



# Bob Brubaker

October 15, 1935 – November 13, 1987

In the early evenings when the Brubakers were at the lake for vacation, the shouts of children and youth would echo from the field on Pioneer Trail. Bob Brubaker had again rounded up the kids to play softball. Later in the evening a group would gather at someone's cottage to play Rook or other games. Bob loved to get things going for fun and fellowship. Later, when I was falling in love with my future husband, he would take me visiting so that I got to know friends around the lake. I remember the Cottager's Council meeting when Bob spoke on behalf of raising the motor size to at least 25 horsepower so that kids (and adults) could water ski on the lake. He loved the lake and the community that gathered there in the summer months. It was inevitable that we came to have a cabin of our own so that our children could grow up at Lake Louise, as had the three Brubaker kids.

Bob embodied the same qualities of love for people, time for fellowship and organization of small groups in his years as a pastor. There were many times when a group would gather in our home to discuss issues of faith and how to live out the faith in the midst of family life, vocation and the witness of the church. He combined his love of people with a vibrant preaching ministry. His love of God was evident in sermons full of hope and encouragement. Bob's God was the God of love and justice. In those years, Lake Louise was a place of blessed renewal during vacations. Bob was in seventh heaven when I urged him to buy a sailboat available one summer at the lake. He loved to sail. He and Dale, his beloved brother, had taken up sailing years before. He wasn't very happy the time he lost his glasses due to a sudden gust of wind. At other times, Bob would find a tennis partner. This, too, was a love of his.

One consistent and ongoing theme of Bob Brubaker's life, whether in church, at the lake or anywhere else, was his abiding work for peace in relationships and in this troubled world. He was once grabbed and pushed into a garage, which was then locked, as he was on his way to a peace rally during our years in Adrian. This scary event failed to deter him in speaking out for peace. His was the voice of peace on the floor of our West Michigan Conference. It was a part of his preaching. He also lived it as husband and father. Bob was awarded the Peace Sermon of the Year recognition one year at Conference. It was only natural for our family to establish the Brubaker Peace Scholarship at the time of his death in 1987.



# Bob Brubaker

October 15, 1935 – November 13, 1987

Many persons working for peace or attending peace events have been helped in part by a scholarship from the fund. John Ross Thompson joined us in this venture years later as the fund is now the Brubaker-Thompson Peace Scholarship.

As I mention our family, I witness to Bob's love for his parents, his brother, Dale and his sister, Bette Jo. He came from a family strong in love and faith. His family of origin contributed to the family we raised together. Our four children, Cathy, Anne, Dan and Mike loved their Father well and mourned him deeply when he died. Not that they wouldn't put one over on him at times or test his patience enough to tempt him away from his peaceful demeanor. We always shared the evening meal, often discussing world events as well as the events of the day. All four children grew up with a grounded in values that reflected their Dad's love for people and commitment to a more just and peaceful world. They have with their spouses instilled the same values in their children. Bob would also be proud of the great-grandchildren who have begun to enter our family. We honor him in memory and cherish the time we had with this incredible man. Often in family holiday gatherings, we tell the stories. His presence is there as we laugh, cry and remember. We still recall the November chill when we brought him to the memorial garden at Lake Louise. We go to the garden often and recall so much of the gifts of life and time we were privileged to know Bob Brubaker, to have him in our midst, and to wrap ourselves in love he gave to us in lasting legacy.