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Subject: Child of FA

Posted by [jewelsboye](#) on Mon, 01 Sep 2008 23:23:55 GMT

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I was a young child when my parents started attending Faith Assembly in 1980. I have never felt or experienced anything quite like it since then no matter where I attend church. I am sure there are other people out there like me. Also, is there anyone out there that attended FA as a child and still remembers it?

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Subject: Re: Child of FA

Posted by [jewelsboye](#) on Tue, 02 Sep 2008 15:56:17 GMT

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It was 1980 and I was 4 when we first moved to Indiana from San Diego, CA so we could go to Faith Assembly. My parents had gotten saved before I was born and they started listening to Freeman when we were in San Diego. The last year we attended Faith Assembly was in 1986 or 1987. I remember the worship and Freeman teaching even though I was a child. I am here to say that even though you are a child you can still be conscience of the Holy Spirit in your midst and that children do learn when they are sitting still in church, even if others tell you they don't and should just go to Sunday School. I have never been able to find a church with the teaching that happened at Faith Assembly and it has been a great source of frustration for me. I have several of Freeman's sermons on cd now and while I do not agree with 100% of what he says, you can't get that kind of teaching anymore and it saddens me. Where is the fire for the Lord in the churches today?

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Subject: Re: Child of FA

Posted by [grandom](#) on Fri, 05 Sep 2008 11:53:17 GMT

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[jewelsboye](#) wrote on Mon, 01 September 2008 18:23 I was a young child when my parents started attending Faith Assembly in 1980. I have never felt or experienced anything quite like it since then no matter where I attend church. I am sure there are other people out there like me. Also, is there anyone out there that attended FA as a child and still remembers it?

Praise the Lord Julie and welcome to the forum. Sorry it took so long for me to welcome you. Your post blessed me very much. I used to set in the back at Fa occasionally and I used to get so blessed by the little children raising their hands in worship. Like everything else at Fa I had never seen anything like it before or since. I'm especially blessed because it seems that some of you are still here in the faith. Maybe more will find their way here to bless us also. I believe Brother Ron

(JWBTI) gave a vision or prophesey at Fa about a falling away and return in the latter days. Maybe he will share that with us sometime. I knew that DR. Freeman knew what he was talking about when he said the children belong here in the assembly and not tucked away in sunday school which he didnt believe in and I`m with him on that.Perhaps in the future you can share some of your walk with the Lord since then

Bless you and Welcome  
Richard

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Subject: Re: Child of FA  
Posted by [jewelsboye](#) on Sat, 06 Sep 2008 07:17:19 GMT  
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Thank you grandom. I loved FA. Unfortunately after we moved back to San Diego we did not always go to church because my parents could never find one that felt right. Even I noticed it and nothing was even near what Faith Assembly was. I do not send my kids to Sunday school now either. I tell my husband that they do learn even if they are fidgeting. It drives him nuts, but he deals with it. I recently began having him sit by himself with our older boys and I sit with the babies so he can concentrate. It doesn't bother me. I am used to it. I am the oldest of seven children and none of us went to Sunday school. During my teens I didn't attend church and rebelled somewhat but the Lord was always there in the back of my mind whether I liked it or not. My husband was not saved when we got married and he believed in evolution and the whole nine yards. We argued over halloween, Santa Claus, the Easter Bunny, and anything else that you could think of. It's funny, because even though I wasn't living like I should have been, there were some things that I was unwilling to compromise on. Eventually he started asking me questions when he would see me read my Bible and was saved one night. Some of my best church memories were at FA. I remember wanting to take notes as soon as I started writing which was about 6 months after we moved there. I always wanted to sit in the front row, and only got to about 4 or 5 times because my mom couldn't stay with all of the little ones just so my dad could take me to the front. I still find it a challenge even to this day to be comfortable in a church. I feel like we as church members are not being taught anything. There isn't a fire being lit or burning. I hear people talking about this church or that church and that it's cool or laid back, but church should be exciting. You should not be able to wait to get back. It's hard for me to not be frustrated when I go to church and that is something that I am struggling with right now.

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Subject: Another Child of FA  
Posted by [M Chupp](#) on Sun, 21 Sep 2008 12:46:20 GMT  
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I was a FA child. My parents left a Mennonite church to attend FA, and I have a clear memory of sitting in the backseat of the car when they discussed it and made the decision. I was very excited about it. I too remember sitting as a child and being fascinated by the messages. What kids nowadays will sit still for an hour and half message? I do think it was a shame however, that they stopped the children's meetings. They were held on Wednesday nights only, and it was an awesome time for children to learn things about creation, fruits of the spirit, the Holy Spirit, and other things at a child's level.

I remember the very long rides to the Glory Barn 4 to 5 times a week, and playing on the logs outside the barn and feeding the goats. Since we got there so very early for a good seat, there was plenty of time to mess around before Church. Do you remember sitting in the barn after a three hour service, and smelling the popcorn that Mel Grider was fixing. Absolute torture for a kid!

I do remember awesome times of worship, but I also remember it getting very long and wierd too. Folks getting up and sharing stupid things, wierd prohphecies and just plain nut cases. Does anyone else remember the guy that stood at one of the mics and yelled "beam me up Jesus?" Hilarious.

In the mid eighties, as more and more people were dying, I think that Dr. Freeman snapped. What kind of man that has the responsibility of a congregation of 2000 people just holes himself up in his study and never (rarely) got out. I think he became a hermit.

I am thankful for the early teachings and being grounded in the authority of God's Word. It is sad to see so many of the other kids my age now adrift in the world, having turned their back on God altogether.

God Bless,  
-Mark

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Subject: Memories  
Posted by [Greider](#) on Mon, 22 Sep 2008 13:54:26 GMT  
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I have seen pictures of those goats. And their was a black dog that used to bark at me. I'de like to hear any other memories you have about the Glory Barn and more specifically Mel.

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Subject: Mel Memories

Posted by [M Chupp](#) on Thu, 25 Sep 2008 02:07:09 GMT  
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I don't have too many memories of Mel, as he was usually in the background. I do remember him being scary. To a small boy, his towering, tattooed hulk was intimidating. Not to mention the long grey beard.

He would occasionally get up in front of the church and talk about how credit cards were setting us up for a one world government. I wonder what he would say about the internet? He was also really into this end-time survival stuff. I remember the book he wrote about it; I believe it was called "woman in the wilderness". Once he and MaryBeth got into that stuff, there were rows of canning jars down in the basement, and they dug an underground cellar out behind the barn. The local TV station in Elkhart had him on their morning show to talk about it, but when they opened up the phone lines for callers, all anyone wanted to talk about was Sally Birkit's death. Poor Mel looked so flustered.

We were all very focused on end-time events back then. I remember wondering if I would get to grow up before Jesus came back. Now my children are almost grown up.

I think the goats were part of the survival bit. I remember trying to con my little brother into touching the electric fence that ran around their pen. He wouldn't do it, so I tried touching it with a stick. Yep, it was turned on.

I remember the black dog too. He wasn't very friendly. Do you remember when she had puppies? They were adorable, but mother was even less friendly.

But the thing I remember mostly about Mel is smelling that dang popcorn. Sheer torture I say!