

Why?

Why True Bread was started

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I went to college at VA Tech, in the foothills of southwestern Virginia. I clearly remember my Chemistry professor always hinting at creation whenever he had a chance, and I always found that very refreshing, because as a young child I was exposed to religion and have always believed in a “Creator”. Sadly, I don’t remember much else from my chemistry class!

Somehow, during a lecture, the professor began speaking about photosynthesis. If you have ever been to the mountains of Virginia, you may understand that there are trees literally everywhere, and this was true of the Tech campus. Spring and Fall were great seasons to be in Blacksburg. Walking from the dorm one day, I began to really look at the fresh, new leaves bursting from the branches and it hit me..... I knew at that point in time there had to be a Creator Being in the universe. It was just too perfect for chance or evolution (which I never accepted). This started my journey down the long and winding path to True Bread.

Several years later found me in flight school, down in Daytona Beach Florida. Much of this has already been covered in the article about my life, so I will not dwell too much on that time period, except to say that it was in Daytona that I started attending the Worldwide Church of God in January 1986. My first Sabbath as an adult was two days after the death of that group’s founder, Herbert W. Armstrong. To say that that man changes my life would be an understatement. When I was but a young child, my family joined Worldwide, and our lives were never the same.

At 23, I had developed the desire to begin to fellowship with other like-minded people and to be a part of what I considered “organized religion”. I was baptized on April 19 1986 in Orlando, Florida. It was and still is a very

meaningful day in my life, even if I no longer attend that group. I should admit that I was never really big on following a personality, but was VERY interested in scripture, and in biblical history and archeology. Worldwide fit the bill.

Everything was fine for a few years, but after the founder's death strange things began to happen within the leadership of the group and to the group itself. Factions formed. Ministers were dis-fellowshipped. Rumors flew. Some leading ministers actually began forming their own "split-off" groups. One such minister, called an "evangelist" whom I knew personally formed a group called the "Global" Church of God. From contacts in Daytona, I was given tapes from the evangelist and I started a small group for this church in my parent's living room. I had actually been in this evangelist's class in Bible College in Big Sandy, Texas and felt he could be trusted. The year was 1992. His name was Roderick C. Meredith.

This small group began to grow steadily and rapidly, and my father and myself were soon joined by other family members, and had to move the group to my sister's house for room. Soon the word got out into the local church community, and we began having others show up, and even had a minister leave the previous group and come with us. Then we got even bigger and were moved to a motel meeting room to accommodate our fledgling team. That's when the trouble began.

Shortly after starting this small group of like-minded people, I found a newly developed sense of courage. Courage that was crushed in the Worldwide Church of God. None dared ask a minister a serious religious question or challenge their sanctified doctrine. Since my introduction to the WCG, I had never really understood nor accepted certain vague doctrines. I was confused on issues such as who was God, or the calendar issue. It never made sense to me even at that early time, and several of us would talk about these issues but never bring them up due to fear. One very serious issue was over the Passover, which I NEVER understood from WCG's doctrine but only went along with it, because who was I to question the man up on the stage wearing the expensive suit?

Now that the splits were occurring, the questions were flying. If the ministers themselves at headquarters could not agree on doctrine, what was stopping me from asking them questions about it? One day, we had a very (self) important minister come speak to us in Baltimore, MD. It was a three-

hour drive just to see this almost worshiped godly hero. At the end of David Pack's boring and long sermon, I went directly up to him, introduced myself, and asked him one simple question:

“Why does Josephus say that the lambs were slain for Passover at 3PM on Nisan 14?”

David Pack's reply...???

“Todd, this may not be the right church for you.”

We left that room, and that group, with that response.

Ever since that event, I have been very careful to investigate and study the doctrine of men. That comment basically drove me completely OUT of organized groups and away from the Sabbath for several years. I almost felt like I had been spiritually raped, and the emotional pain from that encounter lingered for years in my mind. To this very day, it is a running joke in my family, and almost has become like an “acid test” for ministers and doctrine.

I went flying.

I was very fortunate in my flying career, and now that I had basically given up on religion and the Sabbath requirements, my availability and drive brought me better and better flying positions. I quickly went from a single-engine instructor, to running a multi-engine flight school and built experience and flight time very fast. With the higher flight time came job offers, and before I knew it, I was flying Lear Jets all across America, and down into Jamaica and even once out to Bermuda. I became a Captain on our Turbo-prop aircraft and was promoted to assistant Chief Pilot. I was on track for Lear Captain, and was now regularly flying left seat. But, I had one more itch I HAD to scratch, and that was with the airlines. I had to become an airline pilot.

And I did.

I was hired by Atlantic Coast Airlines on January 5 1998 as a First Officer on a 19-seat turboprop flying passengers for United Airlines out of Washington-Dulles Airport up and down the East Coast. This little airplane

was a pig of a machine, and I loved it. No autopilot, no electric trim, and no yaw dampener. A “yaw dampener” makes the ride much more smooth for the passengers. I used to laugh to myself as I would watch the eyes of the United passengers as they would climb into our little puke-machine. Their eyes would get as big as half-dollars as they left the modern aviation world and their 777, and regressed back into our primitive aero-machine the size of a DC-3. Those were the days. I did some of my best flying then, and became the best pilot I ever was, or ever will be.

Then I upgraded to, our brand new, \$20 Million Regional Jet. Autopilot, electric trim, and a new bonus, a FLIGHT ATTENDANT! It was like leaving the Amazon basin and moving to the Upper East Side. Life was good.

However, the nagging thought of religion, and my firm beliefs in creation still never left my mind. I was driven back into faith. I turned back to a well-known name from my distant past: Garner Ted Armstrong.

I had had a very unusual and surreal experience with GTA, one day. I was on a Lear flight several years prior to my airline days, and was in my hotel room. I can't recall the city, but the hotel was horrible. One of those kind of barely marginal places you will stay in for one night if you really have to, but not like it. I was a good trooper and doing my part. I woke up early for our AM show, but the television would NOT come on no matter my efforts. I surrendered the battle and got into the shower.

After showering, I remember shaving, and at that time, the television magically decided to come alive. I remember clearly either laughing or cursing, and went to turn it around. I froze stone cold when I saw who it was. It was the voice really that I remember more clearly. It was Garner Ted Armstrong. I had not even selected a channel, he was just there. That event changed my life, and has led me here today. I was back in the religious ring. I had to get back to my faith.

I started listening to his messages online and requested tapes. It was around this time that I began flying for the airlines. Once, my father and I even flew out on my airline to see GTA in Kentucky for a personal appearance. I remembered GTS from my childhood, as my dad had listened to GTA for years. That led directly to our family attending the WCG for several years in the 1960's.

I was impressed with how good GTA looked for being in his late sixties. He was a fellow pilot as well, and we got along famously. I also got to be friends with his sons, and had a lot of respect for them all. We started another religious group in my home in 2000.

Then, 9-11 happened.

I was supposed to be hosting Mr. Armstrong in a personal appearance in Norfolk VA on September 15, 2001. But we were stuck in Springfield Missouri due to the attacks. No planes were allowed to fly, and I had to drive home after three days in a rental car. We did make the appearance under unusual and painful circumstances.

Sadly, after that meaningful event, once again serious problems began to interfere with our group. The same old issues of egos and politics began to raise their ugly heads, and I had to actually throw one of GTA's ministers out of my home for his hatefulness. Once again, we left a group that I had started in my home. And once again, even to this day that group still remains. I had to experience the pain of having those I thought I knew and trusted, stab me in the back. We do learn and grow from our trials. One serious additional problem faced with GTA's group was the question over the Passover. I had developed serious disagreements with the leadership over the issue, and never had accepted their version of events surrounding the Passover. These were basically the exact same questions I had wanted to relate to David Pack, until he shut me down after just one question. I still had unanswered questions about this most important Holy Day. We were once again alone, as a family, and in no organized group.

Enter William F Dankenbring, and Triumph Prophetic Ministries.

All along, ever since leaving the Worldwide Church of God, I had been exposed to Dankenbring. He had certain beliefs that were making their way around the groups and some of my friends had his literature. I still remember him being disfellowshipped by the WCG ministry while I was living in Richmond VA. While visiting friends in Daytona Beach, and while still in the WCG, I was presented with an article by Dankenbring on the Passover issue, which made sense. It was from this article that my questions on the Passover were finally crystallized from my previous years in the WCG. He seemed to make sense on this vital issue. After the GTA debacle, we as a

small family group began listening to WFD through tapes and phone hook-ups. Finally, I thought, we had arrived. We had found a home to rest in, and have those of like minds to fellowship with. I was content for a time. With my travel benefits, I was able to go out to Los Angeles TWICE, to meet with and investigate Triumph, and its leader, William F Dankenbring. Everything seemed fine, and he has a very lovely wife.

However, everything was not copacetic. Some in my family could not take his emotional and angry outbursts. I made excuses and was supportive. I even attended the “Feast of Tabernacles” three times with Triumph Ministries. I was asked to speak at all three, and did so. But problems started to arise, and they demanded answers. After this entire decades-long journey for TRUTH, I was not about to stop asking questions now, or ever.

One very serious issue arose from a book WFD wrote, which actually showed the pagan “eye of Horus” on our dollar bill, which he mistakenly referred to as the eye of God! That was the literal straw that broke the camel’s back. I have studied the NOW, and freemasonry, for years and knew all too well that that symbol is SATANIC, and that his calling that “eye” the eye of God was the ultimate insult to injury. I asked questions. He did not like being questioned. I walked out, never to return. One does not question William F Dankenbring. Other issues of his doctrine of teaching kabbalah, and other pharisaical Jewish doctrines were not acceptable. He disfellowshipped me on his live telephone hook-up. So much for asking questions.

Once again, we were out in the spiritual wilderness. We were alone.

Just prior to this time, I had started to organize and give short studies here in my own home to family members. It was really out of desperation, and a desire for spiritual nourishment that I began to give these brief studies.

True Bread was born.

The name came to me years and years ago, even though I had no idea what was going on. Very early on, my all-time favorite verse was John 6:63-

“It is the Spirit that gives life; the flesh profits nothing. The words that I speak to you are spirit, and they are life.”

As this is my favorite verse, John 6 rapidly became my favorite chapter. Another verse became well known and loved:

It is found just a few verses prior to John 6:63. That verse is John 6:32-

“Then Jesus said to them, Most assuredly, I say to you, Moses did not give you the bread from heaven, but My Father gives you the TRUE BREAD from heaven.”

This group, True Bread, is founded upon these words, and is dedicated to our friend, brother, savior and King – Jesus Christ of Nazareth. And this program is also dedicated to our Father in heaven- our CREATOR.

The year was 2005. True Bread had begun.

Today, True Bread has expanded onto television and the Internet. I have been provided with the opportunity to appear on the live, local public access channel here in Richmond six times a year, and have a taped slot on four times a week, every week of the year. Our website, www.truebreadfellowship.org, is expanding more and more every month and has been visited by thousands. Also, I produce a weekly bible study which is attended by family and friends here in my home on the Sabbath, and which is then edited and uploaded to “Google Videos” online. These videos are my most effective way of communicating with the world, and these videos have thousands of views and downloads. I also maintain an email subscription list to send out alerts and articles to those wishing to receive them. I will not, and never have, spammed anyone and refuse to add names just to build a list. Those on the email list choose to be there out of their own choice. True Bread also has not, and NEVER will, ask for tithes or offerings. Money was always a HUGE source of problems for all of those other groups and is the root of MANY evils. Those who so choose send me free-will offerings of kindness, and those funds are instantly used to finance True Bread. We are small, and require very little in the way of monetary needs. I have recently begun to offer T-shirts and coffee cups for sale on the website as some small way to finance this work without having to ask for tithes and offerings.

I hope the reader understands after reading this essay that I NEVER had any desire WHATSOEVER to do this kind of work, and never considered

myself any kind of “religious” leader or speaker. True Bread has risen up out of a very sincere desire to understand the CREATOR’S word and try to share my understandings of that word with my fellow citizens of this little blue jewel floating around the sun, as it travels through this vast, endless universe.

Please allow me to close with the following:

“The LORD bless you and keep you;
The LORD make His face to shine upon you,
And be gracious to you;
The LORD lift up His
 Countenance upon you,
And give you peace.”

Keep the faith,

Todd Kallenbach