

The Journey Of a Life Time



A Reflective View Into the Life of Frank Bremser

Frank Jacob Bremser

THE JOURNEY OF A LIFE TIME

Written by Frank Jacob Bremser

With assistance from Michael and Pamela Mathews

September, 2010

Published by Focusonheaven.com

Printed by Gospel Publishing House

Note: All Bible Scripture References are from the New International (NIV) version, unless otherwise labeled.

For additional Ordering Information:

Website: <http://www.focusonheaven.com>

Email: Michael.Mathews@focusonheaven.com

*The Steps of a Good Man are
Ordered of the Lord.*

Psalms 37:23

The Journey of a Life Time – By Frank Bremser

Table of Contents

Foreword	4
Introduction	5
A Fast Journey through Childhood	8
From a Child to a Man – In short order	11
The American Dream – Marriage, Mortgages, and Prayer	12
The Power of Words Spoken.....	12
Active Duty Call Again – Korea Bound	14
The Issues of Small Towns “ <i>They’re Small</i> ”	16
The Glory Years	21
The Journey through the Down-Under and Onward to the Promise Land	22
Holy Water, Holy Water, Holy Water	22
My Own Miracle with Holy, Holy, Holy Water.....	24
My Spiritual Review of Life and Grace	26
After Rose -- More Grace was needed	26
The Gain and Loss of Possessions	27
The Significance of Names	29
The Names Ascribed to God the Father	30
The Meaning of each Bremser Family Member	33
Closing and Summary	35

FOREWORD

“Each of us has the power to give life meaning, to make our time and our bodies and our words into instruments of love and hope.” ~ Tom Head

Frank Bremser does a phenomenal job recollecting and assessing the true worth of the life that God has blessed him with. Frank lives up to the German meaning of his name which is ‘Javelin’ by throwing a long and accurate javelin into the value (target) of his life, his wife’s life, his children’s lives, and the many other special friend’s lives. This is a true story of the value of a redeemed life.

I have been blessed to know Frank over the course of 33 years and have witnessed a man who is a great listener, observer, and analyzer of people and life. At first glance you may get the impression that Frank is soft spoken, but in a subtle and profound way Frank continues to pull out from his vast experiences many life changing statements. These life changing statements, (unbeknownst to Frank at the time) had the power to shift the direction of a situation and even life itself. If you are wondering what the last name Bremser means; you will need to read through the full testimony of Frank Jacob Bremser, and stand amazed that there is more to names than most people comprehend. You will soon understand why God would need to give Frank a ‘Rose’ to balance his life and create a foundation for a family that would grow and add 12 children who would each bring their own value into this world.

This life and legacy book was written to illustrate the reality that each life created by God is meant to bring glory to God as well as value to humanity. You will be enlightened to learn the spiritual nature that is bottled-up in the emotions, mind, soul and compassion of Frank Jacob Bremser. You will see that he quickly relates his life with many Biblical examples and truths that help make a connection to the meaning of life, meaning of names, and significance of places; as he journeyed and continues to journey through life with more of God’s ‘Grace’ than he ever thought possible.

It is with great pleasure that I was privileged to assist Frank in articulating the wonderful aspects of his life. Frank unveils many spiritual gems as he relates as well as connects his life with many metaphors. The combined writing style allows the reader to connect the simplicity of a life that continues to be fully lived; as Frank would say *“when your life is viewed as a Gift from God.”*

Privileged,

Michael L. Mathews

Introduction

“The day the child realizes that all adults are imperfect, he becomes an adolescent; the day he forgives them, he becomes an adult; the day he forgives himself, he becomes wise” ~ Unknown

Welcome to the journey through the highlights and connections of Frank Jacob Bremser’s (my) life. I trust that my story will allow you to see life in the simplest, yet profound manner that God has created life to be for each of us. I have written the following with the help of a dear friend, Mike Mathews, who was able to help extract some of the mysteries and treasures of my life which have been tucked away into the back of my memory.

It is with great joy and blessing that I am able to share my joys, hopes, and promises to my family and friends. As the old adage goes ‘I wish I knew back then, what I know now!’ This adage has much truth to it, but the fact is that God has designed each of us to live through the experiences we go through for a specific reason, which are not always clear when you are going through them. Someone recently shared with me a great Biblical truth found in Psalms 37:23 which states *“The steps of a righteous (good) man are ordered of the Lord.”* This Bible passage truly represents my own sentiment about our creator, God and our lives on this earth. At the age of 87 I feel as though God created, aligned, and therefore ordered all my steps, including what many people would perceive as bad steps, good steps, as well as missteps. I am ever grateful and thankful for this renewed understanding and belief about God through the Bible. I may not have been the most ‘Holy Man,’ but I am a righteous man simply by my act of faith in God and His Son Jesus Christ. There is a subtle yet significant difference between a ‘Holy Man’ and a ‘Righteous Man.’ That difference comes down to having faith in God and His son Jesus Christ vs. trying to be religious or simply holy. My faith in Jesus automatically makes me righteous, whereas my moral acts make me more pure and holy. This belief also allows me to have the greatest confidence that all aspects of my life can be exchanged for greater things through my children, grandchildren, experiences, as well as my investments of money and time. This belief is the primary purpose and hopeful outcome of my personal ‘Journey of a Lifetime.’ Without God, I have a limited journey; but with God I have a completely redemptive journey! I pray my redemptive journey of a life time becomes a mirror, prism, and optical kaleidoscope into my life, where God’s light can shine through to help others become all God intended them to become. I recall years ago collecting S&H green stamps in coupon books where you could fill up the book after purchasing groceries at the A&P or other grocery stores that gave away green stamps. Once the coupon books were full, I went down and redeemed the coupons for greater merchandise at the redemption center. Now that my life has been filled with experiences, I desire to see the same concept of redemption applied. May every reader use the collection of my experiences to exchange for better things in their life!

During my recent reflections and understanding of my life and experiences, I can see how carefully God orchestrated all the details. As an example, I am amazed how ‘water’ was such a significant factor in the various places and events of my life. From the early years in the Navy upon the Saratoga Navy vessel, right up to recent years when I used some Holy Water from Germany to pour into Twin Hills Lake to jokingly, yet knowingly believe in the power of water.

Water has played a significant part as it has such a purifying, cleansing, renewing, and energizing effect. I wonder if this was the reason that water came out from Jesus' side when the Roman soldiers pierced his side! Jesus forgave them for committing the sin through His blood, but possibly wanted the water to reflect a cleansing to them. The Apostle Paul also refers to the Word of God as having a cleansing effect through water. "... *As Christ loved the Church and gave Himself for it through the washing of the water by the Word of God.*" (Ephesians 5:25-27)

So far you have read that the German meaning for the name Frank is Javelin. As for my middle name Jacob, I find it ironic that I was given this middle name without any choice, yet the very Jacob of the Bible had 12 descendents just like Rose and I did. I am now more convinced than ever that names really do matter. There is definitely something to be said about the meaning of names. Throughout the book you may hear more about the meaning of 'names.' Consider that throughout Wisconsin, names of towns have many meanings behind them that should be taken into consideration. Just like people, towns take on the characteristics of the names they have been labeled with. I am also convinced that parents do not necessarily know what they are doing when naming their kids. However, I am convinced that God is even in control of the names of all the children of the earth. This is why God states He knew each child even when they were yet in their mother's womb. If God knows the number of hairs on each person's head, knows each of us while we were in our mother's womb, and knows our ultimate destiny, then He certainly controls the names of all the children. There is something about a name. Later on I will share more insights into the significance of names and the names and personalities of my tribe of 12.

I encourage you to enjoy, believe, and reflect upon the events shared in the Journey of a Life Time. At the end of the day, I can only pray that I can look back and say I lived my life. These words were taken from a great song by Ronnie Milsap that sums up what I want to convey about my life through this Journey of a Lifetime. I have included the song called [*My Life by Ronnie Milsap*](#) on the next page.

In love, and admiration of God's carefully planning of my life; what a Journey!

Frank Jacob Bremser

Ronnie Milsap - My Life Lyrics

I want to know If I walk down a certain road, it was my choice
And I want to know If I had something to say, I raised my voice

I don't wanna wake up a little too late
And say I could've done this or I should've done that
When I close my eyes at night I wanna know I'm doing the best I can

When I'm sittin' there In my rocking chair, looking at my life
I hope to God I would've done
Something good with my life

At the end of the day, I can only pray
That I can look back and say
I lived my life, oh, I lived my life

Don't want to take my father's path
I gotta make my own
Don't want my epitaph to read "Wish they could've known me"
I don't want that carved in stone

I want to leave this place with a smile on my face
Knowing what's in my heart didn't just stay in my heart
And whatever heaven gave me
I want to know I gave it all back

When I'm sittin' there in my rocking chair, looking at my life
I hope to God I would've done something good with my life

At the end of the day, I can only pray
That I can look back and say I lived my life, oh, I lived my life

When I'm sittin' there in my rocking chair, looking at my life
I hope to God I would've done something good with my life

At the end of the day, I can only pray that I can look back and say
I lived my life, oh, I lived my life

Well, I want to be an open book, say I gave more than I took
My life, I lived my life, I lived my life

A Fast Journey through Childhood

Nicknames, Bumble Bees, and the Japanese

“Too many people grow up. That’s the real trouble with the world, too many people grow up. They forget. They don’t remember what it’s like to be 12 years old. They patronize, they treat children as inferiors. Well I won’t do that!”

~ Walt Disney

I think Walt Disney was onto something when he penned the above words. I can recall my childhood as though it happened yesterday. There is something about childhood that should always remain innocent. No wonder Disney World is loved by children and parents alike. Let’s look at little Frankie Jacob Bremser’s childhood which started on July 01, 1923.

My parents, John and Susan Bremser raised our family of nine children in the Kewaskum, WI (Moraine Park) area. There were three boys and six girls raised by my parents. The Village of Kewaskum was named for Chief Kewaskum of the Potawatomi tribe, whose name translates to "turning on his tracks". In many respects it was a great Midwest area that had many German settlers. My grandparents were direct descents from Germany and spoke English with a heavy German dialect that was extremely ‘attention grabbing.’

The era of the 1930’s in the Kettle Moraine area were memorable experiences as there were extreme droughts during the summers, and extreme cold and heavy snowfall in the winters. These extremes following the depression in the 1930’s caused many people to be over-concerned about their livelihoods and sustainability. This nature of being over concerned was completely understandable, yet it is clear as I look back that it also developed a nature of ‘fear’ that brings its own attributes and characteristics into a person’s life, religious beliefs, and the manner in which they are raised. The old adage that we are products of our environment is fairly accurate. On one hand this environment helped me develop a trust in the church which later in life transitioned into a greater trust and confidence in God Himself. On the other hand, the environment created a lack of confidence in my abilities, and self worth. Due to the difficulties of the day it was difficult for parents and grandparents to pass on many encouraging words, positive nicknames, and/or promises of hope beyond being thankful to survive. In fact, I recall the words and nicknames that many people in that era would state about their children. Without going into great detail, let’s just say that most of the nicknames were labels that were expressions of the frustration, rage, or ignorance of the day; thus mostly negative names were given instead of positive names. And, unfortunately these negative nicknames were like ‘ear-tags’ that branded a young child’s mind and followed them for a few years into adulthood. For instance, my grandfather always threatened to ‘cut-off’ my ears in a firm voice, as if that was the only way he communicated with me. Even though he probably never would have, these mere consistent words, gave me the strong impression that my grandfather never liked me. In fact on my grandfathers death-bed, at the young age of six years old he repeated those exact

words in his strong German dialect; “little Frankie, I’m going to cut off your ears.” I recall so vividly going through my entire life believing that my grandfather never liked me. I will never know for sure if this was the case, but I am aware of the power of words spoken. In fact at the age of 87, I still wonder what my grandfather thought of me. This is why I am convinced that words and names are far more powerful than we can ever realize. I believe this is why Jesus stated that we should never offend little children (Matthew 18:6). God probably knew well before I ever learned it, that little children are so impressionable and will take things with them throughout their lives. For this reason, I have challenged myself to speak words of life and encouragement into people. I would also challenge every reader to speak words of life, encouragement, and blessing into young children. Once you have mastered this blessing with children, go ahead and try it with your friends, family, and spouses. This is the promise of Proverbs 18:21 when it says that *‘Life and death are in the power of the tongue.’*

“Nicknames stick to people, and the most ridiculous are the most adhesive.” ~Thomas C. Haliburton

Extra Creativity Activities:

Those years in Kewaskum flew by extremely quickly and forced us to be creative with the extra time we had for extra-curricular activity. In addition to not having video games or iPods back then, we did not have the money for the sports equipment to play football, baseball, or basketball. However, this did not stop us from playing our own modified version of sports with whatever we could find on the farm. Because I was a Chicago Cubs fan and my brother Al was a New York Giants fan we would invent ways we could beat each other with names of our favorite teams.

My favorite creative game was a hybrid baseball game that we called *Batting Practice*. It was an extremely creative game that took advantage of what we had on the farm in the 1930’s. The game was played with bumble bees, a broom stick, and some basic engineering of the curvature of mad bumble bees coming out of the barn. Let me explain; my brother Al and I noticed that the upstairs level of the barn extension which served as the place to cool the milk (downstairs) and dry the red oak wood (upstairs) included colonies of bumble bees. Anytime the drying red oak would be disturbed, the bumble bees would viciously fly toward the spot with the most light shining into the room. In the case of the upper room the spot with the most light, was the crack between the two doors. Al was rather creative and noticed that he could crack open the doors to about 17 inches and then block the light at the top and bottom of the doors to produce a nice ‘strike’ zone for the bees to come directly between the knees and shoulders of the batter who would bravely stand in the door way. Because we did not own a baseball bat we used a much narrower instrument called – a broom stick. Of course Al did not want to be the first batter when we aroused the bees to verify our creative game and experiment would work. The problem was that Al suddenly remembered that our older brother Earl almost died from bumble bee bites. This left the first ‘at bat’ up to me. I took the broom stick and stood in the door way, while Al took another long stick to move the red oak to disturb the bumble bees. Just as we planned, two bees came directly across the strike zone to

the light in the door way. Unfortunately, I missed my first swing. I was so excited and liked what I saw happen that I told Al to move the wood pile again so that the next batch of mad bumble bees would come across the plate. Sure enough, they flew across the strike zone again and this time I hit one right between the eyes. The trajectory of the bumble bee's flight was usually high and inside the drop box into the strike zone, just like the trajectory of a good overhand pitcher's curve ball. I got better and better at smacking the bumble bees and missed very few. We could not change the pace of the bees, so we had no change in the pace during practice. However, we quickly learned we could change the size of the curve by moving the doors. If we moved the doors to the left, we could create a smaller and faster curve, and if we moved the doors to the right we would get a bigger and slower curve. Al never felt over confident with the broom stick and angry bees, so I got a lot more practice than Al.

Looking back, I estimate based on the number of times we got stung that my batting average was .950; but keep in mind the stakes were much higher than just a strike out!

This experience with bumble bees was extremely valuable. By the time I was 16, I made the High School varsity baseball team with one of the finest athletic coaches I have ever been coached by; Lyle Gibson. In case you're wondering, I was actually starting to use real baseball bats and balls. In late April of 1940 I was approached by two men who eventually recruited me to play for the fastest amateur team in Wisconsin, the Boltonville Bees (yes bees as in bumble bees). They told me Lyle Gibson stated that "Little Frankie Bremser would be one of the finest recruits based on his experience coaching the Kewaskum High school team." In fact, Lyle told him "Frankie can play almost any position you need him to." The rest is history; I was recruited, trained and played for the Boltonville Bees. Did I mention there is something about names? How does a young German get experience playing baseball by hitting bumble bees, only to get recruited by the one team named 'Bees.' The steps of a righteous man are truly ordered of the Lord.

I should add an important aspect of my first game at bat; the pitcher was going into the 8th inning with a no-hitter with the score 0 to 0. His fast overhand pitch to me was the identical trajectory as the bumble bees traveled on the farm. I hit the ball over the third baseman and down the left field for a double. That hit turned the table and we went on to win 2 to 0. As you might guess, I started every game after that turn around.

After two years of playing for the Bees, I was approached to play for a semi-pro team for the New York Yankees (Fond du Lac). I made the team and began making many great plays. I was on my way to the majors as far as I could tell. I had sure come a long way from playing 'Practice' with my brother Al by hitting bumble bees in the upper room, to now making great plays for the Yankees semi-pro team. All was going well until I broke my ankle while sliding into home base. I was out for the season and would be questionable to be ready for the April tryouts. I found out later that I did not have to worry, thanks to the Japanese ... read on!

From a Child to a Man – In short order

December 7, 1941 is a day that lives in infamy as the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. The battle cry was *“Let us fight a war to end all wars.”* This was my first challenge that seemed like a most noble cause for my life. I, like Chief Kewaskum was ready to *‘turn on my tracks’*. I joined the Navy for the next six years and never returned to pursue a career as a pro-ball player. Needless to say my childhood flew by as I jumped into the action-packed journey of War World II. Looking back, it is clear that I bypassed some critical formational years between the ages of 18 and 24. Six years as a sailor produces a very specific product who can swear, drink, smoke, chase woman while on leave, and learn to defend a country. There was a sense that the Navy actually encouraged this type of behavior, and before long it was just a way of living. The million dollar question is “how does a boy enter World War II to defend his country, be encouraged to be a drunken sailor at seaports (while doing the things drunken sailors do), experience death in various ways, and still mature in a healthy manner?” Looking back it appears that my transitional years from boyhood into adulthood were the equivalent of transitioning between rowing a boat on a small lake, to becoming the captain of the Titanic; the chances of tragedy are immense. I, unlike thousands of others came through World War II alive and well. I will ever be thankful for God watching and protecting me through the War. Truly the steps of a righteous man are ordered of the Lord!

During the war, I was privileged to be on one of the greatest Navy vessels in the entire Navy Fleet; the USS Saratoga. The word **Saratoga** is a Latin word for “Unconquered Gallant Fighter.” There must be something about a name, because my Life’s Journey reflects that of an Unconquered Gallant Fighter.

The American Dream – Marriage, Mortgages, and Prayer

The power of speaking a word in season

"If words are to enter a person's mind and bear fruit, they must be the right words shaped cunningly to pass men's defenses and explode silently and effectually within their minds."

~ J. B. Phillips

The Power of Words Spoken

In 1948 after six years of faithful service I was released from the Navy, but joined the Navy reserve, which would later surface as a problem during the Korean War. As I mentioned earlier, I flew right through my childhood into the Navy while never giving much thought to what I wanted to do once I got out of the Navy. I now realize why so many adults ask kids what they want to do when they grow up ... they are probably like me, looking for ideas from kids because they don't know. I say that tongue-n-cheek but there is some truth to it how we progress into our adult careers.

Upon leaving the Navy I returned to the Milwaukee, WI area. Milwaukee in the 1940's and 1950's was a thriving place with a lot of business, spunk, and breweries. No wonder the TV series 'Happy Days' and 'Laverne and Shirley' were filmed in Milwaukee, WI. The name Milwaukee means *'gathering place by the waters,' as the Milwaukee, Menomonee, and Kinnickinnic rivers all come together before flowing into Lake Michigan.* Here I was surrounded by the flow of water once again.

I quickly found a job working at Western Electric, and then later at Schlitz Brewery. Within six months of being out of the Navy I was asked to be the best man at my best friend's wedding, where the maid of honor was beautiful *'Rose Christina Feucht.'* Rose was engaged at the time, but it was very apparent that her fiancé was a misfit for Rose. It was at this time, that I suddenly learned the power of speaking words with authority. I had noticed that Rose's fiancé was being cruel toward her during the wedding activities; so I immediately spoke these life changing words to Rose *"Why don't you just give him his engagement ring back."* I did not really think much of what I said, but within a few minutes, Rose came back to show me her left hand; and to my surprise it was ring-less. I asked what happened, and she said, *"I did what you said I should do; I gave the ring back."* Needless to say, seeing that I commanded the change through my words, I did the honorable thing and took Rose as the door prize of my life. We started dating, things became serious and on May 7, 1949 I married the Rose of my life. I guess one of the lessons from being in the service was to take charge at times, and at that wedding, I spoke a few simple words causing the destiny of two lives to be changed forever more.

As mentioned in the previous chapter, life and death are in the power of the tongue. By using my tongue that day I changed two lives. As I reflect on life, it is clear that we can exchange the use of our words and thoughts into positive action. For illustrative purposes; assume that on the very day that I told Rose to give the engagement ring back that I could have thought two completely different thoughts when she came back with an empty hand. One thought would have been a very negative (guilty) thought like "oh me and my big mouth," another thought would have been a positive and life changing thought like "my words have influence, and what

speak carries weight and may positively influence the lives of others.” In case you’re wondering if Rose made the right choice, let me say this ... “she made a perfect exchange that day.” Her marriage, her destiny, and life’s purpose literally were exchanged that day when I used a few short words to change the direction of life for myself, Rose, and 12 children. The process of exchange is a powerful process; yet it is a timely event. In one moment of time many people can exchange their present circumstances for a different destiny. This directional exchange can be a positive or negative exchange. The reality is that we all need to be mindful of how powerful our words are. With my tongue I can shift the events of history. No wonder, the Bible states (James 3:4) that the tongue is like a small helm of a great ship on the water. Whoever is in charge of the helm has the potential to steer a mighty ship toward a different direction. For an old navy boy, I love the illustration using water and a ship. There is indeed something life changing about water.

I was reminded by my co-writer Mike Mathews that my words through the years had impact beyond measure. Even though I spoke the words that Mike stated, I did not see them as life changing at the time I spoke them. He gave me a few examples and reminders of words that I spoke that changed his life. He reminded me of two examples that I did not immediately recall. During Mike’s freshman year in high school, his parents stopped down by our restaurant; Frank and Roses. This was the first time I had met Mike’s parents. I told his parents that Mike has great potential as a runner and encouraged them. The Mathews family was new to town and thus far no one in the in-ward focused town encouraged them as outsiders. They went home and told Mike that Frank Bremser had just encouraged them by stating their son Mike had great potential as a runner. Those words encouraged Mike to go on and win many awards and set a few track records at Mishicot High School. It also drew Mike closer to the Bremser family, as it was the first acceptance that he experienced. Years later, as Mike was in his early twenties, I was evidently at a wedding and I told Mike that I wish he were one of my sons. That statement, almost unbeknownst to me, helped Mike through a difficult time and was the very thing that drew him back into my life 25 years later. Mike challenged me to consider the possibility that through my life I had probably spoken similar words to many other people without really knowing the life changing effects of those words. He stated, *“Your voice and words had a soothing and cleansing effect, much like water does.”*

As Mike shared these two simple yet power examples, I realized that my tongue is much like a rudder and capable of steering things in a certain direction. I am humbled by this reality, yet ever aware that **if** it applies to me, it must apply to all of us. It is clear that God wants us all to use the power of our tongue to encourage, help and steer people in a direction. I have never before seen how the words I shared earlier are both eloquently and frightfully true at the same time. The steps of the righteous man are truly ordered by the Lord. How would I have known what to say in key moments without a greater Maestro (God) directing my life? Albert Einstein penned the following words which echo closely what I now believe ... Our day-to-day lives may be more full of miracles than we realize.

“There are only two ways to live your life. One is as though nothing is a miracle. The other is as though everything is a miracle.” - Albert Einstein

Active Duty Call Again – Korea Bound

Within the first year of marriage Rose and I were proud parents of our first child Christine. Within a few more months Rose was pregnant with our second child who we would name, John. Within 14 months of marriage I was shocked, shaken, and disappointed to get a call stating that the Navy reserve was activating me to full time duty to serve in the Korean War. This was not in my playbook, and it became one of the most difficult things that Rose and I had to live through during our early years. I had decided to join the Navy Reserve in the summer of 1948; and in November of 1950, I received the following message from the Navy *“You must report to duty at Great Lakes in preparation to go to the Korean War.”* At the same time Rose was expecting to deliver our second child (John) at the same time I was to report to Great Lakes. Because of these circumstances I tried everything I could to get a delay in my report date to Great Lakes Naval Station. Unfortunately, the Navy had no empathy and sent the command ... *“You have 48-hours to report to base, or we will take disciplinary action!”* The Navy gave me no choice, and so I was forced to leave the very same day that John was delivered. Rose was the real soldier as she made it without me through numerous ordeals like this without me by her side.

After a short time of preparation at Great Lakes, I was deployed to San Diego and assigned to the USS Tingey (DD-539). I was so desperate not to leave that I tried everything I could think of to get out of going to Korea. At one point, I even decided to get on another ship that I knew was not going to Korea, but before long the authorities had me right back on the USS Tingey. As strange as it would have sounded back then, God knew what He was doing, as He was ordering my steps. The captain, Wade C. Wells made Gilligan on Gilligan’s island look like a naval genius. Possibly the Navy recruited him from the insane asylum. For this reason, we will call him Captain Gilligan in my story! Captain Gilligan was making every stupid move possible to get us in trouble during war time; in hindsight his stupid moves probably saved my life. Let me give you an example...

Rose was coming to visit me a few days before we were to depart for Korea. Right before she arrived, the Captain decides he wants to do a short practice rendezvous on the ocean with the ship. We were coming back to Port, and the Captain misdirected the ship to the wrong side of the buoy, which caused the ship to get stuck on a major sandbar. While Rose is on the shore waiting, the entire crew is stuck on the ship away from port until the tide was high enough to get the ship off the sandbar. By hitting the sandbar all the sonar equipment to provide adequate navigation was ruined; but (Captain Gilligan) did not realize (or admit it) until after we were half-way through our Korean War tour. Yes, that’s right ... we were in mine fields, treacherous waters, and many other situations without properly operating sonar equipment. It was only after a major storm that the Captain realized (or admitted) that the sonar equipment was not working, and that it should be repaired. All this to say that, the lack of sonar equipment

may have kept enemy ships and submarines from identifying the very ship I was on; preventing them from striking us with torpedoes. God knows what He is doing in all circumstances.

The good news was that I did get to see Rose that weekend in San Diego, and we did enjoy our time together. Upon receiving my first letter from Rose when I arrived in Korea, she informed me she was pregnant with our third child, Chery. The Korean War was a major political façade; that made me wonder why I, or anyone else would be part of this misguided effort. You can imagine my frustration when I realized that I was under the worst Navy Captain, as well as a political façade. On one particular mission while operating with the British Carrier task force in the Yellow Sea (Between Korean and China), we were asked to pick up rockets from a rendezvous point and bring them back to the British carrier we were with. The British ship in turn attached them to their planes on the carrier and shot them at the Red Chinese troops located in North Korea who were fighting with our American troops. When we got to the rendezvous point we found out that we had actually rendezvoused with a Red Chinese ship, and transported the rockets back to the British carrier, who put them on their planes and shot them at the Red Chinese troops in North Korea (talk about Chinese checkers)!

I could not wait to get back home! Finally, after being given orders that my tour was complete, I made the mistake of staying on the same ship with Captain Gilligan to go back home, versus taking the land route to another ship. Guess what happens next? All of the blunders and failures Captain Gilligan committed finally caught up with him, just as we were heading home. The Naval commanders heard about Captain Gilligan's 'horsing around' on the last mission... so they decided to penalize him. Unfortunately his penalty became mine. Instead of heading home he was ordered to go on one last mission to bomb a tunnel on the China side of N. Korea. I could not believe this was happening! I had just told Rose that I was on my way home. We ended up successfully bombing the tunnel and half of the town's hillside that night. The next day Rose read in the paper that the USS Tingey was not coming home, but on a bombing mission in North Korea. Keep in mind, back then there was no way for me to text or email Rose, so she had to read about it in the newspaper; after the fact. After the successful mission we finally set sail for home. I made it through a misguided war along with Captain Gilligan. Had I known that Gilligan's Island and McHale's Navy would become such a TV series success, I would have nominated my Captain and the USS Tingey for a comedy TV series.

Finally on Dec 24, 1951 I was home again with my Rose. This may sound hard to believe, but it was the day that our third child Chery was born. In summary, I left for war on the day a child was born (John,) and came back the day a child was born (Chery). God chose to bring me back alive to continue building my family, (three down, and nine to go)! Even though I was a sailor often in harm's way, I can honestly say that it is much harder on the spouse who is left on the home-front worrying and carrying for the family. I am so pleased that Rose was a follower of Christ; and as much as God was ordering my steps He was guiding and ordering Rose's steps. I should mention that Rose's middle name 'Christina' which means "*Follower of Christ.*"

It should be noted that the Korean War memorial in Washington, DC has one of the most profound sayings '*Freedom is not Free.*' I wish that every reader would understand that many

mothers, fathers, sons, and daughters have paid a great price to allow American people to live in a free country. Please remember the men and women and families who are serving our country throughout all wars. I wish our words in War World II held true in that it would have been the war to end all wars. My steps were ordered of the Lord, and I made it through 10 years of Naval military service.

After returning from the Korean War, I continued to work in the Milwaukee area for the next 10 years, with 10 of these being at the Schlitz Brewing Company, as a brew master. As a brew master, I had the privilege of taking 'Water' and turning it into ~~wine~~ I mean beer. It should be noted that it takes 1,500 gallons of water to produce one barrel of beer. As you can see my life seemed to always involved water.

Time to move on and pull a Chief Kewaskum – 'Turn on my Tracks'

In 1967 my family was in need of a new vehicle and we decided to fly to Detroit, Michigan over the July 4th holiday to purchase one at a reduced cost. While in Detroit, my best friend challenged me to consider getting into the business of doing wedding receptions and banquets. He insisted that there was good money to be made doing this part time or full time. Shortly after returning home there was an advertisement in the paper for a Banquet Hall in Mishicot, WI named Levenhagen's Opera/Dining Hall. We decided we would go and take a look at the place. We were semi-impressed and the words of my best friend were echoing in my head ... 'there is money in this line of work.' These words and some excitement from Rose swaying me to put an offer on the Opera house that was a restaurant, bar, bowling alley, and dance hall. I could envision banquets and receptions happening with the help of my large family. We decided to put an offer on the Opera Hall under the condition our two homes that we presently owned would sell. Guess what? The two houses sold and we were now committed to making a complete switch in life. The good news was we had 12 healthy children to help us make a go of the transition.

The Issues of Small Towns "They're Small"

The above statement (sub-title) is more profound than it appears "*The issue with small towns is that they are small.*" Little did I realize what that would mean for my family! With twelve kids in a small town they have a total of 24 listening ears to hear the many opinions and comments that were being made and repeated in the small town of Mishicot. After a few days of attending school, the school kids were saying spiteful things with the main message '*Here come the dumb Bremser kids.*' As I said earlier, nicknames can be extremely damaging. It did not take long for me to realize that the school kids were only mimicking what they heard their parents say at home. It is now time in this Journey to tell you what the German meaning of the word Bremser is ...**Rage** (*Seriously*). When hearing these cruel words from the town kids, I had to do something to control my personal rage. Considering I now had a business that would have to serve the parents of these kids, rage was not the most beneficial response. I say all this to give you an idea of how bad it hurt me, yet how much I needed to stay quiet and trust a higher power. Through the years I would spend much time seeking and praying to God. My kids did not know the prayers that went up for them as the time went by. I now wish my kids would have seen my prayers and requests to God in a more public manner. Failure to do so allowed

them to see more of my frustration, versus the balance that God was really working in my life and on behalf of our family. I trust the outcome of their own lives may testify that somehow there was a higher power working on their behalf.

In no way am I trying to attack the people of Mishicot, as they were only 'small-town' people who were trying to protect their own insecurities. Keep in mind that the Levenhagen's owned the Opera Hall now called Frank and Rose's since 1893 (74 years). After 74 years, the thinking may have been along the lines; "Who were the Bremers to come in and take over one of the largest establishments in our town." Unfortunately, I am not sure if small town people can ever understand how their protective and jealous nature comes out in such negative and spiteful way. I recall when I tried to join the Mishicot Lions Club, I was quickly informed by the president of the club that my application was rejected and denied. I don't know about you, but being rejected by the Lions' Club is difficult to do, and much like being rejected by the IRS; the IRS just doesn't turn away paying citizens.

We would spend the next 27-years in Mishicot operating Frank and Rose's. It took quite a few years and three significant events for people to finally start warming up to the Bremer family.

Significant Event #1

In October 1973 our 15-year old son Jim was walking home with four other classmates after decorating the homecoming float. A drunk driver swerved off the road with his pick-up truck and instantly killed our son Jim, who was just 15-years of age. The other kids walking with Jim escaped with minimal injuries from the accident. The driver was a local man who was extremely apologetic as well as devastated. Needless to say, this was indeed one of the darkest days of our life. Losing a 15-year old son leaves parents speechless and yet internalizing 'Why?' Through God's grace we quickly forgave the man who killed Jim. God's grace was beyond measure and the prayers that I prayed for my family were starting to pay dividends. After Jim's death people in Mishicot became more receptive to our family. Unfortunately, one of my children had to overhear one of the ignorant students at school make a spiteful comment stating "He was only a Bremer." The rage was controlled through the realization of the ignorance of many of the students and parents, who were still working out their rejection of our family. The Prayers continued and increased to overcompensate for the spiteful nature of people who do not really know Jesus Christ as Lord and Savior. Little did they know that our Son Jim's (James) name is also the name of many Godly saints; therefore, I am sure he overlooked and forgave their cruelty. Interestingly enough my brother Al died in October of that same year. I am sure they connected and came up with some creative games that can only be played in heaven! I can't wait to see what games my brother Al is playing when I join them in the throne room; when I too shall meet Jesus face to face.

With Jim being a great cross country runner who made the varsity team as a 15 year old, my son John and I approached the cross country coach (Coach David Kelly) to consider having an annual Jim Bremer Memorial Invitational Meet in memory of Jim. The invitational was set up and hosted in Mishicot in 1973 and has been held for the last 37 years. Jim's life and legacy continue to bring the family comfort. It is important to note that I believe that no life is ever

given or taken in vain. God has a plan and purpose that can redeem the life both in heaven and on earth. Through the years I have been privileged to know 2-3 people who had near death experiences state that during the experience they saw our son Jim in Heaven, and he is completely at peace. This is one of the greatest comforts to a parent. I guess I should expect no less from our very own saint; Jim. I believe the Name **Bremser** will remain in Mishicot for years to come as a means to heal and bring more people to God's saving grace and light. My son Jim, Rose, and I would love nothing more than to see the redemptive value of our sorrows and pains.

Most people could not hear or understand the reality that Jim's death was a special event occurring in the heavenly realm. However, Jim's dog Barney who was a mixture between a St. Bernard and Husky would howl every night after Jim died. Barney even got loose one night and was found at the grave side of Jim. The dog was smarter than most people, and could sense the scriptural evidence of Psalm 116:15 which states, "*Precious in the sight of the LORD is the death of his saints.*" One of God's saints went home that night, and it was precious in God's sight. With the help of my co-writer I have coined my own quotation on the power of a name.

"To demonstrate the power of a name, be reminded that every man will die, but His name will remain forever; and generally the name becomes more powerful than the life of the person ever was!" ~ Frank Jacob Bremser

Even though the Bremser family has moved on, the names live on with greater influence in a community that so desperately needs to hear of God's saving grace.

Significant Event # 2

Even though the community might have thought the Bremser family was dumb, they soon realized that we could sure run. Our daughter Cindy did not run track or cross country during high school, but during college she was noticed and recruited to run for the UW Madison Track Team. Within a short time Cindy was qualifying for the 1980 Olympic team with numerous national records under her name. Within a short time everyone in Mishicot heard of the Bremser who was going to the Olympics. The Bremser family began moving up on the small town social scale. I was pleased with this, but must admit it is somewhat distasteful to realize how much one must do to be accepted in a small closed community.

The Jim Bremser Memorial and Cindy Bremser going to the Olympics started outweighing the comments and feelings toward the new comers. After 8-10 years we were part of the small town of Mishicot, but to be honest, I was not sure how much I wanted to be part of the town. This is not a negative toward the people of Mishicot rather a heart-felt realization of the process people must go through when a society chooses to be narrow minded or jealous. Ironically the town was a very religious town. Possibly through this experience I started realizing that a personal relationship with Jesus Christ was more important than the relationship with a church or people.

“Religion is not something separate and apart from ordinary life. It is life -- life of every kind viewed from the standpoint of meaning and purpose: life lived in the fuller awareness of its human quality and spiritual significance through Jesus Christ.” ~Unknown

Significant event #3

As the head bartender at Frank and Roses, I was naturally exposed to many people who had a few too many drinks on different occasions. The outcome of loose lipped over-indulged drinkers generally leads to telling the bartender things that they should not hear, nor in many cases want to hear. Nonetheless, after people poured their soul out to me, they had a new sense of befriending, and connecting with me. What a way to become a friend and educated about small town life as well as the pure sinful nature of humanity and why they need God.

*“I think everyone should go to college and get a degree and then spend six months as a **bartender** and six months as a **cabdriver**. Then they would really be educated about people.” ~ Al McGuire*

What does the name Mishicot mean?

The Indian name for Mishicot stands for ‘*Chief Hairy Leg*’. This by itself is bizarre and gives an indication of a lack of purpose and personality. After the years of reflection, I have found that I needed to seek God for an opportunity to understand and redeem the years that were spent in the town that lacked personality. I have been blessed by God to recently understand that the Bremser family was not a dumb German family that entered onto Main Street in Mishicot, WI in 1967; rather we were sent by God to help bring light and give some hope and personality to the community. Through the sacrifice of my one son, Jim, the dedication of my children, great cooking by Rose, and the 27 years as a counselor, listener, and confidant behind the bar of a tavern, we shed some light into an extremely dark area that had lacked purpose and personality. May many others carry the torch of light as well!

It continues to be my prayer that all new comers to small towns become welcomed in a shorter and healthier manner than the Bremers. The ‘dumb Bremers’ are a forgiving family and can simply say ‘**Thank-you**’ for letting us learn to trust in God more than people. Many of my children are now serving God due to the trials they experienced through their upbringing. God has been faithful and exchanged our 27 years with greater things. He is truly the redeemer of all people, all things, and creation itself. In fact, my prayer is that possibly the life of my son and my years as a ‘listener’ helped that small town. Since 1994, my family members have moved from the area, and now live in various parts of the country. We all took the Chief Kewaskum advice ‘*turned on our tracks*’ and moved onward and upward. The great news is that two of them (Jim and Rose) look down from heaven and smile as we made it through difficult times, and are on the same trajectory toward heaven as they are. We are all flying like those bumble

bees in Kewaskum... on a trajectory toward the light of heaven! My brother Al is also in heaven opening the doors a little wider so we can see the light in a clearer path and fashion. If you are interested in this type of journey make sure to read the chapter called the Power of a Name. In an effort to lighten the truth and my honesty within this chapter, I have included a humorous 24-point section called 'You know if you were raised in a small town if ...' section. I trust you will laugh along with me.

You Know you grew up in a small town if:

1. You can name everyone you graduated with.
2. Your teachers called you by your older siblings' names.
3. The town next to you was considered "trashy" or "snooty," but was actually just like your town.
4. You referred to anyone with a house newer than 1965 as the "rich people."
5. You know what 4-H means.
6. It was normal to see an old man riding through town on a riding lawn mower.
7. Even though the next town was "trashy" or "snooty," it was cool to date somebody from the neighboring town.
8. You went to parties at a pasture, barn, gravel pit, or in the middle of a dirt road.
9. You used to "drag" Main Street.
10. You scheduled parties around the schedules of different police officers because you knew which ones would bust you and which ones wouldn't.
11. You could never buy cigarettes because all the store clerks knew how old you were (and if you were old enough, they'd tell your parents anyhow).
12. You knew which section of the ditch you would find the beer your buyer dropped off.
13. The whole school went to the same party after graduation.
14. You didn't give directions by street names but rather by references (i.e. turn by Nelson's house, go 2 blocks to Anderson's, and its four houses left of the track field.)
15. You couldn't help but date a friend's ex-boyfriend/girlfriend.
16. Your car stayed filthy because of the dirt roads, and you will never own a dark vehicle for this reason.
17. The people in the "big city" dressed funny, and then you picked up the trend 2 years later.
18. Anyone you wanted could be found at the local gas station, drive-in or the town bar.
19. The gym teacher suggested you haul hay for the summer to get stronger.
20. Directions were given using THE stop light as a reference.
21. When you decided to walk somewhere for exercise, 5 people would pull over and ask if you wanted a ride.
22. The closest McDonalds was 30 miles away (or more)
23. Most people went by a nickname.
24. You laughed your head off reading this because you know it is true, and you forward it to everyone who may have lived in a small town.

Note: Those who grew up in small towns will laugh when they read this. Those who didn't will be in disbelief.

Source: Adapted from a longer small town list by Steven Harper

The Glory Years

The Journey Down-Under; and the Journey of Life and Water

“To keep the heart unwrinkled, to be hopeful, kindly, cheerful, and reverent - that is to triumph over aging.” ~ Unknown

Back in 1973 Rose and I desired to purchase land in Langlade County, WI. We settled on 80 acres that had a 40 acre lake called Twin Hill Lake. My Father John had given me a \$1,000 cash gift that he wanted me to use to purchase some land. As I mentioned, our Son Jim died in October of 1973; therefore we decided to name the property ‘Jimmy-John’ in honor of my father and our son Jim. Ironically enough I found myself near more water, which I stated earlier has a calming, cleansing, and healing effect. In fact from 1973 through 1994 ‘Jimmy-John’ served as our special getaway or sanctuary to take a break from running the business in Mishicot. There was something special about the land, water, and environment on Jimmy-John. This should not come as a surprise as something special happens when you intentionally dedicate a name. The name was significant to what the land meant and became to my family.

The acreage we purchased was the very land that the Bear on the TV series *Gentle Ben* was raised on. The owner raised the bear called ‘Bruno’ as a cub. There was some significance to Gentle Ben coming from that land. That land was our safe haven and heaven on earth in so many ways. I believe the land had such a calming effect that even a Bear and a human could get along. Out of all the acres in America where a bear could be found to train for the TV series, there was only 80-acres they could find the exact bear that could be tamed to work with humans. I believe there may have been something special in the water that made the place we picked out so special. I look back and see that God had ordered our steps to buy that exact piece of property.

Rose and I made our permanent dwelling on Jimmy-John in 1994 when we eventually sold Frank and Roses in Mishicot. Rose and I lived in peace and contentment on Jimmy-John until she passed away of liver cancer in 1998. We had four wonderful years. My only regret was that we had not moved to Jimmy-John earlier and had more years together in solitude. My one advice to all my siblings is, do what you know is right when you know it is right, and don’t worry about the money. Rose and I, being human, over worried about the value of the sale of Frank and Roses more than we should have. In hindsight, when God was ordering my steps a few years earlier, we should have sold Frank and Roses at any cost to get more time in the very place God had prepared for us.

Rose was my ‘Rose’ in life and I was blessed beyond measure having her as my cherished wife, friend, partner, and mother of 12 children. I look forward to my years in heaven with my ‘Rose.’ Rose made me realize that I had to learn the process of exchange and redemption. Her appeal to my heart was special and allows me even to this day realize we can redeem things in life, after we have lost them. Rose had helped me quit smoking earlier in life and after 20-years I surprised her with a gift of \$2,000 which was my personal redemption of all the money I saved by not buying cigarettes since quitting. Rose received many redemptive acts from me, and I received many redemptive acts of redemption from her.

Our marriage was true partnership, intimacy, trust, and value that we placed on each other. We knew we were called together to complement one another, versus compete against one another. This same type of relationship is the kind of relationship that God desires to have with each individual. God desires us to work with Him in partnership, be intimate with His son Jesus, and compliment Him while we walk out His plan on earth. I think the comparison is fair as I firmly believe our marriage was made in Heaven and blessed by God. The words I spoke to Rose "I would give Him back his ring," were so life changing and heaven changing back in 1948.

The Journey through the Down-Under and Onward to the Promise Land

Since I was a young man I had always dreamed of traveling through the land down-under (Australia). The powerful thing about dreams is that they usually come to pass at some point in your life. My dream of traveling to the down-under finally occurred in 1995. Rose and I spent three wonderful months touring Australia. We enjoyed visiting numerous locations and historic areas. I had documented every day in a separate journal called 'The Journey' down-under.

I sense that once I fulfilled the dream of journeying through the down-under I started seeing life differently and have been on the *Journey of a Life Time* to the promise land (heaven) that God has promised to all those who have accepted His Son Jesus. I have been on this Journey for 87 years and am excited what awaits me when I get to heaven. The way the Bible describes the beauty of my final destination is: "Eye hath not seen nor ear heard the great things that God has prepared for those who love Him. (II Corinthians 2:9). When I get to heaven, my Journey will be complete and I will see my Savior face to face.

Holy Water, Holy Water, Holy Water

Throughout my life I have been surrounded by water. As stated there is something about water that has a cleansing and healing power. Even as a child in second grade at St. Michael's school, Sister Magdalene taught me about the holiness of water. This child like faith of water and its capability had carried with me all my life. I suppose that God knows the power of water and that is why we find the following interesting facts about water:

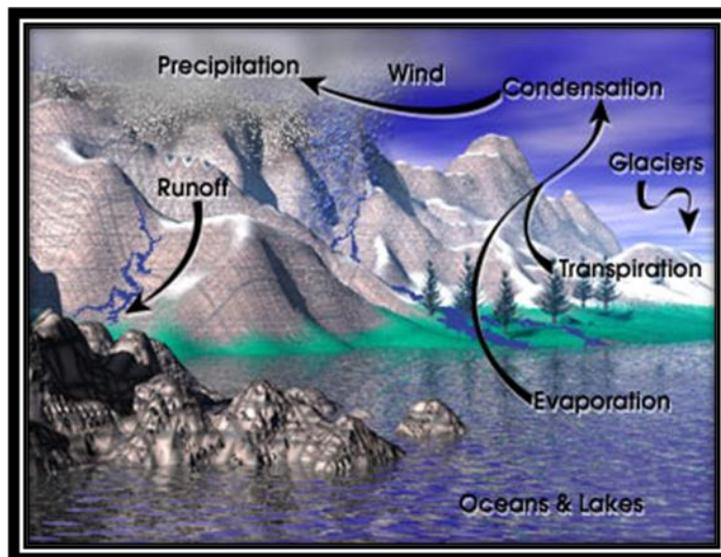
- God created the earth and covered it with 70% water.
- God created humans with about 70% of their body mass made up of water.
- God created the brain which is made up of over 70% water.
- People are baptized in water for a symbol of purification.
- God cleansed the earth in Noah's day with water. --- 40 day flood.
- Jesus' first miracle was done with water.
- Jesus used water to wash the disciple's feet.
- When Jesus' side was pierced by the Roman Soldiers, water came out, versus blood.

- Water is the only substance on earth that exists in three forms 1) Liquid 2) Solid and 3) Gas.
- In heaven there will be a river of pure living water that we will all drink from (Rev. 22:1,17)
- Jesus is referred to as the living water of life.

The Water cycle – (hydrologic cycle)

Before I describe something I did that was at first done in a joking manner and may sound ridiculous to you at first, I want to describe what happens with a molecule of water as described by NASA. The source of the information can be found at http://earthobservatory.nasa.gov/Features/Water/water_2.php

Because Water is the only substance on earth that has three forms, its life cycle is unique and transparent as it takes on three different forms (Gas, Solid, and Liquid). The water cycle for one single water molecule over a 100-year period includes spending 98 years in the ocean, 20 months as ice, about 2 weeks in lakes and rivers, and less than a week in the atmosphere. (Keep this in mind as you read my story below). The hydrologic cycle describes the pilgrimage of water... as water molecules make their way from the earth's surface to the atmosphere, and back again. This gigantic system, powered by energy from the sun, is a continuous exchange of moisture between the oceans, the atmosphere, and the land. As shown in the figure below you can see that one water molecule can cycle between many forms and travel around the earth, but eventually spend most of its time in the ocean.



The Hydro (Water) Cycle

So, if one water molecule enters a river or a lake, that water molecule will eventually reach the ocean(s). Knowing this hydro cycle information after I committed my crazy water event, now makes me believe that I may not have been crazy after all. Time will only tell!

My Own Miracle with Holy, Holy, Holy Water

Late spring in 1998 was the saddest days of my life. That was the time when my beautiful Rose was diagnosed with liver cancer and the chance of survival was very slim. The prediction turned out to be accurate, as she died June 20, 1998. That was also the time when I and my grieving family grabbed at proverbial straws just to keep her from leaving us bodily.

My loving daughter-in-law, Michaela, sent a bottle of holy water from the Benedictine Monastery from Germany that was said to have healing powers. By the time I received this bottle, Rose was in very bad shape. Her internal organs began shutting down and it was difficult to entice her to take even a little teaspoon of the holy water. The holy water did not help my beautiful Rose to live longer, but I am convinced it supplied her with a good death. She passed away on a warm light breezy afternoon with all her children and me surrounding her death bed.

When I mentioned to my sister-in-law, Florence, of my intention of putting her cremated remains on the Island on our property, she explained “you can’t do that because that island is not blessed.” I had a solution for that, so I canoed Deacon Tom to the Island and he blessed the Island with the left-over holy water Michaela sent over from Germany. I still had about one-half of the bottle of water left and didn’t know how to use it productively. I then remembered when I was in second grade at St. Michaels Catholic School when Sister Mary Magdalene OSF gave us religious instructions between Easter and Pentecost. One of the things she mentioned was if you run low on the Easter Holy Water, you could add well water to the little you have left and the Easter Water will turn the well water into Holy Water, even if you only had a drop left. A brilliant idea entered my head. “If a little Holy Water can turn well water into Holy Water, why couldn’t the opposite also be true?” So I poured the left over Holy Water into Twin Hills Lake on my property. I concluded that now I had 35 acres of Holy Water in our lake. I wanted to continue the process of this great feat, so I filled an ice cream bucket of this Twin Hill Holy Water and carried it about one-half mile to Elton Creek. There I gingerly poured it into Elton Creek. Elton Creek flows into the Evergreen River and that in turn flows into the Wolf River, which flows into Lake Winnebago. The outlet of Lake Winnebago goes north to Green Bay, which is part of Lake Michigan and the Great Lakes. By the time the bucket of Holy Water reached the St. Mary’s Canal it was pretty well deluded, but still powerful enough so when they emptied the locks of Twin Hill Holy Water, some of it entered Lake Superior (by wind or transpiration) and thereby making Holy Water of all the water in Lake Superior. I thought by the time the Holy water reaches Lake Superior a great miracle would have occurred, but I was only starting my quest of turning all the waters on the earth into Benedictine healing water. The split between Lake Huron and Lake Superior caused some of the Holy Water to flow south through the Detroit River into Lake Erie -- from Lake Erie, to Lake Ontario, over Niagara Falls which aerates the Holy Water, thereby making it almost as potent as the original Benedictine water. It

then flows up the St. Lawrence River and into the Atlantic Ocean. Since all the oceans are connected, I almost reached my quest of turning the entire world's water into Holy Water.

If I missed any part of my plan, I have an absolute certain outcome. By now, at least 99% of the earth's waters are now Holy, and evaporation will not take the holiness out of the water. Evaporation will change the liquid into a vapor and when that vapor condenses and turns back into liquid it will retain the holiness and spread it all over the earth in the form of precipitation, thereby making all the earth's water into Holy Water.

When Jesus turned water into wine at the wedding feast of Cana, it was a miracle; but I, turning all waters of the earth into Holy Water was leveraging the miracles already established by God to create this effect. The miracles God created, like river flows, warm and cold water, ocean currents, evaporation and condensation, rain, and snow are part of the process that accomplished my feat. Since humans cannot taste, see or smell the intensity of Holiness in the water, I challenge anybody in this world to prove me wrong. Sister Mary Magdalene OSF certainly was on the right track, even though my sister-in-law Florence made the following remark ... "I believe that, but within reason." My question then became, "Where does reason start or end?" The answer may not be about reason, as much as it is about faith. All reason in Noah's day said that it would never rain; yet on the horizon was a 40-day period of non-stop rain. My faith ... if pleasing to God, will overcome logic or reason.

I am honored and humbled to think that the hydro cycle of water proved that the molecules of that Holy Water will last for many years. My crazy act of believing (faith) may be the kind of faith that God was looking for. Possibly God desired to have the entire world experience a taste of the same 'Rose Christina' I had exposure to during my life. Surely the world can use more 'Roses' and less thorns! My co-writer stated that I may not be as crazy as I first thought.

Possibly the water did not flow exactly as I described, but it reached the oceans in its own form and method(s). My co-writer stated that I was probably no crazier than Noah was when he warned people for approximately 100 years that the earth would be flooded with water, when there had never been any rain on the earth since its existence. Possibly, God was looking for a crazy man (like me) who was grabbing at proverbial straws to believe that the Holy water poured out on a piece of land that had been previously dedicated to His saint Jim, would reach the outermost parts of the world. Could it be God was ordering the steps of a righteous man? Could it be that the land that raised Gentle Ben had already been prepared for a greater purpose? Little did I know back then what my co-writer told me in August 2010; and that is that Jesus' voice sounds like the movement of many waters. This exact verse is found in Revelation 1:15. *"His feet were like bronze glowing in a furnace, and his voice was like the sound of rushing waters."* No wonder Rose's middle name Christina, means follower of Christ.

Whether this will all prove to be true or only partly true; it is all part of my personal Journey of a Life Time. I trust Rose and Jim are in heaven saying something like... only believe!

My Spiritual Review of Life and Grace

God's Favor, God's Rose, and God's Grace

"Religion is not something separate and apart from ordinary life. It is life -- life of every kind viewed from the standpoint of meaning and purpose: life lived in the fuller awareness of its human quality and spiritual significance through Jesus Christ." ~Unknown

As you can see in this *Journey of a Life Time* I have exposed some of my more inner spiritual thoughts about life. As stated earlier, I wish I would have known back in my younger years what I know now. It is as if God designs life to be lived backwards or in reverse. It may also be part of God's training plan, and/or, it may be part of our personal spiritual wrestling that takes place as we find that our own interests compete with God's interests at certain times in our journey. I suspect that God knows what He is doing as he matures us in life and draws us to himself.

I, like many people, spent many years focused on the physical and financial aspects of life while not paying full attention to my spiritual life. I believe this is how many of us live our lives. In retrospect I think we should reverse the process and stay focused on our spiritual life while attending to the physical and financial aspects of life. I believe that that this approach would be good advice and allow people to put life into perspective. A well lived spiritual life is like water flowing through your life, making sure the other aspects of life are well watered and nurtured. The financial and physical flow cannot water our souls and spirits like a spiritual flow. This must be the reason that Jesus stated that He was the *'living water'* and if we would thirst after Him we would never thirst again. (John 7:37-18)

As I have stated throughout this Journey... water and names are significant and have meaning beyond our human comprehension. I also stated that I believe that I am a righteous man because of my faith in the Son of God; therefore God orders my steps perfectly, because the steps of a righteous man are ordered of the Lord. Imagine the fact that Frank Jacob Bremser needed a 'Rose' in his life to calm, encourage, and motivate me. I recall on two separate occasions that Rose literally 'Rose' me out of a depressive state in my life. Both times I returned from the War, Rose was the very person God had in my life to remove the depressive state that I was in. Rose was God's favor shining in and through my life.

After Rose -- More Grace was needed

After Rose passed away in 1998 I was devastated in so many ways. How would I rise every day without my Rose? Somehow God allowed me to stay busy, yet saw my loneliness through the next few years. I never knew life could be so lonely after raising twelve children and always having a 'Rose' by my side. God saw it fitting that my life needed to experience more 'Grace' and 'Love'. God began working on me in such a soft, gentle and subtle way through the years of loneliness! He was in essence saying; "My Grace is sufficient for you." I had the opportunity to spend eight years back and forth between Jimmy-John and Branson, MO to get prepared for the next and new Level of Grace and love in my life. I ended up in Branson because my dear friend Marv who had property in Branson, co-owned a lumber saw with me. We decided we would use the saw in Branson where his friend Mick would provide the logs. So, I loaded up the

saw and hauled it to Branson, MO where Marv and I began a small saw mill operation. When Marv became ill in 2000 I would visit him in the Hospital in Springfield, MO. Marv's sister Grace came to visit Marv at the hospital in 2000. At Marv's bedside I reached across the bed and took Grace's hand, so we could both pray for Marv. It was at that moment of prayer that God showed me that I needed additional 'Grace' in my life. At that same moment God was showing Grace that Frank Jacob Bremser was a spiritual man that was in need of Grace and love. Grace and I have been wonderful partners to each other through the last 10 years. I must admit that some of my children could not understand that God was still ordering my steps and found it in my best interest to give me Grace. My beloved Rose went home to heaven, and God saw it best to give me some of the love that was missing. I am so thankful for Grace, as what Rose used to provide in the way of a relationship was now fulfilled with God's Grace! (Grace), you were truly sent by God to show me mercy and grace in my latter years of life.

The Gain and Loss of Possessions

Some of the greatest high and lows in a person's life are achieved from the gain and loss of possessions. For instance, when a couple gets married they each feel they have gained a prized possession. When a couple purchase their first home, and/or have their first child they feel some of the greatest feelings that life has to offer. These great feelings, or euphoric moments are achieved because there is a perception of gaining a prized possession from life. I felt the same when we purchased the property we called Jimmy-John; it was truly one of my prized possessions. Not just because it was a piece of land with a lake, but also because of what it represented. The opposite of these euphoric highs happen when possessions are returned, lost, or taken away. The loss or take-aways of a person's possessions can bring extreme depressive lows.

In the case of losing a human life (such as when I lost my 'Rose,') I was able to eventually cope with the loss. I was able to cope with the loss of Rose as God had a better place for her in Heaven. In addition, I realize that I will see Rose again when I die and meet my Savior. However, when loss happens because of someone takes something away from you, the pain is harder to cope with. This type of pain occurred when I realized that I could no longer afford the property taxes on Jimmy-John. On one hand I felt that the State of Wisconsin was forcing me to sell the property due to the increase in property taxes. On the other hand, I was deeply hurt that none of my children wanted to assist with paying the increased taxes, or buy the land. I fought as hard as I could to get the State of Wisconsin to realize that the taxes were unfair, and/or try and convince my children to buy the land to keep it in the family. Being human, I felt one of those depressive losses in life, as I literally felt betrayed by both my Family and country. There was absolutely nothing left to do but sell my prized possession.

As the years have gone by, I have realized that the loss may not be an eternal loss. It is possible that in addition to the mansions that are being prepared in heaven for me, that I may be able to redeem or reclaim my prized possession; Jimmy-John. In fact, as I write I wonder if my pouring Holy Water upon the land and lake was the start of the process of placing Jimmy-John into the heavenly realms of life, and it is awaiting for me there. For this great hope, I realize that God

knows more than I do; and therefore, He knew that my children were not meant to own the land.

God knows that earthly possessions are merely temporal possessions. This principle has taken me years to learn. I have recently forgiven my children for not wanting to buy or help pay the taxes to retain Jimmy-John. Going forward, my sincere desire goes beyond owning land for myself, and my children. My desire is that they each become God's prized possession so that we can all reunite in heaven. The possessions of this world will one day all vanish, but the realization that we can each be an eternal possession of God's, and inherit eternal life is far more interesting to me. Ephesians 1:13-14 describes this simple process of becoming God's possession when we receive the truth of the Gospel; Jesus Christ.

“And you also were included in Christ when you heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation. Having believed, you were marked in him with a seal, the promised Holy Spirit, who is a deposit guaranteeing our inheritance until the redemption of those who are God's **possession**—to the praise of his glory. ~ Ephesians 1:13-14.

I close this chapter by challenging and encouraging all readers to evaluate the faithfulness of God by putting your spiritual life before all other possessions and priorities. God is worthy of our attention and our praise. If you would focus on God, I believe He would give you greater reflective and redemptive value in your life much sooner than I received it. Just as Jacob in the Bible blessed his 12 children, I desire to bless my children and continue to say prayers for them.

You have each been my prized possession, and I hope you will be God's prized possession by the acceptance of Jesus Christ as your Lord and Savior. We will have plenty of reunions in heaven with Jim, Rose, and my brother Al who may still be doing 'batting practice.'

"The more of Heaven we cherish, the less of Earth's possession we covet. ~ **David Brandt Berg**

"Heaven is a permanent residence ... a place where we unpack our bags and stay forever. ... What a glorious thought to wake up in Heaven and realize it is home! ~**C.L. Allen**

The Significance of Names

Never Forget the Meaning of a Name

“Good men must die, but death cannot kill the significance of their names.” ~Proverb

Overview

Throughout this journey you have heard me speak of the meaning of names and how names are more than coincidence. Almost all cultures with the exception of America have taken great care put to meaning behind names. In America, the American Indians also took much more care behind the names of people and places. The Bible took even greater care to make sure people knew what was ascribed to a name. This is why God Himself had numerous names, and the reason God would at times re-name individuals.

Even in Wisconsin many cities have a meaning behind its name. Some are simple names while others are more complex. In most cases the communities take on the nature of their name, ascribing an environmental or cultural personality to some of the areas. Below are some examples:

- **Waupaca** – Means *‘Tomorrows River’* which means the Indian travelers were one days travel from the great Wisconsin River. Waupaca was a stopping point and remains to be a vacation town or stopping point.
- **Manitowoc** – Means *‘mysterious land’* or *‘Spirit Land or Devils Den’*. Oddly enough Manitowoc still has many religious spiritual attributes that are perplexing.
- **Fond du Lac** – Means *‘foot or farthest point of the lake’*; Lake Winnebago.
- **Butte des Morts** – Means *‘Hill of the dead’* because the dead Indian body bones discovered there.
- **Eau Claire** – Means *‘Clear water’* where the Chippewa and Eau Claire rivers meet.
- **La Crosse** – Named after *‘The Game La Crosse’* because when the French came to the area they saw the Indians playing a field game 2 miles long with long handled racquets.
- **Two Rivers** – Means *‘Two Rivers’* where the east and west twin rivers come together.

I think you get the point that names are interesting, but they do have significance. I have been giving more thought to names and want to express my own thoughts on the names of three important things in my life. 1) The names ascribed to God, 2) The exclusive name given to Jesus Christ, and 3) The names that I would like to give to each of my twelve children.

The Names Ascribed to God the Father

Most religious people often refer to God in a very generic sense. Some people unfortunately even use the name of God in a negative sense. Below are the common names ascribed to God in the Hebrew language as written in the Old Testament. The writers of the Old Testament ascribed these names to describe who they experienced God to be during their circumstances. I hope as you read the meanings, you will reflect times in your life that these various definitions is exactly how God personalized Himself as, for you.

God's Names that were ascribed to Him

Name of God	Meaning	Scripture Reference
ELOHIM	<i>"God", a reference to God's power and might.</i>	Genesis 1:1, Psalm 19:1
ADONAI	<i>"Lord", a reference to the Lordship of God.</i>	Malachi 1:6
JEHOVAH-RAPHA	<i>"The Lord our healer"</i>	Exodus 15:26
EL-SHADDAI	<i>"The God of the mountains or God Almighty"</i>	Genesis 17:1, Psalm 91:1
JEHOVAH-JIREH	<i>"The Lord will provide"</i>	Genesis 22:13-14
JEHOVAH--YAHWEH	<i>A reference to God's divine salvation.</i>	Genesis 2:4
EL-OLAM	<i>"The everlasting God"</i>	Isaiah 40:28-31
EL-ROI	<i>"The strong one who sees"</i>	Genesis 16:13
EL-ELYON	<i>The most high God"</i>	Genesis 14:17-20, Is. 14:13-14
JEHOVAH-NISSI	<i>"The Lord our banner"</i>	Exodus 17:15
JEHOVAH-SHALOM	<i>"The Lord is peace"</i>	Judges 6:24
JEHOVAH-ROHI	<i>"The Lord my shepherd"</i>	Psalm 23:1
JEHOVAH-MACCADESHEM	<i>"The Lord thy sanctifier"</i>	Exodus 31:13
JEHOVAH-SHAMMAH	<i>"The Lord who is present"</i>	Ezekiel 48:35
JEHOVAH-TSIDKENU	<i>"The Lord our righteousness"</i>	Jeremiah 23:6
JEHOVAH-SABBAOTH	<i>"The Lord of Hosts"</i>	Isaiah 6:1-3
JEHOVAH-GMOLAH	<i>"The God of Recompense"</i>	Jeremiah 51:6

These names for God are very interesting, but make God more personal. Because of God's great love for us, He made His love even more personal by giving the World His own Son, whose primary name is ascribed as Jesus Christ. Jesus means 'Savior' and Christ means 'Anointed One.'

The Exclusive Name of Jesus Christ

The name of Jesus is considered to be exclusive in so many ways. The exclusiveness comes from the closeness to God the Father as well as His willingness to come to humanity in the flesh (Immanuel) and die a sacrificial death for the sins of the World. His name is above all other names on earth. Acts 4:12 states this exclusiveness by stating, "Salvation is found in no-one else, for there is no other name under heaven given to men by which we must be saved."

There is no other name that we can call upon, look to, recite, or cry out to who can save us. This privilege and Honor is Jesus Christ; where Jesus means Savior and Christ means the Anointed one. This description shows the exclusiveness of His name. Plain and simple, there is no other name like the Name of Jesus. The reason God gave Him the exclusive name is because of what Jesus (His Son) was willing to do for each and every human being. The Scripture passage of Philippians 2:6-11 shares the details.

Who, being in very nature God,
did not consider equality with God something to be grasped,
but made himself nothing,
taking the very nature of a servant,
being made in human likeness.
And being found in appearance as a man,
he humbled himself
and became obedient to death—
even death on a cross!
Therefore God exalted him to the highest place
and gave him the name that is above every name,
that at the name of Jesus every knee should bow,
in heaven and on earth and under the earth,
and every tongue confess that Jesus Christ is Lord,
to the glory of God the Father. (Philippians 2:7)

Jesus' name is so exclusive that one day everyone will have to bow down and confess with their tongues that Jesus Christ is Lord to the Glory of God the Father. This simple message has been in the Bible for over 1,800 years and yet many people miss the simplicity. Let me repeat ... there is no other name, except the exclusive name of Jesus. One day every reader of this *Journey of a Life Time* will have to confess that Jesus is Lord.

Even though people attend church and believe in many religious things, many people miss the very simplicity of the Gospel, because they miss the exclusiveness of the Name of Jesus. There is no other name that we can be saved by. This is great news from the stand-point that it is so simple. The reason people overlook the Name of Jesus is because the religious pageantry and process often side-tracks our vision and understanding of this simplicity. Because Satan is a deceiver of people, he deceives them to believe that people can be saved by the church, other names, the priest, contributions, and/or good works. This lie is the perfect lie that causes people to miss the simple message of Salvation through Jesus Christ. I have included the simple

steps to (personal salvation through Jesus) below to make sure all my children and readers don't miss the simplicity of their eternal salvation. Just as my words for Rose to give back the engagement ring back in 1948 changed our lives; the following words will change your life forevermore.

The ABC's of Salvation – to *know God and be ready for heaven follow these steps:*

A. Admit you are a sinner and ask for God's forgiveness

"There is no one righteous, not even one ... for all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God." Romans 3:10,23. (See Romans 5:8; 6:23.)

"Everyone who calls on the name of the Lord will be saved." Romans 10:13

B. Believe in Jesus

(put your trust in Him) as your only hope of salvation.

"For God so loved the world that he gave his one and only Son, that whoever believes in him shall not perish but have eternal life." John 3:16 (See John 14:6.)

Become a child of God by receiving Christ.

"To all who receive him, to those who believed in his name, he gave the right to become children of God." John 1:12 (See Revelation 3:20.)

C. Confess that Jesus is your Lord.

"If you confess with your mouth, 'Jesus is Lord,' and believe in your heart that God raised him from the dead, you will be saved." Romans 10:9-10

If you followed these simple steps and believed what you said; welcome to God's family of believers!

The Meaning of each Bremser Family Member

Below are the meanings of each of our Family member's names. Along with each of these official name meanings, is the nickname that I have chosen to bless each of you with.

Name	Meaning	Frank's Nickname
Frank	Frank is an older name than Francis. Like Francis, it is an English form of the French name François, from the Germanic tribe "the Franks". It is highly possible that the name was first derived in English from the Germanic 'franca' meaning "javelin, spear", rather than to its Latin counterpart 'francus' meaning "free".	A righteous man whose steps were ordered of the Lord.
Rose	Rose (just as it is). The rose (or Latin 'rosa') is a flowering shrub. They come in a variety of different forms such as the hybrid tea, floribunda and damask. Roses are seen as symbols of love and beauty, and are also associated with the Virgin Mary. A rose window is a type of circular window used in gothic churches such as at Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris.	Frank's personal Rose
Christine	Follower of Christ.	A forerunner and follower of Christ
John	God is gracious.	The free spirited one
Chery	Beloved	The sensitive and impressionable one with a truly sensitive nature
Cindy	Light	A light that shares brightness on all she does.
Cathy	Pure	Sassy Sue with a pure heart
Judy	From Judea	The New Years Prize
Joyce	Experienced in Battle. Though usually used as a feminine name today, Joyce is a traditionally masculine name. It derives from an old Breton name meaning "experienced in battle," but many parents today choose it because it contains the word "joy."	Joyful and valiant leader

Jim	There are many saints called James, the most famous being Saint James the Elder, one of the Apostles. As a common name it has many namesakes, such as the author James Joyce or the fictional British spy James Bond ("007"). The name has been used for royalty: James has been the name of two Kings of England (James I ruled from 1603-1625, and James II from 1685-1688). In the UK James was the sixth most popular name for boys in 2006; it ranked 16th in the US in the same year.	Saintly one – who looks down from heaven.
Renee	Reborn	The reborn one, who is always rebirthing ideas and herself for the betterment of others.
Robert (Bob)	Bright Fame. A favorite name for boys since the Middle Ages.	The buoyant one. Always rising up through circumstances.
Frank Jr.	Javelin, Free one,	Targeted Javelin who uses precision in all his decisions.
Patrick	Nobleman	The soldier with a noble cause.
Grace	Good Will. Grace was the 17th most popular girl's name in the US in 2006, and the most popular (#1) name in the UK in 2007. It is also very popular as a middle name. To Christians, grace means free salvation from God. Grace is also the name of the prayer said before a meal. In Greek mythology, the three Graces were goddesses of charm, beauty, fertility, nature and creativity - they were normally Aglaia, Thalia and Euphrosyne.	God's manifestation of Grace to Frank

Closing and Summary

The Truth Behind the Person You Imagined Me to Be

Thanks for reading ***My Journey of a Life Time***. I have enjoyed the opportunity to share many of the highlights of my life including many of my inner spiritual thoughts. As you recall in the Journey, I mentioned the word 'reflection' numerous times. I believe the reflective aspect of my life is much like a mirror that not everyone could see into. In other words, my reflective journey is what I believe the truth to be behind the man many people have imagined me to be. In many cases people may have viewed or imagined me to be a soft spoken gentle person, while others possibly as a harsh person. No matter what you imagined me to be, I trust ***My Journey of a Life Time*** gave you a better reflection of who Frank Jacob Bremser was, is, and is going to be!!

I thank God that I am a righteous man, whose steps have been ordered of the Lord, and am looking forward to the renewal with Rose, Jim, and all the other saints who went on before me.

In Love,

Frank Jacob Bremser

*The Steps of a Good Man are Ordered of the Lord.
~ Psalm 37:23*



Frank Bremser has reflectively taken advantage of his life experiences, scripture, and the significance of both names and water to describe the redemptive value of the life that God has given him.

You will be blessed, laugh, and ponder upon the deeper things in life as you read the 'Journey of a Life Time,' by Frank Bremser. His life continues to bring light, laughter and wisdom to others.

~ Michael Mathews

Frank Jacob Bremser