Feelings That Unveiled in Remembering Life

I enjoy remembering. Not the bad stuff, although that also has a place, but the fun, the lively, the silly... it all is my life. The Hebrew word 'chaim' means both life and lives. You see, my social life, my political life, my activism, my economic life, my romantic and 12-step life, my... all my lives combine to make my life, altogether. In that way, I don't even regret the past nor wish to bury it. It helped frame who I am and who I am becoming.

For instance, in 1977, at the Charismatic Conference on the Holy Spirit in the city, there was a significant time as individual speakers spoke at various hotels. But there was one at the Hotel Muehlebach in Kansas City when Arthur Katz was delivering the talk and called on people to have a foot washing. I'd never seen that in such a public arena, and it was so historic and deeply moving as people who didn't know one another were washing one another's feet to say, "I will be your servant." It was that which helped Arthur come to faith in Yeshua back in the 1960s, and he had us do that again.

In 1986 and 1987, those same people who organized the Kansas City event organized the Holy Spirit conferences in New Orleans. We were called NARSC (The North American Renewal Service Committee). And it was there that I was overseeing the Jewish sector. There were

also Baptists and Episcopalians and several other subgroups under the banner of Jesus. And I was delighted to be able to be the leader of that. In '86 for the leaders, '87 for the general Congress. There were so many people who wanted to make things good. And putting these folks from various clubs and subsets of Messianism really helped me to care about unity in the body of Messiah.

I was the founder of Camp Gilgal, a program on the East Coast. And we worked together with Victory Valley Camp just outside of Allentown, Pennsylvania. Everybody who was married was called Uncle or Aunt, and all the counselors who were not married were Mr. or Miss. So I was Uncle Bob. I had never been Uncle Bob before that officially, but that name stuck, and it's still who I am in Chinese circles and certainly because of the podcast. I really enjoyed Camp Gilgal and led it for five years until I handed it off to Josh Sofer. Another story: I remember Nate playing a teacher in a drama at Montrose Christian School in Rockville, Maryland, and what a joy it was to see him acting, and maybe that helped him in his career for So You Think You Can Dance.

Each of my kids played, and some still play, basketball. That was fun. We even had a hoop outside our house on Roslyn Street in Lane Cove. And we had one on our home in Morton Grove, a near north suburb of Chicago from 1987-1989.

My dad's theology was framed by experience more than study.



Anders and Jess relaxed



The wife of my (long faded) youth. She's a champion and the real reason I'm still here, still sane, still walking with the Lord and with her.



Outside our home in Nashville, Anne and Andrew enjoying a laugh



Santorini, Greece sunset dinner in 2025.



A final shot to end 'the day' of this memoir. From Darwin, Australia, sunset in 2010.