



**T**he year was 1997. I'm in a business that I knew nothing about, the main person training me quit, and I'm trying to sell concrete to all the

commercial accounts in my six county territories. So I was forced to do what any gal in distress would do. I hit the ground running.

In between attending seminars and helping in dispatch, I ventured out into the world. I spent a lot of time going to job sites. I bought a cooler on wheels, delivered a lot of donuts, and felt like the free "roach coach."

I got to know the workers really well and then was shocked when I didn't get the next job that came their way. I learned my first important lesson.

Get to know the decision makers.

Sure, I made a lot of friends on the jobsites. Yes, they ordered the concrete and it was important to keep them happy; however, the majority of time, they unfortunately didn't have the power to buy the jobs.

I started to go to offices. This time I brought pens, pencils, and coffee cups. and I ate their donuts while I got to know the "gate keeper" – better known as the receptionist.

This person was key. I learned a lot.

My goal was always the same. I wanted to build a relationship with the main person responsible for purchasing concrete for their projects.

Lots of time that wasn't easy. I think I only have one shy bone in my body and was amazed that I was nervous about asking to see the main decision maker. After all, I didn't have an appointment. Perhaps this was rude.

That's when I shared this fear with someone I really respected in my in-

dustry. He said, "Lisa, people would love to have their day interrupted by you." After I gave him the \$20 for his nice compliment, I decided even if he wasn't correct, I should pretend that what he said is true.

From that point on, I got rid of my shy bone and replaced it with my confident bones. I walked into offices with my head held high and pretended to myself that these "decision makers" couldn't wait to see me. After all, I was saving them from their humdrum day. Guess what, it was their lucky day that I was there to see them.

Ok Lisa, enough you say! You can put that confident bone away now!

But it worked. I saw a lot of people. If they didn't see me the first time, I came back again and again. I was always friendly, and never pushy. Some accounts, who were 100% loyal to my competitor, even threw me a bone every now and then.

I still go to jobsites too. It's important to make sure everyone is happy.

# Hello... Women at Work!

By Lisa Weaver



## LIKE KERMIT THE FROG ALWAYS SAYS, "IT'S NOT EASY BEING GREEN."

Also, you never know when the concrete superintendent may move up the ladder and purchase the concrete. But until you determine who the decision makers are, you feel like a dog chasing your tail.

It's ironic that I started in this industry so green and now I work for a company whose motto is, "Go With Green."

Who knows, maybe that is why they hired me in the first place.

### About the Author

Lisa Weaver is a sales representative for Ernst Concrete in Dayton, OH. She has been in the industry since 1997. Lisa is currently on the board of directors for American Concrete Institute/Greater Miami Valley Chapter; Ohio Ready Mixed Concrete Association's (ORMCA) Concrete Futures and ORMCA's L.E.A.R.N. (Ladies Educational and Ready Mix Network) in which she is a founder. She is certified in ACI Field Testing and as an ACI Flatwork Technician. She is also a certified Concrete Technician and Sales Certified through ORMCA. Lisa can be reached at [lweaver@ernstconcrete.com](mailto:lweaver@ernstconcrete.com)