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IN MEMORIAM

Professor Glenn "Rabbi" Thompson (1956-2006)

A Tribute from his Church

In 2002, an extremely freckled, bespectacled, and very British-sounding gentleman, took the pulpit at Swallowfield Chapel, and delivered a vociferous, resonating, and highly intelligent sermon. His name was Dr. Glenn Thompson.[39]

Previously, Glenn had approached Pastor David Henry; saying that the Lord had told him to give his support in any way that was needed. He was needed, and this timely gift from God proceeded to offer yeoman service in a way that was uniquely Glenn.

Swallowfield soon discovered Glenn's uncompromising stance for the authenticity and accuracy of the Bible. He insisted on the proper study and application of the Scriptures – *exegisis* not *eisegesis*, he taught. He was passionate about end-time prophecy; the bond of the Christian church to the nation of Israel who gave us *Yeshua*, our Jewish rabbi Messiah; and the super-intelligence of a God who revels in dramatic symbolism. As Glenn taught about the present and future significance of the Jewish Tabernacle and Religious Feasts to the Church of Jesus Christ, about the duality of God's prophecies – the 'Already' and the 'Not Yet', and many other

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[39]Professor Thompson was academic dean at the JTS, and lecturer at CGST (featured in Bruce Metzger's *Reminiscences of an Octogenarian* [Peabody, Massachusetts: Hendrickson, 1997] p. 200); he also served on the editorial board of *CJET*.

topics, God allowed us to see the delicate, intricate and beautiful masterpiece interwoven by Yahweh throughout time.

Glenn wanted to impart all his knowledge to everyone, at every opportunity. He was the only Sunday morning speaker who would show up with a 56-page PowerPoint presentation for a 45-minute sermon – a source of great perplexity to the Visuals Team. He never completed more than 9 of the 56 slides, since he added so much information as he spoke.   It is safe to say that Glenn never officially finished any sermon; he just ended when the time ran out.

We were therefore not surprised that God planted in Glenn's heart, the same vision that had been planted in ours: a training facility that would ultimately make disciples of all nations. The Global Leadership Institute – GLI – was born.

As a teacher, Glenn's passion was tempered only by patience and humility. He welcomed all questions, treated all opinions as important, and all comments as worthy of note. This courtesy was extended even to those with whom he may have had differences of opinion. If a person had expertise in a particular area of Biblical study, Glenn especially wanted that person to teach GLI classes on the subject. He regarded these persons as great men of faith, fellow teachers of the Gospel, and friends.

But we MUST talk about Glenn's riotous sense of humour, which ranged from intelligent wit to sheer idiocy. This otherwise brilliant man of God suffered from frequent lapses of sanity, during which he would ply his so-called jokes, which could have planted acres of corn to feed an entire nation. He was not above frequently interjecting inane points during an otherwise sober discussion, or surreptitiously doing Internet research on a completely unrelated matter during a meeting.

A hopeless technology-junkie, Glenn was constantly showing off electronic Bibles, while toting ever-changing cell phones and other gadgets, which, quite curiously always seemed to originate with his son, Simon.

The conviction and faith which characterized Glenn's life was not superficial, but rather the result of a life of prolonged sacrifice and complete dependence on God. He was strong enough – and humble enough - to publicly and specifically admit his regret for personal mistakes he made in his teachings or sermons. Eschewing pompous religiosity, he preferred to speak of persons in terms of their faith and talent, frequently using such statements as "This dear brother has been blessed with an amazing gift of music"; or "Now that woman is a tremendous servant of God, I tell you." In fact, it was one of Glenn's deepest fears that people would exalt him instead of the God he served.

During Glenn's last days, we saw less of the loveable larger-than-life personality that we knew, and more of a deeper and almost painful connection to the God of the universe. Throughout his illness, Glenn was most grateful for two things: his beloved wife Angela, and her unwavering devotion and gentleness towards him, and the solitary, personal, and sweet peace of the presence and love of God.

Even in his very last moments, Glenn was concerned for others: for his family; his father, Carl; for Swallowfield Chapel; for Jamaica. Two weeks ago, when asked if he had any prayer requests, his response was typically Glenn: "I am very concerned about the killings in the Darfour region of Sudan. Please pray for Israel. Pray for Jamaica that corruption in high and low places will be exposed".

As we say goodbye to Glenn, we do not pretend to understand what has taken place. We believe that Glenn would want us to acknowledge the fragility of life; the finite nature of our understanding versus the depth of the riches of the wisdom and knowledge of God, whose ways are beyond our finding out. He would want us to think on how wide and long and high and deep is the love of Christ. And he would want us to WORSHIP! Worship *Yahweh El Shaddai*, our *Yeshua haMasciah* of Nazareth, and give Him all the glory, honour, and dominion, and praise. (Contributed).