

## Julia's Journal – Voice in the Wilderness Volunteer

### Entry

"And they sang a new song: You are worthy to take the scroll and to open its seals, because you were slain, and with your blood you purchased men for God from every tribe and language and people and nation. You have made them to be a kingdom and priests to serve our God, and they will reign on the earth ... Then I heard what sounded like a great multitude, like the roar of rushing waters and like loud peals of thunder, shouting: Hallelujah! For our Lord God Almighty reigns. Let us rejoice and be glad and give Him glory! ..."

This is the Scripture that flooded my mind last night as we worshiped together through singing simultaneously in Korean, English, Hebrew, and Russian with believers from France, Israel, Russia, Korea, Brazil, and Serbia. Some of the people at church we had just met along the way that day as we did Bible distribution in and around the Jaffa Gate. After church we made a bee line to Ben Yehuda Street where we spread out in a block where a group of Korean Christians were playing drums and guitars and robustly singing about Jesus. Their beautiful music drew crowd after crowd of Jewish people who go for coffee and food and shopping after the Sabbath is over. We worked the crowd. We gave out New Testaments in Hebrew and also something nicknamed "The Good Test". This little brochure is in Hebrew or Russian and is a combination of the Ten Commandments and Isaiah 53 and is designed to show that no one is good enough to go to Heaven. All have sinned and broken God's commandments except One, the Jewish Messiah, who took His people's sin upon Himself and was punished for it so that they might be saved from the wrath of God. Many engaged in conversation with us and took the Biblical gifts we gave them. Now we are praying that by God's grace they will read God's Word and come to faith in Jesus. About 10:30 we walked back towards the car but stopped and had pizza on the way at a shop where our host has befriended the owner for the sake of the gospel. About midnight we got home too pooped to pop! Debbie was not feeling well yesterday and was really not up to the riggers of the day. Aunt Julia Ann insisted that she stay home with her. When we got home Aunt Julia Ann was waiting up for us and had done our laundry! I felt like a college girl coming home to my mom as she served us all. Today we are going to be sure that she has the best day ever and next Saturday she will get to participate in the Ben Yehuda Bible distribution. This morning we are studying a bit about original sin and other things. After lunch we will head out to distribute Bibles in the old city before heading to church tonight. I have no idea of the surprises we will have along the way!

I hope that your day is full of God's surprises too as well as a sense of what it will be like when we gather around our Jewish Messiah, Jesus, and worship Him through singing as we join with Jews and Gentile men and women from every tribe and tongue and nation who have been saved by receiving God's Word in their own heart language.

Julia, et' all

### Entry

Shabbat Shalom from Jerusalem!

Today we have a little rest in the morning which we are more than thankful for! Our host will be here about noon for us to do our Bible distribution in the Arab quarter as the rest of the old city will be shut down until the Sabbath is over. Afterwards we will go to church for several hours and then as soon as the city becomes alive again tonight we will do our work on Ben Yehuda Street. I began this email with our guesses about what today will hold because what we did last night is indescribable. After walking all over the old city for four hours to give out Bibles and converse with strangers we came back to the house, cooked a big meal and hosted believers from Germany (whom we met the day before), and Koreans associated with our host. We ate together and had a Bible study and prayer and then piled into cars to drive to the Red Light District in Tel Aviv. This is where I am having trouble to explain what we did as I have never seen such vigorous evangelism or participated in anything like this in my life. We worked alongside Korean men and women, women from Germany, a Palestinian man and Jewish members of our hosts church (all Christian) to do evangelism and Bible distribution. Half of our team manned the Book table where there were Bibles in over 10 languages. Hundreds of people stopped at the table to get free Bibles. The other half of our team carried as many Bibles as we could and walked around and around the blocks with our host until we ran out of Bibles and then we came back to the Book table and grabbed another load. We did this for four hours. There were thousands of people out in the streets smoking, drinking, shopping, prostituting, drugging, and milling around. We gave out Bibles and the gospel to Jews, Sudanese, Ethiopians, Arabs, Filipinos, Nepalese, Nigerians, Ghanaians, Thi, Turks, Eritreans, Koreans, French, and Russians. I have no idea in this world how many Bibles we gave out but we put a bucket load of empty boxes back in the van and just a few boxes with Bibles packed up from the Book table. Our host has been doing this every Friday night for many years. It is sad to me that we had to come all the way here to see/experience/participate in this as we have our own Dickson Street, Razorback Stadium, Arvest Ballpark, Bentonville and Fayetteville Farmers Market, Panera and Starbucks full of Muslims, Jews, other International students, unbelievers and church attendees who have made professions of faith but have not submitted themselves to the Lordship of Christ. Surely unashamed Bible Distribution and perhaps even street Evangelism would be a good thing to do in NorthWest Arkansas. Of course Bible distribution needs to have follow-up and it can not replace one on one discipleship but faith does come by hearing the Word about Christ and so this is why our host gives out the Word. He also gives out his personal contact info and the address of his church and invites the people to come and study the Bible with him and others. I can't speak for everyone in our group but I can say that I fall short in boldness, zeal, urgency and the skills to winsomely talk to strangers about Jesus and His Gospel of Grace. So after a brief rest this morning we will be out and about again, gaining zeal, gaining boldness, gaining urgency and gaining skills that will help us obey the Great Commission in whatever way God asks us to do when we return.

Thanks for praying for us. We surely need it.

Love,

Julia

The group tells me that yes, they fall short too so I am also speaking for them. To be outside of our comfort zone is an understatement.

Entry

Dear Friends,

Do you remember the Steve Green song "People Need The Lord"? In case you don't I've copied and pasted the lyrics for you:

Every day they pass me by, I can see it in their eye. Empty people filled with care, Headed who knows where? On they go through private pain, Living fear to fear. Laughter hides their silent cries, Only Jesus hears. People need the Lord, people need the Lord. At the end of broken dreams, He's the open door. People need the Lord, people need the Lord. When will we realize --people need the Lord? We are called to take His light To a world where wrong seems right.

What would be too great a cost For sharing life with one who's lost? Through His love our hearts can feel All the grief they bear. They must hear the words of life Only we can share. People need the Lord, people need the Lord At the end of broken dreams, He's the open door. People need the Lord, people need the Lord. When will we realize that we must give our lives, For people need the Lord. People need The Lord.

This is the song that flooded my mind yesterday morning as we opened boxes, sorted and restocked the bookshelves in the guest house where we are staying. We put box after box of Bibles in Spanish, French, Arabic, Hebrew, Turkish, Thai, Persian, Nepal, Ethiopian, Eritrean, Russian, Chinese, Romanian, Bulgarian, German and English on the shelves as well as Christian Books by Josh McDowell, Arthur Pink and others that were translated into non English languages. What came to me in that moment is that we sing and sing about everybody needing The Lord but while our lips are moving our hearts and will are not or we would be more zealous in evangelizing people at Panera, the mall, Wal-mart, on the golf course, at the ball park, etc. We sing, "We've a story to tell to the Nations" and we give money to do that and feel like that is enough when truly the nations have come to NWAR and we let the people slip through our hands without even giving them a Bible. The bookshelves in our own homes should be stocked like this, and every time we go into Panera, Starbucks, Olive Garden, etc we should have an Arabic Bible and an English or Chinese Bible in our hands to give out because people need The Lord! After we restocked the shelves yesterday we piled in the van for Bible distribution in a big park. I am becoming especially fond of engaging both men and women in the Israeli Defense Force in conversation and then giving them the "Good Test" and a Hebrew New Testament if they will take it. We spread out and did the work. The soldiers were extremely receptive as we each told them in our own way things like: We love and pray for you/ We are thankful for your courage/We know you are in harm's way so please take this gift/ We are concerned about not only your earthly safety but also your eternal safety, etc. One soldier took a stack of the pamphlets from Debbie and started giving them out to other soldiers. I doubt that there was a Jesus Follower in the bunch. I pray

we planted seeds that will by grace alone grow into faith in Christ alone. After working the park we walked to the section of town where the church meets in the basement of a church that was built in the 1830's. The church itself is hardly ever used but whomever is in charge of it will only let this little band of Jewish believers rent out the basement. One of the musicians in the congregation has set many Psalms to music, so we have been singing the Psalms in Hebrew. Thankfully for us the Hebrew words are spelled out phonetically for us on the screen. We are grateful for that! The text for the message last night was from John chapter 10. In light of all that we have been learning verses 30-32 particularly stood out to me. Jesus claimed to be one with the Father and then the Jews took up stones to kill Him. Of course He then went right on talking to them even in the midst of their hostility. I just can't say that I do that-keeping on for the gospel truth with people who become hostile to me. So, we're going out again today to give out Bibles to strangers and perhaps after two weeks of this we will have developed some confidence that being made into the likeness of Christ is more complex than we knew before because it includes hard core evangelism combined with active love and grace and mercy because "People Need The Lord".

Thank you for sending us and praying for us,

Julia, et'all

PS: and our hosts also prepared great healthy food for us which we enjoyed, plus we found a coffee shop where we purchased iced and hot coffee. Better than Starbucks! This gave us just the umph we needed at the moment. God is with us all the way, sustaining and treating us to so many lovely blessings!

Entry

Dear Friends,

What in the world could be better than Magnum Ice cream Bars? Sanctification is better! Sanctification through an internal spanking by the Holy Spirit is what we all received yesterday afternoon as our single minded host showed us what it means to live as Christ. He did this not with his words to us but with his life lived before us.

Romans 8:5 Those who live according to the sinful nature have their minds set on what that nature desires .... This was me as we pulled into a little get and go for water, a coke for Aunt Julia Ann and I had hoped my first Magnum Bar, which I offered to get as a treat for everyone in the van. We had been at the new baptismal site on the Jordan River out in the Judean wilderness close to Jericho for several hours. We had given out Bibles to Russians, IDF soldiers and even a Jewish family from Florida that we met there. Aunt Julia Ann and I put our feet in the Jordan River and took a picture. We sat in some shade and ate our picnic lunch which we had packed in the morning. But, we were hot as we headed down the road and the thought of a Magnum Bar sounded good and refreshing so I gave our host some money and we asked him to get us all one. He is not like us. He is a frugal, single minded man who has

lost souls, not Magnum Bars or anything else on his mind. He is the other half of Romans 8:5 ... but those who live in accordance with the Spirit have their minds set on what the Spirit desires. When he came out of the store saying the ice cream bars were too expensive there his actions at that moment and what followed next taught us how to live out Philippians 2:3-16 "Do nothing out of selfish ambition or vain conceit, but in humility consider others better than yourselves. Each of you should look not only to your own interests, but also to the interests of others. Your attitude should be the same as that of Christ Jesus: Who being in the very nature God, did not consider equality with God something to be grasped but made himself nothing, taking the very nature of a servant ... and ... humbled himself ... continue to work out your salvation with fear and trembling for it is God who works in you to will and to act according to His good purpose ... so that you may become blameless and pure, children of God without fault in a crooked and depraved generation, in which you shine like stars in the universe as you hold out the word of life ..." After we pulled away from the get and go and started down the highway, suddenly our host did a u-turn and headed in the opposite direction. Of course we had no idea what he was doing, but he did. He had spied some Arab men at a garage down the street and he wanted them to have the Word of God in their own language. So he spun the car around, drove down the street, pulled in the garage and talked to them through the window. Soon they had invited us all to get out of the car and sit down for hot Arabic coffee! Of course we were all getting the point by this time so we rejoiced and embraced the opportunity God had given us. One of the men ran across the street and bought and prepared the coffee. The other whipped out a table cloth and put it on the plastic table. The other one started gathering chairs and cinder blocks for us to sit on. One of the young men had lived in El Paso, where he attended the University of Texas at El Paso. The other men did not speak English so our conversation was mostly with this young man as the others listened on. We sat in the blazing heat, drinking hot coffee in plastic Dixie cups. Some of us (I lead the way, to my shame) doctored our coffee with sweetener and creamer (which I always carry around with me). They did not seem offended, but we were convicted that we did not drink it just as they offered it. Today we will chug it just as it is if we are offered coffee by anyone else. We truly had more refreshment from The Lord in giving those Muslim men Bibles and sharing fellowship with them than we would have gotten from a Magnum Bar. I felt like a clueless disciple who asked Jesus about food when He had just given up His lunch hour to share the gospel with the woman at the well in Samaria. After our little spanking and sanctification from The Lord we got back in the van and headed to Hebrew University where we worked the sidewalks on both sides of the street giving out Bibles in Hebrew to the Jewish students and Arabic to the Arab students. Many were receptive to taking them. Some of course refused but we offered to everyone we could get to talk to us instead of talking on their cell phones. As we drove home from there we handed Bibles out through the car windows at intersections to other people in cars next to us. The joy on people's faces as they received a Bible in their language was a gift to us. We got this same gift early in the day when we gave men on big equipment blocking the road to an overlook where we went to get a view of the Dead Sea and the Judean Wilderness. So from morning till night we handed out Bibles and I hope that you will pray along with us that these people will read them and come to faith in Jesus. Oh, and by the way, we did get some ice cream (Ben and Jerrys) when we had tea and a little break in our host's home in the West Bank. Then we also had some carrot cake and the best chicken, salad, matzoh ball soup and rice that we've ever eaten because our

tireless hosts had cooked for us, even putting candles on the table, to greet us when we got home to our place. We ate together and then sent them home as they also looked too pooped to pop by 10:00. Now we are up and going better in Spirit than we were yesterday and I am praying that over the course of time I might become as single minded as our Jewish Jesus Follower host who lives and breathes the Great Commission 24-7.

Whew!

Julia et'all

## **Entry**

Dear Friends,

Yesterday while we were sowing seeds we also drove by field after field of wheat that had been harvested into sheaves. I had never seen sheaves before except the ones that we had made for the doors of the church when Martha got married. It was a beautiful sight and quite reflective of the hope that we have of God's watering and harvesting the seeds we are planting as we give out His Word with utter abandon. Yesterday morning during our devotional time Aunt Julia Ann gave our devotional from Matthew 13:1-9. The words are worth repeating here:

"Let's be honest. Nearly everyone dislikes today's parable. Not because it doesn't make sense or is hard to understand. In fact, it's just the opposite. We get it. We see what Jesus is doing here, and we don't like it. We're just more comfortable with folks who measure their resources and count costs. This crazy farmer does just the opposite. Who wastes money and resources by throwing seeds where they have no chance of growing? No one! Well, no one except Jesus, of course. In this parable, Jesus implies that our job isn't to worry about return or profit; our job is to cast our seeds with abandon and see what grows. I wonder how many of our churches could be described as spreading the gospel with abandon. We use market plans to focus our efforts on the crowd we want to attract; we have committees to watch over our resources; we plan, and we execute. If Jesus were calling us to be good business people, all the stuff we do would make sense. But in this parable, Jesus is calling us to take a chance, to risk our resources on the chance that God might be able to grow something even out of rocky soil"

Of course we don't know what kind of soil is in the heart of the strangers who received Bibles from us yesterday. We know that some refused them, and one took a lighter and tried to burn it in front of us, but many said "Thank you! Thank you!" and one IDF soldier asked if she could take my picture. We are just sowing the Word of God among people who have never been given a New Testament in their own language. I don't think they have ever even seen one. We worked in several areas. First we went to visit an Arab family whom our host has befriended. We took them bags of oats, rice and other food and gum for the children. They are poor as church mice but served us Turkish coffee in demitasse cups, which we drank with gusto, this time not adding our girly flavoring or creamer (I am trying to apply what I am

learning:). Little children kept running in and out to get a look at us. I am sure we were quite a sight! While all of this was going on our host was showing the Jesus Film to them on their wall from a projector that we brought him for his iPhone. It was sheer delight to be there! Afterwards we went to Samaria. On the way the traffic was steady and we handed out Bibles through the car windows to the people in cars next to us. Window to window as we creped along the highway. Our host would also pull off the road to approach people who were walking and we rolled down the window and gave them Bibles, which most gladly received with joy on their faces. Then we stopped in the actual town of Samaria and parked in front of a liquor store where the Muslims come to buy their alcohol. In this place we stood out in the middle of the road to stop the Taxis and get the drivers to roll down their windows so that we could give them Bibles. They took them too for the most part. We are not fluent in our Arabic approach but we have learned to say two words "Ingil Hadia" This means (The Message, a gift) and then we say in English, "Free gift for you!" with a big smile. I have been surprised that the Muslims would take a gift from an American woman, but our host said that these men and women are not of the terrorist type (except for the one who used a lighter to try and burn the Bible- he was just a teenager and I am afraid he might be a terrorist in the making). We did not give out Bibles to the Samaritans themselves as our host has already done that many times. He said there are only 650 actual Samaritans in the world. Our guess is that he has met each one and given them a Bible as he is just that zealous, truly a modern day Paul. Then we went to many settlements in the West Bank where Jews have put up trailers to live. Our host said that these settlements usually crop up in places where terrorists have killed Jews so the Jews then come in and make a settlement in remembrance of their brothers who have been murdered in that place. We went to Nablus area. We saw Shiloh where the Tabernacle was and Eli lived with Samuel. We stopped at an overlook and saw Shechem and could see two churches, one built over Joseph's grave and the other built over Jacob's well where Jesus stopped to chat and convert the Samaritan woman. We learned about how Israel is divided into different sections called A, B and C and whose cars could and could not drive through the different parts. We stood between Mt Gerezim and Mt Ebal where the blessing and cursing occurred and the covenant was renewed after the Jews had captured Jericho. We visited with women from Sweden who were working in a refuge camp and I had the opportunity to do hard core evangelism with one who was much like Ulf when he first came to us. I had to explain to her what sin was as she had no idea about that. I told her about God's justice and appealed to her own moral conscience and begged her to consider God's mercy through Jesus. She told me she was an atheist but was polite and listened anyway. I told her she had cute glasses. Then to top it off at the end of the day our host showed us a film about John Huss being burned at the stake. All in all it was the best day ever! Wish you were here with us but since you are not perhaps we can have a reenactment of bringing in the sheaves in Northwest Arkansas! Wouldn't it be great if we could all learn how do do more than just sing about that.

Love to all of you from all of us,

Julia et' all

**Entry**

"Who has believed our message and to whom has the arm of The Lord been revealed? ... He had no beauty or majesty to attract us to Him, nothing in his appearance that we should desire Him. He was despised and rejected by men, a man of sorrows, and familiar with suffering, like one from whom men hide their faces He was despised, and we esteemed Him not ... We all like sheep, have gone astray, each of us has turned to his own way; and The Lord has laid on Him the iniquity of us all ... Yet it was the Lord's will to crush Him and cause Him to suffer and though The Lord makes His life a guilt offering, He will see His offspring and prolong His days and the will of The Lord will prosper in His hand. After the suffering of His soul, He will see the light of life and be satisfied ... because He poured out His life unto death, and was numbered with the transgressors. For He bore the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors."

I really have no words to say today except to say that in a minuscule, or even smaller than a minuscule sort of way, we participated in the sufferings of Jesus yesterday. I am ashamed to even call what we experienced suffering because truly it was nothing but joy even though it was emotionally painful in a way that I have never experienced before.

Many of you know my life story and the constant rejection that I experienced as a child. My peers rejected me, they called me mean names in the hallway, they refused to sit with me in the cafeteria, they excluded me from their bunking parties and on my 16th birthday even my two closest friends would not spend the night with me for some reason. So I am acquainted with rejection, but I have never experienced ethnic rejection nor true angry opposition for Christ except from Gentiles who called themselves Christian but are filled more with angry hatred for me than love or acceptance of me. The rejection I experienced last night was different even from the hostility I have experienced from a hostile church attendee that spit on me in Fayetteville.

Last night we went to work the Barbara Streisand concert at a big outdoor stadium, like Razorback Stadium. We went early before the crowds arrived. We carried 1000 books called "Betrayed", written by Stan Telchin. I strongly recommend that you Google it or read reviews on Amazon or pull him up on YouTube and watch his testimony that is contained in the book. We inserted a Good Test in each book so that if nothing else, perhaps the recipients would read that. Then we spread out all around the block with as many books as we could carry, coming back to home base (Aunt Julia Ann in a folding chair by a tree) to replenish and go out again.

We said "matana" which means "free gift" and tried to get the people to take it. Almost everyone coming to the concert was Jewish. If there were any Gentiles I could not tell the difference because they looked middle eastern. We also told them a little bit about the book if they asked saying things like, "It's a good book about a young Jewish girl who found peace" or "It's about a Jewish family who was in a terrible fight but were able to reconcile in the end. It has a great ending please read it" or "We're just giving these books away because it's a great story about reconciliation. It's not political, please read it" or "Matana! a Free Gift for you! Enjoy the concert!".

Many took the book, probably a little over 800 people (Aunt Julia Ann's calculation). Many did not. But what emotionally rocked my world is that 100% of the people I encountered looked at me with suspicion in their eyes. Obviously I was not Jewish. I'm a Gentile and on top of that an American, which in their minds means I am a Christian.

The Jews have been extremely hurt by people who call themselves Christian. Think of the Crusades. Think of the Holocaust. Think about the Inquisition. Think about the Pogroms that were carried out by the Cossacks. Think about their taking the blame for the Black Death in the 14th century. Think about their being expelled from England in the 13th century by Richard the Lionheart. Think about the United States turning them away during WWII because our government would not lift its quota of refugees, and the list goes on and on throughout history and even up to today as the world is becoming more and more anti-Semitic.

Gentiles have sinned against the Jews in wicked and demonic proportions. I don't blame them for being suspicious of 8 American women trying to give them a book in Hebrew when we can't even speak Hebrew. I had one woman turn me into the police who were standing across the street from where I was working the crowd. The police did not come and speak to me because what we were doing was not illegal. Jan had one woman spit on her. Debbie had one man scream at her saying that we were like first graders trying to teach a Nobel Peace Prize winner how to do math since we could not speak Hebrew and so we have not even studied the Bible since we can't read it in Hebrew. He said that we were unloving. Of course we think that we were very loving in both word and deed as giving out the truth is the most loving thing you can do.

Actually I think that if we begin doing this sort of thing in the United States the hostility will be even greater than what we experienced last night. This verse is what we are to hang our hats on "I am not ashamed of the gospel, because it is the power of God for the salvation of everyone who believes: first for the Jew, then for the Gentile". Please pray that the people who took the books last night will read them and then seek out God's Word for themselves so that they might come to faith in their Jewish Messiah, Jesus.

We are up and ready to go hard after it again today!

Love,

Julia, et'all

## **Entry**

Dear Friends,

Today we are having a much needed rest until 3:00 when we will then go to church for several hours and then on to Ben Yehuda Street (I assume) to meet and greet strangers and

give them God's Word in their language. In some strange way which I know is by grace alone, this is becoming normal to us now. Yesterday all the girls except Aunt Julia Ann and I stayed home to regroup and prepare for the late afternoon meal that we shared with the Koreans, a German believer and an American believer who lives here, pastors a little church and works mostly with Fellowship of Christian Athletes, putting on football clinics. His wife used to be the Class Administrator of the short lived Bible Study Fellowship class here. He told us that the class closed because the Teaching Leader moved away. (Trey, Steve, or Joe T could you flip a coin for one of us to take up the teaching here? I promise we would come home to visit, or better yet, you could move here with us and perhaps a men's class could be in the making! LOL!)

When Aunt Julia Ann and I were dropped off at Agrippa Street (how would you like to have a shop or live on a street named after Agrippa?), Tony showed us where our meeting place would be and then he went on to run some errands while we walked to Ben Yehuda and worked the crowds there and back to our meeting place. We began by only approaching women as we thought that was the appropriate thing to do since we were by ourselves. Most of the women, except the ones in wheelchairs, were not receptive of receiving the free books we were trying to give them. Since we were striking out we decided that we would pray for and approach every person we could find that had a machine gun, whether they were in an IDF uniform or not, since sometimes the soldiers are in street clothes. All but one soldier took everything we offered them. I don't know why God has given us favor with Israeli soldiers but it has made me see in an unusual way that genuine love and kindness is a prerequisite to giving out the gospel and God has given me that love for Israeli soldiers because my daddy was a Marine, my brother was a Marine, my brother in law was a Marine, and my young neighbor is a Marine. So God has surrounded me with the reality of the war and danger and courageous men all my life and this has worked for my good by giving me a heart for these IDF men and women who are in harm's way and may surely go to their deaths when/if a war breaks out in the Middle East. Some of the young IDF soldiers we met yesterday were from the United States. They have moved here to join the military and all of them said that they wanted to stay and live here after their time in the service was over.

Yesterday before our family meal we had a time of study from the Book of Romans, reminding ourselves of the depravity of man, God's sovereign electing grace that results in salvation and His forbearance, especially with the Jews whom He will bring to salvation just before Jesus' return. It is because of Jesus' return in judgment that our host, Tony, is such a tireless, selfless, zealous, unprejudiced evangelist. He doesn't get all balled up in eschatology; He just gives out the Word of Life like nothing we have ever seen. He has told us in bold, loving ways that Americans are by culture individualists and that individualism squishes the desire to zealously live an evangelistic lifestyle that thinks first of giving out the Gospel and God's Word before it thinks of comfort, leisure, entertainment, sleep, food or anything else. This is not exactly what he told us but this is my take away as I summarize both his words and his life that we have observed thus far.

Hence, every Friday night instead of staying home and watching a movie to unwind he goes with others that God has raised up to the red light district in Tel Aviv because that section of

town is full of literally thousands of Gentiles from many countries who are out and about on the streets buying and selling, eating and drinking, milling around, etc. The rest of Tel Aviv and Jerusalem and other parts of Israel are closed down for the Sabbath. He could be too, but he chooses instead to use this day as an evangelistic day for these Gentile opportunities. So, last night we did the same thing we did last Friday night. We toted the books, the tables and this time a chair for Aunt Julia Ann and set them up in the middle of a commercial street that looked much like an African market where shoes, electronics, clothes, food, music, etc are set up outside the storefront, kind of like a sidewalk sale on Memorial Day. Some of us stayed with the table and talked to everyone who came up, offering them God's Word in their own language, and listening to their stories if they spoke English enough to tell us. Others of us walked around and around and around for several hours, coming back to the tables to replenish our stock when we had given everything away.

I chose the walking around because walking is good for me, especially when I have put honey on my toast:). Once as we were giving out the New Testament in English to a girl from the Philippines our host asked her, "Are you a Christian?" She said "Yes". Then he said, "Do you go to the xyz (keeping the name to myself here as I don't think I should say it) church?" She said "Yes". Then he said, that church is teaching you false things about Jesus. AND THEN HE TURNED TO ME AND SAID, "EXPLAIN IT TO HER". Oh my. I remembered hearing him tell us in the car once that this particular church did not believe in the Trinity, so I turned to him and asked "Trinity?" He nodded "Yes" so then I began. Oh, I can't begin to tell you how grateful I was at that moment for Bruce Ware's book on the Trinity that I read years ago one summer after I came home from Africa. On the way to Africa I was listening to a John Piper conference on my iPod and Bruce Ware (from Al Mohler's Seminary) was one of the speakers. I had never in my life had someone explain the Trinity to me in such a clear and understandable way that made perfect sense, so during my layover and on the plane I listened and wrote down word for word of his talk at the conference so that his teaching would not go in one ear and out the other. Later I found out that his teaching on the Trinity had been put in a book and so I bought it, read it and refer to it often when I am called upon to teach the Doctrine of the Trinity at Bible Study Fellowship. I told her as best as I could in a 5 minute synopsis, trying to apply the things I know you should not do, like use Christian-ease words, etc and then we moved along to the next divine appointment. I asked him "Was that ok? He just nodded yes".

Karen spoke to a young Jewish 20 something who said he was an atheist and she told him she was a Christian who loved Jewish people because they had given us the Hebrew Scriptures and from them she had learned about the Jewish Messiah. Then she complimented him on looking like the sort of person who liked to learn and gave him a New Testament in Hebrew and then told him to read it to learn more about the history of the Jewish people. She assured him he would love it. He took and received it kindly. We will pray during our prayer time today that he will read it.

Adair met a very tall black man from Africa who would make a great basketball forward. They had an engaging conversation and he received the Scriptures in English and they parted friends. Also she had a God encounter with a Jewish man about her age (looked older) who

was strange in his appearance. He did not look like a traditional Jewish man. As he passed in front of garbage can she heard him spewing angry words in Hebrew or Russian. He got passed her about a half of a block before he turned around and looked at her and started approaching her. She met his gaze and began approaching him. As this took place his shouting stopped and he softened so that his anger dissipated. He grabbed her in a hug, smothered her in kisses on her cheeks and nose in a loving Middle Eastern greeting, which she then returned so he would understand that she had approached him in love. He received a book from her and then they parted waving at each other. We will pray for him specifically too when we gather after a little while.

Jan had a conversation with an African man whom she met when she just held out a Bible to him in the language that she guessed he spoke. He said "No" and then he named the language he spoke that was from a different part of Ethiopia than the Ethiopian Bible she had tried to offer him. She reached to the table and got the Bible in the language he said and actually this was a nicer looking Bible because it was a hard backed Bible and was a whole Bible instead of just the New Testament. He took the the Bible and just stared at it a while and stared at her and said "No money". When she told him that the Bible was a free gift to him he burst out into a huge big smile saying "Thank you, thank you". His eyes opened so big that she could see the whites of his eyes all around. The smile on his face was from his exuberant heart because he had no Bible in his own language. He walked off turning the pages of the Bible and reading as he walked. Jan watched him walk way down the street until all of a sudden he turned around and walked back to Jan to thank her again profusely for giving him such a treasure.

Wow! Do you think anyone at the Mall, the Farmer's Market, the Promenade, the Natural's or Razorback Stadium would profusely thank us for giving them a Bible in English? Somehow I doubt it. I tell you again that I really have no idea in this world what God will do with us when we get home. We are already an odd bunch of women because we love The Lord and serve Him in unusual ways that He has called us to do, but now we are becoming even more odd and I know that He will require us to change in some way when we get home so that this little 3 week interlude in our summer will be more than just a joyous experience in Israel. Somehow it must translate into a joyous experience at home.

It must become the food better than literal food like Jesus had when he stopped and talked to the woman at the well. It must become life giving encounters like Peter and John who told the paralytic that they had no money to give but what they had they would give (the Word of God). Please don't misinterpret this as any mumbo jumbo healing ministry or anything like that. I'm just saying that the Bible teaches that faith comes by hearing the Word about Christ and so as we go about our lives we should desire more than Disney World.

It's ok to go to Disney World but it is not ok to go with an individualist mindset only wanting fun things for ourselves. We should go with an evangelistic mindset and while we are having fun we should have the joy that lasts unto eternity because we have engaged people in conversation and given any who will take it the Word of God so that they can read for themselves the Words that Moses said "No, the Word is very near you; it is in your mouth and

in your heart so that you may obey it. See, I set before you today life and prosperity, death and destruction. For I command you today to love The Lord your God, to walk in His ways, and to keep His commands, decrees and laws; then you will live and increase, and The Lord your God will bless you in the land you are entering to possess ... I have set before you life and death, blessings and curses. Now choose life, so that you and your children may live and that you may love The Lord your God, listen to His voice, and hold fast to Him. For The Lord is your life, and He will give you many years in the land He swore to give to your fathers, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob" (Deuteronomy 30:14-16, 19-20)  
Please pray for us to know what we are to do with all of this when we get home.

Hugs from Jerusalem to all of you,

Julia, et' all

## **Entry**

Dear Friends,

God's Providence is what we have been living by for the last 10 days! Let me rephrase that. We all live by God's Providence every day, but here where we don't know our schedule until we are in the midst of it, our awareness of God's Providence has been invigorating and faith building as we watch Him bring us providential encounters with people here and there for Biblical conversation and Bible distribution.

Yesterday we were given a time of rest until 3:00. It was a productive rest as we washed clothes, prepared a meal, had a time of prayer, confession and repentance and even had time to wash our hair. Yea! Then we went in the van to a parking place close to the church and set out on foot with Rachel to meet and greet and give out Bibles in the old city until time to return for church.

Almost immediately God brought us two different groups of Israeli soldiers (probably about 75 all together). God gave us favor with them as they stopped when we asked them to stop so that we could thank them for serving not only for Israel but for the whole world. We only had a few New Testaments in Hebrew and we gave those but we had a big bundle of Good Tests and so we gave those out to a few and then the rest of the bundle to girls who said they would pass on our sincere thanks and give out the Good Tests to the rest of the group. I have not met an Israeli soldier yet who was not shocked that someone would come to Israel in search of them just to give them thanks and tell them we are praying for their courage and for the Holy One of Israel to do for them what He did for Abraham, Moses, Joshua, David, and the Judges when the Israelites were doing battle. They all seem to understand us when we say things like "The Battle belongs to The Lord", "We pray He will come to your aid" and even "We pray for your earthly and your eternal safety". I thought that was a pretty good start to our day.

Then we moved on meeting and greeting other people who seemed random to us but we

know are not random to God. Once in the old city we worked on the shop keepers who are right inside the Jaffa Gate. These shop keepers are known for their crooked behavior and ungodly exploitation of tourists so we gave them the New Testament in their language and told them we weren't buying today; we were just going around giving gifts, please take one! It shook them up a little, I think. We enjoyed shaking them up:).

We loved being with Rachel and having a little girl time together with her so we went in Christ's Church coffee shop and ordered iced coffee all around then sat down in the courtyard for a little conversation. Just as we did that an Arab man who had come out of Islam and to Christ sat down with us and began to talk. He and I talked about His conversion and the Bible a little bit and then He looked at me and said, "You are a prophet (not in the sense of being able to tell the future, but in the sense of one who proclaims God's Word)". A long time ago when I had a Spiritual Gift Assessment, it showed that prophet was one of the spiritual gifts the Holy Spirit has given me. I thought that was a little surprise that he should say that, but then he began telling me that that was not enough and that I must have the gift of tongues as well. Of course this is something that our little group does not believe as the Bible nowhere teaches that tongues are an essential proof of salvation except that it was used (real ethnic languages, not modern day private prayer languages) at the birth of the church in Jerusalem, Samaria, with Cornelius' family and then in Ephesus as proof that there was One True Faith in Jesus Christ and it was given by grace to Gentiles as well as Jews. This man took my hand and put it on a Hebrew New Testament and prayed I would suddenly be able to speak Hebrew as that was necessary for my life in Christ. Of course I'd love to be able to speak Hebrew but I think I will need to study hard with someone willing to teach me. I am not expecting the Holy Spirit to make me instantly fluent. Jan and the other girls rescued me from this conversation that was going downhill (as I was explaining to him why tongues (languages) were not an essential proof of salvation) and we went into the chapel at Christ's church for a tour.

Later we walked back to the church meeting, greeting and giving out Bibles along the way and then the best part of our day began. Last night we worshiped with people from Finland, Russia, Germany, Switzerland, Jerusalem, France, Korea and us, from the United States. But that's not all! We also worshipped with men who were in prison who were present with us via speaker phone. Tony told me that his church takes up a collection and buys phone cards for the prisoners so that they can call in and go to church via speaker phone. We sang in Hebrew and English and then Tony preached one of the most robust sermons I have ever heard on Psalm 2. He did not get all the way through the Psalm so when he told the congregation that he would finish next week, the prisoners shouted (and we could hear them all the way at the back with the speaker phone up front) "Please, please don't stop! Please keep going! Please finish and teach us more!" He had already preached about an hour and many people had appointments to go to so he told them he could not go on but he would give them a treat. Then he asked Karen Trumbo to stand up and sing, not only for the congregation but for the prisoners. He asked her what she wanted to sing and then asked the musicians if they knew the song. We shouted out that she needed no accompaniment, which if you've ever heard her sing you know is true. She stood up at the front and very humbly and prayerfully belted out "There is a Redeemer, Jesus God's own Son, precious Lamb of God,

Messiah, Holy One. Thank you oh our Father, for giving us your Son, and leaving your Spirit till Your Work on Earth is done ..." Needless to say the prisoners weren't the only ones blessed by the worshipful use of her God given talent.

After that moving moment we headed to Ben Yehuda Street for more meet and greet and Bible distribution and then ate pizza ON AGRIPPA STREAT OF ALL PLACES:) afterwards, arriving home after 11:00, exhausted and filled with joy. Today is Tony's birthday, which he absolutely did not want us to know. However, we have our ways and so we conned it out of his wife, Dona, and then we pulled a loving mutiny on him, demanding that he take our love offering and use it to go and romance his wife on his birthday since he has been with us far more than he has been with her for the last ten days. We hope they have the best time ever today with each other all by themselves! Rachel is going to come and get us about noon and we'll get to ride the bus or train or some other kind of public transportation into the old city to do the thing God has given us to do. It will be so much fun! Then we will have church again tonight.

Our days are full of joy, and we trust eternal fruitfulness. We pray the same thing for you at home as providential encounters for the gospel should be the normal Christian life whether at home or abroad.

Love to all,

Julia et' all.

## **Entry**

Dear Friends,

"... Holy, Holy, Holy! Though the darkness hide thee, though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see, only thou art holy; there is none beside thee, perfect in power, in love and purity ..."

"Everyone needs compassion, Love that's never failing; let mercy fall on me. Everyone needs forgiveness, the kindness of a Savior; the Hope of nations. Savior, He can move the mountains, my God is Mighty to save, He is Mighty to save. Forever, Author of salvation, He rose and conquered the grave, Jesus conquered the grave. So take me as You find me, all my fears and failures, fill my life again. I give my life to follow everything I believe in, now I surrender ..."

These songs, these words are what I was singing last night through massive, meltdown tears. Why? Right before we began worshiping God through singing I opened my little journal to take some notes and realized what day it was. I knew that yesterday was Sunday. I knew that it was our host's birthday, but I did not know it was June 23rd.

Yesterday my mother in law would have been 100 years old. Yesterday it was her birthday

and she is no longer with us. She died 5 years ago on our anniversary, May 19th. As I contemplated the difference between our host being alive and preaching vigorously from John chapter 10 on his birthday and my mother in law being in the grave on her birthday, I was overcome with the urgency of giving the gospel and Bibles to everyone we know.

I sensed the reality that all of us will stand some day before The Holy One of Israel to be judged for what we did in our bodies while we were alive. Those who put their faith in His substitutionary atonement on their behalf will be judged for rewards or loss of rewards.

Those who did not will be judged for degrees of punishment in hell. That is the Biblical truth that is seen throughout the entire Bible from Genesis to Revelation.

When you are in a place like Jerusalem you have a natural sense of urgency because there are not many Jesus Followers (Jews or Gentiles) and it seems that war could break out at any time killing many people who live in Israel and the surrounding countries. Giving the gospel has been on our minds 24/7 because time seems short here and man is destined to die once and then comes the Judgment (Hebrews 9:27)

The sad truth is that (and I think I can speak for all of us) the urgency to give out the gospel and Bibles at home is not as intense. We sing about it. We know we should do it. We sometimes do it. We teach and study the Bible, and we disciple women, but we don't look out over the sea of humanity who are strangers to us and take the action that we should to evangelize the lost. I don't write this to guilt trip those of you who are reading these updates. I don't hang my head now in a heavy burden of guilt because I have been obtuse about the thousands of unsaved people in Northwest Arkansas who could benefit just from having a Bible put in their hands. I am saying that once God makes you aware of something that you are then accountable to Him for that awareness and so I sing through my tears then I wipe my face, straighten up, listen to our host preach from John chapter 10 where Jesus talks about dying for His sheep and I accept the responsibility He is ramping up in my soul to go and make disciples of all nations, teaching them all that He has commanded because He is with us always.

I really think it is much easier to evangelize here than it will be at home. Yesterday we had bold and terrific conversations with two Israeli Defense Force soldiers on the train and then also gave out Bibles to Muslim women pushing their babies in their strollers as well as other random people we will never in our lives see again unless we see them in heaven. Even as I am writing this Jan is giving us a devotional about having courage and standing firm because The Lord our God is with us and we are experiencing difficulties and seeing ourselves as ones whom Jesus called "Oh ye of little faith". So, we go out again today to do battle within ourselves, trying to throw off anything that will hinder (including thoughts of ourselves) so that we can finish the three week race God has given us. We are absolutely loving this in every single way but we acknowledge something that my daughter said to me once when she was in college, "Sanctification burns, mom, it burns". That is true and we are happy to be in the Refiner's Fire. I pray that today you will also sing to yourself about God's Holiness as well as His Hope and that you will embrace the sphere of influence He has given you for the gospel.

Holiness and Hope and Love,

Julia et' all

PS Tonight is a very big night for our host, Tony. He will be debating a Rabbi about Psalm 51 at the Hebrew University. We are expecting a big crowd. We will be there praying and I ask you to pray for him from afar if God brings him to your mind. The debate is at 6:30pm Jerusalem time which will be 10:30am Arkansas time. We are praying that many might come to repentance and be saved from hearing the truths contained in this Psalm. (My own conversion was brought about through the reading of Psalm 51 so I know God's Word is Mighty and powerful to save should that be God's will for the people attending the debate)

Dear Friends,

There is much to tell about yesterday, but we did not get home and settled into bed until about 2:00am and had to be up and ready to go this morning at 7:30am because we are headed off to do evangelism and Bible distribution in the Galilee today! So I will write again tomorrow and fill you in on the debate at Hebrew University and other things from yesterday, plus the gospel adventures we encounter today!

Hugs from Jerusalem and the Galilee,

Julia, et' all

## **Entry**

Dear Friends,

This is the promised update from day before yesterday when we spent our day in Bible distribution outside a hospital and cafe about a block from Hebrew University and then attended the debate between our host, Tony, and a Rabbi whose last name is Gentlecourt.

Some of us worked the street in front of the hospital and the bus stop. Others worked the street around the coffee shop. I had the hospital side which provided me with an opportunity with two Israeli Defense Force soldiers, one who spoke English and the other who did not so Rachel ran across the street and translated for me. Both were glad to receive a Good Test and a New Testament in Hebrew. I also had a wonderful time stopping most of the Taxi drivers who were coming and going to bring people to the hospital. I would stand on the corner and give a little wave and then they would stop, thinking I needed a ride. Instead I had them roll down their window and then because it is really hard to tell the difference between Israelis and Arabs I would ask them if they preferred to read in Hebrew or Arabic. Then I handed them a Bible through the window and asked God to bless them in their day. I was hot and happy on the sidewalk!

On the other side of the street the girls were having opportunities for lots of conversations.

Jan talked to an Ethiopian Jewish young man who didn't really want to talk to her but she pushed on asking him if he ever read the Hebrew Scriptures. She gave him the rest of the story (the New Testament in Hebrew) and told him he should take it as a gift from a granny from Arkansas and she explained to him we were there for God encounters and she believed that one day he would be interested to read about the Jewish Messiah if he would just take the Book and put it on his shelf now. He blew smoke in her face as she talked to him. She considered it even less than the smallest suffering for the sake of the gospel. Robin met a little Hebrew girl and a young lady from Texas who were together in the dance department in the creative arts part of the Hebrew University. After visiting with them for a while they refused the Bibles because they saw no need for the information it contained. We think it is especially sad that the girl from Texas would not take the Bible when God brought her all the way to Israel to be offered one. Perhaps when she goes home someone will go after her again. Robin also visited with an Arab boy who was pulling a suitcase along the sidewalk. She and Adair tried to talk with him through a language barrier but he said he was a believer and he did have a joy about him that was obvious. He said this was his last year. He took some materials and we hope that they help him to grow in his faith. Robin said that one thing that thrilled her is that the Arabs around Hebrew University seemed so receptive to take Arabic New Testaments (Ingils) and perhaps when we get home we will be more bold to approach covered women in Fayetteville/Northwest Arkansas with the Good News. Jan also met three Jewish students from Florida, named Ruth, Naomi and Molly:), and they took three Hebrew New Testaments. What a joy that was for her because they were just here for a month and she had that providential encounter to give them a Bible and thank them that the Jews had given us the Messiah and she hopes they will come to know Him too.

After a little treat at the coffee shop (yum! yum!) where we encountered another Israeli Defense Force Soldier we had a good conversation with him and also an Arab man whom Adair talked to and he received a Bible. Later we were surprised by a note that the Arab man wrote to us and handed back in the Bible as he was leaving the coffee shop. This is what it said, "Good afternoon to you all. I have to apologize for leaving this "bible" behind for I know the magnitude with which it affects your lives. However, I myself have something extremely significant and valuable that deeply affects my life and my daily choices. This thing is called the Holy Quran. Along with the fair and righteous teachings of our prophet Mohammad the Holy Quran teaches people how to live morally, ethically, generously, and most of all faithfully as god loving Muslims. Therefore, I would like to inform you that I am a true Muslim and am satisfied with my own faith. Thank you."

What can we say? Many are called but few are chosen and that's not up to us so we just hand out Bibles and pray our guts out that God would speak to His people through His Word and bring them to faith in Jesus, no matter how they feel about Him at the moment that they receive His Word. After all this we walked about a block to Hebrew University where we had to show our passports to get into the building.

How in the world can I even begin to describe to you what the Debate was like compared to the Drive by (or Walk by) encounters we had during the day. Let me just say that at the beginning the room was so electric it was like Sean Hannity vs Wolf Blitzer or Bill O'Riley vs

James Carvel. Let your imagination take you there and then join us in realizing that the Christian world view is nothing at all like the world view of anyone else no matter what religion or non religion they profess.

Tony and Mr Gentlecourt debated original sin, the need for salvation, the Jewish vs Christian view of the Messiah, the Trinity, the wrath of God, the difference between Cain and Abel, the interpretation of the Scriptures, the definition of sin, David's sin (or as the Rabbi said, no sin) with Bathsheba, the depravity of man, repentance, righteousness (and where it comes from) and on and on and on. I hope that this debate will be put on YouTube so that you can watch for yourself, because the things that the Rabbi said were from Mars and made us so very sad that someone who actually had the Hebrew Scriptures and even the New Testament and has studied them came to conclusions that were not at all the truth. We came away with great compassion for him and for his wife who told me that Adam was not created with a body. She said that at first he was just light and that it wasn't until after he sinned that he got a body or the world became a physical place. When I asked her about God making Eve from Adam's rib or God's breathing into Adam making him a living being she gave me an answer but I could not understand it at all because it made no sense. Finally as she kept talking I got the sense that she was trying to tell me that perhaps Adam's lives weren't finished yet. So I asked her if she believed in reincarnation and she said, "Oh, yes, we believe in reincarnation" and then she began telling me all about that in ways that I could not understand a word she was saying, even though she was speaking to me in English.

Please pray for the salvation of this Rabbi and his wife. A third debate is in the works and Tony is a courageous and gracious man to continue on in humility and truth even though he receives harassment in the process of preparing for and participating in these debates. We were so wired when we all got home that it was 2:00 before I could settle down and go to bed.

Whew! That was day before yesterday. I'll send you yesterday's update if I have time to write it now before Tony comes to get us for the day. (Otherwise I will write and send to you as soon as I can)  
love,

Julia et' all

## **Entry**

Dear Friends,

I has been at least at least 40 years since I was in the 100 voice Methodist Youth Choir singing "I walked today where Jesus walked, in days of long ago. I wandered down each path He knew, with reverent step and slow. Those little lanes, they have not changed, a sweet peace fills the air. I walked today where Jesus walked, and ... felt His presence there ... The little hills of Galilee, that knew His childish feet ... I saw the mighty Jordan roll, as in the days of yore. I picked my heavy burden up, and with Him at my side, ... I walked today where

Jesus walked, and felt Him close to me ..."

As we stood at a wonderful lookout way up on one of the Galilean mountains this song filled my mind and my heart and I worshiped with my sisters in Christ because our host, Tony, had been so gracious to make a day of Bible distribution in the Galilee for us so that Aunt Julia Ann could drive/walk where Jesus walked for the first time. It was sheer joy to see her face and watch her worship our Jesus whom she has loved so long.

Tony took back roads and other roads we had never driven before to show us things that we have seen, but Aunt Julia Ann had not and along the way we distributed Bibles to Arabs and Jews through the car window, at gas stations, a coffee shop, and at Capernaum where we sat for a moment and enjoyed a new site right by the Sea of Galilee. We met a woman from Jonesboro of all places and gave her a New Testament and invited the people in her group to come and worship with us at Tony's church in the Old City. I hope they come.

We gave Arabic New Testaments and a special DVD (The God of Wonders) to the Arab workers who were setting stones to make a new sidewalk and do other nice upgrades to the site where Peter's house was and where there is a dig of his and other houses as well as a reconstructed Synagogue. I thought they would cry they were so happy to receive these materials. One had a cross tattooed on his arm. I asked him to please work for Jesus at this place and give away the materials after he had been encouraged by them. Jan was able to show Aunt Julia Ann an olive press and the Gethsemane stone they used to make olive oil. She also showed her other really old things from Jesus time that she had never had a chance to see.

Tony was so kind to drive us a back way to the Mt of Beatitudes so we could get an unusual look at the natural amphitheater where Jesus preached the Sermon on the Mount. He took us down an unpaved road to get a special look at the upper Jordan River. Karen led us in worship and singing everywhere we went.

We ate dinner at a place right on the Sea of Galilee, but I have to tell you that the experience of eating out has now been changed for us in a way that we don't quite know how we will handle once we get home. We sat down to order and then realized we had not brought any Bibles or other materials with us into the restaurant. Rachel (our host's daughter that Jan and I met last year in London at the Jewish Evangelism Conference) ran to the car to get us a stack. We gave a lot of them away, but then my heart dropped and grieved within me as 7 or 8 covered women walked toward us to exit the restaurant. Because none of us had not gotten enough materials we didn't have anything to give them so we just let them walk on by. I didn't even want to finish my dinner after that because I felt sick that I had been thinking only of myself and the lovely meal we would have instead of thinking of others we might meet in that place who needed to eat the Word of Life.

I'm not beating myself up over it and trying not to beat myself up over the encounter I had at a most magnificent overlook in Haifa where I talked on and on to a women whom I thought was Jewish because she said yes she would take a book in Hebrew while her friend from

Sweden took one in English and her other friend took one in Arabic. Turns out later (as Tony gently admonished me) that all three women I chatted it up with about the book being a Jewish book written by Jews, to the Jews and for the Jews about a Jew, were actually Arab women. Ugh! The one I was talking to the most didn't seem offended and I prayed my guts out that my ineptness would not offend her and keep her from reading the Word for the first time.

We went to Haifa to pick up a washing machine, which Tony and our sisters with strong backs brought down five flights of stairs (Hallelujah there was an elevator just big enough to get the washing machine and one person in) and then loaded it into the back of our van. I had stayed in the car because I knew that I would be of no help whatsoever with my back but the girls described the apartment to me. First of all it was maybe three tiny rooms, together about the size of one of our friend's bedrooms at home. They said it was so hot in there, at least 95 degrees, and the air was suffocating. The woman (probably a single mom) giving away the washing machine had two little children with her. She was cheerful. Our team was hot even though she was the one living there. She was giving her washing machine away to a woman in Jerusalem who has cancer and we were the delivery truck. I tell you our host is a man of many graces and his evangelistic and benevolence ministry is far reaching.

We had been up and ready at 7:30am. It was a long, long day but he drove us home (over 2 hours) with great energy while we slept in the van (Karen said I did snore but not very loud:) and we arrived home after midnight in a happy stupor that we had driven/walked where Jesus walked and gotten the opportunity to talk about Him, give out His Word and help a woman in need through the generosity of a Russian believer in Haifa.

Oh we love and miss you, but we love being here and doing this too. Yea God for all that He is doing here and at home in Arkansas and North Carolina:)

Julia et' all

Oh, and by the way, we are having to work very hard to keep up with our almost 84 year old Aunt Julia Ann. She and Tony are becoming big pals as they debate different theological issues with smiles and energetic minds.

## **Entry**

Dear Friends,

"Ready-Aim-Shoot!" These were the first words our host said to us as we started driving down the street yesterday. We quickly caught on that we would have an unusual day of "drive by evangelism" and the "ready-aim-shoot" meant get ready with the appropriate materials in our hands, Tony would aim by pulling off the side of the road to meet and greet nearly every "Tom, Dick, and Harry or Henrietta Muslim" that we saw and we would "shoot" the Word of God by placing it into the hungry hands that wanted it. Once Tony actually propelled an Arabic Bible through the air from the driver's window across and into the rolled down passenger side

window of a car not close enough to reach with his hand. The driver looked so happy and said "Thank you!"

In some ways I think we should have scheduled this trip to be at least a month long because we are just now getting the hang of how to load the car for the day. Before we left yesterday morning we had sorted and arranged cases of Hebrew, Arabic, Russian, Spanish and other Bibles plus Arabic children's Bibles. In the end we gave cases and cases away! We have also finally worked out a system of stocking each row of the three row van with an assortment of these various Bibles because we remain clueless as to whom Tony will aim to shoot with the Word of God. I say this in the most loving way because his "shooting" is so kind, so loving, so skilled, and so understandable in the different languages that we can't understand. Karen was in the hot seat (passenger front seat by the window) and Jan was in the back up hot seat (by the window on the second row) and the rest of us where the handlers as we passed Bibles from back to front at lightning speed so that Jan and Karen could give out the Bibles. As soon as the Bibles were in these strangers hands Tony would rev up the van and we would drive on to the next person down the road.

The target for the day were Arab villages that vans with Jewish license plates could enter. To me this was one of the most redemptive experiences I have ever had as since the time of Isaac and Ishmael the Arabs and Jews have hated each other, yet we were being driven around by a Jewish man full of the love of Christ for all people everywhere and he wanted us to learn to clearly express it by always being prepared to "ready-aim-and shoot" the Gospel since it is loving to tell the Truth and give the Truth to any and all so they might read it and be saved.

At the beginning of our "drive by Gospel shooting day" we made stops at an overlook of Jerusalem where we ate a picnic lunch, and then climbed up the very tall ruins of the Herodian (one of Herod the Great's palaces and the place where he was buried). As some of us made the climb we met a very cute 20 something young man from France who had come to live in Bethlehem for a while to study Arabic. Of course we loved this because we had a private moment with him as we climbed to talk to him about why we were visiting Israel, The Gospel, etc. He was clearly uninformed of anything about God at all, but polite and listened to what we were saying as we had already politely listened to his life story and why he was in Bethlehem and at the Herodian. He needed to leave the dig before we did so I walked down with him explaining Jesus' return in Judgment and asked him if he would receive materials from us as a gift so that as he was learning Arabic he could also learn Truths about God that he had not ever contemplated. I got the van key and loaded up my arms with Bibles in Arabic, and English, a DVD in Arabic called "God of Wonders" and (I took a big risk with this) a DVD by Paul Washer called "the Shocking Message" as well as Gospel tracts in Arabic and a small, thin little Book of John's Eye Witness Account in English. Included in the stack was enough that he could share with his Arabic cab driver or his best Arab friend who will be traveling with him. He seemed shocked that we would give all of this to him for free so he took it. Please pray for the salvation of this cute young man from France. We didn't have any French Bibles with us but I assured him that he could put the English one side by side with

the Arabic and and he would be able to sort out what he was reading. After we enjoyed our well earned Magnum Bar (because we made the climb) we headed out again for our drive by shootings.

As we drove through an Arab Village handing out Bibles to eager recipients the scenery and atmosphere in the Village began to change and Jan, who is always astute, turned around to Rachel (Tony's daughter) and whispered "Are we in Hebron?" She quietly answered "yes" and Jan and I just stared at each other, stunned that we were in Hebron with 8 Bible studying girlfriends and two flaming Jewish evangelists! If you read the papers at home you will recognize Hebron as a Jewish/Arab city that is a hot spot for religious zeal, anger, and acts of violence like rock throwing and gun shooting. If you read your Bibles you also know that this is the place where Abraham settled and made a big profession of faith in God's promises by buying a field and cave from Ephron the Hittite to use as a burial tomb for Sarah (Genesis 23). It is in this place where Isaac also professed his faith by burying Abraham and Isaac's wife Rebekah, and Jacob did the same thing by burying Isaac and then his wife, Leah, there and then commanding his boys to travel from Egypt to the Promised Land to bury him there after he died.

We got to see the memorials set up for each one of the Patriarchs in a building built by Herod the Great. The memorial niches were individual for each Patriarch, behind gates, and on the outer walls of a big inside place that was a Torah School of some sort. There were Orthodox Jewish men and women praying in separate spaces and studying different Hebrew books and probably also the Torah (what we call the Five Books of Moses) and the Tanakh (what we call the whole Old Testament). It seemed to be a very reverent place to them so we were quiet and respectful and then surprised when at the end by the exit some religious Jews were slicing watermelon and offered us some with a big smile. Tony said that we could not offer materials to anyone inside because it would be dangerous to do so, but we were able to talk to some soldiers who were guarding the periphery of the building and all but one gladly received a New Testament in Hebrew stuffed with a Good Test.

These Good Tests are such important witnessing tools because any time we are able to engage anyone over here in conversations about salvation they also talk about their own goodness and works of righteousness, which of course Isaiah says are nothing more than filthy rags. I walk around both grieved and humbled to the dust because I too lived in darkness for so long, believing that my "good deeds" were the ticket to receiving God's favor. I too had no knowledge of my total depravity and God's effective grace alone that brought me out of my darkness and into His life giving Light of Christ. I believe with all my heart that I would still be trapped in the darkness of works righteousness to this day had I not begun reading and studying the Bible for myself. So giving out Bibles in different heart languages to all who will receive them is the necessary first step to the recipients' conversions.

As we did this all day long we also drove through and did our "Ready-Aim-Shoot" in an Arab refugee camp. It was more than a shock to us to see that these people were not living in tents or squalid conditions as they are portrayed by the American News Media. They were nice

buildings, had playgrounds, sidewalks, convenience stores, etc, just like other Arab and Jewish towns. Another shocking thing to us were the nice debates/conversations that we got to witness Tony having with both Arabs and Jews about what they believe. Of course the Muslims believe that the Quran is their Holy Book and they use it as their supreme authority, but the Jews, who also have the True Holy Book, written by Jews, about Jews, to Jews and with the Promise of a Jew who would come to bring salvation to both Jews and Gentiles do not consider it to be their supreme Authority. Like many who call themselves Christians today they value the oral tradition and teaching of the Rabbis as more informative and accurate than the Bible even though what they are taught (reincarnation for one example) is found nowhere in the Bible. I think this is a wakeup call for all of us to examine what we read on the Internet or hear from the Pulpit to see if it matches up with God's Special Revelation of Himself in the Bible and then choose God's timeless Word as our Authority, for it was God's Word who became flesh and lived among us to freely make the great exchange of our sinfulness for His sinlessness so that we may be saved by grace alone, through faith alone, in Jesus alone.

I think that Karen summed up our "drive by shooting" day the best when she said from the hot seat, "This is like being in a James Bond movie flying down a hill and through the twist and turns of an alleyway on a motorcycle". We were just that breathless when we got home, prepared a simple meal (Debbie is the resident Rachel Ray Chef and we are her slicing and dicing students), ate, prayed and then fell into bed with awe and wonder that God had allowed us housewives to really go and do what we got to do yesterday.

We are already grieving our departure next Tuesday but know we will be happy to fall into the arms of those who greet us at the bottom of the escalators at XNA, LIT and RDU!

Love,

Julia et' all

Psalm 1:1-3 "Blessed is the man who does not walk in the counsel of the wicked or stand in the way of sinners or sit in the seat of mockers. But his delight is in the law of The Lord, and on His Law he meditates day and night. He is like a tree planted by streams of water, which yields its fruit in season and whose leaf does not wither. Whatever he does prospers."

Jeremiah 2:13 "My people have committed two sins: They have forsaken Me, the Spring of Living Water, and have dug their own cisterns, broken cisterns that cannot hold water"

Ephesians 5:25b-26 "... Christ loved the church and gave Himself up for her to make her holy, cleansing her by the washing with water through the Word"

John 4:10, 7:37b-38 "Jesus answered her, 'If you knew the gift of God and who it is that asks you for a drink, you would have asked Him and He would have given you Living Water ... If

anyone is thirsty, let him come to Me and drink. Whoever believes in Me, as the Scripture has said, streams of Living Water will flow from within him"

Zechariah 14:8. "On that Day living water will flow out from Jerusalem, half to the eastern sea and half to the western sea, in summer and in winter"

## **Entry**

Dear Friends,

We usually use the phrase "Water, water everywhere but not a drop to drink", and this is the case for the 7 million people in Israel unless someone comes to them to give them the Water of God's New Testament Word, where the Living Water, The Lord Jesus, can be seen in all His Glory. Without this Living Water not only will they be thirsty because their manmade broken cisterns of works righteousness cannot satisfy them, but also if they die before all Israel is saved at Jesus return, they will be judged as withered, unfruitful trees, who have not prospered even though they have studied the Talmud (Rabbinic writings that they consider to have equal authority with Scripture)and even the Hebrew Scriptures (although without any understanding because their minds are still in darkness). The Gentiles from many nations who live here will die in their sins too and we would not wish that upon anyone for hell will be more horrible than our imaginations can muster.

Yesterday in our afternoon Bible study Tony talked from Romans 11 and compared our generation both in Israel and the West as a place where there is truly a famine of God's Word because God's people have turned away from Him and have sought pleasures for themselves as they worship the Baal of their choice. Yet, God promises that He has an elect remnant and they will come to faith in Him so that He will one day receive true and everlasting worship and Living Water will flow in abundance right out of Jerusalem. This promise, which we have all studied before in Romans, has taken on a deeper meaning to us here as we have handed out the water of God's Word and talked to people about the Jewish Messiah, Jesus, who called Himself Living Water.

Our morning yesterday began with the first surprising encounter of the day, the next door neighbor to the ministry house where we are staying. Aunt Julia Ann has been getting up early every day and having her Quiet Time outside on the patio that is adjacent to the neighbor's front door. She and the mother of the house have struck up a friendship and conversed with each other as best as they can with limited shared vocabulary. Usually after Aunt Julia Ann comes in Karen Trumbo goes out to sit with The Lord in her Bible. Well yesterday as soon as Karen went outside, the Jewish Mother came out and invited Karen over for tea. She was to come RIGHT THEN; never mind that she was in her nightgown and her hair was in its bed head state. Karen came in to get the key to the gate, went over to the house and stayed a long time. She came home with cookies that the mom had made for us as she was already cooking and preparing all of their Sabbath meals. This morning, our last morning in the guest house, Aunt Julia Ann visited with her across the fence as usual and

offered her a Hebrew New Testament, but she would not take it. We will continue to pray for her because Tony will be moving his operation from this guest house to another one in a more convenient location soon. We hope God will bring some Christians to live in this house after Tony moves on to a different place.

When Tony came to get us he dropped us all off on Jaffa Street then he went on to another place to study for several hours. Rachel was with us. As we worked the street on the way to the Shuk (A GREAT, GREAT, GREAT BIG open air market filled with fruits, vegetables, fish, household goods, etc) we became separated from each other. Jan, Debbie, and Robin got away from the rest of us (Karen, Adair, Aunt Julia Ann, Rachel and me). We weren't too worried as Jan can find anything in Jerusalem with her eyes blindfolded. So we carried on separately and Oh, how God used our separation for His Glory!

The group I was with began being stalked and harassed by an Orthodox Jew, a zealous young man who worked to protect people from us. We know that he thought that he was doing the right thing just like Saul/Paul did before his conversion. After a great conversation that I had with a young Jewish Israeli Defense Force soldier (from Seattle of all places), the Orthodox man came up to him and tried to snatch the Hebrew New Testament from his hands but the soldier told him, "No" and kept it. I was so happy to see that! Our stalker followed us, yelling things in Hebrew, every time we gave out material. Then he followed us into the Shuk, which was like being in bumper to bumper people traffic where you can only move ahead about an inch at a time as the whole crowd moves together. It was at this place (the beginning of the Shuk) that we saw God's mighty protective hand upon us. Rachel had told us that even though the Orthodox stalker was harassing us we were not doing anything illegal and she could call the police on him at any time. We did not feel the need for her to call for we were unafraid of him because we know that greater is He that is in us than he who is in the world.

But in the Shuk the stalker did something that really could have gotten us arrested had God not given Aunt Julia Ann and Adair the wisdom that we had prayed for in the morning. The stalker sent a little boy to each of them (the same little boy at two separate times) to ask for a New Testament. This was clearly a trap as it is illegal here to give out Christian materials to anyone under the age of 18. They each separately refused his request and we just moved on. Eventually the stalker did too and we exited the Shuk after giving out Arabic Bibles to some of the vendors. God was so very good to provide Robin George and Karen Trumbo with International phone plans because we could call Robin from Karen's phone and find out where the other group was.

They had never made it to the Shuk. Instead they were in the shopping center where King of Kings Church is located. When we got there they had a very spiritually confused man with them whose mother is a Christian and his daddy is a secular Muslim. He had told them that he had no idea who he was so they were talking to him, but he also wanted to walk and talk with us to a far away cafe where we were to meet Tony. Before we met up with our girls we had also picked up an Ethiopian Pastor who was looking for a building that his little

congregation could meet in on Friday nights. Since Tony's church always does Bible distribution in Tel Aviv on Friday nights we thought this might be a Divine encounter because his basement building might be free to rent.

So the Ethiopian walked with us too all the way and the other young man walked almost all the way, having to turn back to get back to his job. We got the confused man's phone number, gave it to Tony and Tony called him. The plan is for them to talk more today. We hope this young man will begin coming to Tony's church. We ate a light meal all together, the Ethiopian pastor included, and Tony made some phone calls to help him. We think it might work out for the Ethiopian church to use Voice in the Wilderness' space beginning next Friday. YEA GOD!

After that brief, lovely, shady respite we came home, helped Dona prepare a big meal, packed boxes, loaded the van, set the tables and had a family meal with the people who always gather to study and pray and eat together late Friday afternoon before heading out to the Red Light District in Tel Aviv for Bible distribution. When we got to Tel Aviv to tote the boxes, tables and do the set up (the men did the heavy lifting), we were so impressed with a Christian young Korean couple **ON THEIR HONEYMOON** who wanted to participate in the Bible distribution. Doesn't that knock your socks off?

Last night's Bible distribution was a little depressing to all of us. Not only was it the last time we would get to do this (until next year, hint hint!), but the Gentile crowd itself was lethargic and not as willing to receive the free gift of Living Water from God's Word. I was absolutely overcome with the thought that I was nothing but one small drop of fresh water that had landed into a sea of humanity that was polluted, undrinkable, stagnant, and without any life. What good can one drop of water do to change the chemical makeup of a putrid sea? It can do no good, but the Living Water found in God's Word and God's Word itself can wash that stagnant, Dead Sea by grace and make it clean. In fact He can take His remnant out of that sea of humanity and make Living Water flow through and out of every single person whom He chooses to regenerate by the Holy Spirit as they read His Word. He has done this for us, so we pray He will also do this for them.

So half of us walked on and on and on giving out Bibles in the various languages to all who would receive them and the other half manned the Book table and gave out Books to all who curiously came by to see what was on the table. Karen had a long, vibrant conversation with an African man. Many at the Book table had equally as vibrant conversations. Just as we were about to pack up and leave I had the most astounding conversation that I can hardly even write about it. A Turkish man came up to the table wanting a book in Turkish. We did not have a Turkish Bible to give him but there was another book in Turkish (maybe a book by Josh McDowell or some one else translated into Turkish - we don't know). We gave him that book and then were able to get Tony to come over and help us talk to him. Tony whipped out his cell phone and dialed up Fikret, the Turkish pastor of the church where Ginny and the McAdams went when they lived in Turkey. Fikret didn't answer his phone so I gave him Cagdas' phone number (a Turkish young man living in Northwest Arkansas just a few more

days before he goes back to work with Fikret and ?, another pastor whom I know but can't spell his name). Cagdas did not answer his phone. Next we tried Gulden, his wife, and she answered! YEA GOD! I greeted her then handed the phone to Tony who said, "I am going to give this phone to a Turkish man who is with us-give him the gospel, tell him all about Jesus". My goodness! She did it I believe as they talked a long time. He was from Izmir, the very town Cagdas and Gulden live in, and we pray that if God's Providence is detailed enough to bring them together by phone in Tel Aviv He will bring them together in Izmir.

After this we packed up, and headed home but not without a pit stop where we gave an Arabic children's Bible to one of Tony's friends at the gas station to read to his grandchildren and to a UN guy who had stopped for gas. Then we stopped by the side of the road where we literally drank spring water from a rock. We gave 4 Arabic Bibles to some men who had also stopped then we just stood there in the dark, gave a toast with our Dixie cups full of fresh spring water, and sang "Come thy Fount of Every Blessing".

What a spectacular ending to our time with Tony, Rachel and Dona. Tony will come and get us about noon to take us to Christ's Church in Jerusalem where we will stay until we leave Tuesday night. We will see them again at church tonight but we will also have some time in Jerusalem to meet with our shop keep friend whom we have been friends with for 15 years now. Jan and I were able to share the Gospel with her three years ago and give her a Hebrew Bible, but we are taking some of Tony's other materials and we will load her up in and with Love as we also buy something from her shop to help her out.

We will do other things too like show Aunt Julia Ann the Garden Tomb, the Western Wall, the Southern Steps, and hopefully get to go up on the Temple Mount. Of course we will take materials with us to give out along the way because Bible distribution has become part of our DNA now and whether the people here recognize their broken cistern thirst or not, we know they have it and we know the One who can fix and satisfy it so that they will never be thirsty again.

I will write you again but I don't know if it will be tomorrow or every day that we are here because our schedule will change now. I promise you a wrap up though and thank you for your interest and prayers as we have been filled up to overflowing by Jesus' life giving water in a dry and thirsty land.

Love

Julia et' all