This is the write-up from the Church of God News - Church of God an International Community:

Boraker

Robert Charles Boraker was born in Bellingham, Washington, in 1935. His younger sister, Julene, often said he was a practical joker growing up, which included such things as putting snow down her back. A family tradition that they both shared was a love of ice cream; you would often find him rummaging in the freezer at night, getting his ice cream. Even in the hospital, his last pudding (dessert) was ice cream.

Bob’s first job, as a newspaper delivery boy, was the initial step in his chosen career of journalism. He also got a part-time job later as a lumberjack, which triggered an interest in forestry and the environment.

In 1953, at the age of 18, he went to Ambassador College in Pasadena, graduating in 1957. He then spent three years in the Letter Answering Department under the supervision of Mrs. Loma Armstrong. In 1960 he went to England to lecture in journalism and typing at Ambassador College, Bricket Wood, while continuing with letter answering.

It was at Bricket Wood that Bob met his future wife, Margaret Lawson. Their first interaction was through an official letter welcoming Margaret to college, which she still has to this day. They were married by Mr. Herbert Armstrong in 1961 at the UK campus’s first graduation day. The couple remained in England and were blessed with four children, then ten grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

As a father he is remembered for his practical help; for instance, fixing toys and jewelry, covering school books in sparkly gold paper, and doing the school runs. His love of research spilled over into his personal life, researching where to take the family on holidays.

The holidays always included hiking, which usually ended up being longer than expected. It became a family joke that “we’re off the map.” In his defense, he would say he was just “taking the scenic route.” You would think that when sat navs (GPS) came along, things would get easier, but this was not the case. There were two sat navs in the car, named Ken and Barbie; one would say “Go left” and the other “Go right.” He would ignore them both, put them in the glove compartment and do his own thing.

Bob always had a project going, whether it was to do with the house, the garden, researching his ancestry, or writing family newsletters. One note about his love of gardening: After mowing the lawn he would treat himself to a cold beer and some nuts for a job well done—a tradition his son still keeps going in the United States.

One of the things he enjoyed to the end was playing Rummikub with his wife, Margaret. This started in lockdown and became a regular lunchtime feature. It then became a family tradition to play whenever someone came to visit.

Bob was a rock—a pillar in the Church and in his family. A pillar stands strong, helping to support a structure or hold up a building. You may pass by it without giving much thought to what it does. You may lean against it at times, or get so familiar with it that you take it for granted. The only time you notice it is when it’s gone. Such was the nature of Robert Boraker. He didn’t say much, but he didn’t need to; his example said it all.

His service to the Church and his family will carry on through the legacy of that example. The common thread running through all the cards and messages the family has received is that Bob was a very humble, loving and kind gentleman. And he was the same in public as he was at home—faithfully following God’s Word as a light to those around him.

Although he was generally comfortable staying in the background, Bob was a constant support and always there for the family. His kind, thoughtful manner was a steady and reassuring influence over the years, and he will be greatly missed.

In a testament to his abiding faith, he told hospital staff shortly before his death that he’d had 87 good years and that he wasn’t worried, because he had higher connections.