

Seniority Connection



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SENIORITY, INC.

Management, Sales, Consulting and Systems for Senior Living



FROM THE PRESIDENT

A Christmas Carol

In the midst of an incredibly busy season, when my Seniority team and I had been working long hours to roll out a unique hospitality program for senior living communities, I sat at my desk and laid my head upon a stack of new SOPs, just to catch my breath for a moment. Suddenly, there was a knock. I opened my eyes to see my old boss, Joe Anderson, tapping on the open office door with a putter.

"No, Joe," I said. "I can't play today. Look at all this work." But he kept on tapping; he was intent on delivering a message. "You shall be visited by three spirits," he said.

Then he vanished with a rush of wind that sucked my desk out into the hallway, past my assistant Debbie Hall, out of the building and into the air, binders swirling, Seniority systems blowing here and there. Floating next to my desk was a man who looked like Randy Stamper, the chief governance officer for our parent company, ABHOW.

"Randy, is that you?" I asked.

"I am the Spirit of Seniority Past," he said, and he pointed beneath us. I could see the city of Oakland, and the airport with the familiar Southwest terminal, but we were flying fast now toward a 1960s-era office building, then standing by a window. Inside I could see Joe, with his putter, sinking one hole after another on his portable putting green. He was talking while several others excitedly took notes. Among them was a woman who looked familiar yet so young.

"Wait, that's me!" I said, turning to the Spirit. "What does this mean? Why are you showing me this?"

"This is the beginning of Seniority, 1997," he said. "I want you to see the passion at the startup of this company. Notice the energy and the

enthusiasm. All of you believed you could make a difference in the senior living industry.”

With that, the spirit disappeared, and I was whirling and spinning through the air again, barely hanging on to my high heels. Now a tall man with a goatee accompanied me. “Dave?”

“Yes, I am the Spirit of Seniority Present,” said Dave Ferguson, Seniority’s chairman and ABHOW’s CEO, “and this is even better than Southwest!” We were trailing clouds, heading east, making good time, crossing the Rockies, then descending to Centennial, Colo., just outside Denver. We alighted on the campus of Holly Creek.

“I know this place well, spirit, uh, Dave,” I said. “We have managed sales and marketing here for Christian Living Communities since the start. What do you want me to see?”

“I want you to see what a great partner you are,” he said.

“Why, thanks, Dave. Coming from you that ...”

“No, I mean it,” he interrupted. “Look at the way you and your team roll up your sleeves. Notice how no task is too small nor any challenge too big. You are totally committed to the success of Christian Living Communities.”

Then Dave was gone, and again I was hurtling through the sky, heading back toward the West. Under me I could see the expanse of California, and I recognized the locations of our managed communities. I landed in front of one, Courtside Cottages in Vacaville. I was dazed and confused now, and I needed a break. Out of nowhere appeared a woman with a bright smile.

“Can I help you?” she asked with such politeness.

“Let me guess. You’re the Spirit of Seniority Future.”

“Well, I’m not a spirit,” she replied, “but I do have Seniority Spirit. That’s the attitude, behavior and standards enabling us to provide exceptional service and positive experiences to our residents, team members and clients.”

“That’s great,” I said, trying to detangle my hair after all the time travel. “But I don’t suppose it’s your job to show me where I can find a good stylist.”

“Actually, that is my job, Ms. Bentley. And I think you might also enjoy our spa.”

“You know my name?”

"That's my job, too," she said, smiling.

Another knock. I lifted my head. I was back in my Pleasanton office, and Debbie was at the door.

"It's time to roll out Seniority Spirit," she said. "What's your message for today's Daily Huddle?"

I scratched my head for a moment, wondering what to say. Then I jumped to my feet. "Remember the mission!" I exclaimed. "And be committed to excellence!"

"That's pretty good," Debbie replied.

"And there are three foundations of service," I said. "First, greet everyone with a smile. Second, anticipate, acknowledge and act. And third, be warm and genuine."

"That's even better!" Debbie said. "I'll huddle the troops."

"And one more thing," I added as we hurried out the door.

"God bless us, everyone?" Debbie ventured.

"Yes, and may the spirit of the holidays bring each of you health, happiness and strong occupancy for all!"

Sloan Bentley
President

Seniority, Inc.
6120 Stoneridge Mall Road
Third Floor
Pleasanton, CA 94588

p 925-924-7187
f 925-924-7201
info@seniorityinc.com
www.seniorityinc.com

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