



Miracles that follow the plow :: Jewish Testimonies

Jewish Testimonies - posted by followthelamb, on: 2019/8/14 20:25

Hi everyone! I recently came across the website Jewishtestimonies.com and it is so encouraging to read the testimonies of Jewish people who have come to faith in Jesus as the Messiah. JewsforJesus.com is also a great resource.

Will start this thread off with the testimony of Stan Telchin who wrote a book entitled : "Betrayed!" in 2007...

"My parents fled from Russia to America in the early 1900s to get away from the pogroms. In 1924 I was born and I began to learn about Jewish ghetto life from early childhood. One day I was called a "Christ killer". I didn't know what that meant, but it was the hatred in the accusation, which frightened me. I ran home, crying "Mummy, Mummy."
• She calmed me and said, "Don't cry. Let me tell you something very important that you have to learn. There is us, the Jewish people, and there is them, the goyim, the Christians. They hate us and we have to stay a way from them. Everything is all right now. We are in America and you are safe."

Shock

In 1948 I married Ethel David, a friend from junior high school. Two daughters, Judy and Ann, were born and I became highly successful in the insurance business. Twenty-six years into our marriage, we had a very large home complete with swimming pool, four BMWs and a full-time housekeeper. Then my world felt like it had suddenly come apart when Judy, by then a student at Boston University, phoned me and told me with great caution that she had come to believe that Jesus is the Messiah. I was speechless, outraged and I felt betrayed. How could a child of mine join the enemy?

Challenge

A few weeks later Judy came home for her vacation. We talked and talked and finally she challenged me, "Daddy, you are an educated man. Read the Bible for yourself and make up your own mind. It is either true or it is false and if you read it carefully and ask God to reveal the truth to you, He will." Immediately I decided to read the Bible to prove that Jesus is not the Messiah and win her back! The very next night, I picked up the New Testament for the very first time. I was prepared for a book of hate aimed at the Jewish people, but I found it to be a book written by a Jew, for other Jews, about the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and the Messiah He sent to His people.

For Jew and Gentile

I read the accounts of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John and then the Acts of the Apostles. Here I read about Peter, reluctant at first, going to the house of a Gentile called Cornelius, a Roman Centurion. Peter was told that Cornelius had had a vision in which he was told that Peter would tell him about God. Upon this, Peter began to speak in his home about the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob and about Jesus, the Messiah. While he was speaking something totally unexpected happened: the Holy Spirit fell upon Cornelius and on all the Gentiles that heard the words. Peter and the Jewish believers who were with him were astonished. Afterwards Peter went to Jerusalem and explained at a meeting of apostles and other Jewish believers what happened. At his report, they also realised that Jesus the Messiah must be for Gentiles as well as for Jews!

Thorough study

I had many questions, "Do I really believe in God? Do I believe that the Tanakh is God's word to us? Does the Tanakh contain prophecies about a Messiah Who is to come? Has anyone ever lived who fulfilled these prophecies? Did Jesus fulfil them?" The next months were filled with study. I read the entire New Covenant (New Testament) and a good portion of the Tanakh. I obtained books about Jewish religion and Jewish history. I talked to rabbis. I studied the Messianic prophecies in the Tanakh. I didn't know how many there were, but came up with a list of over forty of them and it staggered me to realise that Jesus fulfilled each and every one of them!

Promises

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Of particular significance to me was Jeremiah 31:31-34, where God promised to make a New Covenant with the Jewish people! How could I not know of this promise? Then there was Proverbs 30:4 which spoke of God's Son; and the 22nd Psalm which revealed Jesus hanging on a tree; and Isaiah chapter 53 which explained that our sins were placed upon Him and that He was punished instead of us; and Daniel 9 which prophesied that Jerusalem would be destroyed along with the Temple by the prince who would come after the Messiah had been killed! By now I knew when that had taken place. It was in the year 70! I was stunned.

Whom do you worship?

Once I decided to attend a meeting of Messianic Jews. Here I met a woman, who asked me to read Exodus 20:2-3 aloud. I read, "I am the LORD your God, who has brought you out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage. You shall have no other gods before me." She said, "Tell me, who is your God? Is He the God of our Fathers, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob or are you worshipping false gods like your business, your home, your wife, your children?" I was struck by her question and realised that I spent a good part of my time thinking and even worshipping these things. Yet I almost never thought about God or considered worshipping Him.

Family united

The pressure within me kept building. I knew that in my heart I believed that Jesus is the Messiah, but I was afraid of the consequences such a decision would have on my life. I argued with myself and raised the objections of the Crusades, the Inquisition, the Pogroms and the Holocaust. Nevertheless, on the inside I would hear, "Yes, but it's true! Jesus is the Messiah!" July 3, 1975 at 7:15 in the morning, the pressure within finally found its release. It burst forth from my lips. Jesus is our Messiah! He is my Messiah! I do receive Him as the Lord of my life! When I told my wife, I found out that she had already repented and accepted the Lord Jesus as her Messiah and Saviour and had just been waiting for me to come to the same realisation! Now our whole family was united again.

Search the Scriptures

I invite my readers to do exactly what I did. With an open mind search the Scriptures specifically the Messianic prophecies and be honest with your findings. You have nothing to fear from the truth. Indeed, you will know the truth and the truth will set you free."

Re: Jewish Testimonies - posted by docs (), on: 2019/8/15 11:05

This is very good. I have found similar sites. There are approximately 400 Jewish Messianic synagogues worldwide and this is unheard of since the days of Christ and the commencement of Jewish blindness. We are among the first Christian generations in almost 2,000 years to be able to gaze upon a Jewish nation in the very same land as their forefathers. That doesn't mean they are in the clear because they are still coming to the time when the nation will have to go to the mountain again and wrestle all night until their natural strength is exhausted. But PTL everywhere of Jewish testimonies of coming to Christ.

Re: Jewish Testimonies - posted by Renocer, on: 2019/8/17 5:26

Here's a bunch of video testimonies of Messianic Jews:

<https://www.oneforisrael.org/category/bible-based-teaching-from-israel/video/israeli-testimonies/>

Re: - posted by followthelamb, on: 2019/8/21 13:31

Isaac Lichtenstein was born in 1824 and passed on in 1909. He was a Jewish Rabbi who became a believer in Jesus and stayed among the Jews as a missionary to his own people, openly proclaiming that Yeshua is the Messiah.

from jewishtestimonies.com:

Isaac Lichtenstein was not quite twenty years old when he became a rabbi. After officiating for several years in different communities in northern Hungary, he finally settled in Tãpiãszele. There he served the local Jewish community for nearly forty years.

Early in his career, a Jewish teacher in the communal school of his district casually showed him a German Bible. Turning the leaves, his eye fell on the name "Jesu Christi". He became furiously angry and sharply reproved the teacher for having such a thing in his possession. Taking the book, he flung it across the room in a rage; it fell behind others on a shelf where, dusty and forgotten, it lay some thirty-odd years.

Anti-Semitism and the New Testament

Then during a fierce wave of anti-Semitism in Tiszaezlár, situated on the Tisza, thirteen Jewish people were thrown into prison. They were accused of killing a Christian girl in order to use her blood for ritual purposes. As in every other case this satanic accusation was false and baseless. Strangely enough, it was this incident which first drew Rabbi Lichtenstein to think that there had to be something in the teachings of the New Testament that stimulated the enmity to the Jews.

While he was browsing through his books, he saw in a hidden corner the New Testament that he had thrown there in his anger some thirty years ago. He picked up the book and all kinds of memories flashed through his head. The bitter experiences and grief that made him suffer since his youth by the hand of people that called themselves Christians.

It was no wonder that Lichtenstein held the view that Christ Himself had to be the plague and the curse of the Jews. It was remarkable therefore that the exact anti-Jewish crime in Tiszaezlár, where many misused the name of Christ as a cover for their practices, drove the Rabbi to read the Brit haChadashah {Hebrew for "the New Testament"} for the first time.

New though familiar

After some hesitation Isaac Lichtenstein opened the book, turned over its leaves and read. "Immediately I was captured by the greatness, power and glory of this Book, formerly a sealed book to me. All seemed so new, yet also very familiar. It was like the sight of an old friend who has laid aside his dusty, travel-worn garments, and appeared in festive attire, like a bridegroom in wedding robes." Lichtenstein could come to only one conclusion, "Yeshua is the Messiah!"

For some years Rabbi Lichtenstein kept these convictions to himself. He began, however, to preach new doctrines in his synagogue, which both interested and astonished his hearers. At last he could not contain himself any longer, preaching one Sabbath about the whited sepulchre, he openly avowed that his subject was taken from the Brit haChadashah. Subsequently he spoke of Yeshua as the true Mashiach, the Redeemer of Israel.

Ultimately he embodied his ideas in three publications, which created a tremendous sensation among the Jews, not only in Hungary, but also throughout Europe. No wonder, for here was an old and respected Rabbi, still in office, calling upon his people to align themselves under the banner of Yeshua of Nazareth.

The true Judaism

As was inevitable, a storm of persecution broke loose upon him. Lichtenstein, who was counted among their most noble leaders and teachers, was now portrayed as a disgrace, an apostate that had sold himself to missionaries. He had to appear before the rabbinate in Budapest, but Lichtenstein did not give in. He explained that he found in the Brit haChadashah the true Judaism and would remain as before with his congregation. In spite of many persecutions and reproaches he continued to teach and to preach from the Brit haChadashah.

To Christian organisations that sought his services, he had but one reply, "I will remain among my own nation, I love the Messiah, I believe in the New Testament but I am not drawn to join Christendom." He remained among his own brethren, to plead with them to behold in Yeshua the true glory of Israel. For over twenty years Rabbi Lichtenstein witnessed in many parts of Europe to the truth of the Messiah.

At last the storms of controversy, of misunderstanding and antagonism, began to tell on him. His spirit, however, remained undaunted. About this time he wrote, "Dear Jewish brethren, I have attained the age of eighty years. When others of my age are reaping with joy the fruit of their labors, I am alone, almost forsaken, because I have lifted up my voice in warning. I am become a butt of mockers who point their fingers at me. Yet while I live, I will stand on my watchtower though I may stand there all alone. I will listen to the words of G-d and look for the time when He will return to Zion in mercy and Israel shall fill the world with his joyous cry, "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is He that cometh in the name"

e of the Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

Re: - posted by followthelamb, on: 2019/8/24 19:37

The testimony of rabbi Sam Stern:

I was born during World War I and grew up in a strict orthodox Jewish home. My father was a devout rabbi and his overriding desire was to make one of me, too. My family lived in a little town near Warsaw where Jewish and Polish families lived, divided by culture, language and religion. Growing up I inevitably came into contact with Gentiles. Sometimes they threw stones at me and shouted "Jew, Jew."

My mother told me, "They are Christians and Christians are Jew-haters, but when our Messiah comes we shall be the head and not the tail. Then we will go back to the Promised Land and no one will persecute us any more." "But when will the Messiah come?" I asked. "We don't know the exact time, but He will come some day." This hope accompanied me all my life, it gave me power to endure the suffering and humiliation from my Gentile neighbours.

Holocaust

In September 1939, World War II broke out. I had just received my rabbinical diploma called "Smicha" that past summer. The war however destroyed all my plans. Within six years, six million Jews, among them one million children, were murdered. One third of the world's Jewish population was annihilated.

When in May 1945 the War was over, I was in a concentration camp. I had survived and had high hopes of seeing my relatives again. To my great sorrow I learned that all my loved ones had perished. I came to realise the bitter fact that I was alone in the world without a friend. "Why God," I asked desperately, "why were You silent in these terrible times for Your chosen people?"

Great conflict

I decided to go to America in the hope that I would forget the dreadful past and start a new life. In 1952 I went to Rhode Island, where I worked as an assistant rabbi. However, there was a great conflict in my heart. I had lost faith in mankind and in the rabbinical legends and teachings. I felt miserable knowing that I, as a rabbi, was teaching the people things that I did not believe myself. I knew that the Talmudic teachings, sayings, scholastic debates, laws, rules and regulations were really of very little significance to us. I saw that 2,000 years of Talmudic, Chassidic, cabbalistic and worldly teachings could not save one Jew from destruction. I realised that we needed a really solid spiritual truth.

The true teaching

One day I came into contact with a missionary on the street who told me, "The Lord sent us to the Jews to let them know that God loves them and wants them to be saved." "What do you mean saved? How can you speak about love after the Holocaust?" I asked. He smiled and said, "I know how you feel, but real Christians love the Jews and all those who harm them are no true followers of Christ."

I retorted, "Weren't all those who carried crosses and had pictures of saints in their homes, yet organised pogroms against the Jews of Europe, weren't they Christians? Weren't the churches in Poland and Ukraine the main source of anti-Semitism? Didn't the priests incite their people against the Jews?"

He looked at me and said, "The Lord teaches us to love our enemies, to show love to those who hate us. All those who do not obey His teachings are not His followers." Then he gave me a Yiddish New Testament and said, "Read it and you will find the true teaching of Christ."

Great revelation

In the next few nights I had much to read. Every line was a great revelation to me. Beginning with the book of Matthew, I was surprised to read that Jesus is of the lineage of Abraham and David. I also noticed that on nearly every page it says, "As it is written," which means that it was written in our Jewish Bible, the Old Testament. It became clear to me that this book called the New Testament is actually the fulfilment of the Old Testament.

Isaiah 53

The same missionary brought me into contact with a Jewish believer. Together we read the Yiddish New Testament. After a while he told me about a poem called "The Sufferer". He started to read it and asked, "Who is the subject of this poem? Who suffered for our sins? By whose stripes are we healed?"

I answered, "It probably refers to Jesus Christ." Then he said, "I just copied out and read to you the 53rd chapter of Isaiah. He was the one who wrote about the Messiah." Imagine my surprise and shock. I did not know Isaiah 53. The only conclusion I could reach was that the main reason so many rabbis and other Jews don't know the Messiah is that they don't know the Bible. The same evening I went back to him and told him that I believed in the Lord Jesus. We knelt together and prayed for the forgiveness of sin and for salvation. As a repentant sinner I accepted the Lord Jesus as my personal Saviour.

Peace, joy and happiness

What a change came over me. I was so happy! I felt a peace, joy and happiness that I had never known before. I was a new person. When I came home I read Isaiah 53 over and over again. It became clear to me that this prophecy expresses God's glorious plan of forgiveness, reconciliation with God and salvation clearer than perhaps any other passage of scripture. I was baptized and eventually became a preacher of the Gospel. Ever since that day it has been my one desire that others of my fellow-Jews should also come to know the One spoken of in Isaiah 53.

Source: Messiah. Five Jewish people make the greatest discovery. Penfold Books 2001, England.

Re: Jewish Testimonies - posted by followthelamb, on: 2019/8/27 8:53

Rabbi Gurland wrote: "I have lived in two entirely different worlds, first as a Jew, and then as a Christian; first in a limited world of doubt and superstition under the fearful curse of the law; then, by the grace of God, I penetrated from darkness to light, from death to life. Since that time I have been privileged to be a messenger of the Gospel, the good news of the free and joyous grace of God in Messiah Yeshua, proclaiming the reconciliation which is in Yeshua, both to Jews and non-Jews, for I am a debtor to both."

"Chaim Gurland (1831-1995) was born in Lithuania, where he grew up in Vilnius as the son of a zealous rabbi. He was not yet five years old when his father taught him from the Word of God. Soon he was able to read the Holy Scriptures himself. One day he saw a picture of the crucified Messiah in a biblical narrative. He was touched by it and wished to impress it on his mind. He therefore sneaked into the attic and made a copy of the picture. This took many hours and his parents went in search of him. At dusk his father, shaken and disappointed, suddenly stood beside him. In his eyes Chaim had committed a terrible crime. He rebuked his son severely and gave him a good hiding.

Doubts to the Talmud

Still Chaim was destined to become a rabbi. After three years of study he was inducted, but he saw the days of his induction as the most terrible, most unhappy day of his whole life. He had great doubts as to the divine origin of the Talmud, but in obedience to his parents, Chaim became a rabbi, knowing well that it could not satisfy him. Although his conscience troubled him greatly, he accepted the call to be rabbi.

However he could not endure it for long. In the synagogue he publicly preached against the Talmud and challenged his hearers to a discussion, but no one accepted his challenge. The Chief Rabbi demanded a revocation but Gurland refused. He remained in office for another two years, but then had to leave.

Search

For some years he made a meager living as a private teacher. Then, one day, a Jewish peddler brought him a Hebrew New Testament in which the rabbi read for the first time the Sermon on the Mount, the epistles of Paul and other passages. His reading led to fresh doubts and great sadness came over him. His search ended with a pastor in Kishinev in Moldavia, who was in contact with many Jewish people. Their acquaintance led to an agreement: Pastor Faltin would give

x-rabbi Gurland drawing lessons and German lessons if Chaim would help him to read the Bible in Hebrew.

Isaiah 53

In the course of their reading they came to the fifty-third chapter of the book of the prophet Isaiah. Although it is one of the most wonderful portions of the Bible, this chapter is never read in the synagogue. Gurland therefore asked Pastor Faltin not to read it. Pastor Faltin said patiently: "I shall pray that God may give you courage to be willing to know His saving truth."

From that time the rabbi could not help thinking about that remarkable chapter, and felt it was cowardly to be afraid to know what God had revealed in it. At their following meeting Rabbi Gurland expressed his willingness to read the fifty-third chapter with him. But first of all the pastor read to him the story of Christ's sufferings as contained in the New Testament. When they read then the 53rd chapter of Isaiah, Rabbi Gurland had to admit that the chapter was a perfect picture of what Jesus had suffered at Calvary.

Jesus the promised Messiah

Together they read the Holy Scripture regularly and eventually Chaim Gurland desired to confess the Lord Jesus Christ in immersion. The excitement and indignation of the Jewish population was terrible, when they heard about this intention. They even threatened him with the death if they dared to go through with it.

When pastor Faltin asked the rabbi whether he would not prefer to be baptized quietly in the manse he answered without hesitating, "No, Jesus the Messiah is a living, mighty Saviour. He can protect me; but even if He does not, I am willing to suffer and die for Him."

When the day of the rabbi's baptism arrived, the church was overcrowded with both Christians and Jews. The minister preached about the Messiah who came to seek and to save that which was lost. Before the baptism, Gurland gave a short address, in which he stated how he received the heavenly light through reading the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and that he believed Jesus of Nazareth to be the promised Messiah and Saviour. The Lord himself had calmed the raging hearts and during the act of baptism and the rest of the service everything was quiet.

Called to his own people

To his joy the Lord called Chaim, or Rudolf Hermann as he was called since the day of his baptism, to go out as a missionary to his own people. He showed many Jewish people the way of salvation and led many Jewish brothers to see that the Lord Jesus is the Messiah. Also he spoke in many churches about the work of the Lord amongst the Jewish people. He was able to sow love for the Jews and for work amongst them in the hearts of many Christians."

Re: - posted by ginnyrose (), on: 2019/8/27 17:52

Thank-you for posting these testimonials. They are uplifting and encouraging to read how the Holy Spirit draws people to himself, even against their own will!

God bless.

Sandra

Re: - posted by followthelamb, on: 2019/8/29 10:41

"John Moses Levi was born as the son of a Prussian couple. Soon after his birth his father died and his mother, now a young widow, was supported in his upbringing by her father, rabbi Benjamin Eppstein. When he was nine years old, he left with his grandpa for Jerusalem. The old rabbi adopted him as his son and gave him his name Eppstein.

Study of the Talmud

Learning Hebrew and studying the Talmud were his passion and when several of his friends came to believe in Jesus Christ, he became more fanatic. At the age of sixteen he even went about with a dagger, determined to kill his cousin Laur

ia. Lauria, who was a rabbi, received Jesus Christ as his Saviour and God used him to get John to read the Prophets and eventually, the New Testament.

Eyes opened

His eyes opened to the truth that Jesus of Nazareth had to be the promised Messiah. John put the Talmud aside and threw himself on the Word of God, the Old Testament as well as the New. In his own words, "My convictions deepened daily. I longed to openly confess the Lord Jesus, but I didn't have the courage to give up all for Him."

At the local synagogue he was the only Levite, so it was his duty to read from the Torah.

As he was going up to the desk his sash caught and the tracts that were hidden in it fell out on the ground. When the bystanders saw the tracts, they yelled to him, "Apostate! How dare you desecrate this place! Were you going to read the Torah like that?!" The whole congregation began beating him and he narrowly escaped being murdered.

Missionary

John fled, gave his life into the hands of the Lord and found a safe place in the house of Christian brothers. On July 13, 1844 he was baptized. He stayed for some years in Cairo and then went to Malta where he studied theology for five years. His first post as a missionary was Baghdad and after that he worked from 1867 until 1885 in Smyrna, where many Jews were born again. During his missionary career he baptized more than 260 Jews.

John Moses Eppstein had friends amongst the rich as well as the poor. People looked up to him for his linguistic talent (he spoke fourteen languages!) and his great knowledge of the Bible as well as the Talmud. Shortly before his death he said, "I am the happiest man in the world," and "I thank God that He enabled me to find the Pearl (Christ Jesus) and to lay hold of it with both my hands."

Re: - posted by followthelamb, on: 2019/9/2 20:12

The testimony of Lisette Hutton-Orscher. In this testimony she would like to show the grace of God and His wondrous ways. Ways in which we often have to carry a heavy cross, but in which we also receive many blessings.

Love, the silent witness

"I grew up in Belgium in a Jewish family. My parents lived in a large house. They had five children and sheltered Jewish refugees from Eastern Europe. For this they had many servants and among them was a Christian girl. She was a simple girl from the country and had received little education. However, she had a wonderful treasure, she loved the Lord Jesus and also loved the Jews. We could not understand how she, a Gentile, could love the Jews so much. At that time I was a small girl that loved the Lord. My mother taught me how to pray in Hebrew, but I liked to listen to this servant girl that told me all the stories of the Old Testament. My mother died when I was very young, but this girl stayed with us and helped us faithfully.

A Bible as wedding present

When I got married this girl gave me, as a present, a Bible, the Old and New Testament in French. After our wedding day we moved to England where my husband had a large business. However he had to travel a lot for his work and because of that I felt lonely at times. At those times I would read this Bible, but I never would open the New Testament. I was afraid of that, because I was a Jew.

"Don't read the New Testament"

We went back to Belgium frequently to visit our family. At a wedding I met a young Jewish girl, Maria, who I knew from before. She was very sad as her father had died and her mother had remarried. Her stepfather treated her very badly. I felt sorry for her and said, "Maria, I have something for you that will help you not to feel so lonely." I gave her my Bible and kept on corresponding with her from England. After a few weeks I noticed a large change in her letters. On our next trip to Belgium I visited Maria. I hardly recognised her. She was not sad anymore, but looked happy. She said, "I didn't follow your advice not to read the New Testament".

The blame is mine

Maria read the New Testament first and then the Old. She told me that, through the grace of God, she found the Lord Jesus as her Messiah in the Bible, without going to some gathering or without meeting a preacher. I was in shock. I felt I was to blame that I was the reason that Maria believed in Jesus. I told her, "You are on the wrong road, Maria. You are lonely. You need to meet people." Maria smiled and said, "No, I know now, that my Redeemer lives. He has saved my soul. He is my Messiah." She begged me to read the New Testament too.

Everything became clear

My heart was broken, because I thought I had done something very bad. Back in England I started to pray to the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. I told Him, that I was afraid that I had made a mistake and that I wanted to read the New Testament, but that I was afraid to end up on the wrong road. I asked Him to show me the truth.

Then I started to read the New Testament and praise the Lord, everything became clear. I felt that I was a sinner just as my own people, the Jewish people. I felt that I needed salvation. I went down on my knees and gave my heart to the Lord Jesus. I cannot describe to you the joy that filled my soul.

My husband evangelist in Auschwitz and Dachau

My desire was that my husband would be saved, too. With a firm belief I started to pray for him. In 1939 he had to join the Belgian army and during heavy bombardments he felt he was not ready to meet God. He realised he was a sinner and amongst many dead soldiers, he fell on his knees and gave his heart to the Lord Jesus.

In 1942 the Germans started a heavy persecution of the Jews in Belgium. Our family asked us if we could help them. We could not even protect ourselves, but had peace, because we knew that the Germans could only kill our body and not our soul. We were prepared to offer our lives for our family to show them God's love and our love.

In 1944 my husband ended up in a concentration camp. He was a great blessing to the prisoners in the camps. From the moment of his conversion, the Lord has blessed him wonderfully with a great gift as an evangelist. The war didn't bother him, he had only one goal: to serve his Lord and Saviour and to glorify Him.

Risen out of the ashes

After the war I was completely broken. We had lost everything in Belgium, in England, our company, everything and I had no home. At the age of 27 I was a widow with a daughter of one year old. My father was an old man and my mother in law was totally broken. She had lost both her sons, a grandchild, a brother, sister, brother in law, a sister in law and a cousin.

I went on my knees and said to the Lord, "You are my Father. Give me the strength to give my parents, my mother in law and my baby a good home." I also said, "If I ever get a house again, it will be dedicated to you." I have experienced with joy that the Lord Jesus is a Husband of the widow and the Father of the orphan. I don't have a beautiful house, everything is very ordinary, but for all that I have, I say, "Thank you, God. Thank you, Lord," because He has given me everything that I need. He has helped me to build a new home on the ashes of my previous life.

Peace for tired hearts

I have suffered a lot, but I would not like to have missed it, because the Lord has brought me into contact with many unhappy people. I can see now why I had to go through all this misery: because I can understand the suffering of the people who come to me. I have been spared to help others to find peace for their tired hearts."

Re: - posted by Elibeth, on: 2019/9/2 21:55

Brandi,
It is a joy to read this testimony.
Thank you
'â€'â€'â€'â€'â€'
elizabeth

Re: - posted by followthelamb, on: 2019/9/5 20:57

Testimony of Susan Perlman

"I was brought up in a traditional Jewish family in Brooklyn, New York. We observed the dietary laws, rested on the Sabbath and celebrated all Jewish holidays. I knew it was good to be Jewish. I didn't really know the God of the Jews, but that did not seem to be of much significance, until my life took a sad turn.

When I was twelve, my father died of a heart attack. It was very sudden and unexpected and our family was in shock. After the funeral, as is customary in the Orthodox Jewish tradition of mourning, our family spent a week sitting shiva. During this period we were not allowed to leave the apartment and I remember we sat on wooden crates in the living room. Many relatives and friends came to visit us, bringing food and recalling their fondest memories of my dad.

Pressing questions

To the rabbi who visited us, I had a pressing question to ask, "Rabbi, is my daddy in heaven?" He paused, not expecting the question, but his smile seemed reassuring. "Susan, your father's memory will live on in the life you lead. You can be his legacy." It was a nice thought, but it didn't satisfy me. "Rabbi," I went on, "you didn't answer my question. Is my daddy in heaven now?" He was a little more serious at this point and looked straight into my eyes and said, "I wish I could give you a definite answer, Susan, but I can't. We don't know for sure what is beyond the grave. We can only hope and remember, your father was a good man." This troubled me even more. "How come we can't know for sure?" I thought.

One thing I did know at the time was that I was bewildered. I was angry with God, yet paradoxically, I questioned whether or not He was even real. Maybe he only existed in my imagination and in the traditions of our religion. Even the rabbi seemed a little uncertain about it.

Doing things "right"

Regardless of whether or not God existed, my positive feelings about my Jewishness remained strong and I would certainly not be anything other than Jewish. I felt Judaism taught people to take responsibility for their own actions. I really worked hard at doing things "right" at least, according to my own perception of "rightness."

After high school I started studying and I saw myself as a cause-motivated, action-oriented independent woman. I participated in marches for peace and I never gave up my efforts to "make a difference." I tried to be a modern day heroine defending what I felt was basic to human survival. In all this, I was not looking for God "but apparently God was looking for me.

Jews don't believe in Jesus

One day I met Larry at the corner of a street in Manhattan. He told me that Jesus was the Messiah, that He came to die for the sins of humanity, that He conquered death and that by accepting His sacrifice I could have my sins forgiven and live for eternity with my Creator. Well, I let Larry know I was Jewish and that Jews don't believe in Jesus. I figured there might be an awkward moment, maybe even a mumbled apology and then we would talk about something else. Yet Larry continued to talk as if Jesus was still relevant to the discussion.

Then he invited me to a church in New Jersey. I went and was impressed by some of what I saw and heard. The people were young and seemed to have an idealism that was, in some ways, like my own. Of course, they weren't Jewish, so I was certain that what they believed was not for me "still, I respected them. Larry and I became friends. I found him kind, creative and contemporary in his outlook, even though he had certain standards of morality that one didn't often come across in the big city. My friendship with Larry, my curiosity and my avid interest in reading were enough to convi

nce me to look into the Bible. That was a life-changing experience.

Spiritual need

I took my Jewish Bible and began reading in Genesis. It didn't take long to discover the fact that God is holy. I could also see that the Bible was not an ordinary book and the God of Abraham and Sarah was no ordinary god. There was something so wonderful and right about God that I could not help being attracted to Him. However, the discovery of God's holiness had led me to another revelation—I was unholy. My own spiritual need became evident for the first time.

Larry's words began to make sense. All the good and right things I could do seemed inadequate to bridge the divide between this awesome God and myself. I continued to read the Bible and to discuss these things with the new acquaintances I met through Larry.

My awareness of this spiritual need and my findings from the Bible caused me to view the things they said in a different light; I was no longer merely hearing about someone else's religion. They were talking about things that were of deep interest to me, things that I was seeing in my own Jewish Bible.

A life forever changed

Within days, I went back to the church. I had just been promoted at work, I had the love of my family and friends, a nice place to live and a promising future. I should have been very happy that night, but as I sat in the church service all I could think of was the fact that I was in the midst of holy things and I felt unholy. I knew I didn't belong not because I was Jewish but because these people had a relationship with God and I didn't. I knew that Jesus just might be the promised Messiah and I was frightened.

I left the church building and sat out on the front lawn. It was a summer night and the air was warm. I knew I had a choice to make as I sat cross-legged and looked up at the stars. I told God that I too, wanted to have a relationship with Him. I found myself tearfully confessing to Him right then and there that I believed Jesus was the Messiah. I accepted the fact that He had taken the punishment for my sin.

I told God that I wanted the forgiveness He offered through Jesus and that I wanted to live for Him. He heard my plea and that night He changed my life forever. He gave me the assurance that His promises in the Bible are true and lasting. Now I had a strong basis for my hope, rooted in my Messiah.

Re: - posted by followthelamb, on: 2019/9/9 12:38

As a child, Paul Liberman was deeply touched by the words from Psalm 118:22 — "The stone which the builders refused is become the head stone of the corner." — "What or Who can be this Stone?" Paul wondered, "Is it that Jesus of Nazareth against whom the rabbi warns us so much?"

No satisfying answer

"I was only eight years old when I started to fire questions about God at my parents, but their replies were hardly satisfying. I longed, therefore, to go to an orthodox Jewish school. My father was not happy about it because it was so expensive, but my mother knew how to persuade him. Yet this school didn't bring a spiritual breakthrough in my life.

Money — my new religion

When I started to earn some money after finishing my education, my interest in religion was pushed aside by the desire for money. For fifteen years that was my religion. Owing to my follow-up study at a liberal university, I even started to doubt if there was a higher Being. As my job didn't promise much financial success, I decided to give up my economic ambitions and go into politics. This all went well, and anything I did, I was successful. Then I got an interesting job in a business office in Washington, but the joy was short-lived. The man who hired me was dismissed and soon after I met with the same fate.

Worries about the future

In this uncertainty I worried about the future. Looking for work I used public transport a lot. On the bus I regularly saw a lawyer who was always reading his Bible and one day we got to talk with each other. I told him that I thought that the cou

rise of events in life sometimes is so unusual that it looks like everything has been programmed. "There must be a programmer," I said. He knew that I was Jewish because of my Jewish name so he showed me the prophecies in the Old Testament that point towards the new state Israel. I was very interested in this, so on further journeys I always sat down next to him.

300 Messianic prophecies

Once he asked me with a penetrating look, "What do you do to get into heaven?" "I try to be a good human and further hope for the best," I replied. He then said, "According to the Old Testament, that reveals to us the future so accurately, a bloody sacrifice is needed to reconcile sins." When he started to talk about blood I didn't want to continue speaking with him any further. Just before I stepped out of the bus angrily, he gave me a booklet that contained more than 300 Messianic prophecies from the Old Testament. These appealed to me so much that I went to a library to read "The story about Jesus".

God on my side!

After reading the New Testament, I couldn't understand why we Jews had so little respect for Jesus. He didn't do anything other than helping people. Could He really be the Messiah, as He said Himself? I prayed, "If you are really God, show me if the carpenter of Nazareth is the Messiah." I reached a crucial point. My prayer had been sincere and if God couldn't hear that, I knew for sure that He was fiction. However, if there really was a God that sent the Messiah, I knew that He would answer my supplication and that Jesus was my Messiah.

At that time I also read about many other religions, but nothing touched me so much as the Bible. The Bible consists of many books, written by different people over a long period of time. However, it seemed as if all these Books were written by one Author. Slowly the truth of the Gospel started to penetrate my heart, "Whatever people say, I consider, "if God is on my side, what does it matter!"

Gone mad?

In the months following I got to know a number of other Jewish believers and I needed those contacts, because for two years my wife thought that I had gone mad. Someone told me, "You are the only Bible, that she may ever read." I understood the message and decided to actively show her that I had been changed. God worked it out this way, that she also started to read the New Testament and became a believer.

A double identity?

Now we had a new problem. How were we to raise our children? We didn't want them to have a double identity: Jewish and Christian and my wife only felt happy when she prayed with other Jewish believers to God. Everything else she experienced was in conflict with her Jewish heritage. Concerned about the unity in our family, I started to speak with other believers about the founding of a New Testament church in our own Jewish style. They were motivated and so we held our first gathering on May 18th 1973. We had invited a Jewish evangelist and later we got a Jewish pastor for our own small group.

In time I was able to devote myself full time to spiritual work. We moved to Israel and I got involved in the leadership of several Messianic organisations and church in both the United States and Israel.

In a miraculous way the desire of my childhood to get to know God and to be available for Him was fulfilled. What a richness to let the Lord lead your life!"

Re: - posted by ginnyrose (), on: 2019/9/9 15:33

Love these testimonies from Jewish Believers. They are special people. Thanks for sharing.

Sandra

Re: - posted by followthelamb, on: 2019/9/11 13:38

The testimony of Rose Klein...

"I was born in Hungary and my parents were very devout orthodox Jews. They taught me how to pray and explained to me the meaning of the Jewish traditions. We lived among the Gentiles, but my mother never allowed me to play with their children because they served Yeshua and we had nothing to do with him. She even forbade me to ever speak out His name.

I was taken to synagogue every shabbat, but I didn't like going there because I didn't understand what was going on. I had to sit next to my mother on the balcony for women and girls. Furthermore, I didn't receive any education, because the Jewish school was only for boys. That is why most Jewish women hardly know anything of the Old Testament and just follow the traditions of their mothers.

Communitic

During World War I came into contact with communists in Budapest. They believed that there is no God and that all people are equal. Since Judaism could not satisfy me, I guessed that they were right and I became a communist.

When my father died, I was six years old. A few years later my mother left for America leaving me behind. When I was twenty-one, I joined her as she insisted to. Out of love and respect for my mother, I kept it a secret that I had become a communist. I joined her when she went to the synagogue, but everything there seemed so empty for me. The ceremonies and prayers, the sermon of the rabbi, nothing could impress me.

Spiritual need

I married a Jewish man and I expected that we would be very happy. However, we often felt very unsatisfied and had no peace. We went to the synagogue but could not find, spiritually, what we searched for. Communism didn't satisfy us at all. My husband became so restless that he never could stay long at home. We felt very low even though we had a beautiful house and my husband earned a good living. We often had arguments over trivial issues as a result of our spiritual need.

One day a believing friend visited me and I told her about our difficulties. To this she replied, "My dear friend, you need Yeshua. Do you have a Bible in your home?" I didn't understand what she meant. We Jews only know a prayer book so she showed me her Bible and explained that it consisted of an Old and New Testament. It was the first time of my life that I saw a Bible and I desired so much to read this Book that she left it behind for me.

Salvation received

With avid desire I started reading the Bible, but I could not understand why she had told me that I needed Yeshua, for He belonged to the Gentiles. A few days later she returned with a few Jewish people who told me that they had received Yeshua as their Saviour and how happy they were now. At that moment, however, I could not see what they meant. A Jewish brother then took me to some meetings where they explained, from the Tenach, that Yeshua is the Messiah of Israel. He also brought me to the Hebrew-Messianic synagogue. It surprised me that there were so many Jews who testified that they belonged to Yeshua.

Dr. Michelson was the speaker that day and he explained so clearly that Yeshua is our promised Messiah that I was deeply moved and came to the conclusion, "Yeshua is the One to whom we Jews long for so much." Without Dr. Michelson knowing me, he addressed me at the end of the sermon and said, "Dear sister, would you like to accept Yeshua as your Saviour?" With tears in my eyes I said, "Yes!" Then he prayed for me with a few others and as we knelt down, I gave myself over to Yeshua. I confessed to Him my sins and I experienced that in His grace He forgave me. He cleansed me with His precious blood.

Also my husband

It was rather late when I arrived home and my husband was already asleep. I was so happy that I couldn't keep the good news till the following day. So I woke him up and told him, "Do you know what happened? I came to know that Yeshua is really the Jewish Messiah!" He looked at me as if he had lost my mind and shouted angrily, "You know that we are Jews and I do not want to hear anything about Yeshua!" The next morning my husband reproached me that I disturbed his sleep and he didn't want to have anything to do with it. I sought my refuge in prayer and asked the Lord to save my husband, who needed Yeshua so much in his restlessness and dissatisfaction. I was so happy when a few days later he too went to see Dr. Michelson to ask all his questions. Finally he surrendered to the G-d's voice and accepted Yeshua as his Saviour.

Unspeakable joy

My husband and I were baptised on Easter Day. It was the happiest day of our lives. It was so wonderful to testify of the change in our lives to the many Jews and non-Jews who were present. My husband and I felt the closeness of the Lord more than ever. We had searched everywhere and every time it had ended in disappointment! How different it had become when Yeshua came into my heart. No words can describe the unspeakable joy with which He filled my soul. Now I can rest in the eternal arms of my Redeemer. In the past I hated Yeshua, now I love Him and want to go with Him as His faithful disciple."

Re: - posted by followthelamb, on: 2019/9/12 15:16

The conversion of David Baron, "Longing for reconciliation" (1855 - 1926)...

"David was born into a religious family in Russia. He was aware of God from an early age, aware of his need for reconciliation with his maker. When he examined his heart he found, in his own words, nothing but "blackness of darkness". His soul was on a search and despite keeping all the laws and ceremonies of the Rabbis and the Talmud, he was restless. He had an early sense of the futility of his good works and religious observances, because they were done out of religious duty rather than love of his Creator. The more religious he became, the more miserable he became. He prayed for something more, the "right spirit" and the "new heart" that King David himself yearned for. So he consulted others, who told him not to worry, he was a good Jew, what more could he do?

Burdened

His knowledge of the Bible became a condemnation for him. He knew that "the soul that sinneth, it shall die" (Ezekiel 18:20) and that "it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul" (Leviticus 17:11). Where could he find that forgiveness for his sins that he ached for? He yearned for the burden to lift, but without reconciliation with God he could find no relief in the religious system he was born into.

When he was young, he had a serious accident and nearly died. This terrified him and he begged his mother for reassurance. His mother responded, "You have been such a good boy, and should you die you will go to heaven." This did not impress him and he rebuked her saying, "I have not been good, and if my getting to heaven depends on my own goodness I shall never get there." His was a tortured childhood.

Yearning for peace

But God had a plan for him and brought him in contact with two Christians, a Jew and a Gentile. They spoke to him of a Saviour but, at the mention of his name, David was filled with hatred and prejudice. No wonder really, as his only knowledge of Jesus was one who urged his followers to serve idols and persecute the Jews. From the age of four his mother taught him to say, whenever he passed a Church, "thou shalt utterly detest it, thou shalt utterly abhor it; for it is a cursed thing" (Deuteronomy 7:26). He was taught that Christianity is for Gentiles and so to meet a Jew who professed to believe in Jesus was startling and disconcerting. The man must have been bribed, was his conclusion.

Yet this apostate, this meshumed seemed happy and contented and had a peace and an assurance that David had yearned for his whole life. In one conversation, the Jewish believer confessed, "As for me, I tell you honestly, as in the sight of God, that I have never known what true happiness is until I found it in Christ." David tried his best, using his knowledge of the Hebrew Scriptures and Talmud to argue against the Messiahship of Jesus, but the one stumbling block was

s the evident happiness such a belief had brought to this man.

Worship the One God

Soon afterwards, David read the New Testament for the first time. The words exploded at him. Having been brought up to believe that Jesus of Nazareth was a false prophet, here was this man teaching men to do nothing other than worship the One God, the only living and true God, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the God of Israel. Of particular impact were the words of Jesus, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and Him only shalt thou serve." (Matthew 4:10). The following section, the Sermon on the Mount, simply blew him away. As he continued to read he came to the realisation that "this man spoke as never man spake!" Yet this was the man that the Talmud spoke of as "the greatest sinner in Israel".

Thorough study

David was nothing if not thorough. Without any help or counselling, he read and examined the New Testament over a period of twelve months, analysing it and comparing it with the Old Testament. Yet the effect of this was to burden his heart even more as he came to the realisation that salvation can only be obtained as a gift from God through faith in Jesus Christ and that his own righteousness, apart from this salvation, avails nothing in the sight of God.

His training and upbringing gradually unraveled as he considered his prayer life, his strict observance of the ceremonies prescribed by the Rabbis and the study of the Talmud. It all seemed so easy, to be saved just by faith in Christ? What about his years of training and learning? Did it count for nothing? Yet he still clung on. "Oh, my God!" he cried, "cast me not away from Thy presence in this manner. I am a Jew, a child of Abraham, Thy friend; from my youth I have tried to keep Thy holy law. Why dost Thou thus punish me, withholding from me that peace and rest of heart without which life is a burden to me? Hide not Thy face from me, lest I be as those who go down to the pit!" And still no peace came.

Hatred broken down

Gradually his ingrained hatred for the Name of Jesus broke down, as the Scriptures sunk in. Did Jesus not show anything but love to the Jews? Did He not weep over Jerusalem? Was He not moved with compassion for them? Did He not even pray for his murderers on the very cross on which they crucified Him?

One day, he just gave in. In his own words he explains, "By the help of God's Spirit, I cast myself on my knees one evening and exclaimed, "Oh, my God, if Thou canst not save me on any other condition but faith in Jesus, be pleased to give me that faith and help me to love that most precious Name which I have so long hated and despised. Thou hast promised to save unto the uttermost all those who come unto Thee in His Name. Oh, save me!"

I remained on my knees some time and when I rose, I could indeed sing, "O, LORD, I will praise Thee: though Thou wast angry with me, Thine anger is turned away, and Thou comfortest me. Behold, God is my salvation; I will trust, and not be afraid: for the LORD JEHOVAH is my Strength and my Song; He also is become my Salvation" (Isaiah 12:1-2).

David Baron became a mighty man of God. Having worked with missions to Jews, he co-founded the Hebrew Christian Testimony to Israel in 1893, in Whitechapel, London. Amongst the books he wrote are "The Ancient Scriptures for the Modern Jew", "The Visions and Prophecies of Zechariah", and "Types Psalms and Prophecies."

Source: Jewishtestimonies.com : "Written by Steve Malz and reproduced by permission from Premier Christian Media."

Re: - posted by followthelamb, on: 2019/9/16 15:36

"The Russian born Joseph Zalman fled to the west and waited in Amsterdam for a ship to America. He ended up in a meeting where the Name of Jesus was mentioned. He was outraged, but also fascinated. In time he discovered, in a miraculous way, that He also is his personal Saviour.

Pogrom

Joseph Zalman was born in 1860 in Turkey into a strict Chassidic family. Shortly after his birth his mother died, so he was raised by his grandmother. When he was twelve, his father remarried and they moved to Odessa in Russia. While they were there, "Christian" Cossacks killed his younger brother in a pogrom and from then on he hated the Christians intensely. After some time they overcame this strike and they even prospered a little. His Father made name as a builder

and architect and Joseph followed in his footsteps and co-operated with him as a building architect.

To America

Joseph married in 1883, but the young couple had a hard time. There were building orders, but the anti-Semitism was rising more and more. In addition, the government charged extra high taxes on Jews so many Jewish traders were forced to leave. Joseph planned to immigrate with his wife to America, so with little money in their pocket they took leave of their parents and family.

The New Testament

They took the train for the long journey west. In their carriage sat a young man who was completely fascinated with reading a book. He acted very mysteriously until Joseph could no longer suppress his curiosity and said "Show it to me." To his surprise it was a New Testament, forbidden reading for Jews. The man was travelling to London to be baptised and to become a preacher. When the man had to change trains, he gave the New Testament to Joseph, who started to read in it immediately. Some time later his wife noticed what kind of book it was, "What? Do you want to become an apostate now too?" she said angrily. She snatched it out of his hand and threw it out of the window.

In Amsterdam

They travelled further to the Netherlands and ended up in Amsterdam. One Sunday morning Joseph walked into town and heard music. He thought it came from a teashop, as there are many in Russia. He opened the door and noticed immediately his mistake. He saw someone in the pulpit that looked a bit like a Jew. However, it was not a synagogue because the women and men sat mixed up. There was no orchestra but an organ. It was also no church, because he didn't see icons or images of saints.

When he wanted to leave, a man showed him a seat. Bewildered he looked around and listened to the foreign sounds of the preacher. Suddenly he heard the Name of Him. Outraged and filled with hate he spat on the ground as he now knew that he found himself in a Christian meeting. Nevertheless it fascinated him enormously and after the service he was brought to Reverend Adler, a missionary preacher from London. The evangelist spoke with him as a friend and won his sympathy. His compassion made Joseph tell him all his concerns.

Study of the Word

The boat to America left without them because Joseph became interested in the Word of God. Reverend Adler provided for their cost of living and later he found regular work for Joseph. This enabled them to continue the study of the Scriptures that finally led to a total surrender to their Messiah and a baptism of the couple on Ascension Day. The Jewish community flew into a rage. Zalman survived a barrage of questions from the Jewish council and didn't give in to the temptation of a large sum of money. Subsequently he was attacked physically and battered. Finally, they convinced his wife that his religious conviction was wrong and, under pressure, she left him.

His own Saviour

Joseph then left on a ship to Java in the hope to find work there. The daily struggle to earn a living burdened him heavily, but when a cholera-epidemic broke out on board, fear grasped him. Was he prepared to face God? Never before was he so deeply aware of his sins and then came the most decisive moment in his life. The Spirit of God revealed to him that the Messiah is not only the Promised to the fathers, but also his own Saviour. In the lower part of the boat, between the coals, he was filled with joy and cried out, "Lord, what do you want me to do?"

Preacher of the Jewish Messiah

He returned to Holland and Reverend Adler asked him to become his assistant in the growing mission work and on the 1st of December Joseph Zalman started work at the London Society. Day in day out he cycled through the cities and villages in the Netherlands and Belgium. In 1901, he opened the house Elim in Rotterdam where many immigrating Jews found shelter. They received food, clothes and medical care and Joseph opened factories to provide in work. Above all that, he gave them spiritual food and a place to study of the Scriptures. Joseph worked in the full conviction that God did not cast off his people, which he foreknew (Romans 11:2)."

Re: - posted by followthelamb, on: 2019/9/21 10:47

Louis Goldberg (1923-2002) searched for forgiveness of sins...

"I still remember vividly the Yom Kippur that I took part in when I was ten years old. Though I was not yet bar mitzvah, I insisted that I, too, would fast and attend the synagogue services, despite my parents' objections. After all, I wanted my sins forgiven! With childish zeal, I entered into all that made up the service of the day. I listened attentively to the reading of the Holy Scriptures, recited as I was able the ancient Hebrew prayers and was stirred to my depths by the cadence of the cantor's voice.

Yom Kippur

With my whole heart I sought the forgiveness of sins that I believed was to be gained by the observances of the day. Yet even as I returned home that night, walking with my father through the darkened streets, haunting questions remained, "Has God really heard my prayers? What real assurance do I have that my sins have been forgiven?"

Doubts

The answers I received from my Jewish teachers proved not to be sufficient, for they did not assuage my doubts. Eventually I stopped asking the questions that seemed to have no answers. I pursued studies in science, engineering and philosophy and participated in life's pleasures. My religious training kept me away from falling into the grosser sins, but I ended up as an agnostic. Yet, with all the searching, I still considered myself a Jew. Below the surface, ready to be aroused when the time of challenge would come, were the unanswered questions, "Who am I? Can I know God? What follows death? Can I have the positive assurance that my sins are forgiven?"

God's ambassador

I completed my education in engineering, took a job and found myself working with a technical assistant who thought he was God's ambassador. He did this in my lunch break during the walk from the company to the railway station. He didn't let go. During the next two months I insulted him and I did anything to get him away from my office, but he always kept that smile on his face. When I came with objections, he always had parts of the Scripture to reply to me. I asked myself how it could be, that this "goy" (Gentile) knew so much about our Tanakh. In fact I should be the one to know all these things. I never answered him when he came with his arguments. The only thing that I ever said to him was, "Is this all you know?" He replied, "It is enough and it is especially for you."

Because all have sinned

After three months he put his Bible on my desk. He said, "Read it, it will not hurt you. What you think about it is a matter between you and God." I was fed up with it so I promised him that I would read it. "I will read the New Testament and will find all the mistakes and gaps." I thought by myself. "Then I will prove to him that his belief has no foundation and I will tell him that he should not bother me again." I decided to start in Romans. The largest part I didn't understand, but the Lord started to speak to me. I came to Romans 3:23, "for all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."

By Jews, for Jews

Soon I made the next discovery. All the writers of this book are Jewish and they write about Jewish matters, matters I knew about! It appealed to me. The only parts that gave me problems were the places where Yeshua was called God. Yet the book I expected to be anti-Jewish, was written by Jews, for Jews.

A few months later my colleague asked me, "Now, what do you think?" I answered him that Jesus could be the Messiah. "Do you think so?" said my colleague and he added "You must be sure, with your whole heart!" I don't know what happened next with me, but I shouted, "No, I don't want!" I ran upstairs to my office and smashed the door. I didn't want to see this colleague anymore!

Truth

The next day he walked in as if nothing had happened. As usual he sat opposite me at lunch. He spoke about all sorts of things, but not one word about belief or Yeshua. This went on for about a month. I started to feel more and more uneasy

, then God spoke to me, "You know the truth, what are you going to do with it? Why are you running from it?" I tortured myself for a month with these questions until I finally gave in. I prayed, "Lord, it is enough!" I knelt beside my bed and asked Yeshua to come into my heart. I remember I felt an intense peace that I had never experienced before.

Unending love

I only understood the zeal of my colleague to make the Messiah known to me when I started to read the beautiful book of Hosea. It shows us the wrestling of God for His people. His unending love never gives up. It was this love that stimulated my colleague not to give up.

In Jewish tradition, a tzadik (righteous) is spoken of. According to tradition, the tzadik is the one who comes from God with the fire of His altar. He comes to the world and reaches out to the loneliest people and brings the fire of God to their hearts to bring them into the presence of God. I have discovered that Yeshua is the Tzadik, but He is more than that! Yeshua is the One that we want to make known to our people. He can change the lives of people. May many of my people, just like me, come to know His love and truth!"

Re: - posted by followthelamb, on: 2019/9/26 14:43

Testimony of Jacob Gartenhaus...

"If someone had said to me in my younger days, "If you don't become a Christian, we will kill you", my answer would have been, "Then take my life, because I would rather die than believe in that Christ of yours." Yet now I would rather die than renounce Him, now I know that my life has no meaning without Him.

I didn't want to hear the name of Jesus

I was born and raised an orthodox Jew in Austria. From the early age of three, I enjoyed a lot of Jewish education because my parents had destined me to become a rabbi. Whenever I left the house, I walked on the left side of the street because on the right side stood a church building. I was never allowed to come close to a church, not even to look at one. Every time I heard the name of Jesus, I put my fingers in my ears to be sure that I wouldn't have to hear it for a second time. I had never heard a Jew speak this name, after all that was a mortal sin.

The story of my brother

Shortly before I left for America, I decided to spend a day with my brother in Vienna. He had left home a long time ago and had graduated from two of the most prominent rabbinates. As soon as I arrived, he told me about an experience that had totally changed his life. A man in the street gave him a book that appeared to be a New Testament. At first he wanted to give it back immediately or even tear it apart. Curiosity, however, got the better of him and he took it, safely hidden in his pocket home and started to read it in secret.

He was surprised to find on the first page many familiar names such as Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and many others. He read until he reached the Sermon on the Mount in Matthew 5, that impressed him deeply. How could this be a sinful book when it contained such a fantastic sayings? How could Jesus be a traitor, if He taught such a beautiful things? After all he called people to repent and believe in God.

I would rather die

My brother told me that he was so fascinated by the New Testament that he had read it the whole night through. Then he started to compare the Old Testament prophecies with the New Testament. It took about eight hours before he finished telling me his story. When he started, it seemed like I was dreaming, but it slowly became a nightmare for me. I remember my last words before I left, "You may believe in that Man, but I would rather die than believe in Him." I left my brother with a broken heart.

Torn letters

Shortly after I arrived in the United States, I received a letter from my brother. He encouraged me to search the Scripture

s. I tore the letter up, but then a second, long letter followed with Old Testament prophecies and their fulfillment in the New Testament. I also tore up this letter. A third letter arrived and finally a fourth, in which my brother told me that he would come to America. I met him at the boat and told him very clearly that if we wanted to live in peace, there would be no discussions about religious matters.

Heavenly manna

The days went by and my brother never spoke a single word about his new belief. However, I could not get away from the impression that he had something that I missed, a peace that the world could not give or take away. Although I longed for that peace, I refused to accept Him who could give this peace.

In time I started to show some interest. I read some pamphlets of my brother's and even visited some meetings. Then I decided to turn to the only reliable source, the Bible. I studied the Old Testament prophecies for hours and compared them with their New Testament fulfillment. I remember that it took me one whole night and the following day. It took all my attention and I even didn't take time to eat. Looking back, I was already enjoying the heavenly manna.

I found Him

One day I joined my brother in a prayer meeting. This resulted in a sleepless night and a painful self-examination. A few days later I visited a church service. When they went to pray in quiet I heard an inviting voice within me, the voice that has pulled me to the church meeting, whispered, "You have to pray too. The time of mercy has come for you. Don't delay!" At that moment, a change took place in me. I rejoiced, "I have found Him! I have found the Messiah!"

An enormous peace and joy flowed through my soul, so much so that I ran out of the church into the street, to announce my new discovery loudly in Yiddish. I learned quickly that the rest of the world didn't share my enthusiasm. Enmity and beatings were waiting for me. I soon experienced a call for evangelization work. Despite the disappointments, the worries and low responses, I believed that better times would come. Indeed, what a lot has changed. Locked doors have opened and hearts of stone have become soft. The forbidden book, the New Testament, is now being read and studied everywhere.

Joseph and his brothers

What is happening in our days, can best be compared with the story of Joseph and his brothers. You will remember that Joseph was despised, slandered, betrayed and his family believed that he was dead. Circumstances brought the brothers face to face with the one they had rejected and of whom they thought was dead. But when there was a worldwide famine, it was Joseph who saved his brothers and all of Egypt from death by starvation. In the same way, Israel is becoming globally conscious of a spiritual hunger, with the result that many are turning to Him whom they have rejected. They are being reconciled with Him and with the New Testament that they have despised before."

Re: - posted by followthelamb, on: 2019/9/28 15:19

The testimony of Gideon Levytam, "How I found the Messiah of Israel...."

"On May 14th, 1948, when David Ben-Gurion read a proclamation establishing Israel as a sovereign state, Jewish nationhood was revived after a lapse of almost 2,000 years. Exactly seven years later to the day, I was born in the city of Jerusalem. Much of my early childhood was spent under the guidance of my grandfather, a devout Jew, who was the head of the house. He took great care that we strictly observed all the laws, ordinances and traditions and he attended the synagogue daily. When my grandfather passed away and with no one eager to direct me in spiritual matters, I had little to do with the synagogue or the ways of our fathers after my Bar Mitzvah, the ritual concerning a 13 year old Jewish boy who becomes "son of the law". From that day on, the boy himself is responsible for his actions. As a teenager, I was more impressed with the American dress, music and free and easy lifestyle. I had little time for God. I was not looking for God, but God was looking for me.

A Christian Volunteer

At eighteen, every able-bodied Israeli enters into military service. Shortly before my eighteenth birthday I went to Kibbutz Malkia, where I had my high school education, to visit my friends prior to beginning my three years of military service. While there, I met Irene, a Canadian volunteer at the kibbutz. Irene and her friend Heather had come to Israel with a volunteer group from Switzerland where they had been working at a Bible camp. Shortly after getting acquainted, I learned that Irene was a believer in Jesus Christ. She had a Bible, which she used in an effort to explain her beliefs. I was not at all interested in the Bible, but I was definitely interested in Irene.

Passover was near so I invited Irene and Heather to spend the holiday with my family in Jerusalem. Both of them agreed to come because they were eager to see Jerusalem. Some weeks later, Israel celebrated 25 years of independence and I was granted two days leave. It was an opportunity to be with Irene again for a short time. Saying goodbye the second time was even harder than the first. With heavy heart I rode the train back to the base, wondering if we would ever see each other again.

Yom Kippur war

The months went by slowly until I was home again on a two-day pass, this time for the Day of Atonement or Yom Kippur. This is the holiest day of the Jewish calendar. For 23 hours almost all Jews, wherever they are, pray and fast. As for the nation of Israel, it closes down on Yom Kippur. All work ceases – not a bus, truck, or private car can be seen on the streets. There is no radio nor television and only a skeleton staff where absolutely necessary. It was October 6th, 1973, and a war had broken out on the day we least expected. All soldiers were ordered back to their bases immediately. The three and a half hour trip to my base in the Golan Heights gave me plenty of time to do some serious soul searching. Here I was, 18 years old, still in basic training, my whole life before me, with fear mounting and uncertainty awaiting me at the end of my journey. At such times one remembers to call on God. The verses that became almost synonymous with the Yom Kippur War were “I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.”™ Psalm 121:1-2

As we drew near to the front, we saw dead bodies all around. While on the Golan Heights, formation after formation of Syrian aircraft swooped over us as hundreds of Syrian tanks, four abreast rolled into devastating action against us. It took five days of relentless fighting and many lost lives to turn the tide. Our unit of new recruits was assigned the duty of clearing captured villages. Among other things, this duty managed to get us flea infested from head to toe.

When the Syrian army was finally halted, some amazing stories circulated among the troops. Supposedly, a hand had reached out of the clouds, holding back the advancing Syrian armies; and Syrian soldiers had turned and fled after seeing soldiers in white fighting beside Israeli soldiers. Whether these stories were true or not, I didn’t know, but I did know that God had once again preserved us from our enemies.

Talks about the Messiah of Israel

After the war ended, I was transferred to the Sinai desert. Once, I called home and my mother surprised me with the news that Irene had arrived from Canada the night before. I jumped for joy and practically went through the roof of our tent. My tent mates begged my commander to send me home as I was driving them crazy. The commander gave in and granted me a three day pass. What a joyous reunion we had! Irene stayed with my family in Jerusalem, working in my father’s restaurant and helping to take care of my invalid grandmother. Her stay was a real help to all my family. She was the Gentile that brought light to our home and everybody loved her.

Irene still carried her Bible and talked to me at every opportunity about Jesus being the Messiah of Israel. I was happy to let her talk about it, but I never really seriously considered it for myself. I realized that my being Jewish and her being a Gentile was bound to create problems; but I pushed these thoughts to the back of my mind.

A Christian welcome

I was discharged in 1976. After completing their military service, many soldiers longed to see something of the world and I was no exception. Every Israeli knows that the safest place to be is inside Israel’s borders. I was about to step out into the unknown. My longing for adventure was greater than any reservations I had so in July 1976 I departed for Canada with Irene. Irene’s family warmly welcomed me into their home. At meals her father thanked the Lord for the food, and after the meal he would read from the Bible and then pray in Jesus’ name. Irene and her parents also attended church every Sunday and would invite me to come along with them. But as a Jew, that was the last place I could go, so I decided it was time for me to start going to the synagogue in the small Jewish community nearby.

I came to realize that I was not at all close to the God of the Jews, nor walking in His ways. I also realized that a Jew could have nothing to do with idol worship, nor with the God of the Gentiles. This put me in quite a dilemma, as I was very much in love with Irene. One day Irene's mother, who was very kind to me presented me with a gift, a complete Hebrew Bible. Upon opening it, I discovered that it contained both the Old and the New Testaments. Although I accepted it graciously, I was deeply offended and vowed never to read it.

Other Christians also talked to me about Jesus, explaining that man is a sinner in need of a Saviour and that Jesus is the only One who could forgive our sins and give us eternal life. That was a bit too much for me because I never thought of myself as a sinner. I thought I was pretty good. Besides, I was Jewish and Jesus was not for the Jews. Thus began my confrontation with Jesus.

My inner struggle

Irene's mother was still determined that one way or another she was going to get me inside their church building. So one day she asked if I would help her clean their meeting hall. I found myself in a very awkward position, although I wanted to help her I was afraid to. I was sure I was going to bring the wrath of God upon me by stepping inside that door. I was greatly relieved when no calamity struck me. To my surprise, there were no crosses or statues anywhere. In fact, in its simplicity, it resembled our synagogue back home. Even so, I was glad when it was time to leave.

It was around this time that I was introduced to Jacob and Margaret Pankratz, an elderly couple who had faithfully served the Lord for many years with Jewish missions in Toronto and Montreal. It was plain to see that they had a real love for the Jewish people. I felt immediately at home with them, even before Jacob showed me some slides from his trips to Israel. As they began speaking to me about Jesus, they were careful to use his Hebrew name, Yeshua and would use the word "Messiah" instead of Christ. Before we left that evening, Jacob handed me a Hebrew-English New Testament and I was encouraged to come again.

I now possessed two New Testaments. Irene had also written to a radio program called the Christian Jew Hour for some material, and they sent me quite a collection of tracts and pamphlets, some even in Hebrew. I looked through them and read of the various prophecies about the Messiah of Israel in the Old Testament, which had been fulfilled by Jesus in the New Testament. Friends of the family were also around who explained the future of Israel to me. I came to resent the fact that these Christians knew more about my God and my Bible than I did. In fact, I remember saying, "If there will be anyone who will tell others about the one, true God, it will be me, a Jew, and not the other way around."

In the midst of all these inner struggles, I had another matter to contend with, my visa to Canada would soon expire. I had three choices, go back to Israel alone, go with Irene, or get married and automatically receive new immigrant status. It was a very difficult decision to make. Irene's parents did not want her to return to Israel and, understandably, they would be as upset if she married an unbeliever, just as mine would be if I married out of the Jewish faith.

A serious step

After much deliberation we were married in March of 1977. It was a serious step for us to take and neither of us would say that what we did was right. Yet looking back years later, we could see that God by His grace and wisdom overruled our wrongdoing to His own glory. Irene's church arranged a wedding reception for us and treated us with much love and kindness, seeking to draw us to them rather than drive us away. Unknown to me at the time, many Christians were praying for my salvation. In the first nine months of our marriage, Irene continued to regularly attend the meetings with her parents. One Sunday, I surprised everyone when I came and sat down at the back of the meeting hall with Aaron, an Israeli believer who was also married to a Canadian. Aaron had talked me into coming out that morning.

This eventually led to my regular attendance at the Sunday school, which was held immediately following the worship meeting. For safety's sake, I always sat in the back where I could make a quick exit. While attending these classes I heard of Jesus' love towards men, how He came to this world to die in order that He might bring people back to God, and that He was the promised Messiah of Israel and the Saviour of the world. I found all of this difficult to comprehend. I could accept the fact that the Gentiles believed in Him, but could I, a Jew, believe in Him? I had to admit that Jesus interested me. He was different from any other man. One day I took out the Bible my mother-in-law had given me. In a very simple way I said to God, "Show me the truth; if this book holds the truth, then show it to me. If not, preserve me from this book."

Reading the Bible

I then started to read the New Testament in the Hebrew language, which was easier and more comfortable. I was amazed to find that the writers of the New Testament books were Jewish, that the events took place in the land of Israel, and were about a Jew who was called in the Hebrew, Yeshua. I had always thought that Jesus was a Gentile whom the Christians worshipped. As I continued reading I asked myself, "If Jesus is the Jewish Messiah, the Messiah of Israel, how come my people do not believe in Him? Why did my grandfather never mention Him, and how come the Rabbis never teach of Him in our synagogues?"

In Hebrew I began reading passages of Scripture that speak of God in the plural "not three gods, but one God manifested in three persons. For instance, Genesis 1:1 (NKJV) says "In the beginning God (plural) created (singular) the heavens and the earth." Deuteronomy 6:4, the very core verse of my people, calls out "Hear, O Israel: The LORD our God, the LORD is one." In this verse I could see that the Hebrew word for God is plural, while the word for one (echad) is a compound unity. In English it is not clear, but in Hebrew it is obvious. These, and other passages, clearly showed me that there is more than one person in the Godhead and God wants men to come back to Him. I also saw that God had promised us a Messiah, and that this Messiah would take away our sins. As I pondered these questions, I continued to attend the Sunday school classes.

Isaiah 53

We decided to visit my family in Israel, and Irene's brother and sister in Europe. As soon as I saw my family and old friends again, I began asking them what they thought about Jesus? One day I went to see my old friend Moses, and found that he had changed from being a modern secular Jew to an ultra-orthodox one. He now spent his days praying, studying, and meditating on the Word of God. I was surprised and asked him what caused such a drastic change. He told me his life was empty and meaningless and by becoming religious his life had direction and purpose. Moses, now attired in religious garb, handed me a kippa for my head and we sat down together and read Isaiah 53. "Who was the prophet referring to?" I asked. We discussed the various possibilities, one of them being the Messiah of Israel. Although we came to no conclusions that day, we both knew that we would continue to search for the answer.

Arriving back in Canada, I began attending the meetings once in a while, but God was working in my heart as I struggled with the issue of a man taking away my sins. "After all," I said to myself, "Jesus was just a man, so how could He forgive my sins?" I read Isaiah 53 again, as the prophet was describing the sinless One, the Messiah "He has no form or comeliness; and when we see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him " He had done no violence, nor was any deceit in His mouth " All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned, everyone, to his own way; and the LORD has laid on Him the iniquity of us all." Isaiah 53:2,9,6.

It was then that I learned something so precious that it brought me to my knees before Yeshua the Messiah and caused me to fall in love with Him. I had never completely understood who He was, nor could I believe in Him and take Him as my very own Lord and Saviour until I recognized that He was the very God of Israel, the Creator of the universe. It was God Himself who took the form of a man and came to this world according to the prophecies of old. What love to me! What love to all men! John 3:16 says, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in Him should not perish but have everlasting life." God Himself, in the person of Yeshua, the virgin-born Son spoken of in Isaiah 7:14; had taken upon Himself the sins of the world. Isaiah 53:5 says, "He was wounded for our transgressions. He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement for our peace was upon Him, and by His stripes we are healed."

Finding Him

I could now see clearly that I was a sinner "For all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God." Romans 3:23. It was for my sins that Jesus died on the tree, and no matter how good I was trying to be, I had inherited a sinful nature from Adam, and only Jesus, God's own Son, could take away my sins. Coming into the full realization of this I asked Yeshua to come into my life and forgive my sins "If you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus and believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you will be saved." Romans 10:9. What joy and peace filled my heart to know my sins were forgiven. I found the answer, I found the Messiah of Israel!

I had to tell my family the step I had taken, but it was not easy. I loved my family dearly, and I knew that this would really hurt them. Along with God's grace, reading Matthew 10:37 "He who loves father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me." gave me the courage to share my faith in Yeshua with my family. I wanted them to understand that belief

eving in Jesus did not make me a traitor, but rather a Jew who had returned to the God of our Fathers and found the promised Messiah of old. I wanted to share with them that this Jesus, whom I believe in, is not our enemy, but our Messiah, the lover of our souls. He is the one who wept over Jerusalem in Luke 19:41-44 and longed to gather our people unto Himself like a hen gathers her chicks under her wings in Matthew 23:37-39. Although my family opposed my faith in Yeshua, they did not reject me and remained hopeful that in time I would see the error of my ways.

Growing and going

As I grew in faith through reading and studying God's Word, the Lord gave me the desire to reach my people with the gospel "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God to salvation for everyone who believes, for the Jew first and also to the Greek," Romans 1:16. As I also read Isaiah 6:8, the Lord spoke to me, "I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, 'Whom shall I send, and who will go for Us?'" Then I said, "Here am I! Send me."

The last few years have brought many opportunities to serve the Lord among Jews and Gentiles in street evangelism, gospel outreach, young people's meetings, and Bible studies. It was a great joy to be used by the Lord to bring the good news of salvation to them. The Lord Jesus tells us, "I say to you that likewise there will be joy in heaven over one sinner who repents," Luke 15:7. I long for the coming day when Israel will say, "Blessed is He who comes in the name of the LORD," Matthew 23:39. Until that time when Israel will accept Yeshua, the Messiah of Israel, God is building His Church that consists of persons called out from among Israel and every other nation of the world. The cross of Jesus Christ reconciles both Jew and Gentile, uniting them together into one body. (see Ephesians 2:16-18)

Appeal

It is my earnest desire that Yeshua will be glorified through this testimony and not man, that Jews and Gentiles alike may come to know Him, because to know Him "is eternal life" John 17:3. There is an answer to the sin question; there is an answer to all your needs. It is Yeshua! Whether you are a Jew or a Gentile, may God open your heart and eyes and give you the boldness to confess your sins before Him and invite Yeshua into your life, making Him your Lord and Saviour for time and eternity. I can now say not only that I have found the Messiah, but that the Messiah has found me! I pray that it may be so with you as well."

Re: - posted by followthelamb, on: 2019/10/9 12:42

When Erich Weinmann read Zechariah 12, he questioned himself when it was that God had been incarnated among his people and when He had been pierced:

The blessing of Israel

"My parents gave me a liberal education, but I had a devout grandmother who sincerely trusted in God and His promises. Every evening, for seventeen years, she would lay her hands on my head and bless me with the blessing of Israel, "God make you like Ephraim and Manasseh." I did not understand it too well back then, but I trace back much of the grace that I have experienced in my life to this.

It was hard for the Jews in Germany, especially in 1938. I still remember how I once fell on my knees, and cried to the living God, "Thou God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, thou God of my fathers, lead me out of Germany." The U.S.A. had a quota system and most countries took only Jews who had a large sum of money at their disposal. We were in great distress. Eight days after my prayer, as if by a miracle, I found myself included in a children's transport and went to England in February 1939, shortly before the beginning of the Second World War.

Back to Germany

In November 1940 I voluntarily joined the British Army and I took part in the invasion of Normandy. In 1946 I returned to Germany with the army of occupation as a Sergeant interpreter. It was in Hilden, in the Rhineland, that I first met a Christian who had life in God. He was a British soldier, a master house painter from London, formerly a great sinner until he met Jesus who made a new man out of him. He was an operator in the telephone exchange. When he heard that I was a Jew, he began to pray for me. I took careful notice of this man and I noticed that there was always a Bible lying in front of his switchboard. I thought, "Why is this man so one-sided. Why is he always reading just the Bible?" One thing impressed me, this telephone operator was the most cheerful of men that I had met so far. He beamed with an inner cheerfulness that I could not explain.

Moved uncomfortably

One morning the two of us were sitting alone in the office. Without any introduction he asked, "Tell me, please, how is it possible that you, a Jew, do not recognise in Jesus of Nazareth your Messiah and King?" I felt very uncomfortable and answered him saying, "The Jews do not believe in Jesus. What should I have to do with Him?" He didn't give up but asked, "Have you then ever verified the words of your king Jesus?" I had read a lot, yet up to the age of twenty-five I did not know the New Testament at all. I said therefore, "No, I have not." Then he asked me, "How then can you say you do not believe in Jesus if you haven't examined this?" At this point, our conversation was interrupted but this question stuck! Since then the Spirit of Jesus Christ, who spoke to me through this person, has not let me go.

A fraud or the Son of God?

Some time passed, then he invited me to a lecture. I shall never forget that first meeting. The evangelist spoke on the paralytic at the pool of Bethesda in Jerusalem. The vital part went right over my head, yet one thing would not leave me "this man believed what he said. I got the impression that these Christians really were set free and I must say that I felt really good in their company. I joined him at following meetings, while he continued to pray for my salvation. He also brought me a Bible that I received politely. However, the Bible was such a fascination to me that I decided to get to the bottom of this matter. "One must surely be able to find out whether this Jesus is a fraud or the Son of God," I pondered.

During the time that I read the Bible, I called on God. It is written, "To him that knocketh it shall be opened." God will respond to the sincere person, so the door was opened to me. I read the seventeenth chapter of the Gospel of John. This prayer inspired me, "You have never read anything so beautiful!" I thought. This Jesus must have been a wonderful person, anyone who speaks like that with God cannot be a fraud. My heart began to love Jesus and to trust Him.

The questions of my heart

God saw the questions of my heart. I was inwardly urged to read the ninth chapter of the prophet Isaiah. In the sixteenth verse it is written, "For the leaders of this people cause them to err: and they that are led of them are destroyed." I was deeply moved. Did this also point to the leaders of the people who rejected Jesus? Another time I read in Zechariah, chapter twelve, the declaration of God about Israel "and they shall look upon Me whom they have pierced, and they shall mourn for Him." When, then, had God been incarnated among His people and been pierced? In the whole history of the people of Israel no prophet had ever come forward, except Jesus of Nazareth, who said, "He who has seen me has seen the Father, I and the Father are one!" Had He not been pierced at Golgotha? In a moment I came to the inner certainty "Jesus is God! Quite excited, I paced back and forth in my room. God had revealed something quite shocking to me: in Jesus, God Himself had come to His people!

God Himself!

In Jesus, God Himself has been pierced on the cross at Golgotha. He had to die because of our sins, because of my sins. That I was a sinner, nobody needed to convince me. Now a further miracle took place. Deep in my heart awakened the longing to talk to Jesus. God opened my heart and mouth and at that time I prayed something like this, "Lord Jesus, it is true that I do not really know You yet, but I have now grasped that Thou art God, and I want to ask You for forgiveness that for twenty-five years I have passed You by. Today it has become clear to me that You have died for my sins. For that I want to thank You." Immediately an indescribable joy came into my heart. It was as though streams of Godly joy had been poured into my heart. All joy, which man can attain in gratification of pleasure and inclination, is a cheap substitute compared to the joy that God bestows on us in Christ Jesus. From that hour I knew that I was a child of God.

Love without exception

Grace was given to me through the prayers and witness of a simple child of God. Furthermore I received grace not to stumble at the mockery of nominal Christians. The Holy Spirit and the Word of God strengthened me against all the attacks, and gave wings to my testimony. Thus I was allowed to grow in grace and in the knowledge of God and finally also lead people to Jesus, especially German people. When I learned that Jesus had died for the sins of all mankind, then I could also love all men without exception. I could forgive from the heart without effort, because of that I became a very happy person."

Re: - posted by followthelamb, on: 2019/10/21 7:43

Karl DeSouza, a Jew from Pakistan who found Jesus...

“There are Jews in Pakistan?!” This is the common reaction I get when I tell people I was born in Karachi, Pakistan. My father, a Catholic, was of Goan origin (Goa is a western province of India), and my mother comes from the Bene-Israel Jewish community in India/Pakistan. We moved to Quebec, Canada when I was about four years old.

Searching for the “true religion”

Mom considered herself Jewish and never converted to Catholicism, though she held Jesus in high esteem. One Sunday Dad enrolled my brother and me in Sunday School at a Protestant church so we would learn more about the Bible. Though I wasn’t raised typically Jewish, I knew I had Jewish roots, especially when our family visited our relatives in Israel. At age 16, I stopped going to church in order to find the “true religion.”

During my last year in university, I came across a TV programme that focused on prophecy, Jesus’ return and urged listeners to receive Jesus as their Saviour. My friends and I discussed these shows and as a result, one friend invited me to church. I went with some hesitation. Then I heard the music! It spoke of hope and assurance from God, things I didn’t have. Moreover, the way the congregation sang surprised me, they sang as though they had this hope and assurance.

Jesus, the Jewish Messiah

Then the pastor spoke about Abraham and the binding of Isaac from Genesis 22. He compared this to God who gave His one and only son as a sacrifice for us. It was as if my mind was opened and I understood. My burdens were released and I had peace because I knew everything said about Jesus during that service was true. My family didn’t understand what happened to me but they recognised that I was different.

The more I heard preaching from the Bible, the more it all made sense. I heard a message on Isaiah 53 and again it was like my mind was opened and I understood.

Knowing Jesus made me more excited about my own Jewish heritage. I enrolled in a seminary in preparation to serve God with my life. However, just before my first semester at seminary my faith in Jesus took a blow from an “anti-missionary” rabbi who was teaching me Hebrew. Nevertheless, I prayed to the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob to show me the truth about Jesus and show me if the New Testament is truly from Him. God answered my prayers and questions, healed my faith, and squashed my doubts by confirming that Jesus is His Messiah, the Jewish Messiah, and that the New Testament is true.

Forgiveness and a sure hope

I graduated from Concordia University in Montreal, with a bachelor’s degree in Theoretical Physics, and later received a Masters of Divinity from Heritage Theological Seminary in Cambridge, Ontario, Canada. My whole family has received Messiah. God has also blessed me with a beautiful wife, Kristen, and three children, Elizabeth, Nathanael and Abigail. I want to tell my Jewish people and the whole world about Messiah Jesus and His love. He’s forever changed me. I know I’m forgiven and have a sure hope because of what Jesus did. He’s somebody worth sharing."

Re: - posted by followthelamb, on: 2019/10/26 10:37

Rose Warmer brought the Word of God in Auschwitz:

"Before the start of the Holocaust, Jewish born Rose Warmer found her Messiah. When her people were being deported, she longed to go with them. She handed herself in, was transported to Auschwitz and brought the people there the Word of God.

Rising anti-Semitism

Rose was born in a well-to-do Jewish family in Hungary. She studied art, music and dance and led a wandering artist’s life in Vienna and Budapest. In the 1930s when Nazism was rising, anti-Semitism too was growing day by day. Jews

were being forced to wear the yellow star and were thrown out of professional jobs to work as cleaners and garbage collectors in the streets.

Traumatic experiences

It came as an enormous shock when the report came that Rose's brother had been deported to a concentration camp. Although the family barely understood what a concentration camp was, they had heard terrible rumours. Rose's aging father couldn't endure the increasing pressure and he died of a heart attack. His sudden death was a traumatic experience for Rose. On the advice of her husband she turned to spiritualism in a search for reassurance about the after life, but instead of finding peace her mind became tormented by evil spirits. If these problems were not bad enough, she was humiliated by her husband who was openly unfaithful to her.

Looking for comfort

Still mourning for her father, Rose looked for hope and comfort in her Jewish Bible. Over and over again she devoured the book of Job, then the Psalms, but she could not make head nor tail of it. She longed to meet someone who could talk to her about the meaning of the Bible. When she learned about a church nearby with weekly Bible studies, she went there and was instantly gripped by the message of the American missionary. He was speaking about the Jewish Messiah! Wasn't this meant to be a Christian meeting? Here, the speaker was telling her about the Messiah of the Jews! He explained prophecy after prophecy from the Old Testament, each of them fulfilled in the life of Jesus of Nazareth. At the close of the meeting Rose was intently questioning Mr Miller, the speaker. She gladly accepted his offer to meet him and his wife regularly to discuss the Bible.

Filled with joy

At these meetings with the Millers, Rose asked all her questions and searched the Scriptures at home to check the answers. When she read the gospel of John she gave her heart to the Lord Jesus Christ, her Messiah. She entrusted her life, worthless in her own eyes, to Him. She was born again and filled with a deep joy! With exuberant joy Rose told the Millers, "I am now a sheep in the flock of the good Shepherd." She couldn't keep the good news to herself and began telling her Jewish brethren about the Messiah of Israel. "You need to buy more seats for the church," she told the Millers, "because I am going out to tell everyone!" While the situation in Hungary became more and more threatening, Rose began quickly spreading the Gospel. The people couldn't have been more desperate and needy.

Gods Word in Auschwitz

Hitler finally occupied the country and in May 1944 the deportation of the Hungarian Jews started. In the early days Rose found shelter, but then Rose saw friends and neighbours with whom she had shared the Gospel, rounded up and taken away by the cartload. Who would tell them about the Messiah, the Hope of Israel? She longed to go with them.

Rose knew that if the idea were not from God, she would never be able to stand under all of the horrors that she would encounter. She sought God's face and felt increasingly compelled by the Lord to join her people. It was not a whim, but the will of God. She gave herself up into the hands of the SS officers and was transported to the concentration camp at Auschwitz. Despite the horrors all around her, standing attention for hours in the bitter cold, the enduring abuse, whipping and blows, Rose knew the peace of the Lord and His presence with her. She was not afraid of death, to her death meant meeting face to face with her glorious Saviour! At every opportunity Rose witnessed from the Scriptures of the Jewish Messiah, who died to save them from sin and death and to give them everlasting life in Heaven.

To Israel

Miraculously, Rose escaped the gas chambers and after the liberation the severely weakened Rose slowly started to recover in the safe haven of her sister's home in Czechoslovakia. At the same time she felt the Lord speaking to her to visit the survivors of the Holocaust. In the midst of their poverty the Lord provided in everything that she needed to support them, parcels of food, clothing and boxes of Hebrew New Testaments. After a short time she even received an apartment. Here, Rose showed hospitality to everyone the Lord sent her way, among who were many Jewish Holocaust survivors.

Not long after the communist takeover of Czechoslovakia, Rose felt a circle closing tightly in on her. Distribution of Christian literature was forbidden. As she watched many Jews leaving for Israel, she felt a deep longing to go with them. It was

s the same longing, that once made her decide to leave her hiding place and go with her people to the concentration camps. Knowing where God wanted her, she travelled to Israel in 1950. She gave out the Word of God throughout the whole country in newly established schools and kibbutzim and was there a blessing for many."

Read the beautiful biography about her life:

Grant, Myrna, Rose's Journey: A Christian in the Holocaust, Hope Publishing House, 2010.

Re: Jewish Testimonies - posted by followthelamb, on: 2019/11/20 15:10

The testimony of Sharon Allen:

"My life in 1982 was dedicated to the well-being of my family and to my activities at Chabad of Irvine Jewish Center. One can find Chabad centers in even the most remote communities of the world. I have always had a deep admiration for Chabad and that is why my husband and I supported the Chabad movement here in Southern California.

But wait, I'm getting ahead of myself. I want to go back to the beginning—my beginning.

I was born in 1945 at Beth Israel Hospital in New York City. My Hebrew name is Sura Rifka. I was raised in an observant Jewish home. From the moment my mom lit the Shabbos (Sabbath) candles on Friday evening until one hour after sundown on Saturday night, there were certain rules and regulations that we followed. They did not make us feel constricted or oppressed. It was our way of showing our love, our respect, and our devotion to God.

We followed the rabbinical injunctions, such as not using electricity on the Shabbos. We would leave one light on in the hall which was turned on before Shabbos started and was left on through the night and the next day until one hour after sundown Saturday night when Shabbos was over. We were not permitted to work on Shabbos and that included my homework, since on Shabbos one is not allowed to write on, cut, or tear paper. We knew that the Shabbos was special because of what we did or did not do, and it was distinct from the other days of the week.

Of course, my mother kept a kosher kitchen where only kosher foods were permitted. Separate sets of dishes and utensils designated for milchig (dairy) or fleishig (meat) products were strictly enforced. My brother and I knew from the time we could reach up into the drawers and cabinets never to confuse those items deemed milchig and fleishig. Separate sets of dishes were also needed for Passover. Those dishes were brought out of the "hard-to-reach" top cabinet once a year to be used only on Pesach.

We observed all the Jewish holidays. My brother and I attended Hebrew School. We grew up knowing who we were with in the Jewish Community.

Moving West

"As a young adult, I married a man from a similar Jewish background. We had a daughter, whom we named Elisa. Her Hebrew name is Chava Leah. When she was only a few years old, we divorced. We received a Jewish divorce, known as a "Get."

I worked in the "Garment Center" in New York City. During this time Elisa attended Jewish Day School. I remember those early years when Elisa and I would wait for her school bus on cold, snowy, dark winter mornings at seven o'clock. We would huddle together freezing in the wind. It was on such a morning when I whispered to my daughter, "There has got to be a better way."

Moving out of state seemed like a step in the right direction. Elisa had an allergy problem that was worse during the damp winter months. New York had the worst winter climate for children like her. I had heard a doctor on a talk show mention that when people with certain allergies moved to another climate, their allergies would often disappear. With those doctor's words echoing in my ears, I sat down and made a list of the leading Garment Centers in the country. The doctor's theory about the benefits of moving was certainly worth a try.

On August 27, 1974, Elisa and I arrived in Los Angeles, California. Almost immediately, I enrolled her in Yavneh Yeshiva because school was starting in September. She was six years old. We lived near the school in the Fairfax District, the Orthodox section of town, and became involved with the Shaari Tefillah Congregation.

In a few years, my parents moved to Los Angeles to join us, and shortly after that we moved south to Orange County. At

that time there was a big real estate boom and, like many others, I decided to get my real estate license. Once I received my license, I started to work in an office owned by a man named Ron Allen. He was to become my husband.

Business Was His Religion

When Ron and I first met, he knew I was Jewish and that I was raised in an observant Jewish home. All I knew about Ron's religious background was that he was a Protestant. He never mentioned Jesus, the New Testament, or church. If he had, I would have run in the opposite direction. Apparently, he hadn't been to church since he was a teenager. He was 42. I was 32. Religion was the furthest thing from Ron's mind; business was his religion.

As Ron got to know our Jewish traditions, he embraced them as his own and eagerly participated. Because of Ron's warm and loving ways, my parents welcomed him into the family. My mother would say about Ron, "He's so *haimish*," which in Yiddish means, "so comfortable to be with."

We were active in Chabad and became attached to the rabbi, Mendel Duchman, whom we admired and respected. Part scholar, part showman, and part businessman, Rabbi Duchman was successful in renewing people's interest in the Jewish lifestyle. His wife Rochel was warm, caring, and knowledgeable. She was the picture of the young, Jewish *balabooosta* (conscientious, immaculate housewife), a *rebbetzen's rebbetzen* (rabbi's wife), so to speak.

Ron and I knew right away that this was where we belonged. I became very active in the Chabad women's group.

Converting to Judaism

A few years after Ron and I were married, our discussions about his converting to Judaism turned serious. I knew that our future together could be impaired if Ron refused. Having a Jewish home and raising Elisa Jewish was foremost in my mind. For to be a successful Jew, you must ask yourself the question: "Are your grandchildren Jewish?" and be able to answer in the affirmative. When Ron legally adopted Elisa shortly after our marriage, even the adoption papers stipulated that Elisa would be raised Jewish.

In addition, consideration of burial and the afterlife for a Jew are of vital importance. As a Jew, I knew that burial in a Jewish cemetery was a must. We believe that if we are buried in a Jewish cemetery, we will roll underground all the way to Eretz Yisroel and be among the first to be resurrected. As Jews, we believe that we go to Paradise or Abraham's Bosom. If we should accidentally wander to the "other place," Father Abraham "pulls us back."

The importance for me of being an observant Jew is underscored by the following story from the Talmud (Tractate Berachot 28b) about Rabbi Yochanon Ben Zakkai on his deathbed. The rabbi's students were shocked to find their master weeping. Asked to explain his behavior, the sage responded that if he were being taken before a king of flesh and blood whose punishment was not eternal and who could be bribed and appeased, he would still be deathly afraid; imagine how he must feel as he finds himself coming before the King of Kings, who lives forever, whose punishment is eternal and who can neither be bribed nor appeased. Moreover, two roads lay before him, the sage explained, one led to heaven and one to hell, and with such prospects, should he not be afraid?

In the January 1989 issue of the *B'nai B'rith Messenger*, Torah Thoughts, the Rebbe Menachem M. Schneerson writes about this story: "The Talmud relates that when the great sage Rabbi Yochanon Ben Zakkai wept before his death, he said: 'There are two paths stretching before me, one to Gan Eden (heaven) and one to Gehinom; I know not on which I shall be led.' It goes without saying that Rabbi Yochanon Ben Zakkai was concerned with his spiritual status and if he had attained a sufficient level of holiness to enter heaven."

These concerns are from a man who is credited with the survival of Diaspora Judaism and whose influence has been felt throughout the ages. Rabbi Yochanon Ben Zakkai leaves behind him the expansion of Jewish thought and law, Babylonian Talmud, Responsa literature, Rishonim, Achronim, Chassidut, and Mussar. But he didn't know for sure whether he was going to heaven or hell.

Is it any wonder this story got my attention? If such an eminent and renowned Torah scholar as Rabbi Yochanon Ben Zakkai is uncertain where he is bound, it is incumbent upon us to do whatever is necessary to ensure our future fate and to be deemed worthy of Gan Eden.

Another important consideration regarding Ron's conversion had to do with the Israeli Rabbinate who accept only Orthodox conversions. So we knew that only a kosher conversion would do.

Miracles that follow the plow :: Jewish Testimonies

As part of any Jewish conversion, the study of Jewish life, history, and ethics is vital. Ron was exposed to Yiddishkeit (Jewish lifestyle) in our home. I looked forward to his education with Rabbi Duchman.

Before this conversion was to take place, I wanted to make Ron aware of the three ceremonies that would be required. I explained that males needed to be circumcised, and that since he was already circumcised, the rabbi would draw a bit of blood from the penis as a symbolic gesture. It would also be necessary for him to be immersed in water in a mikvah. This is similar to baptism and symbolizes purification and identification with the Jewish people. The third ceremony, though not always done in Reformed or Conservative conversions, must always accompany an Orthodox or "kosher" conversion and that is the renouncing of a person's prior beliefs before a Beit Din or rabbinical court (council of rabbis).

It's So Pagan!

Ron agreed to all the ceremonies but the last one. He said he just didn't think he could renounce Jesus. I was horrified!

My husband had never mentioned Jesus, hadn't been to church for more than 30 years, and had never used the words "Christian," "Christ," or "New Testament." Here we were leading a Jewish life—we helped to build the synagogue, our home was used by the Jewish community, our daughter was attending Hebrew Academy—and my husband was telling me he couldn't renounce Jesus!

I was so upset. I said to my husband, "This is crazy. You're such a smart and logical person and such a successful businessman. How can you believe in something so pagan? It's a fantasy. It's like Greek mythology!"

And then in the midst of my horror came this calming thought: "I'll just begin to read the Jewish Bible and in no time at all I will be able to show my husband the Scriptures that will prove to him that Jesus could never have been the fulfillment of the Jewish Bible. I knew that everything God wanted His Jewish people to know about His Jewish Messiah, so that we Jews would recognize Him when He would come, would be in my Jewish Bible."

Is Jesus in the Jewish Bible?

I marched downstairs to the family room and took my Jewish Bible off the shelf. As I opened it that day, I prayed a very specific prayer. I prayed to the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob to show me the truth and to help my husband become a Jew.

That morning as my husband went to work and my daughter to school, I began to read my Bible. I started at page one, "In the beginning," and continued to read page after page. When my husband came home from work and my daughter from school, there I was still reading. The next morning, when my husband went to work and my daughter to school, there I was reading. When they came home again, there I was still reading. This went on for days, for weeks, and then months. I was amazed at what I found written within the pages of my Jewish Bible.

You see, every Jew feels that he basically knows what's in his own Jewish Bible. That's because as children we attend Hebrew School, Yeshiva, or Cheder, then as adults, we attend synagogue where we hear a portion read from the Torah and a portion from the Haftorah (the Prophets).

Within the pages of my Jewish Bible, there is much written concerning the Messiah—where He would be born, how He would live His life, the miracles He would do. The Bible also speaks of His suffering and death. It frightened me because what I read sounded very much like what I heard said about Jesus.

Whoever may be wondering if Yeshua (Jesus) appears in the Jewish Bible need only read the many passages concerning the Malach Ha Shem, The Messenger of the LORD. By carefully studying the passages concerning His appearances and how He conducts Himself, one can only deduce that this is no mere created being. He speaks as God and accepts the worship that can only be given to God Himself. And He carries in Him the ineffable name of God, the Tetragrammaton, in Hebrew, the Yod Hay Vav Hay (Exodus 23:21).

In addition, Yeshua, Jesus's Hebrew name, means "salvation." Everywhere in the Jewish Bible and our Jewish Holy Prayer books, whenever the word "salvation" appears, we are saying Jesus's Hebrew name, Yeshua.

In Isaiah 49:6, the Scriptures speak of a time when the Suffering Servant would lament to God of how He had failed to restore the 12 tribes of Israel. God responds by saying, "It's too light a thing for you to be a servant for Israel only, I will give you as a light to all the nations of the world." In Hebrew the word "nations" is goyim. So I had to ask myself the question, When did the Messiah come and fail to bring back the tribes of Israel and then when did God give the Messiah to the goyim?

God Had a Son?

I learned that the ancient Jewish writers recognized that there are two pictures of the Messiah depicted in the pages of the Jewish Bible. They even had names for them: Moshiach Ben Yoseph (Messiah, son of Joseph) the suffering servant Messiah, and Moshiach Ben Dovid (Messiah, son of David) the Messiah who would come as the conquering hero.

In Proverbs 30:4 I found that God has a Son:

Who was it that ascended into heaven, and came down again? who gathered the wind in his fists? who bound the waters in a garment? who set up all the ends of the earth? what is his name, and what is his son's name, if thou knowest it?

Could the Rebbe Be the Messiah?

When I finished reading all the pages of my Jewish Bible, I was confused and frightened. The thought came to me, Sharon, how dare you think that you could interpret the Bible by yourself, as if you knew as much as a rabbi. But then I would think about the passages I read where God told the children of Israel to come and hear His Word for themselves (Deuteronomy 4:10, 11:18-20, 4:29, and Jeremiah 29:13).

I knew I couldn't stop there. There was too much at stake.

How could I even bear the thought of being an outcast from my people? How absurd it was to think that a man the Gentiles call Jesus Christ could be a Messiah for the Jews. So I said to myself, Sharon, you must have missed something!

I remembered that the rabbis say, "You cannot understand the Bible without the Jewish Commentaries." So I bought the Rashi commentaries, the Soncino commentaries, and the latest Jewish commentaries called The ArtScroll Tanach Series by Mesorah Publications. And as I read the commentaries, the more I wanted to read. I also brought home texts from the Babylonian Talmud, the Encyclopaedia Judaica, Midrash Rabbah, Mishneh Torah by Maimonides, Targum Onkelos, Targumim Jonathan, The Messiah Texts by Raphael Patai, and the Guide to the Perplexed by Maimonides. On and on I studied, day after day.

With each text I studied, I thought maybe this one will hold the answer, the key to destroying the thought that this goyish messiah is the "real thing" The Jewish Messiah!

All this was beginning to affect my life. When asked if I would accept a role in the leadership as next president of Chabad Women, I felt I had to decline because I was leading a double existence.

I was fully accepted by Chabad and adhered to all the traditions. I even went to a cable television station periodically to hear the Rebbe Menachem M. Schneerson speak to his followers via satellite. I held this man in high esteem. He was respected and consulted by leaders of the world. All of us who listened to him believed that he spoke the truth. It always seemed in those days it could very well be true that one day it would be revealed that the Rebbe Menachem M. Schneerson was the Messiah.

It is a popular belief among Chabad followers that in each generation the Messiah dwells among us, but if we are not worthy, he will not be revealed to us. So here I was listening to this Jewish leader believing that he spoke the truth and yet, at the same time, I was researching ancient Jewish material to find the truth about Jesus!

During the next few months, my home library increased. And my fears multiplied proportionately to the amount of books I accumulated.

Not To Worry

One afternoon Elisa came home from Hebrew Academy to tell me that they needed mothers to drive students to visit a kosher bakery. She asked if I could volunteer. I was glad to help. That day, while walking through the Fairfax area, I noticed that in the window of the Chabad bookstore there were some anti-missionary books on display. When no one was looking, I dashed back to the bookstore and bought every anti-missionary book available.

I was becoming more and more disturbed by my research. To this point I had studied in private. Only my family knew what I was reading. But the time had come for outside help and so I turned to my rabbi. I called Mendel and Rochel and asked them to come to my home. When they arrived we sat in the library and I showed them my books. I told them that when I read my Bible, I saw Jesus. I asked Mendel to help me.

They whispered to each other. Then they turned to me and Mendel said, "Not to worry." He had just the man for me—a professional who works with people like myself. He would give him my phone number and the man would call me. I thanked them as they left. I felt so grateful and relieved that I was going to get the help I needed and the answers I so desperately wanted.

Two nights later I received a phone call from Rabbi Ben Zion Kravitz. I gave him a little background about my research and explained how it began. He listened and told me not to worry. He even mentioned a videotape he possessed of people who had renounced their faith in Jesus. I told him to bring it with him when he came to my house.

It was a lovely, sunny, clear morning when Rabbi Kravitz, known as a deprogrammer, came to my house. I had prepared fresh fruit on a paper plate for the rabbi. I wanted him to know that I was familiar with the Laws of Kashrut, but would honor his hesitancy to eat anything away from his home. I did not wish to cause him any concern about what he was served.

When the rabbi arrived, I introduced him to Ron, who then retired to the upstairs where he spent the day working. Ron remained at home, not because I feared the rabbi, but because it was not appropriate for the rabbi and I to be alone.

For the next ten hours, the rabbi and I discussed the Bible, Jewish history, and tradition. The rabbi had a very modern approach to the Scriptures and I, a very traditional one. After reading the Talmud, Midrash, Targumim, and other commentaries, I wanted to talk about what our forefathers believed and what the ancient Jewish writings had to say concerning the Messiah.

Desperately Seeking the Truth

After many conversations, the rabbi suggested I talk to someone else. He recommended Gerald Sigal in Brooklyn, New York, author of *The Jewish Response to Christian Missionaries*. Rabbi Kravitz said he would call Mr. Sigal, tell him my situation, and let the two of us discuss various issues over the phone.

The rabbi and Mr. Sigal devised a plan. Mr. Sigal would call collect every Monday night. We would discuss various topics and then he would pose a question that I would research during the week. The following Monday I would give him the answer.

For example, one week Mr. Sigal said that the genealogy of Jesus was faulty because, in Judaism, no women were ever included in the Jewish genealogies. I was puzzled by this statement for I had recently read the long list of genealogies in First Chronicles in Historical Records of the Jewish Bible and women are mentioned in those records. The women's names were included to further the specific knowledge needed where a father had only daughters and no sons, or when there was more than one wife or there were concubines.

Our conversations continued for some time until Mr. Sigal told Rabbi Kravitz I was "too far gone" to be helped. Rabbi Kravitz was upset with me and said I should have accepted whatever Mr. Sigal said. He accused me of not really wanting to know the truth. The rabbi didn't understand I was desperately seeking the truth and would go to any lengths to find it. Rabbi Kravitz was probably embarrassed too because Rabbi Duchman kept asking him, "Haven't you helped her yet?"

When I Read My Bible I See "That Man"!

A short time after this, I received a phone call from Rabbi Duchman. He told me about an internationally known deprogrammer, Rabbi J. Immanuel Schochet, who would be speaking soon at my daughter's Yeshiva. I said I would attend.

The night I heard Rabbi Schochet proved to be a turning point in my search for the truth. My family and I sat up front because my daughter was attending the academy and we felt comfortable sitting close to the speaker.

Earlier that evening Ron, Elisa, and I had decided that we would just go to listen and we wouldn't say anything until the entire program was over. Then, and only then, would I quietly go up to the rabbi and ask him if he could help me.

The rabbi's speech centered on the generalities of Jewish home life and the problems facing the family. He also discussed various religions and how they differed from Judaism.

After the rabbi completed his talk, he asked for questions. One person asked the rabbi what he could do to protect his children from Christian influence. The rabbi stated that if traditions were respected and followed within a Jewish home, there would be less chance for a child to go astray.

Miracles that follow the plow :: Jewish Testimonies

Another person expressed his concern about missionaries who wanted to teach his children about Jesus. The rabbi reiterated the value of having Jewish traditions in the home, but also stressed the importance of sending our children to Jewish day schools and Yeshivas.

The third question came from a man who asked what he should do when his child comes home asking him about Scriptures with which he as a Jewish parent is not familiar.

At this point, Rabbi Schochet grabbed the sides of the podium and shouted to the audience, "Never under any circumstances does a knowledgeable Jew ever turn to That Man!" ("That Man" being a name that Jews call Jesus when they don't want to say His name.)

I felt the rabbi was talking directly to me so I grabbed Ron's hand and whispered, "Should I say something?" And Ron said, "Yes!"

I then grabbed Elisa's hand and whispered, "Should I say something?"

And Elisa said, "Yes!"

So I raised my hand and asked, "Rabbi, what do you tell someone like me who knows Yiddishkeit, follows Judaism, has a Jewish home, and yet, when I read the Jewish Bible, I see That Man!?"

With so many Jewish families and rabbis in the room, my question hit like a bombshell. For the next four or five hours until midnight, Rabbi Schochet and I discussed Yiddishkeit, Jewish customs, the Bible, and other subjects. When midnight approached, the rabbi was anxious to close the meeting, so he said what he considered to be the words that would show me and all the others in the room why Jesus could not be the promised Messiah. He shouted to the audience that Jesus committed blasphemy from the cross.

Then in an angry, mocking tone, the rabbi quoted Jesus saying, "My God, my God, Why hast Thou forsaken me?"

I was horrified at Rabbi Schochet's tone of voice and accusation that Jesus had committed blasphemy. I told him there were many ways that Jesus could have made that statement. He could have cried out in a plaintive voice or in a pleading or beseeching voice. But Rabbi Schochet refused to see my point of view. I found it amazing that in his anger, he apparently forgot that the statement Jesus made on the cross was first said by our own beloved King David in Psalm 22. AND WOULD ANY JEW DARE TO SAY THAT DAVID COMMITTED BLASPHEMY?!

I do not profess to be a Hebrew scholar or a Bible scholar. I am only a plain, ordinary Jewish woman who loves Yiddishkeit and who just wanted to know the truth.

That night I told my husband and daughter, "I have no more doubts â€" Jesus is my Jewish Messiah."