



## INTRODUCTION

### *All for You, Jack Zogg*

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**I** was only ten but I would have jumped off any cliff for Jack Zogg.

Age ten, baseball was my world, the Robins my team and Jack my manager. It just didn't get any better. We had Mark Taku and Johnny Lobrovich pitching, the Dow brothers, Tommy and Jim, anchoring the infield at first and shortstop, and Roland Martin on the hot corner. Being one of three ten-year-olds in the "majors" (most were in the minor league, a few stragglers were in PeeWees), I was content for a few innings a game in right field.

That year's Campbell Little League All-Star team, with Mark and Johnny as two of its best pitchers and Jack as its coach, went all the way to Williamsport, Pennsylvania, and won the 1962 Little League World Series. Youth baseball on the west side of San Jose was no small deal and Jack was, if not king, at least crown prince. To be a Robin was like being a Jet or Shark in *West Side Story*. There was great pride in playing for Jack Zogg.

Jack was a handsome, rugged and dashing bachelor. He did outside work, something like surveying. He usually came to practice wearing blue jeans, a somewhat white T-shirt and mud-caked boots and always his blue cap with the white "R." Jack had coached the Robins for so long, they were synonymous and interchangeable: Jack/Robins, Robins/Jack. Everyone knew.

I looked around the league at the other coaches. All but Jack had sons playing on their teams. He was simply there because he loved baseball and wanted to invest his off-hours in boys who shared his love. Nothing else obligated him to be there. That impressed me. Jack got us to play as a





team committed to winning but never at the expense of experiencing the sheer joy of playing baseball. His practices were as good as playing in the games he managed. While pitching batting practice, he'd stop to point out a flaw in our swing ("Don't drop the left elbow, Rollo!"). If we executed well, his "Nice stroke, Paulie, you kept your head on the ball" would motivate us for the next pitch. Developing our skills, teaching us to play as a true team and helping us love and respect the game of baseball were his passions.

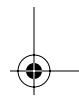
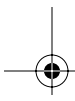
I managed my own Little League team in my early twenties, the South Pasadena Giants. "What would Jack do now?" became my silent mantra. When a sobbing ten-year-old Mark Kranwinkle struck out to end a game, I took him for a walk around the field to convince him he didn't lose the game all by himself—and I pictured Jack with his arm around my shoulder after one of my blunders. When the baseball bug bit me again at age forty-three, the fundamentals he taught me thirty-plus years earlier quickly came back to me as an outfielder in Atlanta's Men's Senior Baseball League.

Jack did for me what neither teacher nor parent was able to do at the time. He somehow spoke into the deepest part of my being: *Paulie, you can do it.*

He believed in me far more than I could. The next year, I was spanked by my sixth-grade teacher in front of the whole school for bad behavior. A few hours later, Jack was working hard to bring out the best in me during practice.

In a game that year, an opposing hitter lifted a blooper between second baseman Marty Maybie and me in right. I charged full blast, figuring it was mine. Marty, thinking it was his, backpedaled hard. He was built like a brick and I was no thin, flexible straw. We crashed, both bodies flying in opposite directions.

Somehow I held onto the ball. Jack rushed onto the field and told the others to back away and give me air. The impact had knocked me out. Jack repeatedly picked me up by my belt, dropped me down, and pulled me up to bring me back to consciousness. When I came to, I smiled up at Jack. That catch was for him.





We didn't win the league championship that year. I think we came in second, but it wasn't for lack of effort or not knowing our goal to win it all.

The next year, the league expanded and each existing team was allowed only two holdovers from the previous year. Jack had to choose between Wayne Payton, Rob McClelland and me. Wayne, the best pitcher in the league, was a given. Rob and I were pretty even. I couldn't imagine not playing for the Robins my last season. I had played two seasons for the Robins, Rob only one, so I figured I had a slight edge.

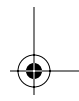
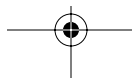
On draft day, Jack chose Rob and my name went in the draft pool. Death couldn't have felt any worse. The new Knights of Pythias took me with the first pick but that was no consolation. I sat alone against the outfield fence, head in my glove, and wept. Even Cathy McLain, cutest blonde at school, tried to console me but couldn't. I was no longer one of Jack's boys.

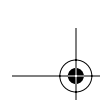
About twenty-five years later, I was visiting my hometown. I had been reflecting on who had impacted my life growing up. I decided to drop by the old field to see if I could find Jack. I ran into Bob Holman, still the league president. The park was named after him; he still seemed to live there. I guess my looks hadn't changed much from age twelve to thirty-seven; he remembered me and even what position I played. I told him why I was looking for Jack and he insisted I give him a call. "He'll want to hear from you, Paulie."

There was only one Jack Zogg in the San Jose phone book. He quickly remembered me. "Jack, I just had to tell you how great it was to play for you," I said. "I know I was a pretty average player but you brought out the best in me. I liked baseball but playing for you made me love the game. You made me believe I could make the play. Thank you."

We didn't talk long but my mission had been accomplished.

Titling this book *Jack Zogg's Guide to Asian American Leadership* would undoubtedly have left many readers puzzled and few books purchased. But I could have because Jack Zogg's leadership is imprinted on me for life. Like Jack, I try to find what motivates an individual to excel and then tap into it. Like Jack, I don't just invest myself in the best and the brightest. I look for that ten-year-old with passion and who has that little spark in their eye that says, "Teach me, train me." Like Jack, I have big goals and dreams. Like





*Throughout this book, I will refer primarily to four unique cultures. A word of explanation here might be helpful:*

*Asian culture refers to the cultures found in Asian countries.*

*Asian American culture refers to the culture of those of Asian descent living in the United States.*

*Western culture refers to the culture of those from European countries.*

*Multiethnic culture or multiethnicity refers to the culture when several ethnicities come together in the marketplace or in social or religious gatherings.*

*These are not perfect categories or definitions, but they will give a general sense of major sociological groupings.*

*Two other terms are also used repeatedly:*

*Assimilation includes identification with the majority white culture; integration into schools, workplace, social groupings; and marital assimilation (when married to non-Asians).*

*Ethnic identity focuses on the retention of ethnic ways.*

Jack, when someone is flat on their back, I get hands-on to get them back onto their feet.

Jack Zogg led well. It took me a while to find my own “leadership legs” but when I did, I tried to lead like Jack.

On behalf of Jack and your elders, may I invite you to lead?

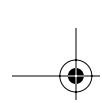
#### YOUNG ASIAN AMERICANS: AN AMAZING GENERATION

In my thirty years of ministry in a para-church movement and in local churches, the first twenty-four were focused on working with the wide spectrum of students found on college campuses. Because nineteen of those twenty-four years were on campuses in the Southeast, I mainly worked with white and African American students. During the first twenty-two of those thirty years, I was active in three churches that were primarily white.

The last six years of ministry have focused on Asian American university students and young adults around the country. In short, you blow me away. You bring a unique combination of qualities to the kingdom table that are needed by the church, Asian American or otherwise:

- strong family backgrounds: while much is said about Asian American parents being domineering and sometimes controlling of their children, they tend to give far more attention to their children than their non-Asian American counterparts





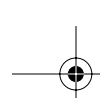
- for many, church backgrounds: you grew up valuing worship, spiritual disciplines, fellowship and missions; church is part of your DNA
- because of your strong church upbringing, you care deeply about your home churches
- some helpful Confucian-based values that are consistent with biblical qualities, like respect for elders, reflection and solitude, tending to others' needs before one's own, the value of being in community, hospitality, looking out for younger siblings
- baseball caps and hip-hop fashion aside, you tend to be more aligned with the baby boomer generation and less "Gen-Xish" in your orientation and values than your white friends, making you more appealing receivers of the generational leadership baton
- highly educated: one of every seven Asian Americans twenty-five and older have advanced degrees—that adds up to one million of you; 78 percent of the 1999 high school graduating class of Asian Americans went right into college—the highest proportion of any race group
- you're graduating in record numbers from our colleges—dynamic, talented, winsome Asian Americans, eager to see your potential tapped and developed. *Not when you are thirty-five or forty, but now.* If we don't affirm, develop and train you *now*, you're likely long gone. You will find a niche of serving and leading somewhere and it may be outside of the church.

My family worships at Atlanta Chinese Christian Church. I have an informal consulting/training role with the young adult fellowship leaders, an impressive array of gifted, teachable folks in their twenties and early thirties. I'm amazed at their willingness to work with our children and youth. They are also hungry to be mentored and trained for more leadership in the church. Michael and Velda, Patrick, Jeffrey, Jennifer and Brian, Jeff, Eping, James and Jenny, Charlene—it's an all-star team.

#### AN INVITATION TO LEAD

My hope is this book will help equip and guide emerging leaders in Asian American churches and college fellowships, especially those in their twenties to mid-thirties.





The first section, “On Being a Leader,” encourages you to start your journey as a leader or to stay on it if you are well on your way. The second section takes a different turn; “Developing and Deploying Asian American Leaders” addresses those who have responsibility for Asian American leaders. It seeks to give these people the big picture of Asian America and how to be helpful supervisors and mentors for Asian Americans.

Oswald Chambers wrote in *My Utmost for His Highest*, “One individual life may be of priceless value to God’s purposes and yours may be that life.”

Let’s agree but change it a bit: “One emerging generation may be of priceless value to God’s purposes and yours may be that generation.”

