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One night we arrived at the Feast a little bit late; it was dusk. As we were walking toward the building to celebrate, a lady seemed to come out of the bushes from around the corner. We greeted her, and she said that she was going to the Feast also. She told us that she had come from Holland, and that this was the fourth time that she had celebrated the Feast here. We all walked in together, and as she seemed to be alone, I asked her if she would like to sit with us, and she accepted. She sat next to me, and about half way through the evening, she reached her arm over my shoulder and whispered in my ear. It startled me at first, but then I could tell that she was prophesying. This is what she said to me; "GOD showed me that you will be speaking in front of a crowd of people; don't be concerned about your children". Shortly after that, she got up and left... and we never saw her again. My mind was whirling as to what she had spoken to me. I thought about it, and I felt as if I had encountered an angel once again. GOD Works in very strange ways, sometimes!

Back at the Rabbi's apartment, four young ladies had come to celebrate the Feast, also. They were all dancers, and (what do you know) they were all from Oregon, too! They did mostly Messianic dancing, and they wanted me to join them. I tried out on the balcony with them, but they lost me with their steps. It was fun to have them there, but they left when the Feast was over. We kept in touch for awhile after we got back to The States; after all, we shared the same lavatory! Yes, me, my husband, and four other ladies had to co-ordinate our bathroom activities! We instantly became 'mishpochah' (family) due to that situation. ☺ By this time, Rabbi's dogs grew used to us. At first, one of them would nip at my legs, the little rascal... and actually his name was Rascal! He was a Dachshund, a short-legged German dog. We volunteered to stay with their three dogs after we got back from Galilee after our two-week stay there. Then, Rabbi and his wife were going to take a couple of pastors on a guided tour. The dogs adjusted to us quickly, especially since we were the ones who would feed them. Also, we learned to get around quite well in Jerusalem... just as if we had lived there for a long time. The stairs had become less tedious as I grew in strength.

Before too long, though, I felt that I was being spiritually attacked... and soon after that, I felt a spirit of depression coming over me. I missed home, and I began to feel out of place there... but we went on to Galilee anyway, for our two-week stay. Rabbi rented a car to take us there; it was a four hour

drive through the desert. We saw nomads with their camels and tents all along the way. What a contrast it was... going from the busy Jerusalem city into the long, lonely desert. On our way, we stopped along the Sea where YESHUA Cast the demons out of a man and sent them into a herd of pigs. We rode through the town called Jericho, where the wall had tumbled down after Israel marched around it for seven days. The next stop was my favorite, though; it was at the Jordan River where YESHUA Was baptized. This was a 'must go' place in my book... and so it was; my husband baptized me, and Rabbi Chester Baptized my husband. A remarkable thing happened during my Baptism. When I got out of the water and went to change, as I was drying off, I noticed that a growth was gone from my leg. It had been there for several years and it had been getting larger. I feared going to the doctor with it, and I was thankful to see that it was healed. I Believe that it was GOD's Way of showing me that He Was Happy that I had gotten Baptized in the Jordan River. That was my fourth water Baptism, and it was another Miracle, indeed!

It was dusk when we arrived in Migdal at our Bed and Breakfast, and Rabbi and his wife walked us in with our luggage. She said later that she did not feel comfortable leaving us there. A very strange lady ran the Bed and Breakfast... a rather cold and stern-looking woman. She was like the Gestapo... I was afraid of her! She was not at all pleasant, which I thought was inappropriate for the proprietor of a Bed and Breakfast. Also, we had no car to leave with, for Rabbi and his wife had gone. Lee and I were alone in this house on a hill in a small village across from the Sea of Galilee. We were shown to our very small bedroom, which had twin beds. The next morning, to our relief, we found two other people at the breakfast table with us, in addition to with the lady that ran the place.