

Called To Israel Page 6

We took a few tours up to northern Israel and spent the rest of our visit there by the Sea of Galilee. It was time for us to go back to Jerusalem, but for this journey, Rabbi was not able to pick us up. This time we travelled by bus; and this time it was a real bus! Reba dropped us off at the bus station and promptly left. We had to sit there for over an hour waiting for the bus. When we finally got on it, we noticed several soldiers on board. I was pleasantly surprised to find that they would chat with us. Most of the time on the buses in Jerusalem the people would not even smile back at you. Even though we had company, it was a long ride through the desert... stopping at each tiny town in between.

The SPIRIT Of GOD Helped us to get off when we needed to, but the terminal was large and confusing. Next, we needed to find a bus which would take us to Gilo, so we asked around, and finally someone answered our questions. We were informed that the terminal we needed to go to was several blocks away, so off we trailed, bag and baggage, to get there. If you remember, we were going back to Jerusalem in order to stay with Rabbi's dogs while he was conducting a tour. Incidentally, we had already made the arrangements to fly home a month early, and we had our reservations changed while we were in Tiberius. I called Doctor Wood, who ran the retreat in Cypress, to tell him that we would not be able to go. He was disappointed, but he understood. I explained to him what the illness that had come upon me might possibly be, and being a doctor, he was very sympathetic and generous toward us.

Thank GOD, we finally found our way back to Rabbi's place! And once again, It Was GOD Who Helped me up that long, long row of stairs. The other pastors (and their spouses) were already there when we arrived. They were two lovely couples from California who had come to visit Israel. We shared some of our experiences with them... trying to help them settle in. It never takes me long to make friends, and we had a very pleasant evening getting to know Rabbi's friends. They all left us the next morning for a four day journey. There we were... Lee and me and the three dogs, in an apartment alongside a hill near the city.

The days went by quickly, and soon they were back. We stayed there for another week, and during that time, Lee did some work for Rabbi. I grew closer to his wife, and we became Forever Friends. She gave me good

sensible advice, and she encouraged me not to feel bad about wanting to go home after two months... after all it was our first big trip abroad. Before long, the day came that we headed for home. We left for Italy, and had an overnight there before arriving in New York. It was sad leaving Rabbi and his wife; maybe we would not see them for a long time... and little did we know what was in store for us when we got home!

On our night in Italy, we made the best of it by going out on the town to a little pizza café. It was nice! In the morning, we prepared to board the plane for the flight home. As luck would have it, at the airport, my suitcase had been tagged by a police dog... I had an apple in it, and my case was all torn apart. Gee, just me! When we finished dealing with that fiasco, we boarded the plane. It was a long, but pleasant flight back to The States, but I was getting a feeling that my health might be deteriorating. Anyway, when we arrived in New York, we were picked up by a limousine, as my cousin could not come to get us. We had a fun week at my cousins home, and many of her children and other cousins of mine came to visit. I know that my family could tell I was not quite right, but I needed to stay and enjoy them because I might not get back there for awhile after that.

Soon it was time to go home, and we said our good-byes. After a bunch of hugs and kisses (and a few tears...), off we went. Our immediate family was very excited upon our arrival back in Oregon! Little did they know how ill I was. Actually, none of us knew yet. I tried to act normally, but I am sure it was noticeable to them that something wasn't right. I knew I had to go to a specialist for diagnosis, but I did not really want to. My birthday was coming up soon, and on that evening I received a call from a Ministry who said that they were sending a Glory Ring for me in the mail. I had only met the lady who was on the phone with me once before, at an Aglow meeting. She said that The Lord Told her to send it out on this day, but she had no idea that it was my birthday. She said that GOD Had Let her go through the same thing I was going to go through, and that He Used her to Minister to me because she would know how to pray for me. GOD Loved me after all, even if we did not stay in Israel for the third month!