

My
Heavenly
Year In
Jerusalem

ירושלים

Cheryl Zehr

Olive Press
צהר זית

Messianic & Christian Publisher

Rochester, NY 14609
Port Leyden, NY 13433

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My Heavenly Year in Jerusalem

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All names in this book have been changed except for some of the author's immediate family.

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ISBN 978-0-9790873-1-8

Published by
Olive Press **צהר זית**
Messianic and Christian Publisher
P.O. Box 567
Port Leyden, NY 13433
www.olivepresspublisher.org

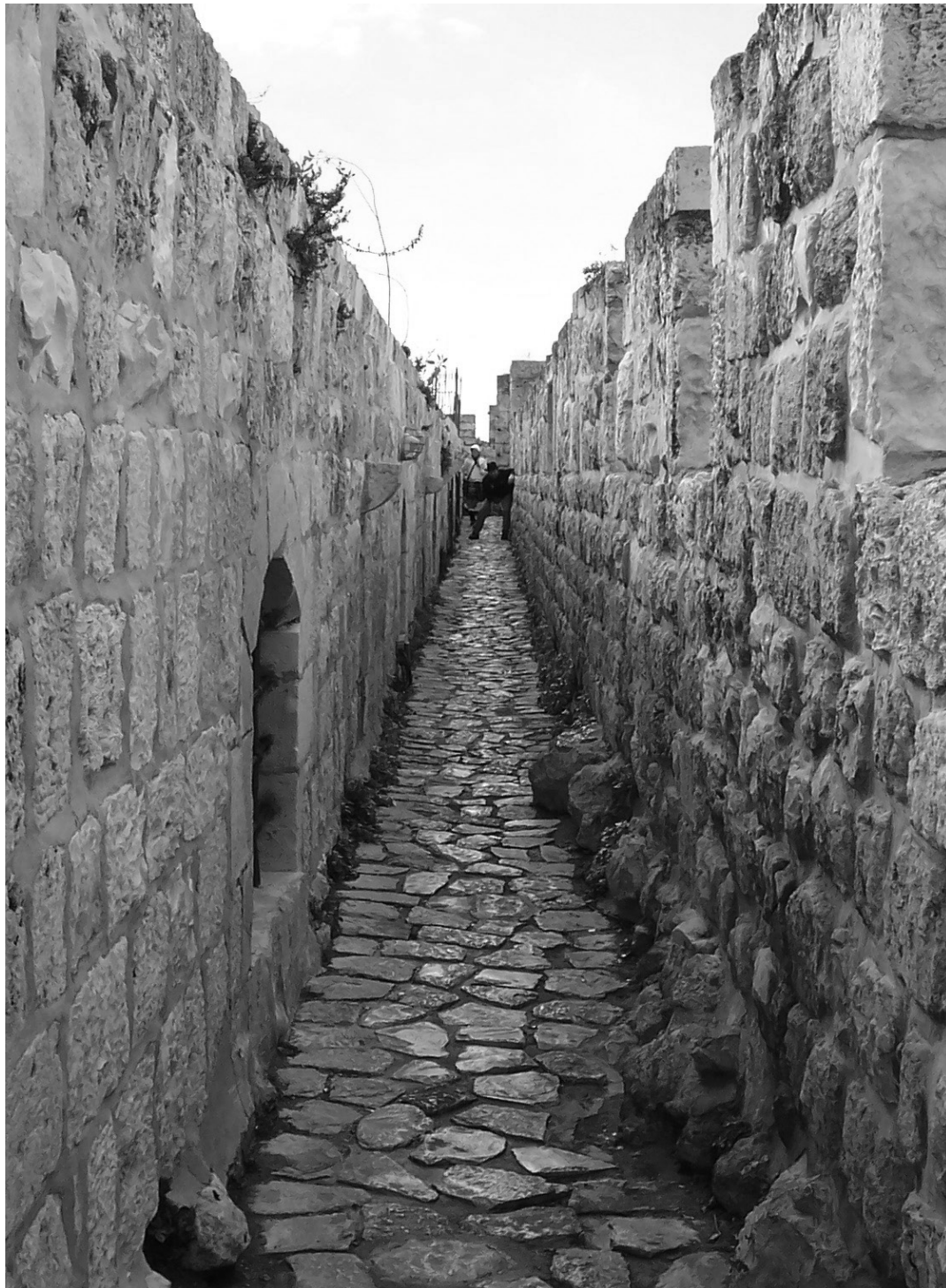
We at Olive Press pray that we may help make the Word of Adonai fully known, ... and spread rapidly and be glorified everywhere. May our books help open people's eyes so they will turn from darkness to Light and from the power of the adversary to God and ... trust in **ישוע** Yeshua (Jesus).

(From II Thess. 3:1; Col. 1:25; Acts 26:18,15 NRSV and CJB, the Complete Jewish Bible)

May this book in particular inspire people to intercede for Israel.

Dedicated to Annie

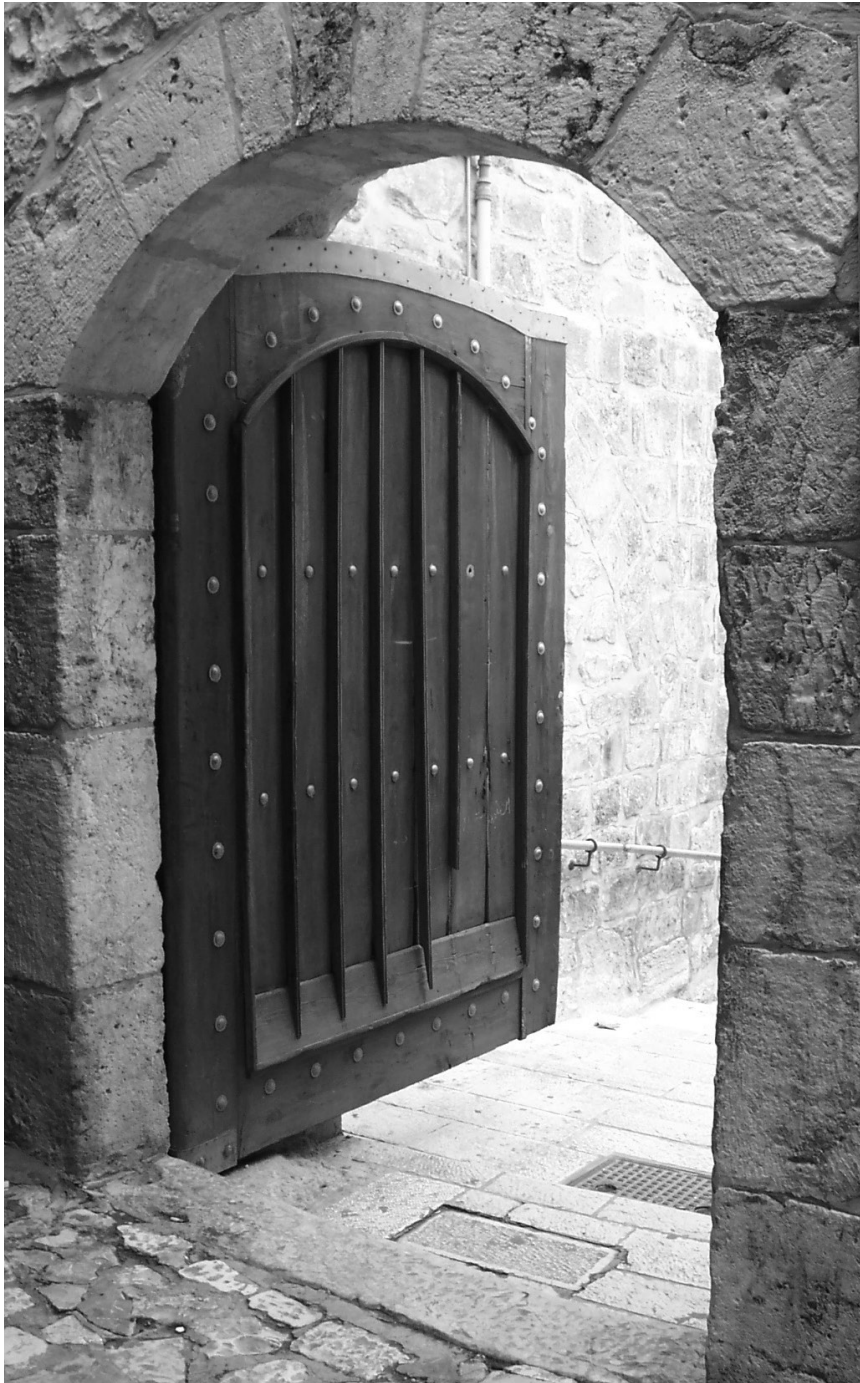
Who, at age one, had to sacrifice a year without Grandma, while this book was happening



The walk on the Wall around the Old City

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Door to the courtyard of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre

Introduction

I have always loved Israel. My father, who was also my pastor, taught me to have a special love for the Jewish people because the Bible says they are God's chosen people. In 1967, I remember my father being very excited that Biblical prophecies were being fulfilled in Israel. He enthusiastically told us children about all the miracles God was doing to protect Israel against its enemies—as when enemy tanks were stopped by someone in the road who looked like Moses.

So in the fall of 2005 when my husband, Glenn, said, "Let's go to Israel for Christmas!" I exclaimed, "Yes, let's!"

It was a wonderful trip. Taking two of our grown daughters with us, we rented a car and visited all the normal Biblical spots: Joppa, Caesarea, the Galilee, etc. We loved it except we were a little disappointed that so many of the places—even the feeding of the five thousand hill, had big churches built on top of them. (We later learned to be thankful that those churches have reserved those sights for us.)

We ate in restaurants a few times, but spent many meals in our hotel rooms eating scrumptious falafel's or dipping circle bread in delicious Israeli hummus, all of which we bought from street vendors or tiny local shops.

At the Tel Aviv University, we watched a history film at the Museum of the Diaspora, which showed how much the Jewish people suffered in every European country, over the centuries, after being banished from Jerusalem by the Romans in 70 AD. The persecution in each country would eventually become so great that they would be forced to move on to a different country. The worst places for them were first in Spain and later in Russia until the Holocaust which is by far the worst suffering the Jews have ever experienced in history. The film was very educational. I wish I could have taken notes.



The Sea of Galilee

We picked up a hitch-hiker on the way from Galilee to Jerusalem. She was a very cute, Israeli 18-year-old. We wondered why a young girl would even think of going hitch-hiking. (We had seen several doing so at other places around Tiberias.) She said they hitch-hike because the bus fares are very expensive. Apparently it is a safe thing to do here, which seemed unbelievable to us.

She told us, with her heavily accented English, that everyone here has to serve in the military as soon as they graduate from high school—boys for three years, girls two. She somehow got an extension and has a few months before she has to enter. She was going to Jerusalem to meet with relatives.

She also told us about the Ultra Orthodox Jewish families where the fathers spend all their time studying the Torah and the mothers are left to do all the work. I didn't know whether to believe her or to take it as from an ill-informed, naïve, young teenager's mind.

Our Tour Guide

from my journal notes

In Jerusalem, we hired an inexpensive Arab Christian tour guide who drove us to the Dead Sea, Bethlehem, Bethel, and also the Holocaust museum and walked us to the Wailing Wall, which were each overwhelmingly wonderful experiences. He also took us through Harod's palace where he gave us an extensive review of Israeli history.

His parents were born in France, so he knows four languages: Arabic, French, Hebrew, and English. He was raised as an Armenian Christian, but was only a nominal in his faith. Then at Bethlehem Bible University, he met Christians whose faith had great meaning in their lives. At a special meeting he accepted Christ and his life changed dramatically.

He got married a couple years ago after he finished building a new house north of Jerusalem. Now a wall is being planned and his house is currently on the Palestinian side. He has to go through a lot of check points to get to his work in the hotel. He has a three-month-old son. After his son was born, he decided he must move because they want to be able to get to the clinic quickly. So his house is empty right now. He can't sell it until the wall decision is settled. If his neighborhood does end up on the Palestinian side then a Muslim family might just take it over without paying him or asking him. He won't be able to sell it or go there to keep an eye on it or anything. He will just have to trust God.

We told him stories of how God blessed us and told him we will pray for him.

He also needs prayer that he can get a license to be a guide in the Palestinian area. Then he will be one of a very few who has both an Israeli and a Palestinian guide license. However, this will be very difficult to get, especially since he is a Christian. Getting his Israeli one was also hard for the same reason, and because of the economy. He finished school in 2000, but at that time tourism had died down due to terrorist uprisings and violence. Just this year he took a refresher course and finally could take the exam and get his license.

Here is what we learned from him.

About Jerusalem

Before the 19th century no one lived outside the city walls because it wasn't safe. People were afraid to be outside the walls after dark. But then Yemen Moshe, a Dutch man, built some shops or something outside the wall. At first people would go outside during the day only, and would come back at night. Gradually that changed. Now most

of the city is outside, and the place just outside the city wall where that man first started building is the most coveted and most expensive neighborhood in Jerusalem.

The history of Jerusalem starts 5000 years ago. It has been conquered and destroyed eighteen times, our guide said.

David conquered Jerusalem from the Jebusites. It was hard to conquer because it is on a hill with deep valleys around it, which is why Joshua was unable to conquer it. David chose this spot for the capital city for that reason and because it didn't belong to any tribe. It was between the Benjamin and Judah tribal lands.

About the Gilo neighborhood

On the way to Bethlehem we could see the Jewish neighborhood in southern Jerusalem called Gilo. It's the biggest neighborhood in Jerusalem. It is on the top and side of a hill. Across the valley from it is the small Christian neighborhood of Bethlehem called Bejala. (Christians make up less than 2% of the Israeli population.) A few years ago, Palestinian Muslim terrorists forced their way into these Arab Christian homes and began shooting at the Jews in Gilo. The Jewish military shot back and then came full force into Bethlehem to quell the uprising. These poor Arab Christians suffered from both armies.

In Bethlehem, we ran into a little difficult traffic after going a very long way around Bethlehem to avoid the check point at the new wall. In talking about the new walls being put up to bring peace, our guide gave us this Jewish saying: If a lady is named Ha Zuee (Luck) she may not have luck. If another is name Ha Yafa (the beautiful) she may not be beautiful. 😊

About the Byzantines and Christmas

Constantine (the Byzantine ruler around 300 AD) was pagan and at first tried to squelch Christianity, but then he became a Christian himself. His mother, Queen Helena, after they conquered Israel, came to find important Christian sites. She interviewed local people to find out exactly where things happened. She built the Church of the Nativity, The Sepulcher, and the church in Nazareth.

To placate their pagan citizens, the Byzantines chose December 25 as the Christmas holiday since December 24 was the holiday of the Sun, and Jesus brought light into the world. However, our guide says Jesus was most likely born in the spring when shepherds are out with their flocks.

About the Dead Sea

Ezekiel 47:9-10 says the Dead Sea will become alive again. Today Jordan is talking to Israel, making plans to bring water through a canal from the Mediterranean Sea to the Dead Sea and then on to the Red Sea. Thus the Dead Sea water will become more useful!!

About Rebuilding the Temple

Plans are being made for the Third Temple at the Third Temple Institute. They have all kind of things ready. (We went there and saw special Temple vessels and priestly clothing, etc.) Our guide told us that the Jews had found a red heifer they could use for the special sacrifice and the cleansing ashes needed for the new Temple, but then they found a white hair on her tail, so she can't be used. Now she is at a kibbutz near Jerusalem.

Our guide believes that the Third Temple WILL be built. He says that when they make their first sacrifice expecting God to send fire from heaven as He did for Solomon, they will find that God will not respond to them. They will be doing everything exactly as God commanded so they will ask Him why He's not listening to them. Then He will open their blind eyes to realize that Jesus is their Messiah!

[He told us that the really strict sect of Jews (that our hitch hiker told us about) is called Hassadim].

The Dome of the Rock is on actual rock, but the platform on which the other mosque is built is on pillars, not on rock. If there was an earthquake, it would crumble. This happened once in the Muslim era in the 1500's. Our guide said many Jews believe that might be what will happen to put the Temple Mount back into Jewish hands.

About King Harod

According to our guide, Harod the Great came from a group of people who had been forced by Israel to become Jewish, so they weren't really Jewish in heart or blood. The Romans chose him to rule the Jews because of this Jewish connection. Harod was very intelligent in politics, warfare, and in architecture and building. He knew the Jews disliked him. To placate them, he rebuilt them an elaborate Temple. They were pleased, but hated the huge Roman tower he built over and above the Temple in order to have political control over all activities in the Temple. This felt like oppression to them. They didn't like being watched while they prayed and worshipped!

Harod lived a life of paranoia. He was always paranoid that there would be a Jewish insurrection against him. He even feared opposition by his own family, and thus killed some of his own sons. He even killed the wife he loved the most. Afterwards he missed her so much that he had her body preserved in a jar. Yuck!!

This paranoia is what caused him to fear a baby born to be king and why he subsequently killed all the boys 2 years old and under in Bethlehem. Our guide took us to a place most tourists don't get to see. He asked for a key from one of the caretakers, took us down a narrow street around behind the Church of the Nativity into a gate and door both of which he unlocked with the key. Then we went down some stairs and slopes into a dark, cave-like area where he shined a flashlight onto piles of tiny bones that they say are the bones of the babies Harod killed. There were a few larger bones among them. They think these are bones of mothers who tried to use their bodies to protect their babies. It was a heart-wrenching sight.

About Gethsemane

Our guide showed us an olive press in Bethany. He told us that the Garden of Gethsemane, being in a huge olive grove on the Mount of Olives, would have had an olive press. He said that the olive trees there are most likely from the same roots that were there in Jesus' day. He told us that the olives in that day went through two pressing processes. First the olives are crushed, then baskets of them are put under very heavy weights for a couple days to press out the oil. This produces clean oil that is used for food, for fragrances, and for anointing oils. Then the olives are placed in a huge round wooden vat and pounded to a pulp with a massive wooden pestle to get out every remaining drop of oil. This produces a cruder oil that is used for lighting lamps. Our guide pointed out that in the Garden of Gethsemane Jesus was being crushed and pressed to

the point of sweating drops of blood. Soon afterwards he received the further excruciating pounding in order to become the light of the world.

This touched me very much.

Later we visited Gethsemane on our own. As I stood, gazing through the fence at the ancient, gnarled trees, I thought about the crushing and pounding Jesus went through, and I couldn't stop the tears from flowing. I was so overwhelmed with a sense of worship that I couldn't tear myself away to follow the others into the adjacent ancient church building.

The Via Dolorosa

The last few days we spent just exploring Old City Jerusalem on our own, mostly getting lost, but finding some interesting shops in the Jewish section, and eventually figuring out where to go to walk the Via Dolorosa in the Muslim and Christian sections.

I was so disappointed that the Via Dolorosa route took us down shop-lined streets packed with eager shoppers and noisy, aggressive shopkeepers trying to persuade people to buy from them. I couldn't get into a reverent, worshipful mode at all. Then we



Singing "Lest I Forget Gethsemane"

came upon a group of Asian Christians singing the hymn, "Lest I forget Gethsemane" in Chinese while walking along this path of Jesus. I was extremely touched and blessed. I sang that song the rest of the way. Whenever we got stuck in a stand-still pedestrian traffic jam, I closed my eyes in reverence and continued singing. Several times I heard a store hawker's voice badgering me, getting louder the closer they got. "Excuse me, Ma'am. I'm talking to you, Ma'am." When they got so close that I could feel their forceful breath hitting my hair, they would suddenly get quiet, finally noticing I was a worshipper, not a shopper. Thus, I was able, in the midst of the chaos, to keep my thoughts focused on our Savior's sacrificial suffering.

* * *

We came back from Israel with a strong desire to return to Jerusalem for long term service and began praying for the opportunity. We joined a small group that met bi-weekly for the sole purpose of praying for Israel. Then God led us to a Messianic Jewish synagogue. ("Messianic" means Jewish Christians who continue to live as Jews.)

In the fall of 2006, God miraculously opened a door for us. Glenn had grown a beard for our trip to Israel which he had never shaved off. People teased him about looking Jewish. So, when his Bible college dean saw him at the beginning of the semester, he said, "Hello, Rabbi!" Then he added, "We just heard that they need an English Teacher in Israel."

I don't think the dean knew we were looking for such an opportunity, or that I was qualified for such a position, but Glenn came running home to tell me. We checked it out and on October 1st, I came home at 3 am from my hospital nursing job to find this note on the door, "Pack your bags. You're going to Israel!" They needed someone right away. Glenn didn't want us to lose this amazing opportunity, so he sent me on ahead even though he couldn't come until after he finished his classes.

Moving to JERUSALEM!

Oct 5, 2006

Dear Friends and Relatives,

Glenn and I visited Israel last Christmas, and God grabbed our hearts. Since then we have been attending a Messianic synagogue on Saturday mornings and a Judaism class taught by our beloved Rabbi Jim on Tuesday evenings. In April we went to New York City to a seminar on reaching Jewish people for Jesus and practiced what we learned on the streets of Brooklyn. In July we were at the 2006 Messianic Conference in Pennsylvania. Jewish believers from all over the world gathered there. It was such a blessing. We also just started taking Hebrew lessons.

Our plan was to serve God in Israel next spring after Glenn graduates. But God opened an earlier door—a teaching position starting this fall semester (Oct. 22 for them).

My plane leaves Oct. 20 at noon. I will be teaching English to graduate students—pastors and ministry workers from all over the world—at a Christian graduate university. Many of them are Chinese-speaking people. This just shows how awesome God is. He is bringing my heart for Israel and for China together in one place!

I will also be teaching some English lessons to the general public at the YMCA in Jerusalem. So I will be meeting Arabs, Palestinians, and Jews from all walks of life.

In exchange for forty hours a week, they will provide all my room and board. This is such an answer to our prayers. The only support I will need is for extra things (toiletries, bus tickets, etc.) and for plane tickets home for renewing my visa every three months.

Glenn will be moving out of our apartment and staying with friends, commuting to Bible college, and doing some work with his brother. He will join me in December. We pray God will work it out for Glenn to finish his school in Israel.

Thank you for all your prayers for us that helped make this happen. Please keep on praying. I will keep you updated on how God answers your prayers via e-mail.

* * *

[This book is the compilation of those newsy e-mails and of some of my Israel journal entries.]

I wrote another e-mail to my friends before I left for Israel:

A Messianic event

Oct 5, 2005

I wanted to tell you about an exciting Jewish event I was privileged to be a part of. (Glenn couldn't go because he had class.) On September 20 (before I knew for sure that I was going to Israel) I went on a bus with a large group of Christians to join a rally in support of Israel in New York City. We started out at 3 am!

It was a historic event because it was the very first time Christians stood together publicly along side Jews in support of Israel. It was a rally specifically in protest of the president of Iran speaking at the UN and of everything he says against Israel. The event was organized by the top Jewish organizations in NYC and they invited Christian groups to join them. That is a first!

All of us Christians held up big blue and white signs declaring our support in the huge plaza outside the UN. I'd say it is as big as three football fields, and it was packed

full of people squeezed shoulder to shoulder! It was amazing! They kept telling us to move in closer so more people could join us, when we already seemed squished as tight as we could be! Yet somehow we moved in tighter. They are saying now that there were 50 thousand people there! And our blue and white signs peppered the whole crowd. The Jewish people were amazed and pleased, especially when they heard how far we had come. (Some Christians came all the way from Chicago!)

There were many news cameras there while the famous people were speaking. John Bolton spoke (US ambassador to the UN), Pataki, the Governor of NY State spoke, a lady from the Israeli Knesset (their senate) spoke, a mother of one of the kidnapped soldiers and a brother of another spoke, along with many top leaders of Jewish organizations. John Hagee's wife also spoke. This was a very significant and very huge event, yet you saw it nowhere in any news, did you?!

Well, I was there, and I tell you it really did happen. However, sad to say, I didn't take my camera because I was afraid I would drop it or lose it in the crowd. Oh how I regret it now! (Others in our group did take photos.)

[They held another rally in 2008 when the Iranian leader spoke at the UN the second time!]



A street in the Old City

1. FINDING MY WAY AROUND

Safely in Jerusalem

Sat, Oct 21, 2006 at 6:34 PM

Thank you for all your prayers. I arrived here safely. On the first plane I sat next to a Chinese businessman who spoke almost no English so I got to use my limited Chinese. I found out he lives 5 miles south of Shanghai. He has a 16-year-old daughter who knows English pretty well. He invited me to come to his hometown to teach English and talk with his daughter. (That was after I told him I am a Christian.) I found it very funny that on my way to Israel I got to practice Chinese! Life with Jesus is very interesting and humorous.

[Later note: I lived in an Israeli cement apartment that was shared with other staff. It had a classroom and a university office in it. I had my own cute little private bedroom with a red curtain and red bedspread. A little night stand and a wardrobe were the only pieces of furniture. Later they added a small desk and bookshelf.]

There is a small olive grove behind our building where a shepherd sometimes brings his sheep and goats. (One day they watched three baby goats being born.) Behind that grove there is the highway to Bethlehem. They said there used to be tons of foot traffic of Palestinians coming from Bethlehem every morning for the purpose of going to work or to the doctor, etc. They came through a tunnel under the highway to avoid the checkpoint. But now since the wall is being built the tunnel is closed off. Most of those people were coming illegally, and now they can't come at all. Now they have no work and cannot get good health care. Many of those workers, especially construction workers are being replaced by Chinese being brought in from China.

A lot of history is happening here. They tell me things are changing all the time. I will keep you informed on everything I find out about, if you are interested.

Blessings,
Cheryl

Journal Oct. 22 7:30 am
 I got here in Jerusalem at 8:30 am their time yesterday. I woke up this morning at 2:30am their time. The Islamic prayer chants started soon afterward—coming in my window from Bethlehem. I began to pray that they will be silenced, that prayers to Jesus will be heard instead.

I spent a lot of time with the Lord. I read about the beast who will blaspheme against God (Rev. 13:5) speaking noisily and arrogantly (Dan. 7:11). It makes me think of the president of Iran. He was on the news at the airports over and over.

holiday here.

Got to go and do some work.

With all my Love,
 Cheryl

To My Husband and Children:

I thought you all might be interested in this. The chef here is an Australian Jewish man. He's gray haired, thin with the deep grooves of a long, hard life in his cheeks. He has that wonderful Australian accent. I already heard him use the word "bloke" in his casual conversation.

He was so surprised that my son-in-law went to college in Australia.

He has had a miraculous conversion. I guess it was a powerful encounter with God. He says he has to pinch himself sometimes to see if it really happened. He has a deep burden for the Jewish people here. He is a Jew, but was not raised as a practicing one. He's taking a break from street ministry in Australia to get his master's degree here. He says then God has told him to go to China for awhile.

I've only been here one day and already I've met such interesting people. See ya, Mates!



YAY!

Mom,

Wow! An olive grove in the back yard with a goat shepherd sauntering through! How much better can it get! I will definitely be praying for you, as I have been so much. We prayed for you at my

Bible study Thursday night, and I told the nurses at my work about you. He is SO with you! I prayed for who you would sit next to on the airplane ride. So that was partly my prayer 😊 Did you exchange information with him and you'll really go to his house in Jerusalem to teach him English? The place you live sounds comfy and nice. Keep me up-to-date! Especially on all the world news that we might not hear. That's so cool that you

Sun, Oct 22, 2006 at 8:13 AM

Hey Glenn you called at 4 am!! I was lying in bed awake actually. I heard the phone, but I couldn't answer it because I didn't even know where the phone was yet! It's not out in the main rooms anywhere. Now I know. I found one upstairs where my bedroom is. So if you call again, I'm ready, but try to pay attention to the time so you don't wake everyone up! We are 6 hours ahead of you.

I want to tell you dates: The break between semesters here in Israel is Feb. 4 to 23 or so. We only get two days off for Christmas because it is not an official

met an Australian, Jewish, Christian man who wants to go to CHINA! Interesting! Will he be a contact in China for you (or me?) also? Find out where he lives! Man, I can't wait to go.

I love you! Keep e-mailing!

In all of Christ's love,
 Sabrina

P.S. Did you know that it feels weird for me to sign my name 'Sabrina' in letters to you. Because it sounds impersonal, like I have to let you know who I am, by title. That's why I sometimes write 'Brina' or Your daughter. I think it is because I am so close to you that I feel like you know me so much better than my name tells about me. anyhoo, I love yooo! :o)

~your little girl,

Sabrina

(that's better)



Muslim Loudspeakers

Oct 22

Hi Brina, My Daughter, Whom I Know so Well, 😊

The Australian lives here. He is our chef! He won't go to China until next year or so. The Chinese guy lives in China five hours south of Shanghai. Yes, he gave me his phone number and everything. I hope I don't lose it before I get to China. Thank you so much for praying. Prayers are so powerful! Yours too, especially!

This morning I woke up at 2:30 am. Soon the Muslim prayers started over the loudspeaker. I could hear them from across the valley in Bethlehem. (Bethlehem is run by the Palestinian Muslims.) Later I was reading the Bible and praying while those Muslim prayer-chants were still in the background. Since I couldn't ignore them, I began to think about them. Then it hit me that these prayers—to a god that is not God—are being sounded loudly all over Israel every morning. This "god" has people crying out to him loudly and faithfully all over God's land! And all over many other lands! This is just not right! It is no wonder evil prevails, when prayers to an evil god are always being prayed. Just think what would happen if it were prayers to the Most High, Holy God sounding faithfully all over the world, hours on end, each day!

In thinking those thoughts, I suddenly decided to begin my own solitary prayer campaign to pray that these wrong loudspeaker prayers be silenced. I began praying so right away. Then suddenly I realized the loudspeakers had stopped! It was 5 am.

I know they probably were going to stop anyway (although I thought they usually start at 5 am, not stop then) but it still meant something to me—as if God was saying to keep on praying and all those wrong prayers WILL be stopped!

I have to go. They need me to do some work for them.

Love,

Your blessed Mom

Editing

Oct 23

I get to begin editing two books by the president here (whom I have yet to meet). One is about the special people God used to communicate His way up until Jesus' day. It shows that God has always had one special person on earth during that time period. It is written for the general public and is to go with an archeological museum display.

I forget the other book, but it is also for the general public. They already have publishers who want these books. I just have to get them ready.

I am so excited. I can't wait to start reading and editing.

The book I Edited in the U.S.

As you know I was working for a small publishing company since January 2006. I learned to edit. The first book for which I was the main editor is now in print. You can see it at this website.

destinyofdiscipleship.com

It is a good book for new and not-so-new young adult Christians. If you buy it you will be supporting the author, Eric Foster, who is a missionary for the new discipleship and church planting department of Campus Crusade for Christ. He works in India and Africa to create follow-up materials with which to disciple people who received Christ through watching The JESUS Film.

When you are reading it, remember it is the very first book I ever edited. When I look at it now I see all kinds of places where I could have done a better job. But I guess in this line of work it is hard to ever feel like you are finished, because everything can always still be improved.

So, buy the book, look it over, then give it to a young adult who could benefit from it. Help the author's work to not be in vain.

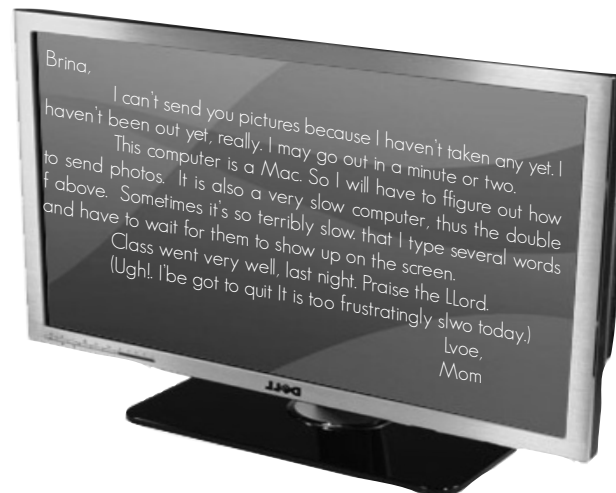
Eric's website is

ericandallison.org

(Allison is his wife's name.)

Go there to see his latest projects. Last summer he met with leaders and church planters from all over Africa. He is a nice guy doing a lot for the Lord. I feel extremely privileged to have had a part in getting his book published.

Happy reading,
Cheryl



The Gilo Neighborhood

I never e-mailed this or told this to anyone back home because I didn't want them to worry too much.

The university people picked me up from the airport and started telling me about Gilo, where I was going to live. "Gilo?!!" I asked. "Isn't that the neighborhood where they were shooting into from Bethlehem?!!" I was remembering the story our Arab tour guide had told us.

They said yes it was that neighborhood, but they assured me that not many houses were hit, and that there hadn't been much shooting at all since then. To further reassure me, they drove me around the neighborhood to show me the places that were hit the worst and to point out that they were a few blocks away from our apartment.

I felt a little reassured until later when I was looking out the big sliding doors and they were pointing out Bethlehem right across the fields and highway. A couple days later another volunteer, who knew nothing of my earlier questioning, showed me a bullet hole in the window right beside the glass door! It was from those Bethlehem shootings!! Both that window and the glass door have metal blinds on the outside that can be pulled down for a little protection from bullets! Oh my!

The window in my bedroom was very tiny and high above my head, so there wasn't much worry about bullets hitting me in there.

Later, I started noticing that one of the downstairs bedrooms had a very heavy metal door and its window had a heavy metal shutter that completely closed and locked. When I asked about it, I was told this was the "safe room," that every house has at least one. In other words, it is a bomb shelter! Ooh hoo!

Thank the Lord that I had learned years before to trust Him, otherwise I might have been terrified! But I wasn't. I knew He had called me to Israel. He had provided miraculously to get me here. And He would protect me while I was here, no matter what happened. I felt a special, miraculous peace from Jesus in my heart. I even slept well, after I got over jet lag. The Lord is good.



From left to right: my bedroom window, the view out the sliding door, and the window beside it.



3.

PRAYING, GETTING ANSWERS AND NEW INSIGHTS

Important Things to Pray for Israel

Wed, Dec 20, 2006 at 1:12 AM

Wailing Wall on Hanukkah

The Old City was very full and busy today. The street was packed with honking cars; the sidewalks with a mix of hurrying people and sauntering families, many of whom were lost, saying things like, "This isn't the way we came in, is it?" I chuckled inwardly, remembering the fun we had as lost tourists in the confusing maze this Old City is.

At first I wondered why the crowds, then I remembered that this is Hanukkah vacation. All Jewish schools are closed for a whole week. So, besides the growing international Christmas crowd, the Israeli nationals are visiting the Wailing Wall, too.

Around every corner I also met large units of soldiers always heading somewhere quickly. I guess they don't get a holiday. One was obviously a group of novices. Instead of green they were wearing light brown, and they had no weapons—yet. The soldiers don't march in formation here and they don't stay separate from the public. So, several times I ended up right in the middle of them, loaded guns and all. How does a person get used to that? I can't.

There was no giant jack hammer at the Wall today, but with the milling crowd with children in tow, it wasn't quiet. Again, there was a young lady on one side of me wailing very audibly. And on the other side of me came a wheelchair bearing a wisp of a withered grandmother whose granddaughter began to loudly recite prayers for her. It must have been her dying wish to come to the Wall, because she looked very close to death's

door. I prayed for Jesus to reveal Himself to her. I also saw two India women dressed in the beautiful, full, traditional sari.

With all the commotion the Spirit was still there. Even though I was being bumped and jostled, I was able to commune with the Lord.

South Side Looks Trashy

This paragraph added later from memory

I left the Wall in the new direction I had discovered when they had suspected a car bomb. I had enough time to go slow and take in the sights around me. I looked out across the archeological garden on the south end of the Temple still inside the city wall. It looked a little unkempt and trashy which surprised me. It hadn't looked that way when we visited a year ago. I walked out Dung Gate again, but instead of turning right to go to class, I sauntered to the left to have a look at the south end of the Temple. Again, I was dismayed at how neglected and trashed it was. There were many tour buses parked along the street, with the bored drivers waiting for the return of their Hanukkah tourists. When I came around a bend, I happened upon one driver just finishing relieving himself under a tree. This further disheartened me. His actions and the garbage thrown over the fence show how little regard anyone seems to have for this area where the former Temple of the Living God stood! This is where throngs used to walk to get to the south entrances of the Temple. Where's the reverence? Where's the respect and awe?

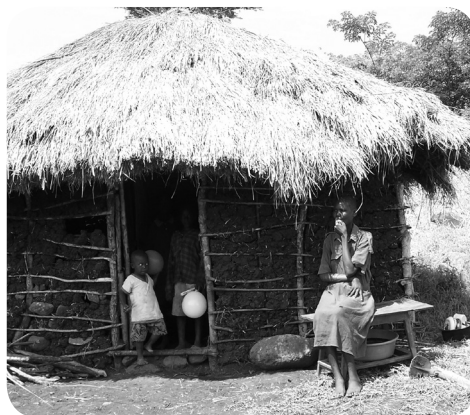
Shoes and Feet

With all my walking, the soles of my shoes are wearing thin. There is no tread left. I don't think that has ever happened to me since I was a child! I usually can wear the same ones for years! It's a good thing I brought another pair with me.

Speaking of walking a lot. In Africa, in 2005, a group of us walked for an hour up a steep mountain to visit an AIDS patient—a mother of three—in her tiny hut. Going back down the hill, my big toes hit the front of my shoes so much that the toe nails got bruised and misshapen.

The missionary lady told me afterwards that she actually lost her toenails that way. Well, I didn't lose mine, but they are only now finally starting to look normal again. This all can make you think of the verse, "*How beautiful are the feet of him who brings good news*" (Isaiah 52:7). I'm not doing that much of bringing the Good News. But many others are, and they are doing it mostly on foot. Their feet may not look so great, but to God they are beautiful. So, when God places a missionary's name on your heart, you might want to add a prayer for their feet and shoes.

In the hut, we prayed for the mother and brought her a new supply of the nutritious porridge that was improving her health. She now felt well enough to get out of bed and sit in the sun for awhile each day (as you see in the above picture).



An African mother with AIDS who already lost her husband and a baby to AIDS

Political Situation

One Messianic pastor here said, "All the smartest people in the world can't figure out what to do about the situation here in the Middle East." It's true, isn't it?

Another person said, "The UN has spent more time on the Jewish state than any other issue since 1948 (when Israel became a nation)."

The owner of the museum-house, talked at length about the situation here. He thinks that in three months time there will be serious trouble. We prayed and prayed about it in his house which is not far from where Ohmert and Blaire were meeting that night.

Our prayer leader has been an adult for much of Israel's history as a nation. He told us about England's plan of trying to set up a tiny Israel city-state in 1936 which God thwarted; then about the UN proposal in 1948, which the Arabs opposed, which started the war that brought Israel's independence, etc. He pointed out how all these plans of men—including today's "Road Map for Peace"—have been, and are being, brought to nothing. Through it all, he has been leading people to pray the Biblical prophecies over Israel. Through it all, he has seen God take control. He has experienced the power of praying God's Word.

He has also been around. He knows a close childhood friend of James Baker's. And he has met and preached to two sisters of Jimmy Carter. Isn't it interesting? A friend of his, a Holocaust survivor, who has been in the Israeli government says that the situation today is just like it was prior to the Holocaust. He thinks a holocaust is fast approaching, and the world is ignoring it just as they did then. This prayer leader said the results of the midterm elections make him think America may lose its super-power status soon.

People here who are not American who recently visited America are saying they can't believe the heavy anti-Christian atmosphere there.

If there would be a true revival of repentance in America, I'm sure we would not lose our super status. So let's pray, pray, pray.

Abortion

One thing that the U.S. needs repentance from is all the abortions. We all know that. But did you know that Israel does, too?! I didn't. I was shocked to read in a brochure I got from the Prayer Tower church, King of Kings, that there are 20,000 abortions performed in Israel every year! I am so shocked because I know that the Jews say when you murder a man you are not just murdering him you are murdering all the off-spring he would have had. So how can they think it is okay to take a baby's life? But I have to come to grips with the reality that there are completely secular, non-religious Jews. The pamphlet even said that Israeli female soldiers are given two free abortions each, if needed. I just want to cry and cry.

King of Kings is trying to do something about it. Besides pregnancy centers and ministry to post-abortion girls, they are holding education campaigns for school children with the government's permission!

The brochure says that several people have received a vision that there is a curtain of blood holding back the salvation of Israel. The same curtain is in America!

Original Sin

I learned another startling thing about Jewish thought. Jewish people—even very religious Jewish people—don't see themselves as sinful, but only with an "evil inclination" "...for the inclination of the human heart is evil from youth" (Gen. 8:21). "The Lord saw

that ... every inclination of the thoughts of their heart was only evil continually" (Gen. 6:5). They believe they can overcome it by studying the Torah and obeying all the laws, etc. "Adonai said to Kayin (Cain), '...sin is crouching at the door... but you can rule over it'" (Gen. 4:6-7 CJB).

Here's a quote from a Jewish writer, Trude Weiss-Rosmarin: "The Jew rejoices when he can prove his ethical mettle in the unaided battle against the temptation of sin.... The Jew is taught to regard himself always and ever as stronger than sin and the power that draws him to it.... It is a challenge to be exhilaratingly overcome.... whereas the Christian regards sin as an inescapable fate from which the only deliverance is...passive...by a Savior" (Complete Jewish Bible Commentary, p. 368-369).

[It's no wonder Jesus told the parable about the law-breaking sinners and the law-keeping sinners—the Prodigal Son story. (See p. 52.)

The books I'm helping with here are all about the Dead Sea Scrolls. What I am learning is absolutely earth-shatteringly amazing. Here's just one bit of it.

Much of the focus of the Qumran community (the ones who hid the Dead Sea Scrolls) was on apocryphal texts. One such text was the *Book of Enoch*. This book had been lost to the world since the first century or so after Jesus—nearly 2000 years. Both the church and the Jewish community banned it and removed all traces of it. One of the only ways anyone knew it existed was because of Jude mentioning Enoch's prophecy. (They also banned other apocryphal literature.)

Well, in the 1800's someone discovered that the Ethiopian Jews had a copy of *Enoch*. Then a copy was found in an archeological site of an ancient Jewish community in Cairo (where one of the true priests had fled and set up a temple). And then even earlier copies were found at Qumran.

Why is that significant? Well, besides what it could mean about how close we are to the End Times, the *Book of Enoch* and another scroll, *4 Ezra*, point to Jesus, to our sinfulness and to our need for a Savior. *4 Ezra* sounds a lot like Apostle Paul in Romans saying that everyone has sinned. Enoch talks about the "Son of Man," saying things that describe the Messiah! Scholars believe that the *Book of Enoch* was a well-known book in Jesus' time. And it seems like Jesus even quoted from it! If it was popular, then people would have known that Jesus was the Messiah because what they had read in *Enoch*, they were seeing in Jesus and hearing Him say.

These books point clearly to Jesus, which might be why the Jewish leaders expelled them. God made sure they were widely known right before Jesus' first coming, so people would recognize Him. Now He is miraculously bringing them to the world once again after they were gone for almost 2000 years. Why? I believe it is so the Jewish people and the whole world will again recognize who Jesus is, and will be ready for His Second Coming—which would mean the End Times are very close!!

The English translations of the Dead Sea Scrolls were published in the 1990's and are just starting to be known. So the Jewish people will discover that their own leaders taught them that they are sinful. They will realize that it is their sin along with ours that "pierced" Jesus, the Messiah, and they will "look upon" Him with the new eyes of people who now know they cannot conquer sin—as ones who do desperately need a Savior.

Doesn't it make your spine tremble?

How the Jews see Jesus' Name

The Jewish people don't use Jesus' correct Hebrew Name which is "Yeshua." They use "Yeshu."

"Yeshua" means "salvation" in Hebrew, even in modern Hebrew.

As soon as any Hebrew speaking person hears the name, Yeshua, they know it means salvation. The meaning is very clear. And to Jewish people the meaning of a person's name is of utmost importance.

"Yeshu" is an acronym meaning, "May his memory be erased."

All Jews use this awful name for Jesus. They've all heard it from little up. (In fact, a friend who is taking Hebrew here said the teacher asked what the word "Messiah" means. A Christian student said it means, "Yeshua." She corrected him right away, saying His name is "Yeshu" and, of course, that the student's answer was incorrect.) Not all Jews know about the meaning of the acronym. But the Jewish leaders over the centuries have been repulsed at calling Jesus, "Salvation," so for a long, long time they have taught their people to call him "Yeshu."

Here's a quote from Answers.com:

"There is some debate over the meaning of "Yeshu." It has been used as an acronym for the Hebrew expression yemach shemo vezichro, meaning "May his name and memory be obliterated", a term used for those guilty of enticing Jews to idolatry and used in place of the real names of individuals guilty of such sins who are deemed not worthy of being remembered in history. Some argue that this has always been its meaning. Indeed the name does not correspond to any known Hebrew root and moreover no other individuals have ever borne this name in Jewish history..."

This is one reason the Jewish people don't recognize Jesus for who He is!

I am telling you this, because I want to tell you some great news. At the church service last Saturday night, a Jewish college student, the same Jewish girl who prayed the wonderful prayer for Israel, gave this report. The Christian college student association of all Israel colleges (which I guess is quite large) has presented a petition to all the college administrations to quit using the name Yeshu for Jesus on all their literature and documents and to change them all to Yeshua. She says they think the colleges WILL do what they are asking!

Won't that be a miracle? Join me in praying for that to happen.

So much to pray for. That's why God needs so many praying people.

Watching the End Times unfold,
Cheryl

P.S The couple I work for here are going to be on your TV! CNN and ABC!!! I can't believe I am connected with such famous people! The wife is so humble. She says it is all because of location. They are a very nice family to be working for. The Lord is good.

Merry Christmas!!!

Journal Dec. 22 Egypt, Syria, Israel

I sent my daughter a long e-mail full of funny quotes about shopping in Israel for her birthday on the 20th. I hope it made her laugh and laugh. My gift to her was laughter. That's a nice gift, isn't it? (I don't have money for anything else.)

The other day while I was combing my hair I was thinking about the prophecy in Isaiah 19:18-25 about Egypt, Syria, and Israel being a highway together of praise to God and a light to the world. I was also remembering Derek's vision about that and praying while I combed that it all come to pass. Then I was thinking about the synagogue in Cairo, started by the true priest who fled there, and that they found an ancient Essenes' Damascus document there; and how the Essenes were in Damascus in Syria before they moved to Qumran and some of their ancient documents have been found there in Syria. Then I thought about how the Dead Sea Scrolls found in Qumran link all these together. Suddenly it hit me that those three places are in Egypt, Syria and Israel!!! My mouth dropped open. I looked up and just stared at myself stunned. I was in so much shock I couldn't even close my mouth! So I just stared in the mirror at my weird, gaping-mouthed self! Isn't that funny?

So the three places are already connected through the whole Dead Sea Scroll findings. It's so awesome! The Dead Sea Scrolls and the Essenes are pointing to God, praising God, and pointing to Yeshua as the Messiah. So, perhaps soon all three countries will begin to believe and worship God together. AND it could be helped by the books Charity and I are working on!!

How Long, Lord?

Psalms 74 is a Maskil of Asaph. Asaph lived when David lived. He was in charge of the singers, if it is the same Asaph. If it is, then the whole psalm is prophetic. It is either about when Babylon or Rome destroyed the Temple. Well, verse 9 makes it clear that it is about Rome because in the time of the Babylonian captivity there was a prophet who knew how long—Jeremiah!! He prophesied exactly how long it would be—70 years!

Psalms 74 is asking the very same question I've been asking God.

Psalms 74:1 We do not see our emblems;
there is no longer any prophet
and there is no one among us who knows how long.

How long, O God, is the foe to scoff?
Why do You hold back Your hand?

Verse 18 Remember this, O Lord, how the enemy scoffs,
and an impious people reviles Your Name.
Do not deliver the soul of Your Dove to the wild animals.
Do not forget the life of Your poor forever.
Have regard for Your Covenant,
for the dark places of the Land are full of haunts of violence.

Rise up O God, plead Your cause
Remember how the impious scoff at You all day long.

Do not forget the clamor of Your foes,
the uproar of Your adversaries that goes up continually.

This Scripture is so true! The "dark places" of Israel are "full of haunts of violence"! It has been true here in Israel for a long, long time. Right now there is fighting among the Palestinians in Gaza. The Hamas and Fatah are killing each other!!!

(And there was something on the news about eight U.S. soldiers murdering Iraqis!! I don't know if the truth is being twisted again or if we really do have some awful people again for soldiers!! Insurgents in Iraq on the news were deploring the fact that they are not united against the America for all its atrocities like this. The Iraqis are also killing each other!!)

It Finally Rained, Then it Snowed!!

Thu, Dec 28, 2006 at 11:08 PM

Glenn's Arrival and Rain

Thank you so much for all your prayers. So many wonderful and interesting things are happening. I know it is due to all the prayers.

First of all, thank you for praying for Glenn. He got here safe and sound—and happy! And thank you for praying for rain! God answered your prayers abundantly!

And thank you for praying for me to be warm. The last three days before Glenn arrived it was exceptionally warm. (Just like you prayed, Jenny!) Two days before Glenn arrived we finally got a few drops of rain, but it was just a sprinkling. The next morning everyone was telling me we got a real downpour. They wondered why I didn't hear it. I looked outside and said, "But there aren't any puddles. It couldn't have rained that much." They said the ground soaks it right up. But later I went outside and saw that it was dry under the trees. The trees here aren't anything like our big maples and oaks at home. They are short, squatty olives, figs, and almonds, etc. It wouldn't take much rain to soak through them. Then I knew that my fellow volunteers had been teasing me. (They like to tease me because I almost always fall for it. ☺)

The day Glenn was supposed to arrive (last Saturday), we finally got a real, soaking rain. The first time I had to use my miracle rain poncho was while I was waiting to be picked up by the airport shuttle to go meet Glenn. It rained pretty hard all the way to the airport. It kept on raining all day and night. So, I told Glenn he brought the rain to Israel. ☺

On my way to the airport on the shuttle bus, I saw an Orthodox couple, (not Ultra) maybe in their forties walking together in the drizzling rain. The man was holding the umbrella over himself. The wife's hair was getting all wet. This seemed to confirm to me that the religious Jewish men here do not treasure and care for their women very well. I felt so sorry for her. But later, I remembered that her hair would have been a wig, so her head wasn't really getting wet at all, and he was probably using the umbrella more to protect his expensive velvet hat than to keep himself dry. I noticed other Orthodox men had their valuable hats wrapped in plastic.

Glenn's Ordeal

The news was saying that the London airport was shut down due to fog. Glenn was coming in from London! Everyone here was sure he wouldn't get a flight. So I went to the airport fully expecting to have to stay there overnight to wait for him. I took a change of clothes, a pillow, my toothbrush, and some books. The British airways internet site said his flight was on time. And the board at the airport also did. So, I started expecting him. But then I waited and waited. A whole hour passed. I saw many happy family reunions. Grandchildren meeting grandparents, children meeting parents, and couples hugging and kissing over and over. I would get distracted watching it all. Then I would be worried that I had missed Glenn.

When I was giving up on him, he finally walked through the door. I ran to him and hugged him, but his hug was emotionless. I was taken aback until I found out why. He was shook up from the ordeal he had just been through.

He had made a mistake in answering the airport official's first question, "Why are you coming to Israel?" His quick response came from what was first and foremost on his mind, "To see my wife." As soon as the words came out of his mouth, he knew he shouldn't have said that. (He should have just said he was a tourist.) The lady questioned him more. "To see your wife?! What's your wife doing here?" At this point Glenn was nervous and fumblingly blurted out, "She works for the University." "She *works* for them?" This made her see red flags.

She made him wait in a holding area. After 20 long minutes they took him to a room where they fired question after question at him. He started to worry whether he would ever get into Israel! They asked him what exactly I do for the university. And, strangely enough, because of the way his last name, Zehr, is spelled, they kept asking him where his ancestry was from. Finally he realized he needed to tell them I VOLUNTEER for the university, not WORK for them. They were finally satisfied, but not until after they had looked me up on the computer and verified my address with the information he gave them. We are still wondering how they had my address in the computer. I never told anyone my address when I arrived. I didn't even know it yet at that point. Interesting, huh?

Snow

Yesterday it rained all day again. Then in the late afternoon it turned to snow!! Real snow!! It was very cold, too; cold enough for the snow to stick. Everything in the whole city came to a halt. Schools and colleges closed. And all the buses stopped running. One of our Japanese workers told us today that she missed the last bus and had to walk the hour walk home in the cold, slushy, falling snow. By nightfall, the ground and even the olive trees were covered with snow. They were still white this morning. The rose blossoms by our neighbor's door were also covered with snow.

So, praise the Lord, hallelujah! Jerusalem is finally getting the water it desperately needs.

Cold

So, the weather has turned suddenly much colder. Yet they still turn the heat on ONLY from 8 pm to 11 pm. Glenn cannot believe how cold it gets in this house. He got froze to the bone himself yesterday! But I stayed warm this time because I am wearing the thick fleece long underwear on top of my other long underwear. And I'm wearing sweaters, wool socks, a scarf, and my goose down long, hooded coat that Glenn

brought me. Yes, I wear all that inside the house while I work at the computer! Glenn is going to wear long underwear too from now on.

It's a good thing I learned to live in a cold house in Virginia, or I might not be able to bear this frigidness.

I do hope it will warm up soon, though. It's hard to feel like a real person buried under five layers of clothing! I wear Glenn's big shoes (whichever ones he's not wearing) because mine don't fit with such big wool socks on. So that doesn't help me feel human either. lol! (You should hear the teasing I get about those shoes!)

Christmas Eve

We went with Charity and Todd to Bethlehem on Christmas Eve. We boarded the free shuttle the Israelis are running this year. There were only two other passengers besides us on a huge, luxury tour bus. We found out how close we really are to Bethlehem. It wasn't hardly a five minute drive to the checkpoint. We got through that relatively quickly, but then came upon a traffic jam. There were policemen-like guys redirecting the flow. They weren't letting people go up the main street to Manger Square. The Israeli bus driver found this rather comical. They want the tourism that Christmas brings, but then they scramble the traffic that's heading there.

Our ten minute drive took an hour. We went down some very tiny side streets. It was amazing that the bus could maneuver through them, while still fighting all the traffic. Finally, the driver told us we might as well get off and walk the last several blocks.

We were accosted right away by aggressively begging young boys, maybe around ages 8-10. At the checkpoint we had been given bags of candy to give to the Palestinians to bless them. (They were donated by Israeli churches.) Glenn gave his bag to the first begging boy. He instructed me to do the same, so I did. A third bigger boy, about 12 or 13 years old, saw this, so he begged and begged for Todd's bag of candy. We were walking fast, but he kept right up with us and kept reaching for the candy. He even got ahold of the bag and pulled on it. Todd didn't enjoy being forced to be generous, so he resisted for a whole block. But the kid wore him down until he reluctantly gave in.

As we approached the square, we, and the crowd with us, were suddenly shoved off the street toward a wall, by several Palestinian policemen. I noticed that the crowd was made up mostly of Palestinians. They resisted being pushed aside, but the police persisted. There was obviously something up ahead that the crowd wanted to see. The bus driver had said something about the traffic jam being because the Palestinian president was speaking at Manger Square. So I assumed that was what the people wanted to see.

We weren't sure if we wanted to be stuck there for who-knew-how-long. Before we could decide to leave, it was too late. More people were being herded in and we were trapped. The tension seemed to be high. We squeezed in behind a parked car. We were ready to crouch down for safety in case things turned bad.

Eventually, a motorcade stream of vehicles raced passed. We watched siren-blaring, rushing police car after police car, then an ambulance or two, then zooming, dark-windowed, VIP car after VIP car. Finally, after about 15 vehicles, it was over and we were allowed to approach the central area.

Some sort of peace group was performing a concert of strange music, singing in Spanish. We squeezed through the crowd to find what looked like it could be a post office. I wanted my Christmas cards to be postmarked from Bethlehem. It *was* a post office, but the guy wouldn't take my cards because I had Israeli stamps on them! :(

We were going to meet some Palestinian Christians (whose oldest daughters are my daughters' ages), but we couldn't find them. Another disappointment. The line to get into the church was extremely long and you had to have advance tickets to get in on Christmas eve. A third disappointment. As we were standing around trying to decide what to do, a little boy, maybe age 5, stood in front of us with the most pitifully sad face ever seen, holding his hand out begging. His clothes were dirty. He looked the picture of a lost, abandoned child who would never smile again. My heart was so touched. I took his hands into mine and wanted so badly to hug him and hold him. His hands were so cold. I kept asking him where his mommy was, but, of course, he couldn't understand me. I looked around but didn't see anyone that seemed concerned about him.

Later a girl about age 7 or 8 used the same pitiful face and stance. I could hardly keep from cupping her cheeks in my hands and giving her a loving kiss. Charity pulled out her bag of candy from her coat, which she had somehow miraculously concealed from those earlier aggressive boys, and gave it to the girl. And, my, you should have seen how quickly that girl's sad expression disappeared. She grabbed the candy and ran away, laughing in delight. I thought to myself that if their lives are as pitiful as their begging expressions make it seem, candy wouldn't wipe away their sadness.

Charity and Todd went back to Bethlehem on Christmas day. It wasn't crowded at all anymore then. They said they saw that same pitiful 5-year-old boy. Only this time he didn't look pitiful at all. He was laughing and playing with friends. So they decided that someone must be training them how to turn on the heart-rending look in order to wrench money from people. Glenn hadn't wanted to give the boy money because he is afraid that there is some ring leader guy that the money goes to instead of to the boy or the boy's family. I don't know what the truth is. I was so looking forward to meeting Palestinian Christians so we could find out the truth about the whole situation. I wanted to be able to help the people who really need the help. I'm sure you all would also love to help the poor, trapped people of Bethlehem.

In the Lord's time we will meet the right people and then we will let you know how you can help.

On our walk back to the bus there was a small food shop where they were selling popped popcorn! I was so shocked! It's the first I had seen anywhere in Israel! So we bought a bag. It was the best-tasting popcorn ever. It tasted as delicious as good homemade popcorn!! (For those who don't know, I come from a family-line hooked on popcorn.) Isn't it hilarious? I had to go to walled-in, security-tight Bethlehem for good popcorn!

Before the bus was allowed back through the checkpoint to re-enter Israel, two soldiers had to do a walk-through check of the whole bus. They were just young soldiers. The girl looked only 16, but she was probably 18. There were only us four passengers on the whole empty bus, but they had to look under all the seats and everything.

So, that was Christmas Eve in Bethlehem.

A Worshipping Family

Christmas Day Glenn and I decided to walk to Jerusalem. (You're right. Glenn didn't take much time to rest from jet lag. He hit the ground running. He wanted to see Israel!) It was almost a two hour walk! Public bathrooms are hard to find in Jerusalem. There are none on the buses, nor are there any in the little shops. I don't know what people do if duty calls! Well, duty was calling me. We weren't dressed nice enough to look like we

belonged in the fancy hotel across the street, so I decided against trying there. I prayed and asked the Lord to take care of this need, too, and walked on knowing He would. As we got closer to the Old City, I remembered that the Sukkoth Hillel (I think that's the name.) Prayer House was near there. They would have a bathroom!! It was a different direction than we planned on going, but we decided to stop there and pray awhile. The Lord provides!!

The musicians playing were all young. I thought maybe they were a youth group or something. But there was a really little boy playing bongo drums, and an even younger girl sitting on the front row also playing a bongo drum. Other little kids seemed relaxed enough to walk around among the musicians. There were school aged, long blond haired girls in long dresses dancing and waving banners. Soon I realized that all these children looked alike and resembled the four young musician men. Sure enough there were the parents sitting all the way in the back with yet another wee boy.

We worshipped with them awhile, enjoying their relaxing style of music, and their interjected prayers of praise and adoration. I was so amazed and touched to see teenage boys worshipping so sincerely!

The Prayer house leader presided over communion, and we partook. It was such a wonderful blessing for Glenn to be initiated into Israel this way. I also was brought to that same prayer house only a few days after being here. I felt like it was God letting us know He really does want us both to be here.

As we left I asked the mother of all the children what her name was. They are the Walker family. They have 11 children and they live here in Israel in Ariel. What a privilege that we got to meet them!!

Ultra Orthodox Jewish Mea Sharim Neighborhood



Next we decided to do some prayer-walking in the Ultra Orthodox Jewish neighborhood in Jerusalem. (This was still on Christmas day.) I have been wanting to do that ever since I came. People have warned me not to go there unless I'm wearing a long skirt and long sleeves. So, with my floor-length skirt, hair in a bun, and Glenn's beard and hat, we felt safe to go there. I even covered my head with my winter scarf, hoping they might even think we belonged there. But I soon realized that everyone there wears black only, except for the men's white shirts. The women wear black skirts, black tops, black head coverings, long, black winter coats, black stockings, and black shoes. The men wear black suits, no ties, black shoes, and black hats—all immaculately clean.

Their streets were very quiet. A side street sounded noisy and active. We turned and found a school. The fenced-enclosed, small cement play yard was full of rowdy, black pants-clad boys—all with their side-curls dangling in front of their ears. They were around age 5 or 6 and looked very cute. I smiled at them as we walked by, but they didn't smile back. They stopped playing and stared at us. One boy gave me an angry look and ran toward me, growling, as if to scare me away. I was quite taken aback. My long skirt and covered head didn't fool him a bit!

It really bothered me the whole rest of the day. It seemed so strange to have a little boy treat you that way.

We found their main shopping street. We saw a couple places there that sold popped popcorn!! I thought how like the Amish! They dress like the Amish and they eat popcorn like the Amish! It looked as good as in Bethlehem, too, but Glenn wouldn't buy any.

We were surprised at how dirty the sidewalks were. The farther we walked the more we felt a kind of oppressive spirit. Of course, no one smiled at us or greeted us. No one even urged us to buy their wares as they do everywhere else in Jerusalem. A couple little girls, sisters, walking alone together ahead of us kept looking back at us suspiciously and trying to hurry faster to get away from us. I smiled at them, but it didn't reassure them at all. Smiling didn't seem to soften anybody in that neighborhood.



We found a small bakery shop that sold wonderful pastries dripping with sweetness. The owners were friendly enough there, so we bought a few. Mmmmmm. So delicious!



We headed on to the Wailing Wall from there. We were behind three Ultra Orthodox teenage girls who ended up at the Wall, too. Standing behind them at a traffic light, I noticed they were wearing make-up and earrings! Yes, you heard me. They had all black clothes, and their hair was up and very plain and yet they wore jewelry and painted their faces. Even their eyebrows were plucked. That is NOT like the Amish!! Today I looked closer at the adult Orthodox women on the bus, and sure enough, I saw plucked eyebrows, make-up, and earrings!

Oh, yeah, the Orthodox also drive cars, some of the men dance on the street to guitar music in the open-air mall on Saturday nights, and some of the men smoke. Also all very different from Amish. Another thing is that the Amish believe "cleanliness is next to Godliness." Their farms are usually very neat and tidy. If they lived in a city, their streets would be clean and beautiful. (As are the streets in the Jewish section of the Old City where Orthodox, not Ultra Orthodox, Jews live.)

The actions of the little boy wouldn't leave my head. It reminded me of when I got my friend, Jane, lost in the Arab section of the Old City and the cute little Muslim boy kicked her. (See p. 61.)

Both little boys from both sides of the religious spectrum treated us with contempt. It seems so odd, because little children don't naturally treat adults that way. They have to be taught to hate like that, don't they? They both are taught that we are the enemy—that outsiders are bad people. It is so sad. In both places the streets were dingy, dirty, and trashy. In both places the atmosphere feels oppressive. Both sides need prayer equally desperately. May the Lord set them all free.

Glenn and I feel called to do more prayer-walking in the Mea Sharim area. If you pray, too, we will be carrying your prayers with us in our spirits as we go.

May the Holy Spirit continue to direct your prayers for Israel,
Cheryl

Journal Dec. 29 Waiting Expectantly

Mark 15:42 Joseph of Arimathea, a respected member of the council who was also himself waiting expectantly for the Kingdom of God went boldly and asked...

He was waiting expectantly for the Kingdom as we are. He got to see and take part in what he was waiting for. May it be so for us, too!

Journal Dec. 31 Pomegranate

The word 'pomegranate' comes from the Hebrew root word 'raman' which means 'exalt and lift up'!!! So, that is why God instructed the High Priest to have pomegranates on the hem of his garment. (I got this from Bode and Brook Thoenes' "Third Watch.") 'Rain' in Hebrew also means 'reveal' according to the preacher, last night. So, the early rain and latter rain could be the early and latter revelation.

This morning I was thinking about all this and I opened the Bible to this Joel 2:12,16,22 Return to Me with all your heart with fasting and weeping

Rend your hearts... gather the people...the children...even infants.... I will remove the Northern army far from you

Do not fear, you animals of the field for the pastures are green. The tree bears its fruit, the fig tree and vine give their full yield.

Yes, Jesus, let it be so!! Bring it to pass!

You are the vine, we are the branches. We shall give our full yield!

Israel is perhaps the fig tree. It shall give its FULL yield!

The olive tree is both of us. We are grafted in. They will be grafted back in and together we will bear the tree's fruit!!

Joel 2:25 I will repay you for the years that the swarming locust has eaten, the hopper, the destroyer, the cutter, My great army, which I sent against you.

God sent them!!! Not the devil! Is it the army described in verses 2-11?

Journal Jan. 6 Wailing Girl

Lord, You increased my strength of soul (Ps. 138:3)

O Jesus, I need you to do this again for me. Please increase the strength of my soul and of my boldness in You, Jesus, so I will never again shrink back from obeying Your nudging. Forgive me for not going to that girl at the Wailing Wall today.

A teenage girl, in jeans, who was a little heavy-set with strawberry blond hair was wailing openly. She had many friends around her tending to her—all wearing jeans. They were all backing away from the Wall with her as she cried the whole time. A beggar lady walked up to her and motioned that it was good for her to cry. I thought it seemed so rude and intrusive of the beggar lady, who then, even worse, in my opinion, proceeded to beg from the girl's. After they refused her, she actually begged

Education From Our Prayer Meeting

Sun, Apr 1, 2007 at 8:39 PM

This is an educational e-mail. Almost every time I attend our weekly prayer meeting, I get more education on the situation here. This is what we were told two weeks ago.

Last year, I think it was May, Ahmadinejad wrote a letter to President Bush. Do you remember? (You can find it on google. I found it and read the whole thing.) In the letter he invites President Bush, and all the American people, to convert to Islam.

Why is that important? Here's what we were told.

The Muslims have to try to convert their enemy before killing them. If the enemy refuses to convert, then they have the obligation to kill them. (!!!!!!)

"But that was last May and nothing has happened," you say.

Well, Muslim's have a lot of patience, we were told.

For example: Muslim culture comes from the Bedouin culture which has a law of revenge that lasts to the fifth generation. A generation is twenty years, so that is a hundred years!!! That's a long wait.

Speaking of revenge, we are only fifty-nine years out from the Israeli independence which happened in 1948. So they still have forty-one more years in which to carry out their revenge against Israel for that.

Muslim Peace:

Muslims cannot make peace for more than ten years. Mohammed made peace with some country or someone (I'm not sure with who) for ten years. They cannot make peace longer than he did. So, their peacemaking is with a deceitful peace.

The Fatah-Hamas union is false:

Think about it. In their recent in-fighting of the last six months there were four hundred deaths. That means there are four hundred new needs for revenge!

Fatah is secular and Marxist. Hamas has the same goal as Al Quaida, just different tactics.

Now About the Rest of the World:

The whole world has had one goal for a long time: to internationalize Jerusalem, i.e.: to divide it up. (This is NOT GOD'S goal, most Christians would say.)

This goal was sought:

in Madrid in 1991;

in the Oslo Accord in 1993

at Camp David in 2000

and in the Road Map in 2003 (I'm quoting someone here, so I hope I got the names and dates correct.)

The other world goal is to set up a Palestinian state, but you knew that.

Do you feel better educated now?

Use the knowledge to pray for Israel and for the Muslims, please.

Thank you,

Cheryl

A Rabbi and an Ethiopian

April 1, 2007 9:20 pm

Abomination that Desolates

I've been studying all the kings in the Bible and making a timeline. Wow is it educating and fascinating, but also very disconcerting. It is disheartening to see how little time the Hebrew people actually ever followed God. The worst thing for me is to see that at least three kings of Judah actually defiled the Temple by putting up idols to other gods and sacrificing to them on God's Altar!! So they set up their own "abomination(s) that desolate!" (Dan. 9:27)

Weeping

Anyway as I was reading I came across where Elisha looks long and hard at the servant of the king of Aram and then starts weeping bitterly because he sees what atrocities this servant is going to inflict on the Israeli people in the future (II Kings 8:11). We were at prayer meeting asking Jesus to give us His heart. As we waited in silence, I had the thought that when Jesus wept over Jerusalem, it was a similar kind of seeing and weeping (Lk. 19:41). Besides seeing the past history of Israel—how they could never stay faithful in following Him, as He says, Jesus could have also been looking at the future. If so, He saw what Rome was going to do to Jerusalem. He saw the Christians start Replacement Theology in 300 AD and the Jewish persecution proceeding from that. He saw the Golden Dome. He saw the Holocaust. He saw what is happening today. And He was deeply saddened by it all—deeply, deeply grieved. The thought made me begin to inwardly weep with Him.

Banishing satan

I have been thinking for a long time about how Jesus tells us in Luke 10:19 "See, I have given you authority ... over ALL the power of the enemy." If Jesus gave us this authority over ALL the enemy's power, then perhaps we Believers can band together and banish him completely from the earth! I often rebuke that way, "Be removed from the earth and be cast into the Lake of Fire!"

Well, the other week a preacher preached something similar. He said, "Let's not just cast the evil spirits out of our own lives. Let's cast them off the earth." He said his son who had been molested as a child had become a homosexual. When he was helping his son be delivered he cast that demon completely away into hell fire never to bother anyone ever again! So maybe we have to do it one demon at a time. But let's do it. Let's take the authority that Jesus has given us and banish satan and all his hosts from the earth.

A Rabbi Who Came to Know the Lord

I heard a sermon by a former Orthodox Rabbi who had been on the anti-missionary organization here in Israel, who later left Judaism and became a New Age positive thinking writer and speaker before he became a believer. (He said a lot of Jewish people who leave Judaism go into New Age.) He said he lived in Hawaii and got paid more for one speaking engagement than most people get paid for a year of work. I think his name was Peter Hirsch. (They don't use bulletins here, so I never saw his name written down.) He knew a lot about Christianity due to being in the anti-missionary organization. Thus he knew how to use just enough Scripture in his speeches to get Christians interested, so

he could deceive them and get them off track. A lot of Christians followed him around the country from seminar to seminar, he said.

He was very rich and proud of it. His wife said to him one day, "You should thank God for how much He has blessed you." He answered, "God didn't make me rich. I did it myself."

God responded by soon afterwards taking away all his riches through a law suit. This brought him to the end of himself. He contemplated suicide because financially he was worth more to his family dead than alive. As a last attempt before taking his life, he got on his knees (which was a major deal because he said Jews don't pray on their knees, except maybe at Yom Kippur). He cried out to Jesus, "If you are really real, show me now!" Immediately, he heard a voice. He knew it was Jesus and it changed his life completely.

Hallelujah!!!

Ethiopian Jewess

I have met several Ethiopian Jews. One is a gorgeous, bright eyed, smiling, young adult girl, we'll call Shri. She told me in her slightly broken English about how she came to the Lord. Her parents made aliyah (immigrated) from Ethiopia. To do so they had to be immersed in a mikveh and to denounce Jesus. Her mother had been a Believer, but they told her not to ever mention His Name. Her mother was very broken and sad inside because of it. Her parents remained somewhat religious, but Shri turned out to be a total party girl. She had a friend she hung out with all the time, drinking, dancing, and everything.

Then she lost contact with that friend for a couple years. When she saw her friend again Shri was very excited, wanting to go drinking with her again, but the friend said, "I don't do those kinds of things anymore." She invited Shri to her house. Later Shri brought a new cd and wanted her friend to listen to it. Her friend said, "I don't listen to that kind of music anymore." Shri asked her why. Her friend said, "I believe in Yeshua now." Shri said, "So, you believe in Yeshua. So what? What does that have to do with drinking and music?" Her friend then tried to tell her about Jesus, but Shri didn't want to listen. She said, "I don't believe in anything but the Tanakh and the Torah."

Well, her friend kept inviting her to meetings in her home. She went and finally she started getting interested. Then when she attended a church meeting for the first time, the leader kept saying, "The Holy Spirit is here and is going to touch people tonight." Shri wondered what the Spirit of God has to do with people! But she prayed silently, "Yeshua, if you are real I want to be touched right now. Not later. Now!" Suddenly her hands went up and she started crying. The leader called her up front. They prayed over her and immediately she fell to the floor. So she knew that Jesus was real and she has served Him ever since. That was three years ago. She says she can't remember what she was before. It seems like that girl never existed.

Her friend who led her to the Lord told Shri she had always felt a connection to Jesus, even though she was a Jew. She somehow knew that Jesus had something to do with Jews. So when she met a believer she just soaked it all in.

Shri's brothers and sisters came to the Lord, too. When they all did, her mother was happy and said, "Now we are back with Him!"

I asked Shri if she has led any of her other drinking friends to the Lord. She said they all think she is crazy. But she is still praying for them.

Rain

My friends, Kirk and Daisy, have been actively praying for rain for Israel ever since I met them which was a couple years ago. Maybe many of you have been praying, too. Well, the prayers are working!!! Two weeks ago a guy came back to Israel who has been coming here regularly for years. It was raining when I saw him. He was bemoaning the fact that he didn't bring his umbrella because he didn't expect it to rain anymore till next winter! Last night it rained nice and steadily again. There were many rivulets in the streets. Many people were caught unprepared, including me. Fortunately I was wearing my heavy coat and scarf and I didn't have to walk too far, so the rain didn't soak all the way through. Also it wasn't too terribly cold, so I was alright. All the way walking home, I was thanking the Lord for the rain, and asking Him to send more.

So, maybe this is the year the desert will blossom as a rose!!! I pray so, because it would mean the fulfilling of another prophecy, and it would mean that the end is really near!

A First in World History!!

This week they are performing Handel's "Messiah" in Hebrew for the first time ever in history!! I bought a ticket because I want to support the people who have worked hard to make this happen!! Just think, Hebrew people are singing about their True Messiah, in Hebrew (His mother tongue) at Passover time!! The end must be really, really near.

Passover is tomorrow, April 2. This Biblical holiday lasts a whole week. (But I only have one day off this week and then another next week for Easter.) I have two invitations to Pesach Seders (Passover meals). One is earlier than the other, so I can attend the one for a little bit and then go to the other one. I was praying for an invitation and the Lord gave me two!

Hakh semayakh! (Happy Holiday! (Actually, Holiday Happy!))

Cheryl



The Passover plate and the fancy cloth holding the three pieces of Matzah

The Passover Lamb

Sun, Apr 01, 2007 at 9:31 PM

In the sermon last night the young Messianic Jewish, believing lawyer/preacher pointed out to us that the head of the household had to inspect the Passover lamb for three days, running his hands carefully through the wool to make sure there were no cuts or sores or blemishes of any kind. The people in the household didn't have to be perfect, but the lamb did.

He said he is glad that God, the head of our "household" is inspecting Jesus, our Passover Lamb and not inspecting us!

I'm glad, too. Aren't you?

Thank the Lord! I'm very, very glad He is not inspecting me!!!! Thank you, Jesus, that Your sacrifice is enough for all our sins—for all the sins in history!!

He pointed out that Abraham prophesied about Jesus, the Lamb. Abraham said, "God will provide Himself a Lamb" (Gen. 22:8). What God provided in the bush was a ram, not a lamb as Abraham had said, so Abraham was actually speaking about the Lamb of God: Jesus.

Also in the sermon, he said that just as the ram was the replacement for Isaac, and the lambs at the first Passover were the replacements for the firstborns of every Israeli household in Egypt, so Jesus is our replacement, saving us from death and destruction.

Thank you, Jesus. We can never thank You enough. May all people come to realize what You have done. Amen.

Passover blessings to all of you,
Cheryl

Journal April 1 Hezekiah's Plea Mocked

I'm pondering the kings and how God often (3 times at least) had all the descendants of a king killed off because of the king's wickedness.

But here's an interesting thing about a righteous king. King Hezekiah sent word out for all of the Northern Israel Kingdom people to come and celebrate the Passover with Judah (the Southern Israel Kingdom). He urged them that if they turn to God His fierce anger may turn away from you. For as you return to the Lord, your kindred and your children will find compassion with their captors, and return to this land, ...

... For the Lord your God
is gracious and merciful
And will not turn away
His face from you
if you return to Him (II Chron. 30:8-9)

This was maybe about ten years after the Assyrian king had taken many of the Northern people captive and carried them away during the reign of King Pekah. It was only 4-5 years before the Assyrian king came back and took them all captive (See II Kings 17:5-7 and II Kings 18:9-12)

You would think the people would've been ready to turn to God and beg for mercy!! But I guess ten years is a long time and people tend to think everything is

going to be okay. Anyway, they laughed at Hezekiah's messengers and "mocked them to scorn" (II Chron. 30:10). Only a few of them listened and went up to Jerusalem (30:11).

So, God gave them a chance to repent so He could save them, but they refused. Of course, they hadn't worshipped God for almost two centuries.

Journal April 3 Shalom

I went to two Passover Seders yesterday. I had to leave the one before it actually got started to get to the other one. The first one was very late getting started.

Jesus is telling me to spend these almost three weeks off from teaching (for Passover) with Him and not to worry about fulfilling the forty volunteer work hours per week—that He will take care of that.

This morning I felt I needed to get back to Jesus Words, instead of about the kings, in order to abide in Him again, so I read John 13-16 again.

Later I read the CJB commentary on the verse where Jesus says, "No one comes to the Father except through Me." I love the strong, powerful stand the commentary takes on the Name of Jesus!!!

John 14:21 (NKJV) He who has My commandments and keeps them it is he who loves Me; and he who loves Me will be loved by My Father, and I will love him and manifest Myself to him.

John 14:23 (NKJV) If anyone loves Me, he will keep My Words, and My Father will love him and we will come to him and make our home with him.

This is talking in the singular—one person. The Father and Jesus will make their home in one person!! In me! In you!

We often ask Jesus to reveal Himself to us or to others, but this makes it look like we should instead ask that we keep His commandments because if we do, He WILL reveal Himself to us automatically! And He and the Father will make their home in us individually!

So, Jesus, do I have Your commandments? Are You just talking about those in the written Word or are You also talking about current ones You speak to us into our ear?

Having Your commandments could go with abiding in Your Word and letting Your Word abide in us, couldn't it?

John 14:27 (NKJV) Peace I leave with You My peace I give to You.

(CJB) What I am leaving with you is Shalom—I am giving you My Shalom. I don't give the way the world gives.

Shalom: tranquility, safety, well-being, welfare, health, contentment, success, comfort, and wholeness (from the CJB commentary). We heard in a sermon in 2005 that Shalom has healing, prosperity, and salvation included in the meanings of those words "health, success and wholeness" above.

Thank you, Jesus, for Your Shalom! Thank you! Thank you! Thank you!



Passover Seder (Meal)

Written April 22, 2007

I must tell you about Pesach (Passover). The word "seder" means "order" but it means the whole meal and ceremony. Last year I went to my first Pesach Seder in the U.S. (See photo.) It was very wonderful. I expected this one to be similar but it wasn't. This one was not

as elaborate and it was much more Jewish. It was also all in Hebrew, with no English interpreting! The Seder book, called the Haggada, had English and Hebrew, though, so I could follow along somewhat. It was at a very small Messianic congregation. (Yes, another one! That makes about eight Messianic congregations in Jerusalem that I know about now, four of which I have visited.) I'd say this one is more Jewish, because the Seder included a lot of quotes from ancient rabbis. Some of their quotes are interesting and meaningful, but for a couple of them I wrinkled my brow. I guess you have to be Jewish to see them as profound.

Here's an interesting one from the part where the children are supposed to ask the four questions which the sages believe implies there are four types of children:

Messianic Passover Haggada by Keren Ahvah Meshihit (p. 25)

The wise (son) thus expresses himself: what meaneth these testimonies, statutes, and judgements which the LORD our God hath commanded us? Then shalt thou instruct him in all the laws of the Passover.... The wise son is not satisfied with stories of deeds, but rather he asks regarding matters of law and judgement. He seeks to know more and more....

The wicked (son) expresses himself thus: what do you mean by this service? By the expression "you," it is clear he doth not include himself ... (T)his one leaves the faith and removes himself from the congregation.

The simple (son) artlessly observes, what is this? ... The simple son ... sees the adults doing things that he never saw before and asks in simplicity.... There is no use in expanding things for him that are above his intelligence, and it is sufficient for him the story of action.

But for him who hath no capacity to inquire thou must begin the discourse....

Here's one that had me baffled (from p. 23).

Rabbi Elazar the son of Azariah said: "Verily, I ... have hitherto not been able to prove that the narration of the departure from Egypt ought to be related at night, till expounded by the son of Zoma; for it is said, that thou mayest remember the day of thy going forth from the land of Egypt, ALL the days of thy life." From whence he observed, that the expression of the "days of thy life," ... include the nights also.

One older man who sat near me, brought with him what looked like a very big, hardback children's book. It was a Haggadah that his mother gave him when he was a child. He showed us the medieval-looking drawings in it. During the whole ceremony he read VERY LOUDLY along with the leader, from his book. And he made sure that all of us around him did the proper pouring of wine, dipping of vegetables in salt water and later in the sweet charosef; and that we covered and uncovered the matzah at the appropriate times, etc., etc. It was really quite cute. The fact that he could read along in his old book told me this was a very traditional Seder.

After the afikomen hunt [where the children find the middle matzah piece that was broken, wrapped, and hidden (pointing to Jesus being wrapped and placed in the tomb)], the children were each given a little bag of gifts which included noise makers, and, boy, did they make noise! Then everyone had fun singing a song which is similar to "The Twelve Days of Christmas" but is about real-life things: one God, two tablets, ... five books of the Pentateuch, ... eight days before circumcision, nine months of pregnancy, ... and twelve tribes of Israel. The leader and his 12-year-old adopted son had fun seeing who could sing it the fastest.

(I found it very interesting that this old song included the pregnancy bit. What a difference from the Christian tradition I was raised in where everything about pregnancy was hush, hush! Both traditions are very religious, plain-clothed, and conservative. There are so many similarities between the two, but this is one big difference!)

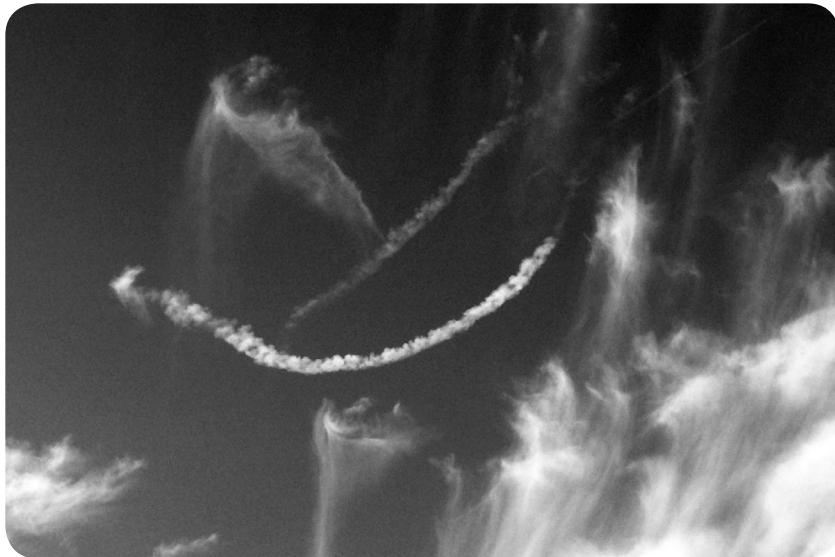
I was invited to this Seder by one of my Korean students. She has been a missionary here for eight years and has been serving at this Israeli-Jewish congregation the whole time. Also visiting was a group of men from Singapore. They were pretty big, hefty guys for being Asian, and their hair fashions were sort of like the late seventies, you know, feathered! The tallest one with the broadest shoulders, who was wearing a leather jacket and looked like he could be from a Harley motorcycle gang, was their pastor! The Japanese and Koreans sitting near me expressed their surprise at his attire also. At the end of the ceremony, the leader asked if anyone had anything to share, so this Singapore pastor shared a wonderful message that really touched my heart. It was about our youth being renewed like the Eagle's (Ps. 104). He said it is a wonderful combination—an old mind in a young body. He also said, "Don't retire, re-fire!"

Only in Jerusalem would you end a Jewish Seder done in Hebrew with a Chinese accented English message from a Singapore, biker-looking pastor.

The Passover ceremony has so many things that point to Jesus. It gives you goose bumps. There's enough things to fill a whole book. I strongly suggest you find such a book and learn all about it. Many Jews get saved each year at Messianic Seders. I hope and pray many were this year also.

[2008 I found out that this Singapore pastor was none other than the famous Joseph Prince!! My friend in New York was telling me about an absolutely fabulous sermon she heard on the internet by a Singapore pastor. As she described him to me, I got more and more excited, telling her I think I saw him in Israel!! And sure enough, we looked at a picture and it was the same man! I told my friend that I even shook his hand and talked to him. She screamed excitedly in astonishment, "Get out!!"]

Right in the place that I was bemoaning its neglect and its not receiving the reverence it deserves (p. 94). Can you believe it?!! They had loudspeakers and everything for the huge gathering of tourist Christians! So the Jewish people praying at the Wall would've heard them singing, praying, and preaching; and the Muslims praying on the Temple Mount would've also heard them!! I hope their music, (which was so beautiful!!) drowned out the Muslim loudspeakers!!



The smiling, blue sky over the Sea of Galilea in Dec. 2005

I tell you, there is just no end to the excitement and adventure of serving God!!
 He is soooooo MAJESTICALLY AWESOME!!!!
 PRAISE BE TO HIS NAME FOREVER!

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