

I was born and raised in St. Louis in a Reformed Jewish home. On April 1, 1971, I went to the mailbox and to my surprise received some papers from Uncle Sam, stating that I needed to report April 2 for active duty in the Army Reserves. Of course, I thought it was an April Fool's joke, but it wasn't. The next day, I headed to Fort Knox, Kentucky. My active duty would end July 31, 1971.

Two of my best friends (one Jewish and one Gentile) and I had already agreed that when I got out of the army on July 31, we would move to Columbia, Missouri, to attend a university. That very same summer while I was in the Army, my two best friends went to California and while they were there, they met some people who were followers of the Messiah Jesus. After several weeks of constant conversation about the Messianic claims of Jesus, they too became followers of Him. They returned from California and I got out of my active duty. All three of us arrived in Columbia and moved into our apartment.

In no time I was made aware of their "new" belief. Even though I was not very religious in my Reform Judaism, I was greatly offended by some of the things they were saying. They told me that my way of believing in God was wrong and that I needed to approach God the way He instructed us to do. I thought that as long as I was sincere and that I believed in God that that was all I needed. They told me that my good deeds or mitzvahs would not get me to heaven. I thought that if the good things I did outweighed the bad things I did, I would get in. They told me not to reject the only way that sins could be forgiven. I had never really taken sin seriously. Knowing that I was guilty of many of them, I was totally unaware of the severe consequences of sin. They told me that if I did not receive Jesus as my Messiah and Savior, I would end up in the flames of Hell. This really burned me up. If God was a God of love, how could I end up in Hell? My friends truly cared for me, but they were telling me things that were contrary to what I had come to believe about God without real knowledge. They were telling me and showing me things straight out of the Bible. That's not where I developed my beliefs about God and life. My beliefs simply came from what I thought was true.

As the weeks rolled on, I began to notice some distinct changes in my friends' behavior. This really got my attention. When I asked, they were quick to tell me that the changes were the direct result of their faith in Jesus the Messiah. That made such an impact on me that I began to read the Bible for myself.

Over the months, as I continued to read the Bible, I began to see myself being drawn to what I was reading. At that time, I developed an intense fear of what would happen if I believed all of this. What would my family say? What would my Jewish friends say? On December 1, 1971, I found out. In the privacy of my bedroom, I became a follower of Jesus as my Messiah.

With the urging of the director of Midwest Messianic Center, I attended Brookes Bible Institute. Upon graduation, I attended Calvary Bible College in Kansas City from where I graduated.

I married Bev in 1976 and have five children, four boys and one daughter. I have been in missionary work for 23 years and was in pastoral ministry for 9 years.

I am the current director of Midwest Messianic Center, whose purpose is to clearly proclaim that Jesus is the promised Messiah. While seeking to communicate this to anyone, we have a special emphasis on telling our Jewish acquaintances of this good news. We also seek to educate those already in churches about the important role that Israel and the Jewish people have in the Bible.