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HALLELUJAH! I HAVE FOUND HIM
By Irene Hanley

"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." -- Rom. 1:16

Mrs. Irene Hanley
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Printed Booklet: No Date -- No Copyright

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INTRODUCTION TO THIS DIGITAL PUBLICATION

The late Irene Hanley's testimony is a precious example of how the Gospel of Christ is the power of God unto full salvation to every one that believeth, "to the Jew first." This publication is actually the combination of 3 publications authored by Irene Hanley:

Part 1 -- "Hallelujah! I Have Found Him" -- The Story of Her Conversion

Part 2 -- "How a Jewess Was Called Unto Holiness" -- The Story of Her Entire sanctification

Part 3 -- "Your Itinerant Missionary Reporting" -- an inspiring article by Irene Hanley that appeared in the January 1955 issue of "Salvation" Magazine, published by the "American Association for Jewish Evangelism."

Also included with this publication is a picture of Irene Hanley that appeared in the front of her booklet, "Hallelujah! I Have Found Him." To view it, open the hdm0600.jpg file in a program capable of displaying JPEG graphics.

While some of the material covered in the first two parts of this publication may be nearly or exactly the same as some of the material in Irene Hanley's book, "Israel, O My People," none of the material in this publication came from that book. Readers of this publication who do not already have it, may want to also obtain and read "Israel, O My People." However, I do not have an address where a printed copy of it may still be available. We do not have a copy, have not digitized it, and, having once temporarily had possession of a borrowed copy, I think that "Israel, O My People" may still be under a current copyright.

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Part 1

HALLELUJAH! I HAVE FOUND HIM

"Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is, that they might be saved." This has truly been my heart's desire ever since I have been saved. Requests have come from all over the country that I write the story of how God led me from Judaism, to atheism, to Christ, and then to the experience of heart holiness, So now I am putting it down on paper, and trust that God will use this little booklet to the salvation of precious souls, especially those of the household of Israel.

My parents were born in Europe -- my mother in Hungary and my father in Roumania. I was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1910. You see, I am not ashamed to tell my age and I hope I never shall be. I trust that God will help me to grow old gracefully with the stamp of holiness upon my life, my walk, my conduct, my conversation, as well as my appearance, throughout my life.

My father was not what you would consider a religious Jew. He did not even believe in a God. As a child, I heard stories about God and about Jesus, sometimes of such a nature that we were not allowed to listen to them. When I was eight years of age we moved to the capital city of a central state, and it was in this city that my father entered us in our first year of Hebrew school as well as public school. Until I was eight we learned to read and write and speak German and

Hungarian at our parents' knee. After starting to grade school we learned the English language. In Hebrew school I began to learn the Old Testament stories about Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, about David, Daniel, and Moses, but never once did we learn that God still required an offering for sin, that is, a blood offering for our sins.

We were well assimilated in this capital city, for there were many other Jews. Until this time we were never discriminated against. In the early part of 1922 we moved to a little town thirty miles distant, and it was here that we first felt the sting of being Jews. People in that little town were very bigoted, very narrow. They would not allow Negroes to stay there overnight, foreigners were not welcome, and I don't believe there was a Catholic family living in the town. Worst of all, now a family of Jews had moved in!

Perhaps you wonder how they knew we were Jews. Well, the little children used to come to our home, and they could see that we were different -- our language was different, our diet was different, our conduct was different, and Mother dressed us like little Europeans; I wore long pigtails, long dresses, and long hose. The children soon began to ask questions, and we told them that we were Jews. That is when the trouble began. They began to call us ugly names. After all, the world hates those who are different. The world will hate you if you dare to be different, as a Christian, for God has called us to be peculiar people.

Satan hates the Jews and the world hates the Jews -- they are different. But any hatred, any anti-Semitism, is born out of the very pit of hell, for you cannot be a real child of God, be born again, having the love of Christ shed abroad in your heart by the Holy Ghost, and hate anyone else, regardless of how different they might be. But this little town hated us. They began to call us Christ-killers! Christ-killers! We were called Christ-killers on the street, in the school yard. We were hissed at in the schoolroom. The worst part about it was that we did not even know that Christ had been killed, let alone that we had done it. Oh, how unfair it is to call Jews Christ-killers, for all (Jews and Gentiles) are guilty of His death.

At one time Jesus said that He must needs go to Jerusalem to be delivered unto the Gentiles to be crucified of them. But, alas, so many Gentiles have forgotten this. Christian Sunday School teachers, standing before their classes, will often, with unrecognized venom, teach little boys and girls that the Jews killed Jesus; and little children hearing this, and having already learned to love the tender Jesus, unconsciously allow to come into their hearts a prejudice against the people who would kill such a loving, tender One as Jesus of Whom they sing -- this Jesus Who held little children on His lap. So, dear Sunday School teachers, as you read this, preachers as you read this, Christian laymen as you read this, be careful how you preach and how you teach others concerning the Jews killing Christ. Remember it was your sins as Gentiles as well as our sins as Jews that drove the blessed Lamb of God to Calvary's tree; it was your sins as well as ours that drove the nails into His hands and feet. But, thank God, it was His great love for you and for me that kept Him hanging there on the cross. Should there be one of you, Jew or Gentile, reading this little booklet, who is yet without Christ, who has heard the Gospel message over and over again, and yet has resisted the wooing of the Spirit, you, too, are guilty of His death, even right now as you read. Then, too, my friend, how often do we by our inconsistent living, inconsistent practices, worldliness, littleness, pettiness, prejudices, openly crucify Jesus Christ again before an unbelieving world! Remember, there are more ways than one to crucify the blessed Son of God.

How those people hated us in that little town. If anything was stolen from the schoolroom they said, "The Jew kids did it." If anyone was tattletaled upon they said, "It was the Jew kids." Do you know that even the terms "Jew-people," or 'Jew-girl,' or "Jew-boy" can bring heartache? It would be more proper to say a Jewish man, a Jewish woman, a Jewish girl, or a Jewish boy. How they hated us! The children used to gang up on us after school hours. They would form a circle around my brother and me, each nudging the other and daring the other to hit us first. Soon they would pile in on us with stones or sticks, our clothing would be torn, our hair disheveled, and we would run home, crying and screaming, as the crowd of children would come running after us. And what was our crime? Only that we were born Jews.

This little town was very religious; everybody went to church. They even observed the Sunday blue laws most rigidly, and we thought they were good Christians. I have found out, though, since I have been truly born again, that a man can be ever so religious and be straight on the road to Hell. Religion cannot save. Religion is man-made. But, thank God, today I have something far better and sweeter and more eternal and real than just a dead religion. I have something that is living, and that something is salvation. It is God-given! By the cross man is reconciled to God through a living Christ, not just another dead religion.

About that time there was a nation-wide organization made up of Protestant men who called themselves Christian. They belonged to an organization commonly known as the Ku Klux Klan. Now I realize that while I am stating this in this little booklet there may be some who are still members of this organization, or perhaps of the White Citizens Council, or other groups which are organized to create intolerance. But I pray that through this God might deal with your heart and show you that you can never make it into glory and into God's presence with any prejudice or intolerance in your heart. You cannot be a Christian, I believe, and belong to any organization outside of the church of the Lord Jesus Christ, whether it be Masons or any kind of Lodge or Order, and especially one that practices and promotes intolerance. You cannot even be a good American and be intolerant.

Some people pride themselves on possessing Christian tolerance. I have read Sunday School lessons in various quarterlies about Christian tolerance but, beloved, do you know that there isn't any such thing? The Bible does not teach it. Those two words contradict each other. You can't be Christian and just be tolerant. The term Christian tolerance is concocted by the Federal Council of Churches. Certainly Jesus Christ does not advocate it. Jesus did not say, "Tolerate ye one another." He said, "Love ye one another." Oh, there is a world of difference between tolerance and love. Tolerance says, "She is here, and we might as well put up with her and make the best of it." But, oh, love speaks a different language. Love makes the Jew feel welcome and wanted and warm. Oh, I am so sorry to have to say at this point that I have been in many so-called Christian homes, and many Christian churches, so-called, even with pastors who profess to love the Lord Jesus but who have simply a tolerant attitude toward the Jew. Believe me, I never want to go back to those places again. A Jew knows when one really loves him. He is sensitive to real love. I suppose it is because he has been shown such little love throughout his life. You can't go to a Jew and tell him you love him when you have hate in your heart -- he'll sense it, he'll know it. He is hungry for the real thing.

One evening in our little town my father heard a rumor that this group of men was going to take him on the outskirts of the city and humiliate him because he was a Jew. He hurried home and told Mother about it, and she quickly packed his suitcase. He slipped out of town as soon as it became dark, and we could hear Mother sobbing during the night. The next morning my brother and I made a vow between ourselves that we would never become Christians. We thought that all Gentiles were Christians, and if they were all Christians, they were therefore all our enemies. You see, my people think that if you are not born a Jew you are born a Christian; that you are born automatically believing in Jesus. And if you are born believing in Jesus you are automatically a Jew-hater. In Europe my people have seen their loved ones slaughtered by those who carry a cross in one hand and a sword in the other, while the priests lead them to the ghettos in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Thousands of my people have been slain and slaughtered during the terrible pogroms in Russia, Poland, and other places, and they think this is Christianity.

After living in fear for three weeks we went to a nearby city where we got a train for East St. Louis, Illinois, and it was there that I entered my fifth year of Hebrew school. I went to Hebrew school for eight years. We studied the Old Testament from a historical standpoint, and other textbooks. At the age of sixteen I was confirmed in the Jewish faith, and I waited for a manifestation from God. I was valedictorian of my class, so it was my privilege to repeat the creeds in Hebrew, the first one being, "Shema Isroel Adonai Elohenu, Adonai Echod." In Hebrew this means, "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is one." I repeated the other twelve, and waited for God to bless; but no blessing came. I grew disgusted, I was discouraged. What I had been seeking for I could not find. At last I said, "My father is right. There is no God." If there were, why had He not revealed Himself to me when He knew how sincerely I was seeking Him and how honest I was?

About that time I had a teacher in high school, my science teacher, who I knew had gone to college and university. I thought, "Now here is a woman who does not believe in God. I will befriend her and she will befriend me." I thought that surely anyone who had gone to college and university would not believe in the Genesis account of creation. I did not see how anyone with a smattering of education could believe such a ridiculous fairy tale. But I soon found out that she did believe it. She was a Christian, although I wonder now, because she had no concern for my soul. I think that when Christians can come into the presence of sinners day in and day out, mingle with them week after week, and month after month, and never once take the precious Word of God and try to lead them to Jesus, there is something wrong. I think that Christian is backslid. Are you in this condition now, dear reader? She had no concern for my soul at that time, although later God dealt with her mightily, I'll tell you more about that later. My English teacher in my senior year in high school watched me as I sat in his class day after day. He could see how eagerly I was drinking in the things that he was teaching. He could see that my mind would be as plastic as clay in his hands, and how I was seeking and grasping after truth. One evening he asked me to stay after school, which I gladly did. I was flattered that he even wanted to talk to me. And he told me there wasn't any God. Now, mind you, he was not a Jew; he was a Gentile. There are many, many Gentiles as well as Jews who do not believe in God. That English teacher told me there wasn't any God, and that only the poor, ignorant, foolish, uneducated class of people believed in God; that real intelligent, cultured, refined people did not need God as an outlet for their emotions; that they could be satisfied through music, the sciences, and the arts. He said that Christianity was just an opiate for the ignorant masses. Sounds like Marxism, doesn't it? That's exactly what it is. I

believed this man. Ah, this was what I wanted to hear. He was feeding something into my heart that answered all the questions I wanted to know. He led me to the study of Darwin's theory on evolution, to Burbank, Voltaire, Thomas Paine. Thomas Paine's "Age of Reason" became my Bible. This was what I wanted. He taught me how I could go into Christian services and, for myself, see and hear how preachers studied and used mass psychology, that it was just working on the ignorance of the masses. It was just cheap emotionalism, he said. He influenced my life greatly. I spent many hours poring over books on psychology, the age-old philosophers of Germany, and France, and Italy. This was what I had wanted.

When I was eighteen I met my husband, who is a Gentile. After a few short months of courtship we were married, much against my parents' will, and even without their knowledge. My father would never have consented to this marriage for he had made other plans for me. My husband was not a Christian at the time.

In the meantime, this science teacher had received a real experience with the Lord Jesus. She had learned the joy of full and complete surrender, and God laid me on her heart. Every other Saturday afternoon she knocked on my front door, coming to tell me about the Lord. I did not want her to come, and if I would see her first she would not see me next! But she kept on coming -- if not every other Saturday, it would be every Saturday. She would come into my home, sit in my living room, talk about Jesus, and as she did so her face would shine. Often a tear would glisten in her eye. I watched her intently and when she had finished testifying I would sneer at her, and mock and say, "Oh, you're just emotional, that's all." Yet at the same time, way down deep in my black, darkened, wicked heart, I knew she had something that I did not have.

She kept on coming, and she used to anger me for she would tell me that unless I repented I would go to Hell. And she said it just that bluntly! But it took just that blunt talk to get me to God, for after her visits, after I had pushed her out of my home, she would stand on the porch and weep. I even laughed at her tears. Oh, the love of God! Amazing is His grace, that He could save such a one as I! I never tell this without stopping to praise Him -- that He could forgive such blasphemy as I was guilty of. That teacher's bluntness and truthfulness and faithfulness to my soul brought me under conviction, although I did not know what to label it. I could not sleep, I could not eat, I would walk the floor, pacing, wondering how long I could keep up with her coming to see me. I thought if she kept coming I would go crazy. I was under conviction and did not know it. God was answering her prayers and the prayers of His saints everywhere.

She kept on coming -- do you know how long? Well, Sunday School teacher, how long would you visit one who treated you as I did her? And you, too, pastor -- how long would you visit someone who gave you the treatment that I gave this school teacher? Oh, I know. I've been around some of them. I've heard them say, "I've been there two or three times. No use going back." And with a shrug of the shoulder they dismissed their responsibility.

Some have even said, "I don't think the Lord expects me to cast my pearls before swine." Oh, I'm so glad the schoolteacher didn't say that. Not after two or three times, not after two hundred times did she say that. She kept on calling -- for eight long years she came every other Saturday, sometimes every Saturday, to tell me about Jesus. Oh, she surely loved the Lord or she could not have loved anyone such as I. Conviction began to settle more heavily, day by day.

One morning when my little daughter was in school, my husband at work, and my little boy sound asleep. I began to pace the floor. Questions began going through my mind, and fears began to penetrate my heart. What if the schoolteacher were right? What if there really were a God? What if Jesus were His Son? Then, if there is a God and if there is a Jesus, there must be a Heaven and a Hell. These thoughts sent pangs of fear into my heart. Maybe I have been wrong, I reasoned. For the first time in my life I fell on my knees. I fell on my knees because I had heard that was what Christians did. I had never seen them do it for, you see, up to the time I was saved I had never been inside a Christian church of any kind. I had heard that Christians knelt when they prayed. I fell on my knees that morning, but I didn't know how to pray. I didn't even know if there were a God Who would hear me, but I wanted to believe. I wanted what the schoolteacher had, even if there weren't a God, even if there weren't a Jesus.

As I knelt there, I looked up and cried, "O God, if You really are, give me faith to believe." And God did! You know, even our faith is a gift from God, but I knew I would have to go further than this. I had believed in God when I was a child, but I wasn't satisfied; I was constantly seeking. I knew I would have to go on. I cried again, "O God, if Jesus is Your Son, give me faith to believe this, too." And God did! It seemed as though He pulled the curtain back, truly He did -- He pulled back the veil. Paul tells us in Romans that blindness, in part, is happened to Israel, and again we read in the Scripture that to this day there is a veil over the eyes of the Jewish people, but it says that when that heart is turned to God the veil is taken away. Thank God, that morning when my heart was turned to God in honesty and sincerity, and now having had light, I could find Christ as my Saviour. I cried to God for faith and He took the veil away. I saw the blessed Son of God, Virgin-born, dying on the cross for my sins. I cried out to God in Jesus' name, and in the name of Jesus He immediately forgave my sins. Thank God for that morning. It wasn't a self-induced experience; it wasn't altogether emotional. Yet it affected me all over -- intellectually, emotionally, spiritually, physically. Thank God, I was born again, but it wasn't until three weeks later that I knew what the experience was called. All I knew was that something wonderful had come into my heart. My heart was warmed. I had passed from death unto life, from darkness to light. Oh, I know we are not saved by experience; we are saved by grace through faith. But I'm glad I know when Jesus came into my heart. I know when my sins were lifted.

Something else happened to me while I was on my knees. At Easter time we used to watch the colored folk baptize at the Mississippi River, and I always said that If I had my way I would see to it that every preacher got shot for making folk get baptized. While I was still on my knees I knew that the next thing I wanted to do was to be baptized. I arose, gathered up some clothes, and knocked on the door of the closest preacher's house. I didn't know what kind of preacher he was; it didn't matter to me then because I thought everybody believed alike.

I knocked on his door, and when he answered I stepped back, for I used to fear this man before I was a Christian. As children, we would never go by his house after dark. We were afraid that he belonged to the organization that had driven us out of the other town. I stepped back from him and said, "Sir, I am a Jew. I just now believed in Jesus. He just now took my sins away, and I want to join your church. See -- I have brought my clothes, and I want you to baptize me right now." The poor preacher got so excited that he couldn't even talk to me for a few minutes. He stuttered and stammered, and finally invited me into his study, and explained what I would have to

do. He said that I would have to come into his church on Sunday morning and make a profession of faith, give the people my testimony, and if they were satisfied that I had really been born again, or really saved, as he called it, then I could be baptized that night. I thank the Lord that when I was saved I came into a good, old-fashioned, orthodox, fundamental Baptist church.

I went home from the preacher's house, laid down my bundle of clothes, and I searched through a drawer into which I had thrown a New Testament that the schoolteacher had given me. I wouldn't read it before this time; I was too prejudiced. I wouldn't open it. When she gave it to me I told her she was wasting her time and money. Every time she came, she quoted John 3:16, so this was the verse I hurriedly searched for and found, to my delight. There it was, just like she said it would be.

I had many Gentile neighbors, and I was sure they did not know about Jesus, for they had never told me about Him. They had never mentioned John 3:16, so why not go tell them? And so, one hour after I was saved I became a missionary of the cross, although it was a year before I knew that was what you would call it. I went next door to my neighbor's home, knocked on her door, stood there very businesslike and read John 3:16 to them. Of course, I was businesslike. This was big business, the best and biggest business in all the world. I told this neighbor what had just happened to me and how happy I was. Jesus had taken my sins away, was in my heart. I had prayer with her and went on to the next door, and from there to the next door. I thought that all I had to do was to tell them and they would all believe right away. Well, God honored my childlike faith, for that day seventeen of my neighbors were saved.

That evening when my husband came home from work I told him what Jesus had done for me. He got on his knees in the kitchen, and he, too, trusted the Lord as his Saviour. I called my parents (this was Thursday). Sunday evening about 6:30 my father called and told me that my mother had suffered a heart attack; it was her first one. She had grieved over me so much, and it was my fault. He asked if I would come home, and not go through with this foolishness. I told him I couldn't do that, and said I was to be baptized that night. I said, "But tell Mother I love her, and I will be home after church." Father said, "No, if you get baptized tonight don't you ever come home again; and if anything happens to your mother, you have killed her." Oh, he was so grieved!

After two years of great controversy with my father, and not seeing him, one day he called. He said, "Irene, I'm tired of this foolishness. I want you to come home tomorrow night. I'm ready to come to a compromise; I am ready to be broad-minded about this thing. Will you come home?" Indeed I would, I told him, for I was anxious to see my father. But as far as compromise and being broadminded were concerned, I knew there would never be anything like that in my life. Those two expressions have no place in a Christian's vocabulary. We'll never please God with compromise. We'll never win souls to Christ through compromise. We'll never make it through to glory with compromise, in our lives. And broadminded? Jesus said this is a narrow way. And, friends, it is a narrow way. For nineteen years I preached that this is a narrow way. Then He sanctified me wholly, and the way is becoming more narrow every day. Every day the Spirit seems to speak to me about something else. Let me tell you something that may sound like a paradox to you. The narrower the way the greater the liberty! Praise God!

I went home the next night and my father said, "Irene, doesn't that woman on the corner belong to your church? Doesn't she go two or three times a week? Doesn't she teach Sunday School?" "Yes, Dad." He said, "Now you don't see her going up and down the street and talking about Jesus everywhere she goes. She knows how to mind her own business. She doesn't care if people go to Heaven or Hell. Now, look, Irene, I wouldn't care if you go to church. Go all you want to. Teach your Sunday School class if you want to. If you'd just keep quiet about this Jesus on the outside of the church house, I wouldn't care." Neither does the devil!

Another thing my father said was, "Irene, doesn't this same woman over there on the corner still belong to her bridge clubs?" "Yes, Dad." "Doesn't she still have little harmless dances in her basement?" "Yes, Dad." "Doesn't she still go to the movies every time they change?" "Yes." "Now," he said, "if you could just be like her, and be more liberal and more moderate, I wouldn't be ashamed of you, and I wouldn't care." Neither does the devil!

Before I became a Christian I belonged to several bridge clubs. I loved the cards. I could gamble at cards, stack them to get every ace in the deck. They were my life. I loved the movies, and I did go every time they changed. I loved to dance, and even occasionally to drink a cocktail, and I even smoked. I thank God for a good case of conversion. It took all those things out of my life. I could not compromise with my father.

If you can imagine your Saviour sitting for hours at a card table holding in those precious nail-pierced hands a deck of filthy playing cards, whether it be bridge or canasta or any game you may think ever so innocent -- holding in those nail-pierced hands, those hands that reached out and stilled the angry waves, those hands that touched the leper and made him whole, that made the lame to leap, that stopped the angry waves, that reached out and stopped the funeral procession, robbing the waiting grave of its intended victim when He raised the widow's son -- if you can imagine those hands indulging in a card game, then you play, dear friend, but you don't know the same Saviour that I know. If you can imagine your Saviour with His arms around some woman, twirling around on a sloping dance floor, a dance floor that is sloping right into the gaping jaws of Hell, whether it is your own living room or some honky-tonk, then dance. But you don't know the same Jesus that I know. If you can imagine your Saviour sitting for hours in a darkened movie theater looking at the lust and filth that is coming out of Hollywood -- but perhaps I am not writing this to anyone who professes to be a Christian or a church member who indulges in these things. Perhaps these things would not need to be said to you, but listen -- read on, dear friends. The same filth and lust and trash that you see in the movies is being channeled into a lot of Christian living rooms, holiness living rooms, via the TV. If you can imagine your Saviour so indulging, you can go to the movies and you can keep your TV set, but you do not know the same Saviour that I know. I thank God that when He saves us, He saves us from our sins and not in them.

I am glad I did not listen to my father, for a few weeks later I was cleaning my mother's bedroom as she was lying down, and I was singing to her in our language, "What a Friend We Have in Jesus." While I was singing, my mother began to weep. She said to me, "Oh, Irene, I would give anything in the world if I had the hope beyond the grave that you have." I stopped sweeping, knelt by her bedside, put my arms around her and, thank God my precious mother cried out to the Lord, and the Lord heard her and forgave her sins. She was gloriously saved. She witnessed to my father and witnessed to my friends who came to see her. My father would not

accept her conversion, but a few months later God took her home. I know I am going to see her some day, for her faith was accounted unto her for righteousness. She walked in all the light she had. Thank God, she walked in all the light I had.

My father was extremely despondent and melancholy. We stayed with him. One evening my husband and I had gone out calling. My father took my eight-year-old sister into the kitchen, pulled down the windows, shut the doors, turned on the gas jets, and said to my little sister, "Ruby Lee, when we wake up in the morning we will be in Heaven with Mother." But she had been saved, and she said, "But, Daddy, if you don't believe in Jesus you won't go to Heaven in the morning. Please, Daddy." She pled with him to trust Christ while they were lying there. My eighteen-year-old brother came in about eleven o'clock and, smelling the gas fumes, he quickly got the neighbors and my father and sister were revived. Thank God for that!

Not long after that, my father was walking the floor in the night under deep conviction. He awakened me about 2:30 in the morning and ordered me to get dressed and get out of the house and take Jesus with me. He said if it had not been for my Jesus my mother would not have died. He said that I had killed her, that I broke her heart. He was shaking with rage when he backed me into a corner, although my precious father did not understand what he was doing. I knew that my father loved me. Soon after this my eighteen-year-old brother became a Christian, and we were all rejected by our father. He loved us dearly, but he could not understand how we could believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and become Christians when Christians so hated the Jews.

My father was a sheet metal worker, and one day called me to his shop. He kept a little can of sulfuric acid on his desk. As I walked in, he picked it up and said, "Irene, for the last time, will you give up your Jesus? Will you stop this foolishness? You are bringing disgrace and heartache to me." "Oh, Dad, I can't I can't give Him up. I love Him." He said, "Do you love this Jesus more than you love me, more than you love your little sister?" As much as I loved my precious father and my sister, I had to tell him that I loved my Saviour even more. As I said that he drew back his hand and I ran.

When I was at Richmond, Virginia, a few weeks later, addressing a Baptist Convention, I received a wire from my brother which said, "Praise the Lord, Dad has been saved!" I hurried back to East St. Louis, called him up, and from the tone of his voice I knew that I would never have to be afraid of my father again. I called a taxi and hurried down to see him. He was waiting for me. He jumped into the cab, put his arms around me, loved me, and kissed me. "Oh, Irene," he said, "can you ever forgive me for what I've done to you? Can you ever forgive me for what I've said to you?" Forgive him? Why, I loved him. He was my father.

Christian people have just been too slow in giving the Gospel to the Jews. Listen, reader, suppose the salvation of one Jewish soul depended upon your prayers, upon your gifts, upon your personal witnessing. Would there be even one in Heaven if it depended on you? Then multiply the millions of Christians by yourself. How could my father know? "Oh, yes, Dad, I do forgive you, but how did it happen?" And then he told me. He said, "Sunday night I was walking the streets. I was very lonesome, missing your mother, when I heard the singing in a little Methodist church. I went in. The preaching had not begun, but while they were singing I went down to the front and got down on my knees." This was one of those old-fashioned Methodist churches that had not gotten

too smart and too educated to have an old-fashioned mourners bench. There it was that my father fell on his knees. Isn't it wonderful that he knew where he belonged the first time he went to church? Some of you who read these lines have been going to church for years and yet you refuse to go to an altar of prayer.

My father continued, "And then, Irene, Jesus came into my heart. He has forgiven me, will you?" He put his arms around me and took me through those doors where I had run a few weeks before. I knelt with him on the acid-scarred floor and, thank God, I heard my nearly sixty-year-old father pray for the first time. Thank God for the memories of that day! A few years ago my father, too, went to be with the Lord. I shall see him some day, for his faith was accounted unto him for righteousness. I shall see both of my parents on the glorious, glad resurrection morning!

I feel I am rich in Christ Jesus today. I have a precious son in the ministry and a daughter married to a fine Baptist pastor in northern Illinois. Oh, how grateful I am to God that my family know the Lord Jesus as their Saviour. I thank God for the schoolteacher who so faithfully prayed for me, and so earnestly witnessed to me that one day I came into a knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. I am so rich in Him. To think that all this is mine, and Heaven, too!

Oh, precious reader, whether you be Jew or Gentile, what God has done for me through Christ Jesus, He will do for you. Perhaps you will not have the difficulty I had, dear Gentile friend, for with you it will not be a question of whether He was Virgin-born or not, whether He arose from the grave or not, whether He really was God or not. Perhaps you do not question this. With you it is a question of giving up your sins and the pull of the world. It is a question of surrendering yourself to Him. Will you do it now? He will meet your need, He will meet your heart cry.

And you, dear Jewish friend, aren't you sick of this separation from God, this loneliness, not knowing where your soul is going when you die? This isn't something you force yourself to believe or self-induce. This is something that God will do for you. This is truly a spiritual operation on the heart. If you would know the truth, God will reveal Himself to you. He has written in the Word, "Ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." And again, "Seek the Lord while he may be found." If you want to know right now whether He be the Son of God or not, fall on your knees even as I did, and cry out, "Oh, God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, show me if Jesus be Thy Son. Reveal it to me. I am hungry. I am needy, I am a sinner. I come to Thee now." Ah, Jewish friend, He will reveal His Son to you, and the Son will, in turn, upon your repentance and faith in Him, save your soul for now and for eternity.

May God bless you, and all the readers of this booklet, for Jesus' sake and for His glory!
Amen.

Mrs. Irene Hanley

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Part 2

HOW A JEWESS WAS CALLED UNTO HOLINESS

By Mrs. Irene Hanley

Lovingly do I dedicate this testimony of God's sanctifying grace to Brother and Sister H. Robb French, at whose camp meeting in Florida I came into this precious truth; and to Brother and Sister G. I. Norman through whose invitation and prayers I went to that camp meeting, and through whose instruction, intercession, and persistence at the altar I came into a real "death-route" experience of heart holiness.

Over 20 years ago, Feb. 12, 1954, while doing field work for a Jewish Mission Board, I was invited to a camp meeting in Florida. To my horror and disgust, I found it to be a holiness camp meeting, not "tongues" but a camp full of old-fashioned Wesleyan Methodists. I was ready to leave within one hour after my arrival, but somehow the simplicity and love of those people impressed me.

I was also deeply (and shamefully) impressed with their severe plainness in dress and their honesty with themselves concerning the carnality of the human heart. My first reaction was one of repulsion towards those poor, "deluded" souls who, I thought, were in such bondage and error of doctrine (Arminianism). Staunch Calvinist that I was, I had always felt I was holding a good standard of separated living, and for at least fifteen years I had contended for the truth that God could keep us living above the practice of sin if we were wholly yielded to Him. What I never could have previously accepted was that God could give us an experience whereby we could be free from the presence of sin in the human heart.

The blessed Holy Spirit, knowing my hungry heart and the deep-seated longing for inward purity, did not allow me to leave that camp meeting. I listened to the deep preaching of the Word. I observed the shouts of joy and the outward demonstration. In my heart I was critical although I had heard the shout of new-born souls in my own denomination (Baptist). I saw their great apparent liberty and freedom in the Spirit, but I said to myself, "cheap exhibitionism -- that's all."

The more I listened to the exposition of God's Word, the more it penetrated my heart and created a fierce hunger and longing that I had never before known. My distress became greater as God began to show me the old carnal traits in my heart. He showed me that the "old man of sin" was at constant warfare with the "new man" which I had become in regeneration. I saw the black depths of my unsanctified, uncircumcised heart. I saw my pride! Maybe others did not think I was proud, and neither did I, for I called it something else. Yet only God knew how proud I was.

God showed me my lack of perfect love toward Himself, toward my brethren, and toward sinners. He showed me my haughtiness and my impatience which brought hasty words and quick spurts of temper. He revealed ungodly ambitions, envy, and jealousy. I was getting to the place where I was more anxious to prove that I was a good Baptist than a child of God.

I knew that if I did not walk in this new light from God's revealed Word, and allow the Holy Ghost to thoroughly cleanse and deliver me from this carnal heart, I would never be a soul-winner again. I knew my missionary days were over, and that continued refusal would bring eternal damnation to my soul.

After five days of struggling, this child of God literally ran to an old-fashioned mourners' bench. I was almost there when I tripped and fell, and I crawled the rest of the few feet to the altar. "Except a corn of wheat fall" -- but that was not all -- Jesus said, "Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone: but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit" (John 12:24). This is not speaking of regeneration, for in regeneration we are given new birth. This is speaking of another experience to follow, that is, death to the old self-life. Thus in actual experience, not only in position, do we become identified with Him in crucifixion. After I said Yes to the Lord concerning every avenue of my life, and surrendered my whole heart, body, and soul, He sent a mighty cleansing, purging, baptizing fire through my being that completely altered my life and future. For over three hours I lay prostrate before the Lord, unconscious of all human surroundings.

Fanaticism? Ah, nay, for was this not the experience of Moses, David, Isaiah, the disciples, the apostles, and Paul? No, this is as far from fanaticism as Calvinism is from Arminianism. I do not believe that "tongues" is the evidence of the baptism with the Holy Ghost. Nor do I believe in sinless perfection, angelic, or absolute perfection, as holiness people are accused of believing, but I do believe in sanctification -- He sanctified me wholly.

I used to think holiness people were proud Pharisees, a people who were always patting themselves on the back and in essence saying, "Look how good I am; look how holy I am; by my own spiritual achievements and attainments God is obligated to take me to Heaven." But I found that the reverse is true. This experience of entire sanctification has brought me to the depths of my utter nothingness. God shows me that only by my constant decreasing can He become preeminent in my life. More and more do I realize the preciousness of His shed blood, realize that apart from His mercy, His grace, His atoning, sanctifying blood, I cannot stand for one moment. He has multiplied my fruitfulness, stabilized my joy, and completed my victory. He has brought me into an experience that I had always been taught could not be mine until I died. Well, it's true -- it could not have been mine until I "died" -- but when I did die two years ago I entered into the experience of Hebrews 4:9, "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." Oh, the preciousness of this! Canaan rest! Oh, the sweetness of ceasing from inward strife and struggling! Oh, the satisfaction of being inwardly clean and free! The past 20 years have been the most abundant and rich in all the 41 years I have known the Lord.

I praise Him for leading me into this "old-fashioned" way. The modern, glamorous, Hollywood type of popular holiness would never have appealed to me. God had given me convictions when He saved me that helped me then to live higher than the majority of professing holiness people do today. I thank Him for the precious saints like the Frenches, the Normans, the Allegheny Conference saints, and many others, who have held to the "old paths." Without their examples, we younger ones in the movement could never have known what the "old-fashioned" way was like.

Remember me in prayer as I witness, first, to my own -- the Jewish fold -- and then to the Gentiles.

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YOUR ITINERANT MISSIONARY REPORTING

From the Salvation Magazine
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January 1955

"Unto Him Who is able

"Does more than this need to be said?

Dearly Beloved:

He is indeed able to grant grace for every need, strength for every trial, comfort for every heartache, and the power of His Spirit for every encounter with the "evil one." I marvel at His goodness and His ceaseless love to me, who am unworthy of the least of His consideration!

This past month has been one of most unusual happenings. I asked Him to do the 'unusual' and He did! How He delights to thrill the hearts of His children when they meet His conditions! Your missionary this month has delivered forty-six messages, visited Jews in eight areas, gave out hundreds of tracts to Jews, and leaflets to Christians on the work of the AAJE. Besides all this, the Lord crowned these meager efforts with over a hundred professions of faith, including several confessions of acceptance of Jesus as Messiah and Lord among my people, the Jews.

One evening, Miss Moss and I visited a Jewish man in his home in Wilkes-Barre. After recognizing Miss Moss, he said, "I Want you to know right now I have read the papers you left me and I shall NEVER change from my religion! I also read the little book by Matti (Matthew) you left me. I looked up the scriptures from my Old Testament and have realized that you Christians have twisted some of them and it doesn't read that way in my Old Testament." When I asked him how old his edition of the Chumesh (Old Testament) was, he replied that it was about five years old. Of course, I explained then to him that modern translations are often different, but that nevertheless the Scriptures, in the original languages, will stand through all eternity as the very Word of God. When it seemed as though he would no longer listen to us, the Holy Spirit led me to ask him what his native country was in Europe. And then the Lord undertook in a wonderful way! For when he told me it was Hungary, I began to witness in our own language to him -- and, praise the Lord -- somehow in his own native tongue, talking about Jesus was not so offensive!

Then, in one Jewish home, after nearly an hour's conversation concerning the things of Christ, the husband became quite angry, and, with quivering chin, pointed a finger in my face, saying, "You are insane; I can see it in your eyes!" Oh, he was angry! His wife tried to quiet him, without success. Then I replied: "Please don't get angry. Alright, have it your way -- I am insane and a fanatic and you are sane and rational; is that it?" "Yes, that's it!" he shouted. "Then Sir," I answered, "I shall tell you what my insanity and fanaticism has done for me, and when I am through, you tell me what you in your sanity and rationalism, have. Sir, I have eternal life; I have a

Corban, a Kappora (atonement, sacrifice) for my sins. I have PEACE with God: I talk to Him in sweet communion, as a child to her Father, and above all, He has filled my heart with His perfect love. NOW, Sir, this is what I have in my insanity; please tell me what your sanity has done for you?" How quickly he was defeated! Oh, how our hearts do go out to these precious souls who have been so mistaught and misguided all their lives. They are so prejudiced, and yet in their own reasoning, know not why, except that from childhood they have been thus taught.

The Lord opened the doors of the _____ Church in New York City to your missionary. Miss Moss, Miss Sutliff (from Wilkes-Barre) and I were met by one of our new missionaries, Miss Ruth McCully. And the Lord gave many opportunities for witnessing, In a Hungarian Hotel where we had several meals, I met a dear little Hungarian Jewess hat check girl, on Saturday evening. I had a precious time of fellowship with her, and she begged me to return the next day after four o'clock. Knowing I would be free after the meeting, and feeling it was of the Lord, I promised we would go back -- which we did. It was after 6 o'clock, however -- and when she saw me coming, she exclaimed in Hungarian (her English was broken), "Oh, you DID come back! I've been watching the clock since four and decided you were not coming." Oh, dearly beloved reader, if you have ever in witnessing experienced a pouring-out of Himself so that the words proceeding from your mouth were truly not your own, but His, you can understand my rejoicing when, with a wistful voice, full of longing and pathos, she said, "You love HIM very much, this Jesus of yours, don't you -- yes?" "Thank You, dear Lord," I cried in my soul, "that You made it real to her, and now my Father, may she not rest until she, too, loves Him, Who is her High Priest and Life eternal!"

We praised God, too, that through our witnessing and question and answer meetings, many dear Gentile Christians have become bold to witness. One dear lady said that she worked in an exclusive store for a Jewish boss and asked how she could begin talking to her about Jesus. I told her to simply go up to her the next day and tell her that she loved her. From there, I told her, God would take over and give her the words to say. After she did this out of a heart full of the love of the Holy Spirit, her boss, in great surprise, asked her the reason. When this dear Christian began to explain her debt of love to the Jew because it was her own people who had given all the blessings Gentile Christians were enjoying through Christ, her boss just broke down and wept, saying, "I must hear more; I must hear more about this." The ice was broken -- now, it will not be hard for another witness!

I shall be available for meetings in Alabama and Florida the month of February, if the Lord opens doors and provides adequate itinerary. Should you desire to have me come, please write and let us know as soon as possible.

As ever and always His servant, and your missionary,

Irene Hanley

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THE END

