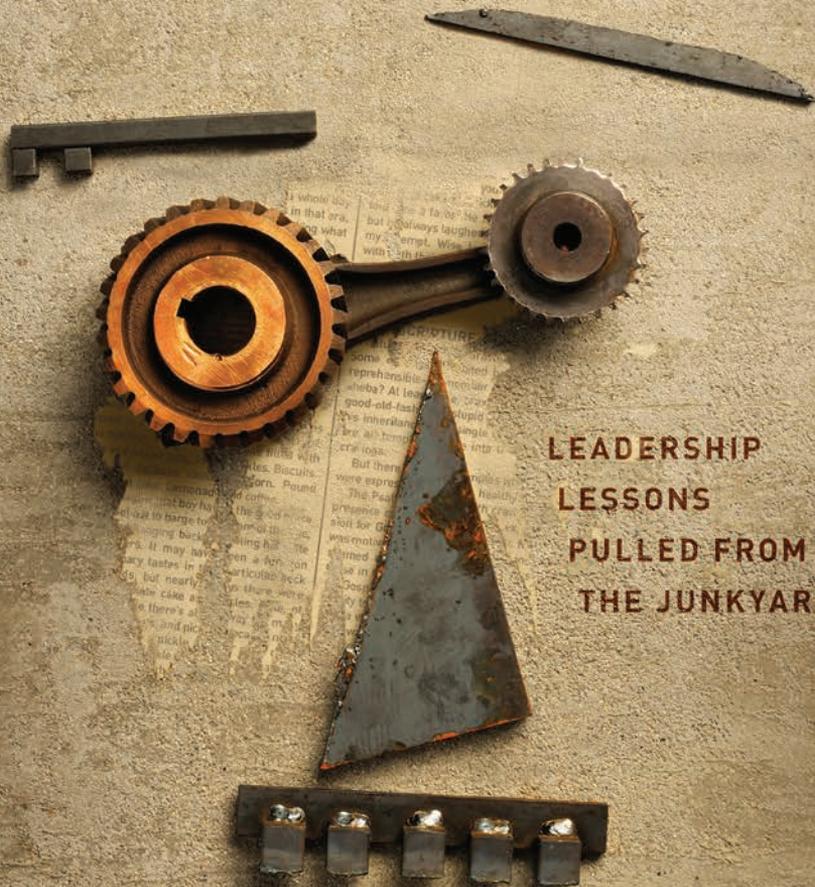


ROY GOBLE

FOREWORD BY
BOB GOFF

WITH D. R. JACOBSEN



**LEADERSHIP
LESSONS
PULLED FROM
THE JUNKYARD**

SALVAGED

Most books on leadership and faith are either too abstract (boring and impractical) or too folksy (lightweight and self-absorbed). Roy's is neither. Instead, he deftly ties together hilarious misadventures, keen observations of human nature, and a close study of Scripture. The result is a book packed with memorable, practical leadership insights. No matter your job title, don't overlook the wisdom that comes from this junkyard entrepreneur–theologian. This is a rare book written by a rare individual.

JOSH KWAN, partner and cofounder of Praxis

Roy Goble is one of the finest leaders I know! He grew up in a junkyard, which taught him that even the unlikeliest characters can get the job done . . . often right under the noses of the powerful and privileged. That's what Roy sees in Scripture, too! Looking at the Bible through the lens of leadership—and vice versa—allows him to celebrate and cultivate the leadership ability of all people, regardless of their station in life. Although Roy is successful, he's also humble, which is reflected in this book's edgy sense of humor! This timely book is written from a grace-filled heart and years of practical experience. It's a fresh and effective addition to our necessary conversation about true leadership, and not just for those our culture assumes will lead. I highly recommend it!

BRENDA SALTER McNEIL, author of *Roadmap to Reconciliation: Moving Communities into Unity, Wholeness and Justice*

There are as many kinds of leaders as there are companies. What matters is not the style of a leader but rather the results. I know Roy to be a leader who drives the most essential sort of organizational growth: character. He may not know a thing about cloud technology, but I'd hire him tomorrow simply for his insights about people and purpose.

ANTONIO NERI, president and CEO of Hewlett Packard Enterprise

The scope of Roy's leadership journey is staggering. His stories will jar dormant parts of your brain into life, and his insights from those stories will have you thinking about leadership and following Jesus in new and refreshing ways. The pages of this book will make you laugh and drop your jaw, perhaps two of the most powerful ways to help us reimagine.

NANCY ORTBERG, CEO of Transforming the Bay with Christ

Entertaining, easy to read, down-to-earth, and authentic. The levity and stories of an era I remember all too well brought transparency and made for good reflection. The deep leadership takeaways were there in a vernacular that made them thought-provoking.

AL MIYASHITA, NYC city director of The Navigators

Salvaged is the common-sense leadership guide you've been waiting for. I say "guide" because Roy doesn't insist on one-size-fits-all conclusions. Rather, he explores the terrain of everyday leadership, from the junkyard all the way to the boardroom, and invites his readers along on the journey. By turns self-effacing, serious, and humorous, Roy encourages readers to ask better questions, to demand better answers, and most of all to laugh at themselves. No matter their occupation, readers will find the practical wisdom they need to take their leadership ability to the next level.

MARK ZORADI, CEO of Cinemark Holdings and former president of Walt Disney Motion Picture Group

"This book sucks" . . . is something I've never said after reading one of Roy's books. Not your typical regurgitated tome on leadership, *Salvaged* plunges deep into the reality of working with people—it's a messy business, regardless of whether it happens in the boardroom or in the junkyard. With his

trademark humor on full display, Roy uncovers deep truths about real-world, biblical leadership while also delivering a genuinely FUN read. His colorful characters and lighthearted parables are as memorable as they are entertaining—these are lessons that will actually stick!

JON BEEKMAN, CEO of Man Crates

I've read very few books on leadership that help me in the unique and nuanced situations that arise each day, but *Salvaged* does exactly that. Roy Goble, like me, had a father who greatly influenced his leadership style. Now Roy looks back with the eye of a master storyteller, distilling his varied experiences into relevant lessons we all need. Being a results-driven, Jesus-following businessperson is not for wimps—but Jesus wasn't a wimp either!

JODY VANDERWEL, managing partner of Grand Angels Venture Fund II

Salvaged is the leadership book I have been waiting for. Through the power of story, Roy uses humor, honesty, and the cold hard truth about teams, self-awareness, and working with people. This is a journey through life lessons and the wisdom that comes from turning wounds into the evidence of healing. The authenticity displayed by Roy makes you want to sit down with him to hear even more. You will be captivated by the examples and stories while thinking, *I can't believe he just said that*. *Salvaged* is a refreshing read on leadership that lets you know you're not alone and that even in the junkyard, you can turn a mess into a miracle. This is more than a leadership book; it's a redeeming therapy session for anyone looking for a new way forward in the workplace and in life.

ROMAL TUNE, author of *Love Is an Inside Job: Getting Vulnerable with God*

Goble wrote a *book*?

RICH, junkyard coworker from back in the day



I wrote it
in that arc,
and what
I can't
you
to a 10. He
but I always laugh
my empty. Wise
with it.

PICTURE

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SALVAGED

**LEADERSHIP LESSONS PULLED
FROM THE JUNKYARD**

ROY GOBLE

WITH D. R. JACOBSEN



NavPress is the publishing ministry of The Navigators, an international Christian organization and leader in personal spiritual development. NavPress is committed to helping people grow spiritually and enjoy lives of meaning and hope through personal and group resources that are biblically rooted, culturally relevant, and highly practical.

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Salvaged: Leadership Lessons Pulled from the Junkyard

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**For my father, Ernie Goble, who always modeled
his own unique style of leadership.**

Acta Non Verba

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FOREWORD

Roy Goble is my first friend.

We met in Mrs. Martini's first-grade classroom in San Jose, California. Probably standing in line, which we did a lot. Goble came just before Goff, so we had plenty of time to get to know each other. He was a guy who was always getting into the good kind of mischief, and I was drawn to him like a magnet.

I didn't have the words to tell Roy at the time, but that was a tough age for me. Even that young, I felt like an outsider. Standing taller than nearly all of my classmates made it hard to hide. Feeling shy made it hard to find friends.

Roy was the one who brought me into his circle of buddies. That meant getting invited to sleepovers, sharing food out of our lunch boxes, and doing lots of laughing. It meant never being alone on the playground. It meant discovering love and acceptance.

Which meant the world to an awkward kid like me.

The best thing about Roy's friendship was that he chose

me, on his own, because he figured it would be fun. He already had plenty of friends. No one told him to be nice to the new kid or anything like that. But Roy assumed life would be better together.

This book on leadership is more of the same from Roy. It's fun, mischievous, and welcoming. A little edgy, too, but it always values love and Jesus as essential to leadership.

Roy's been leading since we were kids. He was the one who organized sleepovers and captained our basketball and football games on the playground. He'd be one of the first to stand up for his friends and one of the first to laugh at himself when he messed up.

Not that life was all soda and bubble gum with Roy. Our group shot marbles as often as we could and occasionally played winner takes all. Roy and I were pretty good, but one time we got wiped out by older kids whose extra-large marbles made it easy for them to beat us. After the second or third time we'd lost our marbles,¹ Roy decided to change the equation. The next day he showed up with extra-large marbles made of solid steel. The older kids raised a stink, but the marbles were round and Roy insisted on playing with them. We mopped the floor with the older kids, and it was only later that I learned we'd been playing with industrial ball bearings Roy had snagged from his dad's junkyard!

The year we turned eleven was the year every kid we knew wanted to look like Keith Partridge, including me. With my

¹ Now that we're nearing sixty, we've lost our marbles many, *many* more times.

red hair and freckles, I looked more like Danny Partridge, but at least he was still in the band. It would take some time to grow out feathered bangs and a wavy mullet, so I figured I'd start by getting my mom to buy me a shirt with an outrageously wide butterfly collar, plus some bell-bottoms and a matching vest.

Roy shrugged and continued to wear his Levi's blue jeans and short-sleeve button-down shirts. When I asked him why he wasn't getting on the Partridge bus with the rest of us, he told me all those fancy clothes made people look silly. And then he asked why I wanted to let some Hollywood know-nothing tell me how to dress, and also why *I* wanted to look silly!

Great questions.

That was fifty-some years ago, and Roy still jokes with me and pushes me to be a better person. And that's probably what makes him a great leader: He pushes people to be their best but never makes them feel bad. I wish we'd spent even more time together as kids. Who knows what cool stuff I might have learned along the way. I'm still a little jealous I wasn't hanging out with him that day in the junkyard when he built his homemade bazooka.

Here's where I could pivot to some amazing example of Roy's leadership as an adult, from Silicon Valley to the rain forests of Belize. But I won't. I want to focus on our distant past because it speaks so powerfully about today.

My first friend pointed me in the right direction. When Roy took a chance on me, it helped *me* take a chance on me.

It helped me become me. And that's exactly what I've watched him do for others, ever since we conquered the marble mafia at Booksin Elementary.

I guess what I'm saying is that nothing Roy does as a grown-up surprises me, in a good way, because I've known him for so long. I expect Roy to do Kingdom business, I expect him to lead counterintuitively and faithfully, I expect him to welcome new friends and new voices, and he does.

See, back when the rest of us kids were still trying to figure it all out, Roy was already leading. Not that he had it all figured out either. He just refused to let a lack of certainty stop him!

Roy lives the same way today. Leadership is built into his character, and he's never tuned it out or turned it off.

But I still won't play marbles with him.

Bob Goff
San Diego, California

INTRODUCTION

WHY ANOTHER CRAPPY LEADERSHIP BOOK?

The *only* people who should write leadership books are the ones who have failed while attempting to follow Jesus in the workplace.

I'm one of those folks, as you'll soon discover.

I've failed six ways from Sunday. I tell quite a few of those stories in this book and quite a few others in my first book.¹ And I've been leading, in one form or another, every day of my adult life.

I bet you have too. Led every day, that is—not failed every day. We're all leaders, whether or not we're used to thinking about it that way.

In my case I am, or have been, a business owner, an involved church member, an employee,² a board member, a parent, and a nonprofit leader. It doesn't matter if I'm having a bad day or don't feel up to setting an example or serving . . . I'm still leading.

¹ I haven't used *all* my stories, of course—gotta save some for future use!

² Employees are leaders too.

And you? Well, if you're reading this, you might lead a team of employees in an air-conditioned office, work with a crew on a construction site or as a nurse in a hospital, or file paperwork from home in your pajamas. Maybe you're a single parent, a Little League coach, or a food-pantry volunteer. Perhaps you sing with your church's worship team, deliver mail, drive a tow truck, wash dishes at a restaurant, sell insurance, or sit in a coffee shop writing all day.³

At some point in your daily routine, do you make decisions that impact others? Like figuring out how to fix the office copier or deciding how much salt to add to the guacamole dip for your guests? If so, then you are able to "define reality," as Max De Pree famously said.⁴ You're a leader.

Living is leading. Leadership doesn't belong only to those with a platform or a high-profile job. If you're alive, you're leading.

See, despite the gurus who want to privatize and monopolize leadership, we all lead in some capacity. Even MBA types occasionally manage to lead! Teachers lead classrooms. Small-business owners lead employees, vendors, and customers. The UPS driver is leading every time she responds to a customer upset about a late package, and the carpenter on a construction site leads every time he responds to a change order. All of us make decisions that impact people every day, sometimes on the fly without all the information we need. Each time we do this, we're

³ Or worse, sit in an office editing the things a guy in a coffee shop writes all day.

⁴ Max De Pree, *Leadership Is an Art* (New York: Doubleday, 1989).

leading because we are drawing people toward our vision of what needs to happen.

Just as I lead every day, I try to follow Jesus every day . . . and I'm liable to fail at either, or both.

That tension is the reason you're reading this book. For most people, leading is a *default*, but obeying Jesus is a *choice*. Following Jesus seven days a week takes effort and intentionality. We need to be active, wise, and consistent. We have to be willing to take risks, which means being willing to fail.

And how can a "failure" be a leader, let alone a leadership guru who writes leadership books?

After all, most leaders give the impression of perfection. Even their occasional admissions of failure are carefully chosen to present them in a safe, reputable light. However, the reality of leadership—and the Christian life—is far messier! Leaders who pen books about greatness are not always great. Yet the leadership books march irresistibly forward, to the tune of more than fifty thousand and counting on a recent Amazon search.

With that many voices, how can we know who we should listen to?

For starters, we shouldn't listen to books that aim over the heads of most actual, day-to-day leaders. Neither should we listen when formulaic solutions are applied to nuanced, complicated problems.⁵ And we shouldn't pay attention to answers so spiritualized and sanitized that they aren't relevant to the messy reality of following Jesus.

⁵ In this book, you might find the occasional sentence that sounds like a formula. The difference is that I'll contradict it a few pages later—and usually on purpose!

Most of us need a different perspective on leadership. My aim is to leverage my background—from junkyards to cattle ranches, from real estate companies to nonprofit boards, from global missions to local churches, from small-scale failures to larger-scale stupidity, from loving husband and father to successful business investor—in order to offer a more pragmatic approach to leadership.

Hopefully, this is a more *effective* approach. Most of us aren't going to start the "next big thing" tomorrow, but we will need to solve problems, balance truth with compassion, and—as my junkyard friends would say a bit more colorfully—get stuff done.

In that spirit, let me tell you a bit about who I am by way of who I'm not.

I'm not an academic.

I'm not a megachurch pastor.

I'm not a Harvard Business School graduate.

I don't work in a corner office or have personal assistants to do everything for me.⁶

The interior of my car sports a combination of dog hair, hay, and mud. I don't get what little is left of my hair cut by some overpriced stylist, and I certainly don't wear fancy suits to work. In fact, my typical work attire includes boots (that's how the mud gets into my car) and jeans (which I sometimes buy used on eBay).

What I *am* is a follower of Jesus who goes to work every day. Since I fail, I want to do better.

⁶ My assistant Anne gets as much done as ten PAs, anyway.

Sound familiar?

I do recognize the greatness of particular leaders, of course, and I learn from them. A few even write great books. Not all the leadership information available is narcissistic or indecipherably academic. But there *is* usually something missing.

Unfortunately, what's missing is *not* a magic formula or simple method! It would be amazing if I had a memorable acronym or a TED-level Thought Leader Insight.⁷ But I don't. All I've got is a willingness to wrestle.⁸ Tensions are *everywhere* when you're a follower of Jesus and a leader. It's tempting to look for formulas or quick fixes, but that's not what we signed up for when we said *yes* to Jesus. Ours must be "a long obedience in the same direction,"⁹ a series of daily decisions we must make over and over and over. Leading well can be a slog. It can be frustrating and murky. There will be good days and bad days . . . and bad weeks and years. If we're not certain *why* we're taking the long way around, we'll inevitably settle for a shortcut.

I'm tired of the truth being sugarcoated. I'm sick of BS¹⁰ about how "easy" or "simple" it is to follow Jesus while working. If we want to succeed at following Jesus *and* leading—and be the same person seven days a week—we need to pursue the *full* truth, not tweet-friendly platitudes.

⁷ If you are in charge of booking TED Talks, though, give me a call. I'm sure I can invent some convincing jargon after a few glasses of wine.

⁸ My first book, *Junkyard Wisdom: Resisting the Whisper of Wealth in a World of Broken Parts* (Sisters, OR: Deep River Books, 2016), is about wrestling with the tension of wealth and discipleship.

⁹ Eugene H. Peterson, *A Long Obedience in the Same Direction*, 2nd ed. (Downers Grove, IL: InterVarsity, 2000).

¹⁰ Biblical scholarship, obviously.

So, what do I hope you get out of this book?

A willingness to step into the contradictions and messiness of leadership, first and foremost. You might even find times when I contradict myself in this book, or maybe I'm not entirely clear about something. Well, that's in part by design. Just like Scripture, just like the teachings of Jesus, not much in life is linear. The same is true for leadership.

Second, I hope you find yourself laughing at times. I think best about myself, and others, when I'm laughing. There is a clarity that comes in those moments when we relax, let down our guard, and simply laugh out loud at the silliness of it all—and God laughs with us in those moments. (And quite likely *at* us, as a father laughs at his child doing funny things.) So quite a few chapters contain stories or insights that I hope will make you laugh at the sheer audacity of attempting to lead well while following Jesus faithfully. Leading well and following Jesus is not a laughing matter, obviously. But it will generate a lot of stories . . . and some of them might end up with poisoned rats raining down from the rafters.

Most leaders don't pursue Jesus. Many followers of Jesus don't pursue effective, results-based leadership. The following thirty-one stories are about what happens at the intersection of your job and following Jesus. We're going to explore how real people can lead by answering God's call on their lives.

We're also going to talk about homemade bazookas, because they're awesome.

If we can't laugh at life—and especially at ourselves—we can never hope to lead well. And when we're done laughing, perhaps

we'll discover an expanded understanding of how following Jesus on a daily basis can transform us, over time, into leaders of substance and consequence, no matter our occupation.

Third, I hope you get to know some of the amazing characters who have changed my life for the better.

Especially my father. He looms large in this book and in my heart. Dad was a larger-than-life, self-made man who went from dirt-poor Okie to junkyard operator to Silicon Valley real estate success story. He was John Wayne without the tendency toward drink or fistfights and a faithful member of the same Baptist church for more than fifty years. He had an intuitive business sense that included everything from pool halls to wrecking yards to steam cleaners to coin-operated car washes to pig farms.¹¹ Some worked, some didn't, but he was willing to try almost anything. His pig farm was especially funny: He found a bakery that gave away all their day-old food, so he tried to raise pigs on nothing but Twinkies and expired Wonder Bread. It didn't work out so well.

Dad loved three things passionately: God, his family, and business. He wanted to combine family and business at every opportunity, in part because he could do what he loved with the people he loved. He adored his grandkids, making them laugh about "training" his car to pull into every donut shop they passed.¹² Dad sang every song, even "Amazing Grace,"

¹¹ And I do mean intuitive. He never had a class on accounting or business management or any sort of business training. His "strategic plan" was usually a few calculations on the back of a napkin.

¹² He'd throw his hands up and use his knees to steer the car into the donut shop parking lot. Not exactly safe and sane driving, especially when his grandkids had to continually remind him to put on a seat belt and watch where he was going, but memorable nonetheless.

with the lyrics from “Home on the Range,” thought nothing of twelve-hour workdays six days a week, and was happily dealing with rambunctious cattle at the age of eighty.¹³ Tired of always losing socks and having to throw a single one away, he headed to Macy’s and bought two hundred pairs of the exact same style so they’d all match. He “stole” so many pens from my desk I finally gave him one thousand ballpoint pens for his birthday, and it only took him three months to lose them all. Dad was a tolerant, gentle man who had little use for laziness or naysayers, and he lived his life by the motto *Acta Non Verba*, “deeds not words.” Nobody ever controlled my fiercely independent father. If he saw a sign telling him not to walk on the grass, he’d pack a picnic and sit right down. And those of us who had the honor of living alongside him were better for it.

Another character is my dad’s junkyard, the place where I practically grew up. Like my dad, the junkyard was *quite* a character. It’s where I learned to work and where I learned to lead. Out back was an open field, soaked with grease and crammed with dusty cars, usually in random order, valued more for their parts than their whole. Life is a bit like that too, both for better and for worse. It’s messy and dirty, but all too often we try to sterilize things. Sometimes sterilization is good . . . but sometimes it removes the very grease that keeps the wheels moving forward. Finding that balance isn’t easy,

¹³ Until a bull decided to charge him. Dad was run over and broke his neck. Didn’t stop him from living, though, as a few months later he loaded up a limo with his high-school buddies and they retraced Highway 66 back to their roots in Oklahoma.

but learning a bit about my friend the junkyard might shed a little light on things for you.

Finally, I hope you get to know me a bit. I grew up in a middle-class suburban neighborhood, worked at my dad's junkyard on Saturdays, and attended a large and dynamic church on Sundays. When I was in middle school, we moved to a cattle ranch, where I learned to ride and brand, and then I moved to the beauty of Santa Barbara for college. Just after graduation, I married D'Aun, joined my dad's growing real estate business, and began doing deals in what we now call Silicon Valley. This often meant overseeing construction crews and management teams while negotiating with contractors and agents. D'Aun and I started the first ever faith-based environmental organization when we were in our twenties, which led us to the High Sierra, the plains of Zimbabwe, and Central American rainforests. Somewhere along the way, we helped plant a church, raised two great kids, remodeled or built a half dozen homes, started an olive oil business, managed a vineyard, and launched an education ministry for at-risk youth.

Throughout it all, I was leading in some way, shape, or form. Even when I was the kid in the junkyard, or herding cattle into a pen, or sipping coffee at a hip spot in Haight-Ashbury while mentoring a future leader, or simply sitting in my backyard with a glass of wine and a few friends talking about theology, I was leading.

And undoubtedly you have similar stories to tell, or will

have by the time you're my age. Because as I said, we're all leaders.

Too often we think *others* are the leaders who matter. And too often we think improving leadership means massive changes and paradigm shifts.

Truth is, *we* are the leaders who matter, and we can improve the way we lead, beginning now.¹⁴

¹⁴ Not *right* now, because you're probably using the "Look Inside" feature online. Buy it, read another chapter or two, and then start applying what I say . . . or at least avoiding the mistakes I've made.

A black and white photograph of a concrete surface. In the upper left, a simple metal key lies horizontally. In the upper right, the blade of a knife is visible, also lying horizontally. The background is a textured, light-colored concrete wall.

SECTION ONE

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT
TO ROBERT FULGHUM, ALL I REALLY
NEEDED TO KNOW ABOUT LEADERSHIP
I LEARNED IN THE JUNKYARD.

1

CAKE AND PICKLES (AND NO, I'M NOT PREGNANT)

*We need to know what motivates us—and those around us—
if we're going to lead well.*

“Have you tried the fried scorpion on a bed of jackfruit?”

I'd been eyeing the scorpion, but now I looked up to see a smiling young woman encouraging me to try this strange concoction. My wife, D'Aun, and I were attending the annual Explorers Club banquet in New York, all dressed up in a traditional gown and tux . . . but the appetizers on offer were, well, *weird*. Not just scorpions, but boiled tarantulas, jellyfish salad, and baked iguana.

Okay, I thought, *there's a time for everything*. I lifted the scorpion by the toothpick protruding from its back and then gulped it down. And you know what? It wasn't bad at all!

I doubt I'll start scarfing down scorpions whenever I get

the chance. I just turned sixty, and adding arachnids to my diet isn't one of my goals. But the experience reminded me of something: the weird food cravings many of us experience. A friend of mine can't watch a movie without buttered popcorn and a glass of Chardonnay. Other friends swear by strawberries covered in balsamic vinegar. Some put sugar on tomatoes and salt on watermelon. And my late father . . . well, he was in a category all his own.

My father was a child of the Great Depression. Although he was born in Montana, his mother passed away when he was young, and his father moved the family to Oklahoma . . . just in time for a little thing called The Dust Bowl. Like so many others, they headed west, looking for all the world like characters from Steinbeck's *The Grapes of Wrath*. When they arrived in Northern California, they tried to put down roots,¹ but life remained tough.

It wasn't unusual for Dad to go a whole day without food. But like a lot of folks in that era, Dad was resilient and creative at finding what he needed to get by.

For instance, in the small town of Port Chicago where they lived, churches and community groups would throw the occasional party. Dad kept an ear to the ground, and when he heard about a potluck dinner he'd simply wander into whatever lodge or church fellowship hall was hosting the event. With all the attendees milling around the buffet tables, scarcely anyone noticed a small boy—and if they did, most kindly looked the other way. Folks knew others were hungry.

¹ A task made easier by the fact that their home was a tent with a mud floor.

Imagine a rail-thin boy staring at long tables covered in a cornucopia of church-lady foods. Tuna hotdish. Potato cakes. Bowls filled with mints and mixed nuts. Jars of pickles. Biscuits. Bean-and-sausage casserole. Corn. Pound cake. Sheet cake. Lemonade and coffee.

Now imagine that boy having the good grace (and sense) not to barge to the front of the line, and instead hanging back and filling his plate with leftovers. It may have been a function of the culinary tastes in that particular neck of the woods, but there were nearly always leftover chocolate cake and pickles. Cake, of course, because there are always *way* too many desserts at buffets, and pickles, because most people who toss a pickle on their plate don't actually *eat* the pickle. Dad, however, happily gorged himself on that unlikely combination. The bizarre result of Dad's forays into the buffet lines of Port Chicago was an unexpected—and long-lasting—fancy for that stomach-turning mix of sugar and vinegar.

In fact, my father carried that penchant through the rest of his days. Even when he could buy any food he wanted, he continued to eat the occasional plate of chocolate cake and pickles. He never made a big deal of it, and in some ways, it embarrassed him, especially as he became more successful. Eating that strange mixture brought him back to his roots, however. It reminded him of his humble beginnings and the excitement he felt on those days when he discovered a surplus of calories.

We're all like my father in some ways. We each have

cravings. For some of us, it's food, and for others, it's praise. We might be experience junkies or adrenaline chasers. An ever-increasing paycheck motivates some while others are always on the lookout for more friends.

Our cravings can be exploited if we're not careful. When I was younger, I'd offer my dad chocolate cake and pickles when I wanted him to do me a favor! He never actually fell for it, but he always laughed, and I think he admired my attempt. Wise leaders must be familiar with both their own motivations and what motivates their teams . . . and then use that knowledge for good rather than exploitation.

SALVAGED FROM SCRIPTURE

Scripture is full of characters with cravings. Some cravings motivated behavior that was reprehensible. Consider David, who craved Bathsheba enough to commit murder. At least once, craving produced some good old-fashioned stupid when Esau traded his inheritance for a single bowl of stew. We are all tempted to give in to these unhealthy cravings.

But there are also examples when cravings were expressed in positive, healthy ways.

The Psalms are filled with cravings for the presence of God.² The Proverbs express passion for God's Word over and over. Nehemiah was motivated by God's glory. The apostle Paul seemed driven by his deep compassion for those in the Roman world who had not heard the gospel. Esther had a

² Strangely, many of those psalms were written by a man who craved adultery and committed murder. The Bible, like life, refuses to be neat and tidy.

deep sense of responsibility to her people, combined with a courage only a woman of faith could muster. Likewise, Ruth was motivated by a deep faith and sense of responsibility for her family commitments.

All of these characters were motivated by healthy passions to honor God through their work.

Getting our cravings in line is going to make us stronger leaders. And understanding the motivations (the cravings) of our teams will allow us to set appropriate incentives. We're not all going to be like Paul or Esther or Ruth. But we're not all going to be Esau either. And understanding these motivations will allow us to properly channel our instincts toward healthy goals.

LESSONS FROM THE JUNKYARD

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