

Shortly after hearing Rosia's story, I returned to Jerusalem to begin the task of transcribing her verbal testimony to the written page. For me, every hour that I worked on it was an ordeal. I would cry even as I typed, as I listened to her anguish once again.. And whenever I worked on her story or read other books on the Holocaust, I sensed so strongly that for the Jewish people, the gas chambers did not mark the end of the story. I had such a certainty that they were welcomed at once into the Father's arms, for they were a part of an everlasting covenant; and they had been persecuted for the sake of His name, for righteousness sake. And I also felt very strongly that for their tormentors, it was not the end of the story either. A place has been prepared for them as well — very, very far from heaven. "For he who toucheth you toucheth the apple of His eye ..." (Zechariah 2:8) As I worked on Rozia's story those many days in my quiet room in Jerusalem, I could never have imagined the role the Lord would soon have me playing in the heart of Germany itself.

Rozia's story filled five cassette tapes, and at the end of each day's work on it I would feel completely drained and ever so sad. But at last, after three weeks of work, Rozia's story was ready for inclusion in my book. I completed the last revision on a Friday afternoon in early February, 1983. Later that day, while having lunch with Sid and Betsy, I commented, "The work is finally finished. All I can say is that I hope I never have to travel to Germany again as long as I live!" And I meant it with all my heart.

The very next day, the telephone rang as I was enjoying a quiet Sabbath at home. It was a call from Munich to invite me to attend the foundation of a ministry to elderly Jewish people, Holocaust survivors, who were living in Israel and were in need of practical help. And I knew at once from the Lord that He expected me to accept the invitation. With very mixed feelings, I told them that I would arrive in Munich in time for the meeting. I then sensed strongly from the Lord to contact Wolfgang in Norway, as he had acted as translator for me on numerous occasions (both in German as well as Norwegian). He was also able to attend the meeting.

Ironically enough, I was scheduled to leave Israel en route to Munich on Purim day. It was the day when all of Israel celebrated the great victory in Persia when the Jewish people were saved from destruction. The nation was having ". . . a day of feasting and joy, and of sending portions one to another, and gifts to the poor . . ." (Esther 10:22) And I was leaving the scene of the celebrations to travel to the land that had committed the worst sins against mankind in the history of the world. But not only against mankind, *but against the very chosen of God.*

When I arrived at the Munich airport I was greeted by German friends and by Wolfgang as well, who had arrived earlier by plane from Oslo. And also there to greet me was a Persian family! It was so ironic to be greeted in Germany by a family from Persia on Purim

day! They had been forced to flee from Iran the previous year, and the wife, a lovely person, had accepted Jesus a few months later. We were in the following afternoon. Hans, a dear German brother, brought me some of the most beautiful bouquets of flowers I had ever seen.

453
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Irmi, the woman who had invited me to Munich, immediately drove Wolfgang and myself to a large Christian gathering in the city. After the meeting, I was greeted by the pastor of a church in which I had spoken in 1981. "I'm so sorry that I didn't know you were going to be here this week, or I would have invited you to speak at our church once again!" he told me. "We'll be having a meeting on Wednesday night, but we've already arranged for a missionary from the Philippines to speak that night. It was planned well in advance, so it's impossible to change it now; but we can give you fifteen minutes to speak if you wish."

"Fine," I replied. "Thank you very much!" Fifteen minutes sounded like a great deal of time to me, as I really had nothing planned to speak about!

The next day we had a lovely visit with the Persian family. But throughout the entire day, the Lord dealt with me in a most peculiar way. It was confirmed that evening when our hostess showed us a film of a large Christian celebration. It was a joyous occasion, with dancing and singing and jubilation unto the Lord; and all the while the Lord kept repeating to me the questions that He had asked all that day. *"Are you willing to go another way? Are you willing not to be a popular speaker? Are you willing to follow Me, a Man of Sorrows, the way of the cross? . . ."* I had no idea at all what He was referring to; but the call was unmistakable.

The next morning the Lord prompted me to share with Wolfgang and other friends the portion of the prophecy that had been given to me so many years before, that "two crosses will follow you wherever you go . . ." I went on to explain, "When I received this prophecy, I didn't know Jesus, so of course it meant nothing to me. But since that time, as the years have slipped by, I've come to understand it more and more. The first cross, of course, is the cross of Jesus that we must always keep before us, a reminder of what it cost Him to accept the burden of our sins. And the second cross is the cross that has been crafted by the Lord for each one of us to bear, for the genuine pathway to heaven is a difficult one to walk." I also told them about the Lord's peculiar dealings with me the previous day.

In the early afternoon, I retired to my room for a time of rest and prayer. It's impossible to describe what happened at that moment; but shortly after I knelt in prayer, I had a very strange, almost indescribable and extremely unpleasant feeling; and in a moment's time, I saw what must have been a vision, although I'd never had one before nor have I had one since. At any rate, I saw clearly a cliff jutting out over a deep abyss, and hanging from the edge of the cliff by a single thread was the nation of Germany. Above the cliff I saw a hand holding a hatchet, about to sever the last remaining thread — Germany's last tie to the cliff. The danger was clear to all who looked, except to the people of Germany, who were as complacent as could be. *"Nothing will happen! Look at our material prosperity! Our wealth, our achievements! Everything's fine!"*

The Lord then said, "No nation in the history of mankind has ever sinned against Me and against My people as did the nation of Germany during World War II. In My mercy, I have waited for almost a generation for some sign of repentance from the German people for the enormity of their sin against Me. I will wait still a while longer, but if repentance is still not forthcoming, *then My judgment will have to fall or My Word is not true. . .*"

The Lord promised through Abraham that He would bless those that blessed the Jewish people, and curse those that cursed them. And if we look at all of Israel's enemies

throughout the centuries, most have disappeared long ago. And even today we can see clearly what has happened to the "Great British Empire upon which the sun never sets". The unbelievably cruel treatment of the Jewish refugees trying to escape the death camps

by fleeing to Palestine was dealt with by the Lord at once. The "Great British Empire" has all but disappeared, and since the 1940's Britain has been beset by internal problems and difficulties. Judgment has also come to Poland and to many other Eastern European nations as well. But with Germany, the Lord has waited for almost a generation for some sign of repentance before the judgment falls, for Germany is a special case. No nation since the earth's creation has committed crimes against humanity, and against His chosen people, as did the German nation during World War II.

I asked the Lord, "But weren't the German people simply victimized by satan?" His answer was immediate.

"It's not that simple, because of the arrogance in the hearts of the German people. It was the arrogance that made it possible to begin with; and it is that same arrogance that has prevented them from humbling themselves in repentance before Me even until this day."

Every time I had read a book written by a survivor of the Holocaust, or even as I had listened to Rozia's own story, I sensed over and over again how terribly the Lord had suffered with His people during those dark and terrible days. It was not something that He could simply overlook or forget. And so I knew that the message He had given to me had come from the depths of His heart. The judgment must fall, and fall it will, for God is a Holy God, and true to His Word. But what struck me so deeply was that even though the Holocaust had caused suffering even to the Lord, His love was so great that he still yearned to offer the German people His mercy and forgiveness, if they would but seek it. He was offering them yet another opportunity to recognize the enormity of their sin and to turn in repentance for the forgiveness of God.

When I realized that this was the message that the Lord had brought us to Germany to give, I felt so many mixed emotions. I had seen such hardness in Germany, and I knew that to give such a message would take a great measure of the Lord's grace! It was scary to think about. I tried to tell the Lord to choose someone else, even a German; but He was clear that such a message had to come from a Jewish person. It was astonishing, really, to think that the German people had willfully destroyed over one-third of the Jewish population of the world; and yet it could be a Jewish person who could offer the Lord's love to the German nation. A message of repentance was the last message I would ever want to give in Germany. But in the depths of my heart, I knew that this was such a burden on the Father's heart. It gave me such a sense of the greatness of His love! He had endured such agony, and yet He was still waiting, loving, hoping, offering mercy, before His wrath would fall.

I shared all that had happened with Wolfgang. I knew that for him, as a German by birth, it would cost him something as well to have to be the one to translate such a message. After prayer, he also knew that the message had to be given. And both of us then understood the deep bond the Lord had given to Wolfgang and Jenny and myself over the years. It would be impossible to deliver such a message with a stranger, or with someone who had not received personally the deeper dealings of God. Wolfgang had translated for me in Germany before, and also in Norway, and had learned to look to the Lord for the wisdom so that the message just flowed between us.

We then shared the whole story with our hostess. She confirmed it strongly, telling us with tears that many of the Believers could feel that the Lord's judgment was looming closer. "You have to give this message, Esther, and may the Lord help you to say it clearly and strongly!" she said.

We returned to the home of the Persian family the next day, and we made plans to travel together on Saturday to Dachau concentration camp. While we were discussing it, our Persian host commented, "We have a video set, and we just happen to have the full video of the film *Holocaust*. If you would like to see it, I can put it on right now!"

Both Wolfgang and I recognized this as the hand of the Lord, and so we watched that

evening the first four hours of the film. After having heard Rozia's story and after having read many testimonies by survivors, I could tell that the film left out the more gruesome aspects of the actual Holocaust; but as I watched it, the Lord again made me deeply aware of His intense agony during those days. I knew without a doubt that His judgment would have to come. There's just no way to describe what it was like to see that film in Germany itself, in the midst of the Lord's deep dealings in my life about the whole ordeal. I cried until I thought my heart would break.

The next night was the meeting. I had a sense of dread all that day, as I did not want to give such a difficult message. It would be much easier to say happy things, or even to say nothing at all. But both Wolfgang and I knew that we had to put it in God's hands!

When we stepped out of the car that night just before the meeting was due to begin, we saw something that took our breath away. On the wall directly in front of us, formed by the way the light was hitting a street sign, were two perfect crosses. One cross was stronger and darker, and the second cross was like a shadow of the first. It was so beautiful and so perfectly formed that it reminded us of a picture that should be hanging in an art gallery. We so much felt the Lord's presence as we stood gaping at the crosses, and we knew that this was His confirmation that somehow the message had to be given.

When we arrived at the church, the pastor greeted us and then said, "Listen, we can only give you ten minutes tonight instead of fifteen. I trust that it will be sufficient time for you!" But of course, I knew that it wasn't. It would simply not be possible to give such a message in ten minutes.

I took a deep breath, prayed quickly, and then explained, "Since we saw you on Sunday, the Lord has given me a message to present. It would be absolutely impossible to give it in only ten minutes. But I also know that it's impossible for you to take any more time away from tonight's speaker. Truthfully, it's a message that I don't want to give at all. And it looks impossible at any rate! I only ask that you pray about it. Please." He agreed to pray, and walked away.

He returned ten minutes later. "I've never done this before, but I checked with the managers of this building, and they said that the hall would be available for tomorrow night. We'll hold a special meeting for you then, and the whole evening will be yours. I have a feeling that your message will confirm what has been on our hearts." He then announced to the group that the Lord had given me a special message for Germany and that therefore a special meeting would be held the following night. He urged everyone to attend. We were so amazed! The doors had indeed opened for the message to go forth! The situation had been changed by the Lord from an impossible ten minutes to an entire evening! We both felt such a helplessness, and knew we would have to depend on the Lord the following evening in a different way than ever before.

We were very much in prayer the next day. We prayed that the Lord would draw the people He wanted to the meeting, and that He would take the message straight to their hearts. We had been made willing to be His vessels, but only the Lord could give life to the words!

And so the evening finally arrived. My heart was beating wildly, but the Lord enabled us to clearly relay the deep burden on His heart. As I closed, I said to them, "I don't know why I had to come here with this message to the land that screams with the blood of my people. Even though the Holocaust caused untold suffering even unto the Lord, He still loves you. And by God's grace, I love you, and I pray that through repentance, God will have mercy on this land. But instead of repenting, the old people have said, 'We didn't know anything.' And that's a lie. It took many thousands of German people to carry out the planned execution of millions. And every one of those people was someone else's husband or brother or son or mother or father. Very few people could honestly stand before the all-knowing Father and

say, 'We knew nothing.' When all the Jews in your neighbourhood disappear, you know it. The 'crystal night' was known to everyone. Hitler was clear in his plans to eliminate the Jews and to solve the 'Jewish problem'. And his plans were applauded. People knew.

And the young people say, 'But it had nothing to do with us!' But the judgment is hanging over Germany *as a nation*, and so it involves everyone. You must put aside the pride and the arrogance, and in deep humility, come to understand the depth of God's anguish over all that transpired here. And only then will genuine repentance and forgiveness be forthcoming . . ."

Many came up to us afterwards, and shared that the words had gone deeply into their hearts. It was a comfort, but we knew that our responsibility ended with sharing the burden. What happened next would be up to the German people.

The next evening we travelled to a small town on the outskirts of Munich, where we had been invited to speak to a Bible-study group. When we arrived, I noticed that a number of young people were in the room. "Oh, Lord," I prayed, "I don't have to give the message here, too, do I? So many young people are here!" But He reminded me at once of the many thousands and thousands of Jewish young people — all of whom also had their hopes and their plans and their dreams, and all of whom had been cruelly murdered by the Nazis. I knew that the German young people also had to hear the message. And in the final analysis, it was mercy that God was offering.

After we finished speaking, a time of prayer followed, and the prayers were very precious, especially from the young people. I could tell that once again the message had been delivered with His grace. The pastor came up to us afterwards and said, "Let this be a confirmation to you. Many of us feel that judgment is close. We also know that He is still offering us a chance to repent, but that the time remaining is very, very short. Thank you for sharing such a difficult message, for I appreciate what it must cost you to do it."

Anti-Semitism in Germany is hovering just below the surface even today, and the lies told against Israel in the news-media have helped to bring it into the open once again. That night we were also confronted with a taste of those deeply imbedded feelings. Two young men came up to speak to us, and there was such a sense of arrogance and disdain for the Jewish people that they could easily have stepped out of the S.S. One of the young men missed completely the fact that we had come with the Lord's offer of mercy. With steel blue eyes, he glared at me, saying, "You only came here because you hate us. After what you did in Lebanon, how can you dare to accuse the Germans of killing six million Jews?" It seemed incredible to me that Germans would feel they have a right to morally judge Israel! It filled me with sadness. I also knew it was pointless to explain that Israel had not been responsible for the massacres in Lebanon. I tried to talk with him, but his heart was closed. Finally I just said, "Please understand that I'm not *accusing* Germany of killing six million Jews. You *did it*. And until you accept that, repentance is impossible." He then accused Wolfgang of betraying the German people. Wolfgang encouraged him to bring it before the Lord. But in that moment we knew that either our message would be received, or it would be deeply resented. It seemed that in Germany there would be no middle ground.

The next day we visited Dachau, and saw the maps of the many, many concentration camps spreading throughout Europe. I didn't know how to deal with my feelings as I stood within the gates of one of them.

That afternoon, we then attended the foundation of the ministry to Holocaust survivors living in Jerusalem, the invitation that had brought us to Munich to begin with. Irmi, the founder of this ministry and the dear German sister who had included us in the foundation, told a rather surprising story. She said to the group gathered there that day, "It was about a year ago that the Lord gave me this burden to minister in helpful ways to those survivors living in Jerusalem. But I must admit that I did not have the faith sufficient for attempting

such a project. But just then a friend of mine here in Munich told me a story that helped me to begin this ministry. She told me that she had sent a gift of 200 D.M. to a Jewish Believer living in Israel. A short time thereafter, she received the money back once again. The Jewish Believer had written:

'Thank you so much for having sent the money to me. I know the Lord will bless you for it. But I live by faith, and the Lord has established a firm rule that I am to make known only to Him my needs. At the time that your first letter arrived, I had almost no money at all. And so I had "hinted" to you that I was in financial need. Therefore when your sweet gift arrived, the Lord firmly instructed me to return it to you. You need to pray to be certain that the Lord wishes for you to send it, and that it was not just as a result of my "hint"!'

I had never heard of such a thing before, and it gave me the faith that I needed to begin this work ..."

Once again I was so grateful to the Lord for enabling me to be obedient in such a little thing, for even that step in obedience had borne fruit. And then I understood why I happened to have been invited to share in this ministry!

During the entire week in Germany, the Lord continually reminded both Wolfgang and myself of what had transpired at the hands of the Germans. He just wouldn't let us forget it even for a moment. And we both sensed that we would have to return to Germany as many times as necessary, whenever a door would open for the message to be given. We were both amazed at all that had happened, and when we parted at the airport, we could not help but wonder what the future would hold.

34

“THE LORD IS HIGH ABOVE ALL NATIONS”

When I returned to Jerusalem again, the Lord confirmed that in April of 1983, I was to return to the island of Patmos and there to work in seclusion on my book. In that moment He had transformed a difficult task into a sweet delight — for the promise of two months' alone with the Lord, a time un-hampered by the things of the world, was like balm to my hermit's heart.

At the Lord's direction, Sid and Betsy prepared to accompany me to Greece, to help me to find a place to stay and to surround the work with prayer. We stopped first in Athens and spent some happy days with Nellie and Sophia, and then took the ship to Patmos in the Dodekanise. I had a great deal of luggage containing the electric typewriter and two months' worth of writing materials and supplies. The ferry only docks in the Patmos harbour for five minutes, so we had quite a job rushing all of our possessions off the ship in such a short time!

On our first morning on the island, we set out to find an apartment for me to rent for the following weeks. We stopped at two places to ask about a small flat, and at both places we were directed to the same person, a resident of the island named Antonios. Antonios met us at noon and took us by car to see the apartment he had for rent. As soon as we walked inside, we knew in a minute that it was the very place that the Lord had chosen! It was perfect in every way! It was a large room, far from the bustle of the port. It had lots of windows, a small kitchen area, and a big, sturdy table. When I sat down at the table, I had a breathtaking view of the small garden outside and of the surrounding countryside. And from one of the windows I could see the Church of the Apocalypse, the very cave on the island where John had received the "Revelation" of things to happen in our day! The peace and beauty of the spot was so graced by the Father's love that it was overwhelming. And the small apartment cost only \$6.00 per day to rent! It was an encouragement to know how carefully the Lord had gone before us to prepare the way. Things are so simple if we are but obedient to His direction. It had taken us less than a day to find such an ideal location!

Sid and Betsy helped me to get settled, prayed with me daily, and were such an encouragement. When it was finally time for them to leave the island to return to Israel, I sadly stood in the port and waved until the ship slipped out of view. I then began the task of working on the book. I typed six hours per day, except for Shabbat. With no distractions or interruptions, the work went exceptionally well. And I was delighted! My nearest neighbours were chickens and goats and a very vociferous rooster, and the peace and quiet were truly a gift from the Father's heart.

The enemy continued to fight, however, and many times I had to battle in prayer before the work could continue. One morning, upon awakening, I felt the oppression of satan, and was reminded so much of Paul's words:

*"For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities,
against the rulers of the darkness of this world ..."*

Ephesians 6:12

The oppression was terrible, and I felt wearied by the need to fight so often. I said longingly to the Lord, "Oh, Father! How I wish I had wings to fly above all these petty problems! To just be so in Your presence that I'm not bothered any longer by all these earthly distractions!"

Later that day, I took the bus to the top of the island and stopped by a stone wall to look at the panorama of the sparkling Aegean. Suddenly a snake that must have been slumbering in the sun became startled and sprang at me. By God's grace I was not injured, but it was nonetheless a frightening experience. And then, when I returned to my room, I accidentally dropped the tiny golf-ball to my electric typewriter, and it broke. It was the only one I had in the gothic print I had used for the book, and I was devastated. I had by then typed well over fifty pages. It had been very exacting typing, as I was preparing the manuscript for the printers. And with the broken golf-ball, I knew that I would either have to retype the entire fifty pages in another script; or take the ship back to Athens to try somehow to find a replacement for the golf-ball in the English script. It was so discouraging, that all I could do was to sit at the table with my head in my hands.

But finally I knew that there had to be another solution. I knew that the Lord had commissioned me to work on this book, and that somehow He would help me to *continue* to work on it! I began sweeping the floor; and after almost half-an-hour, I found the two minuscule pieces that had broken off from the golf-ball (thereby preventing it from working in the typewriter). I carefully glued the two pieces back on the golf-ball, knowing that only the Lord could help it to work effectively. I prayed very hard and left it alone until the next morning. When I checked it the following day, it looked as though it had been soldered together, and I was able to use it for all of the remaining weeks!

The next evening, as I sat on a hilltop to watch the beauty of the sunset over the water, I noticed a cloud formation that looked exactly like an enormous eagle with outstretched wings. It reminded me again of my longing to wing high above the problems of this earthly world.

A few days thereafter, a cassette tape arrived from friends in the States, with songs on it that they had prepared for me to take to my Christian friends in the Soviet Union. I had been planning a three-day retreat for later in the week, and the Lord prompted me not to listen to the tape before the time set apart for Him. And so, on the first night of the retreat, I listened to the tape. Every song on the tape brought a blessing, but when I reached the very last song on the second side, I felt the Lord's love so overwhelmingly that all I could do was weep. And I wept each time I listened to that song in the days that followed, for it helped me to know that the Lord understood the deep and almost hidden longing in my heart to be with Him! The words of the song are as follows:

*"One day I'll spread my wings and fly with You,
Like the eagle
I will fly with You.
I'll mount up with wings into the highest place,
And I'll dwell with you
Forever, O Lord.*

*Lord, I long to give my heart to You,
To feel Your touch;*

*to see Your face.
To shed this earthly garment and to dwell with You In
the beauty of holiness.
To walk with You
Forever, O Lord . . "*

The longing in my heart to be with Him echoed every word.

During my last week on the island, I ran out of money. The rent had already been completely paid, but I still had not been able to purchase the return ticket to Athens. By Friday afternoon, I had only 35 drachmas (enough to purchase a bottle of water) and one egg in the refrigerator. All the rest of the food had already been eaten, and I still had an entire week left before my departure for Israel. Earlier that day the mail had arrived from Israel, but alas, no money had been in it. I could not imagine how the Lord would help me with such a dilemma!

That evening, Antonios came with fresh bedding, as he did every Friday. While there, he informed me that a small package I had received had been opened by customs, and he had been asked to pay 100 drachmas customs tax. (He told me not out of concern for the money, but because he wanted me to understand why the package had been opened.) The customs tax of 100 drachmas was very minimal, but I blurted out unthinkingly, "Oh, I'm so sorry, but I don't *have* 100 drachmas!"

"What?" Antonios asked incredulously. "You *don't have* 100 drachmas?"

"No," I replied laughingly, as I showed him the one egg left in the otherwise empty refrigerator.

He looked extremely upset, as he demanded, with tears in his eyes, "Why didn't you tell me that you had no money? Why didn't you tell me?" And he dashed out the door and zoomed off on his motorscooter for home. He was back ten minutes later. He counted, as he firmly placed bills in my hand, "One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten . . and if you need more, you tell me!" He then invited me to dinner the next day at home with his wife and daughter.

After he left, I looked down at the bills in my hand. He had given me 10,000 drachmas, half the amount that I had paid to him in rent! (It was equivalent to about \$150.00.) I began to cry, as I could sense that the Lord had known the goodness of his heart all along. I was so grateful to the Lord for helping me to know such a dear and faithful servant of His. On my first day off the island, the Lord provided the money for me to return to Antonios. But through that experience, a precious friendship was welded between myself and that dear Greek family.

During those blissful months of quiet, I was able to complete the first 180 pages of the book. But I left the island with the Lord's promise that I would return once again the following spring, typewriter in hand, to complete the work. There was such a sweetness of the Lord's presence on the island, I knew a portion of my heart would be left behind.

Since 1978, I have sent out semi-annual newsletters to friends in different countries who have been faithful in prayer for me. The concept of writing newsletters was truly the Lord's wisdom, for in the letters I related the details of what happened in my walk with Him while they were still fresh in my mind. And in that way, a great deal of the book was already being written! Often the newsletters were dozens of pages long; but if I had disobeyed the Lord and not written them, many of the details would have been lost forever! So much has happened to me that I barely can remember last week, let alone four years ago!

The newsletters were expensive to print and to mail, but I never requested funds, trusting instead in the Lord's faithful provision. However, as I was preparing a newsletter in

the spring of 1983, the Lord greatly surprised me with the news that I was to collect money for the Soviet Jews. I hesitated so much before doing it that the Lord finally said to me, "What do you have to lose? If this request is not of Me, no money will be forthcoming. But if this is of Me, *then I will bless it* . . . I finally understood that it was not so much a request for funds as an opportunity for those who had loved and prayed for the Soviet Jews to bless them in a visible way — and surely the needs were great! And so I included the request for funds in my newsletter and placed it all in Jesus' hands.

When I returned to Israel from Patmos in early June, there had been almost no response to my earlier request for funds. But then, in the last month before my departure from Israel, money began to come in. By the time I left Israel on the 20th of July, I had a total of \$10,000 to take with me to the Soviet Jews!

Upon leaving Israel, I travelled first to Norway to the home of Jenny and Wolfgang. Wolfgang had gone through a traumatic experience shortly after his return from Germany, and I knew it was important to pray the whole matter through with them both, as new doors had opened for the German message to be given again in October of 1983.

On my second day there, Jenny received a telephone call from a woman living in Oslo. The woman asked us to come to see her in Oslo as soon as possible, as she had a gift to give us for the Soviet Jews. We made the necessary arrangements and visited her the following afternoon.

She explained that six years earlier, the Lord had prompted her to begin to put aside a portion of her pension cheque each month. She obeyed Him, but every time she would ask Him what the money was for, He would reply, "When the time comes, I will tell you!" When my newsletter reached her, she knew in a minute that her savings were to be a gift for the Jewish people in the Soviet Union. By then that dear woman had managed to save 100,000 Norwegian kroners, which is the equivalent of \$13,500 U.S. dollars! How blessed the Lord must have been by her obedience and love!

I left Norway and travelled to the States to apply for the Soviet visa and to visit with Mike and Joey at my parents' home in Arizona. It would be my fourth consecutive trip to the U.S.S.R., and I knew the Lord alone could arrange for yet another visa.

After having filed the visa application, I travelled on to the Pittsburgh airport, where I had planned to surprise Mike and Joey before they boarded their flight to Arizona.

As soon as I arrived at the airport, I walked over to the gate and spotted them at once. I snuck up from behind, gave them a push, and said, "Young men, get out of the way!" They turned around to see who in the world had pushed them, and were astonished to discover that it had been *me*! We had not been together for two years by then, and the changes in both of them were striking. Both boys had grown considerably, and Joey was almost six feet tall!

After talking together for some time, we walked over to the airline counter to request seats together on the flight to Arizona, as I had booked a seat on the same flight. The airline employee checked our reservations on the computer, and then looked at us like we had lost our minds.

"Well, for goodness' sake," he muttered. "Your seats *are* together. How much closer do you want to be?"

Oh, the goodness of the Lord! He had *already* arranged for our seats to be adjacent on the plane, even though we had not been aware of it!

Our visit together with my parents was such a happy time. It was the first time we had all been together since 1975! I felt very concerned for Joey, however, as he had passed through a very difficult year. Due to peer pressures and home problems, he had begun to drink and smoke and become involved in a demonic game called "Dungeons and Dragons". But by the time we were together he had already begun to try to turn his life around. And

during those two weeks, it was like watching a flower open. He gained such confidence in himself with a renewed faith in God, and it was a joy to see it all happen. Michael's faith has remained constant, and he seems to adjust well whatever the circumstances. I cried very hard when it was time to say goodbye to them both, as the pain of separation was so acute. Oh, how I longed for our old life together! I had enjoyed them so very much. But instead, I had to watch them board the plane, knowing that our time together would come in eternity.

After Arizona, I travelled to Pennsylvania to visit with Marcia and Dave and their family. There I found my Soviet visa approval awaiting me, along with a letter from a friend in England by the name of Roger. Roger had come to my home in Jerusalem for the Passover meal, and while there had informed me of his intentions to travel to the Soviet Union during the summer of 1983. My advice to him was to be *certain* that it was the will of the Lord; and, if he was certain, then he should be well-covered in prayer and go with the Lord's blessings. In the letter that awaited me, he explained that he had indeed travelled to the U.S.S.R., and while there had visited a church in the Ukraine. At the church service, he had met a young woman who spoke English and who had invited him to her church the following day. After the church service, she and her sister invited him to their home for dinner. As they were walking home, she happened to mention, "By the way, this is the church that used to be pastored by Georgi Vins!"

"Oh, how interesting!" Roger exclaimed. "I have a friend from Israel who met Georgi Vins' daughter!"

To which she replied, "Well, I also have a friend from Israel who met Georgi Vins' daughter!"

Can you imagine, that out of 280 million people in the Soviet Union, the Lord brought him together with my friend Bella, the same Bella who had helped me to escape from the KGB just the previous year? An extremely dangerous mission loomed ahead of me, and I knew this was the Lord's confirmation to me that His protection would be there. The Lord that we serve *can do anything*.

By the time I left the United States en route to Moscow, I had a total of \$30,000.00 with me to take to the Soviet Union. The Lord had given explicit orders as to how the money was to be hidden, and I obeyed Him to the last detail. I was so blessed by the heartwarming response from my newsletter readers, and I knew that the Lord was blessed as well. I felt so fortunate to be the bearer of such a visible sign of love! And I knew that the Lord would bless each one who had participated in this gift to His people.

"Then shall the righteous answer Him, saying, Lord, when saw we Thee ahungered, and fed Thee? or thirsty, and gave Thee drink?"

When saw we Thee a stranger, and took Thee in? or naked, and clothed Thee?

Or when saw we Thee sick, or in prison, and came unto Thee?

And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me . . ."

Matthew 25:37-40

All too soon, the fateful moment arrived when I stepped off the plane at the Moscow International Airport. When the KGB began to check my baggage, I was very aware of the prayers surrounding me and of the sovereignty of God. They searched through my bags with astonishing thoroughness and the search lasted for almost an hour-and-a-half. At one

point they came within inches of the item in which the money was hidden. But, as in the past, *they found nothing of importance*, and the money passed safely through. There were some terrible moments, however, and it's not an experience that I would care to repeat on a regular basis!

It was not until after I had already brought the money into the country that I learned what a terrible danger I had actually been in. I was told by friends that economic "crimes" against the government are considered to be the most treacherous of all, punishable by death, as they see it as a means of starting a revolution against the communist regime.

When I left the Soviet Union at the end of the three weeks, I had an inkling of just how serious the authorities took the discovery of "undeclared" currency. As they were searching my bags again, in checking through my wallet they found 100 Danish kroners, worth about \$10.00, that I had forgotten to declare. The woman who had been checking through my luggage became terribly agitated and upset, and immediately called for two male guards to assist her. And then the questioning began. "Where did you get this money? Do you have relatives in the Soviet Union? Why didn't you declare it?" I told them that I didn't declare it simply because I had completely forgotten that it was there. In the end, they refused to let me leave the country with the 100 kroners, giving me instead a voucher good for the equivalency in rubles redeemable upon my next trip to the Soviet Union.

Of course, the idiosyncrasies of an anti-Christ government are not going to stop the Lord from bringing much needed help to His people. But because of the immense danger, there is little that I can share about this fourth trip to the land of the north.

In general, however, I found that anti-Semitism has become an open policy of the Soviet regime. The anti-Israel, anti-Zionist campaign has been greatly stepped-up, and the Jewish people wishing to leave the Soviet Union are the primary targets of slanderous attacks. All this has intensified the urgency of the hour and the need for real intercession in prayer on their behalf. I also had a sense that the Lord has truly heard the cries of His people there, and that very soon He will answer them. There seemed to be a growing awareness and love for God amongst the Jewish community itself, as well as a deepening desire to return to the land of Israel. As each year passes and as the situation continues to worsen, more and more Jewish people are asking for permission to emigrate to Israel. On Simchat Torah in Moscow 15,000 Jews gathered — the greatest crowd ever!

Something else happened on this trip that helped to underline for me the fact that I was truly there by the Lord's hand. I had originally ordered a ticket from Finland into the Soviet Union and out again with SAS. But when I had arrived in Norway in July, I found that there were problems with the ticket. When I prayed about it, the Lord very firmly told me to cancel the SAS ticket and to re-book a flight to Moscow with Finn Air instead. He was very clear in His direction (as He always is, of course), but I surely did not understand it at all. However, I was scheduled to enter the Soviet Union at the same time that the Korean airliner had been shot down when it crossed into Soviet air-space. And while I was actually in the U.S.S.R., most of the airlines boycotted the Soviet Union — except for Finn Air and a few others! Many tourists in Russia were faced with great difficulties in arranging flights out again, but the Lord had already taken care of it all for me.

In spite of all the tensions, and they are considerable, I still always enjoy visiting with the Russian people. I remember one night in particular with friends when we began to tell true-to-life stories. We ended up laughing so hard that we thought we would die! One friend told me that night that an American had visited her one day, and she had prepared a salad that the American had liked very much, thereby asking for the recipe.

"My English is usually fairly good," she told me, "but I still find myself making mistakes every once in a while! The recipe called for grated carrot, but I got the word mixed up, and

instead told the woman that she needed to grate some parrot! The American looked horrified, as she had just consumed a rather large portion of the salad. 'Grated *parrot*?' she asked me with a strain in her voice. 'Yes, yes,' I told her emphatically, 'grated parrot!'

Another night in another city, I was speaking with friends on the main street when Soviet officers began to surround us. We slipped away and met later at midnight in a park. And oh, we had such a wonderful visit together!

Much happened during my days in the Soviet Union, and I'm sure that one day I'll be free to tell the whole story. But for now, let me just reiterate the desperate need for prayer! It is also extremely helpful to write letters protesting the treatment of the Soviet Jews to the Soviet government; and also to write letters to the refuseniks themselves. Even if the letters don't always reach their destination, the KGB will be aware through the flood of mail that there is still concern in the West — and this tempers their behaviour towards these families. Demonstrations in various nations and articles in the news media are also extremely helpful. The most that can be done to keep the situation in the public eye, the better it will be for our friends in the Soviet Union! I asked certain friends in Russia if they objected to my using their real names in my book. They replied strongly, "Please do! When people outside the country stop caring about us, and stop writing letters and books, and stop demonstrating on our behalf, then we really will have no hope at all. For then the KGB will be free to do whatever they want to do with us!"

Each of these things will surely be a help to the Jewish people while they still remain in such dire circumstances in the Soviet Union. But we need especially to pray that the Word of the Lord will soon be fulfilled, that He will indeed say to the north, "Give up!". And that by His miraculous hand, we will soon be able to say to His people from the Soviet Union, "Welcome, welcome home to Israel . . ."

After my three weeks in the Soviet Union, I had some much-needed days of restoration and rest before journeying on to the first of the arranged meetings in central Germany,

On our first Sunday there, Wolfgang and I were scheduled to speak at two meetings, and then meetings had been arranged for the following two weeks in various parts of the country. I shared my testimony in the Sunday morning meeting, and then gave the German message. I began by telling portions of Rozia's story and of the Lord's dealings in my life about His anguish and sorrow during those terrible days. I then told about the vision I had received and the need for genuine repentance, confirming again the mercy and the grace of the Lord. After the meeting, an elderly woman came up to us to confirm that she had received the exact same vision of Germany hanging by a single thread. She also knew that the judgment of God over Germany was very, very close. Other than that, we received no other response to the message.

That evening, we shared the same message again following my testimony. After the meeting, about forty to fifty people gathered around for a time of question and answer. Many were open to what had been said, and some of the young people were especially open and precious and very anxious to know how to make amends with God for the enormity of Germany's sins against God and the "apple of His eye". (Zechariah 2:8)

I explained to them that it was not enough to do "good works" for the nation of Israel, but that it had to be brought individually in genuine repentance before the Lord. We do not receive forgiveness for sin just by being good people, for if that were the case then the Law would have been enough and Jesus would have died in vain! Forgiveness comes through repentance, but in this case even more is needed. Each person also had a responsibility to share it with others, to simply say, "Look, we've done this terrible thing as a nation, and we have to ask God's forgiveness for it!"

I went on to say to them, "You heard about the massacres last year in Southern

Lebanon. Now, *Israel didn't do it*. But yet there was hardly a person in Israel who didn't feel terrible about such a heart-rending waste and destruction of human life! Where is that feeling in Germany? Where's the anguish? The sorrow that six million of *God's chosen people* were tortured, starved and purposefully exterminated?"

One German man was especially strong as he reiterated firmly to the others, "We cannot pretend that this didn't happen! It did happen, and all of us are guilty before God for it until we humble ourselves in repentance before Him!"

After the meeting, Wolfgang and I and the pastor and other guests had a cup of coffee together in the small pension where we were staying overnight. And the pastor who had organized the meetings for us said firmly, "I forbid you to continue to share the second message at any other meeting in the next two weeks. We are not all guilty of this, and I refuse to allow you to ruin these meetings with such a message! Your testimony is fine. I have no objection to that. Instead of the second message, you could speak about Israel, or about the Soviet Jews, or about the things that people who attend these meetings are expecting to hear!"

My heart sank. The tension in the room was terrible. I took a deep breath and said to him, "But what if what we're saying is true? If God's judgment is soon to come to this nation because people have refused to repent, then what else can I say to people? If you see that someone is about to drown, what good would it do to throw them a rose instead of a life preserver? If Germany is about to "perish", and I know it, then how can I just say things that will make people happy instead of telling them the truth?"

But he was immovable. It was simply impossible for that message to be given another time. Period.

I told him that I would pray about it, and I asked him to pray about it as well.

As soon as I was alone in my room, I brought it before the Lord. I told Him that surely I was willing to place the entire message upon the altar and to say instead all the "nice" things that the pastor wanted me to say. I knew that for Wolfgang and myself it would have been the easiest recourse! But the Lord responded at once with firmness. He said simply, "*I will not anoint any other message . . .*"

And so, in that moment, the answer was clear. If we were not allowed to continue to give the warning to Germany, then we would simply have to leave. There was not a single other thing that I could say to the German people. And if I *did* say other things, without God's anointing, the words would not have life. Clearly we were facing a crossroad. We had the choice either to please man, or to please God. But if we are truly called by His name, there is not really a choice at all!

The pressure and the tension of the moment was awful and all at once the Lord gave me an insight that I hope never to forget. He said to me, "Now you can at least begin to understand the terrible pressures that faced Begin and the other leaders of Israel. They have had to stand on the Word of God for the boundaries of Israel, even though other nations are against them, and sometimes even some of their own people are against them." The pressure no doubt would have been unbearable apart from the grace of God, and it gave me a new compassion for each one of Israel's leaders! I could only hope and pray that they would remain faithful to the Lord and His Word even if the pressure to compromise were to increase.

When I conferred with Wolfgang the next morning, it was a comfort to know that he had received the same answer. He also knew from the Lord that if we were not allowed to give the German message, we had no further purpose in remaining in Germany. Oh, how wonderful it was that he could be there to stand with me in such a difficult circumstance!

And, so, at the breakfast table, I told the pastor of our decision. The Lord simply would

not anoint any other message, and therefore it would be impossible for us to speak unless the message to Germany could be included.

When we returned to the pastor's home in another city, Wolfgang and I knew by his outraged response that we simply had to leave that very day. We were planning to call friends to ask them to "rescue" us, but first we had to inform the pastor of our decision. He was furious.

"Be certain that the door will be closed to you forever in Germany!" he shouted. "And at every meeting people will hear that you cause confusion and division! You've hurt the image of our ministry, and of our work for Israel, and I am certain that you have not heard from God at all since you refuse to agree with the advice you have received from pastors here. And be sure that you are missing a nice salary that we would have given you!"

I felt very sorry for him, but none of his threats could move me at all. What is recognition and fortune when we are out of the will of the Lord? None of it meant anything to me! People have said rotten things about me in the past, and people will say rotten things about me in the future as well. And the Lord knows best just how rotten I really am, *but He still loves me and allows me to serve Him with my life.* 'The only worthwhile thing in this world is to finally hear the words one day, ". . . Well done, thou good and faithful servant . . ." The rest will all pass away!

And so, that very afternoon, we left the pastor's home. We returned to Norway, so we could share together all that happened with Jenny, who had faithfully kept us covered in prayer. The Lord helped the three of us to know that we had fulfilled His will by going to Germany; that He was pleased that we had remained faithful to Him; and that we were then perfectly free to leave Germany at that time. The Lord reiterated what He had told me many times before, namely that if I did not give the message, then the responsibility rested with me. But if I did give the message, then the responsibility rested with those who heard it. And so it was now in the hands of the pastor and the others who had heard the warning. At least we had been able to share at two meetings before the doors swung shut!

On my second day in Norway, we received a telephone call from Irmi in Munich. We had written to her explaining that we had left Germany sooner than expected, and therefore would not be coming to Munich at the end of the two weeks of meetings as we had originally planned. But she called to say, "We know the message you have to give, it's *important*, and we want you to come to us in Munich as you had planned!" She then explained that I had been scheduled to speak at an "Israel Day" conference, and many were expecting me to be there! The following day, friends from outside of Munich called as well, also asking us to please return to Germany at the end of the two weeks. Both were places where the message to Germany had been presented by us the previous spring!

After prayer, Wolfgang and I knew that it was indeed the will of the Lord for us to return to the conference in Munich and also for Wolfgang to travel with me to Austria to interpret for meetings there as well. I would then travel on to Switzerland for further meetings and Wolfgang would return home. The Lord then confirmed that in the interim time, I would be able to fly home to Israel!

After three months of travel, with all the tensions of separation from Mike and Joey and the pressures of Russia and Germany, I was exhausted by then. It was such a gift from His hand to be able to break up the long journey with a trip home to my own little apartment, to my friends, and to dear Jerusalem. I was able to surprise Sid and Betsy when I appeared at their door unexpectedly for breakfast! It was a joyful reunion.

It was also a blessing to be able to share together with my faithful little prayer group in Jerusalem. It was a comfort to see how strongly they stood with me in all that had transpired in Germany; and it was good to be sent out from them fresh once again for further weeks of work that were still before me. What a kind and compassionate Abba we serve!

There were other friends, however, who did not rejoice with me in this sign of the Father's care. Instead they judged me severely for "wasting" the money to return to Israel, and began a rumour that is still being spread that I make a big business out of travelling. That one made me laugh until the tears rolled down my cheeks, for usually the Lord just barely provides enough on these trips to cover the cost of transportation and travel expenses! (And of course, in that particular instance, I already had my return ticket to Israel, and a round-trip ticket to Munich is not so expensive.) Even though I laughed at the ridiculousness of their accusations, I felt sad as well, for I knew that they weren't truly friends at all. "A friend loveth at all times . ." (Proverbs 17:17) — and surely rejoices with you in the blessings of the Lord!

The conference in Munich was a great blessing as well. The messages given were very solid, and there was such support and love for Israel. Our message was accepted in humility by most people there. It was a special gift that Jenny was able to share in those days in Munich with us, to be welcomed by friends and to be comforted in the knowledge of the Lord's special love for *her*.

The afternoon following the conference in Munich, I was telling Irmi's son, Martino, about the German family who had taught me so much about love when I had visited with them in 1977 with Klaus. "I'm surprised that you haven't met them!" I exclaimed. "They have such a love for Israel, and so do you!"

But then, for the remainder of the day, the Lord began to give me little hints. First He reminded me that Irmi's house was set up similarly to the house I had visited in 1977. And then, when I passed by Irmi's husband Oscar at the conference, he suddenly looked familiar to me! And so, feeling foolish I began to look around their home for a little wooden wind chime that I had given the family in 1977 as a thank you gift. And then, hardly believing my eyes, *I saw the little wind chime hanging behind the door as we were on our way out later that night!* I was actually in the home of the very same family that had been such a blessing to me back in 1977!

Grinning foolishly, I said to Irmi, "Where did you get this wind chime?"

"Oh, it was a gift from a young Jewish woman from the United States."

By then I was smiling from ear to ear. "Well," I told her, "it was from me!" How astonished and amazed we all were as we shared together our memories of that visit so long ago!

Following four wonderful days in the Munich area, Jenny returned home to Norway, and Wolfgang and I travelled on by train to Austria. We were met at the St. Johann train station by a couple who were members of the fellowship that we had been invited to visit. As we were travelling by car over a mountain road from one valley to the valley where the fellowship gathers, all at once there was a grinding sound as the car axle broke. It rendered the car completely useless, and we had to leave it on the lonely mountain road and hitch rides over the mountain to the town. Beginning on that very first night, we were given a glimpse of what the small group of Believers in Austria face in their daily struggle to maintain a witness unto the saving power of Jesus Christ.

Austria is still tightly controlled by the Catholic church; but it is a Catholic church such as I've not seen in any other nation. It felt like taking a step back into the Middle Ages! As in the traditional Catholic church of past centuries, the Catholics in Austria are kept from reading the Word of God; they worship idols (statues of saints, of Mary, etc.); and they pray to the dead and for the dead (for the intercession of the saints, and for those in "purgatory", a place between "heaven and hell" invented by Catholic doctrine that has no Scriptural foundation); even though all are strictly forbidden in Scripture. They are kept by the hierarchical structure of the Catholic church from any concept of a direct relationship with Jesus Christ. All of this is no different, of course, from the Catholic churches in many

countries which are still untouched by the Catholic renewal. But what makes the situation in Austria so terrible is that there are many occult practices. There is much superstition and witchcraft, with use of curses and seances. To further complicate the matter, Austria has been heavily steeped in anti-Semitism for years, which adds considerably to the spiritual heaviness and darkness.

As a result of all of this, the true Believers are attacked directly by satanic forces in a number of ways. In countries like the United States, satan is more subtle, using false doctrines, the lusts of the flesh, and so on, to get Christians off the pathway to eternal life. But in Austria, the attacks are often direct — car accidents, broken bones, things dropping and falling — these pressures are often faced by them on a daily basis! Satan has clear control over Austria, and he is not easily relinquishing any of that power. There are very few real Believers in that country, because the power of the Catholic church is centuries old and very strong. But the few living there are surely in need of prayer!

During the few days that we were there, friends gathered from neighbouring villages — some coming from distances of 200 kilometers! Because of their hunger for fellowship and for hearing of the things of God, meetings had been planned morning, noon and night! It was surely a place where Christian fellowship was not at all taken for granted!

On our last day in Austria, we visited a family for coffee late that afternoon. While there, they told us how they had just begun to learn to tithe a portion of their salary. I could tell that it was a little scary for them to take that jump in faith, but I smiled to myself, as I know that the Lord's kingdom works exactly the opposite to the kingdom of the world. In the world's system, you have only if you *save*; and in the Lord's system, you have only if you *give*. And it is impossible to ever, ever out-give the Lord!

The family went on to tell us the story of how the Lord had helped them to locate the house that they were living in and had just recently purchased. They shared that the house had even come with furniture, except in their young daughter's room, which had been the only empty room. Just then the Lord told me, "Her room is *still* empty, and I want you to give the money that you have to help her to purchase some furniture!"

At once the enemy began with his lies. "Don't be a fool. She has furniture in her room now. They don't need your help. You deserve the money that you have. You have a right to it!" But as I looked over at that young girl, I knew that I didn't want to miss blessing her with the knowledge of God's love for her for all the money in the world. If I disobeyed the Lord, all I would have was money! But if I obeyed Him, she would have a deeper sense of His love. And that was worth anything! The only problem was that half of my money was in the form of a cheque, so I had to ask Wolfgang if he had the amount in cash. I could then trade it for the cheque, which he would be able to cash the following day in Switzerland. So between the two of us, we put all of our cash together and gave her the exact amount that the Lord had directed me to give.

The next morning we arrived at the station to catch the train to Zurich. The parents of the young girl came to the station to say goodbye to us, and they told us that the gift had meant so much to their daughter that she had cried. "She fell asleep on the couch holding the money in her hand!" they told us. Oh, how the Lord loves us as His children!

The only problem was that neither Wolfgang nor I had the money for the train-fare to Switzerland! By then I was used to the ways of faith, but such an experience was a bit newer for Wolfgang! But he was magnificent. He didn't mention the need to anyone apart from the Lord, and walked up to the ticket counter to order the ticket. And, sure enough, we did not have enough money to pay for it!

While we were standing there, the pastor of the fellowship came up to us. He smiled and then told us, "The Lord let me know yesterday that you did not have enough money for the train fare to Zurich — but He made it clear that I was not to give you the money until now!"

Just in the nick of time, we had the money for the train fare! And with a renewed sense of the Lord's precious humour and of the joy that comes when brethren are open to Him, we boarded the train to Switzerland.

I had so enjoyed the Austrian Alps in the area where we stayed, as I had never seen such beauty in all my life! The train ride through the Alps to Switzerland was equally breathtaking. When we arrived in Zurich, one of my Swiss hosts met us at the train station and kindly drove Wolfgang to the airport, as he returned to Norway that day.

After the oppression of Austria, I had no idea whatsoever to expect from the time that I would spend in Switzerland. Eight meetings had been arranged, each in a different city. The meetings had been planned by a member of the Swiss state parliament, an extremely courageous friend of Israel. The meetings were to be held in large halls, and as they were to be open to the public, no one knew quite what to expect. But the response was astonishing. Hundreds of people attended the meetings, and there seemed to be such a deep interest in Israel and the Soviet Jews!

At each meeting, after sharing my testimony, I spoke about the present situation in the Soviet Union for the Jewish people and the Christians as well. Many times people asked what they could do to help. I suggested that they write letters to the Soviet government and to the refuseniks themselves, as well as to their own local governments, and that to keep the plight of the Soviet Jews in the public eye was vitally important. But in terms of help for the Soviet Jews when the exodus occurs, I emphasized that *the Lord alone* could show them what it was that He had planned for them to do. "It is something that no group or organization or individual is to plan or to arrange in any way whatsoever," I reiterated. "This is something that the Lord is arranging Himself, and therefore He is the only one who has the answer that each person is seeking. We simply have to be obedient to whatever it is that He shows each one of us to do; but other than that, we have to be certain to keep our hands off! The exodus is something for which *God alone* will get the glory."

At the end of the eight days, I was very blessed by the response of love for the Jewish people, but extremely, unusually tired, and so went off to a hotel for three days of rest and prayer in preparation for my return home to Israel. Time alone with the Lord is so very important, and it really helped, as it always does!

Shortly after my return to Jerusalem, the six Israeli soldiers who had been captured by the PLO returned home to their families. They had been exchanged for a great number of Syrian and PLO prisoners. It made me proud to be a part of a country that cares so much for human life and that values so dearly every person in its own armed services. When Israel realized that the soldiers' lives were endangered by the increased tension in Tripoli, no sacrifice was too great to get the soldiers home. Israel's Defence Minister Moshe Arens noted that many, enemy and friend alike, see Israel's concern for its men as a source of weakness. "But we know that the concern for our prisoners, wounded and fallen, is the source of our strength and a source of pride for us," he said.

All of Israel listened via radio and television to the celebrations as the soldiers reached their families at the Israeli Air Force base. Two of the soldiers were from the town of Acco, and they were overwhelmed at the reception awaiting them when they reached their home town. Everyone had turned out to welcome them, and their joy brought tears to many eyes! At a reception held in the Acco town hall for the returning soldiers, the address of welcome was given by the father of Yoni, one of the Israeli soldiers still captive in Syria. He said that night, "It is wonderful to welcome home our sons, because each one is indeed the son of one big family, the family of Israel. And we hope that one day we can also welcome Yoni home as well . . ."

The overwhelming response of the Israeli people made me look ahead in anticipation to the day when they will also welcome home all of Israel's sons and daughters from "the land of the north". But even more spectacular will be the day when the nation of Israel recognizes the Prince of Peace as her very own, surely a day of rejoicing the likes of which the world has never known.

35

REPENTANT TEARS

Shortly after my return to Jerusalem in November 1983, I made plans to leave once again! But this time it would be for a special treat, as I would be travelling to the States to spend Christmas with Michael and Joey at Marcia and Dave's rambling home in the country. It turned out to be a wonderful Christmas for me, the first time in seven years that the three of us had been together as a family. And of course, Marcia's home felt so much like home to each of us, that all in all it was nothing but a super time.

When I returned to Israel once again, I had such a strong feeling from the Lord that I needed to rent a second apartment! I knew that eventually I would have to rent a flat for the distribution of the book and also to be used as a home for whomever would come to help with the distribution. But I knew that the book was far from finished, so the feeling to rent an apartment at once made little sense to me! One morning, however, I received a telephone call from distant New Zealand. As soon as I answered the phone, friends asked me, "Esther, how's the book coming? We're coming to Israel in March of 1984!" And in that moment, I finally understood why the Lord had been nudging me to rent a second apartment. I hastily told them that they were surely welcome and not to worry, an apartment would be ready for them when they arrived.

Each week I checked the classified ads until finally one afternoon the Lord said, "Call that one," as I had skimmed through the advertisements once again. I therefore made an appointment to see the flat that He had singled out. I liked it the minute I stepped inside! It was filled with sunshine, and had a huge balcony with a glorious view of the Ramot forest and of Jerusalem across the valley. It had two small bedrooms and a kitchen already beautifully redecorated in dark wood cabinets. Since the Lord had chosen it, I told the couple living there that I would rent it for sure! They were so happy they practically danced for joy!

"We were planning to move next week to a small, new settlement in the Negev," they told me, "and if we didn't rent the apartment this very week, we would have had to pay the additional six months' rent until our lease would expire in July!" As always, the timing of the Lord was perfect.

When I returned home that day, I received further instructions. The Lord informed me that I was to give all of my furniture and appliances to the New Zealanders to use, with the exception of my bedroom furniture and the dining room table. All that I had belonged to Him already, so the thought of parting with the rest of the household didn't trouble me. But I couldn't for the life of me see how it would be possible to move so much into the second

apartment in less than a week! (I soon would be leaving on a trip to Holland and then into Poland, and would be out of the country for over a month!) Then the Lord said, quite

unexpectedly, "It's not the furniture that you will have to move. It's only you who will be moving, with your bed!"

We human beings are strange creatures, or at least I can say so for myself. I had been certain that since the Lord had provided the money for me to purchase a flat, that it was there that I would live for the rest of my life, or at least a good part of it! But He surely knew how to keep me from feelings of complacency, and it surely solved the problem of moving everything in a short time! The new apartment felt so much like a home to me. I loved the sunshine and the view and the kitchen, and a week later I found myself in it with little more than my bed! I barely had time to unpack before I left the country en route to Holland.

It was my Dutch friend, Corrie — the Believer who had come to my home with Rebecca in 1981 — with whom I would be travelling into Poland. She had been there many times before, and had done a great deal of teaching about Israel in God's plan of redemption. She had found a growing response to her message, and therefore she knew that the time would be right for a Jewish Believer from Israel to also share at the meetings.

We travelled first to Holland primarily to apply for the Polish visas. By the grace of God, we received the visas in less than an hour after having presented our applications at the Polish Consulate. I also spoke at a few meetings in Holland as well, the very first time I had ever been in that country. The week sped by, however, and all too soon Corrie and I found ourselves by the platform in Holland waiting for the Warsaw train.

It was to be a 17-hour train ride from Holland into Poland, and when the train finally arrived we scrambled on board with all our possessions. When we checked our seat reservations, we found ourselves in a cabin crowded with six students en route to Moscow University. In such cramped quarters, we knew that sleep would be impossible. Finally we were able to pay the difference and move to an almost empty cabin in first class, and soon stretched out for the night. We were awakened a number of times, however, as we crossed from Holland to Germany, then into East Berlin, and finally from Germany across the Polish border. It was quite amazing, but at each of the border stops the guards were actually friendly, and not once were our bags checked! Corrie had travelled the same route so many times before, and her bags had invariably been combed through. There must have been extra angels guarding us on that day!

We were tired and grateful when the train pulled in at last to the Warsaw station. Friends met us at the station on a bitterly cold night, and helped us off the train with our many suitcases and duffle bags filled with supplies for Believers in Poland. We then waited for over an hour in a queue for taxis, until at last we were on our way to the apartment where we would be staying. When we finally arrived at our destination, we had to drag the terribly heavy parcels up five flights of stairs. I was so exhausted by the time we reached the top that I could hardly believe it myself! But we received such warm greetings as soon as we entered the flat that it became worth it all in a minute.

A number of people came by that first evening to greet us, as early the next morning we would be taking the train for the south. I spoke for many hours with an elderly Jewish woman who was a survivor of the Holocaust. Until meeting her, I never understood how anyone could remain in Poland even for a minute, let alone for the rest of their lives, after having survived the nightmare of Hitler's annihilation. But as she talked, I began to understand it for the very first time. She had many pictures to show of the way things had been before the war; and told me that even now she lived right in the heart of the former Warsaw ghetto just across the street from where the Mila 18 bunker had been located. (One of the greatest stories of Jewish heroism in the world had been enacted right there during the Jewish uprising in the Warsaw ghetto.) And somehow, deep within my heart, I understood that she felt she owed it to all who were lost, to keep their memory alive with some kind of Jewish presence in the heart of the ghetto itself. For as she remarked so

plaintively, "If we leave, who will remember? Who will be here to tell the stories? There will be nothing left but the ashes, absolutely nothing left at all . . ." It must have been a pain beyond belief to live constantly in the heart of the area where such a tragedy had been enacted. I knew that even for myself, I barely could stand the knowledge that I was actually in Warsaw, Poland — the capital of the nation within which at least three million of my own people had suffered such a cruel fate! But this woman had endured it *with* them, and it had to haunt her from the past. At that moment I put my judgment aside, and simply gave her a silent hug.

The small group of us who were travelling together by train talked for the many hours that it took us to reach our destination. We arrived at last at a small village in the mountains of the south, in the heart of the ski-resort area. The scenery was beautiful, but there as well the memory of the Jewish people was kept constantly alive by the Lord. Even while riding the trains I was poignantly aware that not so many years earlier, the Polish railroad lines had been used to bring the Jewish people to their deaths.

We spent the first night in a house just bursting at the seams with Christians who had gathered for the Bible camp from many parts of the country. It was again such a different culture from anything I had until then experienced, and I envied them the simplicity of their lives. There is something precious amongst the fellowship of Believers in Eastern European nations that is missing in most of the Western countries.

By the second night, we moved to the home of Polish people who had a little guest house. The owners remembered Corrie from years before, and welcomed us warmly. The house was full, so they set us up in one of their two living rooms. Of course, we shared the one bathroom with many other people within the house. But it gave Corrie and me a time for prayer, a time to be separate from the heavy demands of ministry that were placed upon us.

The Lord had given me no idea as to what to expect in Poland. He had so carefully prepared me prior to my first trip to the Soviet Union, but was strangely silent as far as Poland was concerned! And I must say that I was surely unprepared for all that happened there! There is a totally different atmosphere in Poland than in the West, but yet it was also far different from the U.S.S.R.! The KGB just did not in any way have the same control, neither over the nation itself nor over the minds of the people. In addition, there seemed to be a new religious freedom, a real awakening in the hearts of the Polish people towards the Lord. Corrie had been to Poland many times before, but even she was astonished by what was happening in Poland at that moment. The first thing that surprised us was when we discovered signs posted all around the small village where we were staying, that in very large letters were advertising an evangelical meeting in the name of Jesus Christ. One evening we attended the meeting, and found the hall crowded to overflowing and a brother there loudly and openly proclaiming the saving power of Jesus Christ! In Russia, it could never, ever happen.

Adjacent to the home in which we were staying was a tiny chapel. We were very moved on Sunday to notice that during the service, the chapel was filled to capacity and people were standing outside in the snow and freezing cold to listen to the service via loudspeakers, since there was not room enough inside for them. I thought back to the comfortable churches in the United States, well-heated and elegant, and knew that for all the austerity of the Polish church, they still had something which we didn't! We also found a new sense of freedom amongst the Believers themselves. Corrie reported that she had never before heard them willing to speak about the Lord even in public places!

Quite a few Christians from throughout the country gathered for the Bible camp. The meetings were held in a small lodge, and I had been slated to speak each night for the duration of the week-long conference. Jewish people had been invited as well, since this

group of Protestants had a great love for Israel and therefore made an effort to reach out to what remained of the Jewish community. On the first night, I told the story of the Lord's dealings in my life: His teachings on the meaning of a total commitment to Him, resulting in the separation from my children; as well as His careful teaching on the Jewishness of my faith.

After the meeting, some of the leaders expressed their concern to me for a group of thirteen Catholics who were attending the Bible camp as well. There is very little dialogue in Poland between the Catholic and Protestant communities, and the Protestants were afraid that the Catholics would be offended. I simply said to them, "The Lord knows why they have come. Surely He has drawn here whom He wanted to be present! Our responsibility is to be faithful to whatever it may be that He places upon our hearts to share, and then it is simply up to Him!"

The very next afternoon, the small Catholic group of young people came over to me with someone to interpret for them. What they said moved me so much I could only cry. They were so sweet and so earnest and sincere as they said to me, "What you told us yesterday about having to separate from your children moved us very much. We can tell that you would have been such a good mother. And so we want you to know that each one of us has made a commitment to pray for your children *every single day for the rest of our lives*." It was a gift of love far more precious than gold.

That evening, a young woman came up to me. "I'm here in this area with a youth group, and we wondered if you would come tomorrow to speak with us as well. It just so happens that we have nobody to speak for us on Sunday morning!" So the next day, together with Corrie and the dear sister who was the organizer of the Bible Camp and who interpreted for me, I tramped through the snow to the home in which the young people's meeting was to be held. We arrived to find the room packed, and I noticed at once their incredible innocence and freshness. Their hearts towards God were free from guile, as they were simply open to Him, as children of His are meant to be! I shared my testimony again, and when I had finished they begged for me to speak some more. I then gave them a talk on obedience, using the story of my meeting with the Pope to emphasize the fact that the Lord can do anything, as long as we place our lives in His hands and do what He asks us to do! Telling that story in Poland was quite different from telling it anywhere else, as Pope John Paul II belongs to them, and it moved them all very deeply. I hesitated to mention the love scroll in Poland, as I knew it could be a danger in a communist country for people to sign their names on any kind of list. But finally, after a number of them had conferred together, one of the young men asked, "But couldn't we do something to show that we also love your country?" I smiled to myself and then told them the love scroll story. There in that small village in Poland, they all signed the scroll. They also told me just before it was time to leave that they were merely representatives of young people's prayer meetings throughout the country, and that they would be happy for me to return to speak in many places. The doors were beginning to open!

What blessed me the most about speaking with the Polish Believers was to see how deeply and how seriously they took everything that was said. I'm afraid that I had arrived in Poland acclimated to the usual European response. After speaking to groups in Europe, invariably the formality is maintained, faces are impassive, and there is no way to tell whether or not the Lord had touched their hearts. But in Poland there was a tenderness towards God that I had never seen before, not even amongst the Christians in the Soviet Union! One night I told the story of Russell to the Bible camp group, as I have in various countries from time to time. But because of the depth of their love for both Israel and the Lord, it went deeply into their hearts. It surprised and blessed me so much!

Before each meeting we shared a meal together, and then we would sit around singing



Jüdische Kinder
in Polen, 1984.



Links: Jugendversammlung
Unten: Gruppe von Katholiken, die versprach, täglich für meine Söhne zu beten.



Israeli songs. They knew far more songs than I did! They also offered a course in Hebrew and in Jewish traditions, and on Friday night we celebrated the Sabbath together.

Amazingly enough, they also asked me to speak about my experiences in Russia. It took a great deal of courage on their behalf, and Corrie commented many times that she had never before seen them so open and unafraid. One friend had been guided to the meetings when he heard some of the young people talking about my messages at the railway station!

The night before Corrie and I had planned to visit Auschwitz, I also told the German story. I had been cognizant all the time that most of the Jewish people had perished on Polish soil with the willing compliance of the Polish people. Anti-Semitism has had deep roots in Polish society. As I told the German story, however, I did not point my finger at the Polish people. I simply told the story, reporting how hard the German hearts were in their failure to repent. *But the Polish Believers took the message to themselves.* They fell to the floor with loud weeping and tears of repentance, saying over and over again, "Oh, Father! We too are guilty! We helped to destroy Your very own people! How sorry we are that it happened! Please, please forgive us and help our nation!" In that moment, we saw the difference between the Polish and the German people, at least in these days. The Polish people also bear enormous guilt before God, but unlike their German counterparts, *they were willing to humble themselves before God and seek His forgiveness.* And that made all the difference in the world.

Early the next morning Corrie and I left the little Bible camp and travelled to the Auschwitz concentration camp. It was one of the most terrible experiences of my life. The Lord had made the Holocaust so real with the sense of His pain, but even so I was so unprepared for what I was to find at this most formidable of death camps.

Everything I saw reminded me of dear Rozia's story, and I thought of her and Motek so often during that day. That her tale of suffering had been magnified so many thousands, even millions of times, in that very place, I could not comprehend in any way. That three million Jewish people had perished at the very spot on which I was walking was simply more than my human mind could comprehend! I walked through the gates, under the banner, "WORK MAKES YOU FREE", past the double row of electric fences, into the heart of the death camp itself.

Each one of the row upon row of barracks hid a display of one atrocity or another, a silent testimony to all that had been perpetrated by the Germans at that place. One barracks showed the bunks upon which so many human lives had been wedged together in their misery. Another barracks displayed the piles of supplies, kept and sorted by the Germans, who had shown a greed unparalleled in the history of the world. They had even taken the gold from the corpses' teeth! In the barracks were found stacks and stacks of eye glasses, of dishes, of shoes, of hats. Three displays that made me weep uncontrollably were housed in the same building. First were the suitcases, piles and piles of them, all bearing the owners' names and addresses. As I stood there reading the names, I knew that they had been written there with hope, that the owners could never have imagined what the Germans really had in store for them. Who could imagine that their suitcases would be valued by the Germans far more than their lives? I wept again when I saw the display of human hair, for of course the Germans had kept that as well to stuff their furniture. It had been shaved from the heads just as it was, and it was terrible to see. That shaved from the children's heads was easy to recognize, as many still had ribbons and bows tied to the long and beautiful locks. It was unspeakable! I wept again as I looked upon the display of children's possessions — tiny shoes and booties, little shirts and dresses, the remains of once loved toys. And all the while the questions kept hammering away. *How could the Germans have done it? How ever in the world could they have done it? And having done it, how do they so easily live with it even now?*

Block No. 27 housed the Jewish museum. It is by-passed by most of the tours that tramp through the camp. I never would have known it existed if Corrie had not visited it herself in previous years. Just inside the door in a small, dark hallway was a registration of guests. I sat down to write my name and address and began to read many of the previous entries. I read page after page of testimony from those who had visited the Jewish museum. It had been visited primarily by Jewish people, and surprisingly even a large number of Israelis had been there. (Surprisingly only because Poland has no diplomatic ties with Israel, and therefore no one bearing an Israeli passport alone would be allowed to enter the country.) What was written in the register was so sad and so touching that I must have sat there weeping and reading for well over an hour. Some of the entries had been written by survivors who had come back to visit the place where they last had contact with their loved ones. And others expressed themselves as did one little girl to her lost grandmother:

"Dear Grandma, I came here because I wanted to feel close to you, to understand something of what happened to you here, to know you in the only way that I can ..."

I walked through the rest of the Jewish museum as if in a daze, and shortly thereafter Corrie and I left the camp. Every minute that I had been there I had sensed again (as I had so many times before), how terribly much God had suffered through those dreadful years with His people. And I knew in even a deeper way that it was not something that He could forget, nor was it something that He could leave unanswered in the annals of human history. I learned anew in Auschwitz that the message we had presented in Germany was real, that soon judgment had to come upon Germany, that their time was indeed running out.

On the way back to the Bible camp, the brother who had driven us to Auschwitz mentioned that the man in whose home we were staying had once been a real Believer. "He came from Russia, and when he arrived in Poland he had been full of zeal for the Lord," he told us. "But he married a Catholic, and soon turned away from a real walk with the Lord."

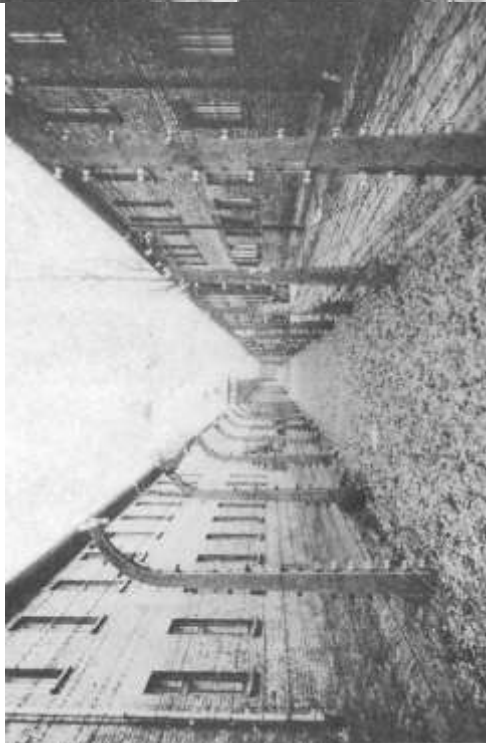
When we returned to the group at the Bible camp the next day, friends handed me a beautiful hand-carved wooden box. Inside were some dried flowers, a Hebrew inscription and the following words:

"We shared yesterday with you in prayer."

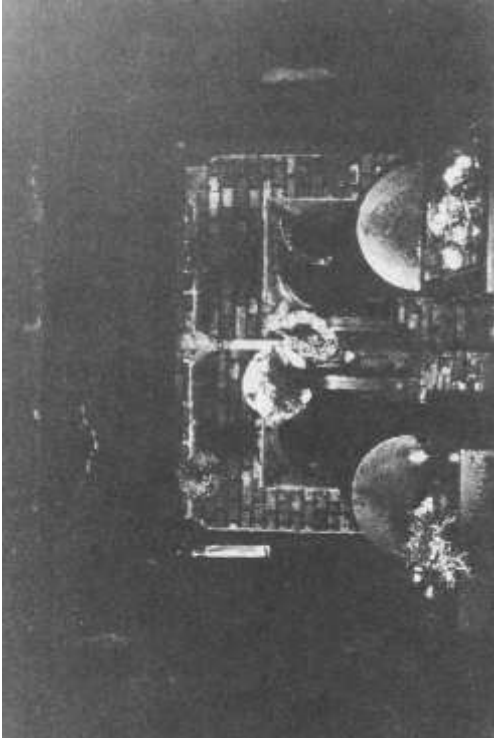
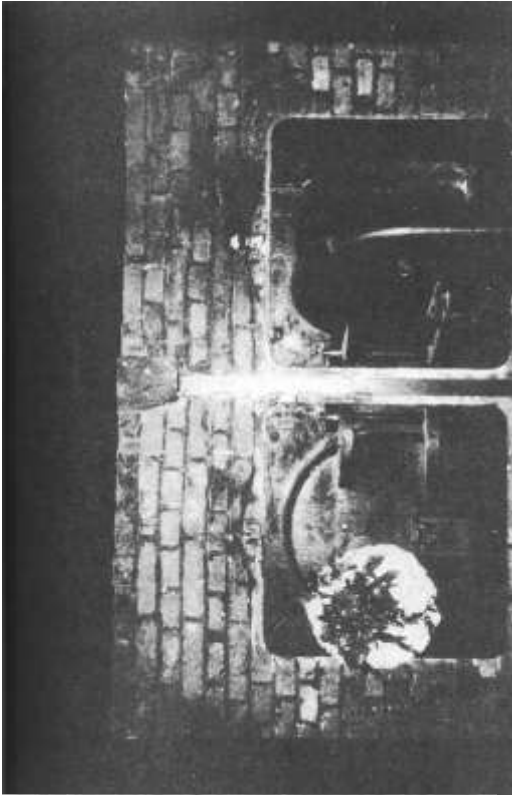
They had prayed for me all that day, and I could tell that they had suffered with me as well.

Amongst the Jewish people attending the meetings was a young Jewish woman with her two small children. Her seven year old daughter was so beautiful, with lovely, mournful eyes and rosy cheeks. Every time I looked at her I could not help but think of the thousands and thousands of little Polish Jewish children whose lives had been lost in such a senseless way. She told me that the children persecuted her in school because she was Jewish. I could only imagine what she had endured, for anti-Semitism amongst the Polish people is as strong as ever. But I said to her, "I know that it must be difficult. But please understand that to the Lord, being Jewish is something very special, no matter what other people may think! We're God's very own people, chosen by Him many centuries ago, and He has kept us alive all these thousands of years! And now, in our very own lifetime, He has given back to us the land that He promised would one day again belong to us forever. It's a miracle! He loves you very much, and I will pray that you and your mother and brother and family will one day soon be able to come to Israel, too." I then gave her the gold Star of David that I always wore on a chain around my neck.

A short while later her mother came over to me. "Oh, we can't possibly accept such an expensive and beautiful thing!" she told me.



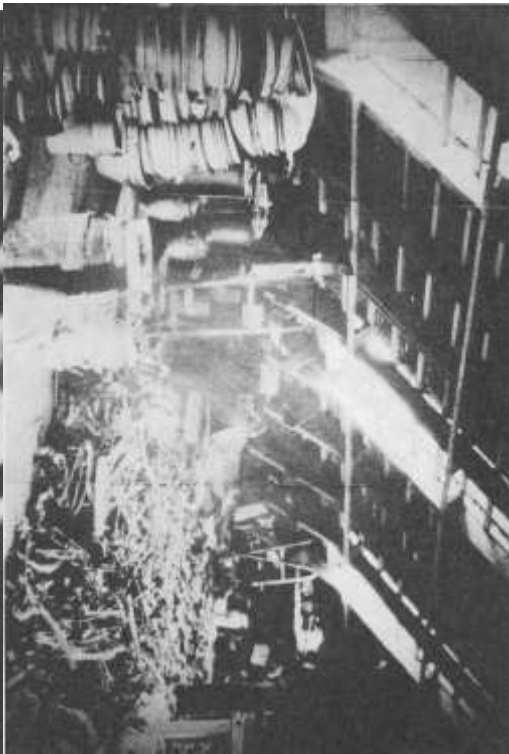
Auschwitz
Concentration
Camp



The ovens where the bodies were
burned after gassing.
(The Nazis first extracted the gold
fillings from the corpses' teeth.)









Six million

But I reassured her as I said, "I'm sure that the Lord wants her to have it. Tell her that every time she looks at it, she should remember that the Lord loves her very much, and that being Jewish is something very beautiful to Him!"

The next afternoon, the family presented me with a lovely tablecloth and napkins, and while I was thanking them, the Lord gave me a nudge to speak with her. She had of course listened to all of my messages that week, and as with the other Jewish people present, she had said many times how much she had enjoyed hearing everything I had to say. And so I prayed quickly and then obeyed the Lord — and she gave her life to the Messiah of Israel! She was so blessed by His love that she was crying and laughing at the very same time! It was a special gift from the Father's hand in that dark land, and I knew that the Father's love was ready to reach the hearts of His people wherever they might be!

On Saturday we planned to take a bus-load of Believers from the Bible camp to visit the Jewish community in the centre of Cracow. The Bible camp was to continue for an additional day, but I would be leaving from Cracow to Warsaw and then flying back to Holland on the first available flight. In the middle of the week, I began to have severe intestinal cramps, and as the week progressed the dysentary got worse and worse. I was able to eat only rice and bread and broth, and felt myself getting weaker and sicker day by day. Each morning it didn't seem possible to even get out of bed, but yet the Lord strengthened me for the meetings each and every night. (I finally learned that the water I had been drinking had come from a contaminated brook, where the farmer up-stream a bit dumped his cow manure!) But our time there had been so blessed, it was worth it no matter how terrible I felt!

On my last day in the village, the couple in whose home we were staying invited a number of the neighbours over to hear the story of my meeting with the Pope. All of them were Catholics and had no real relationship with the Lord. But the Lord anointed the message in such a deep way that our host began to weep — the same man who in his youth had once been a strong Christian in Russia! In the end, he thanked me over and over again for helping to restore his faith in the Lord once again. It was the Lord's love for him, to be sure, and it was precious to see.

The next morning I joined the rest of the group on the journey to Cracow. The only way I could have made the trip at all was not to eat the previous day. We visited first a small synagogue in an old section of the city. We then went to the large Cracow synagogue. The sabbath morning service was in progress, but of course it was held in a small room in an adjoining building, as there were very few people in attendance. We were welcomed to the service, and after some time I told one of the men there that I was from Jerusalem. The news spread rapidly, and after the service Corrie and I were welcomed to join in the oneg shabbat where we lifted our cups of wine in a toast to Jerusalem. I asked one of the men, "How many Jewish people are now living in Cracow?" Before the war, there had been a huge Jewish population of many thousands.

"Oh, we have quite a large population here," he told me. "At least six hundred!" He noticed my sad smile and understood. "I guess that isn't so many after all," he murmured in a resigned way.

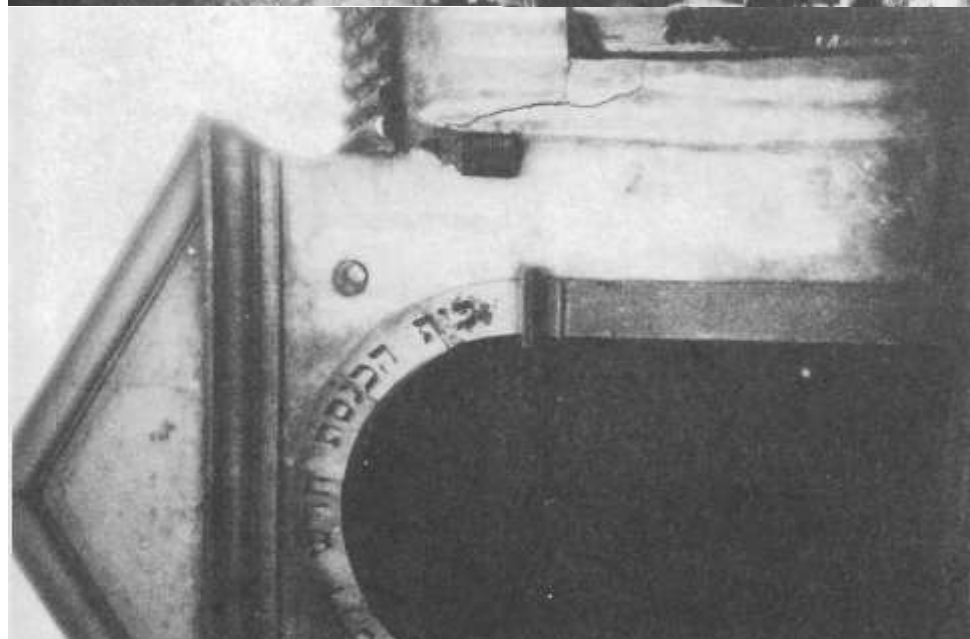
I smiled again and said jokingly, "Well, we do have a few more Jewish people in Jerusalem!"

We then went by foot to the Jewish museum in Cracow. When I stepped inside, it was to find the rebuilt interior of one of Cracow's synagogues as it had been before the war. Somehow it just caught me off guard, and I simply sat on one of the stone steps and wept for all that had been lost.

Corrie and I later walked around the neighbourhood. It used to be the heart of the Jewish section itself, but by now there was barely a trace at all of Jewish life. We found the



Synagogue in Cracow February 1984



crumbled remains of a synagogue, and one Star of David on a building that the Poles had not managed to remove. Oddly enough the street names still remained the same, however, as we walked along Isaac and Esther Streets. But other than that, there were no other hints at all that once a large Jewish population used to bustle around the now silent streets. For me, it was a sad day.

We rejoined the rest of the group at the museum, and I said goodbye to everyone before the bus pulled away for the journey back to the Bible camp. Corrie returned with the group, and was later to journey on to Gdansk and other places that we were to have visited together. But instead, with a friend from the Bible camp, I took the long ride back to Warsaw. Early the next morning I boarded the plane back to Holland, and the following morning arrived at Ben Gurion airport in Israel.

Sid and Betsy met me at the airport and drove me home. I spent many days in bed, until finally my strength was regained and I could begin to eat once again. During the time we had been in Poland, Corrie and I had truly seen the hand of the Lord in so many ways in that country. I felt grateful to the Lord for having enabled me to see His love in yet another land.

Early in March of 1984, Wolfgang and I were invited yet another time to Germany. On our second evening there, we spoke at a meeting in the southern Bavarian town of Garmisch. Before the meeting, we had coffee and cake in a lovely hotel high in the Alps, and the view was beyond belief.

That night I spoke on obedience to the Lord. At the end of the meeting, I also told how I had visited Auschwitz while I had been in Poland; and how I had told the Polish Christians of my sense that judgment was eminent in Germany unless repentance was forthcoming. I told how the Polish Believers had taken the message to themselves, and had knelt and wept and begged for forgiveness for their part in the Holocaust.

I went on to explain, "In Poland, we saw the beginning of the grace and the mercy of God. Because they were willing to *humble themselves and ask forgiveness*, He is really beginning to bless that land with His presence and love. And so I know that God longs to offer that same mercy to Germany as well, if only people would humble themselves before Him!"

After we concluded and sat down, there was a time for questions and answers. A young man stood up and said, "But what does that have to do with us young people? We weren't here at the time that all of this happened. How can we be guilty?"

I answered him in the following way: "I've spoken this message, this need for repentance, in a number of meetings in Germany. And I almost always receive the same answers! The older people say, 'We didn't know anything,' and it's a lie. The younger people say, 'But what does it have to do with us?' Or people say, 'But there *were* people who helped the Jewish people in Germany!' Or people say, 'There were people who already repented!' Or people say, 'But others in Europe are also guilty!'

But there is *almost nobody* in this country who is *sorry* over what happened. There is almost nobody who is willing to say, 'Oh, Father, how we have wounded Your heart! How sorry we are that such a dreadful thing happened to Your people in the hands of our nation! We are *sorry*. Please forgive us!'" And with that, Wolfgang and I sat down once again.

After some minutes, one of the older women said quietly, "I believe that God wants us to kneel as well," and at once everyone dropped to their knees. And immediately, the weeping began. They cried and prayed and begged the Lord for forgiveness. It went so deeply into their hearts that afterwards, they all agreed to spend three days in prayer and fasting for the "Fast of Esther" which was to be celebrated in Israel the following week. They also realized that it was their responsibility to begin to share the message throughout the rest of

Germany. They understood that the time is indeed short, as a generation since the end of the war would soon be over — *but that it was not as yet too late.*

It was very moving, and we could not help but cry with them and rejoice as well at the mercy of God. Oh, how He suffered during those dark and terrible days! But He still loves Germany and longs to bless them, if they would but humble themselves in repentance before Him. And that night we were seeing His mercy and grace with our very own eyes!

The next day we spoke to a large gathering in Munich. I had never spoken there before, but the pastor had heard the tape of my message to Germany, and said as he introduced me, "Please share with us *all* that is on your heart . ." So I told my testimony and the full story of the German message, beginning with Rozia's sad history and ending with what had transpired in Poland and the previous evening in Garmisch. And then I simply closed with prayer. But before I could even say "amen", an amazing thing happened. In one movement, almost as a wave upon the sea, without a word being spoken, the entire congregation fell to their knees and the weeping and crying was to heaven. People wept and besought the Lord for forgiveness for almost two hours! All the excuses had disappeared. All that was left was the sense of sorrow and shame and the knowledge of the Lord's cleansing blood. (Wolfgang later joked that he now has permanent knees in his slacks from so many hours of kneeling!) And this group also felt the need to join in prayer and fasting and in spreading this message throughout the rest of Germany.

The next day we returned to the small group on the outskirts of Munich where we had been welcomed a number of times already. They were all grateful to God for the report of repentance that we were able to bring them. And there, too, people knelt and wept and sought the heart of the Lord.

After the meeting, a young man came up to us and said, "Do you remember the young man who came up to you last year after you shared this message with us?"

"He was a little hard to forget!" I replied. He was referring to one of the two young men who had been so hardened and resentful of our call for repentance.

"Well, the Lord has been dealing with him ever since, and just last week he said to me, 'If only Esther had come to us this year instead of last year, because now I can accept her message!' And he wanted me to tell you that tonight."

What an encouragement it was! If the Lord had been able to turn *his* heart around, there was hope for anybody!

The Lord, in His love for Germany, opened yet another door. One day, in one of the countries where I was visiting, I went to eat at a small local restaurant. The owner had spent some time in the United States, and we enjoyed talking together. I returned at a later date, and again spent time talking with the owner. As I told her a bit about my walk with the Lord and about Israel, she happened to mention, "You know, there is someone staying nearby who also has a great love for Israel. You really should contact him!" She then gave me his name and address, and later that day I walked by the house. It was set far back from the road and didn't look particularly accessible. In addition, I did not feel particularly like making any new acquaintances! But as I was walking away from the house, the direction of the Lord was as clear as it could be. "Write a letter to him," He instructed me. I posted the letter the following morning. The Lord then clearly told me that I would receive a reply the next day. And, of course, the answer came exactly when the Lord told me it would! I was invited by him and his wife to visit with them the following Saturday morning, just a few days away.

Even though I had never heard of them before, I sensed from the Lord that this was extremely important, and at His direction spent a day in prayer and fasting in preparation for our visit together.

When the day finally arrived, the three of us sat in the sunshine and spent many hours talking together. It was astonishing how many things in the Lord we shared in common in our understanding of God's hand upon Israel; the incredible spiritual danger of Islam; the horror of the communist system. I was also fascinated by the story he had to tell:

"I was a young man at the start of the war, and I remember clearly when Hitler came to power in Germany. My mother, a very perceptive woman, stood in the middle of the room, and said, 'Mark my words, this means war!' I had been devastated by all that Hitler did, and in the middle of the war I told my parents, 'When this war is over, I plan to start the largest publishing house in Europe!'"

My father said to my mother, 'I think the boy's gone mad.' And my mother said to my father, 'But with him, you never really know!'"

Of course, with God's help, that's exactly what I was able to do. I now have 12,000 employees and 30 million readers! In my publishing house, I have set up four principles which every member of the editorial staff must accept. One of them is a firm commitment towards the reconciliation between Germans and the Jewish people, including the preservation of the life rights of Israel's people."

It was, of course, the German publisher Axel Springer to whom I was listening on that bright and sunny day. I'm grateful that I had never heard of him before, for nothing of the stories that surround any great man could in any way touch the deep sense I had from the Lord of His special love for this man. As we talked, that day and the following day as well, I sensed over and over again that the Lord had given me the special privilege of meeting one of His special friends upon the earth. I understood that Axel had made a brave stand for Israel and against the dangers of communism and Islam, and had a courage that God alone had given. I realized as we spoke together that Axel understood a great deal, and was not afraid to stand openly for what he believed.

I sensed, too, that he had walked an often lonely path, often misunderstood and criticized by the general public. But all the while I felt the Father's love, the Father's joy, the Father's approval of a job well done.

Axel talked movingly of his faith, stating uncategorically that nothing was more important to him, that he would rather talk about the Lord than about anything else in the world.

I later received from the Springers a transcription of a speech he had given in Zurich on the 2nd of November, 1978. As I read the words he had spoken, his love for Israel and for the Lord came shining through. And again I felt blessed in having met them both. The following quotes are from the Zurich speech:

"I believe in the words of the Bible. The proclamations in it on the role of Jerusalem, yesterday, today and tomorrow, of Jerusalem, the 'city so high up there, these promises are not a collection of legend without binding force, they are an actual principle of order."

Jerusalem — I want to say this here with deep seriousness — is for me not merely a national obligation for a Germany which has fallen into profound guilt. In the role of Jerusalem I see more, and this is a central point of faith."

When a people survives 2,000 years of frightful persecution and can then enjoy fulfillment of the promise of return to its country and to its Holy City, that is for me a process which in time, space, effect and obligation has Divine, not human, dimensions. The faith is a living entity. It does not depend on the patine of the past.

A Divine truth needs no distance of a hundred, five hundred, a thousand or even two thousand years to be discernable and effective. That is how I see the return of the children of Israel to the Promised Land in our day. I see in this secular process a sign from God, and I only hope we men understand this sign. Just as I believe that the Lord gives a sign far more often than we men are able to see . . .

I never tire of pointing out repeatedly the wrong done in the name of my people to those near to us, most especially the Jews, but also to the Poles, the Dutch, the Russians, the French. I know this wrong opened the gates, so that Soviet tanks now stand in central Europe.

At times I am asked why I so uninhibitedly — and on every occasion — emphasize Germany's guilt. Why only our guilt? Why not that of others? First of all, the truth is the answer: debts can be specified — guilt cannot.

To name our guilt and to acknowledge it is the prerequisite for reparation. And reparation is the price we pay for entry into a new epoch of national German politics, which can only be made with head held high; head held high, but without arrogance.

And for this that measure of humility through suffering is needed in the people and its leaders which Germany has so often lacked in its history since Bismarck. I know very well that in the expanses of the Russian empire 66 million people have died violent deaths since the 1917 revolution. That is also Solzhenitzsyn's figure. But that is the Soviets' fault, and it is not my business to point it out.

My business continues to be to point out German guilt and to share in the atonement for German guilt. It is for Germans to recognize and acknowledge German guilt . . .

Ladies and gentlemen, I spoke before of the mainsprings of my engagement for Israel, of my love — you will permit the expressions — for the Jewish people. I do believe that this is innate in me. It is part of my upbringing and the core of my faith.

A few days ago I read a new book by your magnificent countryman Walter Nigg — the title is "Saints without Haloes". I was especially moved by the description of the life of Vladimir Soloviev, an Orthodox philosopher and friend of Dostoievski.

When Soloviev witnessed the Russian pogroms towards the end of the previous century he said: The Jews always acted towards us as Jews. But we Christians have so far been unable to learn to behave as Christians towards the Jews.'

And I find the same motif in the thoughts of a pious German contemporary, Mother Basilea Schlink, who writes the following in her little volume, "Israel My People": 'It was because we Christians faced the Jews without love, indeed in pride and a spirit of criticism that the hatred against the Jews in Christian people, in our people, gained so much ground over the centuries and spread to cause what has happened in the recent past.'

Such thoughts, beside love, are my strongest mainsprings."

In the same speech, given in 1978, Springer also speaks of Sadat's historic visit to Jerusalem, which at that time was recent news. His comments astounded me, however, for few outside of Israel understood Sadat's real motives. In Israel we were not so easily fooled as the rest of the world, and most Israelis would agree completely with Axel's perceptions of the situation. I am including these comments as well, just as a warning to judge what happens in Israel not with a natural eye, but to look a little bit beyond the obvious to the real truth of developments in that area.

"Just a year ago Sadat came to Jerusalem. It was a great, brave step. But what lay behind it? His country was facing economic ruin. The Russians, who had failed to help him, had been made to leave the country. But the Americans, who were now expected to help, had not yet been won over by the man from Cairo. He needed peace with Israel to master the economic plight of his country with aid from the Americans and from the Israelis.

He knew that unless his economy was rescued his days as Head of the State were numbered. All this he had in his head when he came to Jerusalem. It was a bold decision, but it was a necessary step for his country and for his own future.

So he came to Israel knowing that he would be received with open arms. He also knew that the Israelis were prepared to restore to Egypt the sovereignty over the Sinai Peninsula. He came, proclaimed 'No more war, promised peace, and made demand after demand.

So Sadat is a man whose personal courage in this matter I certainly admire. But on the other hand I cannot forget that four years before he had, with Soviet help, treacherously attacked Israel on the feast of Yom Kippur.

I know what I am talking about, for in those October days in 1973 I flew in my private machine to Israel, because the airlines were suspended. Ben Gurion air field was empty when we landed. The hotels too were empty, and every second acquaintance was weeping because he had lost a relative or a friend in the surprise attack.

Shimon Peres, at that time the second man in the Ministry of Defense, enabled me to fly to the front, to Sinai and over the Suez Canal, to see with my own eyes as the first civilian to do so.

We saw the horrors of war, the wounded, the dead (torn by wild dogs), destroyed implements of war, and the closed-in Egyptian Third Army.

My son, known as the photographer Sven Simon, had been there a few days before as a war correspondent. He had witnessed the following scene.

He lay with two Israeli soldiers in a trench when the news came on the radio that the German authorities in Bremerhaven had prevented ships with American supplies destined for Israel from sailing. Of course, the soldiers were unaware of my son's true identity. They uttered bitter words, and at last one said, 'That's how cowardly the Germans are — with one exception, and his name is Axel Springer!'

When my son told them who he was, there was a real fraternization scene. I can understand the agitation of the young Israeli soldiers, but I must contradict them, as thank God I am not the only friend of Israel in my country!

However, what is lacking is an unfailing avowal from above, the example the rulers should give. This example of remembering the past has not existed among government leaders in my country since Konrad Adenauer. I always think of a legacy he gave me several times in the last months of his life.

'Herr Springer,' he said, 'do not count on the Soviets fulfilling agreements they sign; always be watchful of the unbalanced German people; and always stand up faithfully for the Jews and for Israel!'

But let us go back to President Sadat. He has really already got everything he wanted, everything he could want. But Begin, the man who bravely reversed all his own values, sits there with the unsolved problems of his country and is being harrassed by the world to concede still more — to the point of fatal jeopardy for his land. Why?

Can any reasonable person expect the Israelis to partition their capital city again, the city which in its entire history was never the capital of any other but a Jewish state? Is it so hard to grasp that many Israelis find it difficult to give up or even reduce their settlements as long as the PLO strives to destroy the Jewish state — with the support of Syria, Libya, Iraq and others?

Even in the West not everybody realizes this. I know this from many debates. The demand to the Israelis to give up all their settlements reminds me of a talk I had some years ago with some German professors.

'We find your championship of Israel magnificent,' they said, 'but you must admit that the Israelis have become fascists.'

'Why fascists?' I asked. 'I know what you mean: Jews are not allowed to hit back. Jews must allow themselves to be slaughtered, as they always have been for centuries. And then when it happens you make funeral orations of stirring beauty.'

Ladies and gentlemen, I am against funeral orations for Israel. It must be our task to guarantee survival for the Jewish state. Let me repeat what I said on another occasion:

It is our duty to make Israel's cares our own, to remain on the alarm before the continued menace and danger from Arab fanaticism and Palestinian lust for murder. The special duty of Germans towards the Jewish state is hindered, and at the same time enhanced, by European vacillation.

The free Europe that Winston Churchill avowed here in Zurich in 1946 has so far left Israel in the lurch and mentally denied it. But where Governments fail, the citizens — each in his place — have the double duty to prove themselves. Israel policy must not be degraded to being a function of the 'oil pressure mentality'.

Certainly oil prices are important, but they shrink to a bagatelle as soon as they are fatefully confronted with the 'to be or not to be' of Israel. Standing by Israel also means readiness to render material aid.

At a higher level is ideal readiness to help, publicly proclaimed solidarity, passionate appeal for sympathy for Israel's legitimate claims. It is not our business to give Israel advice in the matter of frontiers. That its old frontiers would become frontiers with death if it retired behind them completely, is beyond doubt.

Finding possible compromises is a matter for the Israelis and not for foreign know-alls. Sharing Israeli suffering, increasing Israeli happiness is for us Germans less a sacrifice than a gift of destiny. To accept and possess it, that is what is special in the relations between Germans and the Jewish state.

That is how I have always seen it, and always will see it. And in this sense I also hope that the Nobel Peace Prize will soon be followed by real peace for Israel. .."

After our second talk together, Axel asked me to pray for him and then knelt down. It was such an unconscious act of humility that it reminded me of Jesus' kneeling to wash the disciples' feet. I prayed for him, and sensed again how precious he was in the Father's sight. On that morning, I left with Axel and his wife, Friede, a copy of my manuscript — at least as much of it as was completed at that time! Friede returned it to me some days later, and her words of praise were such an encouragement to me. She and Axel ordered 2,000 copies in German, and I know that they will be able to reach people in Germany and elsewhere whom I would never have access to.

While in Germany some months later, I visited Axel's publishing house, and understood that in the usual course of events, it never would have been possible to meet those two dear people. But it is the Lord who orders the steps of His people, and nothing is impossible to Him!

On the 8th of October, 1978, Axel Springer received the Leo Baeck Medal at the Leo Baeck Institute in New York as a tribute to his love for the Jewish people. At the end of his Zurich speech, he concluded with the following:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I spoke before of the fine celebration in the Leo Baeck Institute in New York four weeks ago. I received a gold medal created by the Institute. After the ceremony I wrote a letter. I expressed my special thanks for having experienced during the celebration 'in the midst of a rough, indeed a brutal world, some little quietude, fineness, a little wisdom, but above all, love.'

Rabbi Grunewald described that hour as an 'oasis' and added: 'It is a particular experience to find friendship again so late in life.'

Friendship — he had called me a friend of the Jewish people. There could be no higher honour for me. And so I wrote to him again: 'My life is rich because I am allowed to love the Jewish people.' This is not a personal eccentricity, but part of my religious conviction that the restoration of the state of Israel after two thousand years' dispersal is part of the Divine message of salvation for the whole of humanity ..."



Friede and Axel Springer 1984

Jenny,
Wolfgang,
and Joey
Berlin 1984



Wolfgang, Jenny and
Joey visiting the
Springer Publishing
House, Berlin.





Jenny next to the Berlin Wall.



36

RESTORED YEARS

In late March of 1984, I returned again to the island of Patmos. Since this was my third visit to the island, I knew many of the local residents, and was very touched by the warm welcome I received. The friendliness and the island's serenity were like a balm to my soul. I settled in to work once again, and completed yet another 150 pages. But still the book was not finished. After five weeks of hard work, I returned to Jerusalem.

A short while after I had moved out of my apartment in Ramot, I had a definite sense from the Lord to sell the flat. I immediately assumed that the Lord wanted me to then purchase the lovely, sunny apartment to which I had moved, thereby breaking a cardinal rule of faith living i.e., NEVER ASSUME ANYTHING!

I had advertised in the local newspapers. Many people had come to see the flat, but as the months sped by, the apartment remained unsold. Finally, one day shortly after my return to Israel from Patmos, the Lord posed the following question: "When did I tell you to purchase the second apartment?"

In that moment, I realized at once that of course, He had never instructed me to purchase the second apartment at all, it had simply been my own idea! I asked His forgiveness for such presumption, and promptly put it back in His hands.

The very next day, I received a telephone call from friends living in northern Israel. "Do you know of an apartment for sale in Ramot?" they inquired.

"The only apartment I know of is my own!" I told them.

"We'll be there tomorrow to see it!" they replied.

Before they arrived the following day, the Lord informed me that at present they had only a third of the money necessary to purchase the flat. "Tell them that if they're interested in buying the apartment, they can pay a third of the price now and the rest whenever and if ever possible." He then explained that I was to use the money to buy appliances and furniture for my still empty flat and an automobile, an essential for the book distribution. (After nine years of riding the Israeli buses, owning a car seemed like a dream! But of course, I soon would need one, as it would be impossible to carry 2,000 books home on the bus!)

When they arrived a few hours later, they were thrilled with the news, and within a short time we were drinking a toast to their new apartment in Jerusalem! Some weeks later I purchased a Ford Escort, a great car. Amazing that when the Lord broke through my own plans and revealed His, it took Him only one day to sell the apartment!

In June, 1984, I left Israel again, this time for the States to spend two weeks visiting with Mike and Joey and my parents in Arizona. When I first arrived in the U.S.A., I called my parents to notify them of the exact time that my plane would arrive in Phoenix. After

exchanging greetings, my father said to me, "Did you hear the news about Joey?"

"No," I said, unconsciously gripping the telephone more tightly.

"Well, he's failed in school, and will have to go to summer school this summer. Call Joe, and he will explain it to you. There have been quite a few problems!"

Joey was supposed to visit me in Israel that summer, the very first time since 1976, and my first thoughts were that now his trip to Israel would be in jeopardy. I felt like crying but almost before I had time even to react, the Lord said firmly, "I will use this situation to bring Joey home to live in Israel!" And so instead of feeling sad, in an instant I was filled with a new hope, an astonishing hope, that perhaps even that very summer, I would be enabled by the Lord to be a mother once again! How ever would He do it? A thousand questions flooded my mind, but I shrugged them off, knowing that if I had truly heard from the Lord, He would work it out in His perfect way.

When I finally arrived in Arizona, I was thrilled to see my parents and Mike and Joey again. Michael was so unchanged, but when I looked at my eldest son, my heart contracted. He looked so sad, so empty. I could tell that he had gone through a very difficult year in many ways, and I held onto the Lord's word to me with all my might.

It was finally arranged that Joey could attend summer school in Israel, and so his summer plans to visit with me in Jerusalem remained unchanged. (Joe refused to allow Michael to come as well, feeling that he was still too young to make the trip.) The night before our departure to Israel, Joey and I attended an evening meeting of "Messiah '84", an annual gathering of Messianic Jewish and Gentile Believers. We went especially to see my sister Goldie and her husband, as Goldie was to be one of the conference speakers. (Goldie had co-authored an excellent book with Jan Markell entitled, *Overcoming Stress*).

When we left the conference, Joey did not look the same at all. He had been deeply moved by the love he felt there that night, and he kept saying, "Oh, I felt such love! This is what I've been missing all these years!" And then, just before we reached Marcia's home in the country, we pulled the car over to the side of the road, and Joey placed his life in the Lord's hands. He had been involved in many satanic things during the previous year. That night he received the Lord's forgiveness and began to turn his life around in the best direction possible. I was beginning to see that all of my years of prayer, as well as the faithful prayers of many friends had not at all been in vain. The Lord was not easily going to let this son of mine wander very far from the Shepherd's care.

When we arrived in Israel, Joey absolutely loved it, and seemed immediately to grasp the spirit of Israeli life. And then, as He had promised the Lord opened the door for Joey to remain with me in Jerusalem. The little apartment that I had moved into had felt so much like a home from the beginning, and the Lord turned it into a home indeed! Soon it was filled by my teen-aged son and his friends, a sweet little puppy and a parakeet! What a change in my life!

Another very special thing happened that summer as well. While visiting with my parents, I happened to mention to my mother, "Mom, do you remember the 'Monopoly' game?"

She nodded affirmatively.

"Do you remember the hotels on the corner of Boardwalk and Park Place, the best property? Well, the game is based on Atlantic City, and it just so happens that at one time Betsy's family owned a hotel right on that very corner! I can't remember the name of the hotel, though," I told her.

Surprisingly, my mother asked, "Could it have been the Marlborough-Blenheim?"

"Yes, I think that's it! Why?" I asked her.

"Well, it just so happens that every year that I can remember, from the time that I was a

small child until around 1941, my parents, my three sisters and I spent every February holiday at the Marlborough-Blenheim hotel in Atlantic City! It was a lovely hotel," she went on to say. "I even remember that the bathtubs had hot salt water if you wanted it!" My dad added that he and my mom had also stayed there in later years after their marriage. I was so amazed!

A few weeks later, when I was visiting Sid and Betsy in the States at Betsy's father's lovely home near the Chesapeake bay, I asked her father, "Pappy, do you remember a Jewish family from Connecticut who visited your hotel every year in February quite a few years ago? They stopped coming as a family around 1941, I think."

"Yes, seems like I do remember a family from a department store." My eyes opened wide, as my grandfather had been on the managerial staff of "G. Fox & Co.", an excellent Hartford department store. Pappy continued, "I remember them because they especially liked little Betsy. They always brought gifts to her — and she kept them!" (She had been five or six years old at the time.)

How we all felt the Lord's love at that moment! We were so amazed with this news! To think that my own grandparents had been a part of Betsy's life so many years before! And Betsy still remembered the gifts that she had received — gigantic dolls and matching furniture, chiffon dresses and silk pajamas, etc. The Scriptures tell us so beautifully:

"Cast thy bread upon the waters: for thou shalt find it after many days . . ."

Ecclesiastes 11:1

To think that my own grandparents had especially reached out to Betsy all those years ago — and then, 45 years later, Sid and Betsy met their granddaughter in Capernaum, in Israel, with the instant instructions from the Lord to help her in any way possible! We knew then in an even deeper way that the bond that the Lord had given us was truly a gift from Him, that there was no mistake about it whatsoever. It was quite a testimony to my own parents as well. To think that our lives had been knitted together even before I was born!

Everyone had always described my grandfather as such a gentle and kind person. He had died a month before I was born, and I was named after him. It astonished me to think that while I had never met him, Betsy had, even though she was too young at the time to remember him clearly!

In October, Wolfgang and I returned once again to Germany. More invitations had come in to deliver the German message, and we spoke in Munich, in Regensburg, in Berlin, and in the Dusseldorf area. And again, as the previous spring, at each and every meeting the presence of the Lord was so strongly felt that people fell to their knees and begged the Lord for forgiveness for the countless deaths of Jewish people. For the first time, we began to really have hope for Germany. We knew that still it represented such a small number, compared to the 60 million people living in Germany. But it was a beginning nonetheless. Joey accompanied us to Germany, and faithfully prayed for us during each of the meetings. It was such a joy to have him as part of the team!

Some months earlier, Munich had been hit by hailstones the size of tennis balls. People said it sounded like an artillery attack and caused injuries as well as a great deal of damage to property. Many of the cars were still dented from the impact of the stones falling from the sky. It was clearly a warning from the Lord, a grim reminder that Germany's forty years of grace were rapidly drawing to a close.

It was strange, however, but few within Germany recognized it as such. A U.S. pastor had been arrested in Germany the previous day, and many Christians therefore assumed

that the hailstones were due to his arrest! Believe me, if the Lord were to answer the arrest of His servants with hail, the Soviet Union would have disappeared under a barrage of hailstones years ago!

During the rest of the winter, I remained in Jerusalem and continued work on the book. It was a difficult time in many ways. The oppression of the enemy was very great, and the writing of the last hundred pages was painfully slow. I could only manage it page by page, day by day. There were countless delays and interruptions. Plus, of course, part of my time was spent in being a Mom again!

I had originally felt to take another trip into Poland in February of 1985, and also for a brief time into the Soviet Union just to touch base with friends there. Some weeks before the scheduled departure, however, the Lord clearly and strongly cancelled the trip.

In talking with others in Jerusalem later, I learned that the same thing had happened to them that very same year. One brother received the definite answer that his plans for travelling into the Soviet Union had been cancelled due to lack of proper prayer support. Perhaps that also is what happened in my situation (unless I simply heard from the Lord incorrectly to begin with). But it gives an opportunity, at any rate, to underline strongly and clearly that those who are commissioned to pray for brothers and sisters who are placed on the front line of battle *have got to recognize that their prayers are vital for the fulfillment of the purposes of God*. For someone to arrive in the Soviet Union, believing to have a firm foundation of prayer without realizing that very few were taking it seriously, would be like sending a general into battle against a fierce foe. He would charge ahead, believing his troops were following him, only to find himself facing the enemy alone. All of the soldiers had somehow gotten off the track!

My four trips to the Soviet Union were tremendously well covered in prayer, and I felt such a covering of the Lord's grace. My journey into Poland was a different story, however. For whatever reason, the covering of prayer simply wasn't there. While the Lord fulfilled His purposes nonetheless, the battle was terrible, and I had to leave the country days ahead of schedule seriously ill.

It is in prayer and intercession that the major spiritual battles are won, and therefore each person involved — even behind the scenes — has an extremely crucial role to play. It is *serious*, because through our lack of prayer and intercession, the work of the Lord cannot go forth in the way that it should.

I therefore stayed home in Jerusalem throughout the remainder of the winter months, not travelling until the end of March, at which time I left once again for the nation of Germany.

We arrived in Germany for the sixth time in two years. This time, after only a brief stop in Munich, we spoke primarily to new groups in the Dusseldorf area. Once again we found that no matter what type of group we spoke to — whether to those who were open to the Lord or to those who weren't; whether to those who were prepared to receive our message or to those who were not — the presence of the Lord nonetheless still brought everyone to their knees in repentance. It was an awesome experience; but somehow this time we were keenly aware of the shortness of time and of the great multitudes of German people who remain unrepentant.

Joey had accompanied Wolfgang and me to Germany this time as well, and at the end of ten days he returned to Israel, Wolfgang returned to Norway, and I left Germany enroute to Sao Paulo, Brazil (with a stop-over in the U.S. to see Michael at Marcia's home).

I had been invited in Brazil to address a large Israel conference, and actually spoke at other Christian meetings in the Sao Paulo area as well — twelve meetings in a week! Sao Paulo is an enormous city!

The church in Sao Paulo is tremendously alive, with many thousands of young people ready and eager to serve the Lord. The churches and meeting halls were packed, and it was a delight to address meetings in that country and to see in the faces of the listeners such a response to the messages! I'm afraid I was conditioned to Europe, where sometimes when I speak I don't even have a sense of whether or not the people are really there! Many times there is no response to be seen at all! So to me, the vitality of the church in Brazil was a complete delight.

It was also very touching to see how closely-linked church fellowships were with one another. There seemed to be little of the competition that often exists in other countries, but rather a sharing and open line of communication between one fellowship and another, even from city to city! But for me, it was especially wonderful to see the many thousands of young people! But lest you think I'm describing an already heavenly church, there was one major hindrance, and that was in the area of finances.

When I arrived in Brazil, my ticket (from Israel to Germany to the States and Brazil and back to Israel) had only been half-paid. When I left the States, I had a real sense from the Lord that there would be no one in Brazil who would help, and that I would therefore leave the country with my ticket still unpaid! It seemed hard to believe!

In 1982 in New Zealand I arrived in a similar circumstance. At that time I still needed to pay for the \$3,500.00 round-the-world ticket, and arrived in New Zealand with that great debt and only \$1.00 in cash! I soon discovered that most of the fellowships gave a fixed sum of \$20.00 to speakers, and at that rate I would have to speak at 200 meetings in order to meet the payment for my ticket! Even though the fellowships and churches gave very little in New Zealand, there were *individuals* in the country to whom the Lord could speak and who would gladly give in obedience to Him, and that is precisely how my expenses were met in that distant land.

In meetings, I have never asked for a collection and never mention finances, trusting the Lord and His endless resources for necessary provision. But I sensed from the Lord that there were not even *individuals* in Brazil who had any concept at all of giving in obedience to the Lord! I found it hard to believe, as I said before; but as a precautionary measure, I warned Marcia that she might have to help me with a ticket from J.F.K. in New York to the Philadelphia airport when I returned to the States!

I actually arrived in Brazil with a total of \$14.00, and still owing half of the cost of the ticket. I know that in the Lord debt is not something that usually happens, but I sensed that He had allowed this situation to develop to point to a definite lack in the teaching of the church in Brazil. And, of course, He was right. Even though I spoke at many meetings, most of them in enormous halls or auditoriums, I received no money whatsoever from anyone, anywhere! I knew that this trip was in the will of the Lord, and for many years I had hung on to His assurances that a "workman is worthy of his meat." But yet my financial situation did not improve at all, and soon I had not even the \$14.00!

Finally, one evening while out for a pizza with the lovely family in whose home I stayed and with the young man who had translated for me at many of the meetings, I broached the subject. I told them how I had arrived in Brazil in financial need simply in order to pay for my ticket there, and that the Lord had let me know in advance that the need would not be met!

I continued, "The fact that I have told you this means that I cannot accept any money. But tell me, is this really a problem in Brazil? I'm just dying to know!"

They all began to speak at once, explaining that it is such a great problem that it has many times prevented the work of the Lord from going forth! "Many times young people are called to missionary service by the Lord, either within Brazil or to distant countries. But there is no teaching here of giving in obedience to the Lord, and so there is simply no one at

all to help finance these young missionaries! And therefore the work of the Lord is greatly hampered!" they told me.

We talked about it for quite some time, and I could sense that it was indeed a great problem that in many ways was halting what could be a great call to spread the gospel message. Brazil was at one time a country which itself received missionaries, and people arriving from foreign lands would always come with financial help to the Brazilians. And now, even though Brazil is a more prosperous country and the church is enormous and very much alive, the "poor-me" mentality still seems to reign!

It just so happens that the next morning I was scheduled to address a group of forty pastors. I knew it was a rare opportunity to be able to speak to so many men of God at one time, and the Lord strongly confirmed that He wanted me to give a teaching on giving in obedience to Him. It was a bit scary to think of. I could only trust that if this were indeed a door the Lord had opened, then surely their hearts would be prepared to receive such a message!

The next morning I opened the meeting with a prayer, and then said, jokingly, "Well, this might be my very last invitation to Brazil! But the Lord has revealed to me a situation that really needs your prayerful consideration," I continued in a more serious vein. "I don't pretend in just a week to be an expert on the state of the church in Brazil; but the Lord is an expert, and He prepared me for this even before I arrived in the country!" I then told of my own debt, explaining that I therefore could not receive any funds. "But the Lord allowed it to happen to show me the great need there is in this country for an understanding of the meaning of giving unto the Lord and in obedience to Him."

I then gave a teaching on giving, with the Lord's guidance, presenting the following Scriptures:

"And with great power gave the apostles witness of the resurrection of the Lord Jesus: and great grace was upon them all.

Neither was there any among them that lacked: for as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold,

And laid them down at the apostles' feet: and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need."

Acts 4:33-35

"Therefore I thought it necessary to exhort the brethren, that they would go before unto you, and make up beforehand your bounty, whereof ye had notice before, that the same might be ready, as a matter of bounty, and not as of covetousness.

But this I say, He which soweth sparingly shall reap also sparingly; and he which soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully.

Every man according as he purposeth in his heart, so let him give; not grudgingly, or of necessity: for God loveth a cheerful giver.

And God is able to make all grace abound toward you; that ye, always having all sufficiency in all things, may abound to every good work:

(As it is written,

*He hath dispersed abroad;
he hath given to the poor:
his righteousness remaineth forever.*

Now he that ministereth seed to the sower both minister bread for your food, and multiply your seed sown, and increase the fruits of your righteousness;)

Being enriched in every thing to all bountifulness, which causeth through us thanksgiving to God.

For the administration of this service not only supplieth the want of the saints, but is abundant also by many thanksgivings unto God;

While by the experiment of this ministration they glorify God for your professed subjection unto the gospel of Christ, and for your liberal distribution unto them, and unto all men."

II Corinthians 9:5-13

Plus: Matthew 5:42; 10:8; 19:21

Mark 9:41; Luke 6:38

In conclusion I told them, "I feel very strongly from the Lord that there are many young people whom He has called to spread the gospel in foreign lands and at home. It has to be understood that this is the most important work that there is upon the face of the earth! It is wrong that these young people are prevented from going forth simply because there is no financial provision for them whatsoever. These missionaries need to be primarily concerned with lost souls, not with how in the world they will find bread for the next day! It is not something to take lightly, and I think if each one of you will pray about this, the Lord will confirm it to each of your hearts. It is good that the people give a portion of their salaries to the church. I know that this is being faithfully taught. But they also have to learn to give in obedience to the prompting of the Holy Spirit as well. And as pastors, you must do the same. There are enough "new projects". You must also seek the Lord as to how the gifts to the church are to be used! The work of the gospel must go forth, and this has to be a priority. And I sense from the Lord that if these young people are financially free to go forth with the message of hope, some very exciting things are about to happen! It is a solemn responsibility to be sure that we are not in any way hampering or hindering the Word of the Lord from going forth unto salvation. These young people need love, support, prayers, and financial surety as they go forth to the most important commission of all!"

The pastors received this word in great humility, kneeling and asking the Lord's forgiveness and help. Almost every one of them recognized this as a genuine need within the Brazilian church, many asking for the Lord's help in beginning this teaching on provision at once! It was such an encouragement, for I could sense that a great wave of young people are being prepared from that nation to serve the Lord both at home and in distant lands!

The next night, after an evening meeting, we were driving from one side of Sao Paulo to the home in which I was staying on the other side of the city. I was extremely tired and looking forward to a good night's sleep, as the heat and humidity were draining. Fairly close to home, we took a wrong turn and ended up in front of the hospital where the newly-elected President of Brazil lay seriously ill. There were numerous television crews stationed in front of the hospital, all awaiting current news of the President's state of health. As we were driving slowly by, suddenly the young man who had been my translator said to the driver, "Stop the car! The Lord has told me that Esther is supposed to be on television!" And a moment later he leapt out of the car!

My heart sank to my toes, as I was bone-tired, and it seemed quite improbable to me that I would soon be on Brazilian television! I have said many times, "When you work for the Lord, the pay is really great; the retirement benefits are out of this world (heaven); but the

hours are really strange!" The Lord can pack more into a single day than anyone could even imagine, and it looked as though this was about to be another one of those days!

Finally, shortly after midnight, one of the television stations agreed to interview me! I had no idea what in the world I would say until the moment the microphone was in front of my face, but I prayed for the Lord's wisdom. I said, "I am visiting here in Brazil from my home in Israel, and while in your lovely country I have spoken at quite a few Christian meetings. I have been very moved as I have seen thousands of people, especially young people, praying for the President. And so I want to say to the President of Brazil, 'Be encouraged. The people of Brazil love you very much, and even more important, the God of Israel loves you very much.' And I would like to add my own prayers, from Jerusalem, Israel, for the President's health . . ."

The reporter seemed extremely moved by the message, and promised it would be shown on Brazilian television the very next day. Interestingly enough, the owner of the television station happened to be Jewish and when he heard the message, I guess it also moved him! At any rate, it was later reported on *Israeli* television, on the evening news, that an Israeli woman had given a message of prayer and hope to the President of Brazil! Serving the Lord is never dull; no, not even for a moment!

On my last day in the Sao Paulo area, I visited a mission centre in the countryside. It was a faith mission, also deeply burdened by the lack of giving amongst Brazilian churches, but trusting in the Lord's provision nonetheless. It has educational facilities for those called to missionary service and has already sent many people forth with the good news of salvation. I addressed their 100 students just before leaving for the airport, and was greatly blessed by the whole experience. And — guess what — the Mission gave me a financial gift — and it was just the amount needed for my flight from New York to Pennsylvania with some to spare!

I flew on to Rio, and that evening spoke to a large gathering in a local auditorium.

On my final day in Brazil, I was given a tour of beautiful Rio, and even had an hour to lie in the sun on the sparkling Rio beaches, refreshed afterwards with icy cold coconut juice to drink! Those who travel for the Lord know that it entails a great deal of hard work and very little glamour. But every once in a while, there's a smattering of the "glamour", too!

When I returned again to Jerusalem at last, it was only for one week! For on the following Friday, along with Sid and Betsy and my trusty typewriter, we were to travel once again to dear little Patmos. (The New Zealand family had returned home, and other friends from the States — Mary Chanslor and her daughter, Annemarie — had come for the year to help me with the book. Joey was therefore able to stay with them during the weeks I had to be out of the country. It was a relief to know that he would be well taken care of!)

The three of us had a wonderful visit first in Athens with Nellie and Sophia, and met an elder from their local evangelical church. He is a treasure of a man with a marvellous testimony and a compelling love of the Lord. He had told of his many years in searching for "the Truth", and his joy in finding it in the salvation of Christ! He has founded many churches in Greece, no small task for a country so tightly controlled by the Greek Orthodox church and all of its darkness. Sid and Betsy and I were welcomed to speak at the church the following day, and it was a special thrill for each of us to be able to speak in a Greek church. It was somehow reminiscent of the days of Paul, with Jews and Greeks together!

The next afternoon I met a young Jewish man, and after speaking with him for two hours, he opened his heart to the Messiah's love. A couple in the church had been faithful to pray for him for such a long time, and their joy knew no bounds when their prayers bore fruit! The young man was so filled with the peace and joy that only the Lord can impart. He

told us later that the Jewish community in Greece is small and very close-knit, and he believes he is the first Jewish person in Greece in these days to recognize Jesus as Israel's Messiah! It was a special time for us all.

The next night, when the ship came 'round the last bend and the port of Skala came into view, it felt so fantastic to be arriving at last on the island of Patmos. Antonios was there to greet us, as always, and we were again blessed by the wonderful welcome we received by all of our friends on the island in the days that followed.

We had come for only a short stay this time, as we planned to be there for only two weeks. I had hoped to finally have some time for concentrated work on the book. Sid was helping with corrections and Betsy with editing, and together we planned to accomplish a great deal! The Lord often has other ideas, however!

After six days, during which many pages were typed, edited and corrected, the typewriter broke. It was not at all possible to repair it on the island; and when we contacted IBM in Athens, a ten-hour journey away by sea, they informed us that they would be unable to even look at it for at least a week! And so there was nothing to do but to accept it all as from the Lord. And truly, I was probably more in need of a rest than anything else. I had arrived in the U.S. from Brazil quite ill with dysentary once again, even though I had not had anything but bottled water to drink! I started on medication at once, which was a help; but my one week in Israel had been so hectic, and I'm sure I was really drained. The remaining days were sweet with the Lord's presence, and I was grateful for the quiet time.

One night, after Sid and Betsy and I had a time of prayer together, I stepped out of my room to sit for a few minutes in the lovely little garden beside the doorway. I looked up, and noticed an eclipse beginning at the base of the moon. It turned out to be an eerie night, with the Patmos winds blowing fiercely. Sid and Betsy and I watched the eclipse together. The eclipse was total by midnight, and stayed that way for quite a while! But it had such a strange feeling to it, and when I went back to my room, I knelt in prayer and asked the Lord what it was all about. At last He said to me, "Ask Sid on what day Germany surrendered at the end of World War II."

When I broached the subject the next morning, it was clear that the eclipse had occurred on the very day of the fortieth anniversary of Germany's surrender! Perhaps it was just an "ordinary eclipse", but at least on the island of Patmos, it didn't feel ordinary at all!

And then, on the very first morning of the beginning of the forty-first year after the war, sometime after midnight, while in a deep sleep, suddenly I saw again the vision I had received in 1983. Clearly I saw again the cliff hanging over the deep abyss. Germany was hanging by its single thread from the edge of the cliff, and the hand bearing the hatchet was poised above the thread as before. Suddenly I had a terrible feeling, and with great finality and a whooshing sound, the hatchet fell, the thread was cut, and Germany plunged into the depths below.

'When I awakened the next morning, I did not remember it at all until later at breakfast, when the three of us were reading Oswald Chambers together. When Betsy read, "... lest the vision perish . . .", at once the Lord brought back the memory of what I had experienced the previous night.

I hope for Germany's sake that I am wrong, but somehow I know in the depths of my being that I am not. Some weeks later, when in the States visiting my parents, I saw the last three hours of the Holocaust television film. And during those hours, once again I understood that a nightmare such as that has not at all been forgotten by the Lord.

37

EMMAUS

One day, way back in 1978, when Sid and Betsy were visiting me for the first time, we rented a car to enable us to see some of the countryside together. One Saturday morning, we had been invited to visit Israeli friends of theirs in Ashkelon, and were expected to arrive at 11:00 a.m. On our way out to the car, the Lord said to me, "You may drive today, but only if everyone agrees that you are to follow My directions!"

It sounded a bit ominous, and I surely did not offer to drive! But when we reached the waiting car, Sid said, "Esther, wouldn't you like to drive today?"

I told them the strange instruction the Lord had given me. But they all agreed that I could drive and would be free to follow the leading of the Lord!

We left Ramot and at the first intersection I was supposed to turn right to reach the highway that would lead us to the Ashkelon intersection. But at that very first juncture, the Lord's instruction was clear. "Turn left," He instructed me. No one in the car said a word as I headed off in the opposite direction from Ashkelon.

The Lord's guidance brought us right into the centre of Ramallah, a Moslem, anti-Israeli city in the heart of the administered territories (known as the West Bank). By the time we reached Ramallah, a few disgruntled comments could be heard from Sid and Betsy and the other friend who was travelling with us that day. Finally, the friend suggested that I turn onto a certain road, and I listened to her instead of to the guidance of the Lord. As a result, we found ourselves on a narrow back road, a dead-end, and in order to turn the car around again, we were practically hanging over the edge of a cliff! I knew that from then on, no matter how angry they became, I had to listen to the guidance of the Lord alone. He directed me out of Ramallah, and we began to travel on the back roads winding through the Judean hills.

It was by then well past the time we had been expected in Ashkelon. Just when I thought we were at last getting close to the road that would take us to Ashkelon, as I passed a small dirt road, the Lord spoke again: "Turn off here onto this road." And so I obediently turned the car off the paved road onto the unpaved pathway. The tension in the car was very high by then, and everyone began to complain. My heart was beating rapidly. I knew that in the sight of the Lord this was a test, that He was pointing at the very root of many problems in my relationship with Him — that is, at my tendency to prefer to be pleasing to man than to be pleasing to God. And on the other hand, I could sense such disunity that I knew if we all remained friends after this experience, it would only be through the grace of God. But nevertheless, I continued to drive.

The road got narrower and bumpier, with many holes and ruts along the way. And the tension mounted still higher. It was at that point that I was ready to give up, to simply turn

back to the main road and continue on the way. But the Lord said once again, "Just keep driving.)

I rounded the final curve and found a small parking area next to a grove of trees. And there, under the trees, was a small sign, "Welcome to Emmaus". I stopped the car next to it. Sid and Betsy had very much wanted to find the site of ancient Emmaus, knowing that it was not too great a distance from Jerusalem. And that is exactly where the Lord had guided us that morning. Everyone seemed to be still quite upset, but we nevertheless all got out of the car and walked around, looking at the remains of ancient Emmaus.

After some time, we all got back into the car. I pulled out onto the main road, and there, just in front of us, was the sign for the highway to Ashkelon! We arrived at their friends home at 1:00 p.m., two hours later than expected. As soon as we knocked on the door, their Israeli friends greeted us, exclaiming at once, "Oh, goodness, we are *so* glad that you are late! I'm afraid that we were extremely tired, as the baby kept us up most of the night, and we overslept this morning. If you had arrived at 11:00 you would have found us all to be still sound asleep!"

It was surely the Lord's confirmation that I had been hearing from him all along, but we were still too upset to rejoice in it at all. As the years have gone by, however, I know that the "road to Emmaus" will always stand as a deep lesson to me in following the Lord.

Many times He will ask things of us that others will not understand. His ways are so far from the ways of the world, and we cannot even try to understand His thoughts nor His greater purposes in the things He asks us to do. But each of us has to learn that degree of simple trust in Him, that willingness to follow and obey, even if those we love the most seem to be in direct opposition to the guidance of the Lord within our lives. And many times, as on the road to Emmaus that day, even our experiences seem to bear witness that the others were right, that we couldn't possibly have heard from the Lord at all! For the road to Emmaus got narrower and bumpier as we drove along, until at the end it was hardly recognizable as a road any more at all. But by the grace of God, I hung onto His word to me. Of course, He knew all along that just 'round the last bend in the road lay Emmaus — the place of sweet fellowship with Him, the place where all the mysteries of His call would be unfolded as He walks together with us. How tragic it would be in life if we gave up just before the last bend in the road, never knowing how close we were to reaching that point of sweet communion with Him!

A dear brother in Jerusalem gave a message that deepened for me the Emmaus message. It all began about a week earlier, when a brother said to him, "There must be unity amongst the Jewish and Arab Believers in Jesus." And all Reuven kept receiving from the Lord was the word, "Separation."

A few days later, he was awakened by the Lord at 2:00 a.m. His immediate response was to say, "Oh, no, Lord. How about at 7:00 a.m.?"

Suddenly his throat got very dry, and when he got up for a drink of water, he knew he wanted to hear whatever it was that the Lord wished to say to him. He met that night with such a sweetness of the Lord's presence that the hours just slipped by, until the next thing he knew it was 7:00! And through those early morning hours, the Lord unfolded to him by His Spirit the meaning of "separation".

The first revelation he received in terms of separation was the need to be separated unto God. This separation unto Him is the key to everything. We don't need to separate ourselves first from this or from that in our lives, for it will avail us nothing if we are not first separated unto Him.

The priests who ministered unto the Lord in the ancient Temple entered into the inner sanctuary, and it is that very same place that He calls us to enter — into the inner sanctuary,

into that place of intimate communion with Him. It is in the inner court alone that the separation from the ways of the world begins.

The God of the Old Covenant is the same as the God of the New Covenant. In the New Covenant He is simply revealed to us in a more intimate way. And in both Covenants, the Lord has given us the first and primary commandment — that we are to love the Lord our God with all our heart, with all our soul, and with all our might (Deuteronomy 6:5; Matthew 22:36-38). The first commission we have received is *not* to go out to the work, *but rather to minister* to our *Father*; to spend time in His presence, to worship and adore Him, and to seek to be rightly related to Him in all that we do and in all that we are. It is within the inner court that we are called to minister unto the Lord, and when we enter it in reverence, we also find out, to our delight, how wonderfully there He also ministers unto us!

Christians in many countries are yearning for revival, *but it will never happen without this separation first, individually, of Christians unto the Lord*, of those whose sole desire is to fulfill the will of God, of those who are seeking first His kingdom, His glory, His righteousness. If there is no revival, if things don't seem to be working out, we need at once to evaluate where we are in relationship to the Lord. Have we spent time in the inner sanctuary? Have we entered into that place of quiet communion with Him this day and every day? This drawing apart unto Him is something that we need to cultivate. It takes discipline, as does any relationship on the human level. So often we miss our daily Bible readings, and pray only-in-passing the prayers of self-gratification. But in a marriage relationship, for example, what would happen to that relationship if we could only manage to spend three minutes a day with the person we professed to love?

Many times we find that there are doors open in our lives that are open both to the world and to the wiles of satan. Once we enter the inner sanctuary, we need to ask the Lord to show us where the open door is that keeps us in bondage rather than holy and separated unto him. In that place of intimacy with the Lord, we find that the open doors to satan and the world will begin to close.

The Lord is more interested in one disciplined follower of Him who daily is willing to minister unto Him than in dozens of mere "Believers". If you only believe, you can just as easily stop believing! Even satan believes and trembles — so believing is not enough! It requires *full* commitment and obedience unto the Lord. In His last messages before His crucifixion, Jesus underlines over and over again, "If you love Me, you'll obey Me".

"If ye love Me, keep My commandments.

And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever; . . .

Jesus answered and said unto him, If a man loves Me, he will keep My words: and My Father will love him, and We will come unto him, and make our abode with him.

He that loveth Me not keepeth not My sayings: . . .

Abide in Me, and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine; no more can ye, except ye abide in Me.

I am the vine, ye are the branches: He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: for without Me ye can do nothing.

If a man abide not in Me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered: and men gather them, and cast them into the fire, and they are burned...

If ye keep My commandments, ye shall abide in My love; even as I have kept My Father's commandments, and abide in His love . . ."

John 14:15-16; 23-24; 15:4-6; 10

There is a more excellent way than to merely believe, and that is the way of discipleship. It means spending time with the Lord in that inner sanctuary, it means placing all of our needs in His hands, and it also means a separation from the ways of the world. But if the Lord is truly our Shepherd, then what is it in all the world that we will need apart from His love and care? If we trust Him to care for us and to feed and guide us day by day, then even our prayers will be in conformity with His will. But where is that longing amongst the large body of Believers for that intimate communion with Him? The willingness to let Him be all in our lives?

Satan has taken this beautiful truth of the Lord — the need for discipleship unto Christ — and has so distorted it in this day. People are being "discipled" to other people, and find themselves in a place of even deeper bondage than before. Satan pushes to extreme every pearl of Divine Truth, but it does not lessen in any way the validity of the Word of God!

The Lord calls us first of all to be separated unto Him. But the Lord is also beginning a whole new separation within the Bride of Christ, a separation of the Body of Christ from all the ways of the world. The Lord is preparing His bride for His return, and it begins, of course, with that separation unto Him, and then with a conscious separation from the world! The Lord is now looking in the church for those who are willing to be the few instead of the many, for the Bible clearly tells us that many are called, but few are chosen. It means that we have to take ourselves in hand and consciously and willingly make a break with the lusts of the flesh in which we have been indulging and from the ways of the world that rob us of this inner communion with the Lord of Hosts. The time is coming when God is no longer going to wink at ignorance. So often we have stood behind our feeble excuses — "Oh, I didn't know that was wrong!" But we do know, especially as we have the Word of God to guide us!

Beginning in Genesis, the Lord separated the night from the day. He is continuing this separation in Revelation, as He is separating the light from the darkness. And He will firmly and clearly separate those within the Body of Christ.

"Therefore will I save My flock, and they shall no more be a prey; and I will judge between cattle and cattle . . .

Therefore thus saith the Lord God unto them; Behold, I, even I, will judge between the fat cattle and between the lean cattle . . ."

Ezekiel 34:22, 20

There are many within the body of Christ who give into the lusts of the flesh, who cause division and who cause strife. Often it is even worded nicely: "I think we should pray for so and so because . . ." but in the sight of the Lord it is nothing but ugly gossip. And He hates it.

"These are the things that ye shall do; Speak ye every man the truth to his neighbour; execute the judgment of truth and peace in your gates:

And let none of you imagine evil in your hearts against his neighbour; and love no false oath: for all these are things that I hate, saith the Lord."

Zechariah 8:16-17

"For the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men, who hold the truth in unrighteousness;

Because that which may be known of God is manifest in them; for God hath showed it unto them . . ."

Romans 1:18-19

He in these days is separating that which is unclean from that which is holy. To bring the sacred into the secular is the work of the Bride. The world and satan are the ones who bring the secular into the sacred. And there is so much of it even in the church today! In the Temple, when it was defiled by uncleanness, death was the result. And for us as well, if we continue in unclean ways, we will find that the Spirit of God will die within us.

*"I found Israel like grapes in the wilderness . . . they shall bear no fruit:
My God will cast them away, because they did not hearken unto Him . . ."*

Hosea 9:10, 16, 17

There is such a difference between wild and cultivated grapes! We as followers of Christ need to separate ourselves from every area of wilderness in our lives, from every area where we are not abiding in the Vine. It is easy to praise the Lord. But if there is bitterness or unforgiveness in our hearts, the praise is meaningless. David danced *when the Spirit of the Lord* came upon him. We need to separate ourselves from all that is impure. It involves personal self-denial. We have to firmly deal with anything that stands between ourselves and God, and that, in essence, is the message of my own Emmaus experience! We will find that there is no rest, peace, love, patience, or long-suffering apart from God. If we abide in Him, then no matter how much discouragement comes our way, we have the hope of Christ *and it gives us rest*. In whatever problems that may come our way, in whatever the crisis may be in our lives or in the lives of those whom we love, in all things there is a measure of Godliness and holiness that enables us in everything to give thanks.

One of satan's greatest lies must be that we will never be like Jesus. But Jesus was the first-born of *many* brethren. The Lord's virtues and authority rest in all of us. The key to a risen life in Christ is this separation unto God and from the ways of the world. And it is all something that we enter into by choice. We can remain outside with the untold multitudes for as long as we want. No one can force us to enter the inner sanctuary. But the danger is that we may be purposefully placing ourselves in the outer courts for all of eternity.

It is essential for each one of us to get to work in breaking up the hard ground of stoniness, to recognize that thus far we have trusted in our own way.

"Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the Lord, till He come and rain righteousness upon you.

Ye have plowed wickedness, ye have reaped iniquity; ye have eaten the fruit of lies; because thou didst trust in thy way, in the multitude of thy mighty men."

Hosea 10:12-13

It is astonishing the small amount of time we allot to the Lord. Instead of yearning to spend every waking moment in His presence and in the awareness of His provision and care, so often we don't make it the top priority of each day. For this, every one of us needs to come before Him in repentance, to begin to so order our lives that our highest priority becomes time spent within the inner sanctuary; and our most earnest work must be in the determination to rid our lives of the ways of the world.

"Now in the twenty and fourth day of this month the children of Israel were assembled with fasting, and with sackclothes, and earth upon them.

And the seed of Israel separated themselves from all strangers, and stood

and confessed their sins, and the iniquities of their fathers.

And they stood up in their place, and read in the book of the law of the Lord their God one fourth part of the day; and another part they confessed, and worshipped the Lord their God."

Nehemiah 9:1-3

Can you imagine that the house of Israel spent a fourth of a day in repentance, an entire six-hour confession! They had such a desire to allow God to search their hearts. And following their earnest repentance and prayer, the Lord began a rebuilding in their lives and in the house of Israel. Can most of us even imagine such a thing, to spend so many hours in confession, in reading Scriptures, in resting in His presence? In almost all of the countries in which I have spoken, in so many hundreds of different churches and meetings, I found over and over again that people were conscious primarily of the time. How anxious people were for the meetings to end! Only very rarely did I sense the hunger for the things of God that would draw Believers together even for all-night sessions of prayer and testimony, as in the days of Paul. What's the matter with us in this day and age? How did our priorities get so terribly out of focus?

If we could but sense the greatness of His love for us, the enormity of all that He has done for us, surely then we would long for deeper communion. "Greater love hath no man than that a man lay down his life for his friends." (John 15:13) That is the gift that He gave to us, the gift of His very own precious life, so that we could be reconciled to the Father for all eternity. It surely is something to think about!

*"We never need be vanquished
We never need give in,
Though waging war with satan,
And compassed round by sin.
Temptations will beset us,
Allurements oft assail,
But in the name of Jesus,
We shall, we must prevail.*

*He leads us on in triumph,
An overcoming band,
While vict'ry crowns His progress,
'For none can stay His hand.'
Our eyes are on our Leader,
His presence is our might:
He arms us for the conflict,
And trains our arms to fight.*

*God wills not that His people
By sin enthralled should be,
But that their lives henceforward
Be lives of victory;
And so at our disposal,
He places all His power,
That we from its resources
May draw in danger's hour.*

*Herein is hid the secret
Of an all-glorious life,
Whereby we conquer satan, And
rise above sin's strife. Abiding
in the Saviour,
Self prostrate in the dust, We
live to do His bidding, In glad
perpetual trust.*

*We in ourselves are nothing,
A small and feeble host,
Nor have we aught of prowess
Wherewith to make our boast, Our
stronghold is Christ Jesus,
His grace alone we plead,
His name our shield and banner,
Himself just all we need."*

W. A. Garratt

*"He hath showed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but
to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"*

Micah 6:8

38

LESSONS CONTINUED

In September of 1985, I returned for yet another visit to the Soviet Union. One day while there, I had been invited to have lunch with some friends from an unregistered church. As we were walking together on the way to their home, I had commented lightly to one friend, "It must be much easier to be a true Believer in your country, for you are faced with real decisions of faith day by day. In the West, where Christianity is comfortable and easy, many people are so easily led astray by the wiles of the devil!"

But when she heard my statement, she almost moaned, and said with anguish in her voice, "Easier! Oh, how can you think it's easier?"

I needed to learn that day the foolishness of my statement.

A few minutes later we entered the small flat, and sat talking while lunch was being prepared. Suddenly the doorbell rang. It rang once, and then it rang again, and then it rang again.

Someone looked outside and reported that three men were standing by the door smoking cigarettes. They were not known to them. Even as this was reported, the bell continued to ring. It rang, and it rang, and it rang. Finally friends signalled for me to follow them quietly. "We have a room in the cellar," they whispered as we tiptoed through the hall and out to a small back porch. There the floorboards lifted up to reveal a metal ladder. Another friend climbed down with me, and a few seconds later coats were handed to us, as the room below was cold.

I found myself standing in a tiny room, so small that there was space only for the two of us to stand. Behind us were some large storage jars. Everything was covered with dust, cobwebs and spiders.

About five minutes later, we heard the KGB enter the apartment upstairs. In the small store room was a filthy old burlap bag. We covered our heads with it so that if they should open the door above us, it would only look as if things were stored in the room below. I sneeze easily at even a *little* dust, and had in this situation to pray with all my might that the Lord would help me not to sneeze and therefore give away our hiding place! I felt ready to sneeze the entire time, but the Lord's help was there, as He promised it would be.

As I've said many times before, it's impossible to travel in Eastern-bloc countries, especially within the U.S.S.R., without being prepared for any eventuality. The Lord has to prepare us to be willing even to lay down our lives for His sake. When that preparation is real, there is nothing left to fear. And if people are *truly* prepared in their hearts, then in the time of danger the strength of the Lord is ever present. I felt this so strongly when huddled together in the musty basement room. The only time I felt momentary fear was when I heard the KGB men walking just above us! I was so afraid that my friends would be endangered if I were to be found in their home. But at once I realized that *the Lord would*

allow nothing to happen that wasn't for His greater purpose, and I relaxed at once and put the situation totally into His hands. I did, however, have a very deep lesson to learn. It was at that moment that I recognized the stupidity and superficiality of my statement earlier that Christianity must be easier in a land of persecutions. While we stood together hiding from the KGB in the basement and heard them talking just above our heads, my friend whispered, with real anguish in her voice, "Why oh why does this always have to happen?" And in that moment, I understood, at least a little better, the terrible pressures that they must endure day by day. And I knew that following the Lord under those conditions was certainly not easier at all! I felt at that moment that the Lord was enabling me to share in that pressure even for a moment, to understand *that we in the West have a responsibility to intercede in prayer for our brethren in communist countries. We cannot separate ourselves from them, and our prayer and intercession can make a tremendous difference in their lives.* We must be faithful before God to remember them in prayer, daily! For in God's sight, we are one with our brothers and sisters in dire circumstances, both fellow Believers and the Jewish people in Russia, and the Lord has given us spiritual weapons to help in their warfare against the powers of darkness. I believe that we will be judged one day for not wielding them, when we have the power to help them through prayer so very much!

After a long time passed, we heard the KGB officers outside. "They're questioning the neighbourhood children," my friend whispered to me. "They asked the children if they saw anyone climbing out of the windows. The children answered, 'No, we saw nothing. We are only playing ball!'"

Another ten minutes passed, and then friends upstairs called softly to us. And then, some minutes later, friends opened the door to our hiding place. We climbed out quickly and ducked our heads so that they would not be seen above the windows. Once inside the apartment again, friends had our shoes ready, as we had to leave the premises at once. We all had tears in our eyes. "We wanted you to be able to stay for dinner!" they said. We hugged quickly, and then I walked outside and headed for the train station, not knowing when I would ever see them again.

I crossed over the tracks and up to the platform to await the train back to the city. Just minutes later, a man in a suit was standing in front of me. He showed me his identification and then asked me something in Russian. I simply turned my head away and refused to speak. Finally he said in English, "Where are your documents?"

When I still didn't answer him, he signalled for me to follow him. I pretended that I didn't know that he was an agent of the KGB, and simply said, "No! I'm not walking off with someone I don't know!" He left, but returned a few minutes later with another officer — this one in full uniform. I knew I had no choice but to follow them.

As we stepped down to the road, a car pulled up and the three of us got inside, with me sitting wedged in the middle. The car took off.

I was very hungry by then, as I had not eaten anything since breakfast. And of course, I had missed the meal that friends had prepared! I knew that whatever lay ahead could take quite a long time, and it was by then already 3:00 p.m. In my shoulder bag I had a "Snickers" candy bar, and so I unzipped the bag to pull it out. As I began rummaging in the bag, both of the officers tensed, as they of course would have no idea what could possibly be in my bag! When I pulled the "Snickers" bar out, I could tell that they had never seen one before! I offered them each a bite, which they both emphatically rejected. And so, all the way to the KGB headquarters, I munched on a "Snickers" bar, feeling like part of a television advertisement for "Snickers"!

At last we arrived at KGB headquarters, and I was escorted to a small room just inside the building. Some time passed until they were able to locate someone who spoke English so that the interrogation could begin. Finally a woman entered who spoke English, and the

questioning commenced. I felt the Lord's grace so strongly, and the chief interrogator looked exactly like a friend from the States, Emery Austin, and so it was hard to take him seriously!

"What am I doing here?" I asked them.

"Why are you in the city of —?" they asked me. (They gave a Russian name.) In that moment, I relaxed. I understood at once that somehow I had left the boundaries of the city for which I had a visa, and was now in an area unauthorized for tourists. It meant that they knew nothing about me except that I was outside the city limits!

I explained to them through the interpreter that I had no idea whatsoever that I had left the city. "It was unintentional," I told them, and I truly had no idea that my friends' apartment was outside the city boundaries.

"We don't believe you!" they exclaimed forcefully. "Who were you visiting? We know everything, so you might as well confess it now, for it will be easier for you if you do."

"I have nothing to confess," I retorted calmly.

"We would hate to terminate your visit now!" they shouted back.

"Don't worry, after this I'm quite ready to leave," I mumbled, but the woman did not translate my comment into Russian.

"You must tell us the truth!" they insisted. "If you don't, we will not consider you as a friend of the Soviet Republic. We take care of our friends. But those who are not our friends, we have other methods of dealing with them!"

They pressed further. "Are you a Christian?" they asked me.

"Yes," I replied at once.

"What church are you a member of?" they asked.

Of course, it was no time to explain that as a Jewess, I did not convert to any other religion, but simply remained as a Jewish Believer in Jesus. I knew, however, that they were expecting an answer, so I decided to have a bit of fun with them, and invented an answer. "I belong to the Interdenominational Church of God," I told them.

"Would you spell that for us?" they asked, and so I carefully wrote on a slip of paper, "Interdenominational Church of God", trying to keep from laughing as I wrote.

"Is that like Baptist?" they wanted to know.

"Yes, it is," I told them.

"So you're a Christian. But still you are not telling everything to us. What does it do to your Christian conscience to lie?"

Whew, I thought to myself, I surely would rather have my conscience than yours!

The poor woman who had been called in for the translation seemed under much stress, so as the afternoon wore on, I thanked her for translating for me. She seemed relieved and very sweet. "I've never done this before," she confided.

"Neither have I," I said laughingly. "But God will help us, to be sure."

Two "witnesses" were brought into the room and a written statement against me was signed by them both. They then asked me to make a written confession of my own. I simply wrote that *Mad unintentionally kit the boundaries of the city for which I had a visa, and that I was sorry that it had happened.*

It's quite sad that on some occasions, Christian tourists have felt it their "duty" to tell everything about their activities in the U.S.S.R., thereby placing in danger innocent Soviet citizens. It is nothing but foolishness, for the Lord never tells us to play into satan's hands!

Finally the Lord gave me the wisdom to say, "Listen, I have been in this country four times already, and never before has anything like this happened. I'd like to know what I'm doing here! I have always enjoyed my visits to your country, and I'm very upset about what is happening right now!"

It put them on the defensive, and it wasn't long after that until the interrogation wound

to a close. The main interrogator finally said, "We want you now to return to your hotel, and not to leave until your plane trip to Kiev tomorrow."

"Fine," I answered, "but I don't know where the train station is from here!"

"I'll take you there," he said grumpily. He then escorted me outside and signalled for me to stand next to the front door.

It was raining slightly and some flowers were growing in a planter near the entrance. Somehow they seemed extra beautiful at that moment, as I was viewing them under a free sky again. The area was swarming with officers, and I saw one of the vans drive up that is used to transport prisoners. Finally the officer came for me and he walked quickly to the train. I had to run to keep in step. When the train arrived, he sat across from me, acting as though he were not with me at all. When we arrived in the city, he guided me to the bus station and told me which stop to get off for my hotel. Just before the bus pulled away, I smiled and waved at him. I had smiled most of the afternoon, and I think they couldn't understand why I refused to be intimidated. Of course, it was simply the strength of the Lord, giving the sense that in His presence, the enemy has no power whatsoever.

When I returned to the hotel, I could tell that the KGB had forwarded some information along, for every time I passed the key lady's desk, she would shake her finger at me in a reproving way.

A few days later I left the Soviet Union for the freedom of the West. But for so many of our brothers and sisters, the pressure goes on and on and on. Our prayers can make a real difference in their lives.

When I arrived at last in Helsinki, I had a blessed day of rest in Marja's little apartment. That night we called friends in different countries to let them know that all had gone well and that I was safely back in the West. After having called Jenny and Wolfgang in Norway, Jenny commented, "Have you heard the sad news?"

"No, what news?" I asked her.

She paused, and then went on to tell me that on Sunday, the 22nd of September, 1985, the day that I had travelled out of the Soviet Union, Axel Springer had died. Marja commented when I told her, "I never knew him, but somehow the world feels empty now." For those of us who will miss him so much — including the nation of Israel — we can rejoice at the assurance of the welcome he received by the Lord. I can only thank the Lord for the privilege of having known him.

Following that trip to the U.S.S.R., a dark and difficult part of my walk with the Lord seemed to begin. The enemy attacked with a new vengeance, especially in the areas of finances and health. It was startling, as the battle continued for months without end, as the situation worsened with every passing week. But as in all things, the Lord has His purposes. Through the difficulties, He gave me a greater sensitivity to the needs of others. Now I know what it feels like to be in debt and to have creditors knocking at the door. I know what it feels like to really wonder where the next meal will come from when I have a family to care for. It seemed not to be a situation of mere faith, but an outright battle in the spiritual realm.

It took me by surprise, but when we honestly examine satan's vengeance towards Israel, I suppose the depth of his hatred should not be surprising at all. But it has had an important result in my life. Now when I know of someone in need, I can give not just in simple obedience to the Word of God, but with all of my heart, *having felt the pain of need*.

The Lord has such a wonderful balance in our lives. For in the middle of this dark and testing time, He provided another great gift in my life. For, unexpectedly, in September of 1986, my son Michael was able to join Joe and myself in Jerusalem. It was like a dream to be

reunited together again as a family, after a total separation of ten years! The Lord had begun to restore the years that the locusts had eaten, indeed. To have both of my sons with me again was such a great gift of the Father's love, even in the midst of difficulties. I felt so humbled to be granted the privilege to be a parent again! I have had much to learn, and often fail, but I treasure all of the moments, months and years that we now can share together.

During those months the Lord also showed me so clearly the unity that He desires to have within His family. Through deeper interaction, the Lord helped me to understand in a real way that the barrier of separation between Jew and Gentile has indeed been removed through the atonement of the Lamb.

Many in Israel feel that Israel's fortieth anniversary is a crucial time in terms of God's kingdom. Israel will have reached a generation in the Bible, and many feel strongly that following this historic year, things will begin to happen quickly. We especially look forward to the outpouring of God's love upon the nation and the people of Israel. There are many bumperstickers on cars in Israel that say, "We want Messiah now ..." And after a wait of nearly two thousand years, the hope in this nation is heightened that He will indeed soon appear. We long for His return, but also long for that wondrous day when the blindfold will at last be removed and Israel will recognize Jesus as her own. At the same time, we feel a real burden of concern for the nations of the world.

During the late spring of 1987, Jan Willem van der Hoeven, Spokesman for the International Christian Embassy, gave a message to the Wednesday night prayer meeting which is important to share. A portion of the message follows:

'Keep not thou silence, O God: hold not Thy peace, and be not still,
O God.

For, lo, thine enemies make a tumult: and they that hate Thee have
lifted up their head.

They have taken crafty counsel against Thy people, and consulted
against Thy hidden ones.

They have said, Come, and let us cut them off from being a nation;
that the name of Israel may be no more in remembrance.

For they have consulted together with one consent: they are
confederate against Thee:

The tabernacles of Edom, and the Ishmaelites; of Moab, and the
Hagarenes;

Gebal, and Ammon, and Amalek; the Philistines with the inhabitants
of Tyre;

Assur is also joined with them: they have holpen the children of Lot.
Selah.

Do unto them, as unto the Midianites; as to Sisera, as to Jabin, at
the brook of Kishon:

Which perished at Endor: they became as dung for the earth.
Make their nobles like Oreb, and like Zeeb: yea, all their princes at
Zeban, and as Zalmunna:

Who said, Let us take to ourselves the houses of God in
possession.

O my God, make them like a wheel; as the stubble before the wind.
As the fire burneth a wood, and as the flame setteth the mountains
on fire;

So persecute them with Thy tempest, and make them afraid with Thy storm.

Fill their faces with shame; that they may seek Thy name, O Lord. Let them be confounded and troubled for ever; yea, let them be put to shame, and perish:

'That men may know that Thou, whose name is JEHOVAH, art the most high over all the earth.'

Psalms 83:1-18

Next we will read from the 34th chapter of Isaiah. This is not the usual message that you will hear in Christian circles, where so often you hear a very nice, sweet, sometimes sugar-coated message instead of the message that the Lord desires to proclaim, as we see here in Isaiah 34:

'Come near, ye nations, to hear; and hearken, ye people: let the earth hear, and all that is therein; the world, and all things that come forth of it.

For the indignation of the Lord is upon all nations, and His fury upon all their armies: He hath utterly destroyed them, He hath delivered them to the slaughter.

Their slain also shall be cast out, and their stink shall come up out of their carcasses, and the mountains shall be melted with their blood.

And all the host of heaven shall be dissolved, and the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll: and all their host shall fall down, as the leaf falleth from the vine, and as a falling fig from the fig tree.

For My sword shall be bathed in heaven: behold, it shall come down upon Idumea, and upon the people of My curse, to judgment.

The sword of the Lord is filled with blood, it is made fat with fatness, and with the blood of lambs and goats, with the fat of the kidneys of rams: for the Lord hath a sacrifice in Bozrah, and a great slaughter in the land of Idumea.

And the unicorns shall come down with them, and the bullocks with the bulls; and their land shall be soaked with blood, and their dust made fat with fatness.

For it is the day of the Lord's vengeance, and the year of recompense for the controversy of Zion.

And the streams thereof shall be turned into pitch, and the dust thereof into brimstone, and the land thereof shall become burning pitch.

It shall not be quenched night nor day; the smoke thereof shall go up for ever: from generation to generation it shall lie waste; none shall pass through it for ever and ever.'

Isaiah 34:1-10

And then a bit further, in Isaiah 63, is an amazing passage that I think fits quite well with the two previous passages:

'Who is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in His apparel, travelling in the greatness of His strength? I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save.

Wherefore art Thou red in Thine apparel, and Thy garments like him that treadeth in the winefat?

I have trodden the winepress alone, and of the people there was none with Me: for I will tread them in Mine anger, and trample them in My fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon My garments, and I will stain all My raiment.

For the day of vengeance is in Mine heart, and the year of My redeemed is come.'

Isaiah 63:1-4

The simple message that I have, and I believe that it's entirely Scriptural, is that the day of vengeance for the nations that have so betrayed God's love and purpose with Israel will fall together with the day of comfort for His redeemed. You may think, 'Well, that's very simple.' And yet, while I say this, it is probably against more than 50% of what is generally preached in Christian circles today, for it is generally preached that poor Israel will go into another day of judgment and Jacob's trouble, and we Christians will have a fairly good time. There may be a few problems, but before it really becomes hard, we'll be raptured. So everything that the Bible says — 'I have a day of vengeance for the controversy of Zion' — is blissfully ignored. There is going to be a day when God says, 'Enough is enough.'

My daughter and I saw the nine-hour Holocaust film at the Jerusalem Theatre last week. Of course, it's only an historic document, recording only a small part of the awfulness of the suffering that these Jewish people have had to endure non-stop from the concentration camps until today. So often I think, 'Lord, it's so much suffering. When is the day of Your redemption going to come?' His day of redemption for Israel is going to fall together with His day of vengeance for the nations ...

My Arab wife sometimes sees the enormity of the betrayal of nations towards Israel and is shocked and dismayed. We heard last week the visiting Head of State from another country just arrive in this nation that has been bleeding non-stop for forty years, and then dare to say, at the well-fed banquet in the Knesset at his first speech, that there should be a place for a Palestinian state on the West Bank. And then says, as an afterthought, 'We know the Jewish people are here to stay . . . I thought, 'Yes, and why are they here to stay? Because there are Israelis who bleed to death to defend their lives, not because the world has given them recognition and protected their lives.' And then to cash in on what the Jewish people have paid for again and again by defending their lives, and to say in a sort of nice way, 'Well, of course, we know that Jews are here to stay . . .' It's not because the nations are unwilling to betray this nation again and again, but because the Jewish people have not been willing to betray their interest again and are willing to fight to the last man. My wife sometimes, when she sees that betrayal, having paid the highest price that she possibly can pay with her own dedication and her willingness to sacrifice, says, 'I can hardly wait 'til the day comes when God will judge the

nations.' And that may sound un-Christian, but it is amazing when you read the Psalms and when you hear the stories of these people who have gone through the Holocaust. You can't help but ask, 'Where is God's judgment?' When you read the Lord saying to us, as Believers in the God of Israel, 'Comfort ye, comfort ye My people, saith your God.' And you read on, and it says, 'For the day of redemption has come and His recompense will go before Him and His reward is with Him.' Jesus began to speak in the synagogue in Nazareth from Isaiah 61:

'The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me; because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek ...'

'To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, and the day of vengeance of our God; to comfort all that mourn;

To appoint unto them that mourn in Zion, to give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness; that they might be called trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord, that He might be glorified ...'

Isaiah 61:1-3

So we see that the day of vengeance runs equal and parallel to the day of comfort for those that mourn in Zion and for Zion. Now that's entirely different from more than 50% of evangelical or charismatic teaching today. We're on the 'prosperity' and 'bless me' trail, and in addition to all that blessing and all those carpeted churches, we have in addition the comfort — I say the false comfort — that when it's really going to be bad, we will be raptured. How entirely against God's Word. God has a day of reckoning of the nations, and it's only the remnant of the nations, the real believing Finns, the real believing British, the real believing Americans, that in that day that they will say 'Darkness is covering the earth' that we will sense like deer in the forest that the fire is coming, that the day and the dispensation of the Gentile nations is over. 'When darkness shall cover the earth, My light shall shine upon Israel.' But instead, the complacent and self-satisfied church is teaching that the darkness is going to come to Israel, that Jacob's trouble is coming to Israel, and that we are going to have the light and the escape! But I tell you that it is the opposite. We're going to see the glory of the Lord upon Israel, and the nations of the world are about to face the judgment of God.

I know some of you may have thoughts of depression. A few of you may even think, 'I wish I was not even alive.' Life is not so glad outside Christ, and sometimes even with Christ it's a hard struggle, not because Jesus fails, but because it is a very bitter world. Praise Jesus that He's able to lift us up out of the valley. But when we even sometimes have our down periods, as some of us have, I'm amazed that Israel still has a will to survive.

I heard a man this week in the Holocaust film describing what he saw when the gas chambers were opened after each gassing. He told that the strongest, in a desperate fight for life, would have climbed to the top in an attempt to breathe, and that when the doors opened they would fall out like dominoes, dead bodies, with the most preposterous expressions on their faces, mirroring their fight for life. To think that during the ten or fifteen minutes that the cyclon gas needed to kill off all the people they had fought such a horrifying fight with death and suffocation. You cannot imagine it, that normal people, Germans,

saw this day after day. And God heard the cries suffocated with breath and cyclon gas mixed together 'til they could not speak any longer. And to see that nation, having returned finally to their own land, and with their bare hands, took hold of that soil that had waited 2,000 years for their return, how they made of that soil a garden with trees and freed it from malaria. Then they sang and danced through the streets for three nights and days when independence was granted to them three years after the hell of Auschwitz. They danced and they thought, 'Finally, after 2,000 years of suffering, we are back in our land.' But it couldn't be that simple. They hardly had danced before five Arab nations declared war on the poorly-armed nation of Israel. It could not be in 1956 when the Americans, to be in with the Egyptians, told the people of Israel to clear out all of Sinai — and they did not even get peace with Nassar in return for it. The betrayal of Israel by the nations! In the Six Day War they had to fight again, pleading for peace with King Hussein because they had their hands full with Syria in the north and Egypt in the south. And Jordan said no, because they thought that the three of them could drive the Jews into the sea.

I tell you, if God is a just God, if you would love the Arabs, if you would love any of the nations, you would fall on your faces and say, 'God! Let them see what they're doing!' For the Lord saith, and I firmly believe it is the word of the Lord for this day, 'I have a day of vengeance for the controversy of Zion.' As the Lord says in Isaiah 63, 'Who is he that comes from Edom? Who is He with His garments stained with blood and Who says, 'I was alone, there was no one with me when I tread down the nations in My fury!' Why does God say in this Word, 'Let all the inhabitants of the earth hear . . .' You would think, 'Lord, this is going to be a glorious message!' Yet when you hear what God has in mind — 'For the day of vengeance is in Mine heart and the year of My redeemed has come' — it seems contradictory, doesn't it? Isn't this a strange verse? But for those who have breathed the agony of these people is this not a Word that makes you say, 'God, it has to be like this!' If God has not spared His own people, how can you think that He will spare the nations that have so betrayed the apple of His eye? Do you believe that God actually kept quiet when a German SS man took hold of a baby from which a mother did not want to be separated just before they went into the gas chambers, and popped the little skull against the wall? And God kept quiet?

If God has not spared His own people, how will He not have judgement on the nations that come against His people? We as Christians can't even live in unity and love with one another; what kind of protection can we expect? We are supposed to be the salt of this earth and the light to Israel, yet we are as quarrelsome and sometimes worse than the unbelievers! Then what kind of protection will there be if we're the only salt to prevent the decadence? If we're the only intercessors who could prevent some of the judgment of God upon our nations?

I believe that every single Believer is needed to be a buffer of love and comfort around this nation. When I spoke in Springfield, Missouri, I said, 'One of the things that I believe is of greatest need, and I hope this is going to be heard, is that those who love Israel will not stay and remain only a special type of pro-Israel Christian. It would be one of the worst things for Israel if the Christian Zionist movement, or if Christians who by God's Holy Spirit in the light of the Word see the place of Israel, would merely be another sort of group. Because I believe Israel is so important that God wants the whole body

of Christ, not just a pro-Israel club, to stand around this nation. I believe if Jesus wants an arm to stretch out around this nation, then He has only one arm, and that is His body. And that body is so frail and divided that at the moment He has hardly even a hand with which to bless and comfort this nation! Do you know why it seemed that God was silent at the horrendous suffering that has gone on from the days of Auschwitz and Treblinka until now and with all the suffering that Israel had to endure since the Holocaust? Do you know why it seems there was silence in heaven? Because God has chosen to be represented here on earth by one body. If that body fails, it seems heaven fails.

God, who says that He has redeemed you, freed you, cleansed you from sin, and put you on the right path says, 'I have no other body, no other mouth, no other heart with which to bless My people than you. Is it not enough? Go and see the Holocaust film ten times if necessary, until you have a heart for My people . . .' He has a day of vengeance for the controversy of Zion.

God said even in days past, that although Israel had sinned, and He was angry with His people, that Nebuchadnezzar or Babylon went further than He had wanted them to. But there is a difference between the Jews living in the Diaspora, being herded into cattle cars in Poland, in Germany, and many other nations of Europe and this day when the Lord has brought them back into their land, because the day to favour Zion has come. If you overstepped your border in the time that they were in dispersion, you had to reckon with God, but I'm telling you, now even more so. The Jewish people are no longer free game. God has gathered them into their land, and if you touch Israel now, you touch doubly against God's Word, because their day of favour has come. That's why they danced through the streets of Tel Aviv. And that's why I say, when I know that Christians are sometimes attacked by depression, or by days of being down: I'm amazed that this nation still wants to live. They don't have all your faith and protection!

If you love your nations and you know that God has a day of reckoning, that all the nations that will come against the apple of God's eye and against Jerusalem will be destroyed, then we need to fall to our faces in intercession for the nations that we love. Read with me the following Scripture in Isaiah 59 and 60:

`According to their deeds, accordingly He will repay, fury to His adversaries, recompense to His enemies; to the islands He will repay recompense.

So shall they fear the name of the Lord from the west, and His glory from the rising of the sun. When the enemy shall come in like a flood, the Spirit of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him.

And the Redeemer shall come to Zion, and unto them that turn from transgression in Jacob, saith the Lord ...'

`Arise, shine; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee. For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth, and gross darkness the people: but the Lord shall arise upon thee.

And the Gentiles shall come to thy light, and kings to the brightness of thy rising ...'

'For the nation and kingdom that will not serve thee (Israel) shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted.'

Isaiah 59:18-20;
60:1-3, 12

And I can only say, 'God, I understand it. If You have allowed six million Jews to be killed, and after that instead of rewarding them at once, they had to fight again — in 1948, in 1956, in 1967, on Yom Kippur in 1973. And if you love this nation you ask the Lord yourself, 'God, when is it going to stop?' If God has allowed this to happen to the apple of His eye, out of whose flesh Jesus, the apostles and the prophets, the Old and the New Testament has come, I can well believe that the decadent, betraying, immoral nations of the world are at least going to have the same. Anyone who thinks differently has very little knowledge of God's Word. As ambassadors of God's love and purpose with Israel, we must share this message with the nations and cry out for repentance.

The world that the Jewish survivors found after the horrors of the Holocaust was a world that went to the cinema, to the theatre, that lived it up. Israel continues to suffer, and we too have our prosperity teachings and our nice ways and our little hurts and our little wishes and our desires. Israelis are so rugged. If you want to become a diamond it's healthy to live among Israelis, for unless the Word becomes flesh in you, you have nothing to say to this country. Our prosperity teachings sound eerie to the Jews who've had so much suffering behind them. They cannot recognize in us the face of the One who said, 'In all their sorrows and anguish, He was anguished, a Man of sorrows, acquainted with grief.'

May God bring us to be that Man in the midst of His people to at least feel with them so that when we speak we may truly make them realize that God is not silent, but that God has a body through which he feels, prays, gives, comforts and loves. And as you bind yourselves to the Jewish people, may you find, and I promise this, that God is well able to take care of every Gentile Believer in the midst of the hour of His destruction of the nations. For those who will love Him and His people will be blessed.

May God help us all. Amen."

We feel very strongly here in Israel that Israel's fortieth anniversary is crucial in terms of God's timetable, that it signifies the end of God's grace to the Gentile nations and the beginning of the outpouring of His love upon Israel. But we as Believers in the God of Israel have nothing to fear. Our main task is to be certain that the Lord is first in our lives and that we are prepared to suffer. We have to face the fact that the Church is not going to magically disappear, but that we will have to stand in the testing time. Some of us will even have to lay down our lives. But if we are prepared to suffer, and look to the Lord, *His strength will see us through whatever lies ahead*. It is only when we are not prepared to suffer that our faith will grow dim in the days to come. And if we are open to the Lord and His love, then *we will have an opportunity to be witnesses of His love in the time remaining like never before*. For when calamity strikes, people are open to Him; in a time that will seem hopeless to many, we can say to them, "But in Jesus there is *eternal* hope ..."

The judgment that is soon to come upon the world is from God, as the Scriptures so clearly show. So perhaps it is a wasted effort to pray against the judgments themselves. Instead the cry of our hearts must be for souls; and *we must be available to reach out in His love in these days whenever and wherever the opportunity arises*. The time is short. If we truly love Him, we don't have to be afraid. And we can comfort ourselves with the knowledge that every event brings even closer that wondrous moment when the trumpets will blow and the King of Israel will come home...

39

JUST FOR YOU

When writing this book over the past few years, I wondered many times what the ending of the book would be. I thought of many possibilities, but now I understand that the Lord has reserved the end of this book for you, the reader! Many things have happened to me in the few years since I've had the privilege to come to know and to love Jesus, Israel's Messiah and first-born King. But I know and understand that all of these things *did not happen for me alone*.

Before I came to know the Lord I was a very closed and private person, risking very seldom to share those things that were closest to my heart. And so when the Lord turned my life around and made it open to public scrutiny, it was the greatest dying to self that I have had to endure. And therefore, in the beginning, the concept of sharing my life — the happy moments, the agonizing moments, even the closeness of my friendship with Jesus, all of these things and so many more — was extremely hard for me to accept. And even now, looking ahead to the time when this book will be printed and distributed, and that therefore many people in many lands will know a great deal more about me and my life than I will ever know about them, I would rather be taken home to heaven than to face it! But I have consented to let my life be used in such a way, and the reason is because I know how very, very much He loves you, each person that He has chosen to read this book, this opening of one human heart to another. Of the many things that have happened to me, I am certain that some of them happened *just for you*, so that that very thing could be used by the Lord to touch your heart, to challenge you, and to draw you closer to Himself. And that knowledge has made me grateful, glad to offer this book in honour of each one of you who will read it.

Surely there are those of you who have read this book critically, and I'm sorry for your sakes that you have wasted so much of your time. But for those of you who have read this book with an open heart, I am certain that the Lord has met you with His love in some way through these pages. I am certain of it! And for those of you who *already* know Jesus, perhaps he has challenged you to closely examine your walk with Him; to be certain that there is nothing in your lives that you are withholding from Him; to be certain that you haven't been caught in one end-time deception or another. Perhaps He has challenged you to take a step deeper into the water of faith; to cast doubts and concern to the wind; to abandon your life — all that you have and all that you are — into the Shepherd's care.

And perhaps there are some of you who have read this book and have not known the Saviour's love at all, although perhaps you have engaged in some form of religious worship. It's very simple! The only barrier separating you from Him is sin, which can be removed with the simple sentence, from an honest heart, "*Father, I long to come into a closer relationship to You, but it is obvious from Your Word that I am separated from You by my sin. Please*

forgive me for my sins through the atoning blood of Jesus, the sacrificial Lamb of God, and help me from this day forth to place my life in Jesus' hands and to be obedient to Your will in my life, with the help of Your Holy Spirit, in Jesus' name I pray, amen." (Of course, you are welcome to say it in your own words, as long as the request for forgiveness of sins is included!) The Biblical steps to follow include sharing your faith and being baptized in obedience to the Word of God. But as I hope this book has challenged you to realize, *these are only the very first steps down the pathway that will lead you to a place in heaven for all eternity.* You must come to know Jesus, as a person and as a friend, and then to follow Him as He calls to you, day by day, step by step. It's a great challenge and the best, indeed the most important thing, that you can do with your life! Welcome, welcome home to the Father's arms!

And for my Jewish friends who have not come to know the Messiah's love, how I can identify with your skepticism! And how I can feel in the very depths of my heart Jesus' longing to gather you to Himself:

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

Matthew 23:37

Come to Him, let Him heal all those wounds that have been inflicted upon you by His name! Let Him help you to know that you belong to Him and that He belongs to you, that the Jewish people are still His first love, that He has not forsaken nor forgotten you! I have no power to convince you that every single act of cruelty or unkindness done in His name has wounded Jesus even more than it wounded you. But *He* has that power to heal, to love, to show you that He is indeed the Messiah promised to us — to Israel — from the foundation of the world! And all I ask is that you let *Him show* you, love you, redeem you, and wipe away all those tears!

When I remember back to the fall of 1975, I know now that something enormously important happened to me then in terms of my walk with the Lord. It was at that time that I lost the conscious sense of Jesus' love within my heart and lost as well that intimate communion with Him that I had experienced in previous months. But the important lesson came when I understood for the first time that even though I could not feel it, *He was with me always.* Ever since that time, the knowledge of *His* faithfulness to abide in me and with me, has helped me to rest in His presence even in the midst of the battering storm.

I was reminded of all of this when reading recently *Hudson Taylor and the China Inland Mission: The Growth of a Work of God.* How readily I could identify with his dilemma as I read the following:

"... My mind has been greatly exercised for six or eight months past, feeling the need personally, and for our Mission, of more holiness, life, power in our souls. But personal need stood first and was the greatest. I felt the ingratitude, the danger, the sin of not living nearer to God. I prayed, agonized, fasted, strove, made resolutions, read the Word more diligently, sought more time for retirement and meditation — but all was without effect. Every day, almost every hour, the consciousness of sin oppressed me. I knew that if I could only abide in Christ all would be well, but I could not. I began the day with prayer, determined not to take my eye from Him for a moment; but pressure of duties,

sometimes very trying, constant interruptions apt to be so wearing, often caused me to forget Him. Then one's nerves get so fretted in this climate that temptations to irritability, hard thoughts, and sometimes unkind words are all the more difficult to control. Each day brought its register of sin and failure, of lack of power. To will was indeed present with me, but how to perform I found not.

Then came the question, 'Is there no rescue? Must it be thus to the end — constant conflict and, instead of victory, too often defeat?'"

The authors explained that his anguish came especially because of the closeness in communion and fellowship he had known with the Lord.

"Were it not recorded in his own words it would be difficult to believe, certainly impossible to imagine, such conflict, suffering, almost despair in spiritual things in one who had long and truly known the Lord. Ah, was it not that very fact that made it possible? Nearness to Christ had been to him so real and blessed that any clouding of the Master's face was felt, and felt at once with anguish of heart. It is the bride who mourns the absence of the bridegroom, not one who has been a stranger to His love."

Perhaps the depth of his suffering made the answer, when it arrived, seem even more sweet! The answer did arrive at last, in a letter from a fellow-labourer in China by the name of Mr. McCarthy. Hudson Taylor tells about his experience in a letter to his sister, as follows:

"Mr. McCarthy says: feel as though the first glimmer of the dawn of a glorious day has risen upon me. I hail it with trembling, yet with trust."

The part specially helpful to me is: 'How then to have our faith increased? Only by thinking of all that Jesus is, and all He is for us: His life, His death, His work, He Himself as revealed to us in the Word, to be the subject of our constant thoughts. Not a striving to have faith, or to increase our faith, but a looking off to the Faithful One seems all we need.'

Here, I feel, is the secret: not asking how I am to get sap out of the vine into myself, but remembering that Jesus is the Vine — the root, stem, branches, twigs, leaves, flowers, fruit, all indeed. Aye, and far more too! He is the soil and sunshine, air and rain — more than we can ask, think, or desire. Let us not then want to get anything out of Him, but rejoice in being ourselves in Him — one with Him, and, consequently, with all His fullness. Not seeking for faith to bring holiness, but rejoicing in the fact of perfect holiness in Christ, let us realise that — inseparably one with Him — this holiness is ours, and accepting the fact, find it so indeed..."

Often I think of the wonders of God's creation. Each one surely is an expression both of Himself and the enormity of His love. This earth is filled with His glory — with flowers, fruits, vegetables, incredibly varied animal life, sunsets, snowfalls, mountains, rivers, streams — the list is endless! Even with such a profusion of beauty here on earth, surely it cannot even begin to compare with the glory of heaven, where even the *thought* of standing in His presence simply melts my heart! If we but give up the pleasures and call of this world, to serve Him, how blessed we will be forever and ever! That He loves us so very, very much was the most clearly evident when He gave to us, to the wretchedness of mankind, His very own Beloved Son.

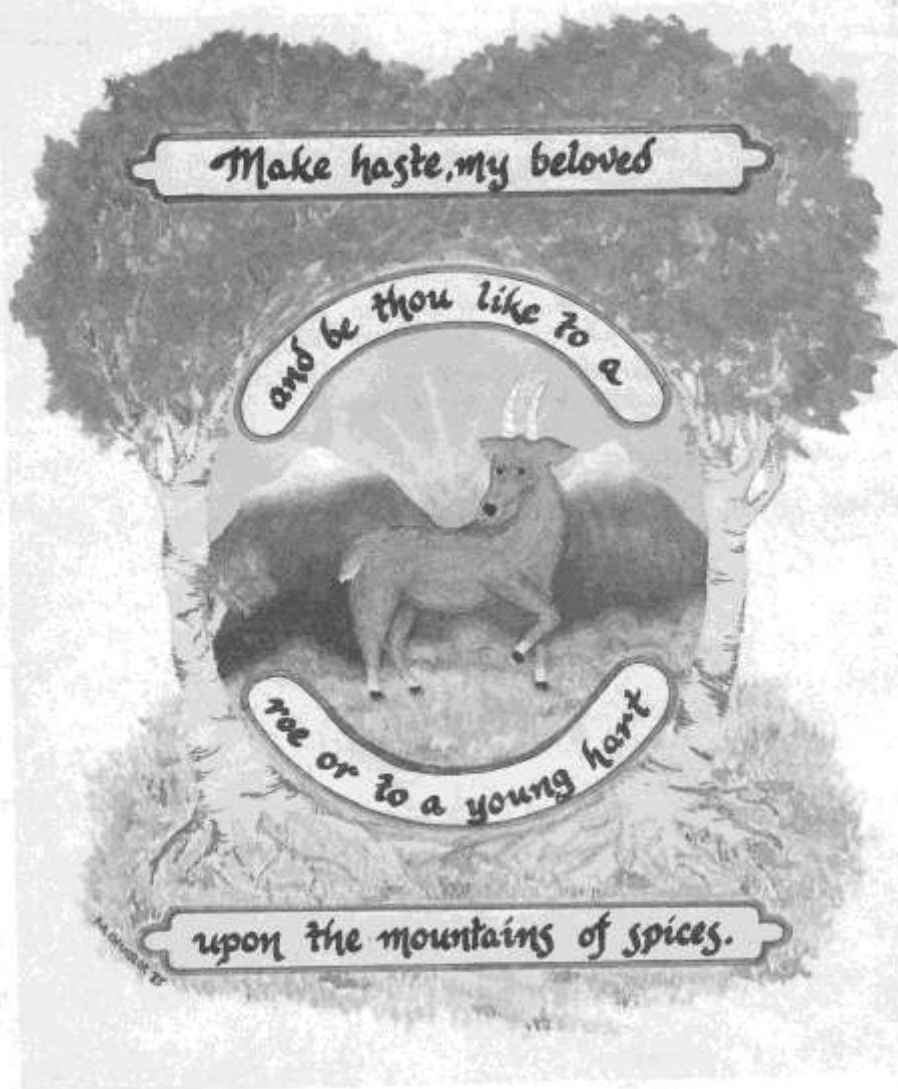
We'll never know just how much Jesus suffered during those last few hours before His death. It was only His deep communion with His Father and His love for unsaved humanity that enabled Him to endure it all — the humiliation, the scorn, and the excruciating pain of crucifixion.

Our salvation cost Him so much. But it was the grandest moment in the history of the world, the very moment when the Father restored us to Himself. And the Glory of that moment —

it belongs

to

you . . .



"Beeile Dich, mein Geliebter."

BITS OF THIS AND THAT

I would like first of all to thank all of you who have covered this book in prayer over the years. I ask that you continue to pray for the anointing of the Lord to rest upon it, so that lives will be touched and encouraged by His love. Heartfelt thanks also go to Wolfgang, Louk, Marike, Amikam and Ida for their difficult task of translating this book into German, Dutch, Finnish, Hebrew and Russian respectively. Thanks also to Jenny, Geraldine, Margaret, Sid, Betsy, Heinz, Gabriela, and many others who have helped with editing the unfinished manuscripts, and to Mary and Leora for their help with secretarial work. Thanks also to Marcia for her help in dozens of ways!

To those of you who have been so faithful with correspondence over the years, there's no way to tell you how much your letters and cards have meant to me! Always when I would be feeling discouraged, a word of strengthening love would arrive from a distant land, bringing with it the incentive to press on! Thank you all — ever so much!

When I arrived in Israel in 1976, the official Israeli currency at that time was the lira. Since Israelis now use the shekel, I have designated the Israeli monetary system as the shekel throughout the book so as not to cause confusion.

A note for my American readers — since this book will be distributed in Great Britain, New Zealand, Canada, etc., I have used British spelling in most instances. Therefore cheque is spelled cheque; travelling instead of traveling; centre instead of center; and so forth.

As a result of tragic history, to the Israeli people the term "Christian" has many negative connotations. At best, it represents the traditional church with their coldness and hypocrisy; and at worst, Nazism and other persecutions. Therefore, I have used the term "Believer" in the book instead of "Christian". (As Christ is Greek for the Hebrew word, "Messiah", it is not far off the mark to call those who belong to Jesus, "Believers in the Messiah"!)

We show reverence to the Lord by capitalizing His name. He alone is worthy of honour! Therefore I have purposefully kept 'satan' in lowercase letters throughout the book.

The roses on pages 36 and 97 came from friends in the U.S.S.R. with the Scripture: "For we are unto God a sweet savour of Christ..."

The financial gift for Israel's 30th anniversary was meant to be given with no strings attached, simply as an expression of Believers' love for Israel. However, when the cheque arrived from the U.S., unfortunately it had written on it: "For Israel's Benevolent needs." That is why Prime Minister Begin commented that the gift would be "devoted to urgent welfare causes in accordance with their wishes."

On the 13th of Elul, 5748 (26th August, 1988), my father died. Just before his death, he said, with real wonder and awe in his voice, "Wait until you see Yeshua..!" It was the first time he had ever used Jesus' name in Hebrew. And one year later, my mother also gave her life to the Lord, and is now a member of a Messianic Fellowship in Arizona. How faithful you are, O Lord!

As stated in my book, it was felt by Believers here in Israel that Israel's fortieth anniversary would be a crucial year in God's timetable. What God has done for the physical nation of Israel since that time can barely be comprehended! Eastern Europe fell and the Soviet Jews were released. The Ethiopian Jews were dramatically and safely rescued. Thirty-nine scuds fell on this nation and no lives were lost. And now the Lord, the God of Israel, has filled every reservoir and dry place in the land. And in the very near future, He will also begin to pour forth His power and His glory in the spiritual realm as well. The Scriptures are clear that the nation of Israel will be saved, and soon they will know Him! We must remain fervent in prayer on behalf of His people.

here was a poster in Mike and Joe's school upon which it was written: "The only sign of life is growth..." That is the joy — that a life in the Lord goes on...

God bless you!

*Esther Dorflinger
10 July, 1992
Jerusalem, Israel*

While listening to the early morning news the day after Rosh Hashanah, 1987, I heard the following:

The first new immigrants to be welcomed into the country in this new year were Victor Brailovsky and his family, a well-known family of former refuseniks from Moscow..."

The whole family arrived, including Victor and Irina, Irina's mother, their daughter Dahlia, their son Leonid and his wife and their new baby — four generations!

During the festival of Succoth, I had been invited by the International Christian Embassy to speak on the Soviet Jewry Panel at the Feast of Tabernacles celebration. When I had, been invited to speak some weeks earlier, I never dreamed in a million years that sharing the platform with me that day would be Victor Brailovsky!

Victor and Irina accompanied me to the opening night of the Christian celebration. The Embassy had invited Victor to light a candle on behalf of Soviet Jews. When he walked to the front of the huge auditorium, he received a tumultuous welcome, and was then greeted by Prime Minister Shamir.

And then, in January of 1988, Ida and Aba Taratuta also arrived in Israel, as did their son Micha some months earlier. Ida has now translated my book into Russian, and it will be printed in September, 1992.

Thank you for your faithfulness, oh Lord!



My parents



Sid and Betsy with Patmos friend



Joey and Michael, 1992



