

Comfort on a Plate

Being the third of three kids in a reasonably poor household, eating out was a once every long-while luxury. And when we did go out, it was to a family restaurant like Ken Bakers which was a cafeteria or Waids which antedated Dennys, but similar in style. For 99 cents, the meal would include a salisbury steak, mashed potatoes and green beans or similar vegetable, along with bread rolls and butter. At Ken Bakers, the choices were much more abundant, but the prix fixe of Waids was perhaps more appealing. Each was very close to our home, but as I say, we didn't frequent any restaurant. It's so different in modern days.

Cuisine? Over time it morphed from Italian to Chinese to Thai to Indian...and the world keeps shrinking. We often have found Persian and Greek, Turkish and don't forget barbecue and Mexican. The shrinking world has given us international cuisines and eating out in our days is much easier and a fast go-to when no one has really planned a dinner.



Waids for 99 cents a whole meal

My Role Models: Their Influence and Inspirational Traits

Sometimes I think in terms of role models and perhaps this question is asking about mentors as well. Dr Kantor was no doubt a role model to me as a youth, hence my desire to be a doctor. Then Rabbi Maurice D Solomon at Kehilath Israel must have been a role model since my backup plan was to be a rabbi. At least that was what I was saying until a late teenager.

What qualities? Dr Kantor was in my mind, always available, even coming to our home when I was 19 with his black bag. House calls--amazing to imagine those in these days. Rabbi was intelligent, his library in his office was substantial, and people seemed to admire him. He had gravitas and employed it.

Then I became an adult and in my career as a minister, role models in Jews for Jesus included Moishe Rosen, founder, and Jhan Moskowitz. Outside of JFJ, Ernie Gruen of Full Faith Church of Love (now Cross Points Church) originally in Kansas City, Kansas, and now in Shawnee, also had deep influence. Moishe also had gravitas, not like Rabbi Solomon. Moishe was a tall and oversized man whose presence was substantial. But his influence in me was beyond size. He had an intuition that never ceased. He anticipated trouble and considered alternatives that made his capacity for leadership and his actual leadership significant. He allowed for others to lead and trusted

God and them to step up into huge situations. We had our issues, of course, but inspiration was clear from him.

Jhan was never afraid to speak his mind, and spoke into people's lives with depth of care and intelligence. His was a pastoral gift compared to Moishe who had an apostolic one.

Brother Ernie had it all and enjoyed life amidst the Jesus Movement generation. He mentored many a young man. He was creative and allowed for creative people around him. Like Moishe, he had opponents, even among believers, but he was forthright in his teaching of the Bible.

None of these folks was perfect. Each had moments or even lingering accusations. But for this question, my takeaways relate to their influences that I have taken on board as who I am or who I want to be. I wonder if my dad or father-in-law should not be included in this inspiration question.

My dad was working a lot to provide for his family. Even though we never made it to upper-middle-class, I was not unhappy with our lot in life. We were poor compared to others at my schools. I didn't own a car until I was in my 20s. Most of my school friends were driving and parking their own cars at Shawnee Mission East in our junior or senior years.

My father-in-law had a commitment to family, to church, to 6 pm dinners at home, and like my dad, to religious institutions. I used to say, maybe I still do, that we don't keep traditions; traditions keep us.



At our wedding January 1, 1977, with three officiants: Eddie Lisson, Nick Willems, Ernie Gruen. I sang the Paul Clark song, "Let us climb the hill together."



Upstairs at the JFJ Hospitality House during a Council meeting break, Jhan on the left and Avi Snyder share a moment.



1982, Moishe Rosen holding a full-page advert proclaiming Y'shua (note the spelling; he created that one to monitor its reach)

KC Rabbi To Give Two Talks Here

Rabbi Maurice D. Solomon, Kansas City, will give two talks in Denver next month before he appears as a speaker at the Colorado University "Religion in Life" week, Feb. 5-10.

On Feb. 3, he will speak at the Hebrew Educational Alliance evening services on "A Tree Grows in Israel." He will talk on "A Song Is Born" at morning services Feb. 4.

At Boulder, he will address classroom meetings and seminars.

Spiritual leader of the Congre-



Solomon

Rabbi Solomon's reach was beyond KC

Living Through Work

My first job was a volunteer position at Menorah Hospital in Kansas City. It was summer of 1966. I was one of the first three male Candy-Stripers in the US. I didn't have to wear red and white stripes, but was encouraged to wear an all-white uniform of a collared shirt, jeans, and sneakers. My duties were principally to push patients in a wheelchair from one location in the hospital to another.

I worked at Kings Food Host in Johnson County while in high school. They were famous both for Cheese and Tuna Frenchees (deep fried sandwiches) and for pick up the phone to order (rather than wait for a waitress to come to your table). In fact, when I was 22, and had been continuing to work for this Omaha-based company, they actually flew me to Dallas for a week to help out one of their restaurants. I was functioning as an Assistant Manager, but not paid a commensurate salary. During that trip, I had to rent a car, and it was a huge gas-guzzler. I remember I had an accident in that 'boat' by backing up out of my parking space. I barely touched the car behind me, but my car's size was significant; I think the other car ended up being totalled.

Country Kitchen was another chain of mid-size restaurants for which I worked, when I was living in Lawrence in the 70s. My manager was my age, which was our 20s. He was married and had a small child, and one

day I overstepped my role and told his child (maybe two years old then) to behave better. I regret so many things from the past. Maybe one day I will be able to make amends to that family.

For a year I worked for 7-11 also in Lawrence, but I was assigned the graveyard shift (11 pm to 7 am) which made it really hard when I was continuing to study at KU and help lead the Mustard Seed. One evening I fell asleep in a chair behind the till, I was awakened by a customer wanting to purchase something. What an embarrassment.

None of these jobs were in my long-range plan for a life career, however.

One February afternoon in about 1975, a Mustard Seed brother rang me on the phone. He wondered if I wanted a job. What was it, I wondered? House painting, outdoor. Great, that sounded like fun, although tomorrow morning was going to be about 40 degrees to start the day. Turns out the job was with my friend Don Cowick, and Don was calling me to organize things. When did this job begin? Seems as though Don's boss, the other man on the 2-man paint crew, had fallen off the extension ladder that February day, as the ladder was in some muddy ground and the ladder went up to the 2nd floor of a new house build in West Lawrence. Wait a minute. The professional head-of-crew fell off the scaffolding and Don wants to replace him with a guy who has never painted before. Could be a gig.

The next morning Don picked me up and we drove over in his pickup truck. And I learned how to extend a ladder and to put up a scaffolding and to paint way above the muddy ground. And it worked. Although to be fair, after about 30 minutes up on top, Don said, "Will you please stop shaking so much?" We ended up doing well together, and later that summer I started "Painters Plus" which was a house painting (indoor and outdoor) and lawn care service. When I left Lawrence, Barry Foster took that over as well as the old Rib which we had bought from Churchill in 1977. Good times.

After studying at KU in the School of Education (Bailey Hall) with a major in mathematics and a dual minor in biology and Spanish, I was set for a career in high school education. At least I felt that I was marketable. But was that my life goal?

You see, for five plus years, I had been part of the leadership team of the Mustard Seed, and although others might have imagined, I was not clear at all, that a career in religion would be my landing page for the rest of my life. When I taught high school mathematics in McLouth and then Basehor, I was pretty sure that when I was in my 50s and 60s, I would be teaching others. Well, I guess I did end up doing that, but my subject matter was not geometry or algebra. But rather the One who gave us the order and beauty of mathematics. Who knew?

During a summer in Lawrence, over at 4H, one of the apartments where

some of the brothers lived, a party happened through the day, into the evening. A lot of fun, until someone closed the sliding glass door instead of the screen which had been in operation all afternoon. I didn't see the glass, only the 'open door' so jumped down onto the landing and walked right through the plate glass of the door. Don, my paint partner, jumped right up and kicked the spare glass out of the door, and along with Fred Stubenrauch, they got me into Don's truck and over to Lawrence Memorial Hospital where 22 stitches later, I was determined to be fine and released. I still have a lingering scar on my right forearm and maybe some scarring on my back from that walkabout.

I guess I should have known that preaching would be my calling, but in 1971 it was all new to me. The evening I prayed to receive Jesus as Messiah and Lord, I went home to Prairie Village and told Mom and Dad of my new faith. They were not happy and kicked me out of the house. Mom persuaded Dad to let me stay one more night. The next day I got a new apartment around 43rd and Charlotte and a new job at Winstead's on the Plaza. There I became a fountain jerk, making sundaes and milkshakes, coke floats and learned their system. But again, that was not going to be my career.

During my time at the Mustard Seed, I played music, usually on guitar, sometimes on piano, and loved teaching the Bible. I found connections between some parts of the Older Testament and some phrases in the Newer Testament. There were links to be sure. After all, it is one book.

For some reason, and at this point in my life, I attribute the reason to be God's leading, people thought I knew what I was talking about. They attended meetings I started. I led the singing and taught the Scriptures. Usually I taught topically, but there were times when I taught through a book of the Bible line-by-line. I remember a summer when I taught the Book of Proverbs in this way. And it turned into a daily, morning session. It was one of my favorite seasons of life.

Comparing my minimal accomplishments of school teaching with the years of successes at the Mustard Seed, a launch to religion work and mission work specifically made sense. In May 1979, Patty and I went to San Francisco to candidate for missionary service with Jews for Jesus. We didn't fit their credentials for future staff. We didn't come from the East Coast. Patty was 8 months pregnant. I wasn't especially 'called' to Jewish evangelism; I just wanted to preach Jesus and felt that JFJ had been successful in being 'out there.'

Now it's decades later and I still long to share my faith with others so that they will encounter him who is "The way, the truth and the life." That's my calling; so that's my *raison d'être*. And if that's my 'living', then so be it.



Visiting new friends in San Francisco during our first year in JFJ. Avodah it was labelled.



Young Anne....just because I love this photo.