

Country Boy From Detroit

By Rev. Thomas A. Robb

I have lived in the Ozarks since 1971. In 1969 my wife and I felt lead to come to Arkansas to build a white Christian outpost in the heartland of America. So we, along with our two children (Rachel & Nathan) left Tucson, Arizona and made our journey to settle in Arkansas. We lived for a short while at the Church of our Christian Heritage, now known as the Church of Israel. Pastor Gayman of the Church of Israel was a friend of ours, having met him and his wife Delores in 1964. Later we helped raise chickens (32,000) for Arnold Murray who was the postmaster in Gravette, Arkansas. He was holding small Bible studies in his home. Later he founded Shepherds Chapel. Many of you have seen his programs on television. He died in 2014.

We then moved to Bass, Arkansas where our 3rd child, Jason, was born.

We have lived in Arkansas so long that people often think that this is our home state. Actually, my wife and I were both born in Michigan. She, in the UP while I was born in Detroit. Though my wife was born in Michigan, she grew up in the Sierra Nevada Mountains of northern California. Her father owned a small lumber mill and later worked for the US Department of Interior as a hunter and trapper. Here is a picture of her on the family mule, Jack Dempsey. Until she was about 5, the mule was the only way they could get to their home along the American River.



We met in the Colorado Rocky Mountains at a private Christian patriotic school founded by Dr. Kenneth Goff. Dan Gayman was the chief instructor.

I grew up in Detroit when it was still a nice city. The streets were nice, the schools were nice,

the beaches at the lake were nice and the parks were nice.

Detroit was a nice place.

It was a good place.

Though I know it may be hard for people of today to believe, the reality is all the large cities in America were good places to raise a family. Chicago, Memphis, Philadelphia, St Louis, Los Angeles, Cleveland. Atlanta - they were ALL nice.

Everyone!

Of course, that is before the big change.

When I speak, I will sometimes say, "I'm just a country boy from Detroit." When I say that people will often laugh. And I say it somewhat as a joke. But the fact is - it's true. As a child in Detroit, we lived on a dirt road. There was the woods, open fields and a nearby pond where we would catch frogs and polliwogs.

It was a good place.

But for those who think I am joking when I say I am only a country boy from Detroit, I thought I would show this picture of me inside the chicken coop in our back yard - in *Detroit!*



So now I am a country boy from the Ozarks. I built my home, cut fire wood and use a wood burning fireplace. (OK, I am now old so I don't cut as much firewood as I use to.) The first couple of conferences we held, Muriel did the cooking on a wood cook stove.

The next time we have a

conference **we would love for you to come to the Ozarks and visit us** at the Soldiers of the Cross Christian Family Retreat.