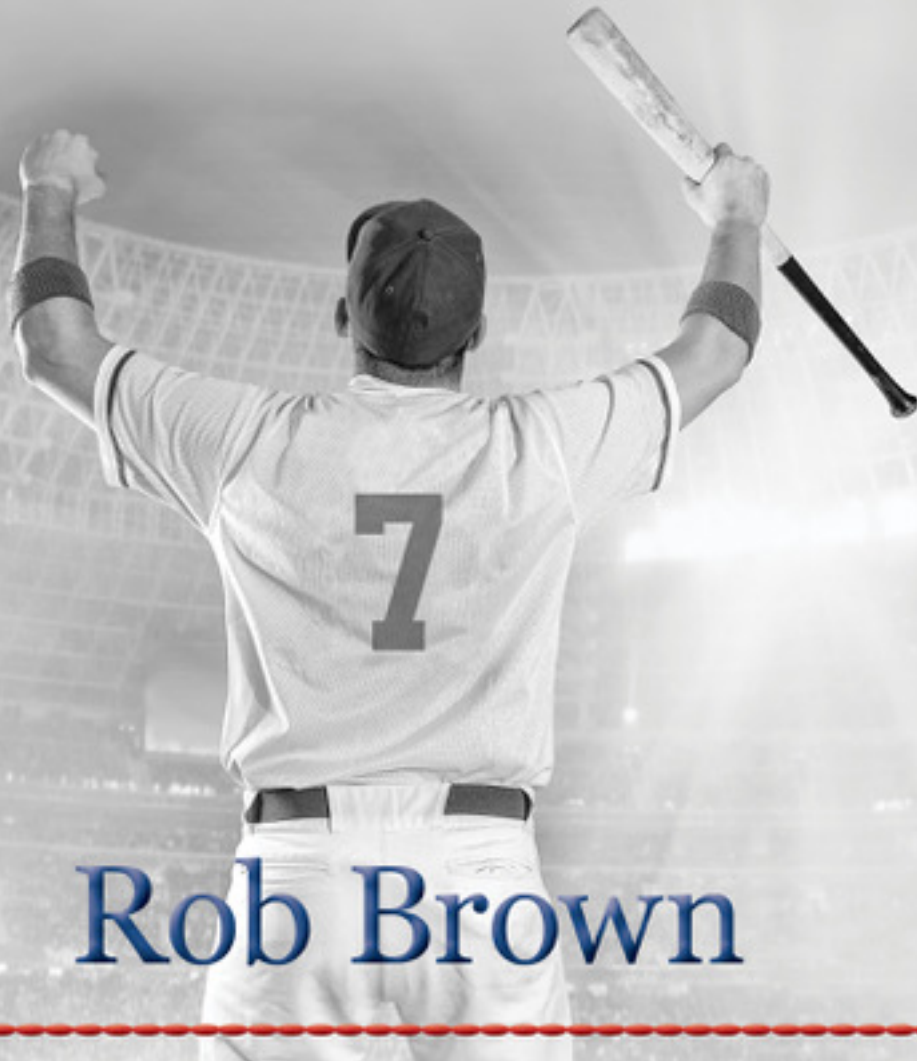


Live, Love, and Lead with Purpose and Impact

TRUEST FAN



Rob Brown

PRAISE FOR

TRUEST FAN

"You don't have to be a baseball fan—or a religious person—to glean the gems from this short, easy-read book. Sometimes the biggest secrets of life are hiding right under our noses."

—Perry Marshall, Author, *80/20 Sales & Marketing and Ultimate Guide to Google Ads*

"Wow, great book. I couldn't put it down as it is a fast-moving story that is packed full of important lessons. I was trying to absorb each lesson as deeply into my soul as possible all while I was inspired to hear what's next. The lessons are inspiring and challenging. I will need to read it over and over again to perfect the truths found within. It is encouraging me to improve my life and to help other important people in my life. I plan to share it with my family, my church family and my team at work. What this world needs most is the core values expressed in this book and more truest fans."

—Ron Dickinson, Founder and CEO,
Dickinson Investment Advisors

"I love what the author, Rob Brown, has done. It's just terrific! By the end of the first chapter, Rob won me over and brought me into his story. Faithfully written, the *Truest Fan* journey is an excellent roadmap for bringing out the best in ourselves and others. Don't simply read it. Apply it. And share it with others."

—Reverend Patrick Willson,
Presbyterian Pastor (retired)

"It's easy to get distracted from what's important to us with today's hectic pace. Rob has written a guide that not only helps us reach our goals and do work that matters, but also to get our priorities right and enjoy the journey with our friends and family no matter what adversity we may face. *Truest Fan* gives you simple lessons to find and fulfill your purpose."

—Terry Dean, The Internet Lifestyle Coach

"*Truest Fan* is a fun and touching story that anyone, in any walk of life, will benefit from reading. It is about the journey we all take as we endeavor to live our best lives. The author, Rob Brown, offers seven essential lessons for living and leading with love, purpose, and authenticity. It made me chuckle, it made me think, and it made me emotional. It made me want to be a better person in all aspects of my life. I immediately wanted to share it with my team, family, and friends. Read *Truest Fan*, share the story—you'll grow your faith along the way."

—Matt Ross, President, Ross Financial

"Love the lessons, the texts at the beginning of each chapter, and the people you meet along the way. It kept me intrigued from start to finish. I know you will encourage so many with this story. I'm already reflecting on how I can be a better Truest Fan for my friends and family."

—Anne Carlson

"Rob Brown, the author of *Truest Fan*, shares with us seven life lessons gained from people he has met and through his love of baseball. Each lesson comes with a story, a citation from the Bible, and a quote that sports fans will recognize. This is not a philosophical or moralizing treatise but a collection of conversations that one can easily imagine taking place. I was reminded of talks I had with my parents and others who imparted wisdom derived from their life experiences. Although the book is a quick read, I continue to think about it and expect to revisit it in the future."

—CW Stacks, Coach and Teacher
(retired), Charlotte Latin School

Live, Love, and Lead with Purpose and Impact

TRUEST FAN

Rob Brown

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To Bruiser, Ken, Jack, Willie, Sue, Lori, John and Patrick. Thank you for your many life and faith lessons. I hope and pray this book shares them in a way that inspires others. Thank you for being my Truest Fans. I will be yours for now and evermore.

To my daughters, Blakeley, Morgan and Alston. I wrote this book in large part for you. Please know that these Truest Fan lessons are the values I hold most dear. They are values that I see in you. And I pray they will be values that continue to bloom and grow throughout your lives.

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INTRODUCTION

There have been three constants in my life: God, family and the Cleveland Indians. And sure, I know, the first two seem like a logical combination while the third, a baseball team that hasn't won a World Series in my lifetime, appears out of place.

Let me assure you, it isn't.

You see, for me, each one of these constants has been bound together by love. Not always the same kind of love, but love nonetheless.

This, some may call it strange, way of thinking about love emanates from my belief that we all need to be Truest Fans. Authentic people who believe in ourselves, cheer for others, and trust in God. Truest Fans take every opportunity imaginable to share their love and their loyalty wherever life may take them.

Much of my understanding of this love comes from my belief in God. A God who taught and teaches us to love everybody even when it seems impossible. And though I'm far from a perfect practitioner of my faith, I try.

We all need to be Truest Fans. Authentic people who believe in ourselves, cheer for others, and trust in God.

Being a Truest Fan helps me stay on track.

My family has also taught me a great deal about love. Both how easy and how difficult love can be when you try to live that love every day. Recognized in a simple kiss or confused by the unintended ways we can hurt each other as we go in different directions.

Being a Truest Fan helps me hold onto what's most important.

Being a Truest Fan helps me hold onto what's most important.

Finally, Cleveland baseball holds a similar allure. Born and bred an Indians' fan, I have experienced many highs and quite a few lows rooting on my Tribe. Watching games, players and fans has helped shape the way I think about love. After all, with a game that has no time clock, you don't always have to think about what's going on between the lines.

Being a Truest Fan requires humility, loyalty and celebration.

What follows is a series of Truest Fans lessons I have learned through my life experiences and from people who have touched my life. All are woven together by the common bonds of love of God, love of family and love of the Cleveland Indians.

I pray they inspire you to become a Truest Fan.

FREE TRUEST FAN IMPLEMENTATION GUIDE

Dear Friends,

Before you even begin this book, I want you to know that I am your Truest Fan. I want nothing but the best for you.

My hope is that as you read this book, you become inspired. Inspired to become an even more authentic you. A person who has a deep and abounding love of God, family and self.

My prayer is that you will always live a meaningful, impactful and purposeful life.

To further help and inspire you, I have created a *Truest Fan Implementation Guide*. You see, you are about to uncover the 7 most important lessons of Truest Fan wisdom. Lessons, when applied, that lead to personal and professional transformation.

You just need to be willing to give them a try.

My prayer is that
you will always
live a meaningful,
impactful and
purposeful life.

So, the simple strategies in my implementation guide are tips, tools and techniques for putting the 7 lessons into action.

Living the life you were intended to live is within your reach.

As you'll soon see, living the life you were intended to live is within your reach.

Go for it!

To download your free copy, please just visit my website: **truestfan.com/free**.

Peace,
Rob Brown
Author, *Truest Fan*



PROLOGUE

Take me out to the ballgame
Take me out to the crowd
Buy me some peanuts and crackerjack
I don't care if I never get back
So it's root, root, root, for the home team
If they don't win, it's a shame
It's one, two, three strikes you're out
At the old ballgame

—Jack Norworth, Lyricist

"Start with God . . . only fools thumb their
noses at such wisdom and learning."

—Proverbs 1:7, MSG

The Boston gathering of top performers had just ended.

Three full days of end-to-end motivational speeches, workshops, networking events, luxurious meals and late nights. I was overwhelmed with new ideas for transforming my business, filled with new silver-bullet strategies that I promised myself I would try and feeling a little bit plump around my middle from too much good food and drink.

I literally had to loosen my belt.

But now, as excited as I had felt to have been chosen again to participate in this annual who's-who assembly of top advisors, I wasn't looking forward to going back to the real world. As inspired as I had felt at times, I was feeling a bit empty and aimless. Deep down I knew my conference notes would just end up on the shelf alongside all the others I had collected throughout my 23 years as a member of the "Achievers Council."

What had I really achieved? Wasn't I supposed to be pumped up from this conference?

And then I remembered my brilliance. Instead of rushing home on the first flight out after

the conference, as I usually did, I had decided to stay an extra night in Beantown to watch some baseball. To simply relax in anonymity and just enjoy my favorite pastime. For me, sitting in a baseball stadium (even Fenway Park) and munching on a hot dog and peanuts with cold beer in hand was way more relaxing than sitting under an umbrella at the ocean.

I needed a break from my break.

My team, the Indians, happened to be in town to face the Red Sox. We were scuffling at that point in the season, it wasn't looking like we had much of a shot at the playoffs. Another lean year. And Red Sox nation, coming off a World Series championship, was as annoying as ever since they felt destined to win a repeat title.

On second thought, maybe it wasn't going to be so relaxing.

It didn't matter. I was going. With a ticket for an awesome seat right behind the Cleveland dugout and my lucky Chief Wahoo hat in hand, it was time to head for the Metro to take the Silver Line to Fenway Park. Baseball had a way of putting me in my happy place.

An Indians' win would be a surefire way to lift my post-conference blues. Go Tribe!

As I was settling into my seat though, a funny thing happened. The guy who had been named the Big Kahuna at the conference

showed up on the jumbotron. He was sporting a Red Sox jersey and shaking the hands of several Beantown muckety mucks. Seems he was being recognized for some work he had done in the community.

Don't get me wrong, this guy was aces, a superstar in our industry, and well-deserving of all the recognition. But I couldn't shake this funny feeling. I couldn't help but compare my success to his and then eerily feel like a failure. As though no matter how well I did, there was somebody doing more, doing better, beating me, even though we really didn't compete against each other since our businesses were in different cities.

Sometimes I wished I could just turn my brain off.

So here I was, right where I'd wanted to be, ready to enjoy my break from my break—and I was wallowing in silly self-pity, questioning my decision to venture to this game in enemy territory. Then this huge guy with his hair in a ponytail, wearing a leather vest and boasting tattoos from head to toe, sits down right beside me. My date for the evening was unquestionably part of a motorcycle gang. When he accidentally dropped a bunch of popcorn on my lap as he plopped into a seat that wasn't made for a man of his size, I felt for sure like I was in for a long, long night.

“Hey, beer man!”

I couldn't help but compare my success to his and then eerily feel like a failure.

And that's when everything changed, Bruiser, as I would later learn he was nicknamed, pulled out a Cleveland cap that looked only slightly less worn than my own. He turned, smiled at me, offered a fist bump and said, "Go Tribe!"

Turned out my kindred seatmate and I had at least one thing in common.

Turned out my kindred seatmate and I had at least one thing in common.

A couple innings went by, and we didn't say much to each other when unexpectedly the Indians' pitching ace ran into a bit of a jam. There was only one out, there were two runners on base and Boston's biggest bat was coming to the plate. That was when Bruiser turned to me and said, "Here comes a strike 'em out, throw 'em out double play." Like magic, after the very next pitch, the inning came to an end.

Batter struck out. Base runner thrown out at second. "Yes!" I shouted.

I then turned to Bruiser, reluctantly offered a high-five, and blurted out, "Great call, man. How did you know that was going to happen?"

"I didn't," he replied. "But sometimes you just have put it out there."

I agreed. "You're right. Don't you just love it when that happens?"

"Sure do," he said. "By the way, my name is Bruiser. I'm really glad to be sitting next to

a fellow Cleveland fan, especially here in Boston. Where do you hail from?”

“Born and raised in Cleveland. My friends call me Brownie.”

“Great to meet you, Brownie. That’s another thing we have in common. We both have names that sound like they were given to us by our grade-school classmates.”

“Mine was.” I laughed.

“Mine too,” he responded. And we sat back to watch the game.

The next few innings were uneventful, so Bruiser and I got to know each other. Turns out he was a native Clevelander, still lived there and after a bunch of years hanging out with people he “wished he had never met,” he turned his life around.

He was actually in Boston at a conference similar to mine. While my event was filled with financial types, his was more blue collar, a gathering of manufacturers reps from the automotive industry. They were recognizing the prior year’s top performers.

Bruiser reluctantly mentioned he had just had his biggest year ever. He had actually done more business, by a huge margin, than all of his peers from across the country.

He was the #1 sales leader, and he had been for several years in a row.

“That’s awesome,” I said, congratulating him. “You must be proud.”

“Thanks, I am.” Then he countered with, “But you must be really proud of yourself too.”

“Why would you say that?”

“Because we’re both here in Boston, being treated like kings and getting recognition from our industries and from our peers.”

“Well,” I said, “to tell you the truth. I feel a bit like an imposter. My success comes easy to me. I don’t feel like I work all that hard. And I get jealous of those who seem to be doing better than me. I wonder if I should be getting more from life.”

“Wow,” he moaned. “Sounds like you need a fan. Would it be okay if I rooted for you?”

“What do you mean by ‘fan’?” I questioned.

That was when it started to rain. As everybody around us started to head for the concourse, Bruiser pulled out his umbrella and suggested we stay in our seats and talk.

How could I refuse a guy named Bruiser?

“Let me tell you a story,” he said. And the 60-minute rain delay became one of the

Sounds like
you need a fan.
Would it be okay if
I rooted for you?

most important hours of my life. I remember Bruiser's lesson like it happened yesterday.

Here's how it went . . .

"When we first started talking," he began, "I told you about the guys I grew up with that almost destroyed my life. I'm not sure why, but sometimes I think it's more fun to mention what I've overcome than to mention the good times.

"I guess that's why I still like to look like I'm a biker. I don't want to forget my past.

"I mean, tell me the truth," he prodded. "You weren't really excited to see me sit down next to you, were you?"

"No, I wasn't," I admitted. "At least not until you pulled out your Cleveland hat."

"No worries," he continued. "I get it. This world is filled with all kinds of people, and it's always tempting to try to read a book by its cover.

"Yet, every one of us, no matter how we look, needs fans. People who will root for us through thick and thin. They don't care how we look. And, even if they have to grow on us, we don't really care how they look.

"We just want to see each other succeed."

Every one of us,
no matter how we
look, needs fans.
People who will
root for us through
thick and thin.

“Okay,” I responded, “but how do you know you want to be my fan? Does that mean I have to be your fan?”

“It’s simple,” he replied quickly. “It’s the Golden Rule: think about what you want other people to do for you, and before they get a chance, do it for them. For me, it’s almost like a contest that is okay to lose because win or lose you’re absolutely better off for trying.” (See Matthew 7:12, MSG.)

The Golden Rule: think about what you want other people to do for you, and before they get a chance, do it for them.

“Sounds like a woo-woo concept to me,” I shot back. I thought to myself what an odd thing that was to say to a guy with a skull and cross-bones permanently affixed to his rather large right bicep.

“Not really,” he said, countering me. “Especially when you think of all the good you can do by just trying.”

“I’ll bite,” I said, “but there has to be more to this story.”

“There is,” he grinned, “if you’d just stop asking questions and let me tell it.”

I made the lips-zipped motion, and he continued.

“You see, the truth is, for every one of those guys who tried to bring me down, there have been dozens who have lifted me up. I have more fans than I can possibly count.

“Some who knew who and what I was and supported me just the same.

“Some have never asked about my background; they just offered their encouragement.

“And even more who have done small things that have impacted my life in big ways, and they may never know how profound their inspiration has been.

“Each and every one of these people has been more than just a fan. They have been what I call Truest Fans. They’re the folks who live to love and serve and expect nothing in return.

“So, I’ve committed my life to becoming the Truest Fan of as many people as I possibly can. And now, you’re at the plate. Are you ready for the first pitch?”

“Whoa.” I squirmed. “Hold on. I’m just here for some baseball.”

“I know,” he said in agreement. “And I don’t want to lay it on too thick. But if you really want more out of life, if you really want to feel like a success, and if you want to learn exactly how to stop comparing yourself to others—this will be the most important lesson you will ever learn.”

This will be the most important lesson you will ever learn.

“That’s brash,” I argued. “How could you possibly know?”

I've learned this
lesson over
and over again
from other folks
just like us.

“Because, brother Tribe fan, I’ve walked in your shoes. And I’ve learned this lesson over and over again from other folks just like us.

“Tell you what,” he continued. “Just put up with me for a few more innings and if I start to annoy you, just tell me, and I’ll let it go.”

“Alright,” I agreed, wondering what I had gotten myself into.



MY PERSONAL ACTION PLAN

A large, empty rectangular box with rounded corners, intended for writing a personal action plan. The box is defined by a thin, light gray border.



LESSON #1

To be a Truest Fan, you must be your own Truest Fan.

"So if anyone is in Christ, there is a new creation: everything old has passed away; see, everything has become new!"

—2 Corinthians 5:17, NRSV

"It's hard to beat a person who never gives up."

—Babe Ruth, baseball legend

As the game resumed, despite our agreement to talk further, Bruiser and I seemed to be leaving our conversation behind. The Indians were batting; it looked like we could have a big inning. We just appeared to be trying to out-cheer each other.

I'm not sure which one of us was louder.

When we finally came up for air, the Tribe had scored 4 runs, including a gigantic 3-run home run over the Green Monster. We both agreed this was a good sign. After all, Cleveland had arguably the best bullpen in baseball. They didn't usually give up big leads.

And that's when Bruiser got our Truest Fan conversation back on track by asking, "How long have you been an Indians' fan?"

"Since birth." I almost shouted; I was still amped up from the rally.

"Me too," he chimed in. "And I'll be one until I die."

We both laughed, gave each other a fist bump and shouted, "Go Tribe," just for good measure. Many of the Red Sox fans sitting around us gave us a big stare as if we were trespassing on private property.

And that just made us happier.

“You see,” Bruiser beamed, “you know what it’s like to be a Truest Fan because you’ve been rooting for the Indians your whole life. Sure, they may never stop and thank you for cheering them on, but they always return your loyalty with the hope for victory.

“It may be a single game.

“It may be a winning season.

“It may be a trip to the World Series.

“Or it may just be hope, after a disappointing season, to wait until next year.

“Think about it . . . during your lifetime, Cleveland has never won the World Series. Yet you cheer them on year after year, always hoping for the best, and never willing to abandon your team even when they disappoint you the most.

You’re already a Truest Fan and you didn’t even know it.

“You’re already a Truest Fan and you didn’t even know it.”

“Well, when you put it that way, I kind of get it. But rooting for your hometown team is easy. You don’t even need to think about it,” I responded.

“And that’s the beauty of being a Truest Fan,” he continued. “Once you buy in, it becomes natural. You don’t have to even think about it.

In fact, you look for new opportunities. That's why I'm being such a pest tonight."

"Okay." I pressed on. "Is this something you came up with on your own?"

"No way," he answered. "And that's really where my Truest Fan story begins. I was in a place in my mind, just like you. Feeling a bunch of head trash. And then I met Ken. Ken helped me view myself and the world in a whole different way."

"Wow, Ken sounds like a pretty cool guy. Like a real guru. You were lucky to meet him," I suggested.

"I was," he said. "But he'd hardly consider himself cool or a guru. He's a man grounded in his faith and the belief that we should love God and our neighbors as ourselves. He calls that the 'classic definition' of a Truest Fan."

"Where did you meet him?" I asked.

"Believe it or not, just like I'm meeting you, at an Indians' game. It was an ordinary night back in Cleveland where we both happened to decide to go to a game at the last minute. We both bought tickets from the same scalper outside Jacobs Field right before the game started. So, we ended up sitting next to each other.

"I got to my seat first, and just like you tonight, I found myself wondering who I'd be

Once you buy in, it becomes natural. You don't have to even think about it.

stuck sitting next to. The damn Yankees were in town, and I prayed I would not have to put up with one of *them*,” he said while pinching his nose.

“Gotcha,” I replied. “An obnoxious Yankees fan can make for a long, long night.”

Bruiser continued.

Fortunately, Ken was anything but a Yankees fan. He was dressed in Cleveland gear from head to toe. Even in a stadium full of Indians’ fans, he stuck out like a sore thumb. It was a glorious sight.

Ken gave me a high five as he sat down and I knew this was going to be a special game. Don’t ask me why . . . I just knew it.

We introduced ourselves to each other. Then we immediately fell into storytelling and cheering on the Tribe, like best friends, as we got to know each other while the game was getting started.

And then, out of nowhere, Ken asked me what’s wrong.

“Nothing is wrong,” I answered. “Why do you ask?”

“I’m not exactly sure,” he continued. “But you seem to be distracted. Like coming to this game at the last minute was a way to avoid dealing with something that’s bothering you.”

And I couldn't believe the words that came out of my mouth. You see, back then, I was really pretty shy. I never talked about myself to strangers. Especially when it came to sharing my feelings.

"I'm tired of beating myself up," I let out. "Even though I feel like I've turned my life around. Everything is really pretty good and getting better. I keep telling myself to do more. That I still have a lot of ground to make up from all the stupid stuff I did earlier in life."

That's when Ken let me have my first dose of Truest Fan wisdom.

"Bruiser," he replied, "you need to start rooting for yourself the same way you do for the Indians. You need to become your own Truest Fan. If you don't believe in yourself, no one else will. So you'll constantly be looking over your shoulder."

I tried to break in, but Ken just kept going.

"There's a Bible verse," he continued, "that goes something like, 'When we turn our lives around, when we turn it over to God, we aren't the same. We have a new life.'"

"Bruiser," he went on, "that's just a fact, and the sooner we learn it, the sooner we begin to realize that we are all special people. People we should be proud of, including being proud of ourselves."

"I don't mean to be preachy, but, Bruiser, you said you turned your life around. I bet you didn't do it by yourself. I'll bet, whether

We are all special people. People we should be proud of, including being proud of ourselves

I'll bet you felt the presence of a higher power as you were going through your transformation.

you're a Christian or not, that you felt the presence of a higher power as you were going through your transformation.

"You need to acknowledge that higher power by accepting who you've become. By shouting with a loud voice that you are an awesome human being."

"Whoa, Ken, timeout," I broke in. "That's some pretty heavy stuff for a baseball game. Give me a few minutes to breathe."

As luck would have it, that's when the Indians started laying it on the Yankees. We knocked three pitchers out of the game in the third inning to take an 8-to-nothing lead. Ken and I were just whooping it up. The only guys in the stadium who were happier than us were the ones in the Indians' dugout.

Ken, noticing the dugout antics the same way I did, decided to get back to his lesson. He asked, "Bruiser, when our boys started piling on the runs, do you think they started questioning whether or not they could score even more runs or do you think they played like the Yankees would never get themselves out of the inning?"

I answered, "I think they became more and more confident. They felt almost invincible. They celebrated. And they didn't want it to stop."

"Exactly," Ken exclaimed. "They became their own biggest cheerleaders. Any doubt was gone. And even though it may have

been just for an inning, it was like they had come alive.”

“Right on,” I jumped in. “That’s what you were trying to tell me about the way I need to cheer for myself. I need to let go of my doubts and become my biggest fan because the life that I’m living is the life God intends me to live. He’s blessing me, and I need to accept his blessings with open arms. If it’s good enough for God, it ought to be good enough for me.”

“Bingo!” Ken chimed back in. “And we all need to let the momentum that comes from the good times, the times it’s easiest to cheer for ourselves, carry over into the times we stumble or have self-doubt. After all, no great inning is going to last forever.”

We all need to let the momentum that comes from the good times carry over into the times we stumble or have self-doubt. After all, no great inning is going to last forever.

That’s when Bruiser’s story of meeting Ken stopped. Unfortunately, it was at the same time the Red Sox put a few runs on the scoreboard and made the game a little too close for comfort. We decided to move our attention back to cheering.

A little while later, we came to the seventh inning stretch. After we finished belting out the most off-tune version of “Take Me Out to the Ballgame” ever, a question popped into my head: “Bruiser, you said that was the first dose of Truest Fan wisdom you learned from Ken. Is there more?”

“Great observation,” Bruiser responded. “There are actually six more. Truest Fan

Truest Fan
wisdom is a set of
seven lessons that
help keep us on
the track of always
striving to be the
best versions
of ourselves.

wisdom is a set of 7 lessons that help keep us on the track of always striving to be the best versions of ourselves.

“Lesson #1, *To be a Truest Fan, you must be your own Truest Fan*, is just the start. That’s what I learned from Ken that evening.”

“Okay then, keep going,” I encouraged. “I want to learn more and we have a couple more innings of baseball.”

“Patience, grasshopper.” Bruiser chuckled. “Let the first lesson sink in. Plus, we need to help bring the Tribe home to victory. I promise to share the remaining lessons with you real soon. And I want you to meet Ken.”

A short time later, Cleveland’s closer blew three Boston hitters away in the bottom of the ninth inning. The sweet victory in enemy territory was secure. Our jobs as Tribe fans were done for day.

After exchanging a victory hug with Bruiser, he handed me a business card and told me to look at the back. it read,

“I am your Truest Fan. You have learned Lesson #1: *To be a Truest Fan, you must be your own Truest Fan*. Begin putting it to work in your heart right here and right now. Don’t hesitate. And when you’re ready to take the next step, call Ken at 757.645.1525.”

“That’s all?” I wondered out loud.

“Nope,” Bruiser quickly responded. “That’s just all for tonight. As it sinks in, you’ll realize even more why this simple dose of wisdom is so important to your life’s journey. When you’re ready, you can move to the next step. Ken will be waiting.

“So, for now, brother Tribe fan, trust in yourself and know that I am your Truest Fan.”

That was one game I’ll never forget.

Trust in yourself
and know that
I am your
Truest Fan.



MY PERSONAL ACTION PLAN



ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Hello, my name is Rob Brown. Much of my career has been spent in the financial services industry as a top-producing advisor followed by several senior leadership roles. Now, in addition to being an author, I'm an executive coach who helps my clients, financial professionals, and business leaders achieve excellence while living more purpose-filled lives.

Over the course of my career, I have discovered that a large part of my success has come through the active encouragement of others. Whether I'm coaching, mentoring, speaking, or leading training events, I love cheering on colleagues and clients.

Truest Fan distills ways of thinking, acting and doing so you can perform at your highest level while encouraging others to do the same.

You will follow the journey of 7 characters who each convey lessons you can put into practice in your business as well as in life. Just as in baseball, before you reach the major leagues, you need to develop success habits . . . daily rituals and routines in which you engage to reach your biggest goals.

This book helps focus your attention on what matters most in your life—be it a spouse, business, colleagues, or kids. Many people lose years of their life because of the intensity of urgent to-dos and the distractions we all face.

Truest Fan strips back this facade. It helps you consider what your life would be like if you were purposely living each day as your own Truest Fan. Think about it . . . what would your life be like if you were to swing for the fences in each relationship, each project, and each goal?

It might amaze you to find that you would begin to win more games. And along the way you would enjoy the journey a whole lot more!

If you enjoyed this book and found it helpful, please leave a REVIEW on Amazon.

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