



Jerusalem

Adventure

Jerusalem Adventure

This book is written to bless my friends and family. It is a home, self-published, true book by the author. Permission is hereby given to reprint or quote accurately what may bless you. Publishing commercially or for profit will need my permission.

Blessings in Jesus Name

Duane Klepel

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At 1615 Heath Ave N

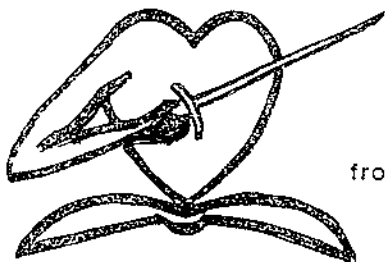
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Our responsibility: guard your heart, guard your family, guard your
nation
Spiritual self defense SSD



Love relationship with Jesus
Standing on and using God's word and
the Holy Spirit as a foundation.
Knowing our authority and having power
from following God's Word and the Holy Sprit.

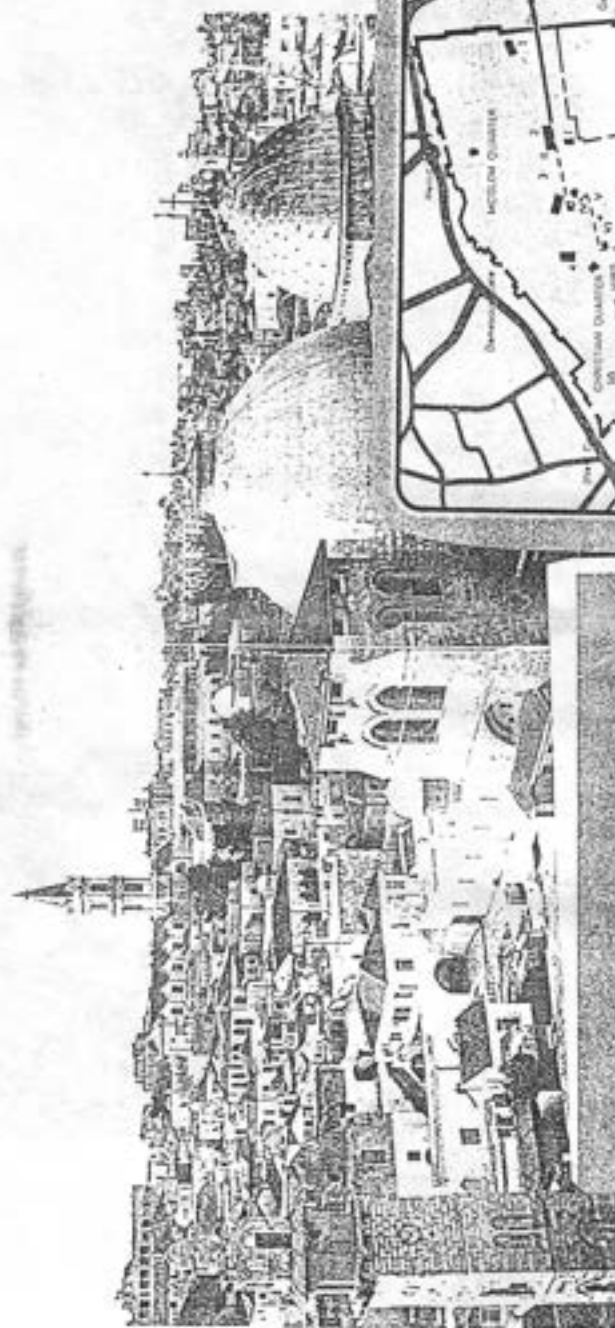
Our strongest weapon:
God's love in us, flowing out to others

According to Hosea 4:6 God's people are destroyed for three reasons
(paraphrase) My people are destroyed for:

1. lack of knowing my Word,
in such a way that it brings action.
2. by rejecting that word following instead the Enemy's ways,
resulting in self destruction
3. Forgetting God's Word.

copy
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Holy Sepulchre (on left) and the Compound of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem (below)



JERUSALEM: WITHIN THE WALLS

1. Church of St. Anne
2. Ch. of the Annunciation
3. Ecce Homo Arch.
4. Ethiopian Monastery
5. The Holy Sepulchre
6. Ch. of the Redeemer
7. Ch. of St. John
8. Latin Patriarchate
9. Greek Patriarchate
10. Cust. Terra Santa
11. Christ Church
12. Armenian Church
13. Dormition Church
14. David's Tomb
15. Hurva Synagogue
16. Robinson's Arch
17. El Aqsa Mosque
18. Solomon's Stables





Via Dolorosa



The Temple Mount

ISRAEL



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Foreword

This is the story of what happened when an American family of six realized God had called them to move to Israel for awhile.

They tell of their unusual experiences in living among the Jews and Arabs of Israel and of the War that broke out then .

They share insights gained in walking day-by-day with Jesus and sharing Jesus with all who would listen. Although only our home for two short years, it lives in our hearts still. We are only one of a great multitude sent forth as a result of the great outpouring of the Holy Spirit, in the late 60's and 70's.

The names of many of the people in this account are changed as some are still in Israel.

May reading this story bring you encouragement and blessing.

Duane and Joyce Klepel family

1. To Jerusalem

"Go home! We don't want you! Why did you come here?" he shouted angrily. I remember well our first day in Jerusalem, our family of six was emerging from our youth hostel room and entering the strange and exciting new environment of the shop lined, narrow streets of Jerusalem's Old City, making our way to Jaffa Gate.

As we approached Jaffa Gate, we looked I suppose, like any other tourist ,newcomer to the city, eyes wide open, camera in hand, lost in the excitement of what we were seeing. We had not made it more than a short distance when several young souvenir salesmen began hounding us to buy their wares.

We stopped under the tall stone arch of the Jaffa gate admiring the ancient stones that made up the gate an the thick wall which from there extended northward and southward, encircling the old city. However this scene was about to be abruptly interrupted, as I was looking North up the side walk leading to the gate, one person especially stood out. He was shouting and waving his arms in anger and seemed to be coming directly to me. He was a young man dressed all in black, that of the typical Yeshiva (Jewish Rabbi school) student. On his dark, curly head he wore a kipa,his dark beard and suit contrasted his eyes, red and flashing with anger. He gestured wildly at me he said "Go home! Why did you come here? We don't want you! Go home!" His angered glance flashed back and forth between my eyes and the small red badge I was

wearing on my green, plaid, wool jacket. It said in English "Jesus loves you."

In the year which expired as the Lord prepared us to go to Jerusalem, we had been warned many times "Don't wear any pins, badges, etc. with the name of Jesus on it." I had made up my mind that I would never wear a badge or pin in Jerusalem even if I had worn them for the past year or more as a public high school teacher and saw the Lord bless and honor that action.

This day also I noted that many tourists were wearing red badges with the name of their tour company on it. Had he noticed my badge from such a distance? I don't think so. On the El Al flight to Israel it seemed the Lord was encouraging me not to fear but trust Him in this matter also. "Why wouldn't you wear it?" the Lord seemed to be saying. To which my answer basically was that I didn't want to get "smashed". I was afraid, but I reluctantly put it on.

I stood there with my mouth open as the young man raged on. The rest of the family stepped back as others surrounded he and I, watching the scene. My mind was thinking of answers and arguments but I could scarcely get in an "err, but...." occasionally. Then the Lord reminded me to pray for love for the young man. Then I remembered that the Lord had taught me already that His love in us is the strongest weapon we could ever have. I began silently and fervently praying. "Lord, give me love for this person, your love, Jesus." As I was praying this way, Jesus' love began flowing, it seemed to come down almost as a cloud, engulfing both of us, draining all of his anger from the top of his head to the

bottom of his feet. I hadn't said a word but he stopped, the expression on his face changed. All the anger seemed just to drain down out of him as Jesus' love surrounded him and touched his heart. Finally, we stood there like the best of friends. Then he slipped away a changed person as I stood there amazed by the whole scene. The Lord assured me "Don't be afraid to boldly proclaim My Name, I will show you greater things than this, I will be with you and your family." Praise His name!

The next day I again saw this young man in the same area, and he expressed no anger. He was still deeply touched as he humbly asked "Where can I go to pray?" This shook me up so much I couldn't even gather my thoughts to give him an intelligent answer. Such a change! Only Jesus could do that!

Such was the first of many vivid experiences we were to encounter in the two fruitful and wonderful years spent living in Israel for which we are eternally thankful and praise our Lord Jesus!

At that time our family consisted of my wife Joyce, age 34 my self age 35, daughters Mary 12, Dawn 11, sons, Dan 9, and Bob 8. This was our first time to go overseas, something that in my youth I never wanted to do, preferring the security of my hometown area in Minnesota. But the patient loving work of the Lord had changed me and brought me to this point. We had arrived in Israel only a few days ago. From the main airport at Lod, near Tel Aviv we took a sharute (taxi) asking him to take us to the old city of Jerusalem. We didn't even know exactly what that was or where it was, but we knew that is where we wanted to go.

It was already dark as the taxi made it's way up the mountain to Jerusalem. Finally we arrived at the old city walls and Jaffa Gate on the West side, there he dropped us off. So there we stood on the side walk, just inside the city walls, but where do we stay? During our preparation the year before coming to Jerusalem, I felt great assurance that the Lord had that all arranged. But Joyce had contacted the Anglican Hospice and there it was just a little way up the street! But when I went up to it there was a sign on the door, "closed for the winter-remodeling". What now? It was dark and getting later, but there were still a few people milling about the shop lined streets, most of them were Arabs in their long tan robes, wearing turbans of the typical red and white. Is this safe? can they be trusted? We asked one of them "where is a place to stay"? He was very helpful and offered to show us the way to the Lutheran Hospice, not far from there. We walked over the stone paved road to a narrow descending street lined on both sides with high stone walls. There were metal doors at intervals and above them iron barred windows, these were homes of the occupants of the old city. At one point Joyce almost got hit by a donkey carrying its load, as we walked around a sharp curve in the street. Finally we came to a large metal door above which read, "Lutheran Hospice". After ringing the bell several times the door swung open and the receptionist met us. The inn is full she said, but after more inquiry she said "we do have one large room with several beds", yes we were interested in that and very glad to rest our travel weary bones, it turned out to be perfect for our family, praise the Lord!

2. Youth Hostel Headquarters

Much of my life prior to this was devoted to making money and the security I thought it brought, but now we were determined that we would not be overly concerned for physical things but devote our time totally to witness and being at the disposal of the Lord each moment. In fact, I said "Lord we won't even have a house or a car here in Israel." actually it was the first time since my teenage years that I didn't have any keys of any sort in my pocket. The Youth Hostel room was a welcome place even if it was only a room with three single beds and one sink for our family of six. The small outdoor vegetable and food market was nearby for shopping. Cooking was another problem, but soon we learned we could use the communal kitchen of the Youth Hostel and we began preparing our meals and eating there. Meals consisted mainly of vegetables and fruit. But soon we became hungry for proteins. In the market chicken was available however it took a little time to get used to buying that whole chicken including the head. Other carcass or parts of goats or other animals hung in the market stalls and after haggling over the price they would hack off half kilo or what ever amount you wanted. One of the main protein sources of the local people was the ^{fulfill} ~~(falafel)~~ a sandwich made by stuffing a pita (pocket) bread stuffed with fried humus balls (ground up chick peas) fried cauliflower and other vegetables plus salad with white and red dressings. Fillafofs tasted delicious and soon became our favorite also.

Each evening as we ate we noticed a good number of young people also came, prepared their meal and sat around and talked. The door was open to share Jesus and for the next year

this became the center of our activities of witnessing to young traveling people and others, of Jesus' love.

I remember on one occasion I was sitting at the table and to my left was a girl from the USA headed for India to seek out the eastern religions. I was quite unsuccessful it seemed, in trying to share Jesus with her, when a young man sitting just across from me spoke up. He said "Well, I will tell you what happened to me. I just returned from India after spending some time there. I was into the eastern religions seeking God but wasn't getting anywhere. Jesus appeared to me one day and said "I am the one who will give you peace." I noticed that beside him was a newly purchased olive wood covered Bible, apparently his first personal Bible.

There were many young people to speak to and such a variety of backgrounds. There were Jewish, non Jewish from America; Australia, Europe, South Africa and many other countries were represented. One thing was common, a deep need for Jesus in their lives. Some recognized this need, others did not.

After a few days at the hostel we began seeking the Lord to see if He wanted us to live there or not and what school for the children. It was November and schools were in session. Upon inquiring and trying we found there was only one English speaking school in Jerusalem so we began to seek it out. Thankfully many in Israel, both Arabs and Jews, speak English.

Upon asking direction to the school the man said "From the

Damascus Gate you go up that street until you come to a Bible Shop and then just a few blocks more." When he said "Bible Shop" it really stood out in my mind and when we approached that corner we were drawn toward it. Crossing the street and entering the door we heard "Praise the Lord! Hallelujah!" We knew we were home. As it turned out, unknown to us at this time, this Bible Shop and its owners and workers would play a major part in our life in Israel.

We met two women that day who had served the Lord faithfully many years in that country and elsewhere. They told us of a nice home in Bethlehem for rent for only \$150 per month. "No" we said "we will have to wait on the Lord and see."

We also met an American family from Georgia who had felt the call of the Lord to go to Jerusalem just as we had. Several wonderful and lasting friendship were started that day including the Billy and Shelby Watson family and their four children.

After leaving the Bible shop we walked up a few more blocks to the Anglican school. We found the school classes were filled up but most of our children did get enrolled within a short time anyway.

Each day I spent time on the street and each evening in the Youth Hostel, sharing Jesus. Often we would make a very direct approach as some young person was looking at the sites. We would simply ask him "Have you

met Jesus since you have been in Jerusalem?" They would look up and answer surprised "No" and then a conversation

would begin.

One thing I noticed was these young people, far from their homes, far from parents and several of them hippies, couldn't get away from Jesus' love. Many times I knew someone was praying for their son or daughter, that they would find the way. The Holy Spirit had already worked in each ones experience and contacts to bring them closer to God. One day as I was eating a bite for lunch, I was leaning against the stone wall and gate to David's Citadel and began to get a burden for some soul. I prayed "Lord please send some soul that needs you" and turning around I noticed a young man standing close by.

As I spoke to him of Jesus, he said he hadn't given himself to the Lord but that he had a girlfriend at home who had. I said "She must be praying for you. Wouldn't you like to take Jesus today?" He said he wasn't quite ready. I asked him if he would like a small copy of the New Testament. He said "Yes." Reaching in my pocket I realized I was out of them, but had a supply nearby. He agreed to come with me and get the New Testament. When I handed it to him he flipped through it and began reading the marked Scriptures and notes "turn to page 122" etc. "All have sinned..." Turn to page 245" and there "For God so loved the world..." As he carefully read each one I saw the Holy Spirit convince Him. As he finished I asked "Do you want Jesus as your Savior now?" He said "yes" and we prayed together and Jesus met him there. Right then friends drove up and together we all prayed, he also received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit! So mightily God answers your prayers at home, your prayers for loved ones and friends!

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My family, Joyce and the four children, had underlined Scripture verses and written directions for turning from one marked Scripture to another. We carried many Gideon Bibles in our luggage.

Early in our stay at the Youth Hostel we met a young Christian couple from the USA who had toured through Europe in their used Mercedes Benz car which they bought for a very reasonable price there. They brought it to Israel with hopes of selling it a good profit. Cars are very expensive in Israel and the demand good. They were asking more than \$2,000 which was a reasonable price for a Mercedes, even in the USA and more so in Israel. However, I didn't

feel we would have a car and thought \$2,000 was much more than I could afford from our savings and money from the sale of our house and things. So I prayed "Lord, if you want us to have the car \$1,000 is the most I can pay for it." After two weeks of efforts to sell it they were still unsuccessful. Many wanted it but in the final moment couldn't raise the huge tax necessary for citizens to pay. It exceeded the price of the car.

After three weeks in Israel, we had a car. They sold it to us for \$1,000. It served us faithfully the two years in Israel. They were glad to see it go to work in the service of the Lord. Also, after having the car just one day, we rented the house near Bethlehem. This was the one to which the Bible Shop personnel referred us. Praise our Lord! Now we had both house and car!!

The car allowed me to drive the 6 miles to Jerusalem each day to take the children to school and spend time on the street and each evening in the youth hostel. It was a blessing.

The home in Bethlehem allowed us the freedom also of inviting stray and wandering young people to stay for a night or more. Often the youth hostel would be full and so most nights Joyce would expect to find several young people in sleeping bags on our large living room floor.

I remember one night I went to the youth hostel and no one was there which was very unusual. I tried to witness in a nearby restaurant but it just didn't work and when I walked out Jaffa Gate I thought "I'll go around the outside of the city walls to the north side." Here was a small restaurant called "uncle Mustaches" which was frequented by hippies and young people.

As I rounded the northwest corner of the walls of the Old City, I came upon a young couple who looked like they were preparing to sleep outside. I stopped and began talking with them and sharing Jesus. They told me they were from a kibbutz

and came to Jerusalem looking for the "Children of God" because they heard about Jesus and wanted to know more. Someone told them to look for the "Children of God" in the Old City. They told me also of the rough experience they had just gotten away from in the Old City, and barely escaped with their lives. So I knew the Lord had arranged this special night for these to meet Jesus. They enjoyed staying in Bethlehem. I heard that later after returning to their kibbutz, he received Jesus as His Savior.

One evening as I came to the Youth Hostel I noticed a young man sitting at a table with an open Bible reading. He was a Jewish young man from the USA who had been studying in Jerusalem. Joe was just bubbling over with Jesus, always singing! We enjoyed fellowship together and sharing Scriptures. This also was the start of a lasting friendship.

"Joe" I said "You simply must meet Floride." He agreed to go along with us to Haifa the next day. We were planning to go witness and distribute tracts in that city. Floride was a saintly older lady who had been in Israel many years already. She had a great blessing and anointing to young people on the streets and for soldiers on the train. Often while riding on the train the Holy Spirit would anoint her and soon the whole car would be surrounding her listening to her share Jesus in the Hebrew language.

Soon after that we went together to Haifa. When we got there we split up and each went a different downtown street distributing tracts. When I came back I saw a small crowd

around her and as I approached I saw most were very responsive and attentive. One young man though, began to speak against Jesus and what she was saying. She stopped, turned to him with all the love of Jesus and said "Oh, honey, you have an anti-Christ spirit. Let me pray for you." Shocked, he agreed to this and the whole audience was touched. His anger and attitude were completely changed. Joe was deeply impressed and I learned something that day about discernment and taking authority over evil spirits.

One evening Joe and I were coming into the Old City of Jerusalem together heading for the youth hostel. As we approached Jaffa Gate he was his usual exuberant self, singing and praising the Lord. I was trying my best just to fight off the fears of "open witnessing" like that. He was still singing loudly as we approached the steps of the narrow Old City street and before we knew it a young man coming up the steps, out of the Old City practically bumped into us. Hearing Joe he asked "Oh, are you Christians?"

"Yes, we love Jesus" we assured him.

"Well, I just got here from Chicago" the young man said. He was Ben, a young Jewish believer, didn't even know his way back to his hotel room, but had been looking around the Old City. Ben became a key figure in our life from that day on.

Ben moved into the youth hostel as it was cheaper and we could use it as a meeting place for prayer and Bible study. This we did together informally and irregularly at first.

Now Ben was simply on fire and wanted to move the whole world for Jesus. It was hard to keep up with his vast and far reaching plans and leadings. We had sweet fellowship together and he confided in us and our family. He felt the Lord wanted him on Mt. Zion at the ultra orthodox Yeshiva (school) there. We held our breath and said "If you are sure!"

It was quite an experience. At first they took his Bible and locked it up and insisted that he wear a kipa (skull cap) and keep other traditions. Ben went through many hassling experiences the few weeks he was there but he left a lasting and good testimony at the Yeshiva. Truly they saw Jesus.

Finally, he broke away and made it to the youth hostel. He was so starved for fellowship that we who were there sang with him as he requested. The next evening he said he "just wanted to go to the Wailing Wall and pray." He was followed by several Yeshiva students, feeling intimidated, he began singing "I have decided to follow Jesus, I have decided to follow Jesus." We had prayer together there as the Yeshiva students looked on.

One day when I got together with Joe he told me of a new young man he had met at the hostel and said "You must meet Ken. He loves the Lord but is a bit bound by intellectualism." I met Ken who was to become one of the strong pillars of the youth fellowship group which was developing, a very faithful soul winner in Jerusalem.

Joe and I shared about the Baptism of the Holy Spirit with Ken and the Lord helped Ken open his heart and receive it through the ministry of other saints in Jerusalem. Now Ken was sold out for Jesus, totally seeking to serve Him. He had come

through some bitter experiences as a soldier in Viet Nam and the Lord spared his life and saved him. His home upbringing had not been in a God fearing home. We were soon meeting on a regular basis for prayer and Bible study at the hostel and each of us daily was sharing Jesus with those we met.

One morning while driving to Jerusalem an unusual thing happened, a tune and words started to come to my mind. It was as if the Lord was teaching me a new song. All of the words were from the book of Romans, it could be called the Roman Road song.

For God so loved us, while we were sinners
Jesus our Lord, He died for us. (Rom. 5:8)

For as by one man sin entered the world,
so by one Man it's taken away, (Rom. 5: 12 & 19)

For sin brings death, but Gods gift is life,
through Jesus our Lord, so take Him today. (Rom. 3: 23)

If we confess that Jesus is Lord, believe in our hearts,
we shall be saved. (Rom. 10:9)

Then neither life nor death, nor things past or present,
from Jesus our Lord, shall take us away. (Rom. 8:38)

For all things work together, for good to those who love Him,
who are the called according to Him. (Rom. 8:28)

There's now no condemnation, to those in Christ Jesus,
who walk in the Spirit, with Jesus their Lord. (Rom. 8:1)

By the time I arrived at Jerusalem and parked the car, the whole song was running through my mind. It was a thrill and a blessing to get that song. I was still singing it as I walked through the Jaffa gate and down the narrow street to the youth hostel. I had hoped to meet several young people in the kitchen, but

because it was early morning yet, only one person was there. An elderly Jewish woman was preparing her breakfast, her back pack there beside her showed that she was traveling just like the young people do. After some conversation I asked her "can I sing you a song?" "it's by a Jewish author", I said. (Paul) She agreed and I sang the good news of salvation in Jesus, it seemed to touch her heart.

Things began to get a bit "hot" at the hostel and pressure was being put (or at least the owner felt pressure would be put) on the hostel if we continued to use it in that manner. We began to meet in a room nearby for our prayer and Bible study. This was far better as it didn't scare off youth in the hostel and we were free to worship and pray without interruption. But in spite of that, from then on at least one of the group, was living in the hostel, or doing physical work for the hostel and able to witness as the opportunity presented it's self, the Lord arranged that!

A young American Jewish couple who loved the Lord moved from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem and felt led to join us. They were very bold witnesses and had a wonderful anointing and blessing from their bold walk and witness. They had come from a Berkeley University background. Several came to the Lord there in Israel through their witness and testimony. Although there was a strain because of their doctrine and personality difference between several in the group and them, the common love of the Lord helped us work together. Often the Lord puts opposites together to expose each others' weak areas. Praise Him for it!

One day the young couple were walking down the street and

passed an elder Hasidic (ultra orthodox) man. The girl felt an urging from the Lord as they walked past she leaned close to him and said in Hebrew "Jesus is our Messiah and our Lord." He was touched and replied respectfully "Really?" It seemed that often just saying Jesus real Hebrew name Yeshua ha Meshiach, (Jesus the Messiah) would bring conviction.

There were many differences in the beliefs and doctrinal background of the group. We all were born again and had a zeal for witnessing and a love for the Word and prayer. We knew God had put us together and this kept us together for awhile. The lack was in love for each other. Each one though he knew exactly God's will for the moment and this led to sharp differences of opinions. There was also the "Who is the greatest?" type of attitudes, but it was such blessing as we stuck together in the Word of the Lord. The Lord was dealing with us, and we were growing in faith and love.

I found one of the opportunities the Lord gave there in Jerusalem was to get my foundations laid firm and to continue His work in my life. Often by counseling or dealing with a young person I would see their problems. Jesus would help their situation, but then reflected in my life, it often turned out to be an area of my life which needed to be touched. It was difficult also to serve as "umpire" for the group. It was exactly what I had said I didn't want to get involved in, meetings and gatherings while other souls are waiting to hear the gospel and millions dying and going to hell. I sort of detested the many missionaries there who, I thought, seemed to do little but meet with each other. You never saw them on the street. But God showed me their work

was precious work, even if it was different than mine. He also showed the love He has for the lambs and sheep, to see them kept and built up in Him.

One day as I was approaching Jaffa Gate to do some street witnessing the Lord reminded me to ask Him to have my angel arrange things and for the Holy Spirit to lead me to those I should speak with. Instantly I remembered I should visit a sick young fellow believer living near by that was serving the Lord there in Jerusalem, he had been witnessing and giving tracts in Muslim villages. That visit proved right and necessary. Successively, the Lord led me to two or three others, all of them saints. How He loves those who have given their lives to Him! And He doesn't neglect them in any way, even though He wants all saved. I found that much of my time there was spent ministering to the saints as well as being ministered to by them.

God works in wonderful ways! Little did we know or realize when we moved into the home near Bethlehem, all the Lord had in store. To begin with we had little concept of the Arab population. Our landlady was Arabic as are all people in the Bethlehem area people. This was the first time she offered her house for rent. It was a two story flat-roofed house. She lived there and wanted to still live there, just using one bedroom and sharing the kitchen. We agreed to this. She was from an influential Arabic family, her Father had been Mayor of Beit Jala (the area next to Bethlehem) until 1967. This brought us many interesting contacts in the Bethlehem area.

The house was close to and within walking distance of the shopping area of Bethlehem. We could walk to the outdoor market from which almost daily we would buy our fresh fruits and vegetables. The greatest blessing of the Bethlehem home was that directly across the street was the home of an American family with whom we became the closest of friends. They were the owners of the Bible Shop to which the Lord had first led us, and they were leaders in the church in Jerusalem. His dad and grandfather had started the work in Jerusalem many years before. It was such a blessing also for our children to have their two young children to baby-sit for and to love.

This American neighbor also was a great blessing to me in friendship. I admired his faithful trust in the Lord and willingness to put himself on the altar for the Lord. The fact he allowed a coffee house in his place put him in trouble with the authorities who held up his normal temporary residential visa for more than a year with continued threats of not being renewed. This he quietly endured and not only put up with but rather became actively involved in the youth work and witnessing. The group of young people and I accepted him as an elder since we were not submitted to any other church. He was an elder or leader in the Thursday fellowship of churches and believers of Jerusalem.

The Arab neighbors were very friendly and kind. They made us feel at home. There were many young children and several young adults among the families, most of them spoke at least some English. This stemmed from the parents who saw the increasing Moslem population of the Bethlehem area as a threat.

Up to 1948 the area was mostly Arab Christians, (Greek Orthodox or protestants) but with the war in 1948 the Moslem Arab population shifted. Some ended up in this area. Their birthrate was phenomenal, on the whole West Bank, of the total Arab population the Christians are only a small minority. In the year we were there thousands of children were born to Moslem parents and only a couple hundred born to Christian parents.

Sometimes Christian Arabs would ask me "Why did you come all the way from America to tell us about Jesus, you know He was born here." Some did indeed know Him as their Lord and Savior, but they would confess to me that only a small percentage are probably "born again." So when we started a "Good News Club" for children we sang songs, read Bible stories and called for a personal commitment to repent, take Jesus as Lord and Savior. We were thankful for some wonderful Arabic Christian young men to help with the translating. George, Jack and Mazen and Ramsey they had a personal experience with Jesus and they willingly helped. The young girls were eager to read the Bible story in Arabic, and especially to select one of their own.

The sessions were always quite noisy since we were not accustomed to imposing the very strict "hit them on the head" discipline they were used to in school. Still the Lord blessed and at the end of each session we would give an invitation to receive Jesus as Lord and also have prayer for anyone of the family who was sick. At the end of one session I asked for a show of hands and all of those who would like to receive Jesus as Savior and Lord. Peter's hand went up. I said "But Peter, you

already asked Jesus into your heart."

"No" the children shouted "He wants you to pray for his leg."

"Oh" I said, trying to appear unshaken. Peter had polio when he was a small child, this caused his one leg to be at least 2 inches shorter than the other and always we would see him walking by with an excessive limp, hobbling from side to side. Well we had said "Jesus is alive and the same today and strong, still doing miracles" so they believed it. The problem was with me. I said to myself "Lord, you just are going to have to do it." I never had this happen before. I called Peter forward amidst noise and confusion. We brought a chair and asked him to sit down. He was soon surrounded with children. This was the only way I had seen it done, so as he sat there I first held up his two legs comparing the length. Sure enough, a great and obvious difference could be seen. Then I put my one hand on the short leg, just above the knee and raised my other hand in the air and called on the Lord Jesus to lengthen it.

Immediately I felt the strange sensation under my hand which was grasping the leg, sort of an internal movement in both directions. It felt so strange! I jumped back and stopped.

Oh, that I would have had the faith to continue! But I said "Come to the Friday evening fellowship in Jerusalem and we will pray further for you there." But even at that I knew his leg had grown some and I felt it. The next morning his sisters and friends came to our door to tell us how happy his parents were because Peter's leg was longer, now they were buying some new pants for him!

On another occasion an old Bedouin woman came to the home, she often did cleaning work for Hilda, our landlady. She helped at the house and at Hilda's Beauty Shop. Hilda was home at the time and they had some conversation in Arabic, I didn't understand a word. Hilda turned to me and said "She is sick. I told her you believe that Jesus can heal and you will pray for her." Well, there I was again and saying to myself "Lord, you will do it, its up to you." I put my hand on her forehead and said "In Jesus name be healed." I didn't know if anything had happened, they had some conversation and left. I left it up to the Lord. Later Hilda told me the woman came to her asking "Is the doctor home?" She said she was healed the first time and wanted to be healed again, of a different problem. Well, I never did see her again or get an opportunity to, but I told Hilda to tell her it was Jesus who healed her not me.

During the 1973 Yom Kippur war the lights in homes were supposed to be turned off in a blackout. During part of the time shops were closed in Bethlehem. Hilda decided to close her shop the next day and needed to notify the young man who worked for her. I offered to drive her there as it was dark and a rather long walk. The lights on my car were painted blue according to emergency regulations. We arrived at "Braheems" (Abraham's) home. He still lived with his parents and family who were Moslem. As I entered with Hilda the whole family was seated in the one room, watching Sadat of Egypt on TV. He was being interviewed during the war and was angry, screaming. The audience was obviously in accord with him. Suddenly, amidst the constant noise of blasting TV and several normally

loud conversations in Arabic, Hilda turned to me and said "He will pray for you. He believes Jesus can heal you." She was speaking to the mother in the family who was there. She was sick. It was the most unlikely atmosphere for prayer, but I felt it was the Lord doing it so after she agreed, so in spite of my fear and reluctance I walked over to her and prayed in Jesus name. We left there with good will and good feeling, the family was very warm and open. Again, it wasn't until a few months later I knew what had happened. As we had a guest in our home, Hilda began telling him in English about the incident. She said the mother was healed that moment and the Moslem family was very happy about it. All praise to Jesus!

Braheems himself was reading the copy of the Enjeel (Arabic New Testament) and was getting blessed. Praise the Lord!

We praise God for his work among the Arabs. We met among them some dedicated and Holy Spirit filled people who loved the Lord. There were also missionaries dedicated to bringing Arabs to Christ. Always of course, when an Arab came to the coffee house, was the deep conflict in their minds of "the Jews, our enemies."

Sometimes young men came into the coffee house, obviously looking for a young girl, would claim to be Christian. I would say "You can't be a Christian and hate the Jews." Several times we ended up with both Jews and Arabs in the coffeehouse and in the car on our way home. We often had them stay at our house overnight.

One evening the depth of this conflict was illustrated as we drove home to Bethlehem after coffee hours. Staying with us overnight was Josie, the Jewish young man who believed in Jesus and was outspoken for Him. Also with us was Nabile, our Arabic young Christian. Nabile had just spent the entire day with some young men from the states, showing them around the country of Israel, even speaking Hebrew when needed.

Finally they came to Nablus, the city in which his family had lived and the fled from, during the war. They lost their home. Entering the city some young Jewish soldier said to him "Get out of here, you Arab" and comments like that. All of this Nabile took until on the way home that evening, Josie was thoughtlessly kidding him. "You are really a Jew". He took that for awhile, but finally he burst out "I am an Arab, this is Palestine and always will be." The next day they apologized.

Only a few Christian Arabs however, could really accept Israel as part of God's plan.

While we were living in Hilda's house we met her dad who was the former Mayor of Beit Jala (a town bordering Bethlehem.) In a conversation with him he mentioned that the Bible said the Jews would come back. He was one of the few Arabs we knew who really cooperated with the Jews. This seemed to cost him his popularity among his people.

I was surprised to find that the West Bank still had equal representation in the Jordanian government. I learned this in meeting one of the representatives and sharing with him. King

Hussein didn't seem popular with the West Bank Arabs I met, yet the Christian Arabs had some reserve about the P L O (Palestinian Liberation Organization) because they feared its ties with Russia and generally they were skeptical with anything tied to Russia. However, after the 1973 war the Arabs we knew had swung toward the P L O as their "only hope", various factors helped to bring this about as mentioned in chapter 10.

Once in our regular fellowship meeting, it was brought up that another home was available for rent, near where we lived in Beit Jala. I asked the group to pray about it because I felt it was meant for someone in the group. The lower story of the home needed repairs and rebuilding. After a month some in the group said "It's for you. I was getting the same word in my heart. Yet prior to leaving for Israel much of my life had been devoted to building, for my pleasure and for profit. Now I had said I would never build again, just spend full time spreading the gospel. Moving into that home would require much construction but finally I understood God had given me an anointing to build and it would help proclaim the gospel. So we met the Sha'hadi family, the owners of that home. There was a dad Musa (Moses) and Ima Jadallah (Mother of Jadallah). They had two boys and a daughter.

Jadallah, Khalid and Jamima. Ima was a midwife, stock, strong and of a jolly disposition. Musa was tall and thin, kind hearted and a plumber by trade. They lived on the main floor. The home was located on a hill, exposing on one side only, the unfinished lower area. The Sha'hadi home of old style construction made of stone blocks, hand chipped face. Walls were a full yard thick. In that lower area were two large rooms

which were mostly underground in the hillside. It seems and felt like going into a cave.

A thick wooden front door swung on huge hinges. A crude, metal, lasp lock and a sliding metal bar made it very secure. I had never seen such a large and heavy key, it was longer than your hand and shaped like an old fashioned skeleton key. The Lord had showed me to build an extra room on the front of that lower area, this would serve as a combination kitchen dining room and bath. We would use the current type of construction like Hilda's house was made. The walls were poured concrete and faced with thin slabs of stone. Right across the street was a stone cutting yard run by one of Musa's relatives. He took me there and it was interesting to see huge blocks of limestone and the saws which cut them into thin slabs. After being cut some of these slabs were textured by hand chipping the face of them. This could then be used to build construction which resembled the older buildings. We saw some men sitting around tapping away with hammer and chisel. Most of the current construction used the smooth surface of the cut stone as it was. There were piles of discarded small irregular pieces that were not suitable for regular construction. He said we could use as much as we wanted to, no charge. Together Musa and I began construction. We dug a trench for footing, mixed the concrete by hand and poured the footings. Musa then laid out the plumbing underground as necessary I was learning their methods which were much different than ours but very clever.

Much of the plumbing system was made by hand out of concrete. To lay up the walls we used some old form boards inside the wall and used the face stones on the outside, pouring

the concrete between them. This made a very attractive stone mosaic pattern on the outside. The inside would be plastered smooth with concrete after the form boards were removed. Once I caught on to this kind of construction I liked it and used the cut stone to tile the floor and make kitchen counter with home made sink and even a bath tub in the bathroom. We were also impressed with their wood burning water heaters and their solar water heat which one could see on most of the homes and apartments all over Israel. The solar heated water was provided by a grid of 7 pipes up on the roof. The sun heated this and it was stored in a tank in the bathroom. During the construction time a real bond formed between Musa and I, and between his family and ours. It included neighbors and relatives and they often came over to see what was going on. Musa and I worked and laughed together as we communicated through my non existent Arabic and his crude English. He would teach me the Arabic words and I would help his English. We moved into the lower apartment of their home, almost as part of their family. Joyce always cooked for us often Ima would appear at our door with some tasty Arabic food or dessert. Their son Jadallah was a very studious and proper son, doing well in high school. His life ambition was to become an airline pilot. The fact I was a private pilot gave us a common interest. Their older son Khalid was usually not at home and a real concern to his parents. The daughter Jamima related to our daughters and was about the same age. Ima's brother was the pastor of a large Lutheran church in Bethlehem. Pastor Niem came often to visit his sister and see the construction. We became good friends, and would sit together on the low stone wall in the front yard and talk about things of the Lord, and family things. Pastor Niem felt the Lord's

call as a young man and went to Germany for many years to study, then returned to pastor the church in Bethlehem. There was also a school under the church. We met some of the children from there. Pastor Niem had waited until after Seminary and until he was established and then finally married a lovely young Arab wife. They had two young daughters. Now however, a huge, dark, foreboding problem loomed over his life. He was dying of cancer and was taking "last ditch" cancer treatments at Hadassah Hospital in Jerusalem. In spite of all the latest equipment and medical know how they had given up on him being cured and were just trying to prolong his life as much as possible. The relatives weren't satisfied and felt if he went to Germany he could get cured. He was going downhill rapidly and while he was in Germany his sister (our landlady) crying, showed us a letter saying they had run all the tests and they confirmed that he was very near death, and there was nothing they could do for him. He might not even make it back home.

In my visits and conversation with Pastor Niem before he left for Germany, several things came to light. In the recent past he had spoken against the Charismatic and Pentecostal groups and was against tongues, healings and the like. But God was dealing with him on these very issues, and before he left for Germany he related to me his experience as a young man. He had given his life to Christ and went to study to become a Lutheran Pastor in Germany. Upon arriving there he felt strange and depressed. He began saying one word in an unknown language, he said it over and over and great blessing and joy and peace surrounded him. He found out later it was the word "grace" in German. Now

as an older pastor he found himself resisting and fighting tongues and healing. He was sick to the point of death. I knew God was dealing with him on this very issue not to resist what God is doing. He found himself in need of a miracle from God. His young wife and children and relatives also realized only a miracle of God could save him.

Pastor Niem did make it back to Israel but was very sick and was getting weaker. Suddenly he went for a treatment and check up (after his return from Germany) and had good news! The Doctor completed his findings and excitedly told him "Either all of my equipment is wrong or you have been completely healed." God is the same yesterday, today and forever. He was truly healed! I recently received a picture that he sent us of himself and his word of being healed, giving God the glory. We rejoice with him.

Sometime during our year of living with the Sha'hadi family, the Lord touched their son Jadallah and he switched his career to becoming a pastor. Now many years later he is the pastor of the Beit Jala church and doing a tremendous job with the youth. He married a German girl who was doing missionary work with the Arabs near Bethlehem. They have some children. His uncle Pastor Niem is now the Bishop of the area and saw his daughters grow up. He is always happy to tell the story how God healed him at the point of death.

In the front yard of the Sha'hadi home, as we walked out our front yard, was a terraced garden. There were various levels for growing homus (chick peas). This was one of the main protein

sources in their diet. There were also many olive trees and a grape arbor and a place to grow cucumbers, melons and some wheat. The terraced growing plots were so small and stony, the only way it could be plowed was with the age old method of a horse (or donkey) pulling a one man, hand held plow. Several times we watched this with amusement. These family plots of terraced ground was a common sight as one scanned the neighborhood, and in fact typical of all of the hill country of Israel. It didn't take long for our sons Dan and Bob to build a shack and find some neighborhood boys to play with. They were also learning a few Arabic words. When we left the USA we allowed our children to pack something they thought they would need. Young Bob figured he had included just the right thing, a couple of old barn hinges. So there they were, the main feature of their play shack's front door.

On our way to Israel our New York Friends the Albrechtsens bought the boys a GI Joe talking soldier doll. As you pulled the string I said encouraging things like "We can do it men." or "We will have to get there before dark". It was kind of like what Jesus said "The harvest is great, but the laborers are few," "I must work while it is day, before the night comes. "

There was such a blessing of being there together as a family. People instantly warmed up upon seeing Dan's shy smile, or the girls with their long hair and long dresses. They all glowed and radiated Jesus' love as they traveled to school or to the market place. They enjoyed babysitting American family's two young daughters.

Johnny the Wood Carver

The whole mountain top ridge east of Bethlehem, ran north and south and it included Jerusalem and northward. It went southward to Hebron and the Negev Desert. To the east of this ridge the land fell off very sharply into the Dead Sea and Jordan valley. to the west the land descended more gradually as it came into the foothills and the coastal plain and finally to the Mediterranean Sea. At one high point, north of Jerusalem, on a clear day you could look eastward across the Jordan Valley and see the ascending mountains with the city of Amman, and could even see the roads with cars on them. Then looking west you could see between mountain peaks, all the way down to the Mediterranean Sea, so small is the land of Israel. Bethlehem stands on a slope of some of these peaks, ascending from the Shepherds Field, so called because of the Christmas account. There was always dramatic scenery that greeted your eyes. As you go out of Bethlehem westward, descending down a steep road it goes past our house, then up again to another high point. The area is called Beit Jala. Hundreds of olive trees dot the rock walled terraced gardens of the stone homes along the way. This high point was one of our very favorite viewing points of the surrounding area. There also was an Arabic school for boys, some of whom were orphans. From there the road narrowed and wound around descending westward into the valley where the David and Goliath contest took place. It seemed like one could return to those days as you walked among those ancient hills and weathered rocks. Often the old remains of stone walls could be seen.

We were fascinated by the crafts of the local people, clay

pottery and olive wood carved camels, donkey and sheep. We came to know the Johnny Gannin family who had their own olive wood carving business. They were such humble and loving people. The work he did was so dangerous. They would use open blade circle saws to do the rough cutting on the wood. This open saw blade came very close to the fingers when they held the small piece of wood. It had to be held just right to cut out the legs and head of figures being carved. One slip or the blade catching on a hard spot in the wood, could mean severe injury or loss of a finger.

The air was filled with thick sawdust and often he coughed from the Inhalation, dust and chain smoking habit. We brought friends there often. Johnny wanted to give things to us. But we ended up paying him a fair price.

There were many hippies who in their world travels passed through Jerusalem. A few stayed there for a long period of time. Although most young people passing through had long hair, we didn't classify them as hippies. Those we referred to as hippies lived their lives on drugs and lived in a world of idealistic philosophy in most cases, their use of hard drugs made them against any work of any kind.

The Israeli government of course, frowned on this type character and for them it caused only problems; drug trade, crimes, etc. These types were usually watched by the police and expelled from the country if possible.

During winter when the weather is cold in the hill country of Jerusalem and northern Israel, the hippies usually set up their "pads" in the south of Israel, in

Elat and along the coast of the Red Sea, south and on to Sinai.

At Elat the hippies pad was called the "Wadi" and it was located on the sand dune hills to the south of the city and overlooked the port and military base.

It consisted of shacks in disarray, constructed from anything that one could beg, borrow or steal. Old boards, cardboard, tin and such were used. It was extremely filthy but it was "home" to a good number of young people who ran away from home in Chicago, New York or rural America, as well as from Europe, South Africa and other countries.

A few hippies stayed all year round in this pad. The military tried to discourage the building of this "junk town" and from time to time raided it and burned down all the shacks. As often as once a year this happened, but almost immediately it would grow up again.

Our experience with the Wadi came about unexpectedly. We had read an Israeli newspaper article about it shortly after arrival in Israel. While living in the youth hostel we decided perhaps it would be good to rent a car and see the country north to Galilee and south to Elat, but didn't have any idea we would visit the Wadi. I rented a car and the next morning we were going to leave for northern Israel.

As I entered the youth hostel kitchen that evening I noticed an extremely hippie-looking person and my thoughts were "Lord, deliver me from him" or something to that affect. But I sat down and began to talk to him of his need for Jesus. He said he had just accepted Jesus as his Messiah while in Elat and he was here in Jerusalem to see the people who shared Christ with him. They lived in Jerusalem. He said he was returning to Elat in the morning. So it seemed the Lord had arranged this and we changed our plans slightly to go south first and he could ride with us.

Early the next morning we were heading out of the Old City of Jerusalem for the first time, south through Bethlehem, Hebron, toward the south end of the Dead Sea and then down the valley south to the port of Elat, about three or four hour drive.

We appreciated having this boy (Cookie was his name) along as he was a Sabra (native born Israeli). Cookie could explain the sights to us and we were all eyes and impressed with the barren land, rock hills, cliffs and wilderness.

Cookie was a Hippie all the way; anti government, heavy drug user, although he said he had quit drugs since accepting Jesus. He was extremely slow in starting on the new life in Jesus, just a newborn babe and reluctant to go on in the Word and drop his old ways. As a result he grew slowly.

A couple times along the way I asked Cookie where he lived, to which he simply said "Elat" and invited us to stay with him overnight if we wanted to. But we planned to return to Bethlehem the same day.

When we arrived in Elat I asked him if he lived in the youth hostel there; he said "near it." We pulled up near the youth hostel which was at the base of some sand hills south of Elat. When we got out he said "Don't take your camera, the military are watching and will come and take it." We followed him up over the sand hill and down another, then up again. Before our eyes was the "Wadi" with its junk shacks and trash scattered surroundings. We noticed a few hippies here and there; one group he said were some of the "Children of God". They were on a hilltop praying or having a service. We noticed also one shack with a banner flying from a couple crude poles tacked to the shack. As we approached Cookie's shack we sort of held our breath and asked for God's grace not to be influenced by the physical

circumstances, but rather be following God's spirit and be filled with Jesus' love. The first thing Cookie did after coming home from his trip of a few days, was to look over the place. Someone "ripped off" his bed he said. He woke up a buddy who was quite sick or stoned as he lay in his bed, in the "bedroom." The bedroom was only big enough for two single beds side by side with no walking room around them. Old plastic and canvas made up the roof and the sand was its only floor.

The only other "room" was the one we were in. It was used as the kitchen and sitting room. With a crude bench and table as its only furnishings, it served well enough. Cookie tried not to let himself be bothered about the missing bed. He offered us some tea. I'm sure Joyce's and my thoughts were "Lord, have mercy." when we saw the filthy tea pot and cups he picked up off the floor, looking like so much junk. "Thank you" we said and my daughters offered to wash out the cups which they did in the only available dirty-looking water. Our boys went with him to get some water for the tea. The tea was boiled over a crude fuel oil burner and we sat and drank our tea and talked. Soon others entered, a young girl from the states and another fellow.

"Lord, help these poor, lost children" we prayed in our hearts. We shared Jesus with them and told them of the abundant life He offers. But the girl said she was satisfied with her life. I knew she wasn't and later I saw her a couple times in Jerusalem. It was a reminder to continue to pray for her. We left there thankful for the experience and sensing the deep need of these hippies for Jesus.

"Pop" was a much brighter case, however. We met him about two months later. These nicknames were given by fellow hippies in the Wadi. "Pop" was one of the oldest among them and often took the initiative and gave orders, so he was called Pop even if he wasn't yet 30 years old.

Pop wandered into Jerusalem from Elat looking for the same couple who had introduced Cookie to Jesus. Pop had gloriously accepted the Lord. Before accepting Jesus he had a huge "Afro" bushy head of hair and unkempt beard. The Lord truly "zapped" him and he was just praising the Lord and reading the Word and following the Spirit. He cut his hair and shaved his beard as a sign of his new life. Pop came into Jerusalem that evening and had some rough experiences. Someone stole some of his things in the Old City and pulled a knife on him. He said "Before, I would have pulled my knife and fought, but Jesus reminded me and I loved the attackers. I let them have my things."

After this experience he sat on the wall of the Old City to ponder the happening. A young man from our fellowship went by and called "Jesus loves you" to him. He jumped down and came with our friend to our meeting at the Bible Shop in Jerusalem. How happy he was to be among believers! How he praised the Lord and after the meeting we invited him to stay overnight with us in Bethlehem.

What a wonderful guest he was as he shared with us his testimony and experience and how it blessed us to see such a miracle of God. Such a change only Jesus could do. Pop loved our four children. He showed the boys how to carve

crosses from Avocado seeds. He left us a present of a leather goat skin Bible carrier-pouch he had made , when his stay ended. He sold these normally, to earn money. Pop was a Jewish boy from England whose life had gone astray before God touched him. Later Pop returned to England and we received encouraging letters from him praising the Lord. We knew he went on with the Lord. Over a year later when we left Israel we went through Europe to England and Pop was one of the first ones we looked up. We stopped at a large home and rang the bell. A lady answered and invited us in, she lived with her husband and children. They rented rooms to believers. Pop rented one of these rooms. We enjoyed sweet fellowship and sharing.

Later Pop came home and we praised the Lord as he shared that his sister was now saved from a life of deep trouble and depression. How we thank the Lord for her new life. Pop shared with us the most painful story I have heard about what happened to him between the time we had seen him in Israel and his return to England. For over an hour he told of God dealing with his life in sickness, hunger, and narrow escapes with death.

On one occasion while he was money less and was trying to get through Yugoslavia, he went along the coast and out to one of the offshore islands and thought he would settle down there, sort of reverting back to hippies tendency. The police picked him up and put him in a small dirty cell, where he praised the Lord and was later released temporarily. He was not able to leave the country until he paid a fine. He was on the street, cold, hungry

and penniless. By this time his hair and beard had grown and he looked quite hippie-like again. No one offered to help and no one spoke English.

Suddenly as he sat there on the corner, a big strong man almost picked him up and took him along with him. They proceeded to a fancy restaurant. They sat for some time but the waitress didn't want to serve a hippies. The big man called to the waitresses but still they wouldn't come. Finally he pounded the table and waved a roll of money at them and they came running. He spoke to them, but Pop couldn't understand, and a delicious meal was before him. The man watched him eat and then in the Yugoslavian language asked the waiters to bring him another meal! The man left and later Pop noticed he had left a roll of money. Pop went the next day to the police with his gift of money, and it was exactly the amount he needed to pay his fine!

About a year after meeting Cookie and Pop, we had again decided it was time to go south, perhaps all the way to Mt Sinai. This time we had our own car. The gas price was continually rising and was already over \$2 per gallon. We figured we should go now and we needed our annual vacation and family retreat.

That evening at the Bible shop we met another Jewish boy who had been in a deep hippies life. He had met the Lord through this same couple in Jerusalem on one of their trips to Elat. They had some very unusual doctrines; we considered weird doctrines, their belief in dispensationalism, where you couldn't use most of the Bible because it wasn't meant for this dispensation. They ended up using only a few of Paul's books

since this applied to the[“]present dispensation.[”]

They did have a good initial salvation teaching, spoke of heaven and hell and the Lord used what they did have. They loved the hippies and felt called toward them. They put themselves on the line for God. Some of our group had met the young man in Jerusalem and he came to the evening meeting. When we spoke to him he sensed his need to forsake his old practices of drugs, sex and witchcraft. We prayed with him for deliverance and breaking with these. He also said he wanted to be water baptized since he never had been. He wanted to be baptized at the Red Sea at the hippies pad where he had been staying. As this was in the Sinai where we were headed anyway, we said "Praise the Lord" and "You can ride with us." The next day our family packed up and headed for the Sinai with our friend.

We arrived at the pad which was a large sand area bulging out into the Red Sea. There were several palm trees. Part was occupied by an Arab Bedouin tribe. There were several hippies pads, each located under a palm tree. Palm fronds were stuck into the ground forming a wall or fence around their "home". Usually several people lived and slept in each pad. We set up our small, crude tent under a palm tree and our children especially enjoyed this camping out experience, and I did too.

The next morning our friend wanted to be baptized and he made a most unusual request. He wanted to be baptized in the nude! I did some quick silent praying and to my surprise God gave me a calm and willingness to comply with this strange request. I requested my family stay at the tent. The two of us

walked to the water then. I read the Scripture, we prayed together. I had my swimming suit on and he removed his. We went into the water, I kept my eyes on Jesus. I dunked him under in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Spirit and prayed in Jesus name. As he came out of the water he literally flew upwards, landing in my outstretched arms. Such a blessing he received from the Lord! He couldn't express it in words. I witnessed it and all that day the Lord gave him a deep baptism of repentance and prayer. He spent the whole day alone with his Lord in repentance, prayer and praise. While he was alone I spent the day in the hippies pad where he had stayed. The leader was a boy from France who had been giving out Bibles and tracts. He and his girl friend also, in some way, had been touched by Jesus a short time before. They were just babes in the Lord and still following their hippies life. I shared with them from the Word of God and experiences in life, then left them more Bible and tracts. May the Lord lead them into all truth. I saw the Lord, gentle Shepherd, leading them out into green pasture.

“Jews For Jesus” Coffee House in Jerusalem.

Ben, our young Jewish friend, decided he simply must open a coffee house in Jerusalem. The other friends and I groaned after his continual insistence that this was what the Lord wanted , and so he was going ahead on his own. Then we decided we would dive into this also.

He approached our neighbor who owned a bookstore. He didn't know Ben, but he graciously agreed to it if I would be responsible for it. So we opened (according to the Jewish Press) a “Jews for Jesus” coffee house. In some ways it was in an ideal location in the meeting room of the Bible Shop, yet in other ways it was the most dangerous place. The location was right on the edge of “MaiSharim”, the most famous location of the extreme ultra orthodox Jewish community. Indeed, in the recent past the Bible shop had on more than one occasion been painted with swastikas. Both the shop owner and us understood the Jewish misconception and pain of Hitler's madness, they thought he was Christian and that all Christians hated the Jews. We tried to explain that Hitler wasn't a follower of Jesus, and that Jesus' real Name in Hebrew is Yeshua, the Name of the promised Messiah. The Bible shop was literally flooded with curious Israelis and for several months the blessings just flowed and were we busy! Each day we would meet for prayer and Bible study in the Old City. Then in the evenings until midnight, we would be in the coffee house.

In our group at that time were a young Jewish couple from

the States. They were a great blessing and very bold witnesses to Jesus. Powerful in the Spirit and Word of God, they never wasted time but helped us serve coffee, cookies and Jesus! Through their witnessing (and others with them) many lives came to Jesus.

On several occasions God touched through prayer for healing. There were several baptisms. The first one I recall as a young Israeli University student "Arie." He came in one night and we saw him arguing with some in our group, using a lot of intellectual arguments. Two of us noticed this and prayed quietly together for him and then walked over to the table. In Jesus name we bound down the "spirit of intellectualism." The next evening was Friday. On that night each week, we held a service instead of the regular coffee house being open.

The young preacher had just finished a powerful sermon and the door opened, in walked Arie. The young preacher said "I feel there is someone here tonight who wants to give his life to Jesus." Arie stood in the back, paused for a moment and then quickly came forward. They prayed with him and instructed him on baptism. He wanted to be baptized right then. It was already late, almost midnight. As many as could packed into my car and we headed for the Pool of Shiloh. We entered the fenced area and the gate was open. Also the gate at the head of a tunnel descending steps leading to the pool at the source of Hezekiah's tunnel was open. Later I learned they normally lock these gates at sunset.

Before we entered the steps leading down the tunnel and to

the pool, we realized we would need a flashlight. I brought it, together with my Bible and the small group proceeded into the darkness. Halfway down the steps my dim flashlight faded and died. "Oh, Lord" we prayed. Then Arie said "I have a new battery in my pocket, its for my motorbike." I was a larger square shape, not able to fit into a flashlight, but I removed the top of the flashlight bulb assembly and fastened it to the battery and had powerful light. We praised God for this sign and miracle. We proceeded down the steps.

After a brief prayer and reading scripture, we entered the cool water, deep down under the ground. Arie emerged from the water, hands raised, praising the Lord. We also praised the Lord as we drove him home in the early hours of the morning. He was soaking wet so he asked us to drop him off at a friends house so his parents wouldn't ask questions. Praise the Lord!

It was not uncommon to meet a person or family with a similar story to ours. In some special way God had called them to leave all and come to Jerusalem. So much so that the ultra orthodox Jewish people thought some huge, well financed organization in the USA, was sending all these people over. They occasionally blamed it on the Jews for Jesus, and we were labelled as such, even if we hadn't before that time heard of that organization. Only one of the Jewish young people in our group had contact with them.

Of those called to Jerusalem, Freddie was another case in point. While growing up in the USA he had fallen into the Hippie Movement with his typical anti war flower power. Yet, while

being a hippie, before he knew Jesus, he had an unusual dream. In the dream he was in military uniform sitting with a group of soldiers in a tent, witnessing to them about Jesus. Shortly after that he became a Jesus person and found a new and abundant life in Jesus. He loved to pray and worship, always talking about the Lord. Then Freddie felt a deep urge to come to Israel and that is where we met him, shortly after he arrived. He said he came with only one dollar left in his pocket. As he processed in the usual events began to happen, they made him a citizen and drafted him into the military. This was a miracle because according to Immigration Law, his mother had to be Jewish. In his case his dad was Jewish but his mother was not. Now he was fellowshiping with us and came to our home often to be part of our family. He had to go to train in the army from time to time. Sure enough there he sat in the army tent witnessing to the other soldiers as he had seen in his dream. Several times he came in his military uniform to our house in Bethlehem. I gasped to think of what reaction our Arab landlord and neighbors would have. But Freddie just glowed with Jesus love to Arabs and everyone.

Several years later Freddie ended up marrying Rachael, the Russian Jewess we met after the Bible Shop fire.

Jewish Defense League (JDL) Encounters

The encounter began very early as the group formed, even before the coffee house was opened. While most of our activity was still at the youth hostel, the militant JDL (Jewish Defense League) began to penetrate our group. This JDL was well

known for its radical violent action on behalf of Zionism.

A young Jewish boy met Ben and said he accepted Jesus. I couldn't discern or judge whether he had or not. The Lord even used this for good. He did seem rather mixed up to me, others in the group said "He's a spy." However, I felt we must give him the benefit of a doubt and just trust the Lord. He was in on much of the information and coffee house plans before it began.

We later praised the Lord for all of this because as long as he was pretending, he had to listen to the Scriptures and the reasoning from the Word as presented over and over. In his ultra orthodox life he wouldn't even have listened to the first word about Jesus.

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Each night at 7:30 the coffee house opened. God blessed abundantly and it was filled and busy with people from the streets who were invited in to have Jesus and coffee. Soon there was another J.D.L. young man, minus the ultra orthodox trappings, came in to spy out the place and pretended interest. While their only motive was to burn the place down or blow it up, most would pretend interest in the Scriptures. Others would debate and we reasoned with them from Old Testament Scriptures about Jesus. In the meantime they saw Jewish hearts being touched by Jesus and some were getting saved. For many evenings "Barry" (he called himself) would come in pretending interest. Finally one evening he came in but not alone! No less than 40 young people were with him and packed into the room. We tried to seat them and appear calm, offering coffee and cookies. We saw we were in for trouble and took the matter to

God in prayer. God assured me "Just trust and praise me and I will act."

Among them was a young Jewish lady who had been coming in each night with Barry, claiming to be a believer. She approached me and said "Barry has just accepted Jesus and wants to talk to you." Barry said to me "I just accepted Jesus and I would like to tell these people about it." It was obvious he was not sincere then and only wanting to cause trouble. With a silent plea to God for help and wisdom I said "Not tonight, maybe next time."

At this he jumped up and came to the front of the room and stood beside me. "I just accepted Christ" he started but then began to speak violently against us and Jesus at which time all 40 of his group put kipas on their head (Jewish skull cap) and other orthodox identification. Barry was screaming and turned to me and said loudly "Is it true if a Jew doesn't accept Jesus he will go to hell?" I thought "Wow" in my mind and finally said meekly and clearly "Yes." Now the strangest thing happened; instead of this causing angry shouts enraging the people as intended, a momentary hush fell over the crowd. The Holy Spirit had preached a sermon far more powerful than I would ever have dared and it hit deep into hearts. After a moment Barry again stirred up the group, others jumped up and began to try to incite and cause a riot or destruction. Some grabbed Bibles trying to tare them up or light the pages on fire. Others pushed each other to try to start fights.

There were present that night about five or six of us,

including some of my children, who always begged to come and help at the coffee house. That sent me praying "Lord, should I?" knowing the danger involved from the orthodox as well as other elements of street people. The Lord answered "They just want to serve me, I will protect them.." Always it turned out a blessing to see children loving Jesus and see their happy hearts. That night when the trouble began there wasn't agreement on what to do. Some wanted to call the police. Others of our group wanted to do this or that. But the Lord had shown us what to do "Just Praise the Lord". We began to say "Thank you Jesus, Praise you Jesus, we love you Jesus, we love them, we love you, Jesus loves you!"

As the attack continued we continued to praise the Lord and we saw God in action. Two people tried to push over a flimsy room divider, and looked at each other amazed since they couldn't budge it. Then they lifted up so hard one end of it went up rapidly, the other edge hitting one of their group who was standing there, and knocked him so hard he momentarily staggered. They returned it to its normal position. The Bibles they tried to light wouldn't burn, and they couldn't tare them either! Two of them tried to overturn one of the light coffee tables, they couldn't lift it, it seemed to be glued to the floor! They looked at each other in amazement, they and we were awed by what was happening.

Some in our group kept saying "Let's call the police." Finally I said "Okay. " But by the time the police came the JDL seemed glad to have an excuse to leave. They had experienced the touch of God's love and power. Instead of violence they saw peace and praise. As they left Barry and a few others said "We

will keep coming back every night until you close!" One of them said to me in an awe struck manner "You are good people."

The next evening seemed to come very quickly and we were again opening the coffee house doors. Our usual prayers and binding down of Satan had a bit more emphasis. The victory of the previous night was so wonderful that all we could do was to praise God and know we would have the victory this evening also.

Soon the JDL group began coming. This time only half of the previous group showed up. But this time was different , they just came in,sat down and reasoned about the Scriptures.

In the evenings that followed we noticed that the JDL group was approximately half the amount of the previous nights, until finally only two or three were coming in.

Through all this God had not only touched ardent Jewish hearts, but our hearts too, with a new awareness of His love, grace and power. Other encounters happened later but none so severe. One evening a month or so later, that same Berry, of the JDL, brought in a group of 20 or more young Yeshiva girls they came in and respectfully listened. it turned out it was a wonderful opportunity to witness to those 20 young girls. They actually asked the Jewish believers among us to tell their story which they did empowered by the Holy Spirit, telling of Jesus their Messiah! It was a beautiful evening.

On another occasion a lone young Jewish lady entered and sat down at a table near the door. We offered her coffee and cookies and began to speak about Jesus, telling her we loved

the Jewish people. We noticed her unrest and nervousness. Suddenly in a quick motion she reached into her purse, grabbed something, jumped up and threw the thing on the floor, stomping on it. We heard a slight "pop" the sound of glass breaking and saw her run rapidly through the door to disappear outside. It took us a moment to realize what was happening. A strange gas odor filled the room. It wasn't a stink bomb or unpleasant odor, just some other type of gas unknown to us. We suspected it could be harmful gas that had been sealed in the small glass capsule. Those of us in the room had been exposed to it so we prayed and took God at His Word "If you drink any deadly thing it shall not harm you." Mark 16:18 We continued our normal activity and none of us felt any harmful affect. Praise God!

Another evening just during opening prayers, the phone rang and the caller informed us that a bomb had been placed in the coffee house and was set to go off at 8 pm. It was already 7:55. We couldn't call the police that quickly and expect them to arrive and search. We made a quick search in the likely areas and found nothing. At 8 pm we were praying together and heard a car pull up in front. In rushed the police, searching here and there. Whoever called us also called the police in an effort to harass.

When three or four police officers finished their search they also stayed and talked with us and the Holy Spirit touched their hearts as they listened about Jesus. Before they left we asked them if they would like Hebrew Bibles, both Old and New Testaments, they all said they did and would read them. One said he was wanting to get one before but never had. We

praised God for again turning evil to good. Praise the Lord!

About that time a young Hasidic Jewish man, Moshe, began to appear at the door each night and sometimes two or three others with him. He was dressed in Hasidic head covering (furry brimmed, black hat) a dark long coat, side curls, hanging down to his shoulders. Other Hasidic features marked him as one of the ultra orthodox from Mai Sharim . He was rather violent in his purpose to dissuade people from entering the coffee house. Often he would blaspheme or grab a Bible and tear it up. Most evenings we would end up after closing by sweeping up torn Bibles and tracts he had scattered around himself and on the street. Sometimes he would send someone to get a Bible so he could tear it up.

Many, many different believers witnessed to him as he stood there night after night. He continued to level threats saying Rabbi Maier Kahana was a personal friend of his (this man was head of the JDL). Some good did come from his being there, often his antics would attract people and they would come in to see what his big fuss was all about. Some of the young Jewish street people would come in just because he told them not to.

Often he and his friends would harass us in the group while entering or leaving, occasionally he would run in, grab the kipas (skull caps) off those sitting inside. Jewish believers who dressed in orthodox manner were especially despised by the Jewish Orthodox people. They would also if they could grab someone, as they came out, and take them away for "deprogramming".

We tried everything! We took authority over, binding the devil, calling the police, everything positive and negative, but still they persisted night after night. Occasionally he would not appear. For a few days or even a week we thought we had the victory. Mainly we prayed God for His salvation and Moshe's change. But little change was really seen. We know God wasn't finished yet.

On several evenings as we entered Moshe was there to harass as we opened the doors. Often he would plug the locks by sticking in wooden matches into the keyhole. He enjoyed watching us struggle with them and taunted us to call on Jesus to open them. After a struggle the door would open. It never failed, we would open the doors in Jesus name, claiming God's protection and promises. We also claimed God's protection on my car which always was parked near the coffee house.

Several evenings as I was leaving Moshe would stand in the way and attempt to grab my red pin which said "Jesus Loves you". Finally one evening he succeeded. I hope he took it home and put it on his wall as a trophy, because each day it will remind him "Jesus does love you" and desires his salvation.

Although God had been blessing and there were those getting saved, baptized and receiving the Holy Spirit, there were internal problems in the group which the Lord was dealing with. The group was lacking especially in love for each other. Each one wanted to serve Jesus and felt he or she knew the best way and had a direct line with God. Even if we met daily in Bible

study and prayer, the walls remained up and God was dealing with us. Although several realized this we still felt we just couldn't close the coffee house after so many glorious victories over the Enemy from without.

The problem within is what what God wanted solved. Already a few leaders had left the group. A few days before the October War we noticed an unusual thing. The group of Hasidic headed by Moshe stood outside the door as usual we thought , to harass people entering or leaving, but they were now come in and sat down to discuss for the first time. Their decision was sincere and searching! One of them even asked for a New Testament in Hebrew, to which I replied "NO, you will just tear it up like the others you have."

He insisted "No" he wanted to read it. So I gave him a copy. The next evening just a day or two before the war broke out they came back. One said to me "This is a good book." How I praised God for His work on hearts. Now they sat around the table discussing the Scripture with Chuck and others. Truly it was an amazing sight!

During the war a black out was imposed on Jerusalem and other cities and many business were closed. This effectively closed the coffee house and others in the group breathed relief from the burden largely because of the internal situation of lack of love and maturity between believers. They were exhausted from physical and deeper spiritual battles. We did praise God for the many rewarding and wonderful experiences and instruction it afforded.

Shortly after the war things were returned to normal so I could drive the children to their school in Jerusalem. our trip usually took us past the Bible Shop where the coffee house had been located and where we still met for Bible Study.

One morning as we drove up the street to the Bible Shop corner, we saw a police car standing there and the shop doors completely open. When we came closer we noticed dirty water and wisps of smoke coming from the building. It had been gutted by fire! We parked and examined the destruction. The meeting room where the coffee house was held was completely gutted. Later we found out that two other Christian places had also been burned the same night.

We crossed the street to phone the owner from the filaful shop. We spent that day just trying to get a start on cleaning up the mess. As we did we saw again how the Lord turns evil into good. First, the neighboring businesses were sympathetic, offering us help which included the man from the insurance office next door offering to connect our electricity to his office so we could string some temporary lights to the place. This man had previously been at odds with the Bible Shop. That morning as we were working there to begin to clear the debris, several people stopped in no less than Teddy Kolleck, Mayor of Jerusalem, offered the city's financial assistance to pay for damage and his assurance that this hatred was not the feeling of the majority of the people.

A reporter from the Jerusalem Post Newspaper stopped in and began to question us. God touched his heart as all of us who were interviewed spoke with no regret or hate toward the JDL but spoke rather of Jesus' love. He asked questions like "Do you sing songs about Jesus, King of Israel?"

"O yes, we replied. He asked many other questions about Jesus and the work here. The next day the shop's owner bought the paper (written in Hebrew) and read the article and translated it. He rejoiced because it was the most exact and positive article ever to be written in a Hebrew paper, about believers and faith in Jesus.

That first morning after the fire the TV reporter arrived to take pictures and interview the owner. This was shown in Israel, Jordan and across Europe. The owner spoke without regret or bitterness showing what Jesus does to hearts, causing love instead of hate.

Among those who stopped in to help clean up were a pastor and his wife who helped mop water and clean up. There also was a group of young people and their leader who were at that time visiting Jerusalem from their army base in Germany. We praised God for their help. The second day after the fire, an older man stopped in and said he was a sign painter and would repaint the sign FREE for us. Some days later he returned with the nicely repainted sign. Those who spoke to him in Hebrew said he related this story. "I am not a Christian but I am against this happening to Christians. You see, I was in a German Prison

Camp during Hitler's time. In there I saw Christians suffering with us Jews, they were there because of their faith."

We asked what we could do for him and what was his name. He pulled back his sleeve exposing a tattooed number and said "This is my old prison number; you please pray for me by that number." Praise the Lord.

God had touched his heart.

One morning as we came to clean, there was a lovely young lady standing very determined in front of the closed metal doors of the shop. When we tried to talk to her she was unable to speak English and only a bit of Hebrew, but reaching inside her purse she pulled out something carefully wrapped in clear plastic. As she unwrapped it, we saw it was one of the partly burned Russian New Testaments she had retrieved it from the trash pile in the back of the shop! So precious was the Word of God to Rachel a new immigrant from Russia. More on her amazing story later.

Perhaps one of the most touching things to happen as a result of the fire was that we learned of the one who lit it. The week before the fire we noticed him come into the Bible shop and look around, he seemed especially interested in the store room loaded with Bibles in many languages, that room had a small window that opened to an secluded empty lot in back of the shop. He was a young Jewish man, a violent member of the JDL. That night as they made raids on three Christian places he was burned severely when fuel he was throwing spilled on him and ignited. We found this out later because a nurse who fellow shipped with us was assigned to his case. God works in

wonderful ways. She got to share with him as he lay confined for some time recovering from his burns. She also told us that his hate and bitterness towards Jesus had gone. Praise our Lord!

Many hands pitched together to clean and redecorate the Bible Shop which had two rooms. We were thanking God that the sales room which contained most of the Bibles only received some smoke damage because the door remained closed. As the outer walls were thick stone they weren't destroyed, only the meeting room and Bible Storage Room had been burned out. Several hundred Bibles however, had been burned or destroyed, most of them Russian Bibles.

That week the local believers from various churches and groups were scheduled to hold their weekly worship and praise service at the Bible Shop meeting room. It was decided to hold it there even though the room was completely burned out and empty. Amid the awful smell and fire-blackened walls, with only temporary lights hanging from an extension cord, we sang praise to God and glorified His name. Everyone there went home with a remembrance that lasted for several days--smoke smell on their clothes. But hearts rejoiced in God's grace and mercy. Later the city of Jerusalem sent in painters and workers to restore the room as the Mayor had promised. Many of the believers helped to restore it to use also.

Another amazing thing was that God spared the organ which was only a few feet from the heart of the fire. This organ still smelly, was needed and used at the Holy Spirit Conference held at the Binyenei Haouma Conference Hall and helped the

worship service where 3,000 people worshipped. Truly a "burnt offering" or a "brand from the burning" as nothing was needed to put it in shape but a few hours cleaning inside and out.

7 TERRORISTS BAPTIZED AND OTHER JAIL EXPERIENCES

Our first contact with jails and police came in the form of Andrew, a young Jewish believer and outspoken witness whom we met shortly after arriving in Jerusalem. Andrew had been involved in handing out tracts about Jesus at the Wailing Wall on Yom Kippur, the most holy and sacred day of the year to Jews.

That is about like poking your hand into a hornets nest. Although many believers there highly criticized the "lack of wisdom" by Andrew and the others involved, we thought "at least they were willing to be witnessing." We befriended Andrew. The police who were hot on his trail since he had overstayed his visa, found him and he found what it was like to be jailed. He was given a few days to get a ticket and leave. Another Jewish believer and myself arranged to get him a ticket so he could return to the states. That morning I arrived in front of the place where he was staying. I soon found out that he was gone. The police had taken him. An elderly Jewish believer said "You must do something."

"Poor Andrew" she said as she carried on emotionally. That day we contacted an active Jewish businessman of some

influence, Shlomo. Before conversion he was involved in police work and knew the Jewish police inspector. He arranged for me to meet the inspector.

We arrived at the large police office and after checking in at the reception desk were given permission to proceed to the inspectors office. Inspector Allen was both cordial and cooperative, being a personal acquaintance of Shlomo. The inspector served us coffee and said he would make all the arrangements for Andrew's release as soon as the ticket was purchased. He made a few phone calls and a day for release was arranged.

That day arrived and early in the morning I (together with my two sons Dan and Bob) drove to the police station to pick up the Inspector. From there the four of us headed to the Tel Aviv area to a small town called Ramla, near the airport. At Ramla was located the highest security prison in Israel, the one in which the terrorists and other highly dangerous criminals were placed. This also is the place where a few missionaries ended up. Among the prisoners there was one surviving Japanese young man involved in the Lod Massacre (which took place at the Lod airport when terrorists attacked and killed some people.)

It was about an hour drive to the jail from Jerusalem, this afforded a wonderful time to have conversation with the Inspector. I also was armed with several Bibles to offer him. He was a most understanding person and already had contacts in the past with many believers. I remember noticing on his desk a copy of Richard Wurmbrands "Tortured for Christ" a most unusual

book to be appearing on the desk of a Jewish Police Inspector. He said the real reason behind Andrew's being in jail was not because of his lack of visa, this was only a technicality used, but because of his active witnessing. Many stay for years without visas and never are approached by the law as long as they cause no problem to the police or Orthodox Jews.

By relating these incidents I don't want to encourage the reader to fear witnessing. Fear is one of the greatest spirits to be overcome in Jerusalem. I have seen in our stay in Jerusalem, many others witness, even at the Wailing Wall and not get in trouble and stay on for years and years. I think the whole point is to be led by the Spirit, to be walking with God in His Love, then we know whatever follows is allowed by Him for His glory and the good of ourselves and others. Other experiences related here will show that. As we shall see even when trouble came and they did end up in jail for their Jerusalem witness, God still used it greatly. Just as when the apostle Paul ran into the same situation in the temple in Jerusalem and ended up in jail. I would by no means condemn others who suffer the same happening.

We proceeded directly to the Lod airport police station. From there the Inspector phoned the Ramla Jail to check that Andrew was being brought to the airport. He was informed that Andrew was to arrive in about half an hour. We went to the lower cafeteria area of the police station and the Inspector ordered breakfast coffee and rolls for us.

Dan and Bob were always a great blessing to have along and the Inspector enjoyed talking to them. It warmed his heart. God used the children often to bless others. He gave such

blessing and anointing to them, with a complete lack of fear and only joy and trust bubbled over.

After more than half hour we began to be concerned because the departure time of the plane was getting closer. Finally the police truck arrived from the Ramla Prison and Andrew was released into the custody of the Inspector. We greeted Andrew and were allowed as much time as there was to share. Andrew was rejoicing after his hard jail experience. He had a chance to testify to those in jail, a most desperate situation for them. Finally, we rushed across the street to the nearby terminal building and barely made it through in time, after the Inspector bypassed some of the regulations and airport inspections. Andrew was on his way. His heart was tearing apart for having to leave Jerusalem, while he was rejoicing in Jesus His Lord.

My next contact with the police came because of a young hippies couple. I had met this couple in the youth hostel and witnessed to him of Jesus; however, he was full of extreme ego and pride, totally wrapped up in a trip of Eastern religion. His wife was more inclined to look toward the Lord. One day as I came to the hostel he said to me "I am in trouble and I don't know what to do." I sat down as he explained. He wanted me to come along with him as a witness. Since he lacked money, he had taken a job polishing stones for one of the numerous small trinket shop owners. These shops lined the streets of the Old City. They had agreed to pay him so much for each stone he polished. He felt he was riding high with an easy source of income. However, about his second day they approached him with an unsigned

travelers check saying some tourist had bought things there and forgot to sign it. They were stuck and if he would only sign it for them (they said they couldn't write English) they would appreciate it. He fell for it and forged the name on the travelers check. From that point on he was stuck and they had him "over a barrel." He had forged a check so they presented him with others to sign which were obviously stolen travelers checks. Indeed around the Old City several of our friends had passport and money stolen. My hippies friend finally realized he was in deep trouble and I realized it also. He was asking me to accompany him to the Arab merchant to witness the whole thing.

I did some real fast praying. I knew that I would be putting my life in their hands, interrupting such an affair as this. I suggested we contact the police first. So finally, reluctantly, I was following him down the steps of the Old City praying as we went. We arrived at a small jewelry shop and were welcomed. At first they played very ignorant. They wanted us to come in their back room and talk over coffee, which I emphatically refused. A back, dark room was further than my faith could go. There were three or four of these long robed men wearing turbans, standing around and who knows what hidden under their robes.

As the hippies reviewed the whole incident before them, I was the witness, they made excuses and sort of played ignorant and innocent of the whole thing. Finally the owner agreed to go to the police with us. The three of us proceeded to the police station. He was bold, as if he had the whole world on a string, which shook me up a bit. When we arrived at the station he immediately began to speak to the police in good Hebrew. The

policeman couldn't speak a word of English and soon it became apparent from the policeman's actions that he had informed them HE brought US and that WE had forged checks.

There I was and it looked like I would also be locked up. After several hours and deep prayer to God to intervene, the Arab merchant overstepped his bounds and the Inspector finally caught the picture and by afternoon we were out and the Arab merchant was in trouble. Praise God!

We tried to help this couple further by getting them a job in Bethlehem while they stayed with us. But even after many other rough experiences he was totally wrapped up in pride and Eastern religions and not willing to change, accept Jesus or the new life. We finally had to ask them to leave our home in their best interest, and we committed them to God. It had been a very trying experience for us and we prayed for more discernment in the future.

Shortly after this we learned that Arnold was in jail. Arnold was a middle aged

man with a family. He came to Israel several years before and was an active witness of the "bulldozer type." He had been involved with Andrew at the Yom Kippur Wailing Wall incident and also had been staying in Israel without a visa. He lived at the time, near Bethany in a rented Arab house with his wife and five small children. We had heard about him before he landed in jail and had met the family. His work before coming to Israel had been that of a wrecker and salvager. This also typified his tactics

which I believe God uses to break down walls, then once obstacles are cleared away, God sends in builders.

In his yard stood three tall poles (fifteen feet tall) with signs on the top of each "Jesus is the Lord" in Hebrew, Arabic and English. The present area where he lived was a solid Moslem area and several times he found his sign was smeared with paint and in Arabic writing were the words "Allah is God." Prior to moving there he lived in a solid Jewish area and the sign and poles were even higher in the air and in plain view. At one time a Jewish movie star type magazine did an article on him showing pictures of the sign. God used it as a witness to the street people who read this type of magazines.

Several warnings by the police and a deadline for his departure from Israel were ignored by Arnold and so one day the police picked him up and he was promptly sent to Ramla prison. His cell was located in the high security part along with the terrorists, deserters and Japanese young terrorist I mentioned before. There was concern then for his family and one young couple (American Jewish believers) came and stayed with them to help the mother care for the children. Others did what they could. Among Arnold's friends was a man we knew, Jacob an Israeli citizen. He was from Russia and had accepted Jesus 20 years ago, shortly before he arrived in Israel.

Jacob had a deep concern also for Arnold and was doing all he could besides praying, to help Arnold. The government stood firm on Arnold. The only way he would be released from jail would be if he had a ticket for his whole family to go back to

the States. It took some weeks to raise enough money for a family of that size and I believe his home church in the USA raised most of it. Finally the tickets were purchased and the date of release set. This allowed him one week to pack and get his things sold and in order. The Jerusalem Police Inspector arranged for Jacob and I to pick up Arnold from the prison.

Arnold didn't know until that very morning (after seven weeks in jail) that he was to be released. After waiting some time we saw him come through the guards and gates and we met him. How he was rejoicing in the Lord, singing loudly "Praise to God." It was clear to us before he said a word, that the Lord had the victory there in prison.

On our drive back to Jerusalem he shared experiences, interrupting with "Praise to God!" and expressions like "Father, we appreciate you." He told of his arrest and difficulty, of not even allowing him to take a Bible with him. He was located in a very small cell in a high security area where each prisoner had a single cell so small that with the platform bunk and toilet there was just room to stand up. Each day the prisoner would be taken out for exercise which provided opportunity to speak to other prisoners. During one such time he had opportunity to speak to and to share the gospel with the young Japanese terrorist, who spoke good English. The young man had lived in the USA while attending a university and was open to the gospel and Arnold asked if he would want a Bible, providing Arnold could get one. The opportunity came in the middle of Arnold's stay. When the American Consulate became involved, at the request of some of us believers, the Counsel visited the jail bringing with him the

requested Bibles. The American Counsel said "You don't mind if I give him some books to read."

A rather shocked Israeli jail official took a "bawling out" for jailing an American citizen who had not committed a crime, then putting him in the worst cell. Arnold was then offered opportunity to be moved to a better cell, which he turned down because he wanted to again contact the Japanese young man and give him a Bible. Arnold did get a chance to complain of the filthy blankets to cover with and these they later changed. The officials didn't dare to object under the circumstances. so Arnold received his Bibles and passed them on not only to the Japanese fellow but to the others who were interested. Praise God, He knows how to penetrate prisons and reach hungry souls. Arnold also brought blessing to several fellowships before he left Israel . He gave his testimony of the jail experience.

Harold was a somewhat hippies looking young man we met in the coffee house. He loved the Lord and was walking a clean life with concern for the downcast especially. He was trying to help one old soul with all the patience of Job. His visa was almost expired and he was having problems renewing it. He fellow shipped with us quite regularly and often brought the person he was trying to help along. I believe his dedication and burden for that soul was heard and the person will eventually be saved; but he didn't always see the fruits of his efforts.

The police made it clear that he must leave the country. Harold told us that he might leave for Tel Aviv any day to get a job for money to buy a ticket. One day he was gone. We thought it a bit strange he would leave his guitar and other personal

belongings and not inform the believers he was staying with, of his departure . But we didn't yet expect anything was wrong. Several weeks went by, finally one day a worker in the Bible shop informed me that a Jewish lady had come with a note for me. It said something like this "This is from Harold. I am in jail and haven't been able to contact you. Please help me. If you can, come visit me. Bring a Bible and some toothpaste and shampoo.

The Jewish lady who brought the note was the wife of a Rabbi and he was in jail for some printing activities and involvement with the Black Panthers in anti government activities. In jail this Rabbi Cohen was well received and even conducted synagogue services there. It was a low security prison, located next to the high security Ramla prison. The communist backed Black Panther organization was able to get uninformed sympathizers among the Sephardic (Oriental) Jewish people because they have certain complaints against the government about their rights and benefits compared with the Askenasic (European immigrants). Later when this Rabbi found the truth about the organization and left it, his life was threatened by the Black Panthers, then the police stepped in. Harold was at first put in that same low security jail and met Rabbi Shoshana there in prison and spoke to the Rabbi about Jesus. The Rabbi was interested, partly at least, because he wanted to get out of Israel and to the USA. But God was using even that motive to expose him to the gospel. He wanted an English Bible and would even take a New Testament! Harold said he would get one for him, but asked the Rabbi to have his wife take a note to the Bible shop in Jerusalem telling us of his situation. The Rabbi's wife spoke only Hebrew and I spoke only English. Through the Bible Shop

worker who spoke Hebrew and English, we arranged a date in which I would drive her to Ramla to take the Rabbi a Bible and visit with Harold. I had a slight visa problem myself at the time. I had applied for a visa renewal but as with most government operations, it can take months so I had the receipt of my application for extended visa on my person, but not my approved visa extension. I had hoped I could get it before the date of our visit to the jail. After fruitless attempts however, I could not hurry the visa office or obtain the official extension stamp in my passport. The day arrived of our proposed visit to jail.

That morning as I left home for Jerusalem I thought "Lord, I don't have a visa."

He just encouraged me "go ahead" so I met the lady in Jerusalem. I found out that the friend who was to go with me to interpret for me couldn't go. Next, we tried a relative of hers who could speak both languages, but they couldn't go. I tried another person but to no avail. We could wait no longer if we were to make the trip, so I really had problems! No visa, couldn't speak the language! But the Lord strongly encouraged me to go on. He could take care of it. I took along some New Testaments and other Hebrew tracts plus the Bible and shampoo Harold requested.

We arrived at the Ramla area and I drove to the parking place. Then I realized there were two prisons here, the high security one with high double cement walls, watch towers, high voltage wires and also a lower security type with only fence surround it. I was a bit afraid to just carry a Bible in. As we approached the security check the rabbi's wife spoke something

in Hebrew, the guard took her purse and we were admitted into the grounds of the low security prison.

"That was so easy. Why didn't I bring a few Bibles in openly?" I thought. I met the Rabbi and spoke to him. He informed me that Harold was not there anymore, they transferred him to the high security prison some time ago. The Rabbi wanted a New Testament in English, so we went out again and returned, this time with the New Testament. I left a few Hebrew tracts. The Rabbi was due to be released in a few weeks so he gave me his Jerusalem address and invited me and my family to visit him when he got out. After our visit with the Rabbi, we left the low security prison and proceeded to the back gate of the high security prison, a short walking distance away. With our communication problem she asked me something in Hebrew of which I only understood "Shem" or "name." I thought she forgot my name so I said "Duane". She turned to the Security Guard and said something in Hebrew and mentioned my name. He phoned and there seemed to be problems. He said "There is no one here by that name."

Finally (thank the Lord!) I realized that she wanted Harold's name and yes, he was there. So her whole scheme to get me in as a family acquaintance of hers was exposed, she didn't even know my name or the one we were to visit! Now if we were to get in it would be a miracle of God alone!

The guard seemed puzzled, he told us we must go around to the front to the main gate. As we drove around to it and parked I decided to leave my passport in the car, figuring since it wasn't

stamped anyway it was no value to me. As we entered the high security check point, the Lord kept encouraging me to trust Him and go forward. We waited our turn and then she spoke to the Security Police in Hebrew. I didn't understand a thing. I was holding the Bible and shampoo Harold requested and had some New Testaments in my pockets. She showed her credentials, identification and papers and they asked questions. Then the miracles happened. They allowed me through the highest security prison in Israel without even asking for my passport or any identification of any kind! Praise the Lord! I was not allowed to take the Bible or shampoo, it was strictly forbidden.

A guard accompanied us through several locked gates, through the barrier walls and into the prison courtyard. We went on to the jail building complex located in the center of the large bare courtyard and through several other security doors, past several guards. Finally we found ourselves in a small barred ~~room~~ waiting room along with a few others who were to visit their loved ones or relatives. The room was bare except for benches and was surrounded with bars and barred, locked door. On one side of the room was a small walled in room with several guards and small windows. It was into this room prisoners were led one at a time.

I didn't yet see Harold, but I watched as each prisoner was escorted out back into the cells and another prisoner was escorted to take his place beside a listening officer while they carried on a conversation. A wall and small window separated them from the person they were visiting. I could see through the bars into the next room where prisoners were seated on a bench, waiting their turn in the visiting room.

Then I saw Harold! As our glances met how our hearts leaped! God had arranged it. While waiting I noticed visiting wives and others trying to at least give their husband a letter, cigarettes or some small item, none of it was allowed except 10 lire cash (about \$2.00).

"Wow" I thought. "How will I give him a Bible or testament?" Finally Harold was escorted in. We embraced each other through the small window and wept. The guard assigned to us understood and spoke English. He said "you have three minutes." The Lord had touched his heart and he paid no attention to what we were saying and spoke instead to the Rabbi's wife who was standing there. I assured Harold we were praying and doing everything we could to get him out. I took a small New Testament from my pocket and asked the guard if Harold could have it.

"No" was the answer. "I'm sorry" he said. We pleaded a bit but to no avail. We shared more in prayer and conversation but the time was running out. But, God was deeply touching the guard's heart.

The guard asked "Is there something you have to give the prisoner, like 10 lire for cigarette money?" Harold didn't smoke. I said "Yes, but especially I wanted to give him this Bible."

He hesitated a moment then grabbed it and took it again to the main officer's desk and returning, handed it to Harold! Then he asked "Would I be able to get one of those in Hebrew?" I said

"Yes" and he gave me his home address. Later I mailed him the Bible and tracts. Praise the Lord! I watched as the guard accompanied Harold back into the confinement and my heart went with him. I praised God for what He alone had done that day.

We contacted the American Embassy in Tel Aviv about Harold and they assured me that he was due to be released as soon as they got all the details of ticket worked out. They had contacted his parents, in fact Harold himself had earned enough money and was ready to purchase his homebound ticket the night he was picked up by the police. He said he was walking in a park and the police picked him up and brought him before a judge, but he understood nothing. After a short time in Tel Aviv jail he was transferred to the high security prison. He said that life here was very hard, almost unbearable and asked special prayer for one particular inmate who was troubling him and threatening his life. He also related God was doing great things and some were getting saved.

After that neither the American Embassy or the Jerusalem Inspector could get the exact date Harold would be released and escorted to the airport. We wanted to meet him and see him off, but I did know that he would be leaving in a matter of days.

Some time later I received an amazing letter from Harold, now back in Texas. He told more details of his jail experience. He included the names of about six or eight Arabic prisoners who requested Bibles and several Hebrew names for Hebrew Bibles. He said the prison authorities promised to give them to the persons if we would mail them, which we did. He shared more of

his experiences. There were both Hebrew (deserters, traitors) there along with Muslim Arab terrorists, some from the Hebron area. One or more of the Arabs accepted Christ. One evening after he shared Jesus with the terrorists their leader had a dream and saw Jesus with the Bible in one hand and Mary standing in back of him. When he shared the dream several of the terrorists accepted Christ and he said "I baptized them." I never did figure out how he managed that, God has a way. It shook several of my neat theological thoughts on baptism and the idea of Mary being near Jesus was absolutely hard to take. But I praise God for His Holy Spirit's working in spite of our packaged theology. It is understandable that the vision was in a form relating to the Greek Orthodox background. The Christianity these Arabs had been exposed to was in that tradition.

We contacted the Rabbi's family several times and visited them for awhile. One of the Jewish believers in our group was invited to teach his children and theirs English from the Bible and new Testament!

We met Josie sometime during the first year in Israel. He was a Jewish Dutchman who immigrated from Holland with his wife. He lived along the coast but came to Jerusalem occasionally. He loved to witness for Jesus and had a miraculous testimony. He shared this testimony at the coffee house to orthodox Jews and others. Part of his background involved Orthodox Judaism, and "Kabala" (dealing with evil spirits), thinking it was to his advantage. At first he could use these evil spirits to his advantage to get insight on others lives and situations. But he discovered they began to want to control him and began to oppress him. At the same time he desperately hated Christians. He thought of them as Hitlers and Jew killers and against his religion.

One night as he came home he was sick and getting worse. He went to bed but couldn't sleep. He tried to awaken his wife who normally was a light sleeper, but he couldn't. He became too sick to move; as night went on he felt his heart beat irregularly and his body began to grow cold. He seemed to separate from his body into a position where he could see himself lying there, and beside his bed a door to a black pit opened. Out of it emerged an evil spirit whom he recognized. The menacing thing grabbed his leg and intended to pull him down into the pit. Suddenly a voice said "Call on the name of Jesus."

He said "Jesus, save me." The evil spirit jumped backward and stood there watching him. Then slowly the being advanced and

again took hold of his leg to pull him into the pit. Again the voice came. It said "Plead the blood of Jesus over you." He screamed "I plead the blood of Jesus over me." At this the evil spirit departed and the pit door closed. Slowly his body was returning to normal and he felt warm again. By morning he had the strength to touch his wife and she promptly awoke. After this he said he knew that this "Jesus" was stronger than the evil spirits and that Jesus saved his life. He said "I was hard headed and stubborn and I said 'God, if Jesus is the Messiah, you will have to show me from my Tenach (Old Testament) I will not read the New Testament.'" God did show him.

Josie would amaze Orthodox Jewish students with Old Testament Scriptures, showing Jesus existed before the world with the Father, that He is God and the doctrine of the trinity, the blood atonement and many other Scriptures, all of which were a blessing to me: In Genesis, the first book of the Bible, God showed Josie that the name "God" is always plural (In Hebrew "Elohim"). He showed him statements like "Let us make man...."

In Proverbs 8:22-36 Josie saw Jesus with the Father before the world was made. In Obadiah 1:1 he saw the trinity; "we" (God) have heard a rumor from the Lord" (Jesus). He saw in Isaiah 45:11 "Thus saith the Lord, the Holy one of Israel and His Maker.." Josie was shown that the name Jesus appears in the Old Testament many times. "Jesus" in Hebrew is Yeshua, which means Savior just as it does in English.

Here are other Old Testament Scripture verse he found: Isa .
12:2,3

read "Behold God is my Jesus (salvation) He also is become my Jesus." Then in Gen. 49:18 and 19 read "I have waited for thy Jesus, Oh Jehovah." Ex. 15:2,3 "He is become my Jesus; He is my God" I Sam. 11:2,3 "I rejoice in thy Jesus." Job 13:16 "He also shall be my Jesus." Ps. 91:16 "I will show Him my Jesus."

Within the Hebrew word salvation has the root word Jesus "Yeshua." Some Hebrew scholars would not accept or want to see the name Jesus in salvation because it is only the root of the word, but the name Jesus (Yeshua) is actually spelled out in it. Josie also pointed out that the prayer the Jewish people pray daily from Duet. 6:4 "Hear O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord" echoes pluralness (Trinity) and the oneness. This is brought out more vividly in the Hebrew language.

In our contacts with Orthodox Jews I remember one time I was going to drive to Tel Aviv and take Yosie home and had extra room in the car. At that time transportation was limited, it was the common practice for anyone with a car would give a ride to as many as possible. We prayed "Lord, please choose the right hitchhiker to pick up." Just at the edge of Jerusalem there was always a long line of soldiers and civilians waiting for a lift to Tel Aviv. We pulled up along this line, a police, who kept the line orderly, opened the back door and two people got in; we greeted them and Josie spoke to them in Hebrew. They were an Orthodox Jewish couple, a young rabbi and his wife. We began speaking about Jesus to them. He said he was the one who had just appeared on the Israeli TV program about "Jews for Jesus" and spoke against Jesus. He was acquainted with the familiar Old Testament Scriptures quoted by Christians to Jews and had

his answers. In our hearts we said "Praise God for answering our prayers." Josie spent the rest of the trip showing him Scriptures from the Hebrew Bible, proving Jesus as the Messiah, which he could not refute and didn't have the answers for. All he could say was

"I don't know." But as we dropped the off near Tel Aviv we saw the Lord had challenged them that day in the he same way as when he said "David called Him Lord, how is He His son?" We prayed for their salvation and we know God is able.

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9. A YOUNG MOSLEM SEES JESUS

One evening Josie and I met in Jerusalem and I invited him to accompany me to the Youth Hostel. We had a glorious time just sharing Jesus with the young people there. At 10 o'clock the gates were locked so we left. A short distance up the narrow stone street we felt impressed to stop at a friend's private home. The friend took in young people when the hostel was full. As we entered the room we found it full. About six young people, four of them from Holland and one of them Jewish, were gathered. I saw tears in the eyes of one girl deeply touched by Josie's testimony and witness. She felt her need for Jesus. He spoke in Holland Dutch to her and I shared in English with the other and silently praised the Lord for what He was doing. We left there shortly after midnight. We met two others on the streets and felt a definite witness to them also. We then walked out of the Old City to the parking lot. As we drove to Bethlehem we noticed a hitchhiker at the late hour and picked him up. It was a young Moslem Arabic boy. He couldn't speak any English so Josie spoke to him in a combination of Hebrew and Arabic, telling him of Jesus. He lived just a short distance beyond Bethlehem on the Hebron Road and we drove him up to his small refugee village. As we talked further he was fascinated by what was said and wanted to know where I lived. I drove back to my home and showed him its location, then drove him to his village I gave him an "Enjeel" (Arabic New Testament) and dropped him off.

The next morning Josie left early to return to his home near Haifa. Later in the day who should appear at our door but

"Husnie" the young Moslem we met the night before, he was very excited about something and asking for Josie. I was not able to speak to him at all but made him feel welcome, while I tried to get a neighborhood boy to interpret for us. None were home so he waited several hours until our interrupter could come.

As we sat there in the pleasant outdoor chairs I shared salvation Scriptures with him through our interpreter, how "all have sinned" and that "God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whosoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life" and a few other Scripture verses. I observed he seemed to be receiving the Word and I asked him if he would like to accept Jesus as His Lord and Savior.

To my amazement he said "Yes, I do." We prayed there and Jesus entered. He was "born again." After this he began to speak in Arabic to my friend. He related what had happened to him after we first met. He said "after you dropped me off I entered my simple one room concrete refuge hut, and sat down, opened the book you gave me and read a few lines, but I was very tired closed it putting it beside my bed. About three A.M. I awoke. I knew I was wide awake. Right before me in my room was in living three dimension, I saw, Jesus on the cross, suffering and dying. I tried to talk to Him but He just kept on suffering there." So vivid and real was this experience to him that he related it several times after that in testimony at different places, but most of all Jesus touched his heart and he was willing to accept Jesus in spite of his strict Moslem upbringing and the danger to his life by relatives and friends if he became a Christian. We learned that it cannot only mean rejection of family if a Moslem becomes a Christian, but can mean death.

Later we told Husnie of his need to be baptized. He desired this and we drove to Jerusalem, headed for the ancient pool of Shiloh. With us were a few friends. The pool was located near the Old City in the heart of the Moslem section, attended by a Moslem caretaker. At the edge of the pool stands a mosque and minaret. Thankfully, this time as we entered, the caretaker seemed not to be there. I began to read the baptism Scriptures and pray. This was interrupted by the noise of the periodic Moslem prayer chant--blasted by loud speakers from the minaret tower.

I prayed silently "O, Lord, what now? Will this make Husnie back out?" But there was no hesitancy or backing out on his part. He warned to get in that water! I encouraged him to wait until the prayer chant ended, then we went down in to the water in a glorious baptism in which the Lord deeply touched him. Praise and Glory be to Jesus

10. **A MIRACLE WAR OCT 73 Yom Kippur**

IN OCTOBER 1973 during the middle of our two year stay in Israel, the Yom Kippur war broke out. The night before was our regular fellowship evening for various believers in the Jerusalem area. We had to drive the long way around the Judean Hills on the Old Arabic road to get to and from Jerusalem. On the most holy day, Yom Kippur Day of Atonement, the main road between Bethlehem and Jerusalem was closed as were all roads leading to Jerusalem. No traffic was allowed in any part of the city. During a normal Shabbat (Sabbath day) there was traffic allowed in all areas except the ultra orthodox ones as Maisharim. That evening we drove into Jerusalem on the Arabic side, around the Mt of Olives past the Garden of Gethsemane, through the Kidron Valley, then up its other side near the East Wall of the Old City with its sealed "Golden Gate." We parked on the north side of the Old City of Jerusalem in the Damascus Gate area. From there only a few short blocks walk brought us into the Jewish area. It was dark and we walked through the barricaded streets, past several small synagogues. We could see the services in progress. The Rabbis with their special dress lead their congregations in this most holy observance. They had fasted this day and were making atonement for this year. The day before that we saw chickens being bought for sacrifice. We made our way a short block or two farther to the meeting place chosen for this night. Soon many believers from the Jerusalem area, as well as a few visitors had assembled and were beginning to praise and pray as they waited for the service to

begin. During the service it became clear, several witnessed to it, that we should have a special night of round the clock prayer for the Jewish people on this most holy night. Several felt something special was going to happen I also felt this but was anticipating a revival instead of a war. After the service with its praise, songs, message and testimony, we chose the hours during which we would pray, each hour a different person or persons. We would pray and intercede on behalf of Israel and the Jewish people.

The next morning Israel and the world was shocked to find out that an invasion had begun. the Jewish people seemed to be in shock, dismay and confusion. They struggled trying to grasp the situation. In the meantime a huge army of tanks over ran Israeli defense, Syria, advancing from the north Golan Heights and simultaneously Egypt, from the south Suez Canal . they came, intending to meet soon in Jerusalem. With more than ten to one odds against Israel, and initial success, it looked like by tomorrow or the next day at the latest they would advance the rest of the approximately 100 miles to Jerusalem. The Arab people in the Bethlehem area where we were living also seemed confident and were saying things like "Tomorrow we will be Arabs again." Some of our neighbors were meeting in party like gatherings in their homes, their mood was very joyful.

As soon as the news broke of the invasion there was a big run on the stores to stock up on food. We also were tempted, figure that if these people had been through several wars were afraid, what about us? I found fear in my heart for self and family,

but God assured me we must trust Him and not to hoard food.

Our youngest son Bob, who was 8 years old, seemed the most affected of the children and his signs of unrest and nervousness showed. We counseled and prayed with him. After a few days' struggle with himself and his relationship to God he said "I am ready to die." After this we noticed that his fear and nervousness left. When he was ready to die, he was ready to live!

All shops and businesses closed early as a blackout was imposed in all of Israel's cities; Tel Aviv, Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Haifa and Tiberius. Near the Sea of Galilee sights and sounds of the war would be seen but at Jerusalem the most noticeable thing was the vast amount of Israeli armament speedily heading for the war front areas. Tank after tank rolled down the highway toward Jericho and from there along the Jordan River front to the Golan Heights area. A third attack (from the east) from Jordan was feared, along with the northern and southern fronts. Each day Israeli fighter aircraft circled over Bethlehem and headed for strikes on the Golan Heights.

The Israeli news reports the first days were deliberately kept positive to help keep the morale high, but facts came back from wounded soldiers in hospitals that it was a severe situation with Arab forces over running the Golan Heights in the north. Having broken the "unbreakable" Bar Levi lines on the Suez Canal with ease of rapid advancement of Egyptian troops and tanks, the threat was imminent. One doctor on duty on the Golan Heights told of mutilated bodies of Israelis overtaken in those first days.

Egypt's new Russian missiles struck a deadly toll on the Israeli aircraft. The Israelis were not ready for this. Their aircraft were used to coming in very low to miss the radar and missile detector, but the new Russian missiles picked them up and rapidly wiped out up to two-thirds of the Israeli aircraft. This early victory caused confusion in the ranks of Israeli forces.

There was an all out effort to get troops and tanks and other military gear out to the areas of attack in order to stop the advance. Many private vehicles were called into service to help get troops to the front. store keepers, school teachers and people from every walk of life dropped their jobs and business and made their way to the assigned units. This created a great void in the vital supply link for food and other goods, almost instantly also came forth volunteer to temporarily take the place of those called into service. Some helped haul food to local stores, others took the place of missing workers. Everyone helped! Young people, temporary residents, even people from the US and other countries, Jewish and non Jewish alike volunteered wherever needed. A friend of ours, Dave Waters, from the US was in Israel serving the Lord and helped haul supplies for the foot market in Jerusalem. Other believers drove their cars, picked up soldiers and took them to front areas, witnessing to them and giving them Bibles and tracts. They never knew if this war would cost them their lives.

This was our first experience of war so close at hand. I was first shaken by it. This caused me to do some deep soul searching and gave me a desire to encounter situations like this with total victory always. God's calm assurance was there "Don't

be afraid." And "Trust me. All will be well." Chuck and Elizabeth, Our American neighbors who owned the bookstore was helping especially those Israeli friends of theirs who had husbands on the front. Every day they would visit them, comfort and encourage them. Each evening they would meet with them. About the fourth or fifth day the small group assembled, it was made up of several American families living in Israel as well as the wives and children of two Israelis whose husbands were fighting on the front.

We had met to encourage and strengthen them. Soon the other Israeli wife arrived and with her was the husband! He had just returned from the front lines and had been given a break because he had been on duty continually without sleep for several days. We were all surprised to see him and after greetings we proceeded to sing and read Scripture. He began to speak and tell of his experiences. The longer he spoke the more he began to "glow" He was assigned to drive a bulldozer to help clear the way for the tanks. This put him out in front with no armament to protect him. I believe he shared about six incidents where his life was miraculously spared. Soldiers were killed by rocket blasts on both sides of him and his life was saved. On another occasion he told of stopping the bulldozer and being led to put the blade in a position which allowed him to crawl behind it, using it as a shield. As he did this he found several others had crawled under too and he began to yell aloud "Praise the Lord" as rockets hit nearby but they were protected.

At another time he was forced to stop the machine. Moments later a rocket hit just ahead of him in the exact position he would have been if he had continued. He shared the other

incidents and said after the first three days he was totally exhausted and depressed and cried out to God. The world of Psalm 121 "I will lift up my eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help? My help cometh from the Lord." He said "Lord just flooded me with joy, peace and strength."

We sat there intending to be a blessing to these Israelis and instead we were getting blessed by hearing this testimony. A few days later, at Chucks house, we met the other husband who had been given leave from the southern front. He also shared his story of the war in the Sinai (Egyptian front) where he was assigned to a motor pool unit. In the early part of the war his unit was advised by headquarters to retreat and abandon the area. He overheard the order, but his Sargent chose not to heed it. He was given instructions to go out and retrieve a stalled vehicle. While he was away performing this duty, Egyptian planes came in and wiped out the entire unit. Only his life and that of the soldier with him was spared. He said God showed Him the outcome of the war on the southern front. Watching the clouds he saw them part and an opening was made between them. This was exactly what God did some days later in the miraculous Israeli breakthrough in just one point of tanks who then got behind Egyptian lines and cut off their supply and surrounded the Egyptian forces. The bulk of the Egyptian army was surrounded and at Israel's mercy for food and water. Some of the Israeli forces went on to with in a few miles of Cairo.

Both of these soldiers mentioned were believers in Jesus as their Lord and Savior. Judging from reports like this I've concluded that Israel had totally lost that war the first three days

news quickly and deliberately tried to forget or change the fact that it was the Arab Nations who savagely attacked with the full intent to eliminate that people! Those Nations openly declared that , it was part of their policy and their battle cry. Our Arab land lord confided with us that in the 48 and 67 war also the announcements from the attracting nations was to first kill the Jews and then the Arab Christians. Yet most of the world media continues to lie and cover up the facts. Another classic example of this the later action of the P.L.O. in Southern Lebanon. After the P.L.O. was expelled from Jordan, it forced its way into the predominately Arabic Christian Southern Lebanon, causing a "trail"of abuse destruction, pillage' rape and take over of that area, forcing the residents to flee. Later, when Israeli intelligence revealed an imminent large scale attack about to happen they, with the approval of Lebanon and at the request of Southern Lebanon, took the necessary action, routing out the P.L.O. Then only was the extensive amount of armament they had collected discovered. Huge Russian tunneling machines had gouged out many tunnels in the cliffs, these were filled with tons of weapons and ammunition. Yet the major news networks kept it silent, a few of them even twisted the report, showing former destruction caused by the original P.L.O. invasion, and blaming Israel.

In talking to several Israeli soldiers after the 1973 war, we saw a shaken people asking "What do we do now?" They said "All the world is against us. What is our future?" We had several chances to meet and talk to these returned soldiers after the war. One day afterwards I was driving near the University and picked up a hitchhiker. I shared Jesus briefly with him. He had been a soldier on the front. We rode only a short distance and I stopped to let him off at the University. He got out and stood holding the

car door open. "I would like to know more" he said. "How can I contact you?" I gave him the address of a Jewish believer in the group. Soon after that he came to us and we were able to share Jesus with him more fully.

On another occasion we were returning from the Dead Sea but the radiator hose burst. A man on a camel came along and graciously supplied us with what water he had to share. It was barely enough to help us. We decided to stop at the water supply near Jericho a few miles away and get more water before attempting the 4,000 foot climb back up to Jerusalem. We pulled in and noticed a few military trucks there and soldiers, male and female, resting under the shade. Soon we saw God's purpose in the broken radiator hose. (I had always carried extra water except this one occasion I forgot). We questioned them about their experiences and heard them question us "Why, why is the whole world against us, what is our future?" We presented Jesus then and shared the abundance of hope in Him.

Although there had been no internal Arab uprising during the war, there had been a few terrorists attacks and some threats of terrorism. We heard of a terrorists planted rocket discovered on the outskirts of Jerusalem, pointed at the Keenest (Parliament Building). The Israelis were extremely worked up and old anti Arab feelings were causing them to act unwisely much of the time. We lived in Bethlehem with Arabs and we felt some of their hopelessness in the situation. The Arabs there, up to that point, and grown quite accustomed to "Israeli occupation" as they termed it. Most young Arabs as well as many Arab adults understood and spoke some Hebrew. Many had jobs in Jewish

companies in Jerusalem or owned companies. However, Israeli military personnel in the last few days of the war began to set up road blocks at the entrances of major cities and stop every Arab car and bus and search each one and the vehicle. This continued for a month or so. The young Israeli soldiers were in a state of hate and were rude to Arab citizens. We saw lines of traffic held up for hours. Arabs on the way to work in Jerusalem or Tel Aviv, old ladies, everyone was made to dismount the busses and be "frisked." The Israeli cars whizzed by the blockade without the delay. Our Arab landlady said one day "I don't believe it anymore. We never will be treated as equals. our only hope is the Palestine Liberation Front. This was a great change of direction as these Bethlehem folks were Christian Arabs, some of whom didn't even care for Hussein (Jordan's leader) or didn't want much to do with Egypt. They were deathly afraid of any Russian ties--but now were coming out openly for the Palestinian Liberation Front to the point of young people even waving PLO flags in front of their school. The police broke it up.

11. The Church in Jerusalem

We saw God's hand strongly in the Christian churches in Jerusalem. Many denominations were there. The Baptists had two active churches in Jerusalem, one especially for Arabs and one for Jews. Also the Lutherans had a large church and Martin Luther School right in the middle of the Old City of Jerusalem. (This was not far from the Dome on the Rock, Arab Mosque) The Lutheran Hostel where we first stayed was connected with this also. There was a large Anglican establishment including several churches and a complete school, kindergarten through high school which our children were enrolled in. Later I substitute taught for awhile here and Joyce did too. There were also many other denominations from many nations; Swedish Lutheran, Church of God, Pentecostal and Nazarene. There were several large Catholic Churches as well as very many Greek Orthodox churches and monasteries. Greek Orthodox was the predominant faith of the Christian Arabs. Also among the churches were two Russian Orthodox. These were divided into one holding ties to the Communist government and the other, the older Russian order.

My first impression of all these different ornamental and ornate churches was to avoid them. I considered them tourist traps and of little true spiritual value, especially the ones supposedly being built over the "holy site" of some event in Jesus' life. As soon as we arrived there God began working me over on that point.

During our early exploratory walks we walked with map in hand trying to locate a few important places. One of these walks

brought us out near the Damascus Gate. Walking a short distance from there we saw a sign on the stone wall. It said "Garden Tomb."

"Another tourist trap!" I thought. But we entered the short alley leading to a green metal door in the wall and went inside. Trees, flowers, a garden and peace amid the bustling city met us here. It was only a stones throw from the Arab bus terminal, a very noisy place. We had passed it and heard horns blowing and people shouting. We saw passengers trying to board the bus at quitting time. They pushed and shoved each other and I saw one smash another with his fist. The bus drivers were no better and seemed to think they had to clear the way with their horns. But inside this garden there was peace. The Spirit of the Lord seemed to hover there. We didn't know that this spot was well known as a spiritual center by Christians in many lands. We met John van der Hoeven and the rest of the staff. We saw the garden, viewed the tomb, and found out that each Sunday morning services were conducted there. We decided that we would attend church weekly in this beautiful setting outdoors, amid flowers, trees and rocks, in full view of the open tomb, to sing praises to our risen Lord. We were also richly blessed to hear the anointed messages and preaching.

John's messages always included salvation through the shed blood, death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. They included an emphasis on end times with a stern warning of the lateness of the hour and the necessity of being equipped with the Holy Spirit. John agreed with Basilea Schlink, Corrie ten Boom and Dave Wilkerson regarding the necessity to be ready to face

persecution and even suffer death before being "raptured out."

His messages also emphasized that there will be no denominations in heaven and that all born again believers should be one here also. He called for the regular denominations to stop criticizing the Charismatics and Pentecostals and get excited about Jesus and be filled with the Holy Spirit.

God held forth through this man to the thousands of Christians who came through the Garden. We also saw the Lord doing a great thing in fellowship between several Christian groups there in Israel. The Lord lovingly drew us into it.

Both my wife and I were raised strict Lutherans. Since receiving the Baptism of the Holy Spirit we enjoyed not only the traditional Lutheran service but also craved the freedom to worship God with hearts bursting over with praise, amid songs and shouts of "Amen, Praise the Lord" and spirit led worship including tongues, interpretation and prophecy.

Each Thursday evening a joint "Charismatic" Service was held. Charles Kopp of the Zion Bible House had been given the early burden for this. It had borne fruit. The Garden Tomb cooperated with this. Several others, including Baptists pastors, had received the Baptism of the Holy Spirit and were joining with these services of praise. The Catholics also were a blessing. The service met in different locations, sometimes in homes, some times in church. Each place took their turn in rotation.

What a thrill it was to meet Thursday evenings and praise the Lord together. I remember one meeting in the "basement" of Ecco Homo. (That is Latin for "Behold the man"). This is one of the seven stations along the via Dolorosa (Way of Sorrows). This was a Catholic Church and youth hostel, located in the Old City. Under this church, excavation had been carried out which exposed the Old Roman Pavement stones of the very street over which Jesus may have been led to be crucified. The Old Pavement stones bore the worn ruts of Roman chariots. The evidence of a soldiers' game board scratched into stones also remained.

The area between pavement and the floor of the church above it made a low but impressive meeting room as we sat there representing many different backgrounds and denominations. We were all in one accord raising our voices to the Lord Jesus with praise along with a few words of prophecy and tongues, and hearing a stirring message by the brother from Australia telling of God's Holy Spirit being outpoured in Australia.

To an outsider at first glance, it may have seemed this meeting with different denominations represented, may have been a shallow, ecumenical type gathering which threw out the Bible for sake of unity. But only a few minutes observations would reveal this is not the case. He would have seen the praises come forth to Jesus' name and the listeners believing God, telling of His wonderful works and the glory all going to Him. In fact, it has been my observation that these "Charismatics" could be assessed as the "ultra conservative" since most believe every word of the Bible literally whether it applies to creation,

heaven, hell, redemption, healing, authority over the devil, Bible prophecies, etc.

For example, if in the Bible, David and others said "Lift up your hands to the Lord" we take that literally so you find raised hands in praise to God. Or if in the Bible you find those who speak in tongues or prophecy, we find those gifts among the Charismatics today. But even these outward things cannot explain what one witnesses of the joy, peace, praise and adoration and anointing which touch the very depths of ones heart and answer our deepest needs. These depths of touching our soul with fresh renewing provision and of love over flowing to Jesus, can only be explained by Jesus words "after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you, yet shall receive power..." Acts 1:8 "I will pour My Spirit out on your sons and daughters" Joel 2

12 PRAISE ON MOUNT ZION

ON the edge of mount Zion, overlooking the Kidron Valley, opposite the Garden of Gethsemanee, stands St Peters of Galacantha. Its a domed Catholic church. This church also housed some beautiful blessings which the Lord opened to us.

The Ruth Hefflin group had come from the southeastern part of the US to Jerusalem. God had given them one direction. "Praise Me on Mt. Zion." They were led to contact this congregation-less church and were allowed to use it every

Thursday evening for a praise service. Several faithful saints around Jerusalem would gather with this group and the mosaic tiled church would literally ring with praises to the Lord. The tile mosaics that lined the church and dome reflected scenes from Jesus' life that touched this place. The church itself was built over excavations of the high priests Caiaphas' house. This is where Jesus had been taken from His "Capture" in the Garden. Jesus had been tried here and imprisoned overnight. Her also, Peter had denied His Lord. To reach these excavations one descended two flights of stairs to relive these incidents of Jesus love for us.

The church interior and dome were beautiful as we have said, but suited only for praise, since echoes reverberated back and forth between the tile walls and dome, making individual speech almost impossible to understand. Joyous united praise was a wonderful experience as we sang and danced before the Lord who had said "Praise me and I will do the rest."

I remember here were people joyfully and individually dancing before the Lord. That is one thing had never done and frowned at the thought of it. Especially since I was against dancing in the general and as a youth had been very self conscious about dancing. This was different. I saw here a beautiful form of praising God, as tambourines rang with songs of praise, with joyous devotion and dancing before the Lord. Secretly in my heart, I began to wish I was so free and full of love to Jesus that I could do the same. The leader of the group came my way and laid hands on my head and said something to the affect that the Lord would let me dance before Him.

Then I had the rich and wonderful experience of dancing before the Lord, it felt as if I had a personal angelic instructor guiding my footsteps in a simple jumping and dancing that expressed the praises of my heart. How I praised God for this, from that day on I have from time to time had this wonderful form of worship.

13 Russian Immigrants

The newspaper always carried news about things relating to Russian Jews immigrating to Israel. We were aware there were many Russians in Israel, but our first contact with a Russian Jew came in the form of a man named Alex. He had been an immigrant from Russian about twenty years prior to our meeting. He came as an unbelieving Jew. In Israel he came into contact with believers, heard about and accepted Christ. Alex had never married but lived still with his parents and devoted his life totally to spreading the gospel. His faith and activities brought a rejection of sorts, by his parents. Still he continued year after year to faithfully serve the Lord. We loved to fellowship together. Whenever he would come to Jerusalem to visit us you could be sure that he had been led by the Spirit and something good was about to happen. (He lived in a coastal town about 40 minutes drive from Jerusalem.)

His ability to speak Russian, Hebrew and English was a wonderful blessing to us. One evening Alex and I were driving

from Jerusalem to Bethlehem where he was to be our overnight guest. While driving out of the city we picked up a hitchhiker and sure enough it was a young Russian, a brand new immigrant! How glad he was to hear someone speaking Russian. He insisted we must come to his house. We felt we couldn't pass up this opportunity and soon we were entering his apartment in newly constructed Jewish housing settlement near Bethlehem.

He woke up his wife. She arose and prepared something for us to eat. They were so happy to meet us. We spoke first about physical things, conditions in Russia, reason for coming, etc. He was an electrical engineer who with his wife and child immigrated to Israel in hope of the "good life". This would include TV, car and money. He especially wanted a car. He spoke of his disappointment at not being able to get an engineers job in Israel and instead only being an electrical technician. They felt life was hard and money hard to come by. What need we saw in their lives! What need for the deep peace and joy and abundant life that only Jesus can give. We shared briefly as we could about Jesus' love, but their hearts were still feeling that material things would make them happy.

As we parted with them they insisted we must return soon and often. On one visit we met another family whom they had invited to the apartment. They were also newly arrived Russian immigrants. The first time we spoke to them about God the husband just laughed and thought we couldn't be serious. By the end of the evening they knew we were serious about god and we felt the Lord had touched their hearts. They asked us to stay in contact with them. Please pray for these young families,

needing Jesus and many thousands like them living in Israel.

On another separate occasion Alex and I picked up a hitchhiker and witnessed, also a Russian. Glory to God for His direction and wisdom which was evident from the fact that Alex only came about once a month, and was there at the time of this important contact.

Alex also was used in our contact with Rachel's family. Rachel was the Russian young girl the Lord had put us in touch with after the Bible shop fire. How precious the Word of God was to her. we found out she was the new Russian immigrant whom Ben had met and we found she loved Jesus. We prayed together as she wept before us. We asked her if she had been baptized, she said No." She wanted to be though. We arranged a date and time and shew as waiting that day and her mother had prepared a special white baptism gown. We drove to the Pool of Shiloh and baptized her there, praising God for the occasion. She invited us to meet her mother and grandmother, but we knew we couldn't communicate with them.

Alex was in Jerusalem at the time, so with him we drove over and met mother and grandmother. What a happy occasion! They were happy to meet Alex and speak Russian with him. He translated into English. The grandmother had the gift of prophecy and many tears of joy in fellowship were shed on that occasion.

They were believers in Jesus as their Savior, yet followed certain Orthodox Jewish customs. The grandmother was very

elderly and in ill health, but she said before her husband died, while yet in Russia, he had prophesied to her "You will walk where Jesus walked." Now it was coming true. One day we felt led to give her a ride around the Holy places. She got out near the Garden of Gethsemanee and on the Mount of Olives and walked in the steps of her Savior. She was overjoyed.

Praise to Jesus!

14 **A Rabbi's Conversion**

Red, bushy hair and beard, plus the faded blue denim jacket with writing on the back "Jews for Jesus" caused John to stand out in a crowd. His manner was very thoughtful and quiet. He was a new arrival to Jerusalem from the US where he (a Jewish young man) received Jesus as His Messiah and Lord. He was active in the Jews for Jesus organization in the States and a good street witness, in close contact with his Lord through prayer and quietness. He was always beaming with the praise of the Lord. "Thank you, Jesus" was his favorite response. It took a brief while, as we waited on the Lord, for John to get his bearings. Soon he met his target and what a call to faith. Often I would see him walking down the street, talking with a huge Hasidic (ultra Orthodox) Rabbi named Moshe. The Rabbi's dark suit, long, stringy hair and dark beard and hate filled appearance made him unapproachable. I admit that I avoided him as much as I could. He absolutely hated Christians, especially those who would dare to come to Jerusalem to witness to Jews. I believe

one of his main activities was to search out believing Jews and get information on missionaries to turn them in.

There were two such groups at least, of Orthodox Jews who made it their special work to do this. One of the believers for awhile lived in Mai sharim right next door to their meeting place. John had the greatest burden for this wild Rabbi and would often request prayer for him while in the fellowship group. After a short time Rabbi Moshe had met most of the Jewish believers in the group and around Jerusalem. Each one of them witnessed and reasoned with him out of the Scriptures. But up to that point I had avoided any direct contact with him. However, one day as I came walking into the Jaffa Gate towards the Post Office to check my mailbox, there stood Moshe smack dab in the middle of the door of the Post Office. he was wildly engaged in a conversation with a woman tourist. As I approached closer I could hear her witnessing to him about Jesus and his angry replies. I thought I would just go around him unnoticed since he was involved, but just when I was beside him he turned to me and said loudly "Do you believe in that.....also?" (using some very derogatory terms for the Lord Jesus.)

"Oh yes, He is your Messiah" I answered, feeling the anointing and grace of God. The Holy Spirit supplied an Old Testament Scripture which I then quoted. He raised his hands in the air and threw them down to his sides, walked out in a huff, mumbling. He headed straight for Jaffa Gate where he planted himself determinedly. I suppose his plan was to look for more "missionaries".

Moshe also knew Gideon, a white haired Jewish man who kept a Bible Shop (was the manager) in the Jaffa Gate area. This wonderful Jewish believer loved the Lord and labored over and prayed for Levi. One evening we were in a place for Bible study and were viewing a video tape teaching. The tapes by Bob Mumford and Derek Prince had been donated (along with the machine) by Christian Growth Ministries in Florida. The windows were open to the street. I was aware of an Orthodox Rabbi among those watching through the window. It was Moshe. The next day he remarked to some that he was interested in the video tape player and would like to hear it. Praise God! I was never certain of his motives. John and the others continued to pray and hold him up to the Lord.

One day Sam told me something had happened to Levi. "I saw him this morning and he was all shook up about something, completely shaken." Sam asked him

what had happened and he said "I had a dream." It seemed to me that to be so shaken the Lord must have shown him heaven, hell and salvation in Jesus.

He said "I hope my wife didn't hear me." In his dream he was screaming "Jesus save me." At this point of his experience our stay in Jerusalem and Israel was ended. However, three months later when we were back in the US we received a letter from John as follow:

"My dear brother Duane and Sister Joyce and family"

Love, grace and peace from God the Father and our

Lord Jesus Christ. Praise the Holy, blessed, wonderful
name of our

Lord Jesus! We bless you in His name. WE love you very
much

and miss you too. I thank God for every blessed
remembrance

of you. Rabbi Moshe is saved, baptized and following
Jesus. Praise

God for this miracle of His goodness and mercy.

Alleluia! He is Lord! Glory to God! Thank you Jesus. Thank
you

Father.

Shalom, my beloved.

May our Lord bless
you always, with love
in Christ Jesus,
your bro.. John,"

This incident helps encourage me to have faith to pray for
the salvation

of others; enemies, friends, relatives.

15 A Young Jewish Couple for Jesus

Judy was a small young lady with typical Jewish facial features. She "turned on to Jesus" after hearing of Him from a young American couple who were studying in the same Ulpan (language school). Her love and appreciation of Jesus was evident to all. She was eagerly devouring the Word of God in Bible studies and fellowship, sharing with the group which met daily. She expressed concern for her boy friend and prayed he would be saved and it wasn't long till we met Joe. She led him to the Lord. What wonderful radiance of Christ shone from both of them. No one would doubt they were filled with the Holy Spirit. Always they were a blessing to the fellowship. Joe brought a tremendous musical talent on almost any instrument. Both of them led lives which reflected a deep search for and desire for God. Both were brought up in Jewish homes; Joe's parents were Orthodox Jews.

Before finding the Lord Joe had dropped out of the scene to find the answer. For almost a year he lived as a hermit in a hollow tree in Canada; then he came to Israel. There Jesus met him. Joe had a gift of ministering the Baptism of the Holy Spirit.

I often wondered, as I read Scripture, in Acts telling how Philip evangelized and led people to salvation, but then called for Peter to come down and minister the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. Joe was like Peter.

One day I brought our young Arab neighbor Jack to the Bible Shop. Jack had recently accepted the Lord. Joe "happened" to

be there. I introduced them and went about my business. Five minutes later I looked at them and Joe was finishing reading Scriptures about the Baptism of the Holy Spirit and in another two minutes Joe and Jack were raising hands praising God in another tongue. Praise God for His love!

After a year Joe and Judy decided to get married and felt they would have the best testimony to their parents by having a traditional Jewish ceremony. This was to prove a very difficult thing. They were in Israel and had been actively involved in the Jews for Jesus things and were outspoken witnesses. Their lifestyle and activities were widely known among Orthodox Jew authorities. It was a time of deep testing and trusting God for them as they appeared before various Orthodox rabbis and attempted to get the necessary approval. God worked a miracle and they were never asked to deny their faith in Jesus, although they had to agree to other external things; that is keeping kosher rules, staying away from certain places, etc. Their wedding reception afterward was a very happy occasion. It was a strange mixture of Orthodox relatives and friends together with many believing friends, both Jews and Gentiles. They continued to grow in Christ, often beset by deep trials and their witness with Jesus' love flowing continues. Their loving letters and pictures testify of this fact.

16 Christmas in Bethlehem

Both Christmasses we spent while living near Bethlehem were memorable experiences. The Israeli government encouraged Christian pilgrimage and even put Christmas decorations along the road from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. As we lived in Bethlehem we went almost daily to the market near the Church of the Nativity. We had been inside the church many times and I had a dim view of ornate, elaborate churches. I figured nothing was alive spiritually. To further my suspicions our young Arab friends had told us what Christmas was like. There were masses of people and many local young people took advantage of this by drinking and drugs and hustling people. It sounded like anything but a spiritually uplifting scene. I decided I would spend a quiet Christmas at our home. However, the Lord had a different plan. Shortly before Christmas we received a phone call from a friend requesting us to temporarily take in a young mother and child. They were awaiting her husband's arrival in Israel. We were happy to agree to this. While staying with us, she decided that she and another young lady would go to the Manger

Square Christmas night to witness and hand out tracts. I told them about the expected hassle on Christmas night but they insisted, so I thought I better go along. There were hundreds of people packed into the square in front of the Church of the Nativity.

A large group was standing in front of a temporarily erected outdoor screen on which was being projected a Mass being celebrated in the Catholic Church adjoining the Church of the

Nativity. Another large group surrounded a platform from which various choirs were singing and speakers speaking.

The rest of the space was filled with wandering young people. We tried witnessing to some, but several were high on drugs or partly drunk. We weren't having any success. We paused a moment as near as we could get to the platform to hear part of the speech by a US astronaut. I heard him say "But of all the experiences I have had in my life, the most important to me was my acceptance of Jesus Christ as my Lord and Savior." It was a wonderful testimony and thousands heard it.

Because of the hassle we decided to go inside the church of the Nativity. I wondered "Can it be any better in there?" We bent down to enter the low door and the first thing we noticed upon entering was quiet and reverence; what a contrast to the outside noise and confusion. The church was a high structure with pillars supporting its roof. Parts of this church dated back to the Crusaders time. At the end of the long church is a raised platform with the main altar all very ornate having metal and woodwork carvings. Ornate lamps and altars filled the whole area above the platform. We noticed small groups of people standing around and we approached one small group of young people standing near the altar. They were Jewish people! What were they doing in Bethlehem on Christmas night? They had come from a kibbutz and just wanted to see what Christmas was all about. From that moment on we had our assignment; we stayed until very late, witnessing to young Jewish hearts. God had opened doors to hear the gospel message. One young man I spoke with had first heard the astronaut's message, then another person

witnessed to him and now when I spoke he had many good questions and wanted to know the exact steps to getting saved.

I shared this and urged him to pray right away. He wasn't quite willing to do that but I know the Word doesn't return void. There were many others there witnessing from various places. Some handed out tracts. The Lord was there to meet all hungry hearts who sought Him. I learned that He can still use ornate traditional churches as well as anything to serve His purposes.

With such an uplifting experience this Christmas we decided next Christmas we would hold an open house, noticing in Bethlehem there were very few places for young people to stay overnight. Even all the Jerusalem hostels were full. Many just brought sleeping bags and slept wherever they could.

The next Christmas our group of believers had planned to witness and brought tracts and left their sleeping bags at our house. The crowds were much thinner, only a fraction of the year's before. This was due to the aftermath of the Yom Kippur war. Tourists were scarce. Again we found hungry hearts same as the year before and many Jewish young people. Some of the group stayed at our home and we served hot cocoa and other food. Others took turns going up to Manger Square and witnessing and handing out tracts.

We had a whole house full of guests and each one in the group was busy serving them and witnessing to them. We ended up with about 40 staying overnight. The living room was a long room and was filled with wall- to- wall people, sleeping bags of

boys downstairs and girls sleeping upstairs. The kitchen and sitting room were also occupied. Praise God for his Word.

17 Sodom and Gomorrah

While in Israel we saw the Bible vividly portrayed before our eyes. On one occasion we decided to go down to Elat located on the Red Sea. The Lord confirmed it by our meeting the hippies "Cooky" whom we spoke of earlier. We drove down to Hebron and turned east, coming to the south edge of the Dead Sea. From there we took the only road heading south in that area to Elat.

As we approached the southern Dead Sea we drove through an area called Sidem, a desolate bare area of rock covered hills with a light brown or whitish valley below. We noticed on the small hills ahead what seemed to be melted rocks or areas that seemed to have been blasted by an intense heat, enough to almost make the rocks flow. We stopped the car and went up the small hillside. What an impressive sight! Rocks whose top surface had been melted and burned covered the area. Turning them over we found the bottom of the rock perfectly normal! Looking around the area I noticed that on whatever exposed level of the jagged cliff were covered with a pea sized burned rock that looked like hail. Truly the fire and brimstone had descended upon them. In viewing the burned out desolate valley below in my mind I could picture the Biblical Abraham standing on the hills looking at this same scene. I said to myself,

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"Wow, it really happened!"

Gen 19:24 says "Then the Lord rained upon Sodom and Gomorrah brimstone and fire from the Lord out of heaven. He overthrew those cities and all the plain and all the inhabitants of the cities and that which grew upon the ground. But his wife looked back from behind him and she became a pillar of salt. And Abraham got up early in the morning to the place where he stood before the Lord (near Hebron) and he looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah and toward all the land of the plain and beheld and lo the smoke of the country went up as the smoke of a furnace."

As we viewed the burned out, desolate valley before us, I also recalled that a short time before the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah this land had been a fertile green, rich valley. Even Abraham and Lot's servants argued over this rich pasture land. We passed on from there southward in a valley "Cooky" pointed out to us, there was something unusual he had noticed on the last bus trip from Elat to Jerusalem. Miles and miles of pebbles all over the top of the ground, dark pebbles, were lying on the top of whatever strata was exposed. We again stopped the car and examined these. They were small, hail like, melted rocks. It covered about a 20 mile area south of the Sodom and Gomorrah area. I thought this must have also been some of the fall out of that great destruction. I resolved that if the frail parchment of the Dead Sea Scrolls from north of the Dead Sea area could last 2,000 years, surely these rocks and the evidence of this great burning could last 4,000 years.

On another occasion while viewing the southern Dead Sea I noticed what seemed to be broken off, dead trunks of one mature trees. These were sticking out of the water. They were crusted with very interesting salt formations, they did prove to be tree trunks sticking out of the water. Later I saw pictures of these featured on a post card and labeled "salt covered trees." Surely there aren't any trees of that size now for many miles. This whole area is void of any vegetation. Again the Gen. 13:10 Scripture reminded me that at one time this was a fertile valley. II Peter 2:6

We viewed the display of the Dead Sea Scrolls in the "Shrine of the Book" museum in Jerusalem and visited the Qumran area excavation near the Dead Sea. I was interested in obtaining information about the translation of these ancient copies of Scripture, especially Isaiah. While at the Shrine of the Book Museum I bought a book by a Jewish scholar on the Dead Sea Scroll subject. Most of the book dealt with translating the daily life and regulations of the Qumran Community. Only a small portion of the book was devoted to the translation of the Scriptures including Isaiah, with the summary comment about the great accuracy in comparing the modern Bible book of Isaiah and the Dead Sea Scroll copy. I was hoping for the majority of Isaiah to be printed out there since it contains so many wonderful Messianic Scriptures for the Jewish people. But some day the veil will be removed and the Jewish people will see Jesus.

18 A Future Promise

One of the startling prophecies of the Bible yet to be fulfilled is that of Ezekiel 47. "There will be in the Dead Sea, fish as far south and beyond Engedi." I don't believe this would have struck me as being so miraculous had I not been to Engedi and the Dead Sea several times while in Israel. Engedi is located about halfway down the west coast of the Dead Sea. I have previously described our impressions of the Dead Sea with the salt water, saltiest of any water in the world and the desert area surrounding it.

Engedi is that place where David hid in a cave from Saul (I Sam. 24:1). Presently there is a kibbutz there, with palm trees, large green areas of grass and an irrigated park. An ancient spring supplies the water making a green oasis in a desert country.

Yet God says that one day the water will be no longer salty and fish will abound as far south as the Dead Sea and Engedi, and the water will be healed. It says the only salty areas left will be in the ponds in the extreme south. The source of this new water is also made clear in that chapter. It won't be some scheme of man but a supernatural change brought about by the Lord.

One night while in Israel, I had a dream. In it I was standing by the edge of a lake or large pond. There were lush reeds and vegetation around it. Right beside me on the gravel beach stood a hippopotamus! I had the strangest, friendly feeling toward that

huge animal. The feeling and understanding was like the relationship you would have toward your pet dog. The hippo seemed to be responding with love and understanding. Then in my dream I was caught up and began scanning the landscape below. I was moving forward at a moderate speed. Below was the most breathtaking scene my eyes ever beheld. The trees were green and lush. The air and land were clean and unpolluted! Only a small gravel road made its way through the lush forests. As I moved along and beheld this sight my heart thrilled. All I could do was praise the Lord again and again.

For a few days I was baffled by what the dream could mean. Then one day not long after, I was attending a PTA meeting at school. There I met for the first time, a man from the US who was in Israel doing geological and water table research. For some reason one of the first things I told him was my strange dream. Without hesitation he replied "All this land needs is water and the desert will bloom like a garden. God will cause the rain to return. What you saw in your dream will come true." He believes, as I do, that this would happen when Jesus returns and sets up His peaceable reign for 1,000 years. What a wonderful time to look forward to, when we shall reign with Christ. (Rev. 12 and Dan 7) and be able to move above with the "Philips transportation" as I have heard it called. With our glorified bodies we, like Christ, will be able to move about. "We shall be like Him" 1 John 3:2 Several times already I believe this has happened, as with Philip who was physically transported by the Spirit of God.

The present blossoming we see taking place in Israel is wonderful. I believe it is but a small man made foretaste of God's

blessing. I believe the many vivid descriptions of the total transforming of the land will come as divine acts of God, reading Ezekiel 39 and 48. Also Isaiah 2, 4, 11 and 62 and Zechariah 12 and 14 and Rev 20. These Scriptures and many others, paint vivid pictures of one wonderful future for Israel and believers. I also believe there is a capsule prophecy of Israel's and the world's future found in Jer. 46:27 and 28.

"But fear thou not, O my servant Jacob and be not dismayed O Israel; for behold I will save thee from afar off, and thy seed from the land of their captivity; and Jacob shall return and be at rest and at ease, and none shall make him afraid. thou not, O Jacob my servant, saith the Lord for I am with thee; for I will make a full end of all the nations wither I have driven thee; but I will not make a full end of thee but correct thee in measure; yet will I not leave thee wholly unpunished."

I believe what we have thus far seen and experienced in Israel will continue, war and deep trials, through the tribulation, until the Second Coming of Christ. I also noticed He would make an end of all nations. There are many hard things yet necessary before Israel and the world will turn to Christ. But I believe these will happen very rapidly and we are much closer than we realize to these events.

One thing I like to remind our friends regarding Israel's future and ours, is the many Scriptures about a proper attitude toward Israel and the Jewish people. "I will bless them that bless thee and will curse them that curse thee and in thee shall all the

families of the earth be blessed." Gen 12:3 This ancient promise to Abraham has proven true over and over and we in America can be on the lookout to keep our attitudes toward Israel and the Jewish people positive. We should be on the watch out for comments which blame the Jews for government and social problems; accuse them of running everything and causes of many problems. This type of statement is designed to work up anti Semitism and the end of it is similar to Germany during Hitler's time. We experienced the Jewish people, not yet as a nation open to God, but we praise God for the grace and love He has shown to them. It means this same grace and love is open to me. We can never be prejudiced against a certain race and expect God to be unprejudiced toward us. Rom 9:1-5. Now, for the first time in Israel's history since Jesus' day there are enough Jewish believers for the Israeli press to call it a "movement among the Jews."

We know that one day after these end time troubles, all Israel will be saved (Jer 30:11) and that people will favor the Jewish people (Zech 8:23) and that there will be an end to the age of the Gentiles (Luke 21:24). Jew and Gentile are one in Christ. In Him there is no longer a distinction. Yet Israel and the Jewish people have a definite role to play and special responsibility from the Lord. Israel also is the key to understanding entire prophecies.

Among Christians, Palm Sunday in Jerusalem is the time of the traditional "Palm Sunday Parade" commemorating that first parade when Jesus rode triumphantly into Jerusalem amid Hosannahs and the praises of children, disciples and onlookers.

The parade assembled at the small village of Bethpage(House of Figs), where Jesus had told the disciples to get the donkey colt Mark 11:1-11. Many Christians and groups from churches took part in the yearly parade. Most of them are Arabs of the Greek orthodox faith. But Catholics and other Christian denominations were represented also. Palm branches were handed out to be carried as the parade marched from that small village just over the top of the Mount of Olives, proceeded on the small winding path over the top and down the slope to the Kidron Valley, past the Garden of Gethsemanee and into the Old City of Jerusalem.

A group of our friends felt the Lord wanted them to march and invited us. So there we were, our small group of about 16 people, ready to take part in the parade. We received our palm branches and waited our turn to enter the parade line. It left the courtyard of the church where it had assembled, group after group, one thousand or more, marching down the road that skirted the south side of the Mount of Olives. The hill dropped off steeply on one side of the narrow road and rose still more on the other side. A few Arabic homes clung to the hillsides along the road. Several people had gathered along the parade route and

family clans looked on from windows and flat roofed housetops. Finally our turn came to enter the parade, we were one of the last groups.

We began to sing "The Lord reigneth, the Lord reigneth, blessed be the name of the Lord. Let the heavens rejoice, let the earth be glad. Let men say among the nations; the Lord reigneth, the Lord reigneth, blessed be the name of the Lord." Ps 96:10 and I Chron 16:31

As we sang we danced, skipped and waved our palm branches. This was a great contrast to the stately, calm march of the traditional marchers! All along the parade route we sang and danced shouting "Praise the Lord" and "Glory to Jesus, Glory in the Highest." The Spirit of the Lord was giving us great joy and all those watching felt it. Many waved back or clapped their hands in rhythm with our dance. Some took pictures and a few even joined us for a time. Two young Jewish people fell into our ranks and began asking us about our peace and joy. We explained it was Jesus.

As we finally passed through the gate and entered the Old city we were still dancing and shouting and praising Jesus. I await the day when all of the saints will join in the real "Palm Sunday Parade" at the triumphant return of Jesus Christ. You and I and all the saints will be with Him. I know it is soon. Praise His name!

20. Home Again

As far as I was concerned I was in Israel to stay, or until the Lord's return to take us up. At least I hoped so. However, deep in my heart I knew the Lord had not promised that at this time. In view of the fact that our work was so open, we considered each extension of our three month tourist visa a miracle.

On one occasion as I entered the visa office a young man working there shouted "Thank you, Jesus!" No need to try to hide our identity, this young man told the world! He had visited our Jesus Coffeehouse. This kind of experience happened more than once.

One evening as Larry and I were headed for the coffeehouse we came upon a V W car stranded precariously on a high curb. One set of wheels was on the road and the other on the high curb leaving the car at a very steep angle. How it ever got there in that predicament we didn't know. We stopped and helped the young man and lady get their car back to safety. Then we invited them to come with us to the coffeehouse which they agreed to do, still shaken by the experience they had been through.

They followed us and soon we were discussing Jesus with them. The young man was obviously of very Orthodox Jewish background and at first he opposed our words vigorously. We silently prayed, binding down Orthodox religious spirits. He changed suddenly and took a deep and respectful interest in what we were saying, Praise the Lord!

A few days later it was necessary for me to come into the main Jerusalem visa office. Who should wait on me but the young man I have just mentioned! I thought "Oh, no! I'm sunk now." However, he was most respectful and helpful Praise the Lord!

In several ways the Lord began to show us that our time in Israel was coming to a close. Once He told me that He would send in a replacement leader for the group. The Lord did this very gently and gradually, but I still had a hard time thinking that we would ever have to leave. How I loved Israel. It was our home. I was like Peter, on the Mount of Transfiguration, he wanted over and over again to build a tabernacle and stay forever. My wife and family didn't share the depth of this feeling but it had become a part of them also.

When a teaching position opened in a very unusual way at the English school where I had been substituting, I thought "Praise the Lord, we can stay!" I accepted the job since it meant an automatic "Temporary Resident Visa" which would allow us to stay indefinitely. As the application was made to the government offices however, the answer came back "No!" No matter how hard I prayed and trusted, the answer was the same. We had determined before coming to Israel never to force our stay there by illegal means or maneuvering. Rather, we knew that we could trust the Lord to keep us there as long as He would want us there.

Still I was so desperate to stay there that I had begun to

maneuver a bit to try and stay. Finally I got the picture and as I entered the visa office for the last time I was led to pray silently "Lord, I will listen to them as if you are speaking; what they says I will do, as if you yourself are telling it to me." I no sooner had entered then someone said " You come see the man in that office". Before I sat down, the official begin to say almost shouting, "we know all about you, what you are doing" and proceeded for several minutes to elaborate. But then his voice and mood changed as he very calmly said, "you must go home now, but in two years you can return," then he returned to his former mood, and spoke some more. In that brief moment I knew it was the Lord.

I know now I would never want to go to Israel or any other place without the blessing and clear direction of the Lord. Where He is, there is anointing, peace and blessing.

Joyce especially had a desire to go back to the U.S.A by way of Europe. This would give opportunity to visit several of the friends we had met as they visited in Israel. Several had invited us to visit them if we had the opportunity. Once during this time the Lord gave us the Scripture "You shall not go out in flight, nor haste." But there was even more definite happenings which cleared the way for a drive through Europe. We made arrangements with the boat company for our car and family to ride from Haifa to Athens. The thought of all six of us crammed in the old Mercedes plus all the baggage, no camping equipment and limited funds made me begin to eye a VW bus that was for sale. That bus was expensive, old and not adequate either. The next day at noon the headmaster of the school where I was

teaching came to me and said "How would you like to drive a new VW camper van back to England?" Praise the Lord for that offer! At exactly that time he had come to the conclusion he wanted to get his van out of the country and back to his home in England, because of the high taxes he would have to pay if he left it in Israel longer. Also, as he needed transportation and our car taxes were already paid, he agreed to buy our Mercedes. Thank you, Jesus, your ways are truly wonderful!!

The VW camper van was fully equipped with sink, stove, extension tent and a top rack for baggage. There was enough room inside to just squeeze our six sleeping bodies in for a cozy little home. Soon the day of departure arrived and our friends accompanied us and baggage to the waiting ship. Many other miracles had taken place in the events connected with getting ready for this moment of departure.

The VW was hoisted aboard the ship and we said quick farewells and boarded the ship as the light of the day faded away. We had arrived in Israel at sunset and we left at sunset!

We were whisked to the dining room where they were waiting to serve a delicious meal. What royal treatment! Later we went back on deck and watched the retreating lights of the shoreline of Israel shining over the dark, calm sea. Soon the lights of Beirut, Lebanon could also be seen, emphasizing again the closeness and smallness of those countries.

We traveled in Italy, Switzerland, Greece, Yugoslavia, Germany, Holland. On our over the road travels we followed the

ox carts and pheasants to the outdoor market in Yugoslavia. We looked at old castles along the way. We sampled some real pizza in a small Italian restaurant. We stayed with friends in Switzerland and enjoyed the fresh mountain air when we took our morning walks with our host. We enjoyed Swiss fondue and sleeping under the warm feather beds. The bedrooms were cold because they had no central heating. Everyone wore warm sweaters when visiting in the living room.

Because the weather was colder in the Swiss mountain passes they were beginning to close up. So we decided to have the car put on a train and traveled with it through the long tunnels, through the mountains on the way from Switzerland to Germany. As the train came in and out of the tunnels we could enjoy brief view of the Swiss cottages and pastures on the mountain slopes high above the green valleys. In Germany we enjoyed looking at the coo coo clocks made from wood from the Black Forest and the typical German villages. The Dutch windmills were fascinating with their long blades, cloth sails and wooden gears inside. The ZiderZee area with all its canals brought memories of pictures I'd seen and what I studied in grade school books. In The Hague we stayed several days with the mother of our friends in Israel. The Dutch homes in the city seemed so clean, colorful and tidy. From there we needed to get to England to return the car and we'd fly from there to New York. We heard about a large ferry Hovercraft going across the English channel from France to Ramsgate, England. This would give us a brief taste of France. Driving from Holland straight down the coast we arrived at the French ferry station just before dark.

Yes, there would be a ferry leaving soon and it would be the

last one of the evening because of the rising winds and choppy seas in the English Channel.

While we were waiting for loading time, we watched these huge, monster crafts come across the miles of the low tide beach. They floated on air and came right up to the Terminal, maneuvering gracefully and then settling down. They off loaded many passengers, cars, trucks and buses. These crafts were powered by several huge aircraft engines and props which extended on masts above the craft . This provided forward thrust and in turning them the craft could be steered any direction. These large engines also provided the thrust needed to lift the craft on a cushion of air. Finally the time came for our craft to be loaded and we drove the car into the huge, center interior cavity of the craft. Buses, trucks and many other cars were secured down in several rows. The passengers were seated higher up and around the outer perimeter of the craft. Aircraft type seats and seat belts were provided.

When it was all loaded the engines roared and we began lifting up and skimming out over the miles of beach on the channel. It was a different story when we reached the choppy waters of the English Channel. It was raining , very windy and dark. The ride felt a lot like a roller coaster. First you were lifted up sharply, then down again, leaving your stomach in your throat. Some passengers were getting seasick. We had some concern for our kids, but this was soon relieved by seeing them stand up and hold d on the setback and shout joyfully with each cycle of the tossing craft. They thought it was a great ride. Finally we arrived at Ramsgate on the southeast coast of England. We entered our car again and drove it out of the craft. The first stop was a customs and port of entry. The officers scowled as he

looked at the car with its export license plates. No, we could not enter England with those plates since they were only legal outside of England. He scrutinized the papers I handed him. The owner, Mr. Hoyle, had a written explanation asking that we be allowed to drive it to its destination in England. After several officers looked the papers over they concluded "No, you can't drive this car in England."

"What do we do?" we asked. All our things were in the car and we needed to return the car. "Well you and your family are free to enter, but the car can't" they said. So after they saw we couldn't separate ourselves from the car they gave us another option. "If you want to stay with the car, we will have to lock you up in the car in our customs holding pen. Perhaps tomorrow we can sort this all out." So that is what we did. We had food and supplies with us and felt very secure locked in that fenced in area. I'm sure it was the Lord's peace and grace that we felt. The next day they came to us very apologetically and informed us they had granted us special 15 day permission allowing us time to visit friends and return the car.

We enjoyed England with its hedge lined ,narrow roads, but how weird it seemed to drive on the wrong side of the road. With a lot of concentration I was doing that okay, except for early one morning we started out down a narrow highway. Suddenly I saw a car coming on the wrong side of the road. "What is he doing?" I exclaimed. Just in time I "woke up" and swerved our car to the correct side. A carton of eggs came crashing to the floor. We had a nice visit with Mr. Hoyle's dad in southern England. He was a retired History teacher from an English school and we enjoyed his kidding us about being US rebels, dating from the

time of the Boston Tea Party. To end our time in England we drove the car to northern England and put it in the garage, back yard of Mr. Hoyle's home. After that we went to London and departed for our home in the USA.

Finally on Nov 1, 1974 we landed in New York. It was a balmy 75 degrees outside. Friends were waiting for us at the airport. We felt such blessing as we reentered our country and a special welcome from our heavenly Father.

But a cultural adjustment was necessary. We had become so engrossed in the Israeli way of life and had, more than we realized, adapted to their ways of eating and simpler lifestyle. So much green grass was here! Luxury all around, so many things! The big cars looked like monsters, after seeing foreign cars for two years! Freedom to spread the gospel was available! But this very freedom and luxury gave great temptation, the temptation to get things. We felt the lack of challenge and burden for lost souls. No wonder the Lord in His love and wisdom must remove such luxuries and freedom before we realize the deeper spiritual needs and calling. I could see clearly the temptation to step back into my former life of making decisions on the basis of "How much does it cost? and "How much time does it take?" instead of asking "What pleases my loving Savior?"

My prayer is "Lord, may my heart be bright, ever with your loving light, your love to those lost in sin, your grace to help bring them in."

21. A Coming Storm

We are hearing much these days about earthshaking events and troubles soon to happen. Corrie ten Boom, David Wilkerson, Billy Graham, Basilea Schlink and Morris Cerullo along with others have sounded this warning. The Lord has also impressed the truth of this on my mind vividly.

God's love always extends to the saints in special ways as times like these approach. For example, before the European destruction of World War II and World War I God on many occasions and in many ways, spoke to individuals by His Word, by prophecy, dreams and visions to leave the country.. Those who knew His voice, believed and obeyed were spared. We met some of these families personally. One was an Armenian family living in the Old City of Jerusalem.

In our regular fellowship meetings, one young couple were expecting their first child. Often we studied about End Times and noted Jesus mentioned about "birth pangs". They said they had prayed and asked Jesus to teach them what He meant by this since they were about to experience their child's birth. First came a couple bouts of false labor. And finally when the real time came, it was a very difficult birth. The child was in the wrong position and the umbilical cord was wrapped a couple times around the neck. The end result was a healthy baby boy, praise the Lord. They decided never to pray that way again. We all understood more about what Jesus meant by birth pangs relating to End Times.

Following is part of one Christmas letter we sent to our

friends and relatives:

"Faith grows amidst storms." There are deep, dark storm clouds on the horizon. Very soon we enter an extremely difficult time in our country and individual lives. There will be destruction of major cities, much loss of life, etc. These catastrophes will be far more devastating than anything we have known, similar or worse than what parts of Europe went through in W.W. I and W.W. II.

Physical preparations are of little value, as stored food and arms will only be an invitation to plunder. It will be totally God's grace and mercy that these calamities did not begun with the Watts riots in the late 60's, instead the Lord poured out a great measure of His Holy Spirit, and the "hippy generation" became the "Jesus generation". This massive outpouring changed the course of our nation, bringing in a national revival and a new wave of those willing to carry the Good News to all nations, we were among those so called.

Now our nation again faces the prophesied destructions, as we face the new millennium. This is allowed by God because it is the only way left to Him to cause hardened hearts yet to turn to Him and to refine us Christians. As Christians we are often locked into tight denominational "boxes", instead of the love that should in the body of Christ. If we don't understand God's purpose we could get mad at Him for taking away our pleasant existence. It is a proven historical pattern of God's working, more are saved and deeper love flows during times of judgment than normal times. America's cup of iniquity has reached fullness. You and I have faced in our lives crisis and trials, caused by our

evil nature and encouraged by the devil, yet they are changed by a loving Heavenly Father only as necessary to lead us to repentance, maturity and safety in Him.

I asked the Lord "How can I possibly stand in the face of such conditions?" God assured me He not only wanted me to "stand it" but to be victorious in it and be one of those whom He can use to help others as He intends. He said I would stand if I looked only to Him with trust and walked with Him, with the following goals:

- 1) Loving Jesus above all (first love for Jesus ,Rev 2:4)
- 2) Not be wrongly attached to anything physical (Home, land, even spouse and children John 12:25)
- 3) Be willing to die rather than forsake Jesus (Rev. 2:10)
- 4) Desire the truth. Read the Word and keep a daily walk with Him in prayer and thoughts.
- 5) Know His voice and leading, be willing to follow His directions
- 6) Ask for the Holy Spirit, who gives fruits (love, joy, peace, etc) and gifts
(discernment between good and bad) to be our Comforter and Guide.

(These are part of the extra oil the wise virgins had in Matt. 25)

Not long after sending this letter I received a letter from a young man we met while in Israel. He asked me to share more details on this and other letters we had sent.

In reply I shared some of the following information:

"For the last five years or more the Lord has been impressing these events upon me, this happens in many ways.

1. from reading Scripture, 2. from hearing the news and noticing world events, and conditions of American families and morals

3. by reading similar testimonies of other people and 4. by dreams.

All of these things must of course be tested and be subject to Scriptures.

I have seen over and over again in dreams the idea of a soon coming storm and the lateness of the hour. In one dream I was standing on the seashore looking out toward the ocean. Thick, dark storm clouds were rolling in and about to hit. I went to a small store nearby and leisurely bought some food. While standing there paying for my purchase I finally, with all urgency, turned to my own sister who was standing nearby and said "Quick, we must take shelter" and began to countdown the seconds as we made it for the basement steps. Just as we were descending the steps the storm hit. It was so fierce that we soon sought an even deeper and more well protected basement room.

God has often brought to my attention Scriptures like Ezekiel chapter 33. One lesson the Lord taught us during the 1973 Yom Kippur war was to trust Him for our daily bread. As the war broke out, many rushed to the stores in an effort to stock up on food. Fear wanted to grip my heart also, knowing that these people

had been through a war before. But the Lord assured us "Don't be afraid, I will provide." This He did and we had sufficient food all during the days of the war. Even before that whenever we tried to store or stock any amount of food, it just wouldn't work out; the flour, rice and cornmeal got wormy. He impressed upon us that the best way we could prepare was by learning to love and live close to Jesus as Elijah did.

Now these are some of the conditions that will surely exist here in the USA soon: cities burned out, no food, anarchy, lawlessness, violent mobs roaming the country in search of food, devastation, killing, destroying and moving on. There will be bands of starving parent less children. Fear and mistrust will be everywhere. God has shown me this terrible time is necessary and the most loving thing He can allow in view of the hardness of heart and lack of love even among Christians. Many Christians will, however, have been prepared to stand in this type situation.

One friend here related this experience to me. He said "Lord, may I get guns to protect my family? The Lord answer 'If you take the sword you will perish with the sword.' Then he asked "Can't I get at least a crossbow?" God answered "Yes, but use it only to kill varmints." Many starved animals will be roaming around also and will be a special hazard. But even here, there is a higher way, the Lord encourages us to have that kind of faith that will be able to, in Jesus' Name, stop the mouths of animals as in Daniel's day.

God has shown that some Christians and their belongings will be

spared completely. Others will suffer loss or death. But regardless of this they can only face either situation by being totally prepared by the Lord Himself. This prior training and preparation involves selling out to God with our whole heart and being willing to learn of Him and His will and lean on Him. Know His guidance and training, which is often obtained by hard trials.

For example, let's say that a band of outlaws comes to destroy your home, to kill, molest and take what you have. You and your family have been walking with God and now as this crisis hits, it is only natural to look at Him for the exact action to be taken. In the first place, prior to this you have been informed by the Lord of coming troubles and are trusting Him to supply the extra faith and love needed in this moment. A silent prayer goes up "Jesus, give me your love. I cannot love these people on my own."

Also. Prior to this you and your family have dedicated your lives and property to the Lord and have it yielded completely to Him. you have pleaded the blood of Jesus over the doorposts of the homes (just like the blood was applied to the doorposts of of homes in Egypt at the time of the first Passover.) You have also asked for a special angel guard about yourselves and property (ministering Spirits). You have also taken your God given authority (Luke 10:19) over the devil and have in Jesus' name bound down the force of evil and forbidden entry.

So now the fact that this band of outlaws got to the door is proof that God allowed it and He is about to do something great. You and the family begin to praise God and raise your hands

say "We love you, Jesus loves you." On other occasions the Holy Spirit will lead other words and actions. But you simply trust God and look to Him, then what happens is up to Him. Signs will follow. The invaders see the power of God (perhaps they are paralyzed or blinded or very limited in what they attempt.) They experience in a dramatic way God's presence and power and are deeply touched as they flee or repent and come to the Lord. On another occasion God will allow the Christian to be martyred or abused and still show love to his tormentors. Stephen (in Acts 8) was an example of this. I believe Paul was one of the answer to Stephen's love-prayer "Father forgive them." Like Daniel's three friends, we can say "I know God is able to deliver us, but whether He does or not we will trust and serve Him."

The revival that comes as a result of these things happening during the storm will be the greatest in history. As governments across Europe, Russia and Asian are shaken, a great time of revival will spread across many countries of the world. Soon, however, the anti Christ forces will again regroup and regain world control and the great Tribulation will be upon us. But God's purpose in all this is to save hardened souls and perfect the bride (as the true Church of Christ is called in Rev 19:7).

We remind ourselves and plead with our friends to get the extra oil necessary to last through the darkest hours. As these days are upon us and our generation, we need extra oil.

Part of the extra oil is:

1. A deeper knowledge of the Word. Ps 119:11 and Ps 105 (Thus having a greater awareness of II Cor 1:20)

God's love, provisions and promises and power.)

2. A closer walk with God

A. Our first love of Jesus kindled, renewed and kept alive

Rev 2:4, Mark 10:15

B. Opening our lives to the Holy Spirit, His presence, gifts and power. Rom 8:15 Gal 4:6

C. Greater awareness of our Father-Son relationship (John 15:15 Rom 8:15 Gal 4:6

D. Having godly visions and values. Prov 29:18

Phil. 1:21 Knowing the outcome and purpose helps us be victorious, our lives reflecting our close walk with Jesus.

E. Knowing God's voice and the difference between it and the devil's

1 John 4:1

Another part of the extra oil is willingness to step out in faith. It is the willingness that counts, that in our heart we willingly yield to God all areas of our lives. We may not feel strong enough in faith to be able to face death or life or torture, but we are willing to do so and then God will anoint us when the occasion arises and we will be victorious in that area. "MY people shall be willing in the day of my power." Ps. 110:3 But the people that do know their God shall be strong and do exploits. Dan 11:32

Part of the extra oil the victorious virgins had was willingness, willingness to be there, willingness to be faithful, to love, to obey. We know that even willingness can't be found in us. It must come from the Holy Spirit working in us both to will and to do. I pray "Forgive my unwillingness to yield to you in the

past, for grieving the Holy Spirit. Give me a full measure of willingness. In Jesus name I resist and refuse all that would stand against it. My pride, rebelliousness and self will I declare them dead. Thy will be done on earth (by me first) as it is in heaven."

The process of obtaining extra oil takes time. That is why when darkness comes and extra oil is really needed, it is too late. Now is the time to yield to our Heavenly Father's love.

2 2 Some Valuable Lessons Learned

Looking back at some of these experiences, I can see clearly the Lord dealing with me as I allow it. He is still patiently showing those areas of my heart (and life and spirit) that yet need to be delivered, cleaned and purified and filled with His Spirit. On one occasion I began to pray daily the last verse of Ps 139 "Search me O God, know my heart; try me and know my thoughts, and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." I asked Him to do it quickly and get it over with. God answered that prayer and began to show areas of my life that I couldn't even face yet. I stopped praying that way, and it was several months before I was willing to ask God again "Even if it hurts, cleanse me from those areas of my life which are not right."

Sometimes the fire of God's cleansing burns so hot that even the desire for it seems to go away. Then I pray "Lord, I will to do your will. You are my love, my peace, my hope, my joy."

In the year before going to Israel, the Lord dealt with me and the family in many ways to help prepare us. On one occasion he showed me in a special way (by a series of dreams for three nights) I was letting the devil steal my victories. During a night I had a dream, in it I was walking along a jungle path. In a low tree just ahead of me, lurched a huge but young vulture. As I approached, his evil eyes glared at me. I promptly detoured into the brush out of fear. Next, I came into an area of open pasture. Across the field was my home. On the far end of the pasture

some cattle were grazing. A young bull saw me and I started to run, with him after me. I was running for my life; as we came near a building I thought "I will just duck behind the corner and the bull will go right on past." However, as I did this it promptly turned on me and I was at its mercy. The Lord had shown me what I was letting the devil do in my life. The next evening at a worship service the sermon was on Luke 10:19. "Behold I give you power to tread on serpents and scorpions and over all the power of the enemy and nothing shall by any means hurt you."

Praise our Lord Jesus for that absolute authority over the enemy through His victory. I thought "I 'm not going to let the devil push me around anymore. I have authority over him. My own intellect and tricks won't help in winning over the devil, I must rely on God's power." The next night I had another dream. I was again walking along a jungle path and overhead I saw a vulture circling closer and closer. Finally it landed right in front of me, assuming a rather human form. It's eyes were glaring at me with hatred. It kept coming closer and closer repeating "I hate you and want to destroy you."

I said lightly "You can't do that, I have power over you" and I sort of made light of it and "toyed" with him. Soon he was right upon me, ready to devour me. The Lord said "You must never treat sin lightly or toy with the devil." Rather, I am to hate evil in my life as it is shown me and not hold onto or in any way "toy" with evil in me. For example, the influence of money in my life, pride, etc. I should forsake and turn from these, rebuke them, bind the power of the enemy and cast him out. Mark 3:15 & 27, Matt 12:28

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I still find it a great struggle in my life to get rid of that that I know are wrong. For example, in my old life many of my decisions depended upon "How much does it cost?" and "Can I afford it? Do I like it?" This I find wanting to come back and I am learning by God's grace to recognize the source and to cast it out immediately before the thought becomes active. I also find this true of thoughts toward others. The devil will fly in a quick arrow "That man has false doctrine, so hate him." or "That brother or sister has this fault, so hate him." (The devil doesn't directly suggest hating him but that is the end result.) When I fall for it I find I must repent and begin to ask for Jesus' love for that person and pray positively toward Him. ("Lest any root of bitterness spring up and defile you" Heb 12:15

On the third night I had another dream, in this I was in the lobby of a convention hall, and there was a religious convention apparently going on. The lobby was dirty and dimly lighted, old and dusty. Drapes, ornaments, shields and decorations clustered the room. There were many doors and hallways leading from this lobby but they also were very dark, various people were milling around. Suddenly someone cried out there was a fire. Everybody cleared out and then I noticed the results of the extinguished fire; the old drapes and dusty things were water logged and had fallen to the floor. "What a mess" I said. It needs to be totally redone. I said "I'm not going to hang up all this junk again. In the next scene in the dream I saw the hotel lobby all rebuilt clean and beautiful. "Wow" I thought, the Lord did it, "that's finished", but then the Lord brought my attention to all of the long halls with many rooms leading from the lobby, they were still dark

and dirty and needed the same yielding to him. This will take time and patience, He made me to realize.

The next day I understood it. When Jesus cleanses our hearts the "lobby" we want to keep it clean, but our whole self needs renewing and this rebuilding process takes time. It seemed however there was some thing else the Lord was teaching me by it. I was not yet understanding.

Several years later the Lord showed me a vision or dream. Is saw a huge cave; the main part of the cave had been lighted with bright light. God said "This is like your spirit, you have asked the Holy Spirit to come in, there is light here." The main room was filled with light. Then He showed me one of the many tunnels and caverns leading from this main room they were all dark. Soon the one I was observing was lighted up also and the darkness fled. The Lord showed me clearly that the human spirit and soul is an extremely complex and vast thing, even as the physical body with its branches of nerve and capillary systems are complex. Even if I had accepted the complete cleansing of Jesus' blood to wash away all my sins and asked the Holy Spirit to fill me, this was as the fire of cleansing and now the Holy Spirit would begin to rebuild and light up the many dark areas of my spirit. This takes time and would go as fast as I allowed God to move.

These lessons were illustrated as we met different people who felt that when they received the Holy Spirit they had "arrived" at total holiness, yet it was obvious to us and all that they had large areas of their lives which were not yet yielded to a "light up" by God. In some it was a lack of love or a lack of faith in money

matters, spiritual pride or criticalness that needed "light." Sometimes I think I have achieved in a certain area (like trusting God for daily provisions). I think I have "graduated from college" in that area, then the Lord sends along a little harder tests and says "Congratulations you have just passed kindergarten. Now try first grade. " Praise

the Lord! He is our victory, our salvation. Praise His Holy Name.

A friend told me of these experiences in his life. He had been a school superintendent and lived a standard society type life, being drawn ever closer to alcoholism. He was even then trying to keep an appearance of the good life, church, etc. Then he came to a personal relationship with the Lord Jesus. His life's deepest need was met, he became a Pastor. He did not however, believe in healing or the Baptism of the Holy Spirit. His wife had a lingering sickness which didn't respond to any medical treatments but grew worse to the point where she had to quit teaching. One time an evangelist was visiting them and wanted to pray for his wife's healing. My friend resisted this and the Scripture that was quoted. Finally the evangelist said "May I see your Bible? Do you have a scissors?"

My friend asked next "What are you doing with my Bible?" The Evangelist explained "I'm going to cut all of these Scriptures out of your Bible, you don't believe them anyway." After this my friend opened up the Holy Spirit and His healing power. His wife was healed and returned to teaching completely restored. This was over twenty years ago.

It is a very serious thing to resist the Holy Spirit when we claim to believe and go by the Bible. Many forbid speaking in tongues when the Bible says "Forbid not to speak in tongues." and "Despise not prophesying." 1 Cor. 14:39. 1 Thess. 5:20. The Lord just wants to help and bless us, we are our own worst enemies. I found this true in my own case, besides my own weak faith, many of my prejudices were from false and bad teachings of my church denomination.

Of course in balance of this is to know that the devil tries to imitate all of God's workings. A Pentecostal friend (a minister) related the following experience. He was sent to a Pentecostal congregation as their new preacher. The congregation was going through forms of speaking in tongues, prophesying and all the other things. But God showed that the church as locked up deep in the controls of Satan. One Sunday the usual lady, at the usual time, began to speak loudly in tongues and God said to him "Stop her." "What?" he thought to himself. "But Lord, she is speaking in tongues." Again the Lord said "Stop her." So he did and began his preaching. She stalked out angry and didn't come to church for some time. This and a few other events of deliverance cleansed the church and it again flourished under the fear and love of God with the gifts and speaking in tongues operating from the right source.

I remember once at a meeting at the Zion house the guest speaker, visiting from the U.S.A. was speaking about being filled with the Holy Spirit and speaking in tongues. Afterwards he asked for questions. A young Arabic man standing next to me asked what tongues was. The speaker answered by demonstrating, it like this, and he begun to speak some different

words and phrases. The young man listened in total amazement, when the speaker stopped, the young man said "did you realize you were speaking perfect classical Arabic, I understood every word! Yet the rest of us heard it only as "tongues" this seems very close to the Acts chap 2 incident where each heard in their own language.

I find it depends upon our background as to how the Lord must deal with us to bring us into a right relationship with Himself. Those of "high church" background must be shaken out of their stiff and formal traditions to realize the living miracle working God is alive today. Those of a Pentecostal background must be brought to realize God also speaks in a small, still voice and there is a time to keep silent, and that God's Word and His Spirit always work together. All spirits must be tried to see if they are from God or not, 1 John 4:1 Those from a hippy type attitude He may require or ask them to do the discipline of a 9 to 5 job for a time. Those of us workaholics, He may have the opposite prescription. In learning to decide if something is from the Lord or not, we know that the most important test is, does it agree with Gods Word, another test is; does it produce the right fruit, Jesus said "by their fruit you will know them". Eat the fish but spit out the bones, we say.

People often ask us "How did you know God wanted you to go to Israel?"

Certainly, if one has in mind foreign missions, one usually thinks of Africa, South America, etc. This had been my thought too. God's working on my heart and life had started in eternity I know, but my consciousness of it came when I was about 14 years old.

My parents George and Esther, who's early life dated back to WW I days, at the end of which my dad served in the Army. Their married life started during the great depression, as farmers in the Dust Bowl area along the South Dakota, Minnesota border. Near the end of WW II the impossible conditions forced my dad to seek employment in St. Paul, Minn.. His interests were always in mechanics and aviation. Now he was able to get a job at the Holman Field Airport, St Paul. Northwest Airlines was hiring mechanics for their war contract with fitting out B 24s and B 25 bombers. Dad went and applied for the job and was hired. He also wanted a place for his family and found one by looking for a church. He was drawn to a certain church on the east side of St Paul. After the service he asked the pastor "Do you know of a house for rent? I need to bring my family here." The pastor said they had an old farm house for rent on the property for the future site of the church. This property was located on the east edge of St Paul. My dad said he would be willing to pay \$15 a month, which is what he was paying in the small town of Odessa. They agreed. I was five years old when we moved our household things in a cattle truck driven by a friend of my dads. I remember

being in the back of the truck with the rest of the kids along with all the household things. A tarp covered the back and looking out we were amazed to see all the sights of the city. The strangest thing seemed to be the trains going down the middle of the street. (Electric street cars)

The only trains I knew were the ones that roared through our small town. Our house in the cities at least had running cold water and gas and a single electric bulb in each room. These were things we lacked where we came from. The new home still had a coal stove for heating and an outdoor toilet. Being on the edge of the city open fields and hills extended from our place. I had the benefit of well equipped schools and good, God fearing teachers.

My wife Joyce's parents were farmers in Kansas and they had decided to move to western Missouri. They also sought out the church and settled near it. Joyce grew up under the rigorous and hardships of rural life. This was also good preparation for hardships of the mission field where she too was called.

I was in the middle of a family of seven children; three brothers and three sisters. Three were younger than I and three were older. My parents were simple, honest, God fearing people, yet their family was torn by severe trials and problems especially as their children reached the teen age years. I remember my mother rising early each day and reading her Bible and devotion book the first thing. She also listened to Bible programs on the radio. The fruit of this was shown in her life especially in infinite patience and compassion. I know she prayed for me and the others often. My Dad was also a faithful, devoted, honest man who never spoke much on matters of faith, but you could see it in

his living. He took us to church regularly and was always faithful and humble. All this impressed me along with the negative experience of many family problems and my own guilt and wrong direction which I was heading. When the Holy Spirit began to deal with me I remember at first I made excuses such as "I'm not as bad as some people" to which God reminded me "I'm not comparing you and others, just you and I."

"I'll try to be better" I said. But it didn't work and my guilt remained and grew worse. Finally at the age of 14, didn't have any more arguments for God. I was alone up in our boys bedroom, then it was that Jesus love just surrounded me. I felt unconditionally loved and all my guilt was gone! "Lord this is so wonderful, I give my life to You, I want to tell everyone about you" I do know that HE opened my heart and now it was a personal relationship and walk with Jesus and for the first time in my life I felt peace and freedom from guilt. Though I often failed Him, He was always there to forgive and His love never changed.

Sometime shortly after that, Jesus appeared to me in a dream. I was so glad to see Him and bowed down before Him in appreciation and praise. He seemed so joyful and almost bubbling over and had a big, brimming smile, and pure love emanated from His face. "Thank you so much for saving me" I said He then said. From His looks and mannerisms He was indicating, that is My great delight, and said "Ask me one thing for your life, which you want." I thought awhile and said "Lord, I don't want to be selfish but I wish I could always have enough money to get along."

The Lord assured me this would be the case. I'm glad He was understanding and didn't put me down for my foolish request but that He saw the real Spiritual needs and desires of my heart and is granting those. Somehow He impressed two things on my mind. He said "Keep your eyes on me" and "Read the Word." I later saw the importance of these two simple things. By knowing the Word I could keep from deception and grow closer to Him. By keeping my eyes on Him I could avoid being offended and turned away from God, because of my own weakness, failings or fears or when another Christian had wronged me. I realized they weren't perfect but Jesus is. Jesus' love drew me closer and closer. I wanted to dedicate my life to Him. I felt the only way I could do this was to become a pastor, missionary or Christian teacher. After some thought and prayer I decided on becoming a teacher. Some of my motives for this were not pure but the Lord is able to work through our weakness also. I had a wrong attachment to things such as airplanes, electronics and about everything mechanical. So even after dedicating my life to Him, He still is using my hang ups to bring me to closer the place I really desire to be, totally dedicated and delivered from all other loves and desires; to have a pure love and service for Him.

I remember my high school shop teacher in my Senior year said "When you first walked into my class I said 'Oh, no!. Not another one of these!' But something happened to you, you changed." I don't believe I ever had the courage or boldness to tell him of my experience of giving my life to Jesus, but I do know that it was great to know Jesus' peace, joy and love in my life. Now I know that the Lord actually created a new spirit in me, that made me born again and His child. He now lived in me in

that new spirit . The problem yet was that "treasure was in a clay pot", but Jesus is with me to help that also and He offers us His Holy Spirit as a helper.

Then I felt the call to be a teacher and hadn't taken any high school courses preparing me for college, only industrial courses. In fact, I had little desire for academic subjects and had intended only to go to electronics school after graduation. Now I felt the call and desire for college and teaching. I said "Lord, you will have to do three major miracles; give me the money, admittance to college and the brains. " I saw the Lord do all these things. I experienced first hand His love, provision and power. He gave me many of the desires of my heart and accepted what service I gave to Him, but kept calling me closer to Himself. By the time I was teaching for several years He had allowed me to own three different airplanes on different occasions, build a home and collect masses of radio parts and great quantities of junk. My interests took me into home built aircraft, ham radio, carpentry, etc. God used and blessed it for many years. Deep inside I was feeling that I was called to be a missionary. On two occasions I know I applied for a mission call to our church organization perhaps, out of guilt. The Lord did not allow it and I am thankful because I wasn't ready yet then.

I had rationalized that I could fly the planes, operate and fix the radio, build the huts and preach the gospel. That may have been all right but the problem was that these things occupied a wrong spot in my heart. I couldn't even see that I was serving all these other things and yet trying to serve Jesus also. I had dedicated my life to Him and my deepest, truest needs and

desires God knew so he kept working on me. Praise His name!

Then I was teaching in a high school in a small southwestern Minnesota town. We had been led there by circumstance which we knew the Lord alone arranged. At the same time God raised up a small group of "Jesus People." They were college students in the nearby town where we attended church. Their leader was of our denomination originally and I took over his Sunday School class when he had just stopped to dedicate his time to being the leader of a group of college Jesus People.

My wife and I recognized something good in them and invited them over to our house. We were so impressed by their love of the Lord and desire to serve only Him. This was at the time of Watts riots, when many college students were burning flags and causing problems. We continued in our regular denomination but also attended their meetings on campus or wherever they held them. We loved their fresh love for Jesus. I didn't agree with all their doctrines about the Holy Spirit Baptism, but I recognized they had something I needed and desired. A total dedication to Jesus, great boldness and zeal with faith, were some of their good qualities, these things I lacked. I searched the Scripture to see if this was Biblical, this "Baptism of the Holy Spirit". One dreary, rainy, Saturday morning they drove into the muddy yard of our farm home we were renting. I was in a bad mood and grumbling at my wife over something, tired from a week of teaching. They came in all radiant and happy, saying "Well, do you want the Baptism of the Holy Spirit today?"

"Oh" I said "Not a very likely day." They were undaunted and beamed "Will you pray with us?" I exclaimed reluctantly "I guess I'm always willing to pray." We went into another room. They surrounded me and began to pray and praise God. They encouraged me to "Just look to Jesus". Get your eyes off yourself and your problems. "Turn your thoughts only to Him. Thank Him, praise Him." I began to join them "Thank you Jesus, praise you Jesus" I said. They encouraged me to raise my hands and just keep praising Jesus. They were also praising God in unknown tongues and said to me "Now just speak out as God gives you another language. Praise Him in it."

I didn't believe it was necessary for the Christian, especially me, to speak in an unknown tongues, but I had searched the Scripture and knew it was Biblical and a gift. It was as if the Holy Spirit was saying "I'm offering you this gift through your friends here. Will you humble yourself and accept it?" Praise God, He gave me the grace to step out in faith and accept. I began to babble a few syllables, unintelligible to me, then like a flood from heaven He flooded my heart with praise, joy and glory. For several days it seemed I was walking in bliss and was praising God silently and verbally with almost every breath I took. I didn't speak in unknown tongues again for awhile after that because I didn't see the need or value of it, but some months later the Lord reminded me to "stir up the gift" and showed me the great benefit and blessing of it for my personal walk with Jesus. Now praying in the spirit and tongues is a great benefit to me in my Christian walk. I try to use this gift as well as all others rightly and according to the Word. But I find myself forgetting this gift and reverting back to negativeness, the Lord in the love and grace

reminds me again.

One of the first things that happened after I opened up to the Baptism in the Holy Spirit was that the Lord began to open doors of my heart that I had locked up and reserved for myself. It was as if He would open a closet door and say "What about these things?" and I would say "Lord, they don't look so good. I think I will get rid of them. " I'm sure that those friends of mine were also praying for me, attacking and binding down the devil in those areas of my life where it was needed. I was delivered from several things which I had become a slave to.

Soon my heart was willing to get rid of many things which I had held on to since a child. Sheds full of radio parts, car parts and every other assortment of thing which I had intended to use were not disposed of. I don't think two life times would have allowed me time to do all those projects or test all those inventions, because I kept getting more and more of those "great ideas." I praise God for this great deliverance.

My wife decided she would watch me and see what affect this "Baptism of the Holy Spirit" had before she would get into it herself. A few months later she decided it was for her also. We were both greatly blessed by this experience and it continues to grow and be a blessing to us.

We were now open to hear God speak through His Word, by prophecy, tongues or in our thought life. But we knew all of it must be tested and stand the test of "Does it agree with the Bible, confess and glorify Jesus?"

Flying always gave me great satisfaction. I felt the Lord's fellowship and blessing. Since I was a youth I loved that activity. My dad had always wanted to fly, back when he was first married he had gone for a ride in an early open-cockpit Jenny biplane. The barnstormers had landed in an open field near his town. He even persuaded my mother to take a ride. Dad always had airplane magazines around the house and several times he took us to the local airport to watch planes land and take off. At age 16 I knew that I would love to fly. I had never been up in a plane until the day I signed for flying lessons at the Holman field in downtown St Paul. The weekly lessons were paid for by income from my parttime job at the local TV- appliance and repair shop in St Paul. The trainer planes were all metal, high wing, tail-dragers, Luscombe 8A and 8Es. They sat nose high on the front landing gear. These planes were noted as being especially snappy and it took a lot of rudder work to keep it going straight down the runway on takeoff, or after landing. But once in the air it was a hot little plane. I was my instructors first student, so both he and I were really glad when solo day came. I remember I felt real dependant on the Lord. It was the first time up with the seat empty, where normally the instructor sat. I took comfort also in that my mother was praying for me and all ended well.

After more of the required instruction hours, I passed the private pilot test check ride on my Birthday March 2, 1953 at the age of 17. After that I bought an old 1942 Aeronica Defender for \$900. It was a converted, observer plane from World War II surplus. Its 65 horsepower engine barely got the pilot and passenger off the ground on hot summer days. The 80 miles per hour cruise was slowed even more with a strong head wind. I sold that plane when I left home for college and didn't buy

another till after our first year of teaching in New York City. That plane was a Stinson 10A, 3 place plane. It was also a high wing, tail dragger. We made some trips from New York to Minnesota and back with it. Our two small children were in the back seat. Joyce didn't appreciate flying like I did and it was always a test of her faith. But she bravely put up with it as well as with the other perils of years of missionary life and travel. Some times were especially hard for her, like the time we returned from Minnesota to New York in the Stinson. WE were over New York City, flying in the narrow corridor between the heavy air traffic patterns of LaGuardia and Kennedy airports. We were heading for a small airport located at College Point, right under the landing pattern of the very busy LaGuardia airport. Visibility was always a minimum over New York because of the smog and moist sea air. Right at the critical point, just as we passed over Manhattan, our compass lost its fluid and tilted over dead! "Tell me if you see any planes" I said to Joyce. That didn't help her have peace! After we flew over Manhattan we finally spotted the small airport and landed safely. After 4 years in New York we moved back to Minnesota and we sold the Stinson.

In the time there we built a house next to the one we lived in. After selling it, I decided to buy another plane, a Beechcraft only 4 years old. costing \$6,000. It was a sleek, low wing, 4 place craft, fully instrument equipped, just right for our family. Joyce and I sat in front and 4 little kids in the back. We often flew from Minnesota to Missouri to visit grandparents. On one trip to Pueblo, Colo. to visit Joyce's sister, we were in the air over South Dakota just while the Apollo landing craft arrived on the moon. Man took his first steps on the moon. Needless to say, I really enjoyed that plane and the days of travel. One of the hardest

things the Lord asked me to sell that plane.

This was about 6 months before we felt the foreign mission call, but it was very clear to me what the Lord was asking me to do, so I prayed "Lord, if you really want me to sell that plane, I will know it's you if it sells to the first one who calls. And if he pays cash. I don't want to waste time showing it to everyone as in the case of selling the other planes. I will put only one ad in the Trade a Plane magazine." That seemed to be an impossible situation for the Lord, because right then it was an economic crunch (1970s) and engineers were even pumping gas in California and recreational vehicles weren't selling for any price. Besides that the engine in the plane had reached its maximum hours before it needed to be overhauled (which would be a very expensive operation.) But as soon as the ad came out, I received a call.

"Hello. Do you have that Beechcraft for sale?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Is the fuselage in good condition?" he asked.

"Yes, its perfect" I replied.

"What's the airplanes identification number?"

"2352Q" I told him. (That seemed like a wierd question.)

"I'll take it" he said.

After a moments hesitation and shock I replied "Well, do you have the cash?"

"Yes, of course I have the cash" he said.

"Let me think about it and I'll call you back" I told him.

After a week past I was still struggling with myself. The Lord had met all the exact requirements I had put forth so I picked up the telephone and called him.

"Do you still want that plane?" I asked.

"Yes, I'll be up to get it." he said.

He did get it, and it seems they needed the plane to replace a similar plane their flying club owned. They had just overhauled their engine and a member had made a bad landing, wiped out the landing gear and the bottom of the plane. Since my plane was only a few ID numbers away from theirs, they knew everything would fit.

Soon after this I had a vivid dream I will never forget. In the dream I was up on the hill on our 30 acres of land, and I was working in the garden. I was weeding rows on my knees. It was a very realistic situation. There came Jesus down the nearby path. He was radiant with joy as He looked at me and I looked at Him. We didn't need words to communicate, I understood exactly what He was saying. "Are you happy here? I gave you this land." I knew that was true, since a retired, elderly farmer had owned the property and refused to sell it to several developers. I didn't know that when I asked to buy it. He told me "Come back in a week and I will tell you if you can buy it." A week later he said "Yes, you are the one to get it." He was a God fearing man and sold it to me for pasture price, on contract for deed, at very low interest rate. I knew what Jesus was saying was true. Jesus continued "You can stay right here, and I will bless you, or you can follow me onward" With that Jesus walked on down the path. After some days passed the dramatic impact of that dream drew me to want to leave all this and follow Jesus onward.

I was still teaching at the high school and on the side I was

building our dream home. It had a double garage, shop, stone fireplace, large open living room, five bedrooms. God continued to deal with us. My normal routine was to roll out of bed at the last minute, try to dress, shave, eat and shave morning devotions all at the same time and at that arrive five or ten minutes late to work. One day a friend of our young daughter came to stay overnight with us. We wanted to share Jesus with her because she was from a broken and mixed up home. However, I was in my normal morning routine and didn't have time to really share Jesus with her. I felt convicted and prayed "Lord, if you will get me up mornings I will give the first of it to you. We will set aside a definite time for morning devotions."

The very next morning early I heard a trumpet blast "ta ta ta". I sat up in bed wide awake! All sleepiness had gone. I've never before or since heard that trumpet. But from then on I have never had to set an alarm and the Lord still gets me up early. We have had untold blessing from putting Jesus first. Often now I find that he awakens me at five or about then, and its a great time of quiet rest for my spirit. The family wakes and spends time reading the Word individually after that, then we share together something we received a blessing from and its a great way to start the day.

One Friday as I was taking my noon break, I wanted to read a portion from the Word as I had been doing lately. I was very interested in end time events and prophecies. I thought I'd turn to Jeremiah and read what he might say about end times. I opened to the middle of the book thinking it might be a good place, but as I did the Lord said to me "Turn back to the beginning."

I thought "There's nothing in the beginning of Jeremiah" but I did go back. I read the first chapter and thought "I don't see anything special. That was Jeremiah's call to go out. That was a long time ago. I don't see any meaning" but I tucked it away in my thoughts. That evening we attended the weekly Friday evening service of the Church on the Hill. During the service several prophecies came forth. One of them almost hit me on the head, it said "It's true that these prophecies were meant for days of old, but they were also meant for today."

"Wow!" I thought. Could it be that God is calling me out for a special assignment?" I didn't tell anyone, not even my wife, about this experience. About a week later my wife was upstairs in our 2/3 completed home, while I was working downstairs. She came down excitedly saying "Honey, I think we are going to move."

I said "Oh!" while looking at the unfinished house and knowing of the 30 acres of undeveloped, high potential property we had. "Why is that?" I asked. She said "I was just reading from Ezekiel and the words stood out as if the Lord was speaking to me--'prepare your stuff for removing.'"

At this time I shared with her my experience in reading Jeremiah. Now we had an idea we would be moving to serve the Lord, but wanted more confirmation and didn't know where or why. We began to plan in faith with the idea of moving as God would direct us later. I plunged myself into trying to complete the house, not even taking much time to seek the Lord. One day

when I was working I had a sudden, sharp pain in my left chest area. First I ignored it. Then I prayed about it, demanding it to leave in Jesus' name. But it persisted. I couldn't raise my hand or work. I went to the little church for prayer and oil anointing. I went home and tried to work but the pain became so sharp it literally pinned me to the floor. After a time I managed to make it to the sofa. While I lay there the children ran around playing noisily. Our young son Danny, came running down the steps (a dangerous thing to do) into the room where I laid. I called him over to me and said "Danny, the only way I can talk to you is to hold you down."

Just as I said those words the Lord said very clearly to me "That is why I have you lying here, I want to speak to you." And that He did. In the next several days he told me many things, laying Jerusalem and Israel on my heart. The Lord led me to turn to Jeremiah 11. Jeremiah was sent to Jerusalem. Later as I flipped through a church magazine I saw a picture of buildings and streets titled "Modern Jerusalem." Suddenly, the deepest desire came into my heart to be there. It looked like it was to be Jerusalem. The Lord spoke to my heart about many other things regarding this call. After that the pain left and I resumed my schedule.

We looked for more confirmation especially as to when we were to go. This the Lord proceeded to show, and for the next half year we continually met Jewish people or those who had contact with them. We had many encouraging confirmations. After that six month period I was eager to leave. There was only one problem; the local fellowship (the elders) which I shared this

with over and over again said "No. This isn't the time." So I went back to seeking God asking "When?". He said "Dig through the wall." We waited another half year. The work on the house seemed to go so slowly. I was convinced I was to step out in faith, and break through the wall. I announced to the school board that I wouldn't be back next year and set a date for an auction of our household possessions. All the things were spread out over a large area, old bulldozer, tractor, welders, machines and tons of things. I rember standing amoung the crowd, a man said to me "this must be a community auction," no I said it's all one mans junk.

We gave the property (mostly paid for) to the little church, it was thirty acres. Leaving was a test for us since everyone thought it very foolish to leave a brand new home and take the family to a strange and dangerous country. But the Lord assured us over and over He would lead, protect and provide. Finally, after renting out the newly completed home to a fellow teacher and narrowing down our earthly possessions to about 12 suitcases, we said good bye and headed for my folks in St. Paul.

We had to spend whatever time necessary to replace all the plumbing in my parents' home since they were required to convert to city sewer and water. This was also like breaking through a wall, since I broke up concrete and wrestled with pipes and plumbing, trying to share the visions with concerned parents, who made it known that this was a dangerous and foolish thing to do. Our family was crammed into one bedroom which besides the tense atmosphere made it really hard. This however was real good training for what was ahead. I had given the Lord one final confirmation, it was that I couldn't go with out my Dad's blessing.

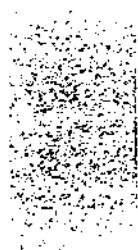
After some trouble it passed inspection, but greater yet was the "Passed" which came from my Dad. Formerly he had made it know he was not in favor of the venture but now he said "Go, son. God bless you."

Our ten year old Chevrolet station wagon had well over 120,000 miles on it and was using a lot of oil, but it ran all right and we planned to get rid of it in New York City. We drove through Wisconsin, on to Indiana and then stayed two days with a close friend in Indianapolis. This stop contained blessings also. Afterwards we traveled to dear friends in Pittsburgh, Pa. who headed a Jewish mission there. Dave, the Director, left an established and promising career at Honeywell Electronics and now served the Lord full time in this mission. What joy we had together while our families shared. We arrived Saturday evening, just a short time before their Shabbot (Sabbath) Service. The Lord had arranged for a person just returning from Jerusalem to be there. She gave us several addresses of names and contacts in Israel. In New York City the Lord had another wonderful surprise. At the church where I first taught they informed us that just a while before a fully furnished apartment had been vacated and it was free for our use. Empty only at that time, we could use it until we got our ticket and visited friends. We praise our Lord Jesus for such abundant grace and love. Saying goodbye to friends we flew to Israel.

After our return from the two years in Israel, we were home in Missouri for two years, and then we were again sent on a foreign mission. We headed out for Australia but arrived in Thailand, where we spent 21 years!, but that's another story.

Post Comment:

This account happened during our stay in Israel, 1972 till 1974. Our observations since then give us some insight into the current year 2000 troubles going on in that region. By letter, and now by e mail, we get filled in from our friends on the real situation. It's quite different than that being reported on the socialistic major networks. Our friends there reported that the same neighborhood where we lived is now under attack. This is the Arab Christian area around Bethlehem. It seems that armed men and young people come into their yards, set up their rockets and guns and shoot toward the Israeli settlements. This causes instant retaliation of rockets and gunfire from Israel. Innocent victims are wounded and the Christian's homes damaged and destroyed. It seems that Arafat is using the same tactics as he did many years ago when he was kicked out of Jordan. He went from there into the predominantly Christian southern Lebanon and "raped" it. He set up his rockets and guns on that private property and aimed toward Israel. This brought retaliation and the Christians were forced to flee the area while Arafat took it over. So now Arafat wants the Christians out of the Bethlehem area. We pray for them in this difficult situation.



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