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ISRAEL, O MY PEOPLE
By Irene Hanley

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Vineyard Publishers
Atlanta, Georgia
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PICTURE OF BOOK COVER AND AUTHOR

As hdm0950.jpg, a picture of the book cover is included with this publication. The book cover has on it a picture of Irene Hanley, the author.

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NO EVIDENCE OF A CURRENT COPYRIGHT FOR THE PRINTED BOOK FOUND

Seeking to contact the publisher of this book, on the afternoon of Friday, May 21, 1999, I called the information operator for Atlanta and Decatur, Georgia. No telephone number was listed for Vineyard Publishers in either Atlanta, Decatur, or surrounding areas. Following this, also on the afternoon of Friday, May 21, 1999, I did online searches on the database of the Library of Congress, Washington, D.C. During these searches, no evidence was found of a current copyright, or any copyright, for "Israel, O My People," for Irene Hanley (now deceased), or for Vineyard Publishers. Subsequent to 05/21/99, I wrote a brief letter to Vineyard Publishers at the address given in the book: Vineyard Publishers, P. O. Box 1463, Decatur, Georgia 30031. This letter was Post Marked through Spokane, WA on May, 24, 1999. Today, June 7, 1999, we received the letter back, never having been opened, and marked: "Return To Sender" -- "Refused" apparently by the current boxholder.

Thus, today, June 7, 1999, having made these inquiries, and not having found any evidence of a current copyright for this book, nor any indication that Vineyard Publishers is still in business, HDM herewith publishes its digital edition of "Israel, O My People." -- DVM

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Digital Edition 06/07/99
By Holiness Data Ministry

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BACK COVER TEXT

Israel, O My People!

Follow a dynamic little Jewish woman (not five feet tall) into such places as a baker's shop, the emergency room of a large city hospital, the trial of the mass murderer, Adolf Eichmann. Israel, O My People is the story of Irene Hanley's fearless, compassionate effort to share her happy discovery of the Messiah.

Leading a Chinese patient to the Lord by means of sign language while she washes his feet; baking cookies in the home of a Jewish stranger; praying with an anxious unwed mother aboard a Delta Jet; dropping in unexpectedly on a French convent, the deep moving purpose of her life is to make Christ known.

From Israelis who suffered personally at the hands of Eichmann to the rabbi of the local synagogue; from a haughty, modern young Saul in Jerusalem to the seventeen-year-old Jewish boy handing out Communist literature on an American street corner, the love of Christ leads her where others fear to enter.

Here is a book with deep insight into what it means to be a Jew, but especially of what Christ can mean to both Jew and Gentile.

* * * * *

IN MEMORY

She trekked through mud and snow, through rain and heat, summer, fall, winter, and spring. For eight years she knocked at my door, took spittle and abuse, but she led me to the Lord Jesus Christ. Her name was Myrtle DeVries.

* * * * *

DEDICATION

I wish to dedicate this book to my husband and two children. How well I remember one day as they took me to the old-fashioned railroad station, the three of them. They were bidding me good-bye for a week. They were smiling as I boarded the train. I hurriedly ran to the club car so I could see them from the platform. Patty, seven years old, was hugging her daddy's legs and

weeping. Fred was holding our little son. But when I called their names in farewell, Patty raised her face, one hand held high waving, while the other quickly wiped her tears, and a smile was upon her face. This scene I shall never forget. To these three I want to say, "Thank you," and to the dear Lord who gave them grace and kept them true to Him throughout all my absences. "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israelis, that they might be saved" (Rom. 10:1).

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INTRODUCTION

The story of Mrs. Irene Hanley is typical of many Jewish youth forced to bridge conflicts in culture and religion. Her strict, European parents struggled to raise their daughter with firm moral standards and Jewish identity while having personally departed from the God of their fathers. As an innocent young girl she struggled to understand the cruel taunts of Gentile schoolmates. Finally, she retreated into atheism.

Then, she was instantly and radically changed by an experience similar to that of the Apostle Paul. Immediately she became a radiant, fearless witness for her new-found Lord.

For many years, between speaking and witnessing tours in America and the Middle East, she has given her services in a large St. Louis hospital. She has spoken to some of the largest camps and conferences in the States, and is the founder of Sar Shalom Ministries which sponsors a radio broadcast on more than thirty stations. Yet I have seen her as concerned for one lonely, disheartened soul as for a congregation of thousands.

These glimpses of a woman in perpetual motion are told largely in her own words, adapted from her public addresses. Therefore, they have more of the personal, spoken flavor than of finely polished literature. Her sturdy convictions are balanced with great compassion to produce a winsomeness the Psalmist calls "the beauty of holiness," a quality revealed in her life and her spoken ministry. Many of the names of characters in these stories have, understandably, been changed.

Israel, O My People, will help you to understand the Jewish Christian relationship in the light of the Gospel. The book is not a discussion of theories, but a great conviction worked out in flesh and blood encounters.

As you follow Irene Hanley into small corner shops, through the crowds of a busy airport, or into the tense drama of one of the most infamous genocide trials of the century, you will see Christ transforming lives and glorifying Himself through a woman of very small stature who trusts a very big God.

G. R. French

* * * * *

HALLELUJAH! I HAVE FOUND HIM

Students rushed from the building, a hilarious surge of teen-age Christmas energy, joyous with the prospect of a two-weeks' holiday. Boys slipped and slid, grabbing up handfuls of the freshly fallen snow to fling at passing victims. Girls called gaily to one another of party plans and new dresses, while little clusters of others talked softly and secretively of gifts.

It was all so wonderful-so gay-something that belonged to youth, and yet I was an outsider. I felt it keenly as I walked briskly to the street car line. Why should I be denied all of the excitement and fun just because we were Jews?

In the street car with my face turned to the window, away from people, I wondered about it all. The car lurched and jangled through streets where in the early dusk Christmas lights twinkled from tree-filled windows. Nowhere could I escape the merriment in which I alone could not participate. As the car door opened at my familiar home corner, I heard strains of music from a neighboring home -- "Silent night, holy night, all is calm, all is bright." But for me there was no calm, no brightness. I could scarcely hold back the sob in my throat until I could climb the stairs to an attic room, fling myself across an old bed stored there and give vent to my heartache.

Under the mattress on that very bed was a picture. Now, making sure that the key was turned in the lock, I stealthily removed that picture from its hiding place. Brushing my wet eyes with my sweater sleeve, I looked again into the face of the Virgin Mary with the Baby Jesus. How gentle, how kind she appeared!

Today I felt that she understood my problem -- even while I, a Jew, was forbidden to love her. Surely the things the adults had whispered, when they thought we children did not hear, were not true. Surely she could not be a woman of disgrace, whose "Holy infant, so tender and mild," that the Gentiles sang about, was in reality only another child born out of wedlock. Yes, the Virgin Mother was a forbidden character in my life.

I hated Christmas for the utter loneliness of it. Yet deep within, I sensed that I was missing out, not only on the fun, but that somehow the emptiness of my heart was also involved.

I remembered the day in the eighth grade when a Gentile friend had given me the picture. At her first offer, I froze. Instinctively my hands went behind my back as if the very paper would burn them.

"It won't hurt you," she said kindly.

"Oh, but my father would never allow me to have such a picture in my possession."

"Then hide it," she said. "Hide it under your mattress."

In spite of my guilty feelings at hiding anything from my parents, I had acted upon her suggestion. The picture had remained there and many times I had crawled under the covers and

studied that beautiful face by flashlight. And that same longing which I could not explain would return to my heart.

There were times, however, when I could smugly shrug off such feelings. My parents did not object to the Bible-reading and hymn-singing in the public school which we attended -- as long as we did not participate. (My father was not a religious Jew. In fact, he did not believe in God.) Many times I sat with my hands folded and thought self-righteously, "We are Jews; we don't believe that stuff. Jesus was no more the Son of God than I am!"

My parents had been born in Europe -- my mother in Hungary and my father in Romania. They taught us to read, write, and speak German and Hungarian.

When I was eight years old we moved from Chicago, where I was born in 1910, to the capital city of a central state. Here my father entered us for our first year in Hebrew school as well as in public school. We began to learn the English language.

In Hebrew school I learned the Old Testament stories about Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob; about David, Daniel, and Moses. But never once did we learn that God still requires a blood offering for sin.

We became well assimilated into this capital city, for there were many other Jews there. In the early part of 1922 we moved to a little town thirty miles distant. It was here that we first felt the sting of being Jews. People in that little town were very bigoted, very narrow. I do not believe there was a Catholic family living in the town; Negroes were not allowed to stay there overnight; foreigners were not welcome. And' now, worst of all, a family of Jews had moved in!

When the children of the neighborhood came to our home, they could see that we were different. Our language, our diet, our conduct, our dress -- all were different. 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. It was then that trouble began.

Satan hates the Jews and the world hates the Jews because they are different. This little town hated us. They began to call us Christ-killers! We were called Christ-killers on the street, in the schoolyard. 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! How unfair it is to call Jews Christkillers, for all, Jews and Gentiles alike, 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 Christian Sunday school teachers often, with unrecognized venom, teach little boys and girls that the Jews killed Jesus. Little children who have learned to love the tender Jesus unconsciously allow a prejudice to come into their hearts.)

If anything was stolen from the school-room, the cry was, "The Jew kids did it." If tattling went on among the children, they said, "The Jew kids did it." (Even the terms Jew-people, Jew-girl or Jew-boy brought heartache. We would have felt them kinder if they had used the terms Jewish man, Jewish woman, Jewish girl, and Jewish boy.)

The children used to gang up on us after school hours. They would form a circle around my brother and me, each nudging 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. We would run home, crying and screaming, with the crowd of children after us. What was our crime? Only that we were born Jews.

About this time a nation-wide organization sprang up composed of Protestant men who called themselves Christians. The group was commonly known as being intolerant. One evening my father heard a rumor that these men were planning to take him to the outskirts of the city and humiliate him because he was a Jew. He hurried home and told Mother about it. She quickly packed his suitcase and he slipped out of town as soon as it became dark. We could hear Mother sobbing all through the night. The next morning my brother and I made a vow between ourselves that we would never become Christians.

In Europe our people had seen their loved ones slaughtered by those who carried a cross in one hand and a sword in the other, while the priests led others to the ghetto in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Thousands of our people had been slain during the terrible pogroms in Russia, Poland, and other places in the name of Christianity. If this was Christianity, and we thought it was, we did not want it.

After living in fear for three weeks, we went to a nearby city where we boarded a train for East St. Louis, Illinois. It was there that I entered the fifth year of my eight years in Hebrew school.

At the age of sixteen I was confirmed in the Jewish faith. 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 (Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is one). I repeated the other twelve and waited for the manifestation of God in blessing. But no blessing came. I grew disgusted; I was discouraged. What I had been seeking I could not find. At last I said, "My Father is right. There is no God. If there is, why has He not revealed Himself to me when He knows how sincerely I am seeking Him and how honest I am?"

About that time I had a science teacher in high school who 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 soon I found that she did believe it. She was a Christian, though I wonder now how devoted she was for she had no concern for my soul at that time. Later God did deal with her mightily.

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 he was teaching. He could see how I was seeking and grasping after truth and that my mind would be as plastic as clay in his hands.

One evening he asked me to stay after school, which I gladly did. I was flattered that he even wanted to talk to me. He told me that there was not a God, that only the poor, ignorant,

foolish, uneducated class of people believed in God; that really 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, does it not? That is exactly what it was.

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 of evolution, to Burbank, Voltaire, Thomas Paine. Thomas Paine's Age of Reason became my Bible. This was what I wanted.

This professor told me that I could go into Christian services and see for myself how preachers studied and used mass psychology. 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 and about the old philosophers of Germany, France, and Italy. This was what I wanted.

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

In the meantime, my former science teacher received a real experience in the Lord Jesus Christ. She had learned the joy of full and complete surrender. God laid me on her heart. Every other Saturday afternoon she knocked on my front door. She was there to tell me about the Lord. I did not want her to come, and if I saw her first, she did not see me next! But she kept coming; if not every other Saturday, it was every Saturday. She would come into my home, sit in my living room, and talk about Jesus. As she did so her face shone. Often a tear glistened in her eye.

I watched her intently and when she finished testifying, I would sneer at her, mock and say, "Oh, you're just emotional; that's all." Yet at the same time, way down deep in my darkened, wicked heart, I knew she had something I did not have.

She kept on coming, and it angered me, for she told me that unless I repented I would go to hell. She said it just that bluntly! But it took just that kind of blunt talk to get me to God.

After her visits, after I had pushed her out of my home, she would stand on the porch and weep. It did not move me. I even laughed at her tears. But that teacher's bluntness and truthfulness and faithfulness to my soul brought me under conviction. I did not know what to label it, but I could not sleep, I could not eat; I walked the floor, pacing back and forth, wondering how long I could keep up with her coming to see me. I thought if she kept coming, I would go crazy. God was answering her prayers and the prayers of His saints.

My teacher kept on coming. How long? 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 settled 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 as I had been doing so often. Questions troubled my mind, fears penetrated my heart. What if the schoolteacher was right? What if there really was a God? What if Jesus was 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 had been wrong, I reasoned.

For the first time in my life I fell on my knees. I had heard that this is what Christians did. (I had never seen them do it, for up to the time I was saved I had never been inside a Christian church of any kind.) But I did not know how to pray. I did not even know whether there was a God Who would hear me, but I wanted what my schoolteacher had, even if there was not a God, even if there was not 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! Even our faith is a gift from God. I had believed in God when I was a child, but I was not satisfied. I was constantly seeking. Now 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 had 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. 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 a heart is turned to God, the veil is taken away.) Thank God, that morning 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.

It was not a self-induced experience; it was not altogether emotional. Yet it affected me all over-intellectually, emotionally, spiritually, physically. I was born again, though it was not 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 am 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. I said then that if I had my way I would see to it that every preacher got shot who made folk get baptized. While I was still on my knees I knew that the next thing I wanted was to be baptized. I rose, gathered up some clothes, and went to the closest preacher's house I could find. I did not know what kind of a preacher this was. It did not matter to me then, because I thought everybody believed alike. I knocked on his door, and when he answered, I stepped back, for I had feared this man before I became 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 could not 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 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 searched through a drawer into which I had thrown a New Testament which the school-teacher had given me. I would not even open it before; I was too prejudiced. When she gave it to me I told her she was wasting her time and money. Every time she quoted John 3:16, so this was the verse I hurriedly searched for and found, to my delight. There it was, just as 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 and tell them? Thus, one hour after I was saved, I became a missionary of the cross.

I went to my neighbor's home, knocked on the door, stood there very businesslike and read John 3:16 to her. 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 and 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 Thursday 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. Sunday evening about 6:30 my father called and told me that my mother had grieved over me so much that she had suffered a heart attack. It was her first one, and it was my fault, he said. He asked if I would come home and not go through with this foolishness. I told him I could not do that and told him further that I was to be baptized that night.

"But tell Mother I love her," I urged him, "and I will be home after church."

"No," Father refused, "if you get baptized tonight, don't you ever come home again! And if anything happens to your mother, you have killed her." He was deeply grieved.

After two years of great controversy with my father without 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'm 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 compromising and being broad-minded were concerned, I knew there would never be anything like that in my

life. I knew those two expressions have no place in a Christian's vocabulary; that we can never please God with compromise; that we can never win souls to Christ through compromise; that we can never make it through to glory with compromise in our lives. And broad-mindedness? Jesus said this is a narrow way. It is a narrow way and it becomes more narrow every day in the life of a fully consecrated Christian.

When I went home the next night, 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."

"Now you don't see her going up and down the street, 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."

I thought, "Neither does the devil!"

My father went on, "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."

I thought, "Neither would the devil!"

Before I became a Christian I belonged to several bridge clubs. I loved the card game. I could gamble at cards, stack them to get every ace in the deck. They were my life. I loved the movies and I went every time they changed. I loved to dance, to drink a cocktail occasionally, and even to smoke. 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. I could not imagine my Saviour sitting for hours at a card table, holding in those precious nail-pierced hands a deck of filthy playing cards, whether it was bridge or canasta or any game some may think ever so innocent. 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 a funeral procession and raised the widow's son -- I could not imagine those hands indulging in a card game.

I could not imagine my Saviour with some woman in His arms, twirling around on a dance floor sloping into the gaping jaws of hell, whether it was in someone's own living room or in some honky-tonk. I could not imagine my Saviour sitting for hours in a darkened movie theater or in a living room in front of a TV, looking at the lust and filth that is coming out of Hollywood.

I am so glad that I did not listen to my father.

A few weeks later I was cleaning my mother's bedroom. As she lay on her bed I sang to her in our own language, "What a Friend we Have in Jesus." My mother began to weep.

"Oh, Irene," she said, "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. The Lord heard her and forgave her sins. She was gloriously saved. She witnessed to my father and to my friends who came to see her. A few months later God took my mother 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.

After my mother's death, my husband and I stayed with my father. He was extremely despondent and melancholy. One evening my husband and I went out calling. While we were gone, 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 her, "Ruby Lee, when we wake up in the morning, we will be in heaven with Mother."

But my sister 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 the house about eleven o'clock and, smelling the gas fumes, he quickly called the neighbors, and my father and sister were revived.

Not long after that, my father was walking the floor in the night under deep conviction. He wakened me about 2:30 in the morning and ordered me to get dressed, get out of the house, and take Jesus with me. He said that if it had not been for my Jesus, my mother would not have died. He said that I had killed her, that I had broken her heart. Shaking with rage, he backed me into a comer.

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. Now we were all rejected by our father. He could not understand how we could believe in the Lord Jesus Christ and become Christians, when Christians (as he thought) hated the Jews.

My father was a sheet metal worker. One day he 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 heartache and disgrace to me."

"Oh, Dad, I can't. I can't give Him up. I love Him."

"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. I ran.

When I was in 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 hastened down to see him at his place of work. He was waiting for me. He jumped into the cab, put his arms around me, loved me, and kissed me.

"Oh, Irene," he exclaimed, "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.

"Oh, yes, Dad, I do forgive you. But how did it happen?"

And then he told me. "Sunday night I was walking the streets," he said. "I was very lonely, 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."

Is it not wonderful that he knew where he belonged the first time he went to church? Some people have been going to church for years and yet 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 through which I had fled 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.

A few years ago my father, too, went to be with the Lord. I shall see him as well as my mother on that glorious, glad resurrection morning, for his faith was accounted unto him for righteousness .

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. 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 witnessed to me so earnestly that one day I came into the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. I am wonderfully rich in Him. To think that all of this is mine, and heaven too!

* * * * *

2

HIGH-ALTITUDE EVANGELISM

God continued to open doors for me to witness to my people and others in unusual and unexpected ways.

One day at the airport in Little Rock, Arkansas, while I was standing at the gate which led to the plane bound for St. Louis, the announcement came that there would be a forty-five-minute delay because of mechanical deficiency. The officials urged all of us to sit down and wait instead of crowding at the gate. Most of us just stood there, however, knowing that the plane would be loaded, and we all wanted a good window seat.

Meanwhile I looked at those who were still seated and noticed a young girl sobbing softly to herself, the tears dripping down her cheeks into her lap.

I left my place at the head of the waiting line, went up to her, put my arms around her, and said, "What's the matter, dear?"

She would not answer.

"Is it something that God can't handle?"

She shook her head.

I said, "O please tell me. You're weeping, and I'm so sorry. I wish I could help you. What is troubling you?"

She began to cry hysterically, "I'll never see my little boy again. I signed him away today. I gave him away for adoption."

I knelt in front of her. I began to talk about the Lord and to comfort her in the name of Jesus. Her tears began to flow even more profusely.

Then I said, "Let's pray."

As I prayed a hush settled down over the whole waiting room where more than a hundred people waited for this plane. The girl's sobs could be heard above my praying.

When I finished she grasped my hand and said, "Thank you! Thank you!"

I heard others saying, "Thank you! Thank you!"

When the announcement came that we could get on the plane, the folks all stood back, and I said to the girl, "Come on. Come and sit with me on the plane."

I cannot understand why we were the first two to board the plane when we were not the first in line, but she boarded the plane with me and sat next to me. The others then boarded. A woman on the other side of the girl seemed to want to talk to her too, but then I felt I must not let this woman talk to her at all. I could not explain this then. The girl wept and played with a little aluminum cap to a baby bottle.

"This is all I have left," she said.

I said, "Tell me about yourself. You don't need to tell me your last name."

"My name is Dorothy. I have just given birth to a little boy. The father doesn't even know. I didn't want him to know. I didn't want him to feel he had to marry me. His brother is at an air base and he has adopted my baby."

"Is the adoption complete?" I asked.

"Not for another six months."

"Well, maybe in another six months the father of the baby will find out, and you can get your little boy back."

"No, I can't. It's against the law."

"Are you saved, Dorothy?"

"I was baptized when I was four years old."

"In what church, dear?"

"Church of Christ."

Then I knew that I could press the matter of her salvation further. I said, "Dorothy, you've never been born again. You've never been saved, have you?"

"No," she said, "I know I haven't."

"Would you like to be?"

"Yes," she said, "I need God."

I began to explain to her the way of salvation. The woman on the other side of her kept interfering. I kept praying, "Lord, don't let her say anything." I saw the woman reach into her purse to get out some literature. All I had was a Bible which was enough. I began to read some scriptures to her. Then I took her hand and said, "Dorothy, now I'm going to pray for you that you may be saved."

That day in a Delta Airlines plane, flying over Arkansas at an altitude of 10,000 feet, this precious girl was saved.

When she opened her eyes after prayer, she looked at me and said, "Thank you, I know that Jesus is my Saviour now. I know that I can pray to Him."

"Yes, Dorothy," I said, "you can, and I'll be praying for you."

"Please pray for Jack, too," she asked wistfully. (Jack was the baby's father.)

"Yes," I promised, "I'll pray for Jack. And some way I feel that Jack is going to find out that he fathered a little baby and that rather than to have your son brought up in a home without a father, you are going to give him over for adoption. I feel that God will work and bring you two together."

"O," she said, "I love his father so much."

"Dorothy," I asked her, "has he been the only man in your life?"

"Yes, truly. Believe me," she said.

I believed her. She looked like a good girl.

"Dorothy," I said, "God knows that someday you will have the privilege of telling other girls of the awful danger into which you have fallen and of warning them of heartaches and the shame and the sorrow that follow."

"I've thought of that," she said.

She held my hand till we reached St. Louis. From there she took another airline to her home.

As we left the plane, the woman who had tried to talk to Dorothy said, "Thank you for talking to her."

I said, "O just thank God. Are you a Christian?"

"Yes, I am."

"What church do you attend?"

"Why, I'm a Christian Scientist reader."

Now I could very well understand why I felt the Holy Spirit prompting me to guard this girl from her.

* * * * *

3

BURIED FOR DEAD

Max was buried for dead by his people. Of course, he had known that he would be.

It happened on a Sunday when his parents came to see him, expecting the usual before-dinner card game with their son and his wife Violet.

But on that Sunday Max had said, "Mother and Dad, we're going to church. Will you go with us?"

Aghast at the very idea, and wondering what had happened to Max, the parents' answer was an angry "Of course not!"

"All right," Max proposed kindly, "then you just stay here. We'll be back at twelve and have dinner."

The parents waited, deeply perplexed, mulling over questions. When Max and Violet returned and the lovely meal was ready, Max asked a blessing over it. Curiosity was aroused, for the older couple had never heard of such a thing.

After dinner, brothers and sisters of Max arrived for the usual Sunday entertainment of cards and drinks. It was then that Max had pronounced his own death sentence. Standing, facing his family, he spoke kindly but firmly, "Look, there'll be no more card playing, no more drinking, in my house. Violet and I both belong to Jesus now. And this house belongs to the Lord Jesus Christ."

I had seen Max for the first time as he stood in the doorway of an automobile parts store, a short, stocky fellow -- a Jew. I had handed him a tract.

He handed it back. "I don't need this. I know all about this Jesus."

I said, "You do?"

"Yes, I know all about Him."

For a moment my heart stood still. I thought, "Has he been saved?" After talking to him awhile, however, I realized that he was not. I gave him some other literature. He turned and threw it at me.

I began to call on his wife in the home. She was a very gracious woman -- a Gentile. I began to stop at his store again. I learned that he had been a boxer.

He had just moved to the city and was the head of an athletic club of some kind.

The Lord led me back again and again.

My pastor, who was interested in the Jews and loved them with great sincerity, began to witness to Max and Violet. It was nearing Easter-time and I invited them and their daughter to go to Easter sunrise services with us, have breakfast afterwards, and accompany us to church. They consented.

After the sunrise service, while we were eating breakfast, I addressed the husband, "O Max, wouldn't it be wonderful if on this day, the day we especially commemorate the resurrection, you too could experience a spiritual resurrection from the dead?"

He answered gruffly that I was not to cram anything down his throat. I said no more.

After breakfast we went to church. His wife sat with me in the ladies' class; he went to the men's class, and their daughter went into the intermediate department. In a few minutes I noticed Max at the back of the church, pacing the floor, his hands behind him, evidently nervous and agitated. (Later he told me that he was disturbed, thinking about Jesus.)

Soon he found the pastor and said, "Preacher, I need help." The pastor took him into his study and explained more about Jesus. There in the office, Max confessed his need and received Jesus as his Saviour. His own words later were, "I cried like a baby." The big, husky fellow was not ashamed of his tears. Rejoicing, he left the office and got his wife out of the ladies' Bible class. In a few minutes she too was saved. Then he got his daughter from the intermediate department, talked to her, and she was saved. That morning all three went forward, declaring Jesus Christ as their Saviour. That night they were baptized.

The next day when Max came home from work, Violet said to him, "There are some things -- I hope you don't mind. You know all those nice decks of cards that we've had and you've been so proud of? I threw them in the fire today."

"Praise the Lord!" he exclaimed.

"And you know all that imported wine and liquor you've been storing and saving? Well, I poured it down the drain."

"Praise the Lord!" he said again.

Max had been a heavy smoker and the Lord delivered him from tobacco also. It is like this when Jesus comes into hearts and homes.

All of this had taken place just a week before the encounter with his parents.

I went to see the father of Max at his little place of business. A cobbler, he was busy driving nails into the soles of shoes. I told him I knew his son.

He said, "I have no son Max."

"Yes, you do."

"Don't mention his name to me. He's dead."

"But," I said, "I want to tell you about the same Saviour he trusts."

He raised his little hammer and said, "If you don't shut up, I'm going to hit you over the head with this hammer. I'd rather have seen my son go to the electric chair for murder than for him to become a believer in that Jesus."

I kept telling him I loved his soul; but the more I told him, the more he threatened me. Before he died, however, the father believed on the Lord Jesus Christ and accepted Him as his Saviour.

Max became an evangelist. God used him from coast to coast. (His wife is a beautiful singer and has made several albums.) He passed away not long ago. His wife wrote that his funeral was like a revival meeting. People praised the Lord during the service. Hymns of praise were sung. There was no reason to sorrow, for Max had gone to be with the Lord whom he had so recently learned to love. For Him he had been willing to be declared dead by his family and to count all things but loss.

* * * * *

4

"IN PRISON AND YE VISITED ME"

"Johnnie May, are you going to sing for the white boys too?" I asked one of my black friends as we made our way to the country jail. (I often spoke there on Fridays.)

"Land sakes alive, yes!" was her reply. "They've got souls just like we have!"

The jail housed between seventy and a hundred at all times. We had gone to many of the single cell blocks. Now we went to another area of the prison -- a long cell block housing several men.

I said, "Are there any Jews in here?"

I seldom ask that question since Jewish people, on the whole, are law-abiding and civic-minded. Very few of their young people get into trouble.

A young fellow about six-feet-two raised his hand. "Yes, ma'am," he said. "I'm Jewish."

I separated myself from the rest of the workers and went to him.

"You're a Jew?" I asked.

"Yes."

"I'm so glad to meet you. What's your name?"

"What do you care? I wish I hadn't told you I was Jewish. What do you want to pick me out for?" he said resentfully.

"I'm Jewish too," I said, ignoring his snappy attitude, "and I would just like to know who you are. Do your mother and father know you're in here?"

A look of hate spread over his face. "Don't talk to me about my mother and father. If I ever see my daddy again, I'm going to kill him!"

This was very unusual. Jewish children are strictly taught to obey their parents. Something terrible must have happened to make him talk this way.

"Please tell me about yourself," I ventured. "I want to help you."

"All right. My name is Bob. I lived in Chicago. My mother and father were divorced when I was a baby. My mother remarried, but my step-daddy didn't care about me. When they moved away to some other state, my step-daddy hated me so that, for some misdemeanor or other, he put me in a reformatory. I was there a year and got out, got into trouble and landed back in the reformatory, because I was young. But from then on until now I've been in and out of jails."

"How old are you now, Bob?"

"Seventeen."

"Tell me more about yourself."

"Well, I held up a jewelry store and got caught and now," he said bitterly, "I'm sentenced to five years' hard work on the rock pile in the state prison."

"What after that, Bob?"

He looked up. "I don't know, lady. I guess I'll just get back into trouble and land in the wrong crowd and end up in prison again."

"Is this the way you want it? Young man, is this the way you're going to spend your life?"

"No ma'am, but this is the only way. . . . It seems to me I'm without hope."

"Is there nothing else you have ambition to do?"

"Yes, ma'am, I'd like to be an architect. I'd like to play in a band. I could play an instrument, but it's no use. Nobody cares for me."

"Son, if I were to tell you about a Man who loves you, who wants to come into your life, who wants to become your best friend, a Man who would love you and stick by you once you made a promise to Him, a Man who would hold you as long as you held your desire to go straight, a Man who would help you -- if I were to tell you about a Man like that, what would you say?"

"Ah, lady, there's no such person like that."

"Yes, there is. I'll tell you some more about this Man. His Father is the greatest Judge in all the world."

Bob's ears were open now, for he had written his father, who was a wealthy man, that he was in prison. He had asked his father to come, bring a lawyer with him, and get him out on bail. But his father had not answered his letters. This boy was without any counsel.

I repeated, "This Man's Father is the greatest Judge in all the world."

"He is?" he said eagerly.

"Yes, and this Son of His goes to His Father for all His friends. No matter what His friends have done, if they appeal to Him, this Man will go to His Father, the Judge, and plead for them. And His Father has a way of pardoning every one. He has a way of getting these persons out of trouble."

"You don't mean it?" he said, brightening. "Do you know this Man very well?"

"Yes, I do."

Half-incredulously he asked again, "Lady, do you know Him real well?"

"Yes."

"Do you think He'd take my case? Do you think He'd listen to me?"

"Yes, I'm sure He would."

"Lady, that Man sounds like he might be a Lawyer. Wouldn't He charge an awful amount of money? He must be a famous Lawyer."

"Yes, He's a very famous Lawyer."

"I haven't got anything to pay Him with."

"Well," I explained, "this Lawyer wouldn't take your case if you were a millionaire, if you thought you could buy Him off. In fact, if you told him how much money you had and would pay Him for it, He wouldn't even listen to you."

Bob sidled over. "I guess I ought to tell you," he began, "I . . . I've been an awful criminal, lady. I . . . I've done just about everything in the book. I'm no good."

"Well," I said, "this is the only kind of case this Lawyer will take. Until a person comes pleading his absolute guilt and confesses he's no good and admits having broken the laws, this Lawyer wouldn't think of taking his case. The only cases He takes are those who plead guilty."

"Lady," he begged, "would you ask Him to take my case?"

"Yes, I will, but son, He won't take your case unless you ask Him to."

"But I'm behind bars. I can't get out of here. I can't even get to a telephone." He paused, then brightened. "I'll tell you what. I'm going to write a letter, and you let the sheriff read it and then would you mail it for me?"

"All right."

He hurriedly went to his cell block where he got out some paper and a pencil.

"Tell me His name," he said.

"His name is Jesus Christ, the Son of God."

He looked up at me quizzically. "Lady," he blurted, "you got to be kidding."

"No, I'm not. That's Who it is."

He threw the pencil and paper on the floor and said angrily, "Lady, you've been handing me a line. You're nothing but a hypocrite! Raise my hopes to dash them to pieces again. Get away from here! Get out! Way back to the vestibule!"

"But, son, Jesus wants to become your Advocate, wants to become your Lawyer. He wants to present you to God the Father."

"Ah," he said, "No one could love me like that."

"Jesus does."

"How do I know? I've never seen Him. He's never talked to me. I've never been inside a Sunday school in my life. That Book you've got in your hands I've never read."

"Well, He does love you," I emphasized. "He loves you so much that He sent me to you today. My lips are His lips speaking to you today. My feet are His feet bringing you this message of hope today. Let's see how much He loves you."

I opened my Bible to Psalm 103 and held it through the bars for him to read. As the sunlight cast the shadow of the bars across the Book, this boy read, "Bless the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me, bless his holy name Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. For he knoweth our frame; he remembereth that we are dust"

He continued reading. Finally he said, "Lady, that's beautiful. But it can't mean me."

"Yes, it does. It means you, son. Now I can't talk to you anymore this trip. We'll have to go to the rest of the cell blocks. But look, Bob, can I come back Sunday?"

His face lit up. "Yes, I'd like that."

"Do you need any clothes, Bob?"

"Need money?"

"Can I bring something for you to eat? Would you like for me to bake you a cake?"

"Yes, I'd like it!"

"What kind?"

"A chocolate one."

"All right, I'll be back Sunday."

I went back Sunday and took Bob the cake. I talked at length with him. The sheriff let me take him down to his office where I talked with him alone about the Lord, but he was not ready yet. I called again on Tuesday, and again the sheriff let me talk to Bob in his own office. This time, big old Bob, six-feet-two, rested his knees on the concrete floor as he sobbed out his heart to the Lord Jesus Christ, confessing his guilt, sin, and shame. It was there that Jesus, God's Son, became his Advocate and pled his case to God the Father. Immediately pardon and peace found their way to this boy's poor troubled heart.

He rose to his feet and said, "O lady, I know He's my Lawyer. I know He's taken my case. Nothing matters from here on out."

I pulled this tall boy down and kissed him on the cheek.

"Lady," he said, "that must be the nearest to a mother's kiss I've ever known."

He left me, but the following Friday I called again. I went to the cell block, but Bob was gone!

"Where is Bob?" I asked the police.

"O," one said, "he's gone down the river to start his five-year term."

One of the boys came to the bars and said, "Mrs. Hanley, my name's Dick. Bob was my bunk mate. You know Tuesday when he came back from having talked with you in the office?"

"Yes."

"When Bob came back, the boys were shuffling cards. They said, 'Come on, Bob, it's your turn to deal.' He said, 'No, boys, there'll be no more card playing for me. I'm a Christian.' One of the boys said, 'Ah, come off that sissy stuff. What's the matter with you? Come on. Deal these cards. Here's a cigarette.' But Bob said, 'No fellows, there'll be no more smoking for me. I'm a Christian.'"

Thank the Lord for that! Now I hadn't told Bob that Christians should not play cards. There had not been time to do that. But on those few steel steps leading to his cell, the Holy Spirit had already done His work of instructing him.

Dick continued, "Bob took me to the bunk where we slept. He got me down on my knees next to our vermin-ridden mattress and there he led me to Jesus."

Think of it! Bob had been saved only a few moments when he began to be a witness for his Saviour.

A month or so later, I got a letter from the chaplain where Bob was beginning to serve his five-year term. He said, "When Bob came to us, he told me he was a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. He told me about his father and about himself. I told him that he would have to write his father and ask forgiveness for the hatred he had in his heart toward him. This he did, and it was only a few weeks until his father came with a rabbi and a lawyer. The rules of the prison were such that they could speak only in my presence in the chaplain's office under guard.

"The father began to make excuses, then reasoned with Bob. 'I'm sorry I haven't answered your letters,' he began, 'I've been busy. But Bob, you're a good Jewish boy. I'm sorry I haven't been a better father. Bob, we've come down now to see if we can get you out of prison. The lawyer's

looked into it, the rabbi's here to hear you say you'll give up Jesus, and we can get you out of prison in six months on good behaviour.'

"The rabbi said, 'Yes, Bob, if you'll just recant, we'll get to work on this. The lawyer's here.'

"But Bob drew himself up to his full height and said, 'Dad' very lovingly he spoke to his father -- 'Dad, all my life you've kicked me around. You never cared what happened to me. You never cared that I was in the reformatory. You didn't even answer my letters. And now this Jesus has come into my life. He's made a man out of me, Dad. When I get out of the penitentiary this time, I'm going straight, for I'm living straight in here. No, Dad, I'd rather finish my sentence and hammer away at rocks behind prison walls than be on the outside denying Jesus Christ.'"

After that, when I would go to the prison -- one time it was on Mother's Day, and I was sitting on the platform, for I was to speak -- I would see those hundreds of men filing in. Some were old men, tottering with canes, the lines of sin drawn deep on their faces. Some were young men with the spring of life still in their steps, but incarcerated because of their sin. Somewhere in that great multitude a hand would be raised, and I'd see a tall youth wave. It would be my son in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Bob served his term. I have lost all trace of him now, but it is so good to commit such as these to the Lord Jesus Christ.

Many people have asked, "What is the proper way to approach a Jew about Jesus? How do you go about it?" There is only one answer. There is just one way that they can be won, and that is through love -- real, genuine, Christlike love. Love speaks a language that can break down every barrier, a language that can cause people to listen -- not always right at first, but when love in all its sincerity is proven to them, they will listen to what is said.

I was in a midwestern city, visiting in the home of a Gentile Christian family. They loved the Jews very much. The mother told an incident which shows what love will do. Her little son, Joel, who was about nine or ten years of age at that time, was walking down the street and as he passed a synagogue, he saw an elderly rabbi standing on the outside. The rabbi was a dear little old man with a long, white beard, and was dressed in the traditional garb of the Chasidim, the holy ones, the ultra-orthodox group.

Joel stopped in front of this stern-looking rabbi and, looking up into his face, he said, "Rabbi, I love you."

The rabbi looked down at him and said, "What did you say, little boy?"

"I love you, Rabbi."

"You love me? Why do you love me?"

"Because you're a Jew. That's why I love you."

"But who told you to love the Jews?"

"My mother and daddy. They love the Jews too."

"Little boy, why do they love the Jews?"

"Because Jesus was a Jew and they love Jesus. And so they love the Jews. That's why I love the Jews -- because I love Jesus."

The rabbi was touched. "Little boy," he said, "where do you live?"

"Down the street, around the corner to the right, the third house."

"Take me home with you. Will you, little boy? I want to meet your father and mother."

The rabbi went home with the little boy and eventually came to know the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour, all because a little boy dared to look up into his face and say, "I love you."

* * * * *

5

THE BREAD THAT SATISFIES

A friend and I felt led to talk to a Jewish businessman. He said he was quite busy, but that he was going out to lunch and if we would go with him, he would listen to us. As we were eating in the restaurant and I was witnessing to him, he looked up and said, "Well, here comes a friend of mine. We'll call him over here to join us for lunch." He called the man over and introduced us.

The man said, "I'm in the dry cleaning business."

"O are you?" I said. "I have a Friend who is also in the dry cleaning business. He not only dry cleans, but does other kinds of cleaning."

"You do?"

"Yes, He's one of the most famous cleaners in all the world." Then I asked, "Are there some spots and stains in clothes that you can't get out?"

"O sure," he said, "there isn't a stain remover or cleansing agent made that will take out every spot."

"You're wrong," I countered. "There is. This Cleaner whom I know has a cleansing agent that can remove every spot and stain so that there's none left, nor any signs of it. That's how thoroughly He cleans."

He was wide-eyed. "Say," he interrupted, "that would be a good thing to have, wouldn't it? What's your Friend's name? Maybe I can contact Him and get the same liquid or whatever He uses."

"O," I said, "you wouldn't want to, after I tell you."

"Why shouldn't I? I would be a fool not to try to get the same cleansing agent He uses if He would let me know what it is."

"Well," I said, "I'll tell you what it is, but you won't be able to get it. To start with, the Cleaner's name is Jesus."

Immediately his eyebrows lifted.

"Yes," I continued, "His name is Jesus of Nazareth, the Son of God. He died on the cross two thousand years ago in accordance with the prophecies of Isaiah, David and others." Then I quoted some of the Old Testament scriptures to him. I began, "Moses in Leviticus 17:11 said, 'The life of the flesh is in the blood: and I have given it to you upon the altar to make an atonement for your souls: for it is the blood that maketh an atonement for the soul.'"

I explained to him how Jesus went to Calvary, how on the cross He bore our sins, how the precious blood that He shed was for the remission or the cleansing of our sins, and that there is no sinner who cannot come to Him and receive cleansing, no matter how deeply the stains of sin have gone. I explained that in Jesus' blood there is power for forgiveness and cleansing -- such cleansing that the sinner's transgressions are cast away from him as far as the East is from the West, so that he may never be troubled with these same spots and stains again.

I concluded, "Now, what do you think about that, sir?"

"Ah!" he said, "I thought you really had something."

"But I do have something, for Jesus cleanses and washes away all stains. He gives *ebigeleben* [in Yiddish, eternal life], and this is worth more than all the cleaning you can do."

He got up to leave the table. "I'm sorry I've got to go," he excused himself. "You know it's Easter time and this is the busiest time for us cleaners. We get all the clothes to clean so people can get dressed up and go to church on Sunday."

"And isn't this a pity?" I said. "What a shame! What a discredit this is to the cause of the great Cleaner, because He would have us keep our garments spotless and white at all times, not just at certain times of the year. And, thank God, when He washes us and makes us clean and white, He can keep us too, if we'll let Him, so that our garments will remain unstained and clean until He calls us up to be with Him."

I went into a Jewish bakery where they always had good things to eat. Usually when I go into a store or any establishment that I know to be Jewish, I try to buy something which will open

up a conversation or in some way engage their interest, not first by witnessing, but by showing my interest in what they have to offer. Walking into the bakery, I said, "Mmmm, it smells good! Have you any coffee cakes?"

The woman said, "Yes, we have some very good mauna [poppy-seed rolls]."

I bought some. Then I asked, "Do you have any bagels?"

"O yes."

"I'd like half a dozen." And again I commented, "It sure smells good in here."

"You know we have the reputation of being the best bakery in town," she said modestly. "Have you tried our bread?"

"It's the best bread baked anywhere. I tell you if you have our bread and a little bit of sweet butter and a cup of tea, you won't need anything else for a meal. Want to try a loaf?"

"Sure, I'll buy a loaf."

After she had made the sale, I said to her, "I'd like to tell you about another Bread. It's called the Bread of Life."

"That's what we always say," she said with a smile, "'bread is the staff of life.'"

"He really is. This bread," I said, pointing to my purchases, "may be the staff of physical life and this bread may be the main portion of our meals here, but I'm speaking of a spiritual Bread. I've eaten of that spiritual Bread which is so satisfying and so enriching to my soul and spirit that I will never hunger again. Your bread can only fill my stomach, and when it's empty I'll want more, but this heavenly Bread satisfies evermore."

"What are you talking about?" she asked.

"O I'm talking about the Bread of Life, Jesus. I believe in Him. I'm Jewish too, and I remember where Jesus said, 'Moses did not give you that bread in the wilderness, but God gave you that Bread.' " Then I told her the story of the manna that fell and how the Lord Jesus said, "But I am the Bread of Life. if anyone eat of this Bread, he shall never hunger again."

"Well," she said, "I've never heard of such things."

"He is the One who makes me so happy and fulfills my life so completely." I told her. "How about coming to see me sometime?"

"O I'd love to do that."

"How about coming over and showing me how you make your bread?"

"Sure."

"Tell me what the ingredients are and I'll have them in when you come."

So she told me. We set the date and she came. She mixed the dough, and while we were waiting for it to rise we sat at the table.

She said, "Show me, prove to me, from the Old Testament that Jesus is the Bread."

"The word Jesus as we know it in English is not mentioned in the Old Testament," I explained, "but wherever you see the word Yeshua, it means Saviour in the Hebrew or Jesus in English. Yeshua was a saviour of his people after a sort in the human sense." Thus I began to talk to her about the Lord Jesus.

We were still sitting at the kitchen table when I held up a piece of unleavened bread between the sunlight and the table, casting the shadow of the bread on the table. I pointed to the shadow.

"Look at the shadow," I said, "and tell me, is the shadow the matzo [the unleavened bread]?"

"No, the matzo is in your hand. This is only the shadow."

"What's casting the shadow?" I asked her.

"That matzo."

"Is this matzo real?"

"O yes."

I put the matzo down on the table where the shadow had been and said, "Now where's the shadow?"

"There isn't any more shadow."

"Why not?"

"Because now the matzo is there."

"Exactly," I said. "In the Old Testament God spoke through the prophets concerning Him who was to come. God spoke of Him as the Rock in the wilderness. God spoke of Him as the Good Shepherd. God spoke of Him as the Stone which the builders rejected. God spoke of Him as the Lily of the Valley. God spoke of Him as the Manna in the wilderness. God spoke of Him as the Seed of woman who would bruise the head of the serpent. God through Isaiah spoke of Him as the

suffering Servant, who would be hanging on a tree, bearing our iniquities. God spoke of Him in the Psalms as the One who would cry out, 'I thirst, I thirst.' God spoke of Him through the prophets. They gave us shadows of One who was to come.

"And He did come -- the Lord Jesus, the Son of God. He came and was born in Bethlehem just as He told Micah He would be. He did not have His origin just two thousand years ago, for He is from everlasting to everlasting, the Alpha and Omega, as the Old Testament tells us. His goings forth have been from of old, yet Micah cast a shadow of Him to come."

Thus I went through the Old Testament scriptures with her. Then I said, "Jesus said, '. . . my Father giveth you the true Bread from heaven. . . . I am the Bread of life: he that cometh to me shall never hunger. . . .'" She stayed a long while, and I thank the Lord, she found Jesus Christ as her Saviour.

* * * * *

6 A BRIDGE PARTY

On a Wednesday evening I was speaking in a church prayer meeting in a little city in Central Illinois. After the service, one of the ladies of the church said, "O Sister Hanley, can you stay over tomorrow? We have eight Jewish families here in our little town. We love them all; we've been praying for them. I would surely like for you to visit them. Can you stay?"

I could not reject the challenge she threw out to me, so I told her I would stay.

"They're just as nice as they can be," the woman went on, " -- all of them. But there's one who I think is going to be just a little hostile towards the gospel. She has shown this spirit when others have tried to approach her."

"Well, let's go to her home first," I suggested, "and then we'll go to the others."

We were going to visit all eight homes that day. I was driving. It was a very bad winter day with snow and ice on the streets. Presently, we pulled into the driveway of this one Jewish woman's home. I knocked on the front door of a large enclosed summer porch. I heard a voice say, "Come in." So I entered the sun room. I could smell that there was baking going on, and as soon as she came out of the kitchen I could see that, indeed, she was baking.

"O excuse me," she said, "I thought it was somebody else at the door. I'm very busy. My daughter is going to be engaged in a few weeks, and I'm baking cookies for the announcement party."

"O you are?" I said, "Then I won't bother you. No, I'll just go on. Are you making the little thin nut cookies?" (And I called them by their Jewish name.)

She said, "No, I have misplaced that recipe. My mother gave it to me some time ago, but I can't find it anywhere. I wanted it so badly to make some for the party. Do you know the recipe?"

"Yes, I know the recipe. I know it by heart."

"Will you write it down for me then?"

"I'll be glad to."

She did not ask my name, what I was doing there, or what I wanted, but just asked that I write the recipe down. So I told her I would.

"But," I said, "wouldn't it be better if I just made them for you? Would you like for me to stay and make them for you?"

"You mean you don't have anything else to do today?"

Then I thought of the other Jewish women I wanted to see, but the Holy Spirit said, "No, you stay here."

So I said, "No, I'd be glad to make the cookies for you."

"Well, what do you need?"

I told her.

She said, "Well, I have everything you need then. Come on into the kitchen."

In the matter of a few minutes I had my hands in the flour barrel. She was so gracious, had already put an apron around me, and was measuring out the flour and the butter for the dough.

Suddenly she said, "Isn't there someone sitting out in your car?"

"O yes!" (I had forgotten all about her.) "Yes, that's a friend of mine."

"It must be terribly cold out there," my hostess said. "Go tell her to come in."

With my apron on and my hands all floury and buttery, I opened the front door of the sun room and motioned to my friend to come in.

She called in a hushed voice, "Is it all right?"

"Sure, I'm baking cookies," I told her.

"What?"

"Yes, I'm making cookies. Come here."

She came in, puzzled and curious, for, after all, I had not been in there very long. I did not know the woman, she did not know me; and there I was, making cookies. I took my friend into the kitchen, and she sat down in a chair beside me while I mixed up enough dough for three batches of cookies. This was early in the morning. I knew I would still be there baking cookies until three or three-thirty in the afternoon.

While I was rolling out the dough, my hostess was sitting next to me on the opposite side of the table from my friend. She said, "What are you doing in this town?"

"O I spoke in a little church last night."

"Did they know you were Jewish?"

"Sure," I said, "they knew I was Jewish."

"And they didn't care that you were Jewish?"

"Of course not."

I kept rolling, cutting, trimming cookies. She kept questioning me.

"What did you speak about?" she asked.

"O I talked to them about Gentile Christians loving the Jews and told them that the Jews ought to love the Gentiles. Then I told them how it is that we are able to love one another."

"How did you tell them that we are able to love one another?" she prodded me.

I said, "Well, you see when the Gentiles become Christians."

"What do you mean," she interrupted, " 'when Gentiles become Christians'? They're born Christians. They're not Jews, so they're Christians." (Jews think that every Gentile is born a Christian. They think, furthermore, that every Gentile is the kind of Christian that makes the sign of the cross, or wears a cross around his neck, or perhaps the kind that belongs to the group of people in Europe at whose hands they have suffered so much and many purgings have taken place.)

I said, "Those Gentiles are Christians who have been born again and have believed on Yeshua Ha Mashiach."

"What did you tell them about Jesus?" she asked.

In answer I preached to her the same sermon I preached to the congregation the night before. She was amazed. She kept asking me questions. I answered only what she asked, for I did not want her at any moment to tell me to leave the house.

It was nearing twelve o'clock, and all of a sudden she exclaimed, "O this is Thursday. This is the day we Jewish ladies in this town play bridge. What will I do? I'd forgotten all about it!"

I said, "Well, go ahead. If you trust me, I'll stay here and finish these cookies. I know I won't be through until three or three-thirty."

"I tell you what," she said, "I'm making a big pot of ox-tail soup with barley. If you've never eaten it, I can tell you it is delicious. I'll call up the ladies and see if they'll come here for lunch. Then we can play bridge after that. Will that be all right with you?"

"Sure! This isn't my house. It's yours. That would be fine with me."

Within I thought, "Thank the Lord! I'm going to be able to see the other ladies as well."

She called the ladies and they all thought that her idea was a good one. She told them she had a lady doing her baking for her in the kitchen (speaking of me rather condescendingly, I thought, but that was all right. This was all in God's plan and purpose) . She added a little water to the soup, but it was delicious anyhow.

All the ladies came -- seven of them -- so there were my eight Jewish ladies! My friend and I sat down at the table with them. My hostess asked me to be the guest and start passing the food.

I said to her, "I always pray before I eat. Do you mind?"

"No, go ahead."

Then she explained to the women that I was a Hebrew Christian, that I believed in Jesus, and that we would pray. So I prayed in the name of the Lord Jesus, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, that He might reveal Himself to all of us and that He might help us throughout the day that His will might be done. I prayed for the daughter that was soon to get married, that she and her future husband might enjoy good health and happiness. When I finished, I could see that my hostess was wiping a tear from her eye. Then we ate.

After the meal, I said, "Now you ladies just go ahead and play your bridge, and my friend and I will stay in the kitchen and make the cookies because I will have to jump up every so often to take the trays out of the oven and put other cookies back in to bake."

One of the women said, "No, let's not play bridge today. I'd rather hear what this woman has to say. We can play any other time. How about the rest of you?"

They all agreed. "Yes, we feel the same way. Can you sit in here and tell us why you believe in Jesus, how you came to believe in Him, and what He has done for you?"

Well, thank the Lord! Until three-thirty or four o'clock I had the privilege of reading from Isaiah, Deuteronomy, Genesis, Jeremiah, and the Psalms, between times of rolling out dough. They followed me to the kitchen, then to the living room, back to the kitchen and back to the living room, first crowding the kitchen and then the living room, as I told them about the Lord Jesus Christ. Out of this group two were saved. Four asked for Bibles. I trust that God will nurture the seed that was planted and that it will bring forth much fruit.

* * * * *

7

"YOU'VE DRIVEN A KNIFE INTO MY HEART"

Pulling my seventeen-foot travel trailer, I was following the Ohio turnpike on my way to a camp meeting in the Adirondack Mountains of New York where I had been asked to speak for the week.

It was close to sundown when it dawned on me that it was Saturday. The next day would be Sunday. I would not pull my trailer on Sunday; neither do I buy gasoline on the Lord's day. What should I do? I knew of many churches in the area that I could visit, but I felt no particular drawing to do so.

Just then I remembered that the Wesleyan Methodist Camp at Stoneboro was in progress. I thought, "What a wonderful way to spend a weekend! I'll just pull my trailer over to Stoneboro, stay over Sunday, and then on Monday I'll be on my way to the Adirondacks."

I arrived there and parked my trailer. I began to connect the electricity and get things ready for Sunday when a woman (let us call her Mrs. Brown) came to me and said, "O thank God, you've come!"

I said, "What do you mean -- I've come? How did you know I was coming?"

"Why, my brother-in-law wrote a few weeks ago for you to come. Didn't you get his letter?"

"Why, no, I didn't get a letter from your brother-in-law. Why did you want me to come?"

"You wait here while I go and get him," she suggested. "He can tell you better than I can."

Before long she returned with her brother-in-law (let us call him Rev. Allen), who said that he had written for me to come.

"Somehow I didn't get your letter," I told him.

"Then why are you here?" he asked.

"I feel the Lord led me here. I know He must have."

"Yes, I'm sure He did too," he said. "I'll tell you why I wanted you to come. A few weeks ago there were two strange men in my church for prayer meeting. I had not seen them before. They sat in the back and stayed until after the service closed. When everyone else was gone, they were still there. On the way out I spoke to them and asked if there was anything I could do for them.

"One of the men spoke up and said, 'My name is Jim. I'm a businessman here in town and this is my friend, Rabbi Reuben. Rabbi has been asking me questions that I cannot answer. So I brought him to you. I thought surely you would have the answer.'

"I said 'And what is it you want to know?'

"The rabbi said, 'I want that same experience that Paul had on the road to Damascus. How can I get it?'

"Well, of course, I was quite thrilled by this question and I said to the rabbi, 'O I can answer your question all right, but I know a lady who is Jewish who has had this experience. I think she could answer your question better and more to your satisfaction than I can. I'll write her a letter and I know she'll come.

"So," he said to me, "I wrote you to come."

"Well, thank God," I said, "that's why I'm here, then. I didn't know a thing about it."

We could do nothing then. We would have to wait until Monday.

"Can you stay over?" Rev. Allen asked me.

"I can't very well afford not to stay over," I answered. For I knew this was the hand of God.

Monday morning, then, Mrs. Brown, Rev. Allen, and I drove to the city where he pastored. We went right to the synagogue and met the rabbi. He was a very gracious, humble man.

He said, "Yes, I must talk to you, but I cannot take the time to do it now, because I'm teaching some boys how to become Bar Mitzvah. [When a Jewish boy reaches the age of thirteen he goes through the ritual of Bar Mitzvah, which makes him a man in the synagogue. Literally, he's a "son of good deeds."] I'm being paid to do this and I do not feel it's honest to take the time from these boys to talk to you now. Can you stay till tonight? I must talk to you."

"Yes, I can stay until tonight. Where shall we meet you?"

"Let me come wherever you say."

Rev Allen suggested, "How about coming to our church? There will be just my sister-in-law, Mrs. Hanley, you and I."

"Yes," he agreed, "but I want Jim to come too. He needs this as badly as I do."

"All right, we'll call him and invite him too."

Thus it was decided.

We then went to the pastor's home. He called Jim and told him that we had seen the rabbi and that the rabbi was coming to the church that night and we wondered if he could come too.

"Yes," Jim said, "I will. I'll bring the rabbi over. But I want to meet that woman first."

So Jim came over to the pastor's house in the afternoon. He was a proud-looking young man as he strutted in rather arrogantly. He told us that he was a theosophist and how he tried to find God within himself. He had built a little cabin in the mountains. There he went every day and entered into deep silence, trying to find God within himself.

We let him talk. When he finished I began to tell him about Jesus being the only Way. I told him that in us there is nothing good, that God says we are rotten from the top of our heads to the soles of our feet, that there is no soundness in us at all, that we are like a putrefying sore, that there is no oil that can heal this sore.

"You are in this condition," I finished. I felt that he had light, so I said, "Now, I'm going to ask if you would like to receive Jesus as your Saviour, if you will get on your knees and repent of your sins and tell God how good-for-nothing you are, how rotten you are."

He looked at the pastor, winked, and said, "Oh, she's divisive, isn't she?"

The pastor nodded his head.

But that was what this young man needed, and it was not long until he was on his knees. Rev. Allen knelt to pray with him while we women prayed in another section of the room. I looked over once and saw that he had his head lifted. Tears were running down his cheeks.

At last he said, "O thank God, I've found the peace that I've been looking for all the time! I've found that it's in Jesus!"

One could tell by the look on his face that everything was all right.

I could scarcely eat that day. I was much in prayer, asking the Lord that the rabbi might be sincere in his quest, that he might not be a "smart-aleck" and put me on the spot by trying to show me how much Hebrew he knew in contrast to my total ignorance of the language. (My family are Hungarian Jews, and Hungarian Jews do not speak Yiddish in the home, let alone Hebrew.)

"Dear Lord," I prayed, "please don't let him quote a lot of Hebrew and discover how ignorant I am. Please, Lord, let him be a real seeker after the truth."

We went over to the church early -- Mrs. Brown, Rev. Allen, and I. We arranged the chairs close to the altar. We thought that if he had a mind to be saved, he would not be too far from the altar where we could kneel and pray with him. (However, one does not need an altar, a wooden altar such as is seen in churches, to be saved. Wherever one might find the Lord Jesus as his Saviour would be an altar to him. It could be out in the middle of a cornfield or at his bedside. Really a wooden bench has no efficacy in itself.)

At seven o'clock, Jim and the rabbi walked into the church. Jim's face was red and his eyes were red and swollen from much weeping.

I said, "Jim, did you tell the rabbi what happened?"

"Yes, I did," he answered joyfully.

"Yes, he did," the rabbi echoed. "He did, and that's what I want. That's what I want! That's exactly what I want!"

They both went forward and sat in the chairs that had been arranged for them. At first we talked about the weather, the war, and incidental things, when the rabbi spoke up and said, "Now, let's have done with the small talk and let's get down to business."

"All right, Rabbi, what is your business? What is it that you want to know? What are your questions?"

"I want that same deep emotional experience that Paul had on the road to Damascus."

Well, that word "emotional" rather threw me, because I thought if that was what he wanted, it would not last very' long.

I said, "What do you mean, Rabbi, by the word 'emotional'?"

"I want the same revolutionary experience that Paul had that will change my life, change my ambitions, make a new man out of me, and put me on fire like Paul was."

Well, thank the Lord, I knew he was on the right track, no matter how he worded it. We knew that what he wanted was scriptural. I began reading scriptures to him, starting with Genesis 3:15, explaining to him how it was to be the Seed of the woman that would bruise the head of the serpent, showing him how Adam and Eve had sinned and fallen from God's grace, and how we, the seed of Adam, were all sinners. I went through the Old Testament from book to book, wherever I could find Messianic scriptures. I wanted his conviction to be deep. I wanted him to have a sense of sin before God and to know that nobody can be saved until he feels the condemnation and guilt of his sins.

"What would he want to be saved from," I reasoned with him, "if he did not feel he were bound for an eternity in hell?"

I wanted the scriptures to speak to him. He did not retaliate, no matter what I read. Among other texts, I cited Isaiah 7:14, where God says, "Behold a virgin and also Isaiah 9:6. Never once did he question the validity of these scriptures as having to do with the Messiah. Never once did he argue with me. He sat in the chair before me with his knees spread apart, his arms, hands and head hanging low between his knees, much as did the Old Testament prophets, according to what we read. Never once did he raise his head to question. He was listening.

Then I started reading Isaiah 53, that beautiful chapter, to the rabbi. I was reading, of course, in English, but finished with words I did not understand. It did not puzzle me, however. Neither did I stop. It all seemed most natural. Still the rabbi did not raise his head. I continued reading in English, but finished with words that were strange to me.

It was then the rabbi jumped to his feet and began screaming. He looked at Mrs. Brown. She had her hands lifted in the air, praising the Lord. The presence of God was wonderfully real. We felt the Shekinah glory in our midst. I looked at Rev. Allen. He seemed to be lost in the Spirit. Jim was on his knees.

The rabbi again jumped to his feet screaming. "This woman, this woman!" he cried. "She has just driven a knife into my heart! I'm bleeding inside. This woman has empathy. She knows what I'm thinking. She knows what's in my heart and in my mind!"

I said, "No, Rabbi, it wasn't I It was the Word of God that pierced to the very marrow of your bones. Tell me, Rabbi, did you understand everything I was saying?"

"Why, of course! You read beautiful Hebrew."

It still did not fully occur to me what had happened, as it did not puzzle me at all while I was reading. Then I said, "But Rabbi, I don't read Hebrew."

"Don't tell me;" he said, "you read it beautifully, without an accent. But you've driven a knife into my heart. What'll I do? I'm bleeding. I'm naked before God."

Verily, before our eyes was the scripture fulfilled that says, "For the Word of God is . . . sharper than any two edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart." The Holy Spirit had anointed it and it had struck right to his heart.

He began pacing up and down the floor and said, "I must have this! I must have this!"

"You can, Rabbi. You can have the same experience that Jim had and that Paul had if you are willing to suffer as Paul suffered, if you're willing to be excommunicated, if you're willing to be ground to nothing, if you're willing to be counted as nothing, if you're willing to humble yourself, if you're willing to pay the price."

Ah, when I said the words "pay the price" he stopped. He twirled around toward me. "Woman," he objected, "you shouldn't have said that. That was bad. Those are bad words -- 'pay the price.' What do you mean -- 'pay the price'?"

"You have to be willing to pay the price, Rabbi. You'll have to be willing to give up those precious children, even if they forget you forever. You'll have to be willing to give up your little crippled mother whom you carried across the border from Hungary into Austria for safety when the Communists swarmed there -- your little mother whom you carried over to your home in America, the little mother who lives with you today -- you'll have to be willing for all that, if you are going to have what Paul had. It will cost you everything."

"Don't try to blackmail me, woman! Don't blackmail me," he remonstrated. Then he turned towards the pulpit, wringing his hands and crying out, "O God, I must have You. I must have this. I must have this change. I must have this experience. I must be made a new man. But, O God, You have to do it my way. God, You'll have to do it my way."

"No, Rabbi," I interrupted, "it will have to come His way. Jesus said, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life: no man cometh to the Father, but by Me.' There's only one way, Rabbi. God can break you as you would pick up a little stick and break it, and He will break you, Rabbi."

He never once told me this was not the truth.

"Rabbi," I accosted him again, "you know this is the truth now. You know this is the way. How do you dare get up in front of your synagogue during the coming Day of Atonement and tell your people that it's by good works and by gifts to charity and much praying and repenting that they can have forgiveness of sin, that they can get a new heart, that they can be made right with God, when now you know that it is only through the shed blood of God's Lamb, the virgin-born Son of God, that we can be saved and born again? How dare you?"

"But," he said, "I can't pay the price! I can't! I won't!"

"You're willing to deny Jesus then, Rabbi? You're willing to stop short of receiving Him as your Saviour and die and go to hell and drag your wife and mother and children with you?"

"Don't blackmail me!" he repeated. "You're trying to blackmail me again. Don't mention my wife and children and mother to me. I love them."

At that he turned around. He and Jim walked out of the church. I could hear him muttering as he left, "That woman! That woman! And she isn't even five feet tall!"

But it was not "that woman" that pierced his heart; it was not "that woman" that made him feel naked before God.

Somehow his congregation must have "gotten wind" of it. Eventually he was asked to leave the synagogue. He left that city, moved to another area where he became the rabbi of another synagogue, and from that city in a northern state I began getting church bulletins anonymously. Later

I learned from Jim who was in correspondence with him that he was a rabbi in that city. The rabbi had been going to a little church in the country and in a letter said, "Jim, don't give up on me. Continue praying for me, for I am as one living among the dead."

Thank God! This is just another instance I can turn over to the Lord Jesus Christ and commit to Him. After all, ours is to sow, ours is to tell, ours is to share. The fruit is up to God. After we have been faithful in praying, in telling, in sharing, in watering the seed with intercession, all we can do is trust that God will give the increase.

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8

A VISIT TO A FRENCH CONVENT

My French tutor wanted a French cookbook. (I was planning a trip to Europe in '61 and would be staying a week in France. I wanted desperately to be able to converse in French or, at least, understand it. Therefore, I had engaged a tutor.)

While on a speaking tour in Canada, I decided to go to the nearest town north of Buffalo, New York, and see if I could find a bookstore that sold French cookbooks. Driving down the street, I saw a shrine bearing the words in French, "The Sisters of the Sacred Heart." Slowly I passed a brick building. Written in French across the top of the door were the words, "The Bureau," or "The Office."

I supposed it was the office of the priest. The Holy Spirit urged me to stop and knock on the door. I did not know what I was going to do next. It is thrilling just to trust the Holy Spirit to lead.

A woman answered the door, asking me in French, "What do you want?"

I did not know what to say except, "Is the priest here?"

"Yes, Father is here. Do you wish to see him?"

"Yes."

I had not given two minutes' thought about it before. See a priest? A father? What for? But that was the way God was doing it. I waited at the door and soon a priest came. He was dressed like a Franciscan monk, and that is what I learned he was. He was very gracious, speaking very broken English, with a heavy French accent. He took me to his office and asked me to be seated. Then he asked me what I wanted.

I said, "Sir, do you know where I can buy a French cookbook?" He was really surprised. He had never had anyone knock on his door before to ask him where to buy a French cookbook. Neither did I think I would ever go to a priest to ask where I could buy a French cookbook.

"Well," he said and stopped. For awhile he could not say anything. He was nonplused. Presently he asked, "Why do you want a French cookbook?"

"I have a tutor back home teaching me French," I explained, "and she wants a French cookbook. As I passed here, I saw written out in French that this was a French convent, so I thought maybe someone here could help me."

He said, "Who are you?"

I told him my name.

"And what are you doing in this area?"

"I'm speaking in one of the little Brethren in Christ churches near here." Then I told him I was Jewish, that I believed in the Lord Jesus Christ and, forgetting that he was a Catholic priest, I told him how I was born again, what Jesus had done for me, how He had saved me from my sins, and how wonderful it was to know God in all His reality.

He was speechless. Finally he came to himself and said, "I'm sorry that I cannot help you."

"O," I said, "I believe you can help me. You know there's one verse I wish you would teach me."

"Well, what is it?"

"I would like for you to teach me the verse in the letter of John which says, 'If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.' Would you please teach me that in French?"

"O I would be glad to."

So, very laboriously, he began quoting that verse word by word to me. Over and over he repeated it. Over and over I repeated it after him. He was not satisfied until I had all the accents and inflections just right. I suppose we went over it fifteen or twenty times -- "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."

All of a sudden he exclaimed in French, "Good! Good!"

I raised my hand and said, "Well, praise the Lord! Thank the Lord! He has forgiven all my sins!"

He said, "Mine too! I didn't know that was in the Bible." After a pause he continued, "I'll tell you where you might find a French cookbook."

"Next door there is a convent where the sisters live," he said. "They're all French, but there's one of them who speaks English. You go over there. I'll call over and tell them that you're coming. Maybe they can tell you where you can find a French cookbook."

I got in the car and drove just a short distance to the place where the French nuns lived and knocked at the front door. A sweet-looking young nun had seen me and she came running from the back.

"Yes, can I help you?" she greeted me.

"Well, Father said that maybe you could tell me where I could find a French cookbook."

"Yes, yes," she said, "come in, come in."

She took me into the convent. I had never been in one before. She took me to the kitchen. One of the sisters began to fix tea. Another had already brought out a plate of cookies. The one who spoke English said, "Sit down, sit down." So I sat down. They wanted to know all about who I was. They wanted me to repeat everything I had told the priest.

Well, praise the Lord! It was a wonderful experience. They were so hungry to listen. When I got ready to leave, one of the sisters said, "Here is a little statue. We wonder if you would put it on your dashboard? It will protect you." (It was the figure of St. Christopher who is supposed to protect one on the highway.)

I said, "Thank you, and here is something for you -- a little book I have written called, 'Hallelujah, I have found Him.' [I happened to have one with me printed in French.] Would you like to have this to give to the sisters? And here's one for you in English. I also have a little New Testament. Would you like to have it?"

They eagerly took everything I offered. It was a good exchange. I'll always believe they got the best of the bargain. No, I did not use the little statue. Thank God, I do not need to resort to such things to protect me on the highway. I'm under the protection of the precious blood of Jesus Christ. He watches over me wherever I go.

I went further into town. This was during the Jewish high, holy days -- Rosh Hashanah, their New Year. When I saw a synagogue I went in and found a back seat. Services were going on and the rabbi was preaching in Hungarian. Here I was -- a Hungarian Jew -- in a Hungarian Jewish congregation. O I felt so good! I understood everything he said. Had he preached in Hebrew, I would not have understood him. Or if he had preached in Russian or Polish or some other language in which he had been reared, I would not have understood him.

Among the Jews it is traditional that any stranger who enters the synagogue is graciously invited to the homes and entertained for the day. It is one of the strictest mores of their culture that they do this. Thus, after the meeting, the rabbi and his wife, knowing I was a stranger and a Hungarian Jewess, asked if I would not go home with them, have dinner, and spend the day.

O I was so happy. I told them I could stay until four or five in the evening. Then I would have to leave as I was scheduled to speak that night.

We had a lovely meal. Afterwards the rabbi said, "If you will pardon me, I will lie down, for I am very weary. I preached twice this morning. You and my wife can talk."

His wife and I went into the living room and sat on the sofa together. "You don't mind if I sit close to you, do you?" she asked me.

"No, I surely don't. But why do you want to sit close to me, Margrit?" (We were speaking Hungarian and I immediately began to call her by her Hungarian name.)

"O," she said, "I don't understand. I don't know why, but there's something about you that makes me feel so safe and secure when I'm near you. You have something about you that makes me feel so calm."

I said, "Why? Do you not feel calm? Do you not feel safe or secure?" I was wanting to get something from her that would open the way for me to start witnessing.

"No," she said, "I'm so frightened, so afraid. This morning my husband was preaching about life being similar to taking a ride on the train which has a long travel schedule. It stops at various stations until it reaches its destination. People boarding this train get off at various stations. He meant that people at various ages die. They get off the train at various stations. Some ride on it till old, old age. All the time I was so full of fears that I was crying in my heart, 'O God, I want to get off that train! I want to get off that train!'"

"But, Margrit, why do you want to get off the train now? You are young, you have lovely children, you have a fine husband."

"But, O," she cried, "I'm so distressed. The future worries me so."

"Why, Margrit?"

"Well, you see, we're from Hungary and in Hungary it was the Christian Democrats that turned against the Jews. It was the Christian Democrats that sold us over to Eichmann. It was the Christian Democrats that collaborated with the Communists. We suffered so much at their hands." She paused. "Just a moment," she said, "let me show you something."

She went to the desk and brought me a newspaper published close to this city, almost on the border between Canada and the United States where we then were.

"Just look at this paper," she said. "It's published by the Christian Democrats and is a Fascist newspaper. We escaped from Hungary, leaving everything there to come here where we thought we would be free from people like this, and right here under our noses are these same Fascists. O I want to get off the train. There's no place in this world where one can find peace."

"That's right, Margrit, no matter where in this world you would run, you would not find peace."

"But you have it. Where did you find it?"

"Ah," I thought to myself, "Ah, for this moment am I here." And from that moment I began to tell her of Jesus in whom I had come to trust, whom I had learned to love. "He is my peace," I told her. "It is He who gives me such peace. Now I fear nothing."

She asked, "Do you think you will escape because you are a Christian when persecution comes to the Jews in America?"

"No, I will not escape and I did not become a believer that I might escape. Some Jewish people think this. No, I will not escape, because in Hitler's Germany, Hitler hunted down the Jews even to the eighth and twelfth and sixteenth generation. If they had just that much Jewish blood in them, they were sent to the concentration camps. No, I will suffer gladly with my people when the time comes. But thank God! I know I have made my peace with Him and I know where my Neshuma [soul] is going when this carpe [body] goes back to the dust."

I spent the rest of the afternoon with Margrit. She asked me if I had a Bible in Hungarian. I told her I would get her one. This I did and sent it to her. Later, I went to see her again. We had prayer together, and as she prayed softly, she whispered His name, the wonderful name of Jesus. Thank God for that dear soul! Since then she and her husband have returned to Israel. He is serving as a rabbi. As far as I know, he has not been saved. But I am trusting God to keep her just as devoted as she was when she committed herself to God in their small apartment in the little Canadian town.

* * * * *

9

"BESIDE ALL WATERS"

Early one morning I felt led to drive to some cities in southern Illinois and visit some Jewish people. Some I had visited before and some I had not. I called up Judy, a Jewish girl about fifteen years old who had been saved about a year. This child knew what it meant to suffer for Jesus' sake. She had taken a stand against the theater, against the dance, against drink. She had incurred the wrath of her parents because she refused to indulge in these things.

I said, "Judy, would you like to travel with me today?"

"I sure would, Auntie," she answered.

"All right, I'll come down and get you about eight o'clock and we'll go roundabout southern Illinois. We'll be back tonight sometime. Ask your mother and daddy if it's all right."

She did and obtained their permission to go.

We started out on our day's journey, not knowing what it would hold, not knowing what we would experience that day. We went to one city after another, and God opened the hearts of many Jewish people. They accepted us in their homes and in their stores where there were many customers. Often the proprietor would take us into his own office, and there we had the privilege of witnessing. We also gave out many, many New Testaments. We felt the blessing of the Lord wherever we went. We would praise Him when we got back to the car and then go to the next city.

We arrived in Carbondale, Illinois, and parked the car. We went from store to store, and here too the reception was almost unbelievable. It seemed, indeed, that the Lord had prepared hearts.

When we got back to the car we found a ticket under the windshield. It said the chief of police wanted to see me for some reason. I could not imagine what I had done. I knew I had not gone through any stop signs. They would have stopped me then. I looked at the meter. It had enough money in it. What in the world had I done?

Judy and I went to the police station. There they informed me that I had not parked right. The parking areas of the city streets were painted with diagonal lines running to the curb. Instead of parking between two diagonal lines, I had parked in the middle of one, taking up two spaces and two meters. The chief of police thought it was worth \$3.75 to the city that I had done such a thing.

The bad part of it was that I had only four dollars with me. When I left home that morning my husband had said, "How much money will you need?" He laid four one-dollar bills down on the table. "Will this be enough?"

I said, "Sure, that'll be plenty." I was driving a Ford, had a tank full of gas and did not expect to go more than a hundred or a hundred and twenty-five miles from home.

But taking \$3.75 out of that for a fine left only a quarter.

As we left the police station, I said to Judy, "I know it's past twelve o'clock, Judy, but I'm not hungry. Are you?"

"No," she said, "I'm not hungry either, Auntie."

"All right, let's go to this other town. A Jewish woman lives there and she has been begging me to come, visit her relatives, and tell them about Jesus."

We went to this town, but I could not remember the woman's address. So we went to the parsonage of the church she attended. The pastor's wife answered the door and I asked her if she knew where Mrs. Kohn lived.

She said, "No, but maybe my husband does. He is in the church studying. I'll go and ask him."

She left the door open, but did not invite us in. We could smell pork chops and potatoes frying. Though I'm Jewish, those pork chops surely smelled good.

While she was gone, I said to Judy, "Let's pray that she'll invite us to stay for lunch."

She came back and told us where Mrs. Kohn lived, but never once did she say, "Would you come in? Have you had your lunch?" No, this was not God's will.

We visited with Mrs. Kohn and her relatives and had a gracious time witnessing. God had prepared their hearts for the message.

We were about to go home, when I said, "Judy, there's just one more town I'd like to visit, and that is West Frankfort. I know some Jewish people there and I'd just like to go and visit them, and then we'll go home."

I knew that my gas tank was registering less than half full, not much more than a quarter full, but we went on to this town. I parked away down from the city so that I would not be near any meters or diagonal lines. Then we walked to the business district.

The first place we entered was a shoe store, something like a shoe outlet. My arms were loaded with literature -- papers and tracts, New Testaments, and several Bibles.

The shoe man looked up at me as I started to talk to him. His face reddened. Then he glared at me and said, "How much are they paying you for this racket? How much money are you getting for every Jew you convert? You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a Jew, believing in Jesus."

He carried on like this for quite some time. Since we had had such good reception all day, I was so surprised at his attitude that for a few minutes I could not say a thing. Indeed I thought I had better not. I would just let him talk.

After he had raved and ranted for awhile, I said to him, "Sir, I want to tell you something. It's nearly three o'clock. This little girl and I left East St. Louis this morning. My husband gave me four dollars to take care of us for the day -- lunch, enough gasoline to get home -- but I didn't park right in Carbondale and had to pay a \$3.75 fine out of the \$4.00. It's now three o'clock. She and I have had no lunch. My gas tank is nearly empty. We're over a hundred miles from home. We don't know how we're going to get back. And you accuse us of doing this for money? Sir, there isn't enough money in all the world to pay me to take from you what I've just taken. I could not do it if it were not for the love of Jesus in my heart. Do you think I'd care for your soul if it were not for Jesus? Money could not make me love you if it were not for Jesus. Money wouldn't have allowed me to take the risk of going so far away from home with so little money in my pocket, but I was trusting God and I love souls, including yours."

He began to get redder still, but this time from shame. He said, "Where is your car?"

"O it's down about four or five blocks."

"I'll tell you what. Do you see that service station over there on the corner? That's where I buy my gas. You go over there. I'm going to call them up and tell them to fill your tank. Will you do that?"

"No, no. You're not going to fill my tank. God's going to fill my gasoline tank. You're not going to fill it."

"Please," he urged.

"No"

I knew he was feeling bad and was trying to atone for what he had done and said. But I wanted him to feel had I wanted him to feel worse even.

"If you won't accept gasoline, next door is a restaurant. You and the little girl go over there," he suggested. "I'll call her and you get anything you want to eat, but be sure to get enough."

"No, you're not going to buy us our supper or dinner or whatever you want to call it."

"But why?"

"Because you're not. God's going to take care of us. I want to show you that I don't want your money and I don't want anything you have. Good-by."

"Wait a minute, lady. Would you give me some of your papers?"

"You mean you want them? Would you read them?"

"Sure! Would you give them to me?"

"All right."

I gave him some tracts.

"And I'd like to have one of your little books. Would you give it to me?"

"Sure."

I handed him a New Testament. I was so glad that the Holy Spirit had begun to deal with him.

He said, "This is just the New Testament. Don't you have the whole Bible? A bigger Book?" "Yes"

"May I have one?"

"Yes."

I handed him one, still very much surprised.

He reached in his pocket and pulled out a five-dollar bill.

"O," I thought to myself, "so this is it." When he stretched his hand toward me with the money,

I said, "What's this for?"

"It's to pay for the Bible and literature."

"No, sir," I objected. "You can't pay me for that Bible and literature. God provides that. You can't pay me."

"Look," he insisted, "take this five-dollar bill. You can buy gasoline and something to eat. Then you'll be getting home all right."

"Never mind." I knew what he was doing. This was just a way of trying to salve his conscience.

"Never mind" I repeated. "God's going to take care of us."

As we started out of the store, he said, "Wait a minute, lady, you have very small feet, don't you?"

"Yes, I do."

"What size shoe do you wear?"

"Three or three and a half."

"Wait a minute. I've got some samples here."

I don't know whether he thought if I did not have gasoline, I would have an awful long walk back home and perhaps need another pair of shoes or not, but he brought out several pairs of sample shoes. They looked rather shop-worn.

"Try these on," he said. He tried them on my feet. "How about letting me give you these shoes?"

"No, I won't let you give me anything."

"All right, then, do you want to buy them?"

I thought about that lonely quarter in my purse.

"Would you want these two pairs for a quarter?" he offered.

"All right, I'll take them for a quarter." I could not be much poorer than I already was, I reasoned. A quarter would not get us very far anyway. I said, "Shalom [Good-by]," and left him.

We went into the next place. A man was arranging his counters. He looked up and after a moment said, "Ma'am, are you from East St. Louis?"

"Yes, I am."

"Are you the lady that got on the bus one day when I was coming from West Frankfort and talked to me about Jesus? And are you the one that sang to me that day on the bus?"

"I don't know, but I guess I am."

"I know you are. It was eleven years ago. All these years I've been trying to find you to tell you that I have received Jesus as my Saviour. But I didn't know your name and I didn't know how to locate you. I'll never forget that day. I was so embarrassed. I was so humiliated. . . ."

(I guess anyone would be humiliated at my singing, because I do not have a singing voice, but I have heard it said that the Lord loves the crows as well as the canaries, and there is some consolation in that.)

Well, we had a gracious time talking about the Lord Jesus. It just seemed the Lord was pouring out blessing to soothe the hurt that we had experienced in the other store.

We left this man's place and I said to Judy, "Just one more stop. I have a very dear friend in this town who loves the Jewish people dearly. I couldn't think of leaving West Frankfort until I go see a lady whom I call Mother Madelyn. We'll stop for just a few minutes, then get in the car and see how far God takes us on this almost empty tank of gas."

I knocked on the back door of my dear friend's house. She answered it.

"Well, bless your heart, Irene," she exclaimed when she saw who we were. "Come on in -- you and this little girl! Come on in!"

She was cooking stew -- Irish stew -- but to these Jewish nostrils it smelled delicious.

"Will you stay for supper?" she asked hospitably. "All I need to do is to add an extra carrot and potato. Doctor will be home pretty soon. [Her husband was a dentist.] You and Judy stay and have supper with us and then you can go home."

I did not tell her about the gas tank being almost empty. I did not tell her that we had not had lunch. I did not tell her how flat my pocketbook was. We could not refuse this kind invitation, so we sat down to eat.

While we were eating the telephone rang. She answered it and I heard her say, "Well, that's too bad. I think I can help you out though. I have someone right here at my table." She turned to me and said, "Irene, the W.C.I.U. is meeting down at the Goodwill Center tonight and their speaker can't come. Would you speak for them? Then you can go home after that."

"Yes," I assented, "I'll speak to them." I did not dare turn down anything. "I'll tell my husband we'll be late getting back."

That night, then, I spoke to the W.C.I.U. never had before; I never have since. All I could talk about to this W.C.I.U. gathering was the Jews and their need of Christ. They took up a little offering. It amounted to about three dollars. Praise the Lord! We bought enough gas to get home that night and we did not have to go home hungry. This is how wonderfully God does undertake. He protects us and takes care of us when we obey Him.

I had the privilege of going back to West Frankfort some time later. When I had finished speaking at an afternoon women's meeting, several Jewish women were waiting for me outside. They asked if I would come and speak at their synagogue in a nearby city. I was surprised. Speak in their synagogue? I knew a few of their members scattered throughout southern Illinois who at various times had asked me to come, but the rabbi had said that only over his dead body would I ever come. So I wondered. Speak in their synagogue?

One of the women said, "Come to our store. I want you to speak to my husband. He's president of the synagogue."

We went to their store. Sure enough, they wanted me to come and speak at their Friday night service -- their regular Sabbath evening service.

"But," I said hesitantly, "where's your rabbi?"

"O," they said, "He's gone to Florida for a few weeks." Evidently, while the cat was away the mice were going to play.

I had prayed and fasted much for the services of the evening. I was scheduled to speak at another place before going to the synagogue and I announced there that I would be speaking at the synagogue later. Several carloads went along with me. In the group was a lady who could sing quite well. I asked the president of the synagogue if she could sing before I spoke.

"Sure," he said, "that will be fine, but please try to be through in an hour, because our people have come after closing their businesses and have a long way to drive to get home."

I was introduced, and then I introduced my singer. She sang beautifully, "I've Been Redeemed, But Not With Silver." It seemed as though her face was just radiating the glory of God.

The people sat enthralled. Then God gave me a message. I began to speak about Jesus being the Messiah, the promised One, the Seed of the woman. I went all through the Old Testament to Malachi with them, never once touching on the New Testament, but preaching Jesus entirely from the Old.

After the meeting these people very graciously showed me and those who had come with me all around the synagogue, explaining everything. We had a very enjoyable time.

I thank the Lord that as a result of this service two Jewish people were saved. They have already gone on to be with the Lord.

* * * * *

10

VOLUNTEER NURSING

When I am at home I do volunteer nursing at a Jewish hospital. How I love that work! How I love my people! Some have asked me, "How did you ever get started doing this?" Indeed it was a very angry man, an enemy, who really opened my eyes to this great door of witnessing.

I was giving out tracts on Miami Beach in Florida and having good response. Many were getting angry, many were interested, crowds were gathering. No, I never mind it when Jewish people get angry. It does not mean anything. They can get ever so loud, stand to their feet, and maybe pretend to be tearing out their hair. This day, a Gentile onlooker might have thought they were ready to tear into me, but really it did not mean a thing. It was just the Jewish manner of discussion or disagreement.

One very angry man said, "Why don't you go to the Gentiles and preach to them?"

I answered, "I do. But many Gentiles are Christians, you know."

"Christians!" he shouted. "You go preach to them. We Jews don't need it."

"Yes, you do."

"Going around here preaching hate," he stormed. "That's what you're doing -- stirring up hate."

"No, I'm not, sir. I love my people."

"You don't love my people!"

"Sure I do or I wouldn't be here today telling you about Jesus and wanting you to know Him that you might have eternal life."

"Why don't you prove it some other way?" he snarled. "Why don't you prove it in some concrete way if you love the Jews! Why don't you go do charity work or go as a volunteer in a hospital or do some other kind of work? Prove it in a concrete manner that you love the Jews instead of just saying so with your lips."

I thought about that and prayed about it. He was right. Why didn't I? I came back to East St. Louis, went over to the Jewish hospital, and offered my services. I did not even know they had volunteers; but, indeed, they did -- several hundred of them. The head of the auxiliary of women volunteers asked me what I would like to do.

"Would you like to work in the gift gallery?" she asked me.

"No, no."

"Tea room, maybe?"

"No"

"Do you want to take mail around every day?"

"No"

"Do you want to push the book cart from room to room?"

"No"

"Just what do you want to do?"

Well, I knew what I wanted to do. I wanted to get close to the patients. I had no nurse's training at all, but this was what I wanted to do, so I said to her, "May I scrub the floors in the rooms of the patients?"

"O no. The hospital hires people to do that."

"Well, is there any other cleaning work I can do around the patients?"

"No"

"Well, what I want to do is to work around the patients. Is there anything I can do?"

"We don't have any volunteers doing that," she told me. "You know working with patients would entail some work that isn't quite so pleasant, especially when they're bedridden. You mean this is what you want to do work as a nurse's aide?"

"Yes, I surely do."

"All right," she agreed, "but you understand you will have to buy your own uniform. It's up to you also to have your own transportation and take care of parking your car."

"Yes, I understand that."

I was thrilled! This is how I started my volunteer work in a Jewish hospital.

One morning early, I was unusually weary and I found myself praying, "Please, Lord, let me stay home today. I don't want to go to the hospital. I'd like to stay at home and do the basketful of ironing that's piling up and make an extra special meal for my husband when he comes home from work. I'd be glad not to have to go in today, Lord."

But while I was wishfully thinking, I was donning my uniform and, a few minutes later, I was backing my car out of the driveway and heading it toward the hospital. I arrived at 8:00 o'clock. When I get there that early I usually go on the medical floor and work until 9:00, then go into the recovery room. Patients do not begin to come from surgery until 9:00.

I was given a brief assignment. My first patient was a large black lady. I was to bathe her and change her clothes and bedding. When I saw her I was quite amazed, for she was still in her street clothes, though she had been brought in the night before. She had been in a drunken brawl and had been knifed several times. They had not closed her wounds with sutures, but had just clamped them. She was to have them closed by surgical methods this morning. She had vomited over herself in her drunkenness. Her clothes were soiled and her shoes smelled bad. I took off her dirty clothes, bathed her, put on a clean gown, and changed her linen. All this time I was telling her about Jesus.

She said to me, "Baby, you don't know who I is, or you wouldn't ask me to be a Christian."

"Honey," I replied, "I think I know who you are, but I'm still asking you to trust Jesus as your Saviour, for I know He can save you."

"But you don't know all the bad things I've done."

"It doesn't matter. The Lord loves you."

"But I was just a drunk last night. I'm an alcoholic."

"Is this the way you want to live? Is this the way you want to spend your life?" I asked her.

"No, but when I get to thinking how wicked I is, I get drunk so I can forget it."

"Look, my dear friend," I appealed to her, "Jesus came into the world to die, not only for those in the high echelons of society, not only for the up-and-outers, but He came to die for those who are sick and needy. He came to the most sinful, and He'll save you."

By nine o'clock this dear black woman was praying and the tears were streaking down the sides of her face, as the Lord Jesus saved her soul and made her as white as snow -- every whit as clean and white as anybody's heart is after Jesus has brought salvation to him.

Now I knew it was time to go into the recovery room, so I changed from my uniform into surgical clothes. My first patient was a Jewish man brought to me by a urologist.

"Irene," the doctor said, "this man's in bad shape. He's had three surgeries for this problem. It's terminal cancer. He may not live the night through. Would you keep a special eye on him?"

I stood by his side, taking his blood pressure, his vital signs, periodically.

He awakened and I heard him cry, "O Moses, help me! Mohammed, help me! O Jesus, help me! Anybody, help me! I'm in so much pain!"

I prayed, "O Lord, help me to help him." I said, "Sir, two of those you have called upon have gone to their graves. Only One of them has risen and lives today. That's Jesus."

I began to tell him about Jesus the Good Shepherd, Jesus the Rock of Ages, Jesus the Cleft in the Rock where we can hide for refuge, Jesus the Water that came from the rock when Moses smote it, Jesus of whom David sang.

The man floated in and out under the influence of the anesthesia, but the message got across, for suddenly he raised his arms (I really do not know where he got the strength) and cried out, "O Jesus, have mercy on me! Save my soul! Thou art my Messiah! Thank you, thank you!"

He was exceptionally loud -- louder than I wanted him to be, because the other nurses heard him and turned around and looked at him.

I thought, "O this is the end for me."

So many have said, "Aren't you afraid they will fire you there?"

Well, they cannot very well fire me, because I'm not hired. That is why I have such great liberty. The hospital personnel are very good to me and I appreciate the liberty they have given me there. I never push myself. I never start anything. The Lord always lets the other person start the discussion, but God has helped me create the proper environment for them to start asking me questions.

Now the nurses looked at my patient. They simply shrugged their shoulders and thought that he had had too much sodium pentothal.

He was taken to his room. Later I went to his room and called him by his first name, Ben. He opened his eyes and motioned for me to come to his bedside. When I did, he put his hands over his heart and said, "Jesus, mine! Messiah!"

Thank God for the repetition of that confession he had made in the recovery room, because, before the sun went down that evening, Ben had gone to meet his newly found Saviour.

My next patient was a dear Gentile lady -- the wife of a Nazarene preacher. She was in great despondency and very nervous. The devil knows just how to attack and when -- when the body is worn with disease and weariness. Preachers' wives help their husbands carry the burdens of the whole church and it was proving to be too much for this precious little soul. I could see she was a faithful child of God and that she loved the Lord, but Satan had been lying to her, and she had gone down under it physically. I had a gracious time with her. When I left she was praising the Lord, for her faith in His promises had been restored, and she could see that she stood by grace alone. She could praise God for even this illness that had brought her to the hospital.

From this patient I went out to the City Hospital to visit an elderly man who was dying with cancer of the throat. The City Hospital is for the indigent, the poor. The ward to which I went held about thirty patients. Beds were placed very close to one another. I did not see how any sanitary methods could be carried out there. Nevertheless, it is a good hospital.

Every time I had gone to see this man with throat cancer I noticed a Chinese man in the corner of the ward. There was something so clean about him that it gripped my heart. A compassion for him was born within me. On this day I saw him get out of his bed in his pajamas and start to shuffle barefooted towards the washroom. At the same time I noticed broken glass on the floor, so I hurried over and stopped him while I tried to pick up what glass I could and brush back what I could. He went on to the washroom, and I said to the nurse, "How is it that there is broken glass all over the floor? This ought to be cleaned up."

"O," she said, "we dropped a test tube and thought sure we had cleaned up all the glass."

"Besides," I continued, "that man is walking around barefooted. Why doesn't he have bedroom slippers on his feet?"

"Look, lady," she said condescendingly, "this is the City Hospital. We're doing well to provide him with medical care and pajamas. We can't afford to be buying him bedroom slippers. As far as I know he hasn't got a penny to his name. I've been here three months and I don't think he's even got a friend. I've never seen anyone visit him. And he doesn't speak a word of English."

Compassion for this man grew in my heart. The Holy Spirit whispered to me, "Buy him a pair of bedroom slippers."

I went out into the corridor and looked into my billfold. I had just one dollar. "Lord," I reminded Him, "I can't spend this dollar on a Chinese man. You sent this to me to be used for Jewish people."

But the Lord very sweetly, tenderly, and gently rebuked me. "My child," He said, "do you think I love the Jews better than I love this Chinese man? Go buy him a pair of bedroom slippers."

I left the hospital hurriedly then and stopped at the nearest dry goods store. I went in and asked for the cheapest pair of bedroom slippers they had. The clerk brought out a pair.

"How much are they?" I asked.

"A dollar."

"But, ma'am, I can't pay a dollar. That's all I have, and I must have fifteen cents out of this dollar for a bridge toll to get home, for I live on the other side of the river. I must have a cheap pair of bedroom slippers though. Do you have a pair that's perhaps torn or soiled that you can't sell?"

"What do you want them for?" she asked.

I told her the story.

"O," she said, "take these for eighty-five cents."

I hurried back to the hospital. The Chinese man was sitting on the edge of his bed. His feet were so dirty that I opened the door of his little wash stand, got out his wash basin, got some water and washed his feet the first thing. What a blessing came as I washed his feet! Then I slipped the little stretch bedroom slippers on his feet. He looked at them, stood up and looked at them again. He then folded his hands without smiling. He bowed several times in thanks to me for those bedroom slippers.

My heart sank. Here he was thanking me for the bedroom slippers. And it was not my dollar. It was not my idea. But how could I tell him? He did not speak English. I did not speak Chinese. I said, "Lord, how can I tell him that Thou didst tell me to get those bedroom slippers? That the money was sent in by a Christian to get him these bedroom slippers?"

I did the best thing I knew. I pointed heavenward to God and then I crossed my arms over my chest to show him the word "love." Then I pointed my forefinger at myself indicating that God loved me.

He nodded his head in assent.

Next, I pointed to God again and folded my arms to show that God loved -- then I pointed to him.

Again he nodded his head as though saying, "Yes, yes."

I was telling the message to him in signs and the Holy Ghost was translating it to him in Chinese. A third time I pointed to God, then I made piercing motions into my hands and into my feet and into my side. O I knew these were feeble efforts. I marvelled within myself that he could understand what I was trying to get across. The Holy Spirit was leading me and in the best way I knew how I was trying to show him that God had come down and was pierced.

Once more he nodded his head that he understood.

I was getting through! Then I pointed to God, the shoes, and then to him. His face broke into one of those ear-to-ear smiles. He clasped his hands and began to move them up and down while his eyes and face were heavenward. He was thanking God for those bedroom slippers. I was overjoyed!

That afternoon when I got home I called up a missionary to the Chinese and said, "I wish you'd go out to the hospital and see Mr. Lun-Bun. I think he's ready to be saved. Then will you please call me when you get home? I want to hear how things went."

He did call later that evening. "Mrs. Hanley," he reported, "I went out to see Mr. Lun-Bun, but I was too late. He was saved already. He said he was saved this afternoon when you were there -- when you told him about Jesus."

Well, thank the Lord for that experience! God knows how to use an unworthy person such as I.

After I had gotten the slippers for my Chinese friend, I stepped over to visit the man with throat cancer. Then I returned to the Chinese man and was again about ready to leave his bedside when I saw what I imagined was a mirage. I thought, "Surely this can't be real." Standing there at the end of his bed was a beautiful little girl about five feet tall with ebony black hair in one long braid down her back. Her skin was a little darker than mine. Her eyes were a beautiful, sparkling black. Her face broke into a sweet smile, revealing such perfect teeth as I had never seen before in my life.

She said to me in sort of a clipped, British accent, "My, but you are so very kind."

"No, I'm not kind."

"Yes, you are. You got this Chinese man a pair of bedroom slippers."

"But, honey, it wasn't my money and it wasn't even my thought to do it. God told me to do it. Jesus told me to do it. It was God's money."

"But you were kind," she said.

"Who are you, dear?" I asked her.

"O I am his doctor. And," turning to the one with the throat cancer, "I am this man's surgeon."

I said, "You? You are his surgeon? Where are you from, honey?"

"I'm from West Pakistan."

"How long have you been in this country?"

She began to hold up her hands and to count on her fingers. She pointed out seven fingers. "Seven days," she said.

"Are you lonesome, homesick?"

"O yes, very."

I took her in my arms and hugged her. I felt her stiffening in my arms as she was not expecting such reaction from me. I was a perfect stranger.

"O I'm glad God has brought you to America," I told her. "I think God has brought you to City Hospital that I might meet you."

The little girl wore a white tunic-like dress -- Nehru style. It reached to her knees, and then below that she had on what we might call pantaloons, very narrow at the ankles, but sort of billowing out above them. Around her shoulders, with both ends hanging down in the back was a two-and-a-half-yard sheer chiffon scarf. It was indeed a surprise to see such a figure dressed in clean, white clothes in such conditions as the ward presented.

"How do you manage to keep your clothes so beautiful and white?" I questioned.

"It is very hard," she said, "I did not know I was going to have to wear white in America, for in our country the doctors wear printed clothes. I have only two outfits like this and I wash them every night."

"Well, I'll fix that," I told her. "I'm going home and make you some. What size do you wear?"

"O I do not know American sizes," she said, "but I live up on the fifth floor of this hospital. If you'll wait a minute, I'll go up and get one of my dresses and bring it down to you."

She hurried up to the fifth floor and down again, bringing me one of her little dresses, which looked as though it was about a size three. "Here," she said. "But I'm going to tell you something -- I don't have any money now to pay you for the material. I don't get paid until the first of the month."

"O," I hastened to tell her, "you can't pay me for what I do for you, for what I do for you, I do for Jesus."

"But I don't believe in Jesus. I'm Moslem."

"So what? Jesus loves the Moslems. I'm a Jew. He loves me. He loves this Chinese man. He loves this man over in the corner. He loves that Negro man there. I'm going home and make you some dresses in the name of Jesus."

I hurried home, got some money, went out to a little drygoods store near my home, bought material and, by eight o'clock the next morning, I had three complete outfits made for her and was already at the City Hospital.

When I arrived in the ward, she was hanging up a bottle of transfusion. A big smile broke over her face, and when she finished what she was doing, she ran to me. This time it was she who threw her arms around me. She said, "O Auntie [she had already begun to call me "Auntie"], I was lying awake almost all night and thinking, 'Can it be possible that in America I have so soon found someone like you?'"

On sudden impulse, I said, "Salma, what are you going to do Sunday?"

"I do not know. I do not have to work."

"Will you come to our home and have dinner with us?"

"O I've never been in an American home before."

"Will you make mine the first then to be honored by your visit?"

She said she would be glad to.

"We go to church on Sunday," I told her. "Would you go with us?"

"O I've never been to church."

"Would you go with us?"

"Yes."

On Sunday morning my husband and I went over and got her. She sat in church with us. It was the first time she had heard the Gospel from the pulpit. We took her to our home. We sat down to eat. She seemed rather awkward with a knife and fork and spoon.

I said, "What's the matter, Salma?"

"In my country we do not use silverware," she explained apologetically.

"Well," I said, just eat the way you want to."

"No," she objected, "I must learn if I'm to stay in America."

So, very clumsily, she attacked the food with a fork and knife and spoon. I know she would have been graceful eating otherwise, because she was so petite and neat about herself.

One day I gave her a Bible. She clasped it to her bosom and kissed it. "O," she said, "this is the most wonderful gift I've ever received."

She is a very dear child -- very modest. She wears no makeup. She does not cut her hair. She is a strict Moslem. Her parents are very strict. When she first came to America she kept the feast of Rammadon, kneeling on a little carpet and praying. The first year she was here she fasted in the month of Rammadon, but the second year she did not fast. God was drawing her heart. She wore around her neck a little locket with a piece of the Koran embedded in wax inside -- a fetish, of course. (Christians are as bad, some of them. They wear crosses for fetishes. They would probably not admit it, but they somehow feel there is a little bit of protection in them. But let that be as it may.) It was not long until the locket was no longer around Salma's neck.

One day after Salma heard me tell about going down to a holiness camp in Florida, she said, "You know, I would like to go. I think I would fit in with your people."

I said, "You do?"

"Yes, I think I would."

"What makes you think so, Salma?"

"Well, Auntie," she said, "you don't wear makeup, do you?"

"No, I don't. I haven't worn makeup since I became a Christian."

"You don't cut your hair either, do you, Auntie?"

"No, I don't."

"You see," she went on, "I do not wear makeup and I've never cut my hair. Sometimes the doctors tease me that they are going to take scissors and cut off my long braids, but I've never cut my hair. Auntie, you don't wear jewelry, do you?"

"No, Salma."

"Neither do I. Real orthodox Moslem girls do not. So I think I would fit in with your people. And I notice you are modest in your dress."

I feel that I am modest, but I noticed she was extremely modest. She would not bare her ankles for anything in the world. Once I started to tell her about a beautiful place and to describe it to her. It was not more than a quarter of a mile from the beach. Her face clouded a little. I said,

"What's the matter, Salma?"

"Auntie. . ."

"What's the matter? Something troubling you?"

"Auntie, you said it was near a beach?"

"Yes."

"Auntie, do you put on a swim suit and go swimming in front of men?"

"O no, child. Is that what was troubling you?"

"Yes, Auntie, do you do that?"

"O no, thank God! Since the Lord saved me I would never do that."

Her face brightened, "Auntie, I'm so glad. Neither do we."

I thought to myself, "The Lord have mercy on so-called Christian women and girls here in America who do not give the hair, dress, and mixed bathing question a second thought, but accept the current worldly practices. And here is a little Moslem girl who has not had light at all, who in her own darkened conscience holds these things as wrong."

Salma came to our home regularly. She was our little girl. We were her auntie and uncle. She left for England after a few years and was studying there for her Royal Boards. Then she went to Scotland. Her letters are beautiful, full of trust and reliance on the Lord, always thanking me for prayers. No one else had ever prayed for her. Our friendship has lasted. Thank God!

This was one day at the hospital. All the same day the Negro woman was saved, a Jewish man was saved, a Chinese man was saved, and my dear little Salma was introduced to the Lord.

* * * * *

11

SAVING A LIFE AND WINNING A SOUL

A number of the foreign doctors from Jewish Hospital came to our home on Sunday for meals. I just let them cook what they wanted to cook. I usually asked them what they were used to eating at home, what they were hungry for that they did not get at the hospital, and then I bought the kind of food they wanted ahead of time -- eggplants, crushed sesame seed and spices of all kinds.

One Sunday I had four Hindus, two Buddhists and two Pakistanis in my home. My kitchen was really a mess when they got through with the stove! Whole mustard seeds, which they threw into the pot which was oiled to brown them, burst open like popcorn and sprayed my kitchen with grease. I said not a word.

One day we had a new little Buddhist girl doctor with us. She had not been to our home before, so when we sat down to eat, I said, "Perdu, we always pray before we eat."

"Ach! All right."

"Do you ever pray at home?"

"O yes, we pray before we eat."

I addressed a Hindu doctor, "Do you pray?"

"Yes, yes."

Perdu said, "We chant our prayers."

"Well, go ahead, you chant your prayers."

She dropped her head and closed her eyes in a very pious attitude and began in a mournful wail to chant a thanksgiving for the food. Then the Hindu chanted. It was a little more lively. Then I prayed.

When I finished, I said, "Perdu, tell me, what did you pray? I want to hear what you prayed."

"O, I was thanking all the gods for all the food on this table. I was thanking the god of the eggplant, the god of the rice and all the gods."

"But, Perdu," I interrupted, "there aren't a lot of gods. There is only one God. He is a triple personality. He is God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost. There is only One. There are not a lot of gods."

"O," she said, somewhat taken aback, "I never heard that before."

"Buddha!" the Hindu doctor echoed, "I never heard this before."

O what a glorious time we had after the meal! Sitting in my own living room, I was able to tell them of Jesus Christ, the only true God, the Son of God who came and died for us who were in our sins and was resurrected for our redemption. They sat in rapture. Their sandals were off their feet, their bare feet were drawn up as they sat, yogi style, on my couches in my living room.

One day, on routine duty in Jewish Hospital, I was looking over the schedule in recovery room and discovered that a woman was coming in that I had known for years. Her children and I went to Hebrew school together and were confirmed together. (When I became a believer in Jesus Christ I became an object of scorn and much fun-making at their hands. They said it was more fun to listen to me than to go to a three-ring circus.) I had often been to this woman's door after I was

saved. But she would not allow me to cross her threshold because of her rebellion against what she thought was the Gospel. For much has paraded under the name of Christianity that has not been Christianity -- the Crusaders killing the Jews in their tracks as they traveled through villages and countryside on their way to the Holy Land; the slaughtering of thousands and thousands of Jews in the name of Christianity; the suffering of Jewish people at the hands of Catholic churches in Poland, Hungary, and Spain during the terrible Spanish Inquisition. To the Jews, Christianity spells all this.

Now the Lord was placing this woman in my care that I might be able to minister to her. "Please, God," I prayed, "in some way soften her heart. May something happen to open the door to her home as well."

She had cancer of the upper palate, and I knew it had been radical surgery. Her recovery, too, would be critical. When she was brought into recovery room, I asked if I could especially observe her and take her vital signs. They granted me the permission. As I was watching Mrs. Weiss her color began to change. Her face reddened, then turned bluish. Her feet began to kick. She began to struggle for breath. It was evident that her nasal and respiratory passages were filling with mucous and blood from the area where the cancer had been removed. I quickly pushed the panic button. The doctors came in and wanted to do a tracheotomy right away. We set up the tracheotomy tray. A student nurse was between the doctors and myself. I thought I would just observe.

The doctors began to call for various instruments. The nurse handed the doctor the instrument called for first, and when he made the incision, the blood spurted. Being just a student, the nurse had never seen blood spurt before and fainted dead away. There was no time to pick her up or do anything about it. We had to make an opening so that this woman could breathe. The doctors kept on calling for instruments.

I prayed, "O Lord, please let me know which instruments they want, because I don't know anything about being a nurse."

God did help me. He gave me the wisdom to hand them the right instruments at the right time, and soon the doctors had inserted a little tube in Mrs. Weiss' throat so that she could breathe.

That afternoon I left the hospital and was out of town over the week-end. When I returned on Monday I was told by one of the nurses that Mrs. Weiss wanted to see me. I asked the nurse why she wanted to see me.

"O," she said, "she just wants to see you. She asked that you be sent to her room."

"How did she know that I was even here?"

"We told her. We told her that it was your quick observation that saved her life, and she wants to see you."

I went to her room, and she looked just beautiful. The tracheotomy tube had been removed and she was breathing nicely. Her color was good.

When I stepped into her room, she threw up her arms and cried, "Irene, come here."

I went to her bedside.

She threw her arms around me and said, "O Irene, can you ever forgive me? To think that I treated you as I did! We used to laugh at you. You were the subject of much joking and ridicule in our home, and now God used you to save my life."

What a wonderful reunion we had! I told her how the Lord had helped me and how He had given me wisdom as to which instruments to hand to the doctors.

After Mrs. Weiss left the hospital, I began to go to her home and I thank the Lord that this dear little friend of mine was saved. Before many months -- it was not long -- the Lord took her home, for not all the cancer had been removed. How glad I am I was there that day in recovery room to help her.

* * * * *

12

"MOTHER SUPERIOR" WINS A RABBI

I had received my Saturday-morning assignment -- about eight patients to care for on medical floor. Some days previously, as I had gone up and down the corridor on this floor, I noticed a closed door with a "No Visitors" sign on it. In this room was a rabbi whose father I had known well. Once the father had threatened that he would wring my neck because several of his congregation had found the Lord Jesus Christ through my witnessing. This rabbi son had a brilliant mind and a wonderful reputation for being a fine, moral, and very orthodox man. O how I wanted to get into that room and witness to him! I heard he had had a heart attack and also a slight stroke.

When I saw his private duty nurse leave the room, I took a chance and went in. His wife and others could have been there, and I could have been called on the carpet for entering, but no one was there. I went to his bedside and quickly began to tell him about Jesus, but I got no response. He was in an unconscious state and did not respond even with the flicker of an eyelid. Nevertheless, I continued to tell him about the Lord and then hurried out of the room.

Now this Saturday morning in my assignment for the day I noticed that he was to be one of the patients I was to care for. He had been moved to another room, and evidently was much better or he would not have been out from under the care of a special-duty nurse. I was so thrilled with the anticipation of getting to talk with the rabbi that I forgot I was to feed him at eight o'clock when the trays came around. I was hurrying to take care of the other seven patients, feeding those who needed to be fed, bathing those who needed to be bathed, assisting them where they needed to be assisted and changing their linens quickly so I could spend the rest of my time with the rabbi.

It was about ten-thirty when I finally knocked on his door. I heard a weak voice say, "Come in."

I opened the door. The shades had not yet been opened; the room was in semi-darkness. There was his breakfast tray on the night stand. It had been there since eight o'clock; everything on it was cold. This was surely a bad way to begin to witness to a rabbi. I thought, "Dear Lord, help me. Forgive me, Lord."

To my patient I said, "O Rabbi, I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I forgot that I was supposed to feed you at eight o'clock. I know your breakfast is cold."

"Never mind, never mind," he said. "Just feed me, just feed me."

His stroke had left his right hand useless and his whole right side was paralyzed.

"Rabbi," I said, "let me go down to the kosher kitchen and fix you fresh eggs, fresh toast, and fresh coffee. It won't take me but a few minutes. Please let me."

"No, no, never mind, daughter," he said in a very quiet, patient manner. "Never mind, daughter. Just feed me."

"O Rabbi, you're so patient."

"Only on the outside, daughter. Only on the outside."

That morning I was happy he was patient on the outside. I fed him and we began to talk. I quoted scriptures. Being a rabbi, he knew the Old Testament better than I. I mentioned never a word to him about Jesus. That I was Jewish he knew well. I helped him bathe and get into his new pajamas. My order sheet said that after this was done I should call the aides, two strong girls, who would put him in a wheelchair.

So I said, "I'll call the girls and they'll get you in a wheelchair."

They came and put him in a wheelchair while I continued making his bed. My back was hurting me quite severely that morning. (I often had to wear a brace for it.) Nevertheless I was on my knees so that I could put tension on the sheet and tuck it underneath the mattress.

I said, "See, Rabbi, I am serving you on my knees. And yet not you. I'm really serving the Lord while I'm making your bed."

"Good, daughter, good. Yes, this is a service you are doing unto the Lord. This is a great mitzvah. [This word means "a good deed that would merit forgiveness of sins," as far as the Jewish people are concerned.] This that you are doing is a great mitzvah," he repeated, "but let me tell you something -- sometimes I get on my knees too when I'm alone, and pray, but nobody knows it." (Commonly the Jewish people do not kneel. The men stand when they pray, their hands extended heavenward, their bodies swaying as they all chant in unison.)

When he told me he often got on his knees to pray when alone, I said, "Do you, Rabbi?"

"O yes, and I'll tell you something else [he said it almost secretively, furtively], often when I'm alone in Schul [in the synagogue], I prostrate myself before the Ruach Ha Quodesh before the holy of holies or the place where the Holy One dwells."

In every synagogue there is a Ruach Ha Quodesh covered by a veil. Thank God we know the veil was rent in twain almost two thousand years ago, but the veils in the synagogues are still in one piece, for Jews do not recognize Jesus as the riven Veil, only through whom we can approach God.

Now he had told me, "Often when I stand before the Ruach Ha Quodesh I soon find myself on the floor in the presence of God."

I thought, "O what a godly Jew, an Israelite indeed in whom is no guile."

His language was beautiful. He used no profanity. He did not smoke. He did not drink. He did not play cards. He did not even go to the theaters or watch television. He lived a life very much separated unto God.

While we were discussing the things of God, the rabbi began to cry. He raised his left hand, as the right one was paralyzed, and sobbed out, "O Lord, it is good for me that I have been afflicted, for in my afflictions I have sought Thy face. Daughter, I don't know what's come over me. I don't know why I'm crying like this. I haven't cried in years."

That slender afflicted body was fairly shaking with sobs. I began to weep too, for I knew the Lord was on the scene. We kept discussing more at length the things of the Lord until I finished making his bed and it was time to put him back in. I still had not told him that I was a believer in Jesus. Perhaps there was an element of fear in my heart. I really had not yet felt led to tell him about Jesus.

I said, "Rabbi, I'm going to call the girls now and we're going to put you back to bed."

"No, no," he remonstrated, "don't call the girls. I want to do it myself."

"O but, Rabbi, you can't. You've been in bed for three months. You're weak. You can't stand on your feet. You can't do this."

"Yes, I can. I'll tell you how to do it. You can help me and I'm going to make it back to bed. I've got to get my strength back, daughter. I've got to get back to my synagogue. [He had a synagogue of twenty-five hundred members and was well loved and highly respected by both young and old.] I've got to get back to my synagogue. Now, please don't call the girls. Just do as I say, and everything's going to be all right."

Against my better judgment, against the rule under which I served, I did what he asked me to do.

"Now just push this veelchair over to the bed," he instructed.

I did.

"Now," he said, "I'm going to get out on my left foot and when I put my weight on my left foot, you just sving my body on to the bed."

He started to get out on his left foot; but, just as I feared, he did not realize that, having been in bed for three months, he did not have any strength in it. He began to go down. My arms were under his arms at the shoulders, and I began to feel his weight going down, down.

What should I do? I cried aloud, "O Jesus, help me! Let me break my back, but don't let Rabbi break his!"

With this, Rabbi grabbed hold of the arms of the wheelchair and slowly lowered himself to the edge of it. He looked up at me and said in a very stem voice, "Call the girls! Call the girls!"

I went into the hall and called the girls. They came quickly and with great ease put him back in bed. They pulled the sheets and the bedspread back over him and left.

Rabbi looked at me. "Was that a prayer?" he asked sharply.

"Yes, Rabbi."

"Did I hear you call on Jesus?" (He did not say the "J" as clearly as we do. It was, "Did I hear you call on Chesus?")

"Yes, Rabbi."

"Didn't you tell me you were a Jewess?"

"Yes, Rabbi. Rabbi, I believe in Jesus with all my heart. I wanted to tell you this when I first came in the room, but I was afraid you would drive me out and not let me take care of you."

"I vould have! I would have!"

His wife, Sarah, who had come into the room, spoke up and said, "Yes, and I would have too. I would have demanded that you leave the room!"

I said, "Rabbi, I'm sorry. I'm sorry that it's come out like this."

Sarah said, "Never mind. Never mind. Let me think. Let me think. We were just going to ask you if you could take care of Rabbi every day. He still needs some help. Just on that shift from seven to three."

"But -- you wouldn't want me to now."

Rabbi said, "Let me think. Let me think." Then he looked up at me and said, "Nu -- [In the Yiddish language that could mean anything.] Nu -- I'm t'inking. Would you? Would you take care of me from seven to three? We'd pay you anything you ask."

"Rabbi, you mean you want me -- a Hebrew Christian -- to take care of you for a few weeks?"

"Yes, I'd rather have you and your Chesus than anybody I know. How much do you charge?"

"Why, Rabbi, if you would let me do it, I wouldn't charge you a cent. I couldn't. I'd count it a privilege. Would you let me?"

"Of course."

I began to take care of Rabbi every morning. I had prayer and Bible study in his room with him and his wife. I brought him an amplified version of the Old Testament. We read it every day. He thought it was the most beautiful translation from the pure Hebrew he had ever read. He wanted to know if there was a New Testament also in the amplified version. I bought him a copy of that, and O what a precious, gracious time we had together!

There was still a sign on Rabbi's door that no visitors were allowed. He was a very popular man, well known among the Jews throughout the city. Had not the sign been there, he would have been besieged by visitors all hours of the day and into the night. He needed rest; he needed to recuperate.

I arrived at the rabbi's room early one morning. I was usually there at seven, but this morning it was six-thirty. I stepped in, but he was sleeping, so I stood outside the door. The hospital chaplain -- a rabbi, of course -- passed me. He saw me, but did not say anything. A little later when I was feeding the rabbi, the chaplain came in.

"What are you doing in here?" he accosted me. "Didn't you see that sign on the door? Don't you know you're not allowed in here? Can't you read? Now, see that door? Get out!"

Rabbi Eleazer raised himself on his left elbow. He looked at the chaplain and said, "Who says? Who do you think you are, Joe? The Pope? I'm going to subordinate you and demote you to a cardinal. I want you to know that this is little Mother Superior, and from now on you'll address her as Mother Superior. God has sent this angel along to take care of me, and how dare you make any trouble for her? If I ever find out that you do, you're going to pay for it. Why, do you know this little woman has been taking care of me for weeks? She comes all the way from East St. Louis

every day to take care of me. And look, Joe, look how I can already use my right arm! I can shave with it. I can walk with a cane now with my right leg! And it's this little woman and her Jesus that has done this. And you would drive her out of my room?"

The chaplain bowed and began to apologize. "I'm sorry, young lady. I'm sorry, young lady." There was a twinkle in his eye.

I thought, "Young lady?" I said, "Look, Joe. [I did not know what else to call him.] Do you have cataracts?"

"Maybe you need your glasses changed?"

"No, no."

I said, "You call me 'young lady.' Can't you see my white hair? And the wrinkles? I'm nearing sixty!"

Rabbi Eleazer chimed in, "Never mind, Shendal [my Jewish name], he sees that light in your eyes. He sees the beauty of God in your heart. Never mind about your age. You are a true daughter of Abraham."

Every day we had Bible study. When Rabbi left the hospital, I went once a month to his home and had Bible study with him and his wife. The Lord blessed. Through these people the Lord opened the way for me to speak before many Jewish women's organizations. They all knew that I was a Hebrew Christian, but seemed to welcome me.

O my heart pled that Rabbi Eleazer might be saved! One day he was scheduled for a below-the-knee amputation because of diabetes. He asked the surgeon if I might stay in the operating room during surgery. I was thanking God that he had this much confidence in me. I knew that God was getting to his heart. I knew he was hungry to know Jesus. He had never once argued against the claims of the Lord Jesus Christ.

I stayed in the room. Because the rabbi had heart trouble, he was given a spinal anesthesia and would not be unconscious. This presented problems too. He would be able to hear the amputating, the sawing off of the leg. The doctors did not want him to hear this, so they muffled the sound by putting ear muffs on him that were attached to a stereo hi-fi playing "Fiddler on the Roof."

I saw his lips moving constantly. His head was bare. Knowing what his little prayer cap meant to him, I took a sterile towel and placed it over his head. He reminded me of Moses.

After the operation, I said to him, "Rabbi, I'm sorry they put those earphones over your ears and you had to listen to that 'Fiddler on the Roof' during surgery. I'm so sorry."

He looked at me with a puzzled expression. "What 'Fiddler on the Roof'?"

"You know. The anesthetist wired those ear phones to a hi-fi and you were hearing 'Fiddler on the Roof.'"

"I didn't hear any 'Fiddler on the Roof,' " he answered. "I was quoting the 119th Psalm over and over again. I think maybe twenty times. I didn't hear 'Fiddler on the Roof.' I only heard God."

Some time later, one of the hospital personnel said to me, "Did you know Rabbi died last night?"

"No, I didn't. I didn't even know he was in the hospital."

"Yes, they brought him in yesterday afternoon."

"Was there anyone with him?" I asked.

"I think they had all gone home and there was just a special duty nurse."

I inquired who the special-duty nurse was and went to her. "Tell me," I said, "how did Rabbi die last night?"

"What do you mean, 'How did he die?' He just died." "I know, but tell me, how did he die? Did he die hard? How did he die? Usually, Jewish people die very hard."

"I know that," she said, "and that puzzled me too, because he didn't die hard. He died with a smile on his face."

"Well, tell me, did he say anything before he died? Did he say anything?"

"Of course, you know he was in a comatose state," she answered.

"Yes, I heard he was, but did he say anything? Even though he was in a delirium, did he say anything?"

"O," she said, "he was mumbling and talking to someone whose name was Shendal. I didn't pay any attention. He was just saying, 'Shendal, are you here? Come close, I want to tell you something. It's all right, Shendal. He's my Messiah. He is the Saviour. I love Jesus.' But he'd go off to sleep again and then he'd say, 'Shendal, I'm glad you didn't leave me. He's the Saviour. It's all right. It's all right.'"

I left her. I did not tell her I was Shendal. I went into the linen room, locked myself in, and there I had a time of weeping and rejoicing because God's seed again had taken root in fertile soil.

* * * * *

My phone rang. A friend from St. Louis, a precious Gentile Christian who lived a life of witnessing to my people, was calling. She told me that a Christian Hebrew brother was to have surgery in the morning and she thought he would appreciate it very much if I would go up early and have prayer with him. I would meet his wife there too. I promised her I would.

Early the next morning I went to his room on sixth floor. As I entered, I noticed that this Jewish man's wife was sitting next to him knitting. There was a curtain drawn between his bed and the one next to him. We had a precious time fellowshiping in the Word of God and in prayer. When the nurse came to give the man his pre-operation sedative, I knew we should quietly leave and let him go to sleep.

His wife and I were walking down the corridor toward the waiting room when I heard a voice saying, "Nurse, nurse! Vait a minute, nurse. I vant to talk to you, nurse."

I turned around, and there was a little, old, bald-headed man in his eighties running down the hallway, yelling, wanting me to stop. He was no taller than I, and I am only four-feet-eight and three quarters. When he caught up with me, he said, "Nurse, I vant you to bless me like you blessed him."

"But, sir, I didn't bless him."

"Yes, you did. I heard you say brocha [a blessing] over him. I vant you to bless me with the same vords. I vant you to say the same vords over me, just like you said over him."

"But I didn't bless him. I was praying for him."

"Call it vat you vant. Say vat you vant. Say the same prayer over me."

I said, "zada [meaning grandfather in Yiddish], I can't pray the same prayer for you that I prayed for him, because he's a believer in Yeshua Ha Mashiach [Jesus the Messiah]. He believes in Yeshua Ha Mashiach. Do you?"

He opened his eyes wide and blinked. "How can I?" he asked. "I never heard fom [which in Yiddish means about] Him. I never heard anything fom Him."

I said, "Would you like to hear from Him?"

He blinked his eyes again and answered, "Vy not?"

(Jewish people have the habit of answering a question with a question. "Vy not?" can mean anything. It can mean "yes." It can mean "no.")

"Vy not?"

"All right. Would you like to come to the waiting room where this man's wife is sitting? I'll tell you about Jesus."

"Vy not?" he said again.

We sat down on the sofa. I began to tell him he was a sinner and why he needed a Saviour. I quoted scriptures from the Old Testament to him. All of a sudden he began to cry.

I said, "What are you crying about?"

"Oh, I'm just remembering all my sins that I did ven I vas a little boy. I remember ven I vas eight years old I stole an apple from the grocer. I remember that -- ven I vas such a tief, I vas such a tief."

He was crying, and I was praising the Lord for the faithfulness of the Holy Spirit in reminding a man that was eighty years old of the sins that he committed when he was a child in Russia. Now he was weeping more and more profusely. He pulled a gold, blue and white farmer's handkerchief from his pajama pocket, blew his nose and wiped his eyes. I felt he was sufficiently under conviction for sin, so I proceeded to press upon his heart the claims of Jesus as his only Saviour.

"Now," I said, "I'm going to pray for you. You want me that I should pray?"

"Vy not?"

So I prayed for him. When I finished, I said, "Now you pray."

"Out loud?"

"Yes."

"I don't vant to."

"All right. You don't have to pray out loud."

"Do you have to hear me?" he asked.

"No, I really don't, but I'd like to."

"I don't vant you to hear me."

"All right. Just so God hears you. That is the most important -- that God should hear you. Go ahead. Just pray in your heart then."

We bowed our heads and I could see his lips moving in a silent prayer. Then his words became whispers, then they were a little louder and a little louder. Soon he was praying quite openly. Finally, he was praying loudly.

I became so blessed I jumped to my feet, clapped my hands and exclaimed, "Boruch A'da'Shem!" (This means "Praise the Lord!" in Hebrew.)

He thought this was a part of getting saved and he jumped to his feet, clapped and cried out, "Boruch A 'da'Shem!" Then he blinked his eyes and said, "He did it! He did it!"

I said, "What did He do, Zada?"

"He did it! He just now took my sins away. I have peace in my heart. I feel so clean. Really, He did it." He looked at the Christian Hebrew woman at my side. She had stopped her knitting while we were praying. Now she was weeping. He said, "Really! You don't believe me, do you? He did it! He did it! They're gone! My sins are gone!"

He acted as though he had to persuade us, while all the time we had the witness in our hearts that the work was done. Well, praise the Lord! Faithful is He who has promised.

I left the waiting room, and there, in front of me, was Zada's doctor, who was a cardiologist, a heart specialist, looking through his charts. I had forgotten we were right next to the nurses' station. What should I do? This Jewish man had been so loud and so emotional over what transpired, he could have had a heart attack! I hurried to the elevator, pushed the button and prayed, "O dear Lord, send the elevators!" I was afraid if anything happened to the man, they might even throw me down the elevator shaft. I got off the floor as quickly as I could.

That man lived for several months. He led over fifteen people to the Lord Jesus Christ before God took him home to be with Himself. Thank the Lord!

* * * * *

14

"NOT WORTHY OF MY PAY"

We were extremely busy on the medical floor. Some of the aides were off, due to a current epidemic of flu, which made the chores greater for the rest of us. I had noticed the light on over a certain door for quite some time as I went back and forth to other rooms on very important tasks. I just could not answer that light.

After I had passed four or five times, a woman came out and said, "What do you mean, passing this door so many times? My mother's light has been on for fifteen minutes and you don't even bother to come in here and see what she wants. I'm going to report you. You're not fit to work in this hospital. You're not fit to do this kind of work when you can ignore a light which is a call for help." She was so indignant.

All I said was, "Yes, ma'am."

O I thank God He took the fight-back away from me -- the spirit of retaliation, the spirit of not wanting to "take this."

I walked into the room. The lady's mother was a sweet-looking little lady, at least twenty or thirty years older than I. Of course, she was helpless and needed assistance with the most trivial things. Her daughter could have done what needed to be done. I don't know why she was waiting for someone else. Evidently she did not want to do it. Now, the mother started to upbraid me, said she was going to report me and have me fired. She carried on and on, telling me what she thought of me, but I went ahead and did what needed to be done. Afterwards I fixed her linens, straightened her top sheet and bedspread, and tucked them around her. She was still angry.

I said to her, "Momale [an endearing term, meaning "little mother"], Momale, I don't get paid for what I do. You're saying I'm not worthy of what I get paid. I don't get paid for what I do. I'm not doing this for money."

"Well, what are you doing it for?" she snapped angrily. "Don't tell me that!"

"I'm doing it because the Lord Jesus loves me and He loves you, and this is the only way I can show forth the love of God."

"Don't hand me that. I know this is a racket."

"No, it's not a racket. The Lord is very real to me and, little Momale, no amount of money in all the world could cause me to take from you what I have just taken were it not for the love of Jesus in my heart. It's the love of Jesus only."

Her face turned red. "And you're not being paid at all?" she said, quite meekly now.

"No, and my husband works in X-ray and he's not getting paid. We do this because we love the Lord."

She turned a little redder still. "O I'm sorry that I acted like this," she apologized. "You will forgive, please? I have to be fed every meal, because I've had a slight stroke and I cannot feed myself. Would you feed me?"

"O," I said, "I'd be glad to. Would you want me?"

"O yes," At noontime when the trays came around, I went into her room and before she started eating, I said, "Dear Momale, don't you pray before you eat?"

"Ah, we sometimes pray afterwards," she said.

"Would you want me to pray for you?"

"Sure, it won't hurt."

Sometimes when people say that, it seems they are almost doing you a favor to let you pray. But I prayed for her.

When I got through, she looked in my face and said in Yiddish, "Bist du a Molech [Are you an angel]?"

"O no," I said, "I'm a sinner that's been saved by the wonderful grace of God. I'm not an angel at all, never will be, and don't want to be, for in heaven I'll have a much better place than even angels. Angels could never make the choice that I had the liberty of making. And because I had the privilege of choosing Jesus, He is my Saviour this evening."

The next day she called me into her room. "O I'm so glad you came back to me, because I want to tell you, Shendal, that I too now believe that Jesus is my Messiah and my Saviour. I'm not afraid to die, but I'm still so ashamed of the way I talked to you yesterday. Will you forgive me?"

"Of course, I will."

I left the room with wonderful joy and peace, because of this another miracle of grace.

* * * * *

15

"WOULD THOSE PROMISES BE FOR ME TOO?"

It was a rainy morning, the kind of day one would like to stay home and just pray, read, or do things that a housewife has to do. Nevertheless, I went to the hospital. I had a little time so I felt I should go up on second floor and read the Word and pray with a dear friend of mine, a Gentile Christian, who had had a stroke.

Six months after I became a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ I started out as a missionary under a Baptist mission board. Because I was such a young believer and had more zeal than knowledge, they placed over me three counselors -- lovely Christian women -- who advised me and prayed for me. Most of all they loved me. I thank God for every one of them. This woman whom I wanted to visit was one of them.

I found her in the reception room in a wheelchair. I could see that she was quite ill. Her face was swollen and her eyes were almost swollen shut with eczema. She was not alert. She thought she was in one hospital when she really was in another, and, of course, I was not about to correct her. I talked to her about the Lord. She seemed to respond very intelligently about spiritual things. I had prayer with her, read the Word to her and quoted the promises of God.

All the time I noticed that there was another couple in the reception room -- a man and his wife. He was in a wheelchair.

When I got through praying with my friend, this man painfully turned his wheelchair around to me and asked, "Would those words apply to me too?"

I said, "Why, yes."

"Is this some matter of business you have with her alone?" he questioned. "Is this some business deal you have between you?"

"O no, no."

"Well, would you read to me out of that Book, too? Would those promises be for me too?"

"Why, of course, they would be, sir."

I could see that he also had been the victim of a recent stroke. His speech was slightly impaired.

I asked him, "Are you a Christian?"

"No," he said, "I'm a Jew. I've never been a Christian."

"And you've never been saved?"

"No."

"Are you a sinner?"

"O yes. I know I'm in a terrible condition and I know I have no hope. Read to me out of your Book."

"All right."

"But before you read," he said, "what denomination do you represent?"

I said, "I represent none to you, sir. I'm representing Jesus only to you."

I read to him scriptures which explained that we were all sinners, why we were sinners, why we could not save ourselves, and how we could be saved. He kept nodding.

"Do you understand?" I asked.

"Yes, yes."

"All right now, I shall pray for you and while I'm praying, you pray in your own heart. I'm going to pray for the Lord to save you."

I prayed and when I finished, I asked him to pray.

"But I don't know how," he confessed. "Would you pray and let me follow your words?"

Thus, with my help, this dear man prayed the prayer of a repentant sinner and when I opened my eyes, both his hands were up in the air in surrender to Christ and faith in Him.

I turned around to his wife who was sobbing loudly. Indeed her whole body was shaking with sobs. I quickly went to her, and, with great love and compassion, took her hands in mine.

"My dear," I said, "your husband has just received Jesus as his Saviour. Aren't you happy?"

"Yes," she said, "if he understood it."

I said, "Don't you suppose God knows how much he can understand?"

"Don't you know he's had a stroke?"

"Yes, but do you think God is limited? God knows what he has said and meant in his heart."

"O I believe it," she exclaimed. Then she confided, "He's been here since June the first."

"Has any pastor visited him?" I asked. "Has the rabbi? Anyone?"

"No," she said, "no one. And I've had no comfort in all my life."

Now I dealt with her, and praise the Lord, her eyes began to beam with the radiance of heaven! Her face took on a different look.

Suddenly she said, "My sister said that there was only one Irene Hanley, and now I believe her."

I looked at her in amazement. "You know me?"

"O yes, I recognized you when you got off the elevator. I knew you when you came in here, but I wasn't going to tell you who I was. You led my sister to the Lord Jesus Christ. . ." she hesitated as though it was hard for her to say it, "and she's in heaven now. My sister spoke to me about you so many times. She always said there was only one Irene Hanley."

I was a little embarrassed, to say the least, but I said to her, "Well, I guess God knew that He would have His hands full with just one Irene Hanley."

I left the hospital that day to go to my car, thanking the Lord for the privilege of leading this dear couple to the Lord Jesus Christ when I least expected it. I did not even ask God to give me souls that day. I do not know whether I even asked the Lord to help me be a witness for Him. All I

knew was that I was in His hands and obeying all He told me to do, step by step, moment by moment.

* * * * *

16

THREATENED WITH A BUTCHER'S CLEAVER

One morning as I was meditating, I felt led to go to South St. Louis and visit among the Jewish people door to door, store to store, just however the Holy Spirit might lead me. I went into a butcher shop that I had entered several times before and where I had often talked to Rachel, the daughter of the owner. This time when I entered I could see that Rachel had been doing some thinking.

She asked me, "How can I know I am born again?"

I did not know there was anybody else in the store, but about that time I heard a little noise behind the butcher's counter and saw the top of a man's head. The next thing I knew, the man came out from behind the counter, very angry and with a cleaver in his hand.

He approached me and ordered, "You get out of here! You're in here to proselyte. You're trying to convert my Rachel. Get out!" He was shaking with rage. He advanced still closer, raised the cleaver, and yelled, "If you don't get out, I'm going to kill you!"

I was simply rooted to the spot. I do not want any credit for not running. I could not have run. I was frozen with fear, for the cleaver he was holding over my head looked as though it were about ten feet long. Of course, it was really just an ordinary sized butcher's cleaver.

Then he realized he had made a threat against my life, which he should not have done. He laid down his cleaver. "Now look," he threatened, "if you don't get out of here, I'm going to call that policeman on the corner and have you arrested. This is a private place. This is my own butcher shop, and you're not coming in here to try to convert my daughter. Get out!"

It was summertime. The door was open to the streets, and he had raised his voice to such a high pitch that people had gathered on the sidewalks. My back was to the crowd. I could hear some of them say, "Tell it to her, Sam. Give it to her, Sam. Put her out of there, Sam."

But among them I heard one voice say, "Praise the Lord, Sister! Preach it, Sister, preach it! Praise the Lord!" and I knew that voice came from a Negro man. I thanked God I had company. God said, "One shall put a thousand to flight, and two shall put ten thousand to flight."

The Jewish butcher, feeling rather ashamed of himself by this time, lowered his voice and said, "Now if you don't get out of here, I'm going to throw you out with my two hands."

I still stood there. I could not turn and run. I am glad God did not let me.

Soon the butcher went to the back of the counter, and the crowd dispersed.

I left.

A few weeks later, the Lord said, "Go back again."

I did not want to.

The Lord said, "Go back again."

"But Lord. . ."

"Never mind, go back again."

I drove to South St. Louis, parked my car, and walked up and down in front of the store several times. I did not see anyone inside.

"Lord, there's nobody there."

The Lord said, "Go in the next time you go by."

So the next time I went by, I went in. A little bell attached to the door rang as I did so. I stood inside and still did not see anyone. No one came out. I did not wait long, but left and went up the sidewalk past the store a little way.

"See, Lord," I argued, "there's nobody in there."

He said, "Go in again."

I opened the door again, the little bell rang, and I went in. Soon Rachel's father came out from behind the counter. I just stood there, real close to the door this time. He motioned for me to come where he was. He did not say a word, just motioned. So I went back of the butcher counter. He was eating his lunch at one of these big, round, wooden butcher blocks where they cut meat. He pulled a chair up to the block and motioned, "Sit down." He did not say anything, just motioned. So I sat down. He was eating smoked herring with some bread. He broke a smoked herring and flipped it over to me. Then he took the long loaf of black pumpernickel in his hand, put one end of it under his arm while he broke off a piece from the other end, threw it over to me, and motioned for me to eat. After a moment of silent prayer, I began to nibble on the smoked herring and the pumpernickel. He had not said a word.

Finally he insisted, "Go on, go on, go on!"

"Why? Do you want me to leave?" I asked. "Do you want me to go?"

"No. Go on."

"What do you mean?"

"Go on. Tell me what you were going to tell me when you came in. Tell me what you came here to say."

"Do you mean you want me to tell you about Jesus? Do you want me to talk to you about the Lord?"

"Yes, go on, but I want you to know you'll never convert me. Never! You'll never change my mind, but go on. Get it off your chest."

I talked to him. Thank God that I obeyed the voice of the Holy Spirit. I went back time and time again. One day the butcher knelt in the sawdust behind his counter, while Rachel was looking on, and received Jesus Christ as his Messiah. He wept as he got up from his knees. A few days later he took the Old Testament to the chief of orthodox rabbis and showed it to him. He pointed out Isaiah 53.

"Rabbi," he said, "if this doesn't mean the Messiah, who does it mean? It does mean Messiah Jesus, Rabbi."

"All right," the rabbi retorted, "go ahead and believe it means Jesus and be a goy [a Gentile], but I refuse to believe it means Jesus and I'll remain a good Jew."

However, this did not hinder Sam. He continued with the Lord. His wife divorced him, his children buried him for dead. They renounced him. Sam has since gone on to be with the Lord Jesus; but what a price he paid to follow Him, the Man of Nazareth, the Galilean-born a virgin, crucified, risen, ascended and soon to return as King!

I experienced another butcher shop incident in a different place. One afternoon I went into this little store to buy my groceries. Clara, whom the Lord had recently helped me to win to Him, was in there. I was witnessing about the Lord to the young man who was waiting on me. We were talking casually, not arguing, just discussing the Lord Jesus.

The butcher's mother had recently come from Europe. She was sitting in the store, leaning on a cane. As I talked to the young man, the only word she understood was the word "Jesus," for she did not know English at all. But when I said that word, I felt a sharp sting across the base of my spine. I twirled around, and there was the little old woman looking at me. She had brought her cane across my back. The pain was intense. In fact, as I found out later, she had ruptured two discs and broken a vertebra. I've had two surgeries on my spine since.

Clara saw it all. She dropped her bag of groceries, rolled up her sleeve, doubled up her fist, and started after the little Jewish lady.

I jumped between Clara and the little woman and said, "O no, Clara, you mustn't touch her."

"But she can't do this to you!"

"But, Clara, she doesn't know Jesus like you do. Let's pray for her."

Well, Clara was just a babe in Christ. She needed a holy heart. She needed the fight-back taken out. She needed that something within her soul, that made her double up her fist, taken out. But Clara had not gone that far with the Lord. This woman, though, who had been cynical and sarcastic when I first dealt with her, was now ready to come to my defense.

* * * * *

17

A NEW CONVERT BECOMES A MISSIONARY

The bus could take me no farther. I was still about seventeen miles from the small town in Central Illinois where I had been asked to speak to a district women's missionary convention. How I was going to get there I did not know; there was no means of transportation and the little church had no telephone. Someone could have met me, but I had not thought to tell the women how or when I was coming. There was scarcely anything I could do except trust the Lord to get me there. (Looking back, I can see His hand in it.)

While I was waiting under the awning of a dime store, wondering what to do next, I happened to look across the street and I noticed a ladies' apparel shop with a Jewish name above it.

I thought, "I don't want to lose any time. I'll go over there, witness to them, give them a New Testament if they'll accept it, and then hurry back to my spot and wait and see what God is going to do -- how He is going to get me out to this meeting."

As I entered the store, I greeted the proprietor with "Shalom" (peace), and she answered me back with the same greeting. I told her I had something I wanted her to read -- a little Yiddish Bichele (a little Jewish Book) -- written by Jews.

She put her hands behind her. "No," she said, "I won't take anything from you. I know what you are. You're a Jehovah's Witness."

I said, "No I'm not. I'm a Jew and I believe Jesus is my Messiah."

"Are you Christian Science?"

"No, I'm not."

"All right," she relented, "I'll take whatever you have."

I was glad she was that cautious and careful. Would to God some Christians were as careful about what they read and are influenced by! Well, she was very open and graciously listened to me.

Finally she said, "Come on in the back. I'd like to talk to you." One thing I knew -- she was wanting to get me away from the customers and the clerks. Whether she was wanting to take me to the back for some other reason also, I did not know. I have been taken to the back before to be pushed out of doors or down the stairs. Now why was she taking me to the back?

Well, when we got to the back, she put her hands on my shoulders, looked longingly into my face and said, "Tell me, what has Jesus done for you? What does it mean to believe in Jesus? Are you happier now? Do you have peace?"

All these questions she fired at me, one after the other. I looked at my watch. I knew I did not have time to stay any longer. I felt that I must get back under the awning and from there God would some way provide means for me to get out to the meeting.

"I just can't stay any longer now," I told her, "for I'm due out at this little church where I'm to speak in about half an hour. I must get across the street in front of the dime store."

She did not question me as to how I was going to get out there, but asked, "When will you be back here?"

By faith, I said, "O by four o'clock this afternoon, I think."

"Well," she said, "will you come to my house for supper?" I thought, "For supper?" Then I said to her, "If I come to supper, it'll be too late for me to get a bus back to East St. Louis. The bus leaves around five."

"Well, stay all night with me."

I had not asked her name. She had not asked mine.

I said, "If I do, I'll have to call my husband and let him know."

"You can do that from my house," she offered.

I told her I would see her at four o'clock. I did not know quite the will of God yet. Now I went back and stood under the awning. A man was standing there.

I said, "It's surely raining hard."

"Yes," he said, "it surely is. My wife's in there doing a little bit of shopping. I'm waiting for her to come out. I need to get to . . ." and he named the little village where this little country church was.

I said, "Do you live there?"

"Yes," he said. "I'm a doctor, a practicing physician there."

"O," I said, 'this is an answer to prayer. I have to be there at eleven o'clock myself to speak in the church and I didn't know how I was going to get there."

"You just wait right here," he said, "I'm going in and get my wife and we'll have you on your way in no time at all."

He got his wife, and sure enough, by eleven o'clock I had arrived at the meeting. I spoke in the morning and in the afternoon. Someone took me to the city where I would have taken my bus and I was back at the ladies' apparel shop by four o'clock.

The lady asked, "Are you coming home to have supper with me?"

"I surely am," I told her.

"O," she said, "I surely am glad. Will you stay all night?"

"Yes, I'll call my husband, and if he says it's all right, I will."

My husband quickly assented.

"I'll tell you what I've done," she said. "I've called up all the Jews in town to come over to my house tonight and I want you to tell them all you've told me here today about Jesus. I'm sure none of them have ever heard."

I was thrilled for this opportunity. We had supper and by seven-thirty the guests began to arrive. They were there until eleven, asking questions; and the Lord helped me to answer them. This was not on my agenda for the day, but this is how the Lord works if we let Him.

After the last of the guests had gone, my hostess said to me, "Mrs. Hanley, I feel real bad. Everybody was here except one Jewish woman, and I wanted her here worst of all. I know it's still raining, and it's late-eleven o'clock -- but I'll call her up. If she's still awake, I wonder, if I loaned you a pair of my rain shoes, and I have umbrellas, would you mind walking over there with me and telling her about Jesus?"

"Of course not," I told her. "I'll be glad to go."

I wondered for a moment who was the missionary -- she or myself?

We went over to see this lady after eleven o'clock, and there we sat in her library. I told her of the love of Jesus, and by midnight this dear Jewish woman had gotten down on her knees and received Christ as her Saviour as had my hostess before her. Later on, I sent two Bibles to this

town, and I understand both women are still witnessing to the love of Jesus Christ. How wonderful it is to walk by faith and trust God for the outcome!

* * * * *

18

"OUR GOD IS ALIVE, ISN'T HE?"

At one time I was asked to speak in the northwest section of Missouri. I did not have the train fare to go. I borrowed ten dollars from a friend and bought my round-trip ticket which amounted to about nine dollars and fifty cents. I boarded the train in the morning of the day I was due at my appointment.

The train was rather slow, but I thought, "O it's all right. It's fine. I don't mind having only a few cents left in my purse. I don't need to eat anything until evening."

But at noon I began to feel hungry. My coach was right behind the dining car, and every time the conductor opened the door I could smell the delicious food being served. Eventually I became so hungry, I thought, "I just can't stand it. I'm going in there and get a cup of coffee for a dime."

I entered the dining car where a colored steward graciously pulled out a chair and beckoned me to be seated. I sat down and he handed me a menu.

I said, "I won't need the menu. How much is a cup of coffee?"

"Twenty-five cents, ma'am."

"O . . ."

"In a pot, coffee is forty cents."

Well, I knew that was out of the question. I said, "How much would a piece of toast be?"

"That would be fifteen cents."

"O I don't think I'm very hungry," I excused myself. "I think I can wait until I get where I am going."

I got up to leave.

He stopped me. "Just a minute, lady, I can let you have a cup of coffee for fifteen cents if you want. Won't you sit down?"

So I sat down and waited. Soon he came in bearing a tray, and on this tray were a pot, coffee cup, scrambled eggs, bacon, toast, jelly and butter. I really became frightened. I thought he

had misunderstood me. I could picture myself back in the kitchen washing dishes all the way to Keokuk, Iowa, to pay for this tray of food.

"Look," I told him, "I didn't order all this. All I wanted was a cup of coffee for fifteen cents."

This dear black man's face broke into a wide smile. "Lady," he said, "that's all right. You go ahead and eat. I know you're hungry. You're a missionary lady, aren't you?"

"Yes. How do you know?"

"I see that Book under your arm. My mother was a missionary lady. That's all right, lady, you go ahead and eat. It's all right."

Well, praise the Lord! I told him I would eat if he would sit down across from me and tell me about his mother. He did.

I went on to my meeting. They gave me an offering. I took the same train back and had the same steward.

When I went in to get supper, he greeted me and said, "Lady. did you get taken care of today?"

"I surely did!"

"Our God is alive, isn't He?" he said beaming.

"Yes, He is!" I agreed wholeheartedly.

When he served me a nice supper that evening, I left a generous tip under the plate, besides enough to pay for the breakfast he had given me that morning. I was afraid he would have to pay for it.

Once again it was proven that God wonderfully takes care of His own. I have traveled to the east coast with nothing but the stub of my railroad ticket in my pocketbook, and God has marvelously taken care of me. I did not need to say anything to anybody; I did not need to tell anyone my financial condition, but God knew. God knew just whom He could trust to invite me into their homes and have me in for meals. I have no long, poor-mouth stories to tell, for my God has supplied all my needs according to His riches in glory.

* * * * *

I felt led to go to Chicago. I did not have any meeting. There was nothing in particular drawing me, except that I felt the Holy Spirit urging me, prodding me, and prompting me to go.

I arrived at the Illinois Central station in Chicago with exactly ten cents in my billfold. That was all. It was evening. What to do? I had relatives there. My father's sister, whom I loved dearly, lived in Chicago, but she had turned against me because my mother had been saved. She felt that I had killed my mother by turning to Jesus. Her attitude had broken my father's heart.

Once Auntie even drove me out of her home, telling me to get out, that I had killed my mother. It was wintertime. I had left her home in north Chicago and gone downtown to the railroad station at three o'clock in the morning. Not knowing what to do, I had tried to lie on a bench the rest of the night. Of course, the policeman would not allow me to do that. I shall never forget the experience.

But, now, here I was at the station. What should I do? Where should I go? I was looking through my billfold, thinking perhaps I had a dollar bill tucked away here, or that I had a quarter or a fifty-cent piece hidden in a fold somewhere. I could not find anything except a little white slip of paper. It had a Chicago telephone number on it, belonging to the pastor of a church. Well, I had forgotten about that pastor. I had met him only once. I could not even remember who he was, what the connection was, or why I had the telephone number, but I thought, "Well, Lord, this must be in Your plan." I put my ten cents in the coin slot and prayed, "Dear Lord, let this be Your way of taking care of me, for this is all I have -- ten cents."

A man answered the phone. I said, "Is this Brother Lewis?"

"Yes, it is."

"Brother Lewis, this is Mrs. Hanley, Irene Hanley."

"Well, wonderful!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing in Chicago?"

"I don't know, really," I answered him. "The Lord led me here."

"Well," he said, "He surely must have. Is this ever an answer to prayer! We're having a district youth rally tonight. Our speaker is ill and we've been wondering and wondering who's going to do the speaking, when just now the phone rang and you're in the city! Mrs. Hanley, where are you?"

I said, "At the Illinois Central station."

"You stay right there," he instructed. "My wife and I will be right out after you. You have time to eat a bite of supper and then we'll take you to the youth rally. Will you speak for us tonight?"

Would I? Would I dare turn down the supper, the opportunity to speak, and the privilege of staying all night with them when I was penniless?

"O sure!" I agreed.

"Now don't leave there. Just stay there," he reiterated.

I laughed within myself. How could I go anywhere? I did not have any money. But I did not say this to him.

They came and got me and fed me well. We went to the youth rally, and the Lord graciously blessed. Several were saved, and an offering was taken and given to me. I was so happy. Again God had answered prayer and had proven Himself true to the promise He gave me when He called me to do this. It was that He would take care of me.

The next morning I phoned my aunt. "Aunt Bertha," I said, "I'm in town. I'd surely like to come out and see you."

"Well, come on," she acquiesced, "but on one condition don't you mention that Jesus to me. But come on."

I went out to her home and knocked on the door. She answered my knock and invited me in. Then she kissed me as any sweet aunt would. "Now remember," she cautioned me, "not one word about Jesus. Not one word."

We sat down to eat supper. She poured a little bit of wine for herself and then poured some for me. I said, "No, Aunt Bertha, I don't drink."

"O this won't hurt you."

"No, I don't drink, Aunt Bertha."

"Why won't you drink?"

"Aunt Bertha, if I were to tell you why I don't drink anymore, I'd have to tell you about Jesus."

"Never mind, never mind. Don't drink the wine then." Later on she said, "You know, Irene, I rented my apartment today to a priest just like you."

I said, "Aunt Bertha, I'm not a priest."

"Well, I told him you were. He and his wife and children are moving in tomorrow."

"Aunt Bertha, he's not a priest either, or he wouldn't have a wife and children."

"Well, if you're not a priest, what are you?"

"I'm a Messianic Jew. I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour and I'm telling it to others."

"Well, anyhow," she said, "let me call him up and see if he can come here tomorrow night. Would you like to meet him? Would you like to talk to him? He'd like to talk to you. He's a young preacher boy going to Bible School."

"All right," I told her, "I could stay for that."

She phoned the young man and he said he would like to come and meet a Jew who believed in Jesus.

He came at the time appointed. I sat at one end of the living room; he sat at the other, and my aunt sat on the sofa in the middle of the room. Soon she was nodding. The young man asked all kinds of questions about the Jews and Jesus. He was a very wise young man. He had a purpose behind every question, and I was very happy he was so led of the Lord.

All of a sudden my aunt bestirred herself as though she had been asleep. I knew she had not been. She was listening all the time. "Young man," she said, "my niece is very tired. You'd better go now. I wonder if you two would like to talk again tomorrow night."

The young man's face lit up. "Sure," he said, "and I know my wife would like to meet her. I'll bring her too tomorrow night."

The next night the same thing happened. We spent about two hours in discussion while my aunt conveniently fell asleep. After a little while she wakened and told them they had better leave, that it was getting late and they had better get to bed.

After they had gone, she said, "O my feet hurt so bad!"

So I sat on the floor, pulled off her shoes and began to rub her swollen feet.

She looked at me and said, "Irene, talk to me."

"Sure, Aunt Bertha, what do you want me to say?"

"Tell me about your Messiah."

"But, Aunt Bertha, I promised you I wouldn't. You made me promise not to mention His name if I came."

"That's all right," she said. "Go ahead."

I told her about Jesus and when I got through, she said, "O Irene, I'd give anything to follow Jesus if He were alive. If He were alive, I'd be His most violent follower."

I knew what she meant by that strong term. I said, "But, Aunt Bertha, He is alive. He is alive!"

"Where? Where?" she asked. "Maybe in Jerusalem?"

"No, He's alive at the right hand of the Father and He lives in my heart." With that, I sang, "He Lives, He Lives."

When I finished, she said, "Pray for me."

I did pray for her and with the "amen" she said, "I believe. I believe it."

This is the only assurance I've had that she received the Saviour, for I never saw her again.

O what a privilege it is to witness! And in this instance, as always, it came about because the Lord helped me to be obedient. Even the obedience was not in my heart except that He put it there. This is all He wants -- a heart with a desire bent to do His will, and then His will shall be done.

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20

PREACHING CHRIST ON THE FLORIDA TURNPIKE

One February day I was driving down Sunshine Parkway in Florida on my way to Hobe Sound Camp Meeting. I was going the normal rate of speed, 70 miles an hour, when I noticed a car racing past me. Surely it must have been traveling 90 or 100 miles an hour; but it had not gone, I suppose, over 500 yards ahead of me when I saw it catapult into the air, roll over in the ditch two or three times, then land on its hood with its wheels still spinning in the air. I pulled over and was the first one at the scene.

A woman had been thrown out of the car onto the pavement. I approached her and said, "Are you hurt?"

She said, "Find my glasses. Find my glasses."

Her glasses were probably somewhere in the shattered glass of the windows of the car. I knew it would take me a long time to find them, if it were possible at all. Here was this woman lying flat on her stomach on the Florida turnpike. I did not know anything about the condition of her soul. I did not know how long I might have to talk with her, for I did not know but that she might pass away at any moment. So I did not waste any time hunting for her glasses.

In desperation, I said to her, "Lady, do you know Jesus Christ as your Saviour?"

"What?" she yelled back. "I'm hard of hearing. Get my hearing aid."

I knew it was impossible to find her hearing aid amid the wreckage of that disastrous accident, so I got down on my hands and knees on the pavement, leaned down close to her, and yelled into her ears, "Do you know Jesus Christ as your Messiah?"

She looked at me rather nonchalantly and casually. It really was rather strange under these circumstances. Then she asked, "Are you a Christian Scientist reader?"

"O no," I hastily assured her. "I've got something better. I can tell you how you can be born again and have all your sins forgiven."

She just continued to lie there on her stomach. I did not know how badly she was hurt, who else was hurt, or if others were in the car. My thoughts were of her momentarily.

After I had pled with her and kissed her and assured her she would be all right, she said, "Go talk to my sister. She's over there on the embankment."

Her sister, too, had been thrown out of the car. She was lying on her back on the embankment of the highway. I went to her. She seemed unconscious. She did not respond to anything I said. By this time other motorists had stopped; and because this woman, who was lying in the grass looking upward, was facing a very hot noonday sun, I asked them to make a shade for her out of newspapers. Then I moved very close to her and tried to witness to her, but she did not respond. Nevertheless, I continued telling her the story of Jesus, knowing that often when people are unconscious and cannot respond, the sense of hearing is still there. Hearing is one of the last senses to leave the human body even in death. I preached Jesus to her as though she were listening. I kissed her on both cheeks.

I saw a crowd gathering around the car. I went over to it, wondering if there could be anyone inside this car that was upside down. I saw a man crawl out and try to walk. He staggered as though he were drunk. He was in trauma or shock. Some of the men took charge of him. Now I heard groans coming from under the car. I looked and saw that the steering wheel had broken off and an elderly man was pinned under the long steering column which had penetrated his chest. His head was caught in the broken glass of the side windows. He was very short of breath, crying, "I can't breathe. I can't breathe. Move me. I can't breathe."

From the way the blood was pouring from his eyes and nose and head, I knew he could not live long. I crawled under the car with him amidst the broken glass and the spilled gasoline and preached to this man the Lord Jesus Christ. I do not know how much he understood, but I am glad I can depend upon what God says concerning His Word -- that it will never return unto Him void.

I finally crawled out from under there. Someone had thoughtfully gone ahead and called for an ambulance from Stuart, Florida. The ambulance drivers came on the scene. The man who was pinned under the wheel was rushed to a hospital in West Palm Beach.

As the women were being put aboard another ambulance, the one who had been lying on the pavement (let us call her Ann) said, "Will we see you again?"

"O yes," I said, "I'll be at the hospital in Stuart to see you tomorrow."

The next day I went to see them. The sister had regained consciousness, and, except for a few broken ribs, neither was seriously injured. The man who had been wandering in shock seemed to have more serious injuries, but I learned that he would live.

As I walked into their hospital room, these two sisters looked up, and Ann said, "O I wondered if you were going to come. My sister and I have been talking about you and we wondered if you really meant it that you were going to come back."

I said, "Sure."

Then the sister who had been unconscious the day before said, "That's all we've done -- talk about you."

"Well, how do you know about me?" I asked her. "You were unconscious. You didn't respond to me at all."

"O you just think I didn't hear you. I heard every word you said and I know. You kissed me on both cheeks, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"But I could not respond," she said.

I had a wonderful time witnessing and having prayer with them. They clung to me as though I were the only living friend they had. Really, they treated me almost as though I were a relative. I discovered that they were all Jewish people from New Jersey on their way to Florida for a vacation.

The next day I went back again to see them and I learned that in the meantime another carload of Jewish people on their way to Miami had an accident similar to theirs and almost in the same place. When I spoke to the highway patrolman about this matter, he said that many people coming down from New York and other northern states are using snow tires that have been retreaded. When they travel on hot pavements in Florida at high rates of speed, these retreaded snow tires cannot take it. They blow out. That is what happened to this second car as well as to the first. In the same room with the sisters I was visiting was a lady who was involved in the second accident just the night before. Here I had three Jewish ladies to witness to.

After I had finished talking with Ann and her sister, Ann said, "Go talk to her over there."

I did. She seemed very pleasant, although she was in great physical distress. Finally, she said to me, "You know you are a very interesting person, but can't you talk without using the name 'Jesus'? Do you have to revert to Jesus every time you talk? Is it always Jesus, Jesus?"

Ann, hearing it, said, "Of course she has to talk about Jesus. That's all she knows about. Can't you see that she's just eaten up with Jesus?"

I had prayer with them and left. On my way to the car I wept. I raised my voice and said, "O God, that it might be so that I be consumed of Thee." It is the desire of my heart that I may be "eaten up with Jesus."

* * * * *

21

SOLOMON REACHES THE END OF HIS ROPE

At a Southern Florida camp meeting, a young couple came to me and said, "There will be a Jewish man here Friday. He's coming to hear you speak."

"I said, "Is that so? Where's he from?"

The young woman said, "Well, he works in a state hospital about 400 miles from here."

Friday afternoon he did come. He was a man in his forties, I presume. He had lived a very clean life. He worked as a musical therapist in a state institution. He did not major in the rock-and-roll flare, but liked concert music. In fact, he liked all the finer things of life.

The young couple who had prayed for him brought him over to my cottage. I began to deal with him about the claims of Christ upon his soul. He shook his head. He did not want to hear about Jesus. That name to him was an abomination.

"But," he said, "I've come to the end of my rope. I'm scraping the bottom of the barrel. I've gone as long as I can. I can't live this way any longer. I must have something! I want what I see in the life of this young couple. I want what I see in you."

I kept saying, "Solomon, it is only through Yeshua. It is only through Jesus, the Messiah."

"How do you know," he argued, "that maybe through Mohammed, or Krishna, or through . . ."

I said, "Look, did you come 400 miles to argue with me about Mohammed or Krishna? If you did, let's quit right now. You might as well have stayed in Georgia. But if you've come here to really learn the truth, you'll have to listen and give a hearing in the name of Jesus."

He listened then. We got on our knees to pray, all of us. Solomon sobbed and sobbed. "O," he said, "I must have this. I must be liberated. I'll go crazy if I'm not. O my sins, my sins. But to ask to be liberated in the name of Jesus! I can't! I can't!"

On Friday night when sinners were being invited to the altar, I saw Solomon sitting a couple rows from the back of the tabernacle. He was bent almost in a U shape over the seat in front of him, under deep, deep conviction.

The Holy Spirit said to me, "Just nudge him a little bit. Maybe he'll go to the altar."

I went to him, touched him with my Bible and said, "Solomon, go to the altar. Go through with God."

He looked at me with tear-blurred eyes and confessed, "I'm not worthy. I'm not worthy."

I did not say more to him then. Saturday afternoon I spoke to a large crowd in the tabernacle. I hope I am not exaggerating to say there were a thousand or more there. Solomon was in the crowd. I mentioned to the audience that there was a Jewish man among us who had come 400 miles to find peace for his soul and that it was only through Jesus that he could find this peace. I asked, "How many will stand to their feet as a promise to God that they will pray for this man that he be saved before he leaves the camp grounds?" People stood all over the tabernacle.

I did not point out Solomon and put him on the spot. Without looking at him, I said, "Now look around, young man, and see all these people who are promising to pray for you."

Saturday night I was sitting a little distance from him. I could not see him at all. When the invitation was given, someone came to me and said, "Solomon is at the altar!"

Immediately, I hurried down one of the aisles so that I could see the whole length of the altar rail. Solomon was not only at the altar, but he was lying flat on his face under the altar, pounding on the floor, crying out to God. My heart was full of joy! I joined a group of women who were gathered to pray. At the same time the men were praying for Solomon.

Finally Rev. French came over to me and said, "Mrs. Hanley, I believe you ought to come and deal with Solomon. After all, I believe he is one of your people and I think you know better than anyone else what is his stumbling block, what he is not being able to hurdle."

I said, "But, O Brother, I can't go over there." (Those around Solomon were all men, and I do not believe in the intermingling of men and women at such times at the altar.) "Brother French," I repeated, "I can't. They're all men."

Just then Mrs. French, kneeling by me, said, "I'll go with you, Mrs. Hanley." So the two of us went over to Solomon.

I said, "Solomon, it has to be Jesus. It has to be Jesus. Only through Jesus can you be liberated."

Until this time he had not been calling upon Jesus. Gentiles can have no idea how hard it is for some Jews to bring that name to their lips, especially for a Jew who has been raised in the strictest of orthodoxy. Solomon was a Sephardic Jew. His people had come from Spain and were really religious orthodox Jews. His teaching made him feel that for him to let the name of Jesus escape his lips in the form of a petition would be blasphemy. I knew that this was what was holding him back.

All of a sudden he cried out, "Yes, it's Jesus! You're my Saviour! You died for me! I believe it. I take You as my Saviour."

Not only was his hand pounding the floor, but he began to bang the floor with his forehead. It was not long until the peace of God flooded his whole heart, soul, and being.

He stood up, and, as one in a trance, with his hands lifted, he looked over the congregation, then up at Rev. Adcock and said, "You're beautiful!" He looked up at Rev. Emery and said, "You're beautiful!" Then he said, "I've got to go and tell my parents. My father's in his eighties. I don't know what they're going to do."

He did tell his brothers and sisters. They said they never wanted to see him again. He was figuratively buried for dead, but they said they would never tell his eighty-four year old father, for they knew it would hasten his death. He was excommunicated from his family and never allowed to go home again. Solomon was sanctified in April, 1972. The Lord gave him a Christian bride; they were married in November. His letters are radiant with the love of God and his desire to serve Him. Both parents died. He was not notified.

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22

"UNDER THE PASSOVER BLOOD"

I was staying for a few days in a parsonage in a little Pennsylvania town. I had asked the pastor's wife to visit the Jews in a nearby city with me that day.

The first place we approached was a furniture store. We found the owner of the store very gracious, a fine Jewish man, one-hundred percent a gentleman. He was educated to be a rabbi and his wife was the daughter of a rabbi. We discussed the claims of the Lord Jesus Christ. He listened very attentively. When I was ready to leave I gave him a little New Testament, for which he warmly thanked me.

From there we went to many more Jewish stores. One was an auto supply store. There we had quite a congregation to witness to, including a policeman. The Lord marvelously helped.

As we were going back to our car we passed a tavern. The Lord whispered, "You go in there."

I thought, "O I can't. What if the rabbi or some of the others see me?"

The Lord said, "Go in there."

I said to my friend, "The Lord wants me to go in there to witness."

"O," she said, "I've never been in such a place before."

I said, "Well, you're coming now," and I grabbed her by the hand.

We entered the tavern. The shades had been drawn, making it dusky dark inside. There were men drinking at the bar. I started singing, "The Light of the World is Jesus." The bartender backed up against the bar. The men stopped their drinking and began to listen. I do not know whether they thought that Carrie Nation had been reincarnated or not, but God gave unusual boldness as I began to tell them of the Lord Jesus who could deliver them from this type of life and from all their drinking.

One of the men became abusive, but the bartender said, "Don't talk that way to these women. They're good women, and I won't have you talking like this to them."

Well, I praise the Lord for that. Had they listened to me, his business would have been ruined forever. When we left the place, the rabbi from the furniture store was passing.

The devil said. "See, I told you you shouldn't go in there. I told you he would see you coming out. Now what will he think of you?"

When the rabbi saw us he said, "O Mrs. Hanley, I'm so glad to see you coming out of a place like this. I wondered when you left me if you would go into a place like this and tell them about Jesus." What a liar the devil is.

This rabbi walked with us to our car. It was already afternoon. He said, "You know that little Book you gave me this morning? I took it home to my wife and we didn't even eat lunch. We just sat there reading that little Book. No wonder you love Jesus so much. Have you ever read in that little Book how they brought that woman who had been caught in sin to Jesus, and He stooped over and wrote something in the sand and said to her, 'Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more.' Have you ever read that?"

"Yes, I've read it."

But he had just read it for the first time, and to him it was new and fresh.

Then he said, "Have you ever read where He took the little children on his lap and spoke to them kindly and said unless we become as little children, we can in no wise enter into the Kingdom of heaven?"

"Yes, I've read it."

". . . and He was so gentle and kind. Have you read where He healed the blind and made the lame to leap?"

"Yes, I've read it."

His face lit up with tenderness as he said of Jesus, "No wonder you love Him so. O our hearts were so strangely warmed as we read of these things. You know what I said to my wife? 'She is converting us.' ,,

"O no, Rabbi, I could never convert you. God forbid! For if I did it, you would be worse off than you ever were before."

"But you're doing something to us."

"Well, just say that I'm showing you the light."

"All right. You are showing me the light. You are. My wife asked me if I paid you for the little Book. I told her I offered to, but you wouldn't let me. 'But,' she said, 'surely you offered to do something for her.' I said, 'No, I didn't think of anything else.' She said, 'Well, if you see her again, ask her to come and have Passover with us next year.' Surely God is in this, because I now see you again. And I'm asking, 'Will you come and take Passover with us next April?' "

In my mind, I thought, "Next April -- a year? The Messiah might come before then. Drive nearly seventeen hundred miles to be in their home?"

The Holy Spirit said, "Yes."

So I said, "Yes, I'll be glad to come for Passover next year."

The year passed quickly. The Lord had arranged that I could make the trip. It was time for me to go. I fasted during the day. I was fearful. Go to his home when it was Passover? When he would have many Jews there, Jews of his own congregation? His family? Jews from another town? The same day I had seen the rabbi, one Jewish man from a nearby town had put me out of his store, digging his hand into the muscles of my arm as he did so. He was invited. (However, he did not come.)

I made the trip. Six-thirty of the day came -- the hour of the Passover meal. I knocked on the door. He opened it. He had his little black yalinuka on his head and, as I entered, he laid his hands on my head to pronounce the Passover blessing upon me.

In my heart I was thrilled. I had been living under the Passover blood for many years. Thank God! It had covered me. Thank God it had cleansed me from all sin! But I did not say this to him now. He knew I was a believer in the Lord Jesus. Only he and his wife did know.

He introduced me to several people and seated me next to a man from a distant city who also had been educated to be a rabbi. We talked of this and that.

He said, "I can see you have traveled quite a bit."

"Yes, sir," I said, "I do travel."

"What is your business, if I may ask? Maybe you're a saleswoman or something?"

"Well, in a way, yes."

Just about that time our host announced that dinner was ready. We gathered around the table. There were about thirty of us. The rabbi, our host, went into the kitchen, got a bowl of water and girded himself with a towel. Then he came to each of us. First, he dipped his hands into the water and washed them. Then we dipped our hands into the water and washed them. He dried them. He took the place of a servant.

How it reminded me of Another who did the same thing. The New Testament tells us that as He was washing Peter's feet, Peter said, "Lord not my feet only, but also my hands and my head." The Lord Jesus became a servant to us. The Son of God, a servant! How sweet this makes the communion! It also teaches that we must be clean before we come to the Lord's table. We must be clean before we can handle the elements. How many will have to answer at the judgment for eating unworthily!

After he had washed our hands, the rabbi raised a plate on which were three squares of unleavened bread, called matzo. Each one was separated from the other by a white linen nap kin. As he raised this plate, he quoted from the twenty-second, twenty-third and twenty-fourth Psalms. In the twenty-second is the story of the crucifixion! In the twenty-third is the story of Christ's being in the grave and enduring death for us after having gone through the valley of suffering. The twenty-fourth tells the story of His glorious, triumphant resurrection as the King of glory.

After he had asked the blessing on the unleavened bread, the three matzos, he reached between the napkins and pulled out the little matzo. Not the top one, not the bottom one, but the middle one. Why the middle one?

"Why not the top one, Rabbi?" I asked him. "Why not the bottom one? Why did you pull out the middle one?"

He shrugged his shoulders. "We don't know. This is tradition, perhaps."

"I know. It's tradition."

I have asked many rabbis, many Jews. Nobody knows. It is a tradition that has been handed down, but it is certainly one that has been inspired of God because in it we can see the triune godhead. As the rabbi pulled out the middle matzo I could see that it beautifully pointed to the second Person of the triune God, the Lord Jesus Christ, whose body was broken for us. The rabbi then passed around a portion of this broken matzo for all to nibble on. Again, inspired of God, this ritual shows that all of us must partake of the broken body of Him in whom is no leaven at all. In the Bible leaven is spoken of as the hypocrisy of the Pharisees, as sin, that which ferments and causes spoilage in the literal sense. The rabbi took the other half of that which was broken and wrapped it in a white linen napkin.

"Rabbi," I asked him again, "Why do you do this?"

"We don't know -- tradition."

"But Rabbi, I know."

"Sh-h-h," he said, "yes, I know you know." And in a very low voice, for he did not want anybody to hear, he repeated "Sh-h-h."

It was not time for me to witness yet. I knew the rabbi had not told anyone else that I was a believer, because he was very careful that they not find out.

Of course, his wrapping the middle piece of broken matzo in the linen napkin speaks of Christ's broken body which was wrapped in linen. Now he hid this broken piece wrapped in linen, hid it from the view of all of us. So was the Lord Jesus Christ hidden in the heart of the earth for three days and three nights.

After the meal was over, a search was made for the broken piece. Only the children were allowed to search for it, not the adults. Again, is this not beautiful? But where is the scripture for it? Jesus said, "Except ye become as little children, ye can in no wise enter into the Kingdom of heaven." Jesus also said, "If ye seek me with your whole heart, ye shall find me."

So the children sought. If a boy should find it, he would get a new suit. If a girl should find it, she would get a new dress. Again, this is inspired of God. For when we find Him, does He not give us the garment of praise, the garment of salvation? Is not this beautiful? The Jewish people do this every year and yet they do not know why.

This little broken piece of matzo is called the afakoymin which means the dessert on the table. There were no desserts, no sweets, no pies or cakes to follow the meal. This was the dessert -- the afakoymin. And is not Christ just that? Is not He the fairest of ten thousand to our souls? Is not He sweeter than honey out of the rock? Is not He the Bright and Morning star? Is not He the Lily of the Valley and the Rose of Sharon? Ah, surely He is our dessert.

After the meal, the rabbi climbed to the highest place in the house, probably to the attic, and hid this afakoymin, or the dessert, between the rafters or on the highest shelf in the house.

What did this mean in the light of scripture? It takes us back to the day the disciples gathered with Jesus on the Mount of Olives and before their very eyes, He ascended into heaven. Today, our Lord Jesus the crucified, resurrected, ascended Saviour, sits at the right hand of God.

The following year this bit of broken matzo would be brought downstairs again and placed at the right hand side of the rabbi's plate where it would stay throughout the meal. Does this not typify what the angels said to the people gathered on the Mount of Olives? He said, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven? This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven." This is foretelling His return. The Jewish people go through this ritual year after year, and yet they are so blinded that they cannot see that this was fulfilled in the Lord Jesus Christ.

After the meal, all of us stood. The rabbi and the oldest son went to the door and opened it. In Hebrew they all exclaimed, "Welcome, Prophet Elijah!" For next to where the father sat at the table was an empty chair and a place setting for Elijah, the forerunner of the Messiah, who was to come and announce to us the coming of the Saviour.

I turned to the rabbi and said to him in Yiddish, "Er hatgekommen [He has come]."

He answered with his finger to his lips, "Ichvass [I know]." Then in a whisper, "I know, I know." But he did not want the others to know.

After the meal was over and we had greeted the Prophet Elijah, there was silence around the table. Presently, one of the rabbis began drumming on his plate with the end of a fork. "You know, I'm glad I'm a Jew," he said. "The Christians believe in three Gods, but we Jews believe in only One."

Our host spoke up and said, "No, Rabbi Kohn, you're wrong. The Christians don't believe in three Gods. They're not idolaters. They believe that God is three -- God the Father, God the Son, God the Holy Ghost. You're wrong, you're wrong."

In my heart I was thrilled. I said, "Lord, can I witness now?"

But the Lord said, "Not yet."

"The Christians believe we have to have a mediator or high priest to come to God," another rabbi remarked, "but we Jews believe we can come directly."

Again our host spoke up. "They're right. We do need a mediator. Sin has separated us from God and we do need a high priest."

"Now, Lord, now?" I asked eagerly.

But the Lord said, "Not yet."

Finally our host's son put in, "But, Dad, after all, who was Jesus? He's just another dead Jew."

I said, "Lord, now? Now can I tell them?"

"Yes, now."

I sprang to my feet and exclaimed, "I can keep still no longer. I want to tell all of you that I'm a Jew, but I'm a Christian. I love the Lord Jesus Christ with all my heart. He is not another dead Jew. He lives! He lives!" And I sang the little chorus to them in Yiddish.

Then I told them how I had been saved, how long I had been saved, and what He had done for me. For nearly forty-five minutes I preached Jesus to this great group -- kind Jews who never once stopped me, but listened to me with hunger. As a result, I have had access into many of the homes of those to whom I spoke. Many, many times since, I have stopped at the home of this kind rabbi and his wife. I have stayed with them overnight. They have told many Christian people in their little town that little by little they are being drawn to Jesus the Messiah. Not long ago the wife said to me, "Every time you come to see us we feel we are one step closer to the Lord Jesus Christ."

As yet I have not heard of them becoming believers, but it is good to trust the Word and leave them in God's hands.

* * * * *

23

PROPAGANDA FOR A COMMUNIST

I felt a strange urge and leading to go to the big, downtown stores in St. Louis. I dislike shopping and rarely do it. As I was leaving one of the stores, I saw two young men with clip boards upon which were petition papers. Hanging around their necks were newspaper bags. On them was written in red letters, "Vote Communism." I passed by, crossed the street and stood watching the hundreds of people milling past. It was the noon hour.

As I studied the boys, I knew that one of them was definitely Jewish. I'm sure he was scarcely sixteen years old, because he had not started shaving yet. The Holy Ghost told me to cross back over and He would give me the words to say to these young men.

I approached the Jewish lad and said, "Shame on you, such a nice Jewish boy selling Communism on the streets. Do your mother and father know this?"

He said, "How did you know I'm Jewish?"

"I believe God."

"I don't," he said, "I'm an atheist,"

"So," I said, "if you're an atheist and don't believe the Bible, how do you know you are Jewish?"

"Well," he grinned sheepishly, "you've lost me, lady."

"Good," I said, "I want you to get lost worse than this."

I told him I, too, had been through that "atheist bit," and it did not bring me peace or joy, but I did find it all in Israel's Messiah, Jesus.

"Maybe you're right, lady, and I'm wrong," he said unexpectedly.

"Son, you mean to tell me you've been brainwashed into this and you're not sure you're right?"

"Well, I'm still groping."

I asked him his name -- only his first name.

He said, "Daniel."

"O," I answered, "a beautiful Bible name."

"Yes," he said, his face brightening, "my mother took it from the Bible."

"O Danny, to think you're selling your mother short and bringing disgrace on your folks, on all Jews, on Israel, but worst of all, disgrace on the loving God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob."

He took the newspaper bag off his neck. "Here, Joe," he said to the other fellow, "take all this stuff. I'm through with it forever."

With this he walked off.

I never learned his last name, but God knows his name and address, and I am sure He will finish His work.

* * * *

I was taping a message for my radio broadcasts when the door bell rang. I answered it to find a young man standing on my porch. As I opened the aluminum door, he quickly took out a little blue polishing cloth and began polishing my aluminum door. Indeed, the blue cloth did work wonders, for where he was polishing, the door became almost like new. Then he told me he was selling these cloths.

"Do a little more," I urged.

"Do you want me to do your whole door?"

"No, but I really don't see enough of it yet. Just do a little more space here."

It was a very hot day -- 95 degrees. The Lord whispered to me, "Invite him in."

So I said, "Don't you want to come in?"

"Aren't you afraid of me?" he asked, rather surprised.

"No, I'm not afraid of you. Come in. The Lord told me to invite you in."

Then he became frightened!

He did not appear to be over nineteen or twenty and was a clean-cut young man. When he stepped in, I asked him to clean around my kitchen faucets. If the cloth worked there, I decided, I would buy it from him.

He went into the kitchen and began to rub hard on the sink faucets.

Presently I asked, "Are you Jewish?"

"I sure am," he answered.

"So am I," I said.

I wanted to set him at ease immediately. Then I began to witness to him about the Lord Jesus Christ. The kitchen sink faucet was getting shinier by the moment. He did not stay long, but long enough for me to witness to him about Jesus, long enough for him to drink two glasses of lemonade, long enough for him to receive a copy of my life story, a New Testament, and \$2.95 for the cloth. After he left I felt that my heart and home were filled with the presence of God. Though I could not go out that day to witness, the Lord had sent someone to my door. O, the joy of witnessing! We may not all be soulwinners, but we are all to be witnesses, in one way or another.

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24

"WHAT KIND OF A JEW ARE YOU?"

I have a sister the same age as my daughter. I love that little sister of mine. She is just like my daughter and I try to meet her at least once a month for lunch.

This particular day, I said to my sister, "I want to buy some artificial ferns."

"Well, let's go over here to this store. It's a nice place and I think we can find what you want there," she suggested.

We found it to be a first- class place. We stopped at a counter and were looking at this and that when I noticed a lady at the next counter looking intently at me. As we went from counter to counter, I would forget her for a moment, but when I would look around again, there she was at the next counter looking at us. Well, I thought she was going daffy, or that she was a store detective.

Finally she came to me and said, "Madam, I haven't been able to take my eyes off of you. Do you know that you look very distinctive?"

"No, I didn't know that. I wasn't conscious of it. What do you mean?"

"Well," she said, "your clothes. You wear your dresses down below your knees in this age of mini skirts. You're different. And your sleeves are such a nice length. They all match up. And your hair. That bun on top of your head. Is that yours?"

I said, "You want that I should take it down and show it to you? Of course, it's mine."

"Well, altogether," she said, "I've never seen anyone like you."

The Lord impressed my heart that she was Jewish. I thought, "How can I bring it out of her that I know she's Jewish and that I'm Jewish?" I said to her in Yiddish, "I'm just a regular old grandmother; that's all."

She threw up her hands and said to my sister, "And she speaks Yiddish yet!"

Well, praise the Lord, she was Jewish! I got my signal straight from the Lord. He never makes a mistake.

"What kind of a Jew are you?" she asked.

"I'm a Messianic Jew."

"I believe the Messiah's coming too," she said. "What's that got to do with the way you look?"

"Everything!" I said. "I believe my Saviour has come. Do you believe God is His Father? Do you believe He is holy?"

"Yes."

"Do you believe heaven's a holy place?"

"Yes."

"Then God wants a holy people to inhabit a holy heaven and stand before a holy God."

"O," she said. Then she wanted to know why we needed a Saviour.

I told her then how the Bible reveals that we are all sinners.

"O no," she said, "there are some good people in the world."

"No," I said, "the Bible says God looked down from heaven upon the children of men to see if there were any that did understand and seek God, but they were all gone aside, they were all together become filthy. . . ."

"Well," she said, "I guess if you tell a lie, you're a sinner."

"Yes," I said, "you are a sinner if you tell a lie, but you are a sinner even if you don't, because you are born in sin and you must be born again."

It was a joy to be witnessing to this Jewish woman in the aisle of the department store. A crowd had gathered. I wondered if the manager would come and tell us to move on.

My sister looked at her watch and said, "O Irene, it's time for me to be back at the office. I'll have to go."

I knew it was time to break up, but I said to the woman, "What's your name?" She gave it to me. I said, "Would you mind telling me where you live?"

"Never mind where I live," she answered. "What's your name and address?"

I gave her my name and address.

She said, "Do you have paper and pencil to write it down?"

"No," I said, "but I have a book I'll give you which gives my name and address."

"Thanks."

I asked her again where she lived.

"I've had enough! I've had enough!" She waved me aside. "I know where you live, and that's enough."

As she left me my sister said, "I guess she's made your day, hasn't she?"

"She sure has, Ruby," I agreed. "Let's get out of here. I'm just ready to burst with joy."

* * * * *

25

MY FIRST VISIT TO ISRAEL -- 1961

Over the years different Christians had said to me, "Wouldn't you like to go to Israel?"

After Israel became a nation, long before the tourist boom, people began to go to Israel. But I am not a traveler. While I have traveled quite extensively, yet it has not been because I like to. Rather, it has been because I felt God wanted me to. It was not until the summer of 1961 that I began to feel a strong pull to Israel. I thought, "Lord is this of Thee? Or is it of myself?" I have always been afraid of anything that might be of self. I decided I would put my fleece out before the Lord. I knew how I could find God's will quickly enough. I would simply ask my husband, for I am

of the old-fashioned school that believes that the husband is still the head of the house. (I do not go for this women's liberation movement. I am as liberated as I want to be. I am as liberated as I ever hope or need to be on this earth. For in Christ Jesus, he whom the Son has freed is free indeed.)

One day I said to my husband, "Fred, I think I'm going to Israel."

"O," he said, "surely not. Why do you say that?"

"Well, I think the Lord wants me to."

"Are you sure?"

"Your answer will tell me," I replied. "If you say that I can go, then I'll know that it is the Lord urging me to go to Israel. If you say no -- and I won't care at all if you do, because I really do not want to go -- but if you say no, then I'll know it is just my own idea and I'll be perfectly contented."

"Won't it cost a lot of money?" he parried.

"O," I said, "that's the least part of it. If He wants me to go, He'll send the money in. The most important part is to know His will."

He thought awhile and reasoned, "Well, if God sends the money in, you'll have to go, won't you?"

"Is it all right with you?"

"Of course. If the money comes in, you'll have to go."

I was as good as on my way. I called the TWA in St. Louis and made reservations. I was so happy about it until the thought struck me that I did not know anyone in Israel. I had thought, too, that I wanted to stop a week or so in Paris, but neither did I know anyone in Paris. My mother's people all lived behind the Iron Curtain. (They were caught there.)

I said, "Lord, I don't know a soul in Israel."

He whispered back, ever so gently, "I do."

Well, if He did, did I need to? Of course not.

Then I said, "Lord, I don't know anybody in Paris."

Again the answer came, "My child, I do."

Well, if He did, that was the end of it. No argument there. He knew how to bring one and one together, and I knew He had a purpose in it all. I was thrilled. I was packing. I told my friends at the hospital what I was preparing to do. The doctors were amazed.

One said to me, "Don't you know it costs a lot of money to go to Israel?"

"Yes, I surely do."

"Well, your husband doesn't make that kind of money. He works in a factory. And you don't make money here at the hospital being a volunteer."

"I know it."

"Where's the money coming from? I guess you'll tell me it's going to drop out of heaven like rain."

"It sure is, Doctor. The Lord is going to shower it down on me."

He turned, threw up his hands in disgust, and said, "Well, let me know when it happens."

One day I said to him, "Doctor, you know we talked some while back about my going to Israel, and you said the money was going to fall down out of heaven, and I said it was going to be showered down? I want you to know I've had a cloudburst."

He said, "You're leaving in about seven days, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"I guess you're going to tell me you have all the money you need."

"I sure am, Doctor. I have my passport. My ticket's paid for. I have all the traveler's checks I need and I'll be leaving on time."

He looked at me in utter amazement. Then he began to grin. "I want to know all about this when you get back," he said with genuine interest.

Well, I knew I'd have a story to tell if the Lord permitted me to get back.

I went to Chicago where my daughter and her husband were pastoring at that time. They took me out to the O'Hare Field to catch the plane. I had already checked my luggage and my flight number had been called. I knew they were boarding passengers, but I hurriedly left the children and ran into the ladies' lounge. I got off in a corner by myself and said, "O Lord, if You really don't want me to go but were just testing me to see if I was willing, you see I'm willing. My luggage is already on that big plane and I'm willing. I -- I'm willing to go, but Lord, if at this last minute, You'd say, 'Don't go,' I'd be so happy, Lord. But if You still want me to go, Lord, I'll go."

It seemed I heard it thunder, and in the thunder I heard the word, "Go."

My heart welled up with joy until it ran over, just as it would have if He had said "Stay."
From that moment I realized anew the meaning of that hymn,

Ready to go, ready to stay,
Ready my place to fill;
Ready for service, lowly or great,
Ready to do His will.

I kissed the children hurriedly and boarded the TWA. The next morning we landed at Le Bourget Air Field, Paris, the same air field where Lindbergh landed when he made his famous trans-Atlantic flight. Because of fog, we had not been able to come down at the regular D'or Field in Paris. People scattered. Everyone seemed to know where he was going. There I was, alone, out there on that great air field, a makeshift airport.

I thought, "Lord, what will I do? What will I do?"

God marvelously helped me find a phone. I looked through the phone book and found a name that looked familiar. I did not know much French, only enough not to get lost and not to be afraid to be alone. I called this number, and a man answered. He said they had heard of me, that they had read the little booklet telling my life story in French, and that he and his wife would meet me soon at the air terminal. They did, and procured a room for me in the Algerian section of the city of Paris -- a very poor section, but it was very near to them.

Now, I am not a sightseer. I am more concerned about souls than sights. Upon my return home, many people said, "Did you go to the Louvre? Did you go to Notre Dame? Did you go here, there?" To all these questions I only said, "No." But I was thrilled to tell what I did experience.

One morning early I was looking for a clean place to eat breakfast. (Paris is a very dirty city; the dust of the centuries has settled everywhere. And no one dares to touch that ancient dust, for the citizens are proud of it.) As I walked down the street, I saw a group of people with their heads together talking in a very animated fashion. As I passed them, I recognized that they were speaking my mother tongue, which is Hungarian -- the first language I ever knew to speak.

As I neared these women and listened to their Hungarian speech, I was so thrilled that I stopped and listened. I did not mean to be eavesdropping. Indeed, I did not realize what I was doing until one of the women turned around and looked at me from head to foot several times. The others all followed suit.

I said to them in Hungarian, "O please, I'm sorry. I did not mean to be eavesdropping, but I'm a stranger here in France. I'm from America and I'm on my way to Israel. I heard you speaking Hungarian. My mother was born in Hungary, and it just made me feel homesick to hear you speak her language. But please don't mind."

What did those women do? They hugged and kissed me. They wanted to know all about me. I told them that I was Jewish, that I believed in the Lord Jesus, that I was on my way to Israel to tell my people about the Lord.

One of the women said, "You come home with me. I'll make you breakfast."

The others said, "We want to spend time with her, too."

I went home with the one woman. She invited the other women with their husbands for the evening, and we had a big dinner together that night. I thank God for the opportunity of witnessing to so many in one place! The Lord marvelously took care of me all over Paris and helped me to witness until it was time to go to Israel.

When the day arrived for me to proceed to Israel, I went out to the airport and boarded a plane. Before long the pilot was explaining that we were flying over the Alps, Mont Blanc, and other areas. Folk were interested in looking, but I was anxious for only one thing, and that was to get to Israel. We were instructed to fasten our seat belts -- we were ready to make our descent into the Promised Land! How anxious I was to catch the first glimpse!

As our plane lowered, and we came nearer, I saw the hills of Judea. Though the sun was beginning to set, I could make out their purple outline. Because of a steady downpour of rain, it was rather dark when we landed. When we had gone through customs, the folk scattered. The officials closed down the customs area. Soon the whole airport would be closed for there were no more flights that night.

I was standing outside with my luggage. I lifted my voice to God and said. "All right, Lord, here I am in Israel, in the Middle East, halfway around the world. I don't know anybody. What will I do, Lord? What next, Lord?"

I stopped an Arab man. He simply shrugged his shoulders and turned away. I stopped another. I stopped a Bedouin woman. No one seemed to understand.

"Lord, what will I do? No one understands."

Now, I can get by in most places quite well with the five languages I speak. I thought of the charge the Lord had given me from Ezekiel 3:4,5, "And he said unto me, Son of man, go, get thee unto the house of Israel, and speak with my words unto them. For thou art not sent to a people of a strange speech and of a hard language, but to the house of Israel." No doubt God was trying to tell me to use what languages I could on the people I stopped, so I collared the next one that came along and used all five languages on him. Praise the Lord! He understood one of them.

It was not long until I was in a limousine on the way to Haifa, which is seventy miles from the airport. I cannot remember and I could not begin to tell how I got a lovely little apartment on Mt. Carmel, overlooking the Mediterranean.

The next day I began my visitation.

In 1961 the nearest we could get to the old part of the city of Jerusalem was by climbing up Mt. Zion and looking over the barbed-wire fence. This was rather frightening, for there were gun placements pointed directly at us. At other times, as we rode along in our conveyances, we could see the barbed-wire fence between Jordan and Israel. On this trip, I did not go to Jericho, Bethlehem, Hebron, the Wailing Wall or the Garden Tomb. All those places were in the area where we were not permitted.

It did not take long to get acquainted. I had many opportunities to speak to various groups. After speaking at one village, I would be sent to another to meet additional gatherings. They would say to me, "Now, you want to go to this little village. Go down a certain street and you'll see a certain house. Go to the second floor. You'll find a group of people there waiting for you, and when you speak to them, they will believe you."

One day I took a train from Haifa to Jerusalem. It was one of those old-fashioned trains -- two seats facing each other. I took the seat whose number my ticket bore. Soon a young man got on and took the seat opposite me. As soon as he sat down he proceeded to get letters out of his briefcase and read them. I suppose he was a businessman.

If one is going to the newer Jerusalem in Israel, he needs only to say, "I'm going up," and everyone knows where he is going. I rather like that. At that time Jerusalem was the highest point in Israel above sea level, and up very well described it. It was a five-and-a-half hour ride up to Jerusalem.

Our train started out, and to my horror I realized that I was going to have to ride backwards. I thought I could not take it. I was already getting car sick. I said to the young man, "Do you speak English?"

He answered, "A leetle."

"Does it make you sick to ride backwards?"

"No." This time he answered very gruffly. "Do not talk to me. Can't you see I'm very busy?"

We went on a little while longer and I was getting more nauseated by the moment. I said, "Please, sir, if it doesn't make you sick to ride backwards, would you change seats with me?"

"Nonsense, foolish woman, nonsense!"

Then he gave it a second thought, looked at my face, and decided maybe he had better. So he changed seats with me, but he was still very angry. He jerked his papers around, mumbling and grumbling under his breath.

I said, "Sir, are you still angry? Are you mumbling and grumbling about having to change seats with me?"

"Don't bother me, woman. I'm busy. You are a foolish woman."

"Sir," I offered, "if you're still angry and want your seat back, you can have it back. Let's change back, but let me tell you, you'll be sorry if you do."

"Never mind," he retorted, "don't talk to me. Besides, I'm a sabra [a prickly pear]."

Now I had studied an Israeli guidebook before I went to Israel and read that anyone born in Israel is called a sabra -- a prickly pear that grows on the end of a cactus. They are likened to sabras because those born in Israel after the times of great danger and persecution there, especially in 1948, developed crude and rude exteriors and mannerisms. To the outsider or foreigner such as I, the attitude of this young man seemed very, very coarse. But, going back to the parallel, the book continued to say that these sabras, these prickly pears, had very delicious, mellow, tender meat on the inside. It was just the outside that was so prickly. In other words, these sabras who were born in Israel quickly developed this sort of an exterior for self defense; but their hearts were tender and mellow.

When he angrily said, "Besides, I'm a sabra," I said, "O so! Shame on you! You must have read the same book I did. Is that why you act this way? Well, I'm glad I've met other sabras who do not act like you. If I hadn't, I would have gone back to America thinking all sabras were like you. Shame on you! Talking like this to me, a foreigner, a visitor on your soil!"

He put his papers back in his briefcase, put the briefcase on the floor, looked at me and grinned. He said, "Madam, I have great regrets. You will forgive me? Yes?" (He said "Yes" at the end of his own question without even waiting for me to answer.)

"O yes, of course."

"I will make it up? Yes? I will show you all the points of interest, all the way up. Would you like that, Madam?"

I clapped my hands in delight and said, "O yes, I'd love that!"

"All right. We shall start now. Look out the windows! See out there?"

"Yes."

"That's Cana."

"Cana? O that's where my Jesus turned water into wine."

"Your what?" he asked in astonishment.

"My Jesus."

"You mean Yeshua Ha Nazeroth [Jesus of Nazareth]?"

"Yes, He is my Messiah, my Saviour. And I love Him. It was in Cana He turned water into wine.

"Oi vase meer [O me, or woe unto me that I should pick you for a seat partner]!!" he said. "Never mind. Never mind. I'm not going to listen to this Jesus. I don't want to hear His name mentioned again. You shall say no more about Jesus. Yes?"

I did not say yes. I did not say no.

We were riding along when presently he said, "Look! See over there? Those are the plains of Sharon."

O what a sight! I had understood that all this was desert, but Israel had already begun so skillfully and laboriously to reclaim the land that it was beyond description. The beauty of it was more striking than tongue can tell. The plains of Sharon were covered with flowers, vines, and roses. The orange and other citrus trees were in blossom.

I exclaimed, "No wonder Jesus said, 'I am the Rose of Sharon.'"

"Never mind. Never mind," he reiterated. "I don't want to hear any more from you about that Jesus."

We had gone quite some distance when the young man jumped up and very excitedly exclaimed, "O I want you to look. This is the Valley of Jezreel where Samson caught the lion and killed it with his own hands."

At the other end of the coach was a group of Jewish rabbis, or the Chasidim (holy sect), really orthodox Jews with black fur hats, long black coats, and black breeches. It was noontime. They had set up their little outer phylacteries and had their prayer shawls on. They were already having their prayer meeting, and all were praying at once.

When the young man made the explanation that we were passing the valley of Jezreel, all the praying at the other end of the coach stopped, and one of the rabbis called down to him. "You're wrong this time, young man. This is not the Valley of Jezreel. That's still farther up."

Well, praise the Lord! I knew they were listening.

We took our seats again. and soon a lady about my age and height sat down beside me and asked, "Madam, do you mind if I sit here?"

Well, her luggage was already there. No, I did not mind at all.

She said, "I have great interest to hear what you are saying to this young man about Jesus of Nazareth. I would like to sit here."

I was so happy!

When this one took liberty to do what she did, a young woman across the aisle, a young soldier rose from her seat. (In Israel, all girls serve in the army. Very seldom do they have to go to the front lines. They usually stay in the back and do the cooking and the laundry and the book work.) This soldier woman moved over next to the young man and said, "Please, I am stretching my ears, trying to hear every word you are saying. I have great interest. I would like to hear more about this Jesus. I come from Europe and there I knew people who said they believed like this, but I have never heard this from a Jew before."

The young man was getting rather sullen. He said, "I don't believe in your God. I don't believe in your kind of a God. I don't believe that He's a Person. To me these roses are my God. These cypress trees are my God. I see God in all things. These are my God." He paused a moment and then said, "I want to know the logic of your religion."

"Logic you want to know?" I asked. "Young man, you don't come to God through your mind. You come to God by faith. You come to God through your heart by faith."

At that he snickered. He did not want to hear such things.

I said, "I don't even want to talk to you then. Don't talk to me anymore. I cannot help you if you think this is a matter of logic."

The little teacher said, "You can talk to me. I will listen."

The soldier woman said, "You can talk to me. I have great interest and I, too, will listen. You can tell me."

So I had the joy of telling them about Jesus, and not only them -- I had the feeling someone was looking over my shoulder. I looked up and there was the bearded conductor of the train. He was listening as well.

The young man, having all he could take of that, said, "Lady, do you have any luggage?"

"O yes," I answered. "Those two pieces up on the rack and these two down here."

"How do you manage with all that luggage?" Then before I had a chance to answer, he said, sarcastically, "O I know, you're going to tell me that your Lord helps you all the time."

"What then? How else? Do you think the cypress trees are going to come and carry my luggage? That the roses are going to come and carry my luggage? Of course, the Lord helps me."

"I'll show you," he said. "This time I'm going to carry your luggage. I'll show you that it's not the Lord. It's going to be me. I'll carry your luggage."

I did not answer, but in my heart I felt very well satisfied that I would be answering him before this experience was over. I thought, "All right, young man, I'll tell you about this later."

"Do you know anybody in Jerusalem?" he asked.

"No, I don't."

"Where are you going in Jerusalem?"

I pulled out an address. "To this place."

"How are you going to get there?"

"Well, there's going to be a lady meet me at the train."

"O so you do know somebody in Jerusalem."

"No, I don't. I've never met anybody there. I don't know anybody there."

"But you said somebody's going to meet you at the train."

"Yes, they know I'm coming, and someone will meet me at the depot. But I don't know her, and she doesn't know me."

"You got a picture of her?"

"No"

"How are you going to know each other then?"

"O that's nothing. The Lord knows how to introduce us." He laughed and went up and down the coach telling everybody what was going to happen: that there was a lady whom I had never seen and who had never seen me and we were going to know one another when we met. He said, "This we've all got to see."

Soon our train neared the depot and stopped. It was very cloudy, dismal and raining. Hanging on the depot coaches away from us was a sign that looked as though it had been painted about a hundred years ago. However, the letters were easily distinguished. They spelled Jerusalem!

When I saw that one word, my heart pounded with glad expectation and my eyes welled up with tears of joy. I thought to myself, "If I can get so blessed by simply seeing the word Jerusalem on a sign on a depot at the end of my destination, how much greater will be my joy in that day when I see the new Jerusalem not made by hands, not just the word painted by man, but that new Jerusalem, that city whose Ruler and Builder is God, descending from heaven!" Thank God, in that day of the new Jerusalem there will be no dismal, cloudy, or rainy days, for that will be the land of

cloudless day. There will not be even the need of sun in that time, for Jesus Christ will be the Lamb and the Light of the City.

As we were leaving the train, the young man was, indeed, carrying all my luggage. We walked toward the depot. People were crowded together under the canopy for protection from the rain. I was about twenty-five feet from them when I saw a little lady, very shabbily dressed. She had a babushka around her neck. Her coat was ragged. The tops of her shoes had come loose from the bottom, but O she had the face of an angel. I smiled at her and she smiled at me. We ran into each others' arms. We needed no introduction. She was the one waiting for me.

Well, the young man was perplexed. He said, "Follow me." He still had the address on the piece of paper.

My friend and I followed him. He put us in a taxi. He put our luggage on the front seat, handed the driver a few Israelic pounds and said, "Now, take these women to such and such an address." He stepped out and tipped his hat to say shalom to me.

I said, "Wait a minute, young man. I have a little bichele [the Yiddish word for a little book]. It's something I've written and it tells how I found Jesus of Nazareth. Would you like to have it?"

"Yes, yes!" He quickly grabbed it from my hands, and again he started to tip his hat as though to leave.

I said, "No, wait a minute, young man; I have another little bichele here. It is the new covenant. It tells all about Yeshua Ha Mashiach and the fulfillment of what our prophets predicted. Would you like to have it?"

He grabbed it eagerly. "Yes, yes!"

I said, "Wait a minute, young man, I have one question to ask you. Tell me, did you think it was because of your own goodness of heart that you carried my luggage? Did you think it was your idea to do it? Did you think it was because you are so fine and good? I appreciate it, but do you think it is because of your goodness that you have given this taxi driver Israeli pounds to get us to this address?"

He dropped his head in shame. He looked up at me with tears running down his cheeks and said, "No, Madam. It was your Lord."

* * * * *

26

AT EICHMANN'S TRIAL

I was in Jerusalem during the last week of the trial of Adolph Eichmann, the man who was responsible for the murdering of two million Jews. He had his own quick solution for the Jewish

problem -- getting rid of them. Hitler had turned over the entire country of Hungary to him that he might rid it of the Jews. After he had done so and was captured in Argentina by the Israelis, he said, "I am happy that I have rid the world of two million Jews. I will go laughingly into my grave. I do not hate the Jews," he professed. "I am just opposed to them politically."

What would he have done to them had he hated them?

I heard that I could obtain admission to the trial from one of the travel agencies. I ran from one to the other, ending up at the Russian embassy, where I stood in line in the rain and was finally given a ticket. I hurried back to the Hall of Judgment. First I was searched by some police matrons to be sure I had no gun, camera, or anything of that type on me. Then I asked for a language transistor. With one of these, the moment I put the earphones to my ears and turned to a certain number, I would be able to hear immediately in any language I should choose, the words of the judges, the lawyers, and Adolph Eichmann, as soon as the syllables fell from their lips. Although I could have understood it all very well in German, the language which Eichmann's lawyer and Eichmann himself spoke, I chose English.

As I entered the hall, I noticed that every five feet there was a soldier or policeman. As the first floor was filled, I was ushered up to the balcony. I was rather pleased about this, because from that vantage point I could get an excellent view of everything that went on, on the raised dais where the trial was taking place. In the balcony were TV cameras from every network in the world, radio commentators from all over the world, representatives from "Life," "Look" and "Time" magazines.

We were told not to whisper and not to laugh aloud. In no way at all were we to make any oral sounds or any movement of hand. My purse was to be placed at my feet, and at no time during the session was I to reach for it. Any movement I might make would bring a soldier or policeman immediately to my side, no doubt suspicious that I was reaching for something with which to harm someone.

We waited breathlessly. Presently, the door on the left opened and in came Adolph Eichmann, tall, gaunt, arrogant, surrounded by three guards. I could see that this man wanted to give the appearance of being ever so calm before this body of people, most of whom had lost loved ones at his hand. He was placed, with the guards, behind a glass, bullet-proof cage and seated before a desk on which were papers and pen. First the judges filed in, then the lawyers.

Israel had appealed to Eichmann's family to hire a lawyer from Germany of Eichmann's own choice and have him sent to Israel to defend him. The family refused. They did not want to be bothered with it. They did not want to go to that expense, so Israel paid for a lawyer of Eichmann's own choosing, Dr. Survatius. This is Israel. This is the heart of my people. All the lawyers spoke in Hebrew, except Dr. Survatius, who spoke only in German. Eichmann also spoke only in German.

When Eichmann walked in, my first reaction was one of horror and repulsion. The word beast came to my mind to describe this man. Quickly the Holy Spirit rebuked me and reminded me that he was a living soul and that the Lord loved him. It was for those like him that His Son had

given His life. Immediately a miracle happened in my own heart. The Holy Spirit changed my attitude from one of horror and repulsion to one of pity and compassion.

Until I came home I had not read the book written by Rev. Hull, *The Struggle For a Soul*. Rev. Hull was appointed by Israel to be the chaplain for this man. Many thought Eichmann was a Jew. He did speak Yiddish since he had many contacts with the Jews, but he was a Protestant. After dealing with him, Rev. Hull felt he was more given over to Satan than any human being he had ever seen and that it would have taken an extra dispensation of grace to save his soul!

I watched Eichmann as he sat down at his desk. From the balcony I could see his hands, folded on his knees under the desk. By his facial expression it was plain that he wanted to impress the audience that he was calm and collected. But I could see his fingers working, restlessly moving and twitching, as though he were trying to wash his hands. It reminded me of another who tried to wash his hands of the blood of an innocent Man.

I was at the trial on Wednesday when he pled his own defense to all fifteen charges against him. He said, "Ich bien nicht shulting [I am not guilty]. If you hang me, you will hang me for being a good soldier and not for having murdered two million people." Then he repeated what he had said when he was captured, "I do not hate the Jews. I am just opposed to them politically."

All the time he was not speaking he was writing his memoirs.

I was there on Friday when they sentenced Eichmann. They first placed him in the cage where he stood. Then we were all asked to stand while the judges and lawyers came in. As the sentence was pronounced that he should hang by his neck till dead, I saw him flinch. I thought he was going to faint. The guards caught him and he quickly regained his composure. Then he was led out of the room.

Israel has never given the sentence of death to any man but to Eichmann. He received it, because his was the crime of genocide -- the eradication of a race of people from off the face of the earth. Upon his shoulders was laid the guilt of introducing a system for quickly getting rid of the Jewish people in Germany.

As Chaplain Hull and Eichmann walked together to the gallows, Eichmann still refused to repent. The noose was put around his neck. Eichmann's last words were, "Heil Hitler! Long live Germany!" While Rev. Hull softly prayed, "Jesus, Jesus, Jesus," the trap door under Eichmann's feet was sprung and he plunged into eternity and hell.

Because he killed two million Jews? No, but because he rejected the Lord Jesus Christ as his Saviour. Some may say, "Maybe he did not have the opportunity to accept Christ." Yes, he did. "How do you know this?" some have asked. I know. I met a woman who lived in the same city in which he lived, who knew his wife well. She said, "I was at Eichmann's home one day, attending a cottage prayer meeting, when he came home from war unexpectedly. He drove all us women out. He beat his wife, took her Bible and threw it in the fire, and shook his fist in God's face."

He may have crossed the deadline then; but one can cross the deadline for much less than killing two million people, for much less than killing one person, for much less than simply shaking his fist in God's face. One can cross the deadline by once too often rejecting the sweet wooings of the Holy Spirit as He deals with the heart in compassion and longsuffering. One can laugh in God's face and say, "Not now," just once too often.

I was walking along the street one day after Eichmann's sentence (but before his execution) and stopped at a little street kiosk. These street kiosks are very prominent throughout the Middle East and even in Europe. They are tiny buildings, some on street corners and others in the middle of the street. In them they sell foods -- sandwiches or juices -- papers and stationery. Some of them are stocked with a supply of sundry notions. I stopped at one and asked a woman, "What should they do with Eichmann?"

She began to weep uncontrollably. I went behind the counter and put my arms around her, for I felt sorry that I had started this. I said, "O I'm sorry. Please don't weep like this. If I had known it would bring about this emotional torrent from you, I would not have asked."

"O," she said, "it's all right. I don't want him to die. Let him live. My husband and I and three children were in one of Eichmann's concentration camps. We were stripped naked. Hundreds of us were marched toward a building where, they told us, we would receive a bar of soap and a shower and clean clothes, for they accused us all of being full of lice and disease. We knew. We could hear the screams coming from the building. Instead of water coming out of the shower heads, it was gas. We could smell the stench of burning flesh. We knew what we were going to. We could see the smoke coming up from the piles of railroad ties upon which had been laid the bodies that had been pulled out of these buildings. I had twin girls, four years old, and a little boy, two years old. They were walking ahead of us. The little boy stumbled and one of the little girls leaned over to help him to his feet. Eichmann thought we were slowing down the parade of death and he kicked the children with his booted heel, hurrying them on towards the gas chambers." There was silence for a moment. Then she continued, "But, I've seen so much death. I don't want to see him die."

I was stunned. Who of my fellow Christians would have shown such compassion?

Another day I was walking down the street and saw a Jewish lady pushing a baby buggy. She was crooning a lullaby. I thought, "When I get near, I'll ask to see the baby and maybe I'll get a chance to talk to her about the Lord."

When I was close enough, I said to her in Yiddish, "May I see your baby?"

Smilingly she answered, "Yes," and went to the front of the buggy and pulled the blankets back.

But there was no baby! There had been at one time, but she and her husband and baby were part of the hundreds of thousands of Hungarian Jews that Hungary exchanged with Eichmann for 25,000 trucks that Hungary needed badly. This woman saw her husband and baby gassed. She herself escaped somehow; but her mind snapped, and ever since she has been crooning a lullaby to a baby that is not there.

Tragedies were everywhere. In a Jewish hospital I saw precious Jewish patients with a whole hand taken off at the wrist, or with their fingers chopped off. I saw others whose hair had been shaved and their skulls branded with their numbers. I talked with many about Jesus or about the love of God and when I did, they would say, "Where was your God when all this took place? We can't believe in God anymore. Why did He . . .? Why? Why? Why?"

It was not easy to give an answer. All I could say was that God's cup of wrath is not yet full.

Many of the Jews now see that had persecution not come to pass in Germany, Israel would not yet be a nation. There would have been no reason for these millions of Jews in Europe to want their own country, even as American Jews do not feel the necessity of having their own country, since, thus far, they have freedom and liberty in the United States. I pray God to bless our country that we shall always have it so.

I was in the home of a young couple. They had lived in Hungary. (Because I know the language so well, most of my contacts were with Hungarian Jews.) We were half reclining on the floor, which is a very common Oriental custom, after a meal. My young host pulled out a mandolin and while he strummed his instrument, he and his wife softly sang some of the Psalms. I glanced toward the kitchen and saw his aged mother washing her hands at the sink. At first it did not bother me. But when she kept it up for five minutes, ten minutes, fifteen minutes, I began to wonder.

I said to my young host, "Moshe [Moses], your mother -- she's washing her hands now fifteen minutes."

He answered in a whisper, "Yes," and he pointed to his head. "She used to work in the concentration camps and it was her task, because she was a big, strong woman, to pull the bodies out of the gas chambers and with a chisel to take the gold fillings out of the teeth of the corpses. She's been washing her hands ever since. But, Mrs. Hanley," he continued, "you ought to hear her screaming in the night."

I said to him, "What should we do with Eichmann?"

"O," he answered with such compassion and mercy as only Jesus could give, "Let him live. Let us pray for his soul."

With that, we tumbled to our knees, and he led in intercession for the soul of Eichmann.

* * * * *

27

SOWING THE SEED IN ISRAEL -- 1968

My husband and I made the trip to Israel together in 1968. We went by faith. The Lord marvelously supplied our need. We first stopped off in England and then we went to Germany

where I was scheduled to speak in several churches. We stayed some time in a Catholic convent south of Frankfurt. This is how it came about. My little booklet, Hallelujah, I Have Found Hun, has been printed in many languages. One day I received a letter from the mother superior of a convent, saying she had read the book and if ever I came through Europe, they wanted me to visit them and tell them in person what God had done in my life. This was a glorious experience.

We had the privilege of going into East Germany and of seeing the dreaded Berlin Wall. We could not help noting the empty looks on the faces of the alte (old folks) there. While some of our party were looking around in the museum, I saw a group of school girls on their way home. I ran across the street, stopped them, and spoke to them in German. I put my arms around them and drew them down to me at the edge of a fountain. There we sat while I told them about creation.

It was a surprise to the girls. They looked at one another and said, "Of these things we have never heard."

I continued to tell them about the love of Jesus -- in whispered tones, indeed, for if I had been heard preaching Jesus to them, I might not be here today.

We next went to Italy where I had been asked to speak in a church in Naples. From there we went to Israel where God marvelously blessed.

One day the Lord said, "I want you and your husband to go down to Eilat." Several Hebrew Christians had asked me to go to Eilat because there were those there who needed to hear the Gospel. We took the bus. It was a trip I dreaded, for it was a journey of over three hundred miles in the hot desert down to this town at the southern most tip of Israel, or had been until 1967. (Now Israel covers much more territory beyond.)

The bus stopped at Beersheba, which is quite a capital in the Negev, the desert area of Israel. We waited for another bus to come so that we could take on more passengers for Eilat. Two of the new passengers who boarded our bus were women and they sat directly behind us. One was from New York, the other was her sister whose husband was a professor at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem. They were very gracious and friendly. One would have thought we had known each other always. They began to point out to us various places of interest as we went along. They were both very well versed in the Old Testament and we talked about Moses. One of the ladies showed us Solomon's pillars. She showed us just about the path along which Moses had led the children of Israel through the valley of Zin and where he crossed over into Mesopotamia, which is now Jordan. We marvelled at how Moses could lead that multitude of people through that pathless desert. And yet it was not Moses, but God, who did it.

We arrived at Eilat and were assigned our places to stay. That night when I went to bed, I realized that I had not witnessed to those two Jewish women and felt very much under conviction about it. I prayed and asked the Lord to forgive me and to give me another chance.

The next morning, as we were all sitting in the lobby, the bus driver announced that we would not be leaving until one o'clock. It was then about ten. He said he was sure we all had

brought our swim suits and that we should go ahead and take a dip in the Red Sea while we waited.

I said to the women, "I'm sure you women will want to go swimming. Why don't you? I'll just stay here and wait."

"Aren't you going?" they asked.

"No, I'm not going."

"Why aren't you going swimming, Mrs. Hanley?"

"Well, I'm just not going. I'll just stay here." I hardly knew what to say. I was waiting for the Lord to help me. Still I had not witnessed to them.

"Who are you?" one of the women said.

"Why, I'm Mrs. Hanley. You just called me by my name."

The other woman said, "That isn't what we mean. What are you?"

"I'm a Jew."

"Well, we knew that; but what kind of a Jew are you?"

"O I'm a Messianic Jew. I believe that Jesus is my Saviour."

One said, "Is that why you're not going swimming?"

"Yes, the reason I do not put on a swim suit is that I've been saved. I have a conviction about women putting on swim suits and going into the water in the presence of men."

They both said, "We knew it! We knew it! Mrs. Hanley, if you had put on a swim suit we would have been disappointed in you. We are not going swimming either. We want to hear all about your Jesus -- why you believe in Him, what He's done for you. . . ." They named many things they wanted me to tell them.

I was elated. I felt the glory of God, the help of God, and the Shekinah presence of God, come right down upon me as I began to witness to them in this big, crowded lobby of the Queen of Sheba Hotel there in Eilat. (It is called the Queen of Sheba Hotel because it was at this point that the Queen of Sheba came over from Africa and met King Solomon.) While I was witnessing, I thought that I might as well be preaching to everybody in the lobby, so I raised my voice and people all over the lobby began to listen. It was particularly evident that one man was listening. He was trying to cover his face with a newspaper, but he had it upside down, so I knew he had to be listening.

The women were deeply impressed. Before we parted I prayed with them. I have had correspondence with them since, and one of them tells me, "When you come back, my husband and I are going to take you on a trip to Mt. Sinai. You will be our guests, and I will keep you awake at nights asking you questions."

One evening we went to a secret prayer meeting of Hebrew Christians in Haifa. We gathered in a room up on the third or fourth floor of an apartment house. Very few Hebrew Christians worship in churches. There is an assembly in Jerusalem conducted by Hebrew Christians, but it is mainly for tourists. Throughout Israel Hebrew Christians, for the most part, meet in homes or perhaps in caves or wherever they can find places to worship. In this prayer meeting we were singing ever so quietly, praising the Lord ever so quietly, praying ever so quietly. We did not want to stir up the hostility of the neighbors or the mischievous little children playing three floors below. If they heard us singing, they would throw rocks through the windows. Many times before this, the windows had had to be replaced.

There were Jews present from many countries. Most of them had been through Hitler's concentration camp. While we were softly praying -- each of us praying one after the other -- I heard a man behind me praying in German. He was rather lisping, as he had no teeth. The Nazis had pulled all his teeth in a brutal manner, breaking his jaw bone, so that he could not even be fitted for dentures. The best he could do was lisp.

Now he was pleading, "O mineh heilige Geltschmitt . . . [O my Heavenly Goldsmith] refine me, melt me down, melt me down until Thy glory can be seen in me."

My heart was touched. I shall never forget it as long as I live. I have made it my daily prayer, "O Heavenly Goldsmith, at any cost, at any price, melt me down until Thy beauty and Thy holiness can be reflected in me."

After the meeting, a precious Hebrew young woman came to me and said, "Mrs. Hanley, I work for a professor. He's in his eighties. I'm his housekeeper. He has taught at Cornell and other universities in America. He's a Doctor of Physics -- a very famous doctor. He's heard that you're here in Israel. He wants to meet you. Will you come? Will you come to us?"

I heard that it would be a long way -- several hours' ride by bus, and we would have to change two or three times -- but I told her that we would come on such and such a night. When my husband and I made our way with a friend to his home, Naomi was waiting for us outside. She took us in.

First the professor wanted that she should serve us refreshments, but I said, "O no, Professor, we've just come to talk with you."

Of course, on my part, this was very impolite; because there (in the East) to refuse the hospitality of refreshments, upon entering a home, is almost an insult. So, in the end, we were served refreshments.

Afterwards I pulled the little, low stool, upon which I was sitting, nearer to the large chair in which he was relaxing, and said, "Tell me, Professor, what is it you want to know? Why is it you wanted me to come?"

"O," he said, "do you believe in the Bible?"

"Indeed I do. Do you?"

"Yes, I do. I want to ask you something. If you can prove to me that the Old Testament says that God is more than one, that there is a plurality in the godhead, or that there are three, I will believe it."

The Lord immediately directed my attention to Genesis where it tells that Abraham was meditating one day. "He looked out in the distance and saw three men approaching," I recounted. "He thought at first they were angels, but they were three men and when they approached him, he bowed down to them and called them, 'My Lord.' He did not say, 'My Lords,' but said, 'My Lord.'"

The professor stopped me, "Naomi," he called, "Naomi, go get me my Buber translation."

This is a very highly respected translation. Naomi brought it to him, and he read the passage.

"Yes, it says it here," he agreed. "Naomi, Naomi, go get me my father's translation."

She brought it. It must have been seventy-five or a hundred years old. It was in Hebrew. He read it.

"Yes, it says it too."

"All right, Professor, now that you see that it says it, what are you going to do about it? You see that Abraham called the three men one Lord, yet there were three."

He put his head in his hands and said, "O give me time."

I said, "But, Professor, numerically you already have had many scores of years. You cannot wait any longer."

"Give me time. Give me time."

I have not heard that he has been saved, but the Lord really blessed, and I thank God for the opportunity of sowing the Word.

We were asked to go to Northern Israel just a few miles south of the Lebanese border to a little town called Nahariya where a precious Hebrew Christian lived. She had Jewish friends who had never heard the Gospel, one especially -- a dear Hungarian who had never heard it in her own

language. I do thank the Lord I was able to lead the dear Hungarian woman to the Lord, for I speak Hungarian as fluently as I do English.

In the evening when we were seated around the table, I noticed a Jew from Poland sitting opposite me. I asked him in English, "Are you a Christian?"

He looked at me rather blankly. Then I remembered that he did not speak English.

I said to my little hostess sitting next to me, "How can we get word to him? I want to know if he's saved."

So she started by interpreting to the family next to her who were Romanian. They interpreted to the family next to them who were Hebrew. They interpreted to a family next to them who spoke a Russian language and who then asked the Polish man my question.

He shook his head. I then gave him the plan of salvation through these various translators. Finally the Holy Spirit said, "Draw the net."

I said to my little hostess, "Ask him if he would like to kneel right down and confess his sins to the Lord Jesus."

But before she had a chance to speak to the Romanian family next to her, he was already saying yes with his head and we all got on our knees and prayed.

While we were praying we could hear the exchange of gunfire between the Israelis and the terrorists, but nobody seemed to be afraid.

One day I was walking in the Mea Shearin area of Old Jerusalem, which is the very orthodox sector of the city. It is so religious that police have put up barricades so that no one will go up and down the streets driving a car on the Sabbath. The Jews do not want their prayers to be interrupted by the noise of motorcars going by.

As I was walking along, a young man passed me. He went on ahead of me a little way, then turned around, smiled pleasantly and said, "Shalom."

I answered, "Shalom."

"Are you enjoying your stay in Israel?" he asked.

"Yes, I am. Do I know you?"

"No, but I saw you yesterday on Mt. Zion and I've been thinking about you and wondering about you. I can't get over the way you are dressed. Do you belong to the Chasidim?"

I said, "No."

I knew to what he was referring, for the Chasidim are a real orthodox Jewish sect whose women dress very plainly, with long sleeves, their dresses quite long, with long hair, no jewelry, and no makeup. Even their little girls wear long hose and are very plain in dress. This is what made him question me.

"No, I don't belong to any Chasidim here," I told him.

"Maybe in New York, Chicago . . .?"

"No."

I was trying to find the right way to answer him. I kept praying, "Lord, give me the answer."

Finally I said, "But I do belong to God's Chasidini, to God's holy people."

"What does your sect believe?" he asked.

"It doesn't matter what my sect believes because, you see, it's a personal thing. Ask me what I believe."

"All right," he agreed, "what do you believe about the Messiah?"

"O," I said, "I believe He has already come. I believe that Jesus is the Messiah."

His face took on a reddish hue in his rising anger. His countenance became distorted with hate, and he began to call Jesus ugly names. I knew God would take care of him for that. That was God's business. He began to call me names. Well, that was God's business, too. He continued reviling. Then he said, "And I have three children and a wife. If I should ever see you touch any of them, I would wring your neck until you were dead!"

I said, "They'll put you in prison if you do."

"I wouldn't care. I would gladly die if I could rid Israel of just one Jew that believed like you do."

I said to him, "Look here, young Saul. . ."

"My name isn't Saul," he interrupted, very angrily.

"I don't know what it is," I answered, "but you remind me of a young man by the name of Saul. He sat at the feet of Gamaliel. Have you?"

He shrugged his shoulders, looked at me scornfully, and said, "Sat at the feet of Gamaliel? Gamaliel lived two thousand years ago."

"That's what I mean. This young man, Saul, sat at the feet of Gamaliel two thousand years ago. One day on this very road [we were outside the Damascus Gate] this young Jewish zealot was riding on a great white horse and in his hand he had a document, given to him by the Sanhedrin, authorizing him to go to Damascus and kill all the Jews that believed as I do. It was at high noontime when this fiery young Jew was knocked from his horse, was blinded by a great light, and heard a voice saying, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?' Someday, young man, God's going to knock you off your high horse. Just as Saul, two thousand years ago, followed Jesus as the Messiah, you will too. You had better fall off your horse, Saul."

"You're sick, Lady," he retorted, "you're sick!"

"I'll still have to say, you're going to fall off your horse."

"You need to see a psychiatrist," he said haughtily.

"You'd better fall off your horse," I insisted.

He started to run away from me down the street, but he kept yelling back, "Go home, Yankee; you're sick, you're sick."

And all I could say was, "You're going to fall off your horse. You're going to fall off your horse."

About Christmas time I received a letter from a friend whom this young man had approached, wanting to know whether I was still in Israel. She said he looked very gloomy and downcast. She told him I had returned to the States and asked if she could help him. He turned, muttering something about falling off a horse. Of course she did not know what he was talking about. But this told me that the seed of God's Word had surely taken root in Saul's heart. He had not fallen off his horse yet, however, or he would not have been so gloomy. The sequel to this incident came three years later.

* * * * *

28

TO THE SEED OF ISAAC . . . AND OF ISHMAEL

Again by faith, in the spring of 1971, God marvelously provided for me to go to Israel. My husband did not go with me. "Dear," he said, "you are the missionary. I don't feel that we ought to waste so much of the Lord's money as it would take for me to go."

I made all my travel arrangements with the AAA. On the Saturday before I was to leave on Monday, the AAA called me and said, "We're sorry, Mrs. Hanley; we've waited until the last moment to call you because we've been cabling back and forth to Israel. But we cannot find you a room within seventy miles of the Lod airport. We don't know where you'll spend your first night in Israel. All the hotels are double-booked."

I laughed and said, "O that's all right. Never mind. I'll have a place to stay."

The lady said, "How do you know?"

"Well, I have another travel agency working for me and I'm sure they'll get me a room."

"Why, Mrs. Hanley," she said in a surprised tone, "we thought we took care of all your travel business."

"You do up to a certain point," I assured her. "When you can't do any more, then this other travel agency takes over."

"Do you mind telling us the name of this other company?" she asked. "We'd like to know why they would have priority in getting you a room when we can't."

"O," I said, "it's sort of another triple A concern, though it's not a triple A. It's God the Father, God the Son and God the Holy Ghost. They know where I'm going to stay. They've made travel arrangements for me."

She laughed and sighed a sigh of relief. "Well," she said, "I thought you were really serious."

"But I am serious. I've never been more serious. All these plans are in God's hands, and I know there will be a place to stay."

"All right," she finished. "We want to hear about it when you get back."

I arrived in New York and boarded a 747 Jumbo Jet. I always had heard how roomy they were, but the moment I was seated, I felt claustrophobia come over me. My seat partner was a little Jewish lady, older than I, from New York. From the moment she sat down she began to complain.

"I don't like this plane," she murmured. "Why did I ever consent to go to Israel? O I'm sorry. I'm scared. I've never been on a plane before. . . ."

Everything she could think of, she grumbled about. It was hot in the plane. It was noisy in the plane. The stewardesses were not paying enough attention to us. .

The jet had already taxied away from the TWA satellite, the doors were securely locked when she said, "I've changed my mind. I don't think I'll go to Israel. I wonder if I could get off."

I said, "No, not now, you can't get off."

This woman kept nagging me so that I finally put the ear plugs in my ears. I knew there was no use to witness to her -- she was so full of self-pity, complaining and bitterness. Conveniently, I

just forgot her and went sound asleep. I slept and slept. Even this was in God's plan. It did not seem long until the woman was shaking me.

"Wake up!" she said, "Wake up! They're serving breakfast. We're just about an hour out of Rome. Do you know you've been sleeping for eight hours?"

I said, "I have? I didn't realize that."

"Yes, you have. I've been checking my watch here and you've been sleeping for eight hours. And here I am -- I haven't been able to shut my eyes. I've been wanting to talk to you and all you've done is sleep, sleep. Tell me, how can you sleep like this?"

I said to her, "Now, if you'll just be still long enough and stop complaining, I'll tell you how I can sleep."

"All right."

"But," I said, "you must promise me that you'll not interrupt me."

She promised.

In reverent tone I told her that I was a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ and that He had saved me and forgiven my sins.

"You can't convert me!" she broke in.

"Hush! Hush!" I told her in Yiddish. "You promised me that you wouldn't interrupt."

So she kept still. I had no more problems with her the rest of the trip. I witnessed to her all the way to Israel.

When we deplaned in Israel, we saw hundreds of teen-agers at the airport on our side of customs. With locked arms they were swaying back and forth singing, "Havenu Shaloma A leichem [We bring unto you peace]." There were three EL AL planes in holding pattern above us, waiting to land. They were loaded with immigrant Jews from Russia. The young people had gathered to welcome these Jews, practically all of whom had spent years in Siberia or in prison and in deprivation and poverty because they had made application to come to Israel. As they stepped off the plane many of them fell to the asphalt and kissed it. Some of them ran a few feet where they kissed the soil. There was much weeping too.

The Russians were allowed to go through customs first. They were quickly processed, for in Israel there is a law of return. Any Jew who wants to return can do so and become a citizen the moment his feet hit the soil. The immigrants were given little purses of money, a change of clothing, and the address of a home which had already been furnished and was waiting for them.

In Jeremiah 23, God says that the time would come when the children of Israel would no more say, "Blessed be the Lord God of our fathers who has brought us up out of the land of Egypt," but they would say, "Blessed be the Lord God that has brought us from the north country." That prophecy surely is coming to pass before our very eyes. In the last few years, hundreds and thousands of Jews have come out of Russia, and there are many more thousands, yea, several millions that want to leave Russia and come to Israel, their homeland. They have not lost their identity through all the attempts of the Communists to assimilate them and cause them to lose touch with the Jewish religion.

When we were in Israel in 1968, from our third-story apartment house in Haifa, we looked out over the Mediterranean Sea coast and saw countless numbers of high-rise apartment buildings going up -- ten, fifteen stories high. Many of them were finished but vacant. Strangely, more were being built. When we inquired why, the Israelis said to us, "Ah, these are for our brethren who are soon to come." Such faith!

One Sabbath (Saturday) afternoon of this same trip, my husband and I walked up to Mt. Zion and saw hundreds of Jewish people in their own national dress, sitting on benches, all facing one direction, ahead of them, on a raised platform, were about eight rabbis with long, black coats, black beards and round kastan (fur) hats. They were preaching and praying. Their faces were wet with tears as they exhorted. I could hear the congregation, dressed in multi-colored garments, responding, "Allelujah! Amen!" (It is wonderful that these two words are the same in any language.)

I wondered what this was, so I went over to a soldier and said, "Sir, what is this?"

"It's a prayer meeting," he answered.

"For what?"

"O they're praying that Russia will let our people go."

By faith! And now in 1971, God was answering their prayers!

After about two hours, I finally got through customs. I pushed and dragged my suitcases out to the sidewalk, and there I stood. "Lord, where am I going to spend the night? Where, Lord? The AAA said there's no room within seventy miles, Lord."

I'd written many friends that I was coming, but only one group down near Haifa knew what day or on what plane I was coming. I said, "Lord, if it's Your will that I go to them, then let one of them meet me, but if it's not Your will, then let someone else meet me." Though how anyone else would know which plane was mine, I did not know.

I was standing on the curb when a man, an Israeli, came along. He said, "Taxi, lady?"

"I don't know," I answered. I was in sort of a daze.

He said, "Lady, where are you going to stay tonight? Do you have reservations?"

Again I said, "I don't know."

"Lady," he offered, "I know many hostels. I know some places where you could stay. Get in my taxi. I will find a room for you. Will you come?"

All I could say was, "I don't know."

All of a sudden I heard someone say, "Irene! Irene! Thank God, you've come!"

I turned around to see a dear friend from Jerusalem. She said, "Irene, I knew you were coming, but you didn't tell me what day. I've been here for days, meeting every plane. I just now said to myself, 'If she's not on this one, I'm going back to Jerusalem.'"

Praise the Lord that she waited for this one more plane!

She said to the taxi man in Hebrew, "Never mind. She's going with me to Jerusalem."

It was not long until she had me in her little Volkswagen. We were just a few miles from the airport when we saw a group of young Israeli soldiers hitchhiking. In Israel, everyone hitchhikes, even soldiers. And everybody picks up hitchhikers. They would not think of doing otherwise. Furthermore, one never needs to be afraid of picking up hitchhikers in Israel, especially soldiers. She could cram only two in her car, but when those two got in, I began to witness to them. They spoke only Hebrew -- a language I do not speak. But my driver friend spoke it well and she interpreted for me as well as witnessing to them herself. The Lord was blessing my trip already.

As I visited Jerusalem, I prayed, "O Lord, could it be possible that I might find Saul? Could it be possible that amongst all these millions of people in Israel that I should find this young man?"

I had heard that he worked in a souvenir shop on Mt. Zion. So I went up on Mt. Zion one morning about nine and sat down on a low ledge in front of the upper room. I waited and watched as people went by. I knew that I would not know him if I saw him, but I prayed that he might know me. Eleven o'clock, twelve o'clock, one o'clock went by. Still, no one recognized me.

It was about two when several young men passed. They went about ten feet when one of them turned around, looked at me, raised his finger, and said, "Is that you?"

I stood up and said, "What do you mean -- 'is that me?'"

Then he pointed to himself and said, "Me, me, I am Saul."

Then I pointed to myself and said, "Yes, yes, it's me, it's me."

He ran to me and actually knelt before me. "Madam, Madam," he said, "I didn't think I would ever see you again, first, to ask you to forgive me for the names I called you, and secondly, to tell you, Madam, I have fallen off my horse. So have my wife and children. O I am glad that I have seen you again to tell you this. I must hurry now. The men are waiting for me. But I never thought I would see you again to tell you."

Thank God for the precious Word. It found root in the heart of Saul and brought forth fourfold!

One morning I was on my own and decided to walk over to the Old City. On a former visit, I had lived in the Old City, about three blocks from Herod's Gate, but not behind the walls of the Old City. It was that section of the city which belonged to the Arabs before 1967. This morning I thought I would see what the Lord had in store for me that day. I took my Bible. I entered the Damascus Gate and walked down the narrow corridor-like streets. Every few feet there was another step down. It seemed as though I was going right into the bowels of the earth. I kept looking at different stores, observing persons, and waiting on the Holy Spirit to stop me and tell me when I was to witness to someone.

As I passed one store, I noticed that the shelves looked unusually bare. Toward the back of the store a young man was motioning for me to come in. I shook my head, indicating that I did not want to go in.

Now he called, "Come in, lady. You no buy. Come in."

I shook my head. I was afraid that after I got in there he would talk me into buying.

"Lady," he urged, "I see Bible. Do come. Please."

With that, I knew it was from the Lord, so I went in.

He pulled out a little stool for me made out of bamboo. He had one for himself. He was a pleasant young fellow. "Lady," he began, "I see your Bible. Are you a Christian?"

"Yes, I am. Are you?"

"No, I'm a Moslem."

"O I'm a Jew." I thought I had better get that cleared up right away.

"Lady," he said, "do you have much afraid of that Jesus on the cross?"

"No, I don't have much afraid. Do you have much afraid?"

"Yes," he said. And he shuddered. "Yes, I have much afraid when I see that Jesus on the cross. Why you no much afraid?"

"O because my Jesus is not on the cross."

"Where is your Jesus?"

"My Jesus is. . ."

But how could I tell him so that he would understand. He spoke English so brokenly. How could I tell him that Jesus was sitting at the right hand of the Father, being our Advocate, our Mediator? Just then, it came to me that when I had entered the Old City, I saw several office buildings with the word Advocate printed on the windows. (In Israel, lawyers are called advocates.) So I said to him "You know what advocate is?"

"O yes, I know."

"What is advocate?" I asked.

"Advocate is one who makes pleas for you."

"That's right," I said. "Well, Jesus is my Advocate. He is sitting on the right hand of God and He is making pleas for me and for you, too." Then I asked, "What's your name?"

He said, "Abu Salim."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-one."

"Are you married?"

"O no, I cannot get married."

"Tell me why."

"Well," he said, "you see my mother died when she birthed me. Then my father married my mother's younger sister [a common custom in Oriental countries], and they have had several children. Two months ago my father had pains in his chest. He went to doctor. Doctor gave him medicine. He drink and he died. Now, my mother, who is my aunt, is carrying his eighth child under her heart."

"O"

"You see," he continued, "I cannot marry until all the other children are married. I am the head of the home now. You know, I would like my mother and other brothers and sisters to hear about the Advocate. Would you come and have breakfast with us tomorrow morning? We are very poor. We have no furniture. Would you please come? I will go home and tell my mother and she will make nice Arab breakfast for you."

For a moment I questioned, "Lord, did you send me to Israel to bring the Word to the seed of Ishmael or to the seed of Isaac?"

The Lord answered, "In this instance, to the seed of Ishmael. Go."

"All right," I said, "I'll come for breakfast. Where shall I come?"

"Come here," he said, "I'll meet you at nine in the morning." The next morning I went to his little shop. I stood there under my umbrella, as it was raining steadily. Presently, I saw him running down through the little corridors. When he reached me, he said, "I'm sorry I am late. It is raining. We will get a taxi."

"Abu," I said, "how do you come other days when it is raining?"

"O I walk."

"How do you come when it is nice?"

"I walk."

I said, "Then we will walk now." (I did not want him to think he had a soft American on his hands.)

"It isn't so far," he conceded.

He took my purse without my asking him to. I guess he thought he ought to carry any weight I was carrying. He carried my umbrella, too, and said, "It will be slippery in places. I do not want you to fall."

We walked and walked, passing through Stephen's Gate on the northeast side of the Old City walls, wending our way down some hills, finally pursuing our path into the Valley of Kidron, past the tomb of Hezekiah, past the tomb of Absalom. He pointed out to me the Pool of Siloam.

"O," I said, "wait, I want to go down."

"No, no," he objected. "Not today. It is raining too hard. We can go when it is prettier. Not today. Let us walk."

We went on. I was getting weary. I said, "Abu, is it very much farther?"

"No, not much farther. It's right up there on the hill in that little pink house."

The house looked just like one adobe hut on top of another. It is the way the Arabs build their homes. As we walked up to the house, I noticed a row of shoes out front. It did not take me long to realize what was expected of me, so I took mine off, added them to the row, and walked

into his house. I could see the house was very poor. Even so, the floors were marble, for in Israel, marble is very plentiful.

As we went through the corridor, I looked into the rooms on each side of the hallway. I presumed they were bedrooms. There was no furniture in them, but there was bedding on the floor, and tucked between the bedding were some large loaves of bread, or pilaú as they call it. (This is the way they keep their bread fresh.) Abu took me to the living room. There was no furniture, just cushions stacked around the room where the floor meets the wall. The Oriental people sit on the floor when they receive their guests and when they eat.

When we were seated, Abu clapped his hands and the whole family came in -- his brothers and sisters, all younger than he, and his mother. He introduced me to them, whereupon they all kissed me twice, once on each cheek, and I kissed them. Then they left the room. Soon, Abu's oldest sister, Jedidah, came in. She placed on the floor a bowl of scrambled eggs, floating in oil; then she brought in a bowl of fried cauliflower, a platter of the bread I had seen between the bedding, broken in small pieces, hard-boiled eggs, and a bowl of black olives. To my horror, one of the olives was moving. Jedidah left the room.

Abu, very hospitable, was plainly happy that I was there in their little home. He said, "Eat, Madam, eat." I said, "Abu, I always pray before I eat." "What do you call your prayer?" he asked.

"We call it 'saying grace' back in the States."

"All right. You go ahead."

So I asked the Lord for grace. I knew I needed all the grace God could possibly give me on this occasion.

When I finished praying, Abu smiled and said, "I like that prayer. Now, please eat."

From habit, I looked for silverware. There was none. I said, "Abu, I have nothing to eat with. There are no forks, no spoons, no nothing."

He said, "Listen at me. We use our fingers."

I pointed to the scrambled eggs. "Scrambled eggs with my fingers?"

"Yes, I will show you," he said, very enthusiastically.

He took a piece of the pilaf (bread), dipped it into the scrambled eggs, scooped some up and very gracefully swooped it into his mouth without a drop of it falling on his white shirt. Then he handed me a piece of the broken bread.

"Now you," he said.

I dipped the bread into the eggs, very carefully at first, so as not to get too much for the first time. I thought I would do the same thing he did -- swoop it into my mouth, but it spilled all over my clothes. I really did make a mess of that try. Then I took a hard-boiled egg. I knew I could handle that all right. I got down a piece of the cauliflower, too, but when it came to the olives -- he handed the plate to me -- the olive that was moving had already reached the edge of the plate. All I did then was to shake the plate, and the olive fell off and scooted away. It turned out to be a big, black, juicy roach.

While we were eating, I noticed that Abu looked rather crestfallen. I said, "What's the matter, Abu?"

He said, "Lady, you no like?"

I said to him, "What do you mean -- 'I no like?'"

I had heard him smacking his lips, eating with his mouth open, and belching. I wondered why he ate in that manner, when suddenly it dawned upon me that I had read somewhere that Oriental people eat with their mouths open and employ oral sounds to show that they are really enjoying their food. A guest should also make these sounds to assure his host or hostess that he is grateful for the meal. I could hear that Abu was enjoying his eating, but did he expect me to do what he did? I started smacking my lips and eating with my mouth open. I tried and tried to belch, but belch I could not. I have belched when I was humiliated beyond measure, but this time I could not. Nevertheless, Abu seemed to be satisfied and happy.

After the meal was over, Abu's oldest sister came in and cleared away the dishes from the floor. When Abu clapped his hands again, his mother and little brothers and sisters came in and sat on the floor before us. He turned to me and said, "Now tell them about Jesus, the Advocate. You tell it to me in English, and I will tell it to them in Arabic."

I told them the story of Jesus, the Suffering Servant, why we were all sinners, why Jesus had to come down into this world and take upon Himself the form of man, why He had to go to the cross, why Someone had to pay the penalty for our sins. I told about His burial, His resurrection, His ascension, His intercession, His advocacy today in behalf of believers who call upon Him. When I had finished witnessing, I reached into my purse and pulled out the equivalent of fifty dollars in our money. In Israeli pounds it amounted to about 175 or so. I started to press it into the little mother's hands, but she shook her head in refusal.

"Lo, lo [No, no]," she said.

I said to Abu, "Tell her it is not for her. It is for the little one under her heart."

When he did so, she accepted it from me. Then I had prayer with them and told Abu that I would have to leave.

"You just walk down to the main road with me, Abu," I said, "because I am going to take a taxi. I'm not stopping in the Old City. I'm going over into the west part of Jerusalem -- the new part."

He walked with me down the steep embankment to the main road very quietly, not saying a word the whole way. When we reached the road, we stood there, he holding the umbrella, for it had not quit raining. Finally he said, "Madam, I want to tell you something -- Jesus is my Advocate."

"O but Abu Salim," I remonstrated kindly, "He cannot become your Advocate unless He first becomes your Saviour."

"But He did! He is my Saviour!"

"When did this happen, Abu?"

"You know in my home while you were telling my mother and my brothers and sisters and I was interpreting? All the time I was interpreting for you I was talking to Jesus. And, Madam, you know how quiet I am on the way down here?"

"Yes, I noticed it, Abu. Why were you so quiet?"

"Jesus was talking to me. He told me He was my Advocate."

Thank the Lord for that!

Abu said, "You will come back, won't you? My mother will make a big banquet for you. She will have rice cooked with goat meat on a foundation of cauliflower and cheese . . ."

As he was describing it my stomach was already churning, but I said, "Yes, I'll be back, Abu." I would not tell him when, I was not hungry for a banquet.

On a beautiful day sometime later, I decided I would go back. I made it a point to stop at the Pool of Siloam this time. As I was looking down into the pool from a little height, a group of rowdy teen-age Arab boys came along. They grabbed for my pocketbook. I could not let go of it. I had everything in it -- passport, traveler's checks, birth certificate. I began to run, and when they saw I was not going to let go of my purse, they picked up sticks, and one threw at me. Others picked up stones. I ran down the street now, screaming for help. The boys clambered up the embankments on each side of the street, still throwing stones as they chased me. But thank God, not a single stone touched me! The Lord protected me, put a shield roundabout me. After all, the Arabs are known to be poor aims!

After I returned to the States, I received this letter from Abu Salim:

Dear Mother Irene:

I hope you are in good health. Thank you for a nice letter and for pictures. We have new-born -- a little beautiful child, female, called Kitan.

Also thank you for your help and I hope you will write me more. I am very sorry to you because I am late to answer your letter, but I have cause. I made accident when I rode motorcycle with taxi. I slept twenty days in hospital, eighteen in my home because my leg winded. But now I am all right. Thank my God, Jesus, now I work in the store. All my family send to you the warm wishes. I shall send you picture of baby Kitan.

Sincerely,
Abu Saiim

Thank the Lord that another son of Abraham, though he was the son of Ishmael, son of a beedwoman, came to know Jesus!

* * * * *

APPENDIX

The Jewish high and holy days, feast days, or celebration days follow.

First, we must remember that the Jewish year is a lunar year, which is shorter than the solar year by ten days and twenty-one hours. The year is divided into twelve lunar months of twenty-eight or twenty-nine days each. Then, to equalize the difference between the lunar and solar years, about every three years an extra month is added after the twelfth month, which is March. This thirteenth-month year is the Jewish leap year. Just speaking of a regular year, the year 1972 in the Jewish calendar is dated 5733. This is 5733 years from the time Moses began to record the book of Genesis.

The first time in the year when there is visible joy and real celebration is during the Feast of Esther in February. The celebration starts at sundown, for the Jewish day starts at sundown and ends at sundown the next day. It is called Purim, or the casting of lots. (Remember the story of Haman.) In Israel Purim has taken on much of the same outward celebration in the streets as Halloween has here. The children dress up in masks and unusual clothes. Some borrow their mothers' clothes. At purim every Jewish girl who goes to Hebrew school, spires to become Queen Esther.

In March, usually about the same time as the Gentile Easter, comes Pesach, or Passover. The first day of Passover in 1972 was the thirtieth of March. For seven days the Jews celebrate their deliverance from Egypt by the hand of Moses, and for seven days they do not eat bread or any food with leavening in it.

Following the Passover comes Shavouth, usually in May, the fiftieth day after Passover. This is the Feast of Weeks. "And thou shalt observe the feast of weeks, of the firstfruits of wheat harvest, and the feast of ingathering at the year's end" (Exodus 34:22). For Christians, Shavouth is the day of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit in the upper room in Jerusalem.

The next holiday in the year is Rosh Hashanah, which is New Year. This comes usually in Tishri, or September. The strange thing about this New Year is that April, the month of Nisan or Abib is the first Biblical month of the year, that is, the first recorded month of creation. Its name really means Spring. Though this is the Biblical beginning of the Jewish year, the traditional beginning, that which the rabbis have incorporated into the Talmud, is really the Feast of Trumpets or the blowing of the rams' horns and trumpets to call the people together for a holy convocation, which takes place in the seventh month, the month of Tishri. We read about this in the book of Leviticus. "In the seventh month in the first day of the month shall ye have a Sabbath." The seventh month is to the year what Saturday is to the week. In the book of Nehemiah 8:1-12, we read that after Israel had come out of Babylon again they were to observe the New Year very solemnly. When the people heard the law read, they stood for hours. There was such rejoicing and praising and shouting that they could be heard for miles. They did not even want to eat. In fact, Ezra had to tell them to go home and eat. The blowing of the rams' horns reminds them of how Abraham was willing to give up his son and God provided the ram to take Isaac's place, even as the Lord Jesus Christ became our ram.

Between Rosh Hashanah and the time of the next holiday, which is Yom Kippur, are ten awesome days of repentance when men should be searching their hearts. Tradition has it that there are three books to be opened during this time -- one book in which all the righteous are registered, the second book in which those who are not wholly righteous or utterly wicked are registered, and the third in which only the wicked are recorded. Of course, their desire is that their names should be inscribed in the first book. During the ten days of repentance, they should also be seeking to make peace with those whom they have wronged throughout the year, with their enemies if they have any. It is a time when charities are given to the poor, and when long written prayers are repeated. Often their litany is much like our own praying.

Yom Kippur is the Day of Atonement. The elaborate ritual for the Day of Atonement is observed in the synagogue or temple, as described in Leviticus 16. For this they need a sacrifice for the sins they have been repenting of for the last ten days. It is a very solemn day. The real orthodox Jews walk to their synagogue, no matter how far away they live. They will not ride in a conveyance, neither will they allow themselves any luxuries during this Yom Kippur (twenty-four hours). From one sundown to the next sundown, Jews the world over, male and female, young and old, fast and seek atonement or forgiveness for all their sins. In Old Testament times, they made preparation for this. They offered a sacrifice. Among the real orthodox Jews today a chicken is offered, but God never said that a chicken would atone for sin. Neither did the blood of bullocks and goats, for that matter, so Isaiah tells us. Even if the Jews were to bring an offering today, there is no place for it to be offered, no brazen altar, no holy of holies. Their temple has been destroyed. In the evening after the twenty-four-hour fast, the cantor begins the most solemn prayer in the Yom Kippur devotions. This is known as the Kol Nidre, or all vows to God. He repeats their vows, their oaths, their devotions, their promises, their penalties, their obligations, everything they have sworn to God.

At the close of the Yom Kippur solemnities, they repeat a beautiful prayer, which is almost along the same plaintive, wistful lines as Isaiah 53. This is the prayer: "Our righteous Messiah has departed from us. We are horror-stricken and have none to justify us. Our iniquities and the yoke of

our transgressions He carries who was wounded because of our transgressions. He bears on His shoulder the burden of our sins to find pardon for all our iniquities. By His stripes we shall be healed. O Eternal One, it is time that Thou shouldst create Him anew." Here we see clearly that Judaism is without true atonement. There is only a wistful yearning for the same. It looks to a future Messiah to bring salvation and reconciliation. After the prayer, there is again the blowing of the rams' horns.

Then follows the Feast of Tabernacles or Booths. Leviticus 23:39-43 speaks of this. "Also in the fifteenth day of the seventh month, when ye have gathered in the fruit of the land, ye shall keep a feast unto the Lord seven days: on the first day shall be a sabbath, and on the eighth day shall be a sabbath. And ye shall take you on the first day the boughs of goodly trees, branches of palm trees, and the boughs of thick trees, and willows of the brook; and ye shall rejoice before the Lord your God seven days. And ye shall keep it a feast unto the Lord seven days in the year. It shall be a statute for ever in your generations: ye shall celebrate it in the seventh month. Ye shall dwell in booths seven days; all that are Israelites born shall dwell in booths: that your generations may know that I made the children of Israel to dwell in booths, when I brought them out of the land of Egypt: I am the Lord your God."

This comes on the fifteenth of Tishri, which is the seventh month. The Jews the world over, from Bombay to Brooklyn, from Jerusalem to San Francisco, are busy erecting booths. The Feast of Tabernacles is one of the great occasions in Jewish life. God commanded the children of Israel to assemble in the temple at Jerusalem and present themselves and their sacrifices to God. This feast is primarily agricultural in character. It is a joyous occasion. Harvest has been brought in from the fields, the groves, and the orchards. The barns and sheds are full. Hearts, too, are full of praise and thanksgiving for God's bounty. It is the Feast of Ingathering, or Israel's thanksgiving festival.

When we were in Israel, we saw them building these booths. The Jewish people who live in apartment houses build these little booths on their porches or their little balconies. They are built of any material they can find. The tops are made of woven branches of myrtle or palm trees, loosely woven and fastened with golden thread so that the sky may be seen and also that God may look down upon them and see them. Apart from the agricultural aspect of the Feast of Tabernacles is the commemoration of God's mighty deliverance of Israel from Egypt and their forty years of wilderness wandering when they dwelt in tents and tabernacles. The people do leave their little homes and dwell in these booths. Branches of palms (lulav) are waved in the temple during certain parts of the service. Then there are the citrus fruits, symbolic of the fruit of the Promised Land. The booths, the lulav, and the citrus fruits are all basic in the Feast of Tabernacles. It is prophetic in character, of course. There are two outstanding features which characterize the temple service of the Feast of Tabernacles: the pouring of the water in the temple and the brilliant illumination of the temple.

In Biblical times the priests were sent to the Pool of Siloam with a golden pitcher to bring back water from this pool. These mingled with the congregation and all went back to the Brook of Kidron together. The water libation went beyond the mere physical. It was prophetic and Messianic in its hope, looking toward the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, not only upon Israel, but also upon the believers of all nations under the reign of Messiah King. It was known as the Day of

Great Hosanna when they sang and still sing, "Thou art my God. I will praise Thee. Thou art my God. I will exalt Thee." Hosanna means "Save us now." Hosanna to the Son of David means "Save us, Son of David." The Messianic prayer at the Feast of Tabernacles is beautiful. It goes like this -- "Turn unto us and be ye saved today if ye hear my voice. Behold the man who sprang forth. Branch is his name, David himself. Stand back. Be buried in the dust no longer. Ye who dwell in the dust, wake up and sing. Glad will be the people when He rules. The name of the ungodly shall perish, but to His anointed, the Messiah David, He giveth grace. Grant salvation. (In Hebrew, the word salvation is Jesus.) Grant Yeshua to the eternal people, to David and to his seed forever." The feast of Tabernacles is followed by Simtha Torah (rejoicing over the law).

I have been in Israel during all these celebrations and have seen them transpire. Though I am a Christian, I cannot help but weep-- weep with joy because I am back in Israel, weep because I see Scripture being fulfilled before my eyes, then weep with a heavy heart because they do not know Him about whom they are rejoicing.

On the day of rejoicing over the law, the reading of the book of Deuteronomy is completed. Then Genesis is begun again. At this time, all who are assembled in the synagogue are called upon to pronounce a blessing upon the reading of the law. Even the little boys participate. I have seen the rabbis dancing in the streets of Jerusalem and in their temples. They take the Torah (the five books of Moses), hold it close to their hearts, and with a prayer shawl (thallis) flung around their shoulders, which practically covers the body, they dance and leap with joy. Police barricade the streets as even little children lead in the songs of the Torah and in the rejoicing. Thus ends the Feast of Tabernacles.

There is another holiday called the Feast of Dedication. It usually takes place in the early part of December. Jews call it Hanukkah. This feast has been celebrated since the year 164 B.C. and it continues to the present time. Hanukkah often coincides with Christmas which starts on the 25th of the Jewish month which approximates our December. This identity of dates is more than a mere coincidence. The feast lasts seven days and eight nights and commemorates their deliverance by the Maccabees. Back in the time when the Romans were going to wipe out Jerusalem, God raised up the Maccabees, Matthias and his son Judas, who assembled a considerable number of courageous Jews and skillfully led them in battle against the Assyrians and Romans. Every night for eight nights during Hanukkah a candle in a special candlestick is lighted. It is even more beautifully typical of Christmas than the heathen way in which we celebrate it, for the Jews kindle a new light every night. Also when they kindle the Hanukkah light, they light each candle from the light known as the servant -- a beautiful symbol of Christ, the Servant of God, the Light of the world. He alone is able to kindle in our hearts the light of God. Only in His light can we see light; only through Him do we become the light of the world, even as He expects us to. The symbol of Hanukkah is a candlestick. The flickering lights of eight little candles mean a great deal in the pitch darkness, but when the sun rises, then the candlelight appears pale and insignificant. Thus, to us in Christ, the Sun of Righteousness dims the candlelights of Hanukkah.

Following are the Old Testament names of God, precious to the Jewish people: Elohim (Genesis 1:1) -- a plural noun meaning God.

Jehovah -- the One who is existing, the great I AM.

Adonai -- God, the only Lord. It is used only in the plural (Lords); literally, my Master, Lord.

El Shaddai -- Mighty One.

Jehovah-Yireh -- Provider, or One who sees to provide.

Jehovah-Rothay -- I hear.

Jehovah-Nissi -- our Standard, our Banner.

Jehovah-Kaddesh -- our Sanctification.

Jehovah-Shalom -- Jehovah is peace.

Jehovah-Tsidkenu -- Jehovah is our holiness or righteousness.

Jehovah-Roi -- our Shepherd (most tender, compassionate appellation, the sweetest name of all).

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THE END