

From Sinai to Calvary

An Autobiography

Steven D. Eckstein
Jewish Christian Missionary

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This Book
is
Affectionately Dedicated
to my
Beloved Wife
Bertha Margaret

FOREWORD

It is easier to write an autobiography if one has lived all his life in the same country, city, house, attended school where his eyes first beheld daylight, and from his childhood days has grown up with friends and classmates. If one has people, places, and objects to act as sign posts during his life, they help to keep events always fresh in his memory. But it is quite a different story when one has left the place of his birth and immigrated to another continent, and wandered from place to place for years. He must become so identified with the past as to be able to give a comprehensive description, or picture, of events which transpired.

Each person is endowed with some quality to express, some with more, and others with less. However, I realize my limitations in academic power and in use of the English language. Therefore, I ask the reader to be charitable. I have tried to give a description to the best of my memory, and an honest and accurate narration. I trust the reader will read in the same spirit as it has been written. Also, I hope that the reader will have some conception of the transformation that takes place when one embraces the salvation of Christ.

Stephen D. Eckstein

INTRODUCTION

Most of us do not know what it means to have been born and brought up in a foreign country. Neither can we understand the trauma involved in being reared in the Jewish religion and then leaving that to become a follower of Christ. The author of this book experienced both of these things. The telling of his story gives us some insight into the faith of Stephen D. Eckstein and the challenges he met in life.

From Sinai to Calvary was first published in 1959 and is presently being printed for the third time. Although it made its appearance more than thirty years ago, the message is needed today, and the book is still in demand. Of course brother Eckstein has already gone to meet God, but through his writings he continues to speak and to influence people for Christ.

When brother Stephen Eckstein, Jr. contacted me about the possibility of reprinting his father's book, I was delighted to be able to have part in this good work.

If you want to read an enjoyable and informative book, this one is for you. If you have ever wished to view Christianity through the eyes of one brought up with the expectation of the coming Messiah, to see more vividly the relationship between Sinai and Calvary, then again this is the book to help you understand.

Surely brother Eckstein could say with the apostle Paul: "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek." (Romans 1:16).

J.C. Choate
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CHAPTER I

BEGINNINGS AT SASSMACH

I was born in 1893 in the small city of Sassmach, situated on the Baltic Sea, in the Province of Kurland in the northern part of Czarist Russia, formerly Latvia. It was a peaceful little town surrounded by rolling hills of indescribable beauty, unmatched in the whole countryside. Presently, the whole city is waste. The entire Jewish population was killed by the Nazis during the second world war. It was so completely devastated that it would take an archæologist to find the city. Latvia is one of the oldest countries in Europe. It has a mild climate through about six months of the year. It is an agricultural country. The peasants are mostly small farmers. The tillers of soil use primitive methods, only a few having modern machinery. The barons, the large land owners, have dominated and controlled them politically as well as economically.

The majority of the population were Letts; religiously Lutherans, Roman Catholics, Greek Orthodox and Jewish.

The Latvian language is one of the most ancient languages spoken in Europe today. Lettish was spoken in their homes, churches, schools, and on the streets. (The Jewish people among themselves spoke "Yiddish"—a high German dialect developed under Hebrew and Slavic influence. It is spoken by Jews in Russia, central European countries and the United States and is written in Hebrew characters.) German was also used. The military personnel, such as the mayor, chief of police, judge, and some of the lesser lights, spoke Russian, the official language. They acquired the Russian language while they were in military service (military service was compulsory in Russia). The

barons who lived in old, but beautiful, villas, spoke mostly German and French, and some English. Their influence upon the population was very noticeable, as the vast populace was dependent upon them for their livelihood.

Young Lettish women as a rule wore certain bonnet head-dresses indicating whether they were married. A bright colored headdress was worn by the unmarried women. I do not know if that custom still exists in Latvia.

The Jewish population in our little town was strictly Orthodox (there was no such thing as Conservative and Reformed Jews, as there are in this country). The Jews lived with their Gentile neighbors in an amicable manner. The majority of the Jews were either small merchants or tradesmen, such as shoemakers, tailors, painters, watch-makers, etc. Not many rich industrial Jews lived in our town.

The Lettish people and others who came from the various parts of the great Czarist Russian Empire, were rather religiously inclined. In the language of today, they were very devout people. On Sundays and Sabbaths, you could see them dressed in their finest, going to their respective churches for worship. Their faces beamed with joy and expressed happiness and contentment, as they traveled on the streets in their best attire; elderly men, and aged women; young men and maidens; boys and girls; even little children. Many of the worshippers came in from the country in the summer via horses and wagons (in the winter on sleds). These gatherings were duplicated on holidays, such as Christmas, Easter, or on one of national character. Rarely would anyone engage in labor on these days, except in emergencies, such as an impending storm. Farmers who would suffer much hardship from loss or damage to their crops would hurriedly gather their precious grain. Thus, the population lived in peace, harmony and quietness.

The community did not have any newspapers of its own, but had to depend on the very few copies received once a week from the large cities which served as channels for news of current events and the happenings of the world. Therefore, the little news which trickled into our town was already a week or more old. The news was eagerly awaited and received. The speed with which it was disseminated among the inhabitants of that little town, which was in the interior of northern Russia, was amazing.

One day in 1903, a terrifying report appeared in the newspapers headlined with box car letters of a great "pogrom" (Jewish massacre) that had taken place in the city of Kishinev, Russia, the slaughtering of innocent Jewish men, women and children. The news spread like a prairie fire, and caused fear and alarm to fall upon our pious, peace loving Jewish community. The majority of the Jewish population gathered themselves together in the synagogue to pray (chanting psalms). It certainly struck terror into the hearts of the Jews everywhere. The rabbi tried to calm us with the promise that God would protect us from the wicked forces which were conspiring to destroy and exterminate us. We thought we might be next to experience torture and death comparable to those at Kishinev. You could see anxiety in the face of every Jew.

Within a few months, a small town about 14 miles from us had a "pogrom" where numbers of Jews were killed, homes burned, stores pillaged and plundered. Obviously, our peaceful little town was next.

At two o'clock in the morning, we were awakened as shooting began. The shrieks and screams of men, women and children pierced the silent night as they tried to escape from the infuriated "Cossacks" (fierce cavalry men). I will never forget the horrified countenances of my parents. Some who had horses and wagons, hitched up, packed hurriedly and with their families and a few more necessities

fled into the country. Many did not escape. The morning rays of the rising sun arose on all the horror, crime and cruelty of that massacre! The horrible picture of terror will always remain green in my memory. I can still hear the agonizing cries, and the moaning of the tortured and dying. Naturally such terrors were indelibly impressed on my childish mind, and I lived (we all lived) in an atmosphere of constant fear of death from then on. I thank God that He spared me to later become a WITNESS for Jesus, the Mo-chi-ach (Messiah), the anointed of God, to my brethren, the Jewish people.

One incident of particular horror is engraved upon my mind. There was a blacksmith who had purchased new and modern machinery for his blacksmith shop. Everyone marveled at the modern devices. He was a good man and always took an interest in children by giving us candy, fruit, nuts, and patting us on the head notwithstanding that we were Jewish. He treated all alike, Jew and non-Jew. He was a bachelor, a Protestant, preached on Sundays, and also conducted some funerals. As a deeply religious and very charitable man, he wielded much influence in our community. One day, the vicious "Dragooners" (cavalry men) surrounded his humble residence, dragged him out, tied his hands behind his back, and destroyed everything this good man possessed. With sledge hammers they broke up the new machinery and the furniture, and even tore the wallpaper from the walls. Then they led him up to the market place, which was the center of the city, and in the presence of horrified and bewildered people, shot him in cold blood, not even allowing him two minutes to pray. The government accused him of the terrible crime (supposedly committed) of repairing the bicycle of a student who, they claimed, rode around to distribute revolutionary literature which was against Czar Nicholas' regime. Of course the blacksmith did not have the slightest con-

ception that the bicycle he fixed belonged to a student who was not in sympathy with the tyranny and oppression of the Czarist government.

The market place was in the center of our little town. Once every week, the farmers and small tradesmen would assemble and display their various wares and products, live poultry, fish, smoked fish of various kinds, honey, butter, eggs, fruits, vegetables, etc. One of the liveliest activities was horse trading and horse buying.

The Gypsies, who are a noisy, boisterous and shiftless people, had monopolized this field and played a prominent part in stimulating an otherwise dull business. In connection with horse trading were cheating, fraud, and distortion of truth, as each side would try to fool the other. Free consumption of vodka (a popular Russian whiskey) often helped create bad blood, cause fights and necessitate the judge to decide which side lied the most. As a rule they would finally make up and wait for the next time, hoping for better luck.

The Letts are tall, powerful men of muscular build. On market day as a rule, the needy Jewish housewives would bake a considerable amount of bakery goods, such as rolls, buns, cookies, and other delicacies made of white flour. The rural population used only corn flour and displayed their wares in front of their homes on tables bedecked with white linen tablecloths, in order to make them more attractive and induce buyers to take home for their families, especially their children. It helped to supplement the earnings of their husbands, and particularly those who had a houseful of children, large families being commonplace.

Many Jewish housewives were eagerly looking forward to the weekly market, as a means to help out in the home. My own beloved mother displayed her baked goods countless times. Occasionally at the height of business, neigh-

bors often came to help, desiring to perform a "Mitzvah" (holy deed).

However, once a year during summer there was a general market where folks came from the several districts or counties. At that time, the whole market took on a different air entirely. Toward evening, when the time came to disband and go home, the whole atmosphere became somber, depressing and gloomy. The Jewish population would close up earlier than usual, lock the doors and window shutters (windows were covered as a protection), for fear of a riot because many had become very drunk. They would hide in attics, cellars, and sometimes go to their Gentile neighbors. Fortunately, however, the Jewish inhabitants usually only suffered a scare, for which they were very thankful. On several occasions, riots had developed which got out of hand, as it was impossible for a small police force to control them. They were often in sympathy with the infuriated hooligan mob.

The late Brother Stephen A. Neederman, one of our aged Jewish converts, related an experience while serving in the Austro-Hungarian army in 1882 when his regiment was called out to protect the Jewish population from mob violence in Pressburg, a large city. It was with much difficulty that the regiment of cavalry men prevented a blood-bath of the Jewish population, thanks to the fearless, energetic action of the later Kaiser Frantz Joseph, who took a personal hand in defense! So every Jew gave a deep sigh of relief, and thanked their Creator when the market was over. They had lived through those few hours in terror and fear, yet without harm!

As I said at the outset, the little town of my birth and youth was situated in the prettiest spot in the province of Kurland. It was located near a beautiful lake, which had several villas on the shore. A thick forest provided a considerable quantity of timber for firewood, bridges, houses,

and especially ties to build railroads. Lumbering was a thriving industry which gave quite a few employment. Those who worked at the forest felling trees were usually hired from the interior of Russia. They could speak neither Lettish nor German, only Russian.

Because of their occupation, many of our town merchants were compelled to learn some Russian. It was amusing to hear a Jewish storekeeper trying to sell to his Russian customer and use the Russian language. The few words which he had learned with difficulty (which he could not pronounce anyhow) were mixed with Yiddish, German and Lettish. As a matter of fact, neither understood the other, but both the buyer and the seller got a thrill from the discussion, as each boasted and bragged that he spoke Russian and Lettish. Often sales were made even though the purchase was not exactly what they wanted.

Apart from the military, the pharmacist, who attended and graduated from a Russian academy, was the only person who really understood Russian. Everyone who had to attend to some official business, such as writing a document or other transactions necessitating the use of the official Russian language, came to the pharmacist for service and counsel. He was always willing and ready to furnish information as he thought it was his duty to assist his co-religionists, as well as those not of his own faith. He treated all alike, which should be the rule of all mankind. He had a thermometer, and when they came, relayed the information to others. Even the extreme cold of 32 degrees below zero did not prevent them from going three times a day for divine worship in the synagogue. However, as a rule they combined the vesper (5 P.M.) and evening service (7 P.M.) by remaining after vesper for the evening service without going home.

The pharmacist was one of the very few who subscribed to newspapers. Because the chief of police lived above his

pharmacy, no one dared to dispute his comments on the various news happenings. He received added prestige and influence to whatever he said and it was always considered the right interpretation.

Besides these responsibilities, the pharmacist was also the president of the synagogue and contributed much of his time, talent and means to the Jewish community. He was very hospitable and would always look for a stranger or hungry person to be a guest in his home! He and his family would consider it an honor to have a Jew, particularly one who was learned in Hebrew literature, as their guest. He himself was a Talmudic scholar and had the ability to solve difficult rabbinical problems with a facility which would set even our scholarly town rabbi in the background!

The pharmacist served also as a "Chadchan" (match-maker). As a matter of fact, he was the most respected and successful matchmaker in the whole area. He considered matchmaking most noble and virtuous and took upon himself the solemn obligation to see that it was carried out with dignity. He felt the sacred act of match-making was bestowed upon him by God. Therefore, he took much pains and patience in that matrimonial service. He always said that marriage was a sacred institution, and effected many excellent matches.

There was a middle aged man, pious, respected and well thought of by all. He boasted that he could sing, and was blessed with a golden voice. As a matter of fact, he did assist the "Chazan" (cantor) to sing in the synagogue. I well remember how he stood before the Ark of the Covenant on the three high holidays and helped in singing. Although he was a good, clean, hard working man, it was debatable whether he possessed a golden voice.

There was also in our town an orphan girl of exceptional grace and beauty. At the age of 25, she was slender and

delicate, with raven black hair framing a pale, narrow face, out of which a pair of night black eyes looked forth. She lived with a sick aunt, worked diligently and lived very frugally, but could not save up enough for a dowry. Since she did not have a dowry, it was exceedingly difficult for her to find "the best man on earth." She could cook, bake, sew and had a wonderful personality. The pharmacist, "Chadchan" (matchmaker) who realized the sacredness of holy matrimony, took into consideration that these two fine, dignified persons would be a good match, provided it was based on love. When he succeeded in bringing the couple together, he magnified and exalted the solemnity and hope for the new epoch of life, and in time a wedding was arranged!

At the marriage, the rabbi read the betrothal, "HARE AT MEKUDESHETH LI BETABRATH ZO KADATH MOSHE VEY ISROEL" (Behold thou art consecrated unto me by this ring according to the law of Moses and Israel). When this paragraph was read by the rabbi which made them husband and wife, the pharmacist became the most joyful person at the wedding. His face beamed with joy as he lavishly eulogized the bride and groom. He was very proud that through all the years of his numerous match-making, there was no divorce! (Divorce among the Jewish people in our town was inconceivable.) Although not interested in fame or glory, his heart was filled with pleasure because of his accomplishment.

It was largely through the influence of this pharmacist that one of his countrymen in America, who made a great financial success, sent money to buy two hand pumps as equipment to put out fires. Were it not for the hand pumps, the little town with its wooden houses would have been destroyed by fire several times. In case of a fire the whole town came to life, and everybody who could walk performed his part in extinguishing the blaze. The speed with which

they began to operate and cooperate was amazing, and in a short time the fire was brought under control. Everyone was proud of the job done and with such efficiency.

In case there was a fire on the "Shaboth" (Sabbath), the Jew was permitted to violate the ordinance of the Holy Sabbath restrictions, provided life was at stake. The Jewish people would strictly adhere to all the precepts and observe to the smallest detail every rule of the holy Sabbath. Every place of business was closed tight as a drum. No labor was done, such as making fire by lighting a match, driving, or carrying a watch. It was not permissible to carry a handkerchief or even a needle or pin in the lapel. I was reared in such an environment where the precepts and the doctrines of men were followed and obeyed with sacredness.

CHAPTER II

CHILDHOOD IN AN ORTHODOX JEWISH HOME

My parents were pious Orthodox Jews who steadfastly clung to their ancient religious customs and traditions. They were led in the footsteps of their forefathers. Every morning my father used to sit down before the heavy tome (folio) of the Talmud to meditate upon it.

One command from the word of God that was never minimized was that of circumcision. It is one of the basic commands in Judaism. This fundamental and indispensable rite is kept up regardless of how irreligious the parents of a male child may be. Circumcision must be performed on the eighth day of the boy's birth unless the health of the child makes postponement necessary. Where no postponement is necessary, circumcision may and should be performed even on the Sabbath and on the Holy Days, including Yom-Kippur (day of atonement). Circumcision is also called "The Covenant of Abraham." It is commanded in Genesis 17:1-4, and 10-14. Beside the chair on which the "Sandek" (godfather) sits and holds the child is placed "Elijah's Chair" (Kisse Shell Elijohu Hanovih). The infant lies on the right seat, near the back-piece of the chair upon which Elijah is believed to be seated at every "Berith-Milah" (literally, Covenant of Circumcision). The designation is because of Elijah's restoration of the son of the widow to life (1 Kings 17:17-24). Elijah thus came to be regarded as a protector of children.

The "Sandek" holds the infant on a cushion, or pillow placed on his lap. The "Mohel" (circumciser) examines the infant, and if the sexual organs are normal, necessitating no postponement, proceeds to perform the rite. Circum-

cision is performed with a steel knife whetted on both edges, a regulation based on an interpretation of Psalms 149:6, "Let the high praises of God be in their throats and two-edged swords in their hands." (If a child dies before its eighth day, it is circumcised just before it is buried, and named Abraham.)

There was great joy and rejoicing in our home after that noteworthy event. Each time a son was born, relatives and friends gathered for the occasion, celebrated in traditional fashion, and wished the parents "Mahzel-Tov" (good luck, congratulations on the new arrival in your family). "May you see children and children's children brought up unto the knowledge of the holy law, unto marriage and unto good deeds." The rabbi of our community too was present and paid homage to the father, by saying, "Fortunate are you to beget a son. The Almighty God will grant him favor. He will be a crown in this world, and in the world to come." Each mother, her heart experiencing unspeakable delight, would exclaim, "From the mouth of the rabbi, into God's ears."

From early childhood my life was molded according to the Jewish religion. When I was a very small lad my father carried me to the synagogue. As the "Saifer Torah" (the holy scroll containing the five books of Moses) was carried from the reading table to be placed in the Ark, where it was kept, my father lifted me up in order that I might kiss it. Although I did not understand, I realized that what my father was doing must be well pleasing to God, noble and important. According to "The Ethics of the Fathers," a five year old child should study the Old Testament. When I reached that age, I remember how my father wrapped me in his "Thaliss" (prayer shawl) and carried me into "Chaidar" (Hebrew school). The rabbi, with face smiling because of his inward joy, greeted us, placed his hand upon my head, and pronounced a heavenly

blessing upon me. I knew already the Hebrew alphabet, and could read some. I was seated upon a high stool, because I was so little. The rabbi opened a large "Sidur" (the daily prayer book in Hebrew). I began to read the large Hebrew print, but the rabbi was not surprised, as he knew that my father had taught me. On many occasions the rabbi visited in our home where they engaged in godly conversation and talked of the holy doctrine and of holy men. He also knew that my father was very well versed in the majesty of the holy "Torah" (the five books of Moses). My mother was very devoted and like my father tried to instill into my tender young heart the sacred principles of Judaism. She, like Hannah, hoped that her boy would some day dedicate himself to God. Just before the holy Sabbath, my pious mother baked "Challeh" (loaf of white bread, usually in braided or twisted form, expressly baked on Friday for the Sabbath and holidays). While making the "Challeh," Mother separated a small portion of the dough from one of the Sabbath loaves, cast it aside and pronounced the following blessing: "Blessed art thou, O Eternal, our God! King of the universe, who hath sanctified us with his commandments, and enjoined us to separate the dough."

With the same zest, zeal, devotion and reverence, my mother said the following benediction, "Blessed art thou, O Eternal! Our God, King of the universe, who hath sanctified us with thy commandments, and enjoined us to kindle the Sabbath light."

It was customary for the father to pronounce a benediction on his children upon his return from the synagogue on Sabbath evening. The father placed his hands upon the head of a son and said, "God make thee like Ephraim and like Manasseh!" Placing his hands upon the head of his daughter, he said, "God make thee like Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel and Leah. The Eternal cause his countenance to

shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Eternal direct his countenance toward thee and grant thee peace." So you, dear reader, will understand with what fragrance spiritual sweetness saturated our humble home.

My parents placed tremendous importance on keeping our modest home open for "Orchims" (guests). We were happy when Father brought a guest home from the synagogue, especially when that guest happened to be a Talmudic scholar. "Hachnosos Orchim" (entertaining strangers) means furnishing food and shelter. The rabbis have declared that "Mitzveh" (good deed) is even greater than if you were to take the "Shechino" (Divine Presence) home. From that, one can derive the great blessing that is attached to performing such a "Mitzveh." We divided our meager, limited rations with that guest. One boy, a student whose mother had died, came to our home one day each week to eat. Many times my mother deprived her children in order that this boy would have sufficient food. I thank God for a good mother, a wonderful, God fearing mother. These attributes stemmed from her deep love for God.

There are five national fast days during the year. Father used to fast on these days and on some others also. It was not burdensome to him but, on the contrary, a delight. He even wished that there were more. Two fast days were to him of particular significance and he manifested more enthusiasm and devotion as he observed them, if that were possible, in view of the fact that the other fast days were observed with great zeal and fervor. Yet he singled out these two fast days, and observed them in ecstasy beyond all reason and self control. The two fast days were "Tishah B'Av" (the fast of the ninth of Av—the anniversary of the destruction of the first and second temples, 586 B.C. and 70 C.E. respectively) and "Yom-Kippur" (Day of Atonement). While other national fast days commence at dawn and last till sunset, the fast of Av, like that of "Yom-

Kippur" begins at sunset of the previous day and is concluded in the evening of the fast day.

Tishah B'Av prevailed in the synagogue amid a mournful and quiet atmosphere. The pious Jews do not forget the importance of that day. Some remove their shoes and put on a foot covering made of some material other than leather; others will go stocking-footed, sit on the floor, boxes, or on low benches and mourn. No one is permitted to greet another on that day. The "Poroches" (the cover over the Ark) was removed from the Ark (the holy scrolls are kept in the Ark) as though even the Torah (the Law of Moses) would join in mourning, and the few lights are low. On the evening of that fast, Jeremiah's "Book of Lamentation" is plaintively read. In the morning eulogies are recited concerning the destruction of the temple.

Very few Jews today, who have faith in the Book of books, the most remarkable document in existence, will perform any labor on "Yom Kippur" (day of Atonement). On the afternoon of the day previous to the Atonement, every kind of work is laid aside. Friend and foe meet, all enmity is put away, wrongs are freely confessed and forgiven one to another and harmony is once more restored. "Yom Kippur," the last of the "Ten Days of Penitence," the great and solemn day of judgment or "Yom-Hadin" is observed on the 10th of Tishri (from sundown of the 9th to the evening of the 10th), corresponding in 1957 to our Friday, September 14th, 1957 and Saturday, the 15th, Yom Kippur. For nearly twenty-seven hours, not even a single drop of water is put to the lips, lest the significance of the fasting become null and void. Scores and hundreds of pages of prayers in Hebrew are read and recited for the forgiving and forgetting of their sins. I very well remember how my pious father walked in stocking feet on these two days, "Yom Kippur" (day of Atonement) and Tishah B'Av (the fast of the ninth of Av). He wore his shoes on

the other days he fasted. It was customary that parents bless each child before going to the synagogue on Yom Kipper evening as follows: "May God bless you. May you have faith in God. May He grant you a good life, and a good understanding heart, that you choose the righteous way of life and good deeds."

The most amazing part of my father's fasting was that after it was all over, and he was permitted to take food, he was in no hurry whatsoever to eat, and took his time, as if to say, "It is too bad that the fasting period is over." Mother had repeatedly told him that the meal was ready, as he was immersed in reading some holy volume, of a certain rabbi whom he not only held in high esteem, but almost deified. His face beamed because of the inward joy he received from perusing the holy Hebrew literature. Not only had a razor never been on his face, but not one older Jew in our little town ever shaved. However, several young Jews who were called for military service, shaved, and thus were looked upon with scorn.

The dietary laws were strictly observed in our home, yea, even to the most minute detail. My pious mother strictly adhered to all the precepts of the Jewish religion. We had four sets of dishes. One set of dishes was "flaishig" for meat (permissible only at MEAT meals). The second set of dishes was "milchig" (for MILK) permissible only at DAIRY meals. Third and fourth sets, "Paisachdike" (for the 8th day passover) were used for meat and milk dishes. The first two of the above sets of dishes cannot under any condition or circumstances be used for the Passover. I remember how I helped my mother unpack the few dishes we kept completely separated and apart in the garret so that we could use them especially for the "Paisach" (Passover). After the eight days of Passover, we wrapped each individual dish or kettle and put it back in the garret, ready for use the following year. Strange as it

may seem, we rarely ever mixed up the dishes, yea, even a knife, or a spoon. And if perchance, for example, a knife that was used for meat, by mistake was used to cut a piece of cheese, or to spread butter, or a spoon that was used in dairy food, by mistake was used to eat soup that had meat in it, we took that knife or spoon, stuck it in the ground for one hour, as that would purify and cleanse it, and then utilized it properly. The cleansing process of purification was beyond understanding, but they believed and practiced it zealously in every respect, yea, conforming to these traditions as much as humanly possible.

The meat was strictly "Kosher." The animal was slaughtered by a "Shochet." My beloved mother used to prepare the meat according to strict rabbinical laws. The meat was first placed in a vessel of water to soak for one-half hour. Then it was placed upon a thick board about two feet square at a seventy-five degree angle and salt was put upon the meat in order to facilitate draining of blood. The Jews are strictly prohibited from eating blood. The soaking and salting of the meat proves conclusively the prohibition. That rigorous rule is strictly observed. It is revolting for a Jew to even think of eating blood. It is far worse than eating swine, from a religious view.

On Friday night when the holy Sabbath is ushered in, a non-Jew went from house to house (there were several such non-Jews) and turned down the flame of the lamps or extinguished the flame. It was considered a fire hazard to let a lamp with a high flame burn the whole night; also, it would consume much of the precious petroleum which was a big expense.

Often a Gentile, who for the first time came into the synagogue to turn down or turn out the lamps on Friday night, realized it was a house where God was worshipped, and immediately removed his cap. But soon a chorus of Jewish voices would order him to put his cap back on his head.

On one occasion, a fellow became so frightened and confused, that he placed his cap upside down, the wrong way out.

Everyone prayed with his cap, hat, or a skull-cap on. This was also true in regard to their work. Rarely would a Jew go out with his head uncovered. Even in their homes they would wear a cap or a hat all the time. It was customary even for children to wear their hats or caps in the house. It would be unthinkable to sit down at the table to eat without a hat, or skull-cap. These and many other things may look absurd to a non-Jew, but for the children of Abraham it was as natural as breathing. It would also be inconceivable for a Jew to partake of food, such as breakfast, dinner or supper, without FIRST washing his hands and saying certain prayers from the Hebrew prayer book.

Suppose one would sit down to the table for a meal without first washing his hands. The mistress of the house would not begin to debate, argue or scold him. Neither would she engage in discussion with him, but would swiftly remove the food from the table. That is enough, especially when one is hungry, and has a ravenous appetite. What could be more tantalizing than that?

This only illustrates and gives a clearer, fuller picture of what we read in the Gospel of Mark, "Now when the Pharisees gathered together to him, with some of the scribes, who had come from Jerusalem, they saw that some of his disciples ate with hands defiled, that is, unwashed. (For the Pharisees, and all the Jews, do not eat unless they wash their hands, observing the tradition of the elders; and when they come from the market place, they do not eat unless they purify themselves; and there are many other traditions which they observe, the washing of cups and pots and vessels of bronze.) And the Pharisees and the scribes asked, "Why do your disciples not live according

to the tradition of the elders, but eat with hands defiled?" (Mark 7:1-5).

They believed then and now hold to the traditions, thinking they merit the favor of the Holy One. Naturally, rabbis and parents are united now more than ever in the teaching of the children, the "traditions, the commandments of men." For example, a good Jew will wait six hours between "Milchig" and "Fleichig"; in other words between eating meat and milk. For instance, if you ate meat at dinner (12 o'clock), you must wait six hours before you can eat milchig, such as cheese, butter, cream, milk, dairy products made out of milk. It is fresh in my memory in regard to supper. My mother had prepared a humble, but delicious meal consisting of some kind of meat. Being hungry, I would ask, "Mother, how long before we can eat supper?" Before answering, she would go and look at our old but very dependable clock on the wall with its large hands, and then tell me how long I would have to wait. To plead, to beg, to cry never entered our minds, and we went back out to play until the time when the full six hours was fulfilled. The mother as a rule is entrusted with execution of these traditions in the home and naturally can fulfill them more efficiently, especially with her children.

On entering our home, or any Jewish home, one would notice a small receptacle, "Mezuzah" (literally door-post), made of wood or metal, fastened to the door-post. This object contained a piece of parchment upon which was handwritten the words from Deuteronomy: "Hear, O Israel: The Lord our God is one Lord; and you shall love the Lord your God with all your heart, and with all your soul, and with all your might. And these words which I command you this day shall be upon your heart; and you shall teach them diligently to your children, and shall talk of them when you sit in your house, and when you walk by the way, and when you lie down, and when you rise.

And you shall bind them as a sign upon your hand, and they shall be as frontlets between your eyes. And you shall write them on the doorposts of your house and on your gates" (Deut. 6:4-9; 11:13-21). The name "SHADDAI" (Almighty) was written on the case. Traditionally, the "MEZUZAH" was placed on the door-post of the house and on the door-post of every room in which the family resided. This excluded storerooms, cellars, the bath, and any connected building for animals. The house of worship was excluded also. Pious Jews who entered and left the house, put their fingers on the word "SHADDAI" on the "MEZUZAH" and then kissed their fingers. My pious father made sure that the "MEZUZAH" stayed securely in its place on every doorpost. If the "MEZUZAH" became loose in its place, he carefully adjusted it to the exact spot on the doorpost to which it had been originally affixed. A Jew is forbidden to tarry in a house overnight if there is no "MEZUZAH."

Abuse and misuse of the "MEZUZAH" were strictly prohibited. These rabbinic traditions are still believed and taught. Even until my conversion, I continued to practice this tradition; for such observance was the doing of a "Mitzveh" (holy deed). Of course, these things are all man made and God had nothing to do with these human traditions and inventions!

CHAPTER III

STRICT RABBINICAL SCHOOLING, BAR-MITZVAH

Near our town was a very beautiful lake. The water was blue and crystal clear and the various species of fish were clearly visible. It was about a half mile from the market place, which was situated in the middle of the town. Notwithstanding that there was an abundant variety of fish, very little fishing was done by pole and line. However, in the winter time, fishermen cut a large hole in the thick ice, cast in large nets, pulled out the net full of fish with a team of horses, and sold them to the highest bidder.

It was customary for the rabbi (teacher) and pupils (boys 7-13 years old only) to go bathing in the lake twice a week during the summer. It was done more for recreation than for the importance of cleanliness. Each carried a white sheet securely under his arm instead of a towel. With the exception of the Sabbath and high holidays, we studied twelve to thirteen hours daily, with a little play during the afternoon. It was very different from the school hours in this country. Hence we all looked forward to that summer session.

This occasion was often accompanied by incidents of various sorts. One day coming back from bathing, I noticed a shiny object on the path. At the first glance, I thought it was a silver coin and naturally picked it up, looked at it, then placed it in my pocket. A classmate who did not like me too well, because I would not assist him in his studies, held it as a grudge against me and looked for an occasion to get even. Having seen me pick up something, he demanded that I give him half, evidently thinking it was a coin (a 20 cent piece, Russian money). Since he

was much larger and physically stronger than I, and for fear he might exercise his athletic powers over me, I took the object out of my pocket and showed him that it was not money, but rather a silver cross. I thought I could go to the watchmaker, as he was also a jeweler, and sell that silver cross easily for half a ruble (about 25 cents in American money). Immediately, he went and told the rabbi, who always went along with us, that I had found something that was unlawful to even touch, let alone carry or have in my possession. The rabbi came over to me and asked me in a stern, sharp voice to unhesitatingly show him what I had found and placed in my pocket. I took the silver cross out of my pocket and held it in my hand. He paled and fell into such a terrible rage that his long gray beard quivered. Immediately, he grabbed me and sank his teeth in my arm, and yelled with a loud voice, "Throw that abomination into the corn field, throw that abomination into that corn field!" (There were fields of corn on each side of the road that led to the lake.) (It is strictly prohibited to bow before anything that even alludes to idolatry, such as a "graven image," statue or cross. According to the "Mid-rash"—exposition of the Hebrew scriptures—the rabbis said when one has a thorn in his foot, he is forbidden to stoop down to extricate the thorn in front of a cross, for fear that it might be interpreted that he bowed down before an idol. This is binding upon both male and female—it is based on Exodus 20:5.) Naturally, I complied with his demand at once and threw the silver cross into the corn field. Then the rabbi started to chant a passage of scripture from Deuteronomy and the whole group of boys joined with him in chanting: "Neither shalt thou bring an abomination into this house, lest thou be a cursed thing like it, but thou shalt utterly detest it, and thou shalt utterly abhor it for it is a cursed thing" (Deut. 7:26).

By that act he only planted in my young heart and mind

hate and disgust for such action. It only created contempt! Many of the Gentiles wore crosses as ornaments. It was very common to see them and one had probably lost his. Sometimes life is stranger than fiction.

Living near a thick forest, we boys and girls used to go into the heavy wooded areas to pick blueberries. Each one had to look to find the places where the berries grew. Although they were plentiful, they were scattered out and not so easily found. On one occasion we kept spreading out until I suddenly realized that I had wandered away from the others and was lost. I could neither see nor hear them. It was a very hot and humid day, and after several hours I became very thirsty. I was famishing and the farther I walked the more weary and bewildered I became. The summer days are very long with hardly any real night. In June, sunset was at 9 P.M. and sunrise at 2 A.M. I became so fatigued I sat down to rest, realizing that eventually the others would begin looking for me. The thirst began to bother me considerably, and I wished I had something to drink. I could not find berries from which I could squeeze juice and quench my thirst. Suddenly in the distance, I happened to see a small creek. At first I thought it was only a mirage, but the closer I walked and the nearer I came, I saw it was real.

My heart was filled with joy as by that time my throat was so dry that I could hardly whisper, let alone talk. Now, I thought, I will quench my thirst with that pure, cold, refreshing water. But alas, as I came to that stream, my eyes focused upon an object that struck my heart with terror. To my amazement, opposite me on the other side of the creek was a large wooden cross. With great vividness I recalled the incident of the silver cross which I had found. How could I as a Jew, only a short time ago punished by my rabbi for picking up a cross, now bow to drink from a stream where there is a cross? I began to debate,

"Shall I or shall I not bend down, and drink from that water to quench my thirst?" I reasoned, "I may not immediately be found and there is a possibility I may fall into unconsciousness for lack of water, and by drinking the water, it would sustain and refresh me, and perhaps keep me alive for several days if necessary. In the meantime, I may find some berries." Finally, I summoned enough courage and fortitude to drink, thinking that God who is most merciful, will not punish me, a Jewish boy who is famishing, for drinking from a stream of water because a wooden cross was in front of me.

I bowed down and drank from that refreshing water and quenched my thirst. Soon afterward, I heard in the far distance voices calling, as I was not the only one that became separated from the group, and soon we were all together again. Frankly, I wanted to relate what had happened to me, and how I drank water from that small creek where there was a large wooden cross, but fear held me back. It came into my mind, I might be deprived or excluded from being selected with the other group of boys to go to a home where a death occurred.

When a Jew died, the rabbi (our teacher) was immediately notified and as a rule he selected boys from the poorer class (no girls) and sent them to the home of the deceased to pray. Sometimes we arrived at the home where the body was still in bed. The "Chevroh-Kadisho" (the holy association), Jews who were to help prepare the dead for burial according to the strict Jewish precepts, would take the body out from the bed, put it on the floor, and place a large, thin blanket over it. It had the inscription in large Hebrew letters, "Righteousness shall go before him, and shall set us in the way of his steps" (Ps. 85:13).

They then would take candle holders (few homes had many so they would borrow from neighbors) and put candles in them, place around the body, and light them. Accord-

ing to the "Midrash," "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord" (Prov. 20:27). Rabbinical commentary treating Proverbs 20:27, says, "Therefore has the soul pleasure from the lighting of light." Hence, when a person is dying, candles are lit, so the soul will not be sorrowful as it leaves the body. Then we boys were given books of psalms and began to chant from the beginning, sometimes chanting through the entire book. While chanting, we rarely looked into the psalm book. The majority of the boys had learned the psalms pretty well by memory from early childhood. After chanting, as a rule, one of the relatives of the deceased, according to their financial ability, gave each boy some money. Thus we received for the "Mitzveh" (holy deed) a small coin which helped us as needy students.

As our town did not have a mortuary, the preparation for the burial rites was made in the homes of the deceased by the men of the "Chevroh Kadisho" (holy association). While carrying the body to the cemetery, we boys used to march before the funeral procession, holding in our hands the open Hebrew psalm books and repeatedly chanting aloud, "Tzedek lefonov yehalich vejoseim lederech ponov" (Ps. 85:13). After leaving the cemetery, it was unlawful to look back. According to the Jewish tradition, the angel (named Dumoh) appears at the grave and asks the name of the deceased, and takes his soul and carries it into heaven. The name of the angel, Dumoh, may be alluded from Psalms 94:17, where it says in the Hebrew "Dumoh-Nafshi" (My soul had soon dwelt in silence).

Since the cross incident, my classmate, who had informed the rabbi (my teacher), became more and more unfriendly toward me and his animosity increased from day to day. He would greatly exaggerate the slightest thing and immediately notify the rabbi.

In our little town, as in any other small town, there was an "Airev." An "Airev" in plain language consists of a

wire strung between two poles outside the city limits. That would connect (figuratively speaking) the city, making it one big household. Therefore a Jew was permitted to carry a watch, handkerchief, prayer book, etc., on the Sabbath without violating the holy Sabbath ordinances. But somehow the wire broke or became unfastened, and according to the tradition, the "Airev" became void, invalidated, and violation would thus desecrate the holy Sabbath! Since I did not know of a great calamity that had befallen our town, I carried a big red and blue handkerchief in my pocket. Immediately my classmate, "Musar" (informer), told our rabbi. As my rabbi would understand that I carried a handkerchief in my pocket unwittingly, I fully realized that I would receive only a sharp reprimand, and not be excommunicated. Although I was a boy, nevertheless I fully realized and comprehended the great significance of the holy Sabbath, and the multiplicity of TRADITIONS and ramifications thereof.

The following example is cited to illustrate the powerful influence the rabbis wielded upon the Jews. There were two schools of thought which flourished about the time of Christ's first advent. They were those of Hillel and Sham-mai. Each school represented a different thought concerning certain interpretations on some theological problems. A very heated debate (as if it were a question of life and death) raged as to whether it was permissible to eat an egg laid on the Sabbath day. As a result of this debate, an entire tract was written called "Betzah" (egg). Rabbi Hillel, that eminent scholar, claimed that the egg was not to be eaten, while that learned Rabbi Shammai claimed that the egg could be eaten. These two great giants were greatly honored, revered and respected by their co-religion-ists. Finally, a "Bass-Koul" (a voice from heaven) came, and made known the decision: Both of the opinions are the words of God, but the rule of Rabbi Hillel should be

followed. Thus one can conceive of the entanglement, fences, maxims, and dogmas of the rabbis. As a drop of water is to Lake Michigan, so is this one tradition to the Talmud which has been termed, and rightly so, "a literary wilderness."

I had an aunt who was a widow. In the fall she would secure geese and fatten them. Before the Passover she would have them killed and then sell for curing. Everyone in our community knew very well the process of curing meats. Great quantities of meats were consumed by the Jewish people. Naturally, the geese were killed by a "Sochet" (one who slaughters animals in accordance with the Jewish religious rituals). She cleaned and prepared the geese according to the strict Jewish religious laws. It was quite a task, because the Jews are not permitted to scald in hot or boiling water in order to facilitate the removing of the feathers. They had to pluck the feathers dry, then singe the goose over a fire, and pick out here and there some deep roots of the feathers. Such was the tedious, tiresome job, in order to make them "Kosher" (conforming with Jewish dietary laws). As my aunt (she was my favorite aunt) was very good and kind to me, I was always willing and ready to help out in various ways. At times I used to go on errands for her; at other times bring in wood for the big brick oven. It was large enough for a good sized man to crawl into!

When the time came for her to have the geese killed, as a rule some of the neighbors assisted. Although five geese were a good day's work, the financial remuneration helped greatly in caring for a family of seven children. She was devoted, tender and sweet to her precious children, truly a God fearing and pious mother.

While preparing the five geese, suddenly a tumult arose, then a silent hush fell upon my aunt and the neighbors who came to lend a helping hand. What had happened to cause

all this? Almost unbelievably, a rusty needle was found in a gizzard while cleaning the entrails. In such a case, the rabbi (not the teacher, but the rabbi of our community), played a very prominent role, as we shall soon see. Immediately my aunt called and asked me if I would be so kind as to bring a bowl. She placed the gizzard and the rusty needle as she found it in the bowl and told me to take them to the rabbi in order to determine whether it was "Kosher" or "Traif" (NOT KOSHER . . . an unclean, forbidden food under Jewish dietary law). The rabbi alone had the authority to render a decision.

I took the bowl with that gizzard and rusty needle to the rabbi, who happened to be in the synagogue immersed over the tome of a "Gemara" (The commentary of the Talmud). After carefully examining the gizzard, he went to the book shelves and looked into one volume, then into another, then fell into deep meditation. Realizing what the ritual problem involved, he gave his solemn pronouncement. The fowl (the goose in whose gizzard the rusty needle was found) was "Traif." After his decision was pronounced, no Jew wanted to disobey and eat that which the rabbi had said was "Traif." According to the Talmud, the word of the rabbi is equal to the word of God.

Naturally, if "Traif," my aunt would not think of using it for herself. The fact that she took the pains to inquire proves conclusively that she had faith, and was willing to abide unhesitatingly and uncompromisingly by the rabbi's decision.

I came back with the sad news hesitatingly, for I know full well the loss of money would hamper the purchase of enough things to prepare for the eight days of Passover Festival, to buy "Matzos" (unleavened bread), wine, meat, shoes, etc. Our landlord, a pious man and a lover of sacred literature, met me as I crossed the threshold of the room as he too was interested in the outcome, and asked me the

rabbi's decision. I answered that the rabbi said it was "Traif." As I turned around to tell my aunt, who had heard already, our landlord said, "If she will not have five geese, then she will have four geese. It is not such a calamity." But instead of answering my landlord, she paled, speechless. Suddenly, choking back her tears, she exclaimed, "Woe is me, woe is me." Why? She had mixed the five geese and did not know which one was unclean. In that case, naturally all five geese were "Traif." (Yes, they could sell them to non-Jews, for much less and considerable loss.) That unreasonable and senseless pronouncement made a profound impression upon me. I was terribly grieved that such hardship was inflicted upon a widow who was honestly with dignity endeavoring to earn bread for her children and herself.

Such grievous, unbearable things took place almost daily in the Jewish community and in one way or another made me hope for a time when I could throw off "the yoke of bondage," the commandments and doctrines of men. As military service was compulsory in Russia, I thought that it would be the ideal opportunity, notwithstanding that I did not like the Czarist regime. I held utter contempt for their savagery and brutality with which they ruled and oppressed their subjects. However, it was to come in another manner years later.

My father was a scribe (sopher) who wrote the parchment scrolls containing Moses and the prophets. One day when I was a little fellow, I came to the shop where my father was working and noticed that he was immersed in deep thought. I spoke to him, but he did not answer. I knew that something very heavy was upon his mind as I heard him saying the words after he had written them. I asked, "Father, why did you not answer me?" He said, "I am trying to complete the first chapter of Genesis." Then I said, "When I spoke to you at other times you an-

swered me. Why not now?" He answered, "My dear child, when I am writing scripture in which the name of God is mentioned, my attention must not be diverted. Even if the king of Israel should greet me, I am forbidden to reply." (After writing in the "Saifer Torah"—the Law of Moses—the scribe must say aloud the words after he has written them.) In the first chapter of the book of Genesis, the word ELOHIM (which means the plurality of God) is found 30 times. (ELOHIM, which is a uniplural noun, is formed from the word EL (GOD). Thus God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Spirit, are latent in Elohim.) I saw many bottles of ink, and asked Father about them. He solemnly said, "Son, when I come to write the word, God, I change ink and pen because it is so holy, sacred, and divine." Then he further tried to infuse into my heart and mind the majesty of God by quoting the fiery prophet Isaiah's vision: "In the year that King Uzziah died I saw also the Lord sitting upon a throne, high and lifted up and the twain filled the temple. Above it stood the SERAPHIMS each one had six wings, with twain he covered his face, and with twain he covered his feet, and with twain did he fly. And one cried (or sang) one to another HOLY, HOLY, HOLY." He said the word SERAPHIM comes from the root "SOROF" (to burn, fierce fire). He said, "Imagine, that angelic beings who are attending upon the divine majesty, they being composed of fire, when standing in the presence of God, that even one composed of fire had to cover his face." The holiness of God is so glorious and great that it staggers the human imagination. And what would be the appropriate words to say? "KODOUSH, KODOUSH, KODOUSH" (HOLY, HOLY, HOLY) as other words would not be fitting when even angels or whatever celestial creatures they were) who were composed of fire, when they stood before God Almighty had to cover their faces. How much more should His holiness mean to us mor-

tals! And even that description of the prophet Isaiah is very tame, as words are inadequate to describe the holiness of God. Isaiah used these expressions faintly to explain the holiness of God, as he could not find any better thing than FIRE "Sera Phims" (literally means "fire, burners").

Although I was young, I was brought to realize why he did not stop while he was penning with painstaking care the parchment scroll and the name of God. This experience made a profound impression upon me. He grappled for words to express his inner thoughts, feeling and the great responsibility it involved. Yes, indeed, it was chiseled upon my heart and mind, and from that time I was more careful not to disturb my father when he was writing the "Saifer-Torah" (the five books of Moses).

Once as a small boy I went along with my aged grandfather to the country. He was a peddler, and went to the country in order to sell his wares to the farmers. He left rather early in the morning (immediately after morning service) and as a rule returned in the evening, in time to attend vesper and evening services in the synagogue. The days in the summer are very long. Every grown male over 12 years of age had to have a "passport" (a document permitting free and unmolested travel, exit, entry, etc.) and had to carry it on his person at all times. No one would think of venturing out without his "passport," for fear he might be stopped and asked to show it. The punishment was very severe for those who had no passport.

As my grandfather and I were turning from the main highway into a side road leading to a farm house, we saw in the distance three cavalry men riding toward us. By the time we came to the farm house, they caught up with us. One, a sergeant, dismounted from his horse, came up to my grandfather and demanded that he show his "passport." My grandfather kept it in his inner vest pocket, but being old was frightened and not fast enough to unbut-

ton his vest. Therefore, the sergeant took his revolver from his holster and with the gun barrel ripped every button from the vest, scattering the buttons in every direction, tore his undershirt and made a gash on his chest, while the other two remained mounted on their horses. When I saw this, I began to cry. One of the horsemen took his cavalry sword, but luckily for me did not remove the blade from the scabbard, otherwise I would not have lived to tell the story. He swung at me, but at that instant I ducked, and the blow landed upon my shoulder, knocking me down, and I fell to the ground crying. Had he struck me on the head, he could have killed me.

After seeing that the passport of my grandfather was in good order, they helped themselves to some items such as combs, bars of perfumed soap, small looking glasses, etc. Seeing the suffering and humiliation of a defenseless old man and a 9 year old boy, they laughed heartily at the entertainment.

The sergeant mounted his horse and with the two others rode off amidst laughter. At once, we both thanked God for sparing our lives from these brutes and savages and said several different chapters of Psalms from memory. My grandfather knew the whole book of Psalms by heart.

After that ordeal and being delayed considerably, my aged grandfather inquired of the farmer what time it was. He wanted to hurry home because he did not want to miss especially the "Mincho" (second prayer) service in the synagogue.

According to the doctors of the Talmud, Rabbi Yehoshua stated that from the three daily prayers a Jew must pray, the "Schacharis" (morning), "Mincho" (afternoon), and "Maariv" (evening) prayer. The "Mincho" (afternoon) prayer is the most beloved by the "Hakadesh Baruch Hu" (the Holy One, Blessed be He). It is further thought that a Jew should not fail to pray "Mincho" and should pray

with more zeal and devotion, because Elijah the prophet received answer to the prayer he offered at the time of "Mincho."

It was customary for parents to send their boys away to learn a trade which was very vital. To pursue rabbinic studies without acquiring a trade such as tailor, shoemaker, watchmaker, etc., was to equip oneself for life in an incomplete manner. There is a precept in the "Ethics of the Fathers," "Im aim kemach, aim Torah, im aim Torah, aim kemach" (If there is no bread, there can be no study of the Law, and if there be no Law, there will be no bread). That was more or less prevalent among the poorer and middle class.

Since my father had died while I was just a lad, the situation at our home became critical and my dear mother was confronted with the fundamental problem of life, providing for the children. Hence the family suffered much want and privation. Truly, my mother had a terrible struggle.

A Jewish neighbor of ours whose business was buying furs, such as fox, otter, etc., sought the best market. When he accumulated a goodly lot, justifying him to make a trip to another city, he would go about 100 miles from our little town. Horse and wagon (a sled in the winter) were the conveyances used to travel this rather long distance. On the muddy roads, it took nearly ten days to make the journey. Upon arrival, he sold the furs for a higher price than he could possibly have received in our town. The same was true with other traders who dealt in flax, wax, etc.

My mother asked our neighbor while he was in the other town to kindly inquire if there was any place where I could learn a trade. By his investigation, he would earn a "Mitzveh" (good deed).

When he came back from that city, he told my mother that he had found a place in a fine Jewish family where I could learn watchmaking. Hearing that, my mother was

overwhelmed with joy, and thrilled at the wonderful opportunity for her boy to learn the fine trade of watchmaking. I would also have the opportunity to attend the "Talmud Torah" (Hebrew school), where I would get further instruction in Hebrew sacred literature.

Mother and I were making ready for that long journey. My uncle, who was a wonderful, God fearing man, always eager and anxious to perform a noble and righteous act, told my mother that he would be happy indeed to take us to the town. Upon arrival, we all immediately went to the home of the Jewish family and were graciously received. Arrangements were made that I remain there four years as an apprentice. I could receive board and room, and some clothes too. After having learned that trade, I would always have something to fall back upon, as watchmakers are constantly in demand.

The transaction was very satisfactory to both of us. The lady of the house told her husband to show me to the room and that I could take up the little wooden box containing my belongings. It was in the garret on the second floor where I had to climb a small narrow stair and go through a dark hallway.

In my room was a little lamp, a chair and a bed. Although it was clean, it was also very small, but I felt still smaller than my eleven years. Arrangement was made, we talked about various things, and as it was getting rather late, everyone was tired and ready to retire. The lady said that I had better go up to my room, as I would have to get up early to carry in water from the cistern, which was almost a block from their house.

As soon as my good mother heard it, she instinctively remarked, "Mrs. Zimmerman, I will go with him as it is so dark and strange, and he is so young." She demonstrated a true mother's love and concern which is constant and consistent. Without any hesitation, Mrs. Zimmerman

replied, "Frau (Mrs.) Eckstein, who will go with him tomorrow night?" Therefore, I went up by myself, holding back my tears.

It is important for us to examine the motive of the lady. It was not meanness on her part, not at all, but rather the outgrowth of the reality of life, the unfolding of ageless truths. Life is hard, but we must not permit its mysteries to embitter or to discourage us. Evidently, all such things are in the program of life. We must press on!

I came there in the fall. After four months, something happened that nearly left me without hands. The winters were extremely cold. For weeks the thermometer stayed at between 25 and 30 degrees below zero. The cistern from which I had to carry water in wooden buckets was nearly a block from the house. A dozen or more families came and drew water with the wooden bucket from that 30 foot deep cistern. The cistern was covered by a shed in order to bar animals and keep it from freezing solid. When I carried the water, my hands nearly froze because I had no gloves. As a result, my skin cracked open, bled and became so swollen, I could hardly close my hands. Seeing my condition, the lady put some goose grease on my hands thinking it would have a healing effect. However, the goose grease had salt in it and caused so much pain that the agony almost drove me mad. Since my hands were not getting any better and I could not work anyhow, the watchmaker feared that I would lose my hands and thought I had better go home.

Fortunately, a Jewish merchant from our town who came on business, attended morning service in the synagogue, and inquired about me, in order to take a greeting to my mother. Hearing the bad news, he told the watchmaker that he would be glad to take me along as he was returning home after service. Naturally, I jumped at the opportunity, as I did not know how I could get back home. The

responsibility of keeping me around when I might lose my hands was more than they wanted, they being responsible indirectly. When I arrived home, my good mother and my relatives were horrified. Here is where our good old friend the pharmacist came into the limelight again. Thanks to his skill and tireless efforts, he was able to prevent the infection from spreading, and after several weeks my hands were completely healed. Needless to say, I did not go back to the city and resume my old job.

When I reached the age of thirteen, I became "Bar Mitzvah" (literally, Son of the Commandment). It also refers to confirmation, assuming responsibility in religious matters. According to the "Ethics of the Fathers," (When a boy reaches the age of 13 years, he is to observe the SIX HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN PRECEPTS). Certain prerogatives such as wearing of "Tfillin" (Phylacteries) were deferred to the time of his "Bar-Mitzvah" (confirmation). According to the custom, the father goes with the boy to the synagogue for the Sabbath morning service and recites the "Boruch Shepotrani" (benediction). Here is what the father says: "Blessed be he who has freed me from being responsible for this young man's (sin) conduct." In other words, the father of the boy thanks God for removing from him further responsibility for the sins of his son. From now on, the boy himself is responsible for the "Mitzvehs" (good deeds) and "Avairohs" (evil deeds).

Since my father had died, my uncle went with me to the synagogue, took the place of my beloved father and recited the above benediction. However, a month before my "Bar-Mitzvah" I was instructed by my rabbi (teacher) in "laying TFILLIN" or putting on the phylacteries. The phylacteries are composed of two parts. One part is for the arm, the other for the head. The phylacteries are small leather boxes, or cases, which contain four sections from the "Torah" (Pentateuch section of the Bible), written on parch-

ment. The four sections of the Torah are Deut. 6:4-9, Deut. 11:13-21, Ex. 13:1-10, Ex. 13:11-16, attached to these leather straps. The phylacteries are put on the left arm and on the head, only at the morning service, with the exception of the Sabbath and the five principal festivals. They are worn also at the afternoon service on the 9th day of "Av." The phylacteries are put on the left arm over against the heart. It is wound seven times around the arm, and three times around the middle finger, and the following is said: "Blessed art thou, O Lord! King of the universe, who hast sanctified us with thy commandments, and did command us to wear the 'Tfillin' (phylacteries)." The other box is placed between the eyes on the forehead, and two leather straps fall on, or over, the shoulders. The following is said: "Blessed art thou, O Lord! Our God, King of the universe who hast sanctified us with thy commandments, and did commend us respecting the precepts of 'Tfillin'." The word phylacteries is derived from the verb Phylatto, to guard, to protect. Orthodox Jews conform to the literal interpretation of the words of Deuteronomy 6:8, "And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thy hand and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes." The Jews as a rule interpret it to mean, put your head, heart and hand at the service of Almighty God, and what we think and feel ought to be hallowed by the love of God and profound gratitude for his loving kindness!

After "Bar Mitzvah" (confirmation) I became a real Jew, assuming responsibilities in religious matters. One may ask, "Were you not a Jew before?" I was, and I was not. I was a Jew in the sense I was born of Jewish parents, but I was not permitted to be counted in a "Minyan. A public Jewish service is never begun unless the quorum fixed by tradition is present. This quorum is called a "Minyan" and consists of ten men. These males must be above the age of THIRTEEN YEARS. According to rabbinical law,

less than ten men is never considered a congregation sufficiently large for public devotion. (I'm just thinking, such are the teachings, the doctrines, and commandments of men. How different are the teachings of the Savior when he declared "Where two, or three"—the smallest possible number that can be called EKKLESIA—church, "are gathered together in my name there am I in the midst of them.") I felt so big, proud, and puffed up. One time, I watched and saw NINE men enter the synagogue. The "Shames" (sexton) came out from the synagogue and looked up for stars (they cannot pray without stars in the heavens). He was looking for the tenth man to come in when I walked up so very big, put out my chest, and began to walk as if I was walking by. The sexton said, "Were you not Bar Mitzvah last week?" I replied, "Yes." Then he said, "You are the very one we need, as we are delayed on account of being one short of composing a 'Minyan'." Every Jewish boy looks forward to the age when he can be counted in a "Minyan." When a "Minyan" assembled themselves for divine worship service, the "Schechino" (Divine Presence) came into their midst. Of course, I knew the importance and immediately went into the synagogue. It brought joy to my heart.

CHAPTER IV

STRANGE EXPERIENCES IN A NEW LAND

I wanted to go to America since I had heard so much about that country, from a brother, uncles, aunts and cousins who lived there. Several years after my "Bar Mitzvah," my anticipation became a reality and I had the opportunity to go to America.

While crossing the Atlantic Ocean, our long journey was marked by several events. One morning early, there arose a terrible storm, and all the passengers were ordered to put on their life preservers as a precaution. There was much commotion, but no panic. A great many could not even sit up, much less stand up, as they were seasick. I vividly remember eating breakfast during the storm. Suddenly a big wave hit the ship, and all the dishes clattered to the floor. Luckily, the dishes were not made out of glass or some other breakable substance, but were tin.

Among us third class passengers, there was a Jew in his middle thirties. He had a red beard, well cultivated, and took much pride in his whiskers. However, due to his red beard, he became very conspicuous. He was a jolly good fellow and full of humor. Everyone liked him because he told very interesting tales from his Russian army life while stationed in the Caucasus section of Russia. This Jew with the red whiskers was among those of us who were fortunate in not being seasick. We were kept exceedingly busy waiting on the sick, serving them and bringing hot water and lemons, so they could make tea.

Practically all had sacks full of hard rolls, buns, "baigel" (made of white flour, shaped like a doughnut, and hard with a glazed surface), dried sausage, and other food that

was not perishable. Therefore, many offered us their food as they themselves were too sick to eat; others offered us money, which naturally I could use readily as I was financially lacking. I remember I had a ruble and a half in Russian money (75 cents in American money). I received blessings and praise galore, especially from good women, who said I earned a "Mitzvah" (good deed).

It was probably the first time in the life of some since their "Bar Mitzvah" (confirmation) that they did not "laign-Tfillin" (use phylacteries) in their morning service. They could not get up from their cots. (If a Jew is not in synagogue, he is obligated to pray for himself, and use phylacteries.) When the storm subsided, and the ocean was calm again, some pious Jews prayed the "Birchas Hagomel" prayer. Persons returning in safety from traveling by sea, or recovering from a severe sickness, say the following: "Blessed art thou, O Eternal our God! King of the universe who bestowed kindness even upon the guilty, for on me hast thou bestowed all good."

When we saw a ship coming in the distance, everyone became excited and the deck immediately filled with passengers, all of whom lined the railings and looked at the big liner as it passed. Countless hands went up, waving white handkerchiefs. Notwithstanding that it was quite a distance between the ships, the passengers presumably on the other ship too got a big thrill, as they waved back with their handkerchiefs. We all began to turn our heads, as the ships got farther apart, and disappeared on the eastern horizon. Gloom and loneliness swept over us, and all returned to their quarters, but when we saw birds, we knew we could not be far from land. All longed to see the shore and to disembark in America.

After the long voyage of 29 days, we finally reached the land of freedom and opportunity. The excitement was beyond description, as we viewed many large ships, tall

buildings, and many astonishing things. Everyone put on his best clothes, those worn on the Sabbath.

To our amazement the Jew with the red beard, whom everyone knew, and liked so very well because of his entertainment, had his whiskers shaved off, and one could hardly recognize him. (Orthodox Jews do not shave. Their prohibition is based on Numbers 6:5, and other passages in the Bible.) A commotion broke loose and everyone, so to speak, was up in arms. Some said that he Americanized himself even before he put his foot on its soil; others said that he had plenty of time to become a "Goy" (a Gentile); still others remarked that his shaving of his beard was only a stepping stone to "Schmad" (annihilation by Christian baptism). But he paid little or no attention to all the calumnies heaped upon him. He was not embittered, but laughed and joked as if nothing had happened. On the contrary, he remarked very seriously that since he had shaved off his whiskers, he had already received several proposals. He thought that was his own affair. The last I saw him was when he went down the gangplank with a comely Jewish miss.

When we landed at Ellis Island, where the Statue of Liberty is located, a tag was placed upon my lapel after inspection. From there I was placed on a train to go west to my relatives. When in Russia, I saw various pictures of different kinds of tropical fruit such as figs, bananas, grapes, etc., but had never seen nor tasted any of them. I always hoped sometime to have the opportunity to eat these various luscious looking fruits.

This longing started when I was a little boy at home. When a Jewish man and his family came from Africa to visit his aged parents and brought some grapes which were packed in fine cork, it became the talk of the town as none had ever seen "wine-trauben" (grapes). Because we children and grown-ups too had read so much in the

Bible about "wine-trauben," the news had a thrilling effect on us. In our childish way we talked about the grapes, now become a reality. So everyone in our little community went over to the visitors' quarters to meet them. Everyone who came to greet them extended "Sholom-Alaichem" (Peace be unto you, traditional Jewish greetings for all occasions). He in return gave each one "wine-trauben." My mother brought home one large white grape and cut it into FOUR quarters, giving each child a piece. The thrill was beyond description, and it brought to my mind the story we studied in the Bible about the "Meraglim" (spies) (Numbers 13).

Now while on the train, the news boy passed by with various tropical fruit and I saw a fruit which I had seen in pictures. I thought, "Here is my change to fulfill longing." Immediately, I made up my mind to buy, regardless of the cost, even to my last copeck (Russian penny). I had two dollars sent by my relatives with the ticket which was given me upon boarding the train. I looked at the basket of fruit and selected the long, thick, round shaped one that looked like a carrot. Of course I had no idea what it tasted like or was.

Having a tag pinned upon my lapel, naturally I drew the attention of the passengers in that car. They watched my every movement, every articulation, but I took it philosophically. My clothing, heavy cap, and thin whiskers made me very conspicuous. I bought two of what I later learned were bananas. Not knowing what kind of fruit it was or how it must be eaten, I first took a big bite and began to chew. Immediately, a lady who sat opposite me observed my predicament and came over, took the banana out of my hand, and peeled it. She motioned to me as though trying to tell me not to eat the peelings, but it was already too late, as I had swallowed that bite. I do remember that it was somewhat bitter. Several smiled but not one ridiculed

or made fun of me. I was a little embarrassed, but became amazed and overwhelmed when several brought me figs, grapes and more bananas. They literally bought all of the tropical fruit that the news boy had. I had so much fruit that I could almost have opened a fruit stand. I deeply appreciated their kindness and consideration shown me, a young immigrant.

I arrived at Cleveland, the home of my relatives. Several who preceded me by several years recognized me and were all very happy to see that I had come from Russia.

I arrived on a Friday. At home, I used to see all the Jewish housewives busy in preparation for the holy Sabbath. To my astonishment and bewilderment, I noticed Friday evening when the sun was setting on the western horizon there was not a semblance of preparation for the approaching holy Sabbath. I saw how my own relatives desecrated the holy Sabbath by lighting the gas fires, working, driving, keeping their places of business open, etc. I became so despondent and depressed that I did not know what to make of it all.

I could not sleep that night. I lay awake thinking. It was to me a nightmare. Saturday morning, without asking me they took me to the barber shop, so that I could get my FIRST shave (I had never had a razor upon my face). I protested, and told them that it was my face, my whiskers and no one had a right to tell me what to do with them. They laughed heartily, and said to me, "You are in a new world, with new customs, and have no alternative but to get a shave." Since it was on the holy Sabbath, it would be a double transgression.

The Jew on the ship with red whiskers came into my mind. He had shaved off his whiskers, and had been censured, condemned and terribly criticized by the Jewish passengers, including myself. Now I myself was guilty of the same offense. My indignation and embitterment

mounted because I saw the holy Sabbath being desecrated. Notwithstanding my grief and disgust, I realized that I would have to comply with their demands. No arguing, no pleading would do any good.

They secured employment for me in a box factory, and I had to work on the Sabbath day. Everyone of my relatives worked on the holy Sabbath day, in their various occupations. I remember that with trembling hands I took hold of a hammer, lifted it up and held it for several seconds before I drove the nail into a board, feeling as though in the sight of God I was driving a nail in my coffin (figuratively speaking, as the Jews do not use coffins or caskets, but are buried in shrouds). That was the first time in my life that I deliberately desecrated the holy Sabbath. Quick as a flash there came into my mind the narrative of that Israelite who went out to gather up sticks on the Sabbath day. The consequences were swift and terrible, as he was stoned to death (Num. 15). I felt so miserable, wretched, and contemptible that tears began to roll down my cheeks and I wanted to leave the work in that factory. The mental suffering was terrific. Although it was a hard decision to make, I kept on working.

The irony of it was, that the owner of that box factory was himself a JEW who had emigrated from Russia many years previously. After working two weeks, I was laid off because, as I was told, there was not enough work.

My relatives with whom I was staying became so unreasonable that it was unbearable for me to remain with them. They thought it would be much better for them and for me to leave, and go to a different city. I left my relatives and went farther west, staying there only a short time. Though desperately seeking employment, I was turned down time after time on account of not having sufficient knowledge of the English language or for some other reason.

Tired in body and tired in spirit, sometimes cold and

often in the pangs of hunger, I went to sleep many times supperless. I even slept in parks. From childhood, I was always taught to work by the sweat of my brow for my bread. I fully comprehend I need not be flattered for that, as that should be the rule of all men. A tremendous restlessness and wanderlust came over me; so I began to travel, touching nearly half of the states in the Union.

I had remarkable experiences, some of which were harrowing. Since I was not traveling first class or on plush cushions, I did not consult the information and descriptive travel folders (they would be of little use, as I could not read, not even one syllable).

On one occasion, I had a strange experience. One evening, I entered a cheap rooming house, paid ten cents for a "chicken coop" (each sleeping room or suite was partitioned by chicken wire) and laid my weary body on a cot. The sheet was dirty and crawling with lice. I took newspapers, spread over it and went to sleep. Several hours later, suddenly I was awakened by a flashlight beam in my face. Two plain-clothes men showed their badges and asked everyone from all the rooms on that floor to dress quickly. After additional questions which I hardly understood, about a half-dozen of us were told to follow them downstairs. Then we were herded into a patrol wagon (in those days there were hardly any cars) and taken to the outskirts of the town near the railroad yards. There we were literally "dumped out" in a pile of humanity. Each one fell upon the other. After untangling myself from the group, I arose to hear the gruff words of the policemen, "Get out of town; don't ever come back. If you are caught in town again, you will get thirty days or six months in jail." At that moment, I vividly recalled a former traumatic experience in Russia, when we were all together—men, women and children—huddled in an attic for fear of the fierce Cossacks, who thrust a piece of cold steel through you without batting an

eye. (A classmate of mine was shot dead in cold blood as he was running to a cellar.) I never thought this could happen in the United States because I had violated no law! I was informed that the police periodically went to the "flop houses" and unceremoniously expelled from town all who did not have jobs or were viewed as beggars. And so, broken in spirit and heavy of heart, I hopped the next train for nowhere!

Once I had a terrifying experience. Whenever I recall it, I shudder. I was riding a "blind" (it is a place between the baggage car and coal tender) on a fast passenger train, with my felt hat pulled over my face so as to keep the cinders out of my eyes. Every time a piece hit you, it felt like the sting of a bee. Suddenly I felt a jerk, and I raised my hat from over my eyes. I looked and noticed that the chain on one side was broken and that the engine was pulling the long passenger train on one chain plus the coupler. The train was traveling at a high rate of speed and immediately I realized the danger. If the train made a curve, it would probably cause a wreck. The first thought that came into my mind was of the safety of the passengers. Somehow I must inform the engineer or fireman as they would most certainly stop the train.

Although it was very risky, I carefully stretched out my hand so as to touch the railing that was on the coal-tender. A slip between the cars and I would have been ground to pieces. Luckily, the train was traveling on a straight line. I got a hold on the railing of the coal and water tender, and quick as a flash, swung myself upon the coal and took a piece and threw at the fireman so as to get his attention. The fireman immediately turned and was bewildered when he saw me. He began crawling toward me with a shovel in his hand, as he evidently did not know what I was going to do. He talked to me, but I could not understand what he was saying. I motioned to him and pointed down. He ap-

parently realized what had happened and told the engineer, who stopped the train without delay. The chain was broken, and it might have caused a wreck if they had gone at a high rate of speed and come to a curve. My reward was a ride in the cab of the engine, where I was warm and not exposed to the wind and cinders. Although it was against the rule of the railroad for anyone to ride in the cab, an exception was made because of my action.

The next stop was a division point where crews were changed. They invited me to a restaurant where we all had breakfast. They and others asked me a lot of questions but I did not understand what they were saying. They were very nice to me and I would not have been surprised if the incident had appeared in some newspaper. Of course I never knew, as I could not talk, read or write English.

This occurred near a small town, probably a railroad junction, and I wanted to go to a big city. Therefore, I caught a freight train that was going the same direction and crawled into an empty box car and shut the door. Late in the afternoon, the freight train stopped.

I heard someone walking, went to the door, and saw through the small crack that it was the brakeman. Evidently the brakeman knew that someone was in the empty box car, as he stopped in front of it. He shoved open the door and looked in as I went to a corner and crouched down. Since he was a big muscular fellow, powerfully built, I knew I could not resist him in physical combat. I could tell from his tone of voice as he talked rather sharply, also from his gesticulation, that he wanted me to come to where he was standing. At first I hesitated because he appeared angry. On the other hand, I knew the Bible said, "A soft answer turns away wrath," and thought I would try that formula. I came near him and smiled. The brakeman jumped out from the box car and motioned for me to jump too, and I complied. I tried hard in some way to explain,

but could not make him understand. From his maneuvering I suspected that he wanted to know how much money I had. Actually, the only thing that I had was an old silver double faced Swiss watch that formerly belonged to my father. It was a cheap, old fashioned watch and did not even keep correct time. However, it had been my father's watch and was priceless to me. It had two small openings, places for the key with which to wind it, and the other to regulate the hands.

The brakeman, while searching me and not finding any money, noticed the old watch. Seeing that it had a little key attached to it, he evidently thought that it was a very expensive watch and undoubtedly of great worth in dollars and cents. I tried my best to explain to him that it was my dead father's watch, and that it did not keep accurate time and was the only thing I had left from my father. I pleaded but he would not listen to my begging. Tears speak any language but that hard brakeman would not listen and seemingly did not want to understand my appeal, which was of no avail. As the brakeman walked toward his caboose, he was looking at the treasure which he forcibly took. I could see him as he turned the watch over and over examining it. As it turned out, he possessed a worthless watch, for as I gave it to him I kept the little key, with which he would have to wind it and regulate the moving hands. Without that key, it was valueless. To have such a very delicate little key made to order would cost a dozen times more than a new watch. Nevertheless it was little comfort to me that he would not be able to use his ill-gotten gain.

Instinctively, I put my hand in my vest pocket, so as to feel for my watch, as I had had it for such a long time and jealously guarded it. Now it was no more. My spirit was crushed, and I felt awfully bad. Even now after so many years, whenever I think of it, I am saddened. I brooded

over the loss of my father's watch, as that was the only item I had left of his. I did not even have a picture of him. There is a possibility that I failed to make the brakeman understand its significance and sentimental value to me. Also, he might have thought that such a lesson would greatly discourage me from traveling on freight trains.

When the train pulled out, I was in the tiny community of St. Gabriel, Louisiana, with only one general store. I found twelve cents in my vest pocket which he either overlooked or did not care to take, as he did not bother. I went into that store, and bought a nickel's worth of loose crackers and a nickel's worth of cheese. The man who operated the general store was a Frenchman but he spoke some German. I could speak German (I speak German very well) and he told me in German that I could not eat in his store as he would soon close and go to his home several miles away. To my amazement and astonishment, he said that after he closed his place, I would be the ONLY white person in this small community. I had noticed all who came into the store were Negroes.

As he closed his store, I stood outside and ate my crackers and cheese. Young Negroes, boys and girls in their early twenties, were standing in groups. It was getting dark and began to rain. Old houses scattered here and there were occupied by Negroes. I approached one group and tried to explain my plight and need of a place to stay. One young boy, of about 18 or 19, took me about a quarter of a mile from the general store to his humble old home. First he went into the house and talked with his folks before he asked me to come in. Maybe they were afraid to have a white man in their home, and too, one who could not speak their language.

The family motioned for me to come in and I entered their home. Obviously they were very poor, as little furniture was evident. The parents placed an old rocking chair

near the fireplace and told me that I could sleep in it warmly, as it was rather cold outside. A small lamp provided the only light in the humble abode. The father turned out the lamp and except for the light from the fireplace, it would have been pitch dark. I curled up in that old rocking chair and undoubtedly fell asleep within minutes, and slept soundly until morning. When they awoke me, it was already daylight.

Shortly, several colored people came into their place, presumably to find out why a white man had wandered into such a forsaken country and stayed in a Negro's home. Evidently they did not often see white people, and felt such was an unusual experience. I remember very well several tried to talk to me but I could not understand them. However, I did understand their act of kindness and thoughtfulness in sharing their crowded quarters with a stranger. I thanked them as much as possible, and I tried to make them understand my deep appreciation of their hospitality. I only regretted that I could not talk with them, as I am sure they could have told me a lot, and I in return could have related much about the old country especially about Russia.

Strangely, while I was in Russia I had never seen a Negro, nor even a picture of one, and of course knew little about them. That is also true of everyone who lived in the little village of my birth. As a matter of fact, I had never heard anyone mention the word "Negro" in my village. Now I had been taken into a Negro home, sheltered, and shown wonderful hospitality.

From San Gabriel where I was the only white man I walked several miles, and finally came to Baton Rouge on the Mississippi River. I remained a short time and then I took a steamer to New Orleans where I intended to go. The decks were loaded with numberless bales of cotton and different types of heavy merchandise. My quarters were

upon the deck, between the bales of cotton or wherever there was room. I had to move from place to place not to be in the way of those who worked with equipment loading and unloading goods. The captain and two officers were white, but the crew were all Negroes, real dark, muscular fellows, rather young. The river boat stopped at many places to load and unload merchandise, mostly bales of cotton. Before each stop, the boat's searchlight played its beam on various places, circling here and there, as if to find the right location to make a safe and perfect landing.

As I watched in the night, I had to sleep (?) in a standing position because every inch of space was utilized for cargo. The searchlight pierced the night darkness, spotting here and there farm houses, barns, mules, cows, etc. It was quite picturesque scenery. Once the searchlight spotted young lovers, but they immediately covered their faces as they evidently did not want to be seen. They must have been afraid of the searchlight, but they were not afraid of "the man in the moon."

Drinking water was scarce. I noticed the crew members took empty bean cans (not beer cans—in those days there was no such thing as beer in cans. However, beer was sold in tin buckets, to be taken out from the saloon), and leaned over the railing, dipped up water and drank it. I did the very same thing. It was not altogether clean, but had a brownish heavy silt concentration. I drank it with no ill effect. Undoubtedly the captain and his staff must have had plenty to quench their thirst, as I never saw them dipping water to drink!

After two days, we landed in New Orleans. It was quite an adventure, and a thrilling experience. Evidently, the captain must have been a man of good humor. He had passed by and undoubtedly saw me between the bales of cotton. He called one of the crew, and said something to him which I could not hear, and probably would not have

understood anyhow, smiled, and walked away. My menu for two days consisted of two bean sandwiches. When one is hungry, such food is quite a delicacy.

By this time I had already been in the United States about a year, and was beginning to pick up the English language and appreciated what I had found in this new country. I secured employment in a large restaurant. After working there for a while, the head waiter said that the President of the United States would be in the city. I asked the waiter rather jokingly if it would be possible for me to see the President of this great and glorious country. To my astonishment, the waiter replied that not only could I see the President, but that it would be possible for me to shake hands with him.

At first I thought that he was ridiculing me, but another waiter who overheard the remarks nodded his head in assent. He said that it was not a joke, but that he was serious and the first waiter's statement was correct. Therefore I decided, if possible, to shake hands with the greatest man on earth, the man who "made the world safe for democracy." That was during President Woodrow Wilson's second term.

I went to the hotel where the great President was staying; I noticed there were throngs of people lined up, all eager to see him, and if possible to shake hands with him. I squeezed myself through the huge crowds and came in line where I could not only see him, but actually shake his hand. When I held out my hand and shook his, I thought the whole world was mine and was mighty proud. Of course not being a United States citizen made it mean more than words could express. In heart, mind and soul, I classed myself as a good loyal citizen. The thrill was beyond description. Imagine, I had the great privilege of shaking hands with the PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

At that moment there flashed through my mind the vast difference between the United States and Russia. In Russia it was impossible for the average man to see the Czar of Russia, let alone come near enough to shake his hand. As far as your eyes can behold, you could see tens of thousands of bayonets lined along the road he had to travel. One can imagine how much the people loved the Czar when he had to have literally hundreds of thousands of soldiers to guard him. It also ran through my mind how the "Dragoneers" (mounted troops) rode into our little village, took innocent human beings, and shot them in cold blood; how dangerous it was for a male over 12 years of age to go outside his residence without having on his person a "passport" (a document permitting free and unmolested travel). My father would not risk even going to the synagogue without his passport. It was too hazardous. Truly as Irving Berlin, who came over from Russia when he was three years old, wrote that wonderful song, "God Bless America," we should all bless it! Here I who could not even speak the language had the opportunity not only to see the President, but actually extend to him "Sholom Alaichem" (greetings in Hebrew, "Peace be unto you"). It was so wonderful, so marvelous!

I saw my own father take off his cap (Orthodox Jews as a rule always have their heads covered, either with a cap, hat, or a skull-cap), bow down and kiss the baron's hands and those of other titled people! Some of the persons to whom we all had to bow down, were not even clean, honest, and decent. They were the big landowners who terribly oppressed the people. So you can imagine the thankfulness, excitement, joy and pleasure it brought to me. A silent prayer came out from the innermost recesses of my heart, "Yevorechecho" ("The Lord bless thee, Mr. President").

Countless times I heard our aged, pious rabbi, as he stood

up with the whole congregation every Sabbath morning in the synagogue, solemnly recite a prayer for the Czar, Czarina, the Czarevitch (crown prince), uncles, and the whole immediate family. Everyone stood up and listened spell-bound. One could hear his heart beat as the rabbi, with clear, distinct tones, recited the prayer in the Hebrew for the Czar. Here is a literal translation:

"May He who granted victory unto kings, and dominions unto princes, whose sovereignty is everlasting, who delivered David, his servant, from the destroying sword: who maketh a way through the sea, a path through the mighty waters, O, may He bless, preserve and guard, aid and extol, magnify and exalt on high, Nicolai Alexanderovich, Maria Feodrovno, etc., etc., whose glory he enhanced. May the Supreme King of Kings in His mercy prolong their lives and protect them, deliver them from all sorrow and trouble and loss, subject nations to their sway, and cause their foes to fall before them; and may they prosper in all their undertakings. May the Supreme King of Kings inspire their hearts and the hearts of all their counsellors and representatives with tenderness to act kindly toward us and all Israel. In their days and in ours may Judah be succored, and Israel dwell in safety, and a Redeemer come unto Zion, in accordance with God's gracious will: and let us say Amen." What a fiasco! What a burlesque! How revolting to be compelled to say prayers for those who permitted the savage "Pogroms" such as in Kishenev, and other places in Russia. Without the Czar's and his clique's consent it would have been physically impossible for "Pogroms" to happen, as he could dispatch Cossacks or other military forces to put down any uprising easily. The mere presence of these fierce cavalry men put terror in the people's hearts, and of course they would not dare to plunder and murder. On the contrary, the Czar's government assisted and gave its approval in such outrages.

The rabbi, with the whole congregation, stood in fear and trembling when he recited the prayer for the safety of the Czar and family, for fear that an informer or some villain might accuse the Jews of making fun, ridiculing the Czar, in a so-called "sham petition." Of course the Jews knew from past experience the terrible consequences that would follow!

But here in the United States, the President 'was really a true friend; honest, sincere and cultured; a lover of mankind, regardless of race, color or dress; truly, a promoter of true democracy. How could I do otherwise than to bless our great President with health, wisdom and longevity of life! I remember very well how tired Mr. Wilson looked. Presumably the great stress and strain of the war had a telling effect upon him. The great responsibilities that rested upon his shoulders must have been heavy.

If I had received a great, precious and costly gift, I could not have been as happy as I was in getting to shake hands with the President of the United States.

When I called attention to the head waiter that I had shaken hands with the President of the United States, he calmly remarked, "What of it?" as if to say, "There is nothing to get excited about. Next year we will have another man for President of the United States." I was really surprised and amazed. I could not understand why he had not become excited. On the contrary, he changed the conversation, as if one would say, "It is not even worth repeating; before long there will be another President, and he will be just another plain citizen like you and me, having just one vote."

CHAPTER V

IN THE DEPTHS OF THE MIRY CLAY

After working in New Orleans several months, I quit my job and went to Denver. Because I yet had little knowledge of English, the only job I could find was in a pool hall. My job was to rack up the balls on the pool tables, sometimes to attend the cigar counter and sell soft drinks when the clerk was out. Naturally, there was much betting in connection with the pool games.

At times I was entrusted to hold the "stakes" of the two players who gambled when they would not trust each other. Many times fist fights ensued as each contestant claimed that the balls were not hit the right way, touched another ball, or that his opponent had violated the rules of pool. Frequently, I or those who happened to hang around the pool hall watching aimlessly hour after hour, were called to help make the decision as to who made the error or tried to cheat. It was not only a question of the bet at stake, but the players' reputation was in the balance. Strange as it may seem, they had a code of ethics which was scrupulously observed and an impartial decision was rendered. For a "pool shark" to lose a game of pool to an amateur, a novice, was horrible. But as a rule, he would take it graciously and openly compliment him.

Usually, the winner would give me a tip for holding the "stake." When one came in for a game of pool, and there was no one to play with him, he would come to me. If he lost the game, naturally he had to pay, and I rang up the money for the game in the cash register. Therefore, I was an asset to the house. I rarely lost. When I was too busy taking care of five pool tables plus having at times to look

after the cigar counter, I had to turn down many challenges.

Pool is a game that cannot be easily fixed because it depends entirely on the skill of the players. One cannot buy but must have or acquire ability to play pool. Also, too many eyes were watching; therefore, it was almost impossible to cheat.

Some of those who hung around from early morning till closing time came from fine homes; others were educated, but victims of misfortune, domestic trouble and such like. Evidently they finally lost interest in life, and spent their fleeting days in nothingness. Among those who hung around were nicely dressed fellows who had plenty of money, but no aim in life.

After working there for some time, I quit that job and got another at a summer resort as a bell hop. The wages were meager, but the tips were pretty good. The place was a little Sodom—so much sin, smut, and slime. I was asked to make dates for male and female, even married people. It was so sordid that it was sickening. Of course, they knew that I was a floater, a stranger, and that after the season I would leave, if I stayed that long. They knew that I (presumably as other bell boys) was only interested in making tips. I was in such a miserable and wretched state of mind that I did not care if it was day or night, summer or winter.

As soon as the tourist season was over, and business became very slack, I left the summer resort and went to Michigan. Since my use of English was increasing, I secured work booking for an independent moving picture company. The silent movie, "The Boy and the Law," received wide advertisement in the various leading newspapers of the country. That was before the era of radio. This particular film was shown in several states simultaneously. I was assigned with a group who called in small towns. I remember very well how I had to crawl up several stairs, then lit-

erally crawl through an opening just large enough for a man, in order to get to the "picture machine." The quarters were so crowded and close that there was not room to turn around. Many times I operated the moving picture machine while the operator was out (in those days there was not such a thing as a "coffee break"). I had to make just so many turns in order to keep it up and well balanced, not too fast and not too slow, but equal. Otherwise the film would blur or tear. I soon learned, however, and did not have one film break to my record.

"The Boy and the Law" was good, wholesome entertainment for the whole family. It had the endorsement of civic leaders, educators, and various religious organizations. Admission was ten cents. While working for the Independent Moving Picture Company, I met many folks who later became celebrities. Some are still living. Sometimes we showed our films where vaudeville acts were performed.

After several months, the company, operating on a percentage basis, began to lose money and finally went out of business. I was out of a job and decided to go farther west and arrived in St. Louis. I was tired of wandering around from town to town.

I had saved a little money, but did not want to get down to my last dollar, so I went out to look for work. The first day, I secured employment in a large second hand store. The proprietor of the store told me when he was a young man he had attended a rabbinical college in Russia. Although he could have become a rabbi, he decided against it, came to America and entered business. He most certainly was a Talmudic scholar and subscribed to a Hebrew newspaper. Not very many Jews can read a Hebrew newspaper. A very small percentage of Jews can actually understand the meaning when reading the prayers in the prepared Hebrew prayer books.

One day my boss came and told me I would be delighted

to meet a man who was standing near the glass show case. I walked to him and immediately noticed his well cultivated beard, mixed with a little gray. However, from his manner I became somewhat suspicious as to his intentions. I hit the nail squarely on the head. The Jewish stranger was a "Chadchan" (matchmaker). He introduced himself and asked if we could talk in private since he had something important to discuss. He refused to divulge even a hint of his "deep secret." He asked if it would be possible for me to meet him in a "Kosher" delicatessen at eight that night and gave me the address, as there were several "Kosher" delicatessens in the city. To entice me, he hinted it would prove to be the milestone in my life.

After deliberating for several minutes, I consented and told him that I would be in the delicatessen at the designated time. I arrived at the store and entered. The "Chadchan" was sitting at a table. He arose and extended to me again "Sholem Alaichem" (traditional Jewish greeting for all occasions), and asked me to be seated. Before he began to ask me certain questions in detail, he touched upon the central question, asking me rather nervously, "Are you a single man?" When I replied that I was not married, his face lit up and he gave a deep sigh of relief. Without waiting further, he began to ask in detail as to what kind of "landsman" (nationality) I was, my age, if my parents were still living, and how long I had been in the United States and if I was an American citizen. Then he asked if I would be interested in a business and said rather smilingly that he had selected a very fine girl whose mother owned a two story brick building, a well established business and fine home. The mother promised \$4,000 dowry if the match was satisfactory to BOTH parties. The matchmaker added hopefully, "I know she (an only child) and her mother (her father was dead) will be delighted, even well pleased."

I told him that I had nothing and only a job and that was

rather uncertain. Also, she had never seen me and maybe would not even like me. To my surprise, he said, "I know all about you. You have no money, no home, but if this matchmaking results in a happy wedding, you will not need a job as you will have a business of your own."

I asked that "matchmaker," "Don't you think that it is rather risky? I have been in St. Louis only three months. As a matter of fact, you do not even know if this is my right name! It seems to me you are taking a great chance and assuming a heavy obligation."

He replied, complimenting me, "You are too good and conscientious a young man to deceive anyone. You undoubtedly have been reared in a good Jewish home and had pious parents who strictly adhered to all the precepts of Jewish religion. I know you will observe them rigidly. Therefore I can see you are noble, will not cheat or mislead."

I argued that I still thought, notwithstanding his laudation and complimentary remarks, that it was rather unwise to try to make a match with one who is here today and gone tomorrow. He concurred but moving his hat back off his wide forehead, looked at me with his searching eyes, smiled, and said, "I repeat and insist that you are too fine a young man to betray, and violate the marriage vows." I told him that I was not yet ready to settle down, but if I were I might consider. He kept on insisting that I meet the girl because her charm would cause me to fall in love at first sight. He further said, "I am so sure that I am ready to set the date for the wedding." I did not want to make any promises but he kept on urging that I not disappoint him because he had spent so much time and effort in arranging the meeting with the eligible young lady. I finally consented (against my better judgment) to meet him at the girl's home where the introduction would take place.

Before the zero hour came, I dressed in my best and shaved. I took a street car and got off at the designated address. As I approached the house I noticed a beautiful home, shrubbery, flowers, etc. I walked up the few steps to the porch and rang the bell. A middle aged lady of small stature opened the door, greeted me with a smile and kindly invited me into the house. She introduced herself as Ethel's (the girl's name) mother. There in the very large reception room was our friend, the matchmaker, who asked me if I had met the mother. I said, "Yes, she met me at the door." Both mother and matchmaker at the same time told me to be seated. I thanked them kindly and sat down.

The girl's grandparents were sitting on a large sofa. The grandfather with his long silver beard and yarmukele (skull cap) looked like a patriarch and first gave me Sholom Alaichem. He took out an old bone snuff box from his vest pocket, opened it and politely asked if I would not like to have a "scmeck tabback" (a pinch of snuff), apparently endeavoring to stimulate me prior to my meeting Ethel. All were eager to lend their weight in a moral way in order that favorable results might come of this meeting. In order to oblige the old gentleman, I took a tiny pinch of snuff and placed it to my nose but I almost sneezed. I used all my power to refrain from sneezing. Were I to sneeze under such circumstances where everyone was at high pitch, pandemonium would have broken loose!

You see, dear reader, there is a superstition among the Jewish people that when you tell something or hear something and one happens to sneeze AT THAT VERY MOMENT, it proves what you said or heard is true, and that it will come to pass.

Conscious of the fact that I was the central figure of the whole procedure—in joking we would say, I was the whole cheese right then—I knew every word uttered was weighed, and every move was noticed. Knowing their superstition re-

garding sneezing, especially at a time like this, I was positive such would have been utilized one thousand percent. All would proclaim that a wedding was sure to follow, that it could not be otherwise.

You fully understand and of course sympathize why I suffered and refrained from sneezing. Although it was torture, it was worth it. I fully realize that to a non-Jew it is rather humorous, but in the old country among the Jewish people, this is a fact nevertheless.

The old gentleman related that he too had come from the old country many years ago and all his children were born in this country. Also, he and his wife had observed their golden wedding anniversary, symbolic of a half-century of harmony and concord of family life. Then he pointed to his wife and said, "She is more beautiful and attractive than before."

Suddenly, the door of the main room opened and a girl appeared, a brunette, elegantly dressed, not flashy, but smart. Immediately, her mother came with her and introduced the daughter. She was not beautiful by any means, but looked like a very nice girl.

Naturally, all tried to impress me with her attributes—cooking, sewing, housekeeping. The matchmaker did his utmost to show that she was simply divine, wonderful, and blessed with many God-given traits. However, the first look convinced me that she was not my type, as she did not appeal to me in the least. I realized that it was a very delicate situation. I did not want to hurt anyone, especially the girl, but she did not show interest in me either. Both parties must feel physical attraction for each other, otherwise a marriage will prove sooner or later disastrous.

The matchmaker came over where I was sitting, and whispered in my ears, "You have good taste for the pure and the beautiful, and I am greatly delighted." After his remarks, I told him I was not going to masquerade under

the cloak of make-believe. I could not and did not love the girl and was determined to be frank, candid and truthful. I said to the mother, "I can never love your daughter, and of course she could never be happy with me. I trust that you will think the matter over clearly from all angles and will arrive at the conclusion that I am doing the only honorable thing." I was not terrified by the responsibilities that married life incurred. I simply did not love the girl. Love is necessary to a happy marriage. It is the fortress to fidelity. I said to them all, "I am only trying to make you understand that I can never love her. How could she be happy with a husband who did not love her?"

I fully realized a sizeable bank account was good and would help meet any emergency that arose in a material way, but it could not and would not take the place of love and happiness. Love is far more important and precious to a happy life than anything else. A successful marriage demands love and understanding.

We all talked in Yiddish, and finally reached a better understanding. I paid the young woman every conceivable compliment, and assured her she would find a mate. I left the home with the matchmaker yet talking with the mother and grandparents, shrugging his shoulders as if in bewilderment. The girl and I went to the door. With a smile, she bade me good bye forever.

After passing through this rather unpleasant experience, I decided to leave St. Louis. After several weeks of traveling, I arrived in Denver. After several days of sight seeing, I secured employment in a large liquor establishment. In connection with this enterprise were a big saloon, a cafe, cigar store, a service bar, and a large delicatessen. I was tired of previous misadventures and tried hard to settle down. I thought, "Here is my wonderful opportunity to climb up the ladder of success and some day have a business of my own."

Within a few months I was made a "cellar man." I soon learned how to bottle whiskey and wine and to put the labels on the bottles. As it was not a modern establishment, I had to put a small rubber pipe into the fifty-gallon barrels of whiskey and by a quick suction bring the whiskey up and fill the various sized bottles, cork and label them. I did the same with the different brands of wine and cordials. From the cellar, I carried the stock to the large liquor shelves for retail trade. From the amount bottled, they most certainly must have done a thriving business. I also had to carry liquor to the large bar in the saloon as well as to the service bar. In addition, I had to deliver the "stuff" to customers in the city twice weekly.

The proprietors complimented me for remembering all the different brands of liquor and the labels that went on the different bottles. Rarely did I make a mistake in placing a wrong label on a bottle.

I did not drink whiskey because I thought that it was wrong, harmful or bothered my conscience. I simply had no desire, no craving for the stuff.

After several weeks, bottling whiskey was just another job, like driving a street car, repairing shoes, or cutting hair. The moral issue did not faze me in the least.

I remember one occasion when the United States government rectifier came around while I was putting labels on a certain brand of whiskey. It happened to be their own famous triple XXX. One of my bosses asked the government agent, "Do you think that he would make a very efficient rectifier?" The agent did not answer but smiled.

After the agent left (he came and inspected frequently), my boss said, "You are learning fast. Keep it up and you will succeed." Evidently some envied the work I was doing. Although it was very hard work, long hours, and small pay, several persons told me they would be very happy if they could only exchange jobs with me for one hour.

Many asked me to slip a flask of whiskey into my pocket when I got off work, since there was neither watchman nor door man. I had the key which opened and closed the cellar. I replied by quoting the Eighth Commandment (Thou shalt not steal). I was astonished when I discovered the woeful ignorance of the people. They did not know what I was talking about or to what I was referring when I mentioned the Eighth Commandment. Of course they cared less; some looked at me in bewilderment. I had to be plain and explained that it was against the law to steal, be it whiskey or something else. But the majority thought it was rather smart and slipping out a flask of whiskey was not stealing, but a clever act. Also, the proprietors would not miss it anyhow as they were far from being honest themselves. With a firm voice, I directed them to the counter to make their purchase, as it would only take a quarter (25 cents) to buy a half pint of whiskey; a full quart was only 85 cents. Their reply was harsh condemnation of me. I was approached and pestered so many times in the lodging house where I stayed that I finally was compelled to live in another place, even though I continued working there.

Often someone came to the cellar door where I was working, begging for a drink of whiskey, never beer. Perhaps they knew that it could be procured only in bottles or draught and was only available at the bars. To ask for that would be too much, but to beg for a drink from the supply was nothing. What a strange code of ethics!

I opened countless cases of various brands of whiskey, wines and cordials and rarely broke one. One of the bartenders said to me, "You handle that stuff like an old veteran." I felt flattered from such a remark. On a Saturday, we used as many as ten large barrels of beer on draught, plus countless bottles of beer. Two Chinamen (father and son) worked in the place also. The father was

the chef who prepared famous Chinese dishes; the son iced the bottled beer, prepared ice for the two bars and did some porter work. They had very little in common with the rest of those who worked in that establishment, because many times they were humiliated by being called "Chinks." That made them very angry but they would not revile against them, only sometimes looking with disgust and contempt upon their accusers. They told me that I was the only employee that did not insult and humiliate them.

I related to the father and son a remarkable experience I had with three of their countrymen. However, I assured them the experience which I was about to relate did not bear in the least on why I treated them well. I simply believed that one human being should treat his fellow man as another human being regardless of his color, race or dress. Here I narrate the story I told them.

I was riding on blind baggage train through a northern state, on an extremely cold day, with a blizzard raging and fine snow blowing into my face, enough to drive me mad. The snow on the ground was quite deep. All of a sudden the train came to a stop, as it had to meet another train. It was in the open country. There was not any town in sight, not even a ranch house, that I could see. The brakeman came up, saw me and literally pulled me off, and scolded me for riding the train. He said the next stop would be 40 miles away, and there were tunnels to pass through. If I did not freeze to death by the time we reached the tunnel, I most certainly would choke to death from the heavy smoke of the puff engines. The train had double engines. In a few minutes, the train they were waiting for came and passed by swiftly. The brakeman and the conductor were watching to make sure that I did not get on the train again. By that time, the engineer and firemen were aware of me, so I did not try to get on the train. I noticed several passengers looking out of the windows to see what was hap-

pening. The train left, but I remained standing near the switch. I was half frozen. I tried to walk, but the snow was too deep. The wind was blowing the fine snow, making it hard for me to see where I was going.

Suddenly I heard a shot. I knew that someone must be near me. From the sound I could tell that it was not too far from where I was. So I waved my hand, then took my cap and waved it. In a few minutes, I noticed someone walking toward me carrying a gun. I still continued to wave. The person saw me waving and trying to walk toward him.

As we walked toward each other, I saw a person so bundled up in a heavy fur coat, the big collar turned up, that I could not see his face. When I was near enough to look into his face, I noticed he was a Chinaman who was out hunting. He had been working with the section gang for the railroad. I told him in my very broken English how I came to be in this isolated spot. I had no overcoat and I was so cold, I could not speak clearly.

He immediately realized my predicament and told me that he had a cabin not too far away, which he shared with several other Chinamen. He helped me to walk to his cabin. But before he permitted me to come inside, he took snow and rubbed my hands, and let me stay for a while in a wood shed which was not heated, then he took me into the cabin. Therein was a stove shaped like a big bulging belly. There were two more Chinamen in the cabin. The hunter must have related the incident to the other two. They were so friendly to me and each one tried to outdo the other to make me comfortable.

They all worked as section hands for the railroads. They had a five-gallon jug of whiskey, and poured out a large glass of whiskey and handed it to me. The one whom I first met spoke some English. I turned to him and explained politely that I did not care for whiskey, but if they

had it, would like hot coffee. They all began to talk among themselves that which I did not understand. However, they did not ask me again to drink the glass of whiskey, but obliged me with hot coffee, and prepared a pretty good meal. They made me understand that I could stay there until the blizzard was over. They told me that they were only six miles from Bosler, Wyoming, and that they were planning to go early in the morning on their hand car to this small town and I could ride with them there. Early the next morning, notwithstanding that it was still very cold, we went on the hand car to the outskirts of town where they let me off. I thanked them for their kindness and hospitality, which perhaps saved me from freezing to death. I shall always cherish a warm memory of them the remaining days of my life.

After I related to father and son the story of this experience, we became very good friends, and they manifested their utmost confidence in me which I appreciated very much.

Once a week the bottle man came to the cellar to collect the empty beer bottles that had accumulated during the week. The young Chinaman helped him place them into the wooden barrels from which they were taken. The cellar had the appearance of a bottle factory, there were so many bottles. The bottle man was the only one who came and did not ask for a drink of whiskey. If he desired one or more, he could have helped himself to a drink, as no one would have censured him. He had been buying the bottles from them for the past quarter of a century and of course was well known. Evidently he did not care for full bottles, and must have been satisfied with the empty ones. There was a possibility that he was an abstainer from strong drinks.

I doubt seriously if the three proprietors drank, as I never saw any of them take a drink in their establishment.

They may have drunk in their homes, clubs, or elsewhere. Because they were in the liquor business was no reason that they themselves drank.

As my wages were not very much, I gladly accepted the manager's invitation to make an extra dollar by working every Saturday night from 7 in the evening till midnight in the service bar. My work was to assist the bartender (whom I liked very much) in the service bar where we served exclusively the large dining room. For this extra Saturday serving work I was dressed in a spic and span white starched jacket with a black bow tie, and white apron over my regular clothes. I stood behind the bar where we served a dozen or more waiters dressed in smart black tuxedos, who in turn served the guests in the large and elaborate dining room. The music and singing convinced us everyone was merry, gay, and hilarious.

The pale-faced waiters with blood-shot eyes moved nervously but swiftly with their trays of distilled damnation to and from the service bar and the dining room. There was constant coming and going. Their language and gestures were neither noble nor elegant. Instinctively they counted their tips to see what was their accumulation of filthy lucre. (They did not overlook me as I received from each waiter something for prompt service.) With immense relief I looked forward to midnight, as I was getting tired of the strenuous work.

The singing accompanied by music was intended to excite lewd passions and thoughts. The shouts and laughter of the crowd became louder, and the noise heightened as the hour moved toward midnight. Friends would depart with friends in cabs, and speed away, uttering unintelligible words on account of their intoxicated condition. I saw drunkards, derelicts, those despondent and in despair. These were human wrecks, male and female. It was like a

terrorifying nightmare. I also saw men who sobered up and found their money gone. They would stare into space in miserable silence, bewilderment, shame and disgrace. Some made the violent plunge into a Christless eternity.

As I stated previously, although I handled the "stuff," I did not drink. Quite unintentionally and unconsciously, directly and indirectly, I helped those enslaved creatures to strong drink and to the road that leads to wreck and ruin, broken hearts and broken homes. Naturally, the environments and associates were not conducive to the up-building of character and lofty ideals. They were the representatives of evil, debasement and abnormality. I recall one particular case of a man who was an associate editor of a newspaper. He was so addicted to drinking that he made a fool of himself. Many times he had to be led out and taken to his home. Several times some of his family came to the rear or side door and inquired if he was in the saloon. In those days, very rarely would a woman be seen in a saloon. Sometimes they would come in through the rear door, but immediately would be asked to leave. I was amazed, astonished and terrified that alcohol could have such a grip on people. It was shocking and inconceivable that smart, educated people could be made slaves to whiskey.

When I first came to town, I had intended to secure a job and positively settle down. However, now I was going to quit my job, and leave town. All my plans were dashed upon the rocks. Musing, I thought, "I can restore myself to a healthy condition and rid myself of 'wanderlust'." I was greatly depressed, but realized that I could not continue bottling whiskey. I must quit this job that I had held for a year and a half. I left Denver for anywhere. By that time I, who was accustomed to a life moderated by the strict laws of the Jewish religion, had drifted completely into materialism. I did not even observe "Yorzait" (the

anniversary of the death of my father) by going to the synagogue to say "Kaddish" (prayer recited for the dead), which is said on each anniversary after death of parents, even by irreligious Jews.

CHAPTER VI

FROM DESPERATION TO DAWN

I arrived in Pittsburgh almost in despair and began walking the streets aimlessly. My life was a daily struggle, and I realized the inevitable consequences that were to follow. Unless something happened very quickly, I contemplated ending it all. I made a vow with myself that before the sun went down, I would carry out my plan.

In my desperate moments while sitting in a park, it began to rain rather hard. I left the park and walked toward the river. I noticed a large awning and instinctively went under the awning for shelter from the rain. I was not exactly afraid of getting wet, as that was the least of my worries, but simply reacted as a human being.

Suddenly my eyes were arrested by a sign on the door in Hebrew letters. It read, "Bruching Haboim" (Blessed are those who enter here). And as I turned, I noticed on the large plate glass window another sign in large golden letters, also in Hebrew, which read "YESHUA HA-MOCHI-ACH-GOAIL YISROAIL" (Jesus Christ is Israel's Messiah). At once I realized that this was a Hebrew mission, a place where "Meshumodim" (Jews who annihilated themselves by Christian baptism) and Jewish missionaries lived. They believed that Jesus is their God and were trying to make other Jews believe Jesus to be their God. My inner man recoiled, since I had been reared from childhood to hate and despise "Meshumodim." Here in this place they wanted Jews to renounce their religion and accept Christianity. Notwithstanding, I had not observed the teaching and inculcation of my fathers up to this decisive moment. I resolved before making the violent plunge to

do something that would outweigh all the deeds that were not pleasing to God. I would redeem myself. I would repent, and ask God for forgiveness. I would enter the mission and utterly denounce its directors. The more I thought, the more hatred and contempt for them increased. I repeated to myself, they are "Meshumodim"; they are "Maumrim" (they changed their religion); they are "Poosheh Yisroailim" (sinners in Israel); they are responsible for all the anti-Semitism that exists in the world. They are the ones who implanted hate for the Jews among the nations. They want us Jews to betray our faith but the "Meshumodim" will never succeed. Only a degenerate will stoop to such a low level, and change his religion. Everyone has contempt for a deserter.

I became so angry and furious that I wanted to pick up a brick from the sidewalk and hurl it through the large plate glass window (Some of the sidewalks in the large eastern cities were paved with red bricks, yea, in many places they were loose). The window was covered with large heavy curtains, so that no one could look inside and see what was taking place.

Suddenly, notwithstanding that it was covered with a thick heavy curtain, I gathered courage and fortitude, feeling that I had nothing to lose, since this was to be my last day upon this earth anyway. Also, I would do something worthwhile which would stimulate and uphold the banner of the "Torah" (God's divine law, the Old Testament). Too, it would discourage the "Meshumodim" from pursuing such diabolical work.

It stopped raining. As I was ready to place my hand upon the door knob, fear again came into my heart and possessed me. It brought to mind what the doctors of the Talmud had said concerning anyone who enters a place where JESUS is worshiped as God: "When a man runs after another man to kill him, and when a man is pursued

by a poisonous serpent to bite him, he can enter into a house of a pagan, but under no circumstances shall he enter into a house of a Jewish Christian, because the Jewish Christian knew God, but denied Him, while the pagan does not know God, therefore denies Him." And too, "No sacrifice is accepted from a "Meshumod" (a baptized Jew) nor have they any respite from the eternal doom, in Gehinnom, the doors of gehennah are forever closed behind Meshumodim." (The Adversary, the Devil, Satan, is constantly on the spot. He fights for each individual life, lest he turn to JESUS and be saved! If the church would fight only half as hard and as zealously as Satan does, there would be a SPIRITUAL REVOLUTION.)

Unexpectedly the door opened before me and a man in his late sixties, neatly dressed, his head covered with silken hair, and with a smile on his smooth shaven face, looked at me with searching eyes as he began to pull up the heavy awning. Consciously or unconsciously, I said to that elderly man, "Let me help you pull up the heavy awning; or better still, I will do it myself." I did it and he thanked me very kindly for such a deed, in helping an old man, and asked me to come in if I wished. He expressed a great desire to meet and get acquainted with me. He already impressed me as a kind and gentle man. I accepted his invitation but as he went inside, I hesitated outside. This I thought to myself, "I will come in all right and tell you what I really think." I intended to say to him, "You are a missionary who bears testimony to the Messiahship of Christ among the Jewish people." I further thought to myself, "As I speak, I will put my indignation and embitterment on every word that I will say concerning JESUS, and the 'Meshumodim' who accepted Him as their Messiah."

At the outset, I shall begin by saying, "I acknowledge that I, as a Jew, have desecrated the Holy Sabbath, the dietary laws. I have not observed the services of God in the

synagogue. I have not even attended services the three times a year that most of the Jews who do not attend any other services attend. I have trodden under foot 'Rosh-Hashona' (New Year), 'Yom Kippur' (Day of Atonement). Yet I did not change the God of Israel and accept another God, a strange God." In my heart I felt that nothing he or anyone else could say, or would say, could nullify my faith in the "Torah Kakdosha" (the Holy Scriptures, Old Testament). I held him responsible for all the calamities that had befallen the Jews. "You 'Meshumodim' are responsible for the 'pogroms' inflicted upon innocent Jewish men, women and children; you and your kind are accountable for the heinous crimes committed again and again against your former co-religionists." Yes, I would say, "All the crimes and bloodshed were because of you and your kind. You claimed to have been in the 'Yeshivah' (Rabbinical College) and sat at the feet of pious and holy men, of eminent rabbis. Now your family, relatives and friends have rooted you out from their hearts and erased you from their memory, and cast you out as a leper. You sold your soul for a mess of pottage. I had seen with my own eyes what the Christian (every non-Jew is regarded by a Jew as a Christian) did to the Jews in Russia. The Jews have been driven from pillar to post for centuries, cursed, massacred and hunted like wild beasts." I wanted to remind him that the Jews pronounce the 12th of the "EIGHTEEN BLESSINGS" for the destruction of the BAPTIZED JEWS, THREE TIMES DAILY.

I wondered what induced him, who could have commanded a prominent position as a rabbi in the synagogue or a teacher in a rabbinical college, a pride and glory among Israel, to choose to tread such a dangerous path, despised, rejected and spit upon! Yet, something caused me to go in. As I came into that Hebrew mission, there was no one there except the aged man I had met at the door and for

whom I pulled up the awning. The furniture consisted of a large table, several chairs and a bookshelf which did not impress me very much.

A peculiar, indescribable feeling came over me as we shook hands and he extended me that traditional greeting among the Jewish people, "Sholom Alaichem" (Peace be with you). He said, "I noticed that your clothes are a little wet. Take off your coat and sit down awhile and get dry." He remarked rather humorously that if it had not been raining, I probably would not have taken shelter under his awning. "But you happened to want to be shielded from the rain and just as you were about to leave, I came out to pull up the awning. You desired to help an old man by offering to do a kind deed. Otherwise we probably would not have met each other." I answered, "It is a rather strange way to meet!" His approach and tender tone of voice softened my feeling toward him and I did not wish to say to him the things I had planned.

This man with whom I now felt somewhat acquainted, asked me what sort of a "landsman" (fellow-townsmen) I was, where I lived originally and in what section of the old country. I told him my name and where I was born. He said to me, "I thought you must have come from that part of Europe. I discerned that from the way you talk Yiddish." He remarked, "You see, I came from that part of the country forty-five years ago." He then inquired if I was ever in Slabodke where that famous "Slabodke Yeshivah" (Rabbinical College) was located. I told him that I had never been in that town, but that I knew all about that great seat of learning, as my teacher attended the same "Yeshivah." Rabbis of great eminence graduated from that "Yeshivah" and were holding rabbinates all over the world.

As soon as I mentioned the name of my teacher, his face lit up and he exclaimed with emotion. "He was my class-

mate and the sharpest Talmudic scholar in the school. He ranked first in Talmudic literature." "Slabodke Yeshivah" was the outstanding rabbinical college in the world in which to study the Talmud.

The Talmud (traditional Jewish Law) was not composed at one time, and is not the writing of one man, but was written by hundreds of Jewish scholars, who lived in various countries during a period of almost 1000 years. Writing of the Talmud began soon after the return of the Jews from Babylonian captivity, several hundred years before Christ. The Talmud consists of two general divisions: the "Mishnah," a commentary on the Old Testament, and the "Gemara," a kind of superstructure on the foundation of the "Mishnah" which contains countless laws, explanations, commentaries, maxims, witty sayings, and a great many other explainable and unexplainable sayings on anything and everything. The doctor of the Talmud compared the Talmud to a mighty ocean because of its vastness.

Strange as it may seem, the vicious, vindictive things which I held toward the director of this mission were one by one leaving my heart. But I still was bitter in regard to the violent persecution of the Jews. Before I had time to express myself, he beat me to the punch so to speak, and took the wind out of my sails by remarking, "With horror and indignation, I condemn the 'Pogroms' of the Jews, the brutality, torturing and murdering of innocent Jewish men, women and children. Such atrocities must be condemned, and I shall continue as a Christian to condemn these uncivilized acts." He further said, "I grant, unfortunately, many who called themselves Christians did not condemn those who have sanctioned, commanded and perpetrated the massacre of the Jews. They are not Christians, they are not imitating the pattern of Jesus. Jesus said, a true Christian must love even his enemies. I deplore anti-Semitism, and I as a humble follower of the meek and lowly

one, the Mo-chi-ach (Messiah), am doing all I can to help uproot this great evil. Love is, and must be, the controlling element of a Christian's every action."

Suddenly, he took out his big watch from his vest pocket and exclaimed, "It is six o'clock and the sun has already set. It is getting dark. We'd better go and get something to eat. I am very hungry and probably you are also. Come and be my guest at supper. I know a good restaurant where we can enjoy a wholesome meal and relax."

Those words, **THE SUN HAS ALREADY SET**, brought to my mind the covenant I had made with myself, that before the **SUN SETS**, I would carry out my desperate act. But now it was past. The contemplated covenant of self-destruction gave way that moment to a new covenant—**TO LIVE ON AND BE USEFUL, HELPFUL, TO BE A JOY TO GOD AND A BLESSING TO MY FELLOW MEN**. The new covenant, by the grace of God, I hoped to scrupulously keep till the end of my journey.

I said to the missionary, "Did we talk so long that the sun has already set?" He said, "Yes, and you did all the talking, which was interesting indeed. You must come back by all means." By our discussion (if it could be called a discussion) I was delayed and prevented from carrying out my plan. In reality, such likely saved my life and eventually saved my soul. It now appeared to be the plan of the Almighty King, the Providence of God. And I said, "You are right, we are both hungry." So we went into a restaurant. Before we began to eat, he bowed his head and gave thanks for the food, which I had not done for so long. Notwithstanding that I had been taught to say grace, even before I could talk clearly, I had almost forgotten how to pray. After the meal we talked and he told me to visit him again. Then he asked if I was working. I told him that I had worked in a pool hall, but quit and was not working now. He inquired if I would like to work in a food proc-

essing plant, as he could secure my employment there without any difficulty. I consented and was immediately employed. Although I had to work long hours, I did not mind because it was respectable work.

Several days later, I again visited him. He inquired if I liked my new work. I told him I was catching on and were it not for the rather long hours, I would like it. He asked if I would like to see "Les Miserables." He said he knew the titanic master of French romance, Victor Hugo, who wrote "Les Miserables." As a young man and student in Paris, France, he had met him and later read his works. I was impressed that my friend knew Victor Hugo, the greatest literary figure of France. I assured him I was flattered by the invitation to see such a fine entertaining picture.

I asked him if he would take his family. He replied, "I am not married." I told him that I had one opinion as to why he changed his religion. He had fallen in love with a pretty non-Jewish girl and she would not marry him until he changed his religion. He smiled, and immediately changed the subject, saying he did not get me the job in the food processing plant in order that I might come to the Hebrew mission, but because he did not want me to work in a pool hall, even if he never saw me again. At first I was a little suspicious, but soon found out that he had my welfare at heart. Our acquaintance ripened into true friendship.

One summer, Friday evening, the missionary told me that he was going to speak to the Jews in Yiddish in the Jewish section. He asked if I would like to come. He explained he did not expect many Jews to listen but the few who did would probably ask questions. I told him I would, but might leave if he was ridiculed or attacked. I hoped that for his sake everything would go well.

We arrived at a certain street corner. About a dozen

Jews assembled. He had not been speaking more than three or four minutes when suddenly, without any provocation, a middle aged Jewish woman threw a board from an upstairs window which hit him in the face and immediately caused his nose to bleed. Standing on the sidewalk, I picked up a brick and was ready to throw it at the woman. The missionary, with one hand holding a handkerchief over his nose trying to stop the bleeding, reached out his other hand to stay my hand from throwing the brick, and told me under no circumstance should I throw it. He cried, "Throw it down, I would not think of having her arrested, as she did it ignorantly." I thought that was going too far and the woman should be arrested and prosecuted. I remember his remarks: "What would HE do, after whose glorious name I am called CHRISTIAN? Do you think for one moment that the SUFFERING SERVANT OF JEHOVAH, of whom the prophet Isaiah speaks, and who was led as a lamb to the slaughter, would do that? In his humiliation he opened not his mouth but humbled himself, and became obedient unto death, yea, even the death of the cross, to die for your sins and mine. On the cross he said, 'Father forgive them.' He did not only himself forgive, but he also asked the Father to forgive them. It cannot be right in the sight of the Lord for a Christian who speaks in the Messiah's name to have one arrested. NO! NO! NO! Perhaps it is a misunderstanding rather than murder that prompted that Jewess to do me violence. I am no better than my blessed Lord who was made a target of scorn, ridicule, abuse and finally was put to death." He said that he had learned 40 years ago that the Messiah has already come and that his name is JESUS.

The incident of the missionary had a telling effect upon me. I found it difficult to erase from my memory the things I had seen and heard! I continued to work at the

food processing plant, and came occasionally to the Hebrew mission.

One day he told me something that crushed my heart and ground it to dust. He said that when the news reached his mother that he had been BAPTIZED in the Seine River in Paris, France, she immediately left her home to go to Paris. However, she never reached her destination. Because of terrible grief and sorrow, she had a heart attack and died on the train. Like any other pious mother among the Jews (in those days especially) who had a son attending a "Yeshivah," she hoped, prayed, wished and longed to see her son become a leader among the Jewish people. No greater aspiration can be desired by a Jewish mother. But what grieved him most was that she died without the joy of salvation and the hope of eternal life.

I said, "Then in reality, your act of being baptized killed your beloved mother. Hence you are responsible for her death." He replied that Jesus himself, not through an angel, not through a prophet, not through his disciples, proclaimed, "He that loveth father and mother more than me, is not worthy of me." That he, as a Jew, joyfully submitted to baptism was full proof that he had the faith and fortitude to follow his Master all the way. He said to me, "Should you ever yield and accept Jesus as the Mo-chi-ach (Messiah), you will be BAPTIZED IN GLAD SUBMISSION, regardless of the consequences to yourself or to others."

I said, "God forbid that I should go through such a severe test. I better not even think of it, as such could NEVER happen to me." Notwithstanding that I had acquired great respect for that old sage, admired him for his honesty and his integrity, and was convinced he was not looking for fame or fortune, nevertheless, I felt I could NEVER SUBMIT TO BAPTISM. Nothing, no nothing could lure me to take that fatal step. The mere mention of that word

BAPTISM filled me with horror, rage and contempt. It shook my foundation. No other act or word but BAPTISM can account for such tremendous curses being pronounced by one Jew on another. Every BAPTIZED Jew is faced with the accusation that he is mentally irresponsible for the step he has taken, or that he has a degenerate mind.

On my every visit to the Hebrew mission, the missionary quoted from the Scriptures proving that Jesus is the Christ of God, and I admit it was powerful and persuading. Yet, these did not have as much weight and influence upon me as the remarkable incidents that we have already mentioned. Although I was exposed to this teaching for some months and finally told the missionary I believed his teaching, I felt I could never make the sacrifice of giving up my religion. I did not want to be guilty of bringing the curse of God upon myself and disgrace upon my family. I did not want to murder my mother as the missionary had (my father was dead). The treacherous act of being BAPTIZED WOULD MOST CERTAINLY KILL my mother, and of that I would never want to be guilty. My patience was tested to the utmost. Frankly, I must confess I hated to quit my job in that food processing plant and leave town, but there seemed no other alternative, except to sever our relationship to avoid any further sight and influence of a man who proclaimed such destructive philosophy for me or for other Jews—BE BAPTIZED.

I was deeply saddened to think that our wonderful friendship should come to an end. However, I expressed my gratitude for his patience and kindness. As a man, his action had been so different from what one would have expected. He answered, "Before I became a Christian, a BAPTIZED believer in JESUS, as the Mo-chi-ach (Messiah), I would not have acted thus. But taking HIM into your heart changes one completely." I left town, but many thoughts and questionings kept pursuing me!

CHAPTER VII

PASSING THE ACID TEST

After some time, I arrived in Denver and tried harder than ever to settle down. By now I had picked up the English language and could speak it fairly well but read with great difficulty. I secured employment in a Jewish bakery which also handled dietary products, such as milk, cheese, cream, etc. The Jewish proprietor was Orthodox and closed his bakery during the whole week of the Passover. He placed a sign in the window notifying the public that it was a Jewish holiday, the Passover, and his bakery would be closed during that period of eight days, primarily for quite a few non-Jewish customers.

Among the non-Jewish customers was a certain man who often came at night. My work was in the evening, and sometimes I assisted in waiting on customers. This gentleman came in and I waited on him. He said, "I see where you are going to celebrate the Passover and eat 'MATZO' (unleavened bread)." He said the word "Matzo" with such perfect pronunciation that it amazed me, as I assumed that he was a non-Jew. To my further astonishment, he said that he could read Hebrew, as he studied the Biblical language while in college. He told me that not far from the bakery, on the corner of the next block, was located a church building and he was the minister of the congregation. "I am sure you have passed it many times when you went downtown."

I replied, "I know quite well where the church is, and have passed by a number of times." He warmly invited me to visit his study at any time. It would be a pleasure for him to talk to someone in Hebrew. Also, he wanted

to show me several Hebrew books. I told him I would not work during Passover week, and would be happy to visit his office.

Instead of going to the synagogue to say "Yiskor" (memorial for the departed soul of my father), I went to see this man who said he was a preacher. As I approached the church, I noticed several people coming out of the preacher's study and thought perhaps he was busy. But I was certain that he was not observing the Jewish Passover holiday by conducting services. He noticed me as he was bidding a young couple best wishes, and asked me to come right into his study. He had just united a couple in marriage. He asked if I was married and I replied "No."

As I walked in, he requested that I be seated in the chair where he had been sitting. I declined, but he insisted that I comply with his wish. After looking around, I complimented him in respect to his huge library, and for several books in Hebrew. He told me that he acquired those books over a period of many years. He remarked that the more he read and studied the more he found out how little he knew. He showed me the Old Testament in the Hebrew which he used in college; also the "Brith-Hachadosho" (New Testament) in the Hebrew.

I told him that I knew quite well the "Brith-Hachadosho" and had studied it considerably. Also, I was deeply impressed by the Sermon on the Mount. It would be heaven on earth if it were carried out only in a measure. I was also profoundly impressed when I read of the crucifixion of Jesus. I thought it was terrible. What impressed me most was that in the midst of the insult and savage cries of the multitude, Jesus manifested no hatred, bitterness or revenge. On the contrary, he not only forgave them himself, but also asked the Father to forgive. I told him frankly that the demarcation line was BAPTISM. Baptism is an almost insurmountable obstacle to a Jew in ac-

cepting JESUS as the Mo-chi-ach (Messiah) for BAPTISM cuts him off effectively from the Jews. Were it not for baptism, I would have embraced Christianity. That fatal step (baptism) taken by a Jew is not easily forgotten. The family will mourn for him as if he were dead. Pious Jews will "sit-Shivah" for them, removing their shoes, putting on a foot covering made of some material other than leather, as is the Orthodox Jewish custom when a member of the family dies. They sit for seven days on the floor, boxes, or remove the cushions from their furniture to mourn their loss. These weeks of intensive mourning are called "sitting-Shivah."

When a Jew is BAPTIZED, he becomes a renegade, traitor, an outcast, and is depicted in the darkest colors as a mortal enemy to his former co-religionists. The whole horizon of Jewish thought is filled with utter contempt for a baptized Jew. Baptism to a Jew symbolizes the very essence of Christianity. Truth, knowledge, justice, principle, etc., are dissolved and smothered by hate at the mere mention of "SCHMAD" (BAPTISM). Frankly and candidly, I told my new friend that I could not bring myself to the point where I as a Jew could submit to baptism. He readily admitted he knew it was hard for a Jew to obey the Lord, but he had no idea what it really meant for one to accept JESUS as the Christ, and be buried with him in BAPTISM, until I had explained it.

From the first meeting, our acquaintance turned into real warm friendship. He invited me to his home many times, where his gracious wife and charming daughters gave me wonderful reception. Whenever I came, they insisted I stay for lunch, or supper. His wife, besides being a wonderful hostess, was an excellent cook. Above all they were a devoted Christian family. His genuine friendship was abundantly confirmed in various ways.

In our further discussions, I told him that I had heard

of several religious organizations, and all said they were Christians, yet each one was in sharp contrast with the others. One religion thought that it was imperative to study the "Catechism." Another religious sect stressed the necessity of having an "experience." Still another taught that we must keep the "Sabbath" (Saturday). I could not see how so many different patterns could all possibly be right. Instead of satisfaction, this caused me consternation and confusion and left me in a state of bewilderment.

The preacher, Brother C. A. McDonald, who proved to be a great lover of Israel, said to me, "Mr. Eckstein, I am identified with the people called 'The Church of Christ' because of their name and their claim to take the Bible alone as their only rule of faith and practice. I regard all BAPTIZED believers (Mark 16:15-16) as members of the same body and there should be 'no division among them.' The New Testament provides everything we need as to leadership, government, method of work, worship and edification. Human names and creeds are repugnant to God. I deplore divisions, strife, splits, sects which have weakened the church and become the greatest curse in Christendom. The damaging effect is sending countless souls to perdition.

"BAPTISM is essential to salvation; it is no human aspiration but divine revelation and declaration. It was commanded by JESUS in the scriptures. It is the inviolable Word of God. No one can modify or move its position by a hairsbreadth; neither amend nor revise; it cannot be softened or toned down." He emphatically stated to me, "After careful study and prudent investigation of the scriptures, you will see that you must be BAPTIZED FOR THE REMISSION OF YOUR SINS. We must be loyal to God's Word, obedient to his Son, and manifest faith and courage in the face of sneers, jeers, opposition and contempt. By

his help we become capable of rising above the difficult conditions that human imagination can conceive."

"As an ambassador of Christ, I must tell the message of his love unflinchingly and uncompromisingly, trying to enlighten souls to the fact that unless they are 'TWICE BORN' they cannot hope for eternal life." In our conversation he clung tightly to the subject of what the scriptures teach concerning the new birth, trying to impress upon me the duty of everyone to seek the truth. That is exactly what I was, a truth seeker. But things began crowding me. It came into my mind, "You hope to see your beloved mother. Don't you? You love your dear mother. Don't you? Jehovah says, to 'honor your father and mother.' That commandment is so important that there is a legacy attached to it, 'that thy days may be long.' How can you ever face her?" I could almost hear her say, "My son, have pity on me, I that gave you birth and nourished you. I kindled the fire of the Jewish spirit in your young heart, and now you are tearing my heart out and throwing it to the dogs. Your pious father, 'olev Hasholem' (upon him be peace—added after mentioning the name of the deceased person), would not rest in his grave." I could envision the expression of grief, extreme sorrow and agony on her face, knowing I would bring into our humble but holy home, sorrow, gloom and sadness to reign, until our Creator would take me to the eternal world. These thoughts and many more revolved in my mind and I realized the tremendous importance of that solemn and sacred rite, BAPTISM. It is the breaking of affiliation between son and parents, bringing humiliation, sorrow, yea, even possibly causing their death.

Before I submitted myself to obey the Lord in BAPTISM, the resistance and the hostility toward baptism not only filled my heart, but was overflowing. I grapple for words to express the indignation. Isaiah prophesied that when

the Mo-chi-ach (Messiah) came, he would be "despised and rejected of men." As I kept on studying the scriptures, I was struck with what a perfect sense of order, clarity and compelling force JESUS spoke to Nicodemus, a man of great learning, wealth and influence; one of the leading men in the Jewish nation at that time, that he "MUST BE BORN AGAIN." Jesus also said, "I AM THE WAY, THE TRUTH AND THE LIFE. No man cometh unto the Father but by me" (John 14:6).

Peter on the day of Pentecost pleaded with his former co-religionists to repent of their dead works (of the law, and traditions of men) toward God and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, placing themselves in the Lord's will, under the yoke of his law, and "BE BAPTIZED FOR THE REMISSION OF THEIR SINS."

Unquestionably one of the most important verses in the Bible (Jews generally avoid using the expression "Old Testament" as it implies the recognition of a later divine message, the New Testament) is found in Deut. 6:4, "HEAR, O ISRAEL: THE LORD OUR GOD IS ONE LORD." When a Jew is in mortal danger, he will cry out that verse.

I was told that during the first World War, when the Americans made an attack on the German lines, sometimes a cry was heard in the Hebrew tongue of the above verse, and thereby perhaps, he was saved from death. That verse is also said several times daily in their prayers. So you can see the insight and the true meaning that verse holds to a Jew. Yes, the importance and great significance are tremendous!

Yet, when I thought of that verse, Jesus immediately came into my mind, and I could see him hanging on the cross dying in agony. Also, I could hear him say, "It is hard for thee to kick against the pricks." Also the words that were spoken to that eminent thornbearer, the apostle

Paul, "Why tarriest thou, arise, and be baptized, and wash away thy sins calling on the name of the Lord.

I said to myself, "I cannot stand it any longer, I simply **MUST** obey the Lord in **BAPTISM**, regardless of the consequences to myself or to others. Jesus said, 'He that loveth father and mother more than me is not worthy of me.' I must arise, and be **BAPTIZED**."

I made my decision right then and there, I was not going to tarry any longer. Yes, I must follow **JESUS**, the **Mo-chi-ach** (Messiah) in **BAPTISM**. My sins and lost condition were manifest in **HIS CROSS**, and through His death upon that **CROSS**, my redemption was obtained, assuring me of eternal life. A sudden glory passed through my soul, and instead of hatred—love; instead of bondage—freedom; instead of death—life, salvation, resurrection and heavenly treasure. I could not sleep that night, and could hardly wait till morning. Yes, I waited joyfully for that momentous moment, to be buried with my Lord in **BAPTISM**.

I phoned Brother C. A. McDonald and told him of my decision. He exclaimed, "Praise the Lord!" As I prepared to be **BAPTIZED**, I said, "Is there anyone (as there were several that had gathered) who happens to have a match, or toothpick, or a pointed little piece of wood?" He and the others were amazed, and the preacher said in his astonishment, that although he had no match, toothpick, or thin pointed piece of wood, he would get it for me. But what did I want with such a thing at this very moment before being **BAPTIZED**? He was perplexed, and so were the others. I felt solemnly serious, and replied, "You all know that I work in a bakery and dough gets under my fingernails. I do not want anything to be between me and the water as I want to have a **FULL IMMERSION**, that my whole body should be touched by water when I am buried with my Lord in **BAPTISM**." To me that was not a minor

matter. Tearfully, they all concurred with me and someone brought a pointed piece of wood since all understood my feeling.

The great day was April 9, 1920. After I confessed the sweetest name of Jesus and arose from the liquid grave, my soul was overwhelmed with joy and gladness; old things seemed passed away, and new things were before me! I heard a word exclaimed that thrilled my soul, that I did not hear during our nearly three months of study and friendship. That one word, "BROTHER" Eckstein. Previously, Brother McDonald always addressed me Mr. Eckstein. Oh, how sweet and precious! One asked me to say a few words. I said, I could only express with the words of the poet: when the earth would be turned into paper, and every drop of water would be turned into ink, and every human being becoming a writer, they could not begin to write of the great blessing, joy, hope and peace that came into my heart! Glory be to his Name! Matchless is his power! Marvelous is his grace!

I arose from the liquid grave to walk in newness of life where the saints are at peace and where God in holiness gets glory. However, as a former Jew, I connected BAPTISM with horror and fear beyond human explanation. Fantastic allegories had been inculcated and ingrained into my mind from early childhood. Hence, legions of legends had been formed concerning "SCHMAD" (BAPTISM). Therefore, I thought something mysterious would happen to me. For example I might find some mark on my forehead, such as a CROSS, or my color may have changed to purple. Therefore, I asked Brother McDonald if he had a looking glass. Again, he became more bewildered, puzzled and nonplussed than when I asked for a toothpick, or a small piece of pointed wood just before my BAPTISM. Now I asked him for a mirror? He told me there was a mirror at the entrance of his study, only a few feet from the entrance to

the baptistry. Like a little child, I walked at a very slow pace, nervously as my heart was thumping. I finally came to the door where the mirror was hung. Gradually, I came nearer and nearer, and then with one grand kind of a swing, I came into full view of the mirror. Suddenly, I saw myself in the looking glass. The same old familiar face, nothing had changed, nothing had happened. Then with a broad smile and a deep sigh of relief, I exclaimed, "Nothing has happened to Brother Eckstein." Truly joy and gladness filled my soul. That incident did not necessarily mean that my faith had lessened or dimmed, but on the contrary it had been strengthened (II Cor. 5:17). Truly, superstitions, ignorance, fear of foolish mysteries had completely disappeared. All became new. His name be praised. Then Brother McDonald and all the rest realized why I asked for a mirror and again blessed tears were shed for the grace of God which was manifested toward us. I could not have hoped to be delivered by my own strength, but the Lord delivered me! Glory be to His name. Matchless is His power. Marvelous is His grace. Arise and walk in liberty! Bless God!

After the heart veil was lifted, my heart was so much inflamed, like the apostle Paul, my Jewish Christian brother, I wanted to tell my brethren of the gospel of Christ. If the type was precious because it prefigured the anti-type, how precious was He of whom the many types were appointed interpretations. The Lord Jesus is altogether lovely before the Father, and those redeemed by His blood should be so grateful for the joy that God the Father has in their salvation. God the Father is well pleased with His beloved Son, and well pleased with all in Him.

CHAPTER VIII

WITNESSING FOR THE MESSIAH

When you have something good and valuable, you want to share it with others. So the first thing that came into my heart and mind was to go to the synagogue where the bulk of Jews were gathered, but that was impossible. Immediately, I would be arrested for disturbing religious worship as it is guaranteed in the Constitution that everyone can worship according to the dictates of his conscience without being molested. The idea then came to me to go out on the street in the Jewish neighborhood where I could bear testimony among the Jewish people. So several months later, I did just that. I went out and spoke in Yiddish, on the streets.

The second time I was bearing witness for my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ among my brethren, I noticed a Jewish storekeeper talking to a policeman and pointing toward me. What he was telling the police officer, I did not know. Within minutes the officer came up to me and asked in a rather nice way if I had a permit to speak on the streets. I replied "No." He explained that I must secure a permit from the Police Department. He said, "I could not understand what you were saying and was told that you are a Bolshevik." He politely cautioned me that the next time he saw me speaking on the streets within his beat without a permit, he would take me up to the City Hall where the police station was located.

I told him that I was not a Bolshevik, but a Jew who was converted to Christianity, "I am only trying to tell the people that JESUS is the Messiah and that he desires that everyone should confess Him and be Baptized." But

in view of the fact that it was a city ordinance for one speaking on the street to have a permit, I would try to comply and secure one so that it would not be necessary for him to take me to the police station. The very next day, I went to the City Hall and secured a permit. That permit which gave me the right and privilege to speak on the street, I prize very highly. During these many years, I have kept it.

One week later when I was out speaking on the street, the officer came up to me. A Jewish store keeper was watching and following every move the officer made. Instead of asking for a permit, he asked if I was annoyed or molested very much. I was ready to show him my permit, when he said, "I know you secured a permit and are not a Bolshevik." However, several times it was pretty rough. I was spit upon, cursed, and countless times I was called "MESHUMOD" (annihilated by Christian baptism). One time, a Jew grabbed my collar and tore it off as I tried to get out of his clutch.

The most fantastic thing hatched was when a Jew told me that I would be sent back to Russia. I told a good friend of mine, a lawyer, a member of that congregation where I was baptized. He said, "Don't worry, no one can send you back to Russia just because you have accepted JESUS as the Mo-chi-ach (Messiah). He is trying to intimidate and frighten you. The United States is a free country. As long as you are a law abiding citizen there is nothing to worry about. The Jewish man who told you that is only trying to scare you so you might leave town. He knows better than that, I am sure."

At that time, I was not an American citizen (of course in my heart I was perhaps a more devoted and loyal patriot than some who are born here). But I did not have final citizenship papers. That made me a little uneasy. But my brother in Christ, the lawyer, alleviated my fear.

These incidents did not discourage me, but instead, made me the more anxious to present JESUS AS THE CHRIST OF GOD and with more power, zest and zeal than before. With grief, I noticed that many non-Jews take that divine ordinance, BAPTISM, very lightly or eliminate it entirely.

A saloon was located on each corner of the street intersection where I was permitted to speak. Practically all the stores in the vicinity were owned by Jews. The saloon on one corner was housed in a world famous hotel. I was told the hotel rooms were occupied by many celebrities of the world who visited Denver. The bar floor was covered with silver dollars, so I was told by old timers. Statesmen, actors, actresses, gamblers, wealthy mining prospectors and others won and lost hundreds of thousands of dollars there; truly the Devil reigned in the "Gay Nineties" and "Roaring Twenties." Strangely, here was I, one born and raised in an Orthodox Jewish home in Russia, standing in such a location lifting up the crucified Messenger of Calvary before my former co-religionists! It was so fantastic, but a fact nevertheless!

Once while speaking on a Sabbath (Saturday), many of the Jewish stores were open. Several Jews came from a store and with slurring remarks called me "Poshe Yisroeil" (one who has fallen away from Israel, or a sinner in Israel) and other non-respectable names. Ignoring their slurring by attributing it to their misunderstanding, I exclaimed, "Jews! Suppose the newspapers would come out in their morning editions with big, black headlines on the front page, 'Thousands of Jews were killed yesterday in our city!' That would be fantastic because it could not happen! Yet, that is exactly what would have happened according to your holy scriptures if God would have carried out His divine ordinances." And I read from the Hebrew scripture in the holy tongue, Hebrew: "While the people of Israel were in the wilderness, they found a man gathering sticks

on the Sabbath day. And those who found him gathering sticks brought him to Moses and Aaron, and to all the congregation. They put him in custody, because it hath not been made plain what should be done to him. And the Lord said to Moses. The man shall be put to death! All the congregation shall stone him with stones outside the camp. And all the congregation brought him outside the camp, and stoned him to death with stones as the Lord commanded Moses" (Numbers 15:32-36).

A disagreement arose among the few Jews who gathered and were standing on the sidewalk. One particular Jew who manifested contempt for me agreed that I was one hundred per cent correct in my assertion as many Jews (he called them by name) could close their stores on the Sabbath day without any difficulty or hardship whatsoever. They were financially well fixed, and had no excuse for keeping their stores open, and thus desecrating the holy rest day. There were some who had a lease over their head, and were compelled to remain open on the Sabbath day. If not for the Saturday trade, they could not stay in business. By his remarks, I discerned a more favorable disposition was being manifested toward me.

Considering that the mere mention of the name of JESUS was considered a great crime, I was very much encouraged by their even listening. Although some walked away after a little while, a few remained. I was talking to intelligent Israelites, yet I knew that they knew nothing of Christianity or the Christ whom I was now trying to follow.

It is to be regretted that the Jewish people are not much acquainted with the Old Testament although on the Sabbath day a considerable part of the old law book is read in the synagogues. What was true then is even more so today. Unfortunately, even this is given little weight. A Rabbinical commentary, which in their mind occupies the same position as the word of the sacred scriptures them-

selves, is studied with it. They put in far more time studying the traditions, the doctrines, dogmas, and the maxims of men, than the word of God! Therefore, it is quite a problem for the missionary to the Jews to be in a position to remove the Rabbinical fences.

We must in an intelligent manner, work to remove the rubbish of human doctrines so that a true impression may be made, leading them to investigate the Messianic claims of Jesus. I realize that they (my brethren, in the flesh) too can surmount the inherited and acquired misunderstanding concerning JESUS and His gospel. Since I accepted Jesus as my Messiah, I have endeavored to tell the Jewish people that JESUS took the sin of men upon Himself, offered Himself as an expiatory sacrifice and is Redeemer of Israel and all men.

Though often insulted and persecuted, I have learned that as a blood bought Christian, I must return good for evil. By the manner of life of the Jewish convert, other Jews will become impressed, and make an unbiased study of the "Tenach" (Old Testament Scriptures) which contains the prophecy about the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ. They will then rejoice in the fact that JESUS is, and ever will be, the Savior of all that trust and obey His blessed teaching and follow His glorious life.

Some days later while out speaking on the same street corner, I noticed a Jew in his late thirties whom I recognized as having been present before. He was pale faced and had a sad look in his eyes; but what attracted me most was that he stood a head taller than the other few Jews (I never had a large group). After the others left, I noticed that he remained. I went up to him and introduced myself by extending "Sholom Alaichem" (Peace be unto you). He said, "You speak excellent Yiddish and your pronunciation is very good." I thanked him for the compliment!

Then he asked me to take a walk, as he did not want to

go alone in the neighborhood. He did not have one good word to say about his co-religionists but on the contrary, had plenty to say in the negative because their deeds contradicted their creed. As we walked and talked, he told me that he was from the East, and that he came out West because he was afflicted with tuberculosis. He was a clock operator, but somehow contracted the terrible disease of consumption. He was breathing with difficulty, evidently suffering considerably. He told me that he was born in Rumania where in his youth he attended a "Yeshivah" (Rabbinical College) and was well versed in Talmudic lore. As we walked, we came into a residential district. We passed two Jewish women talking in Yiddish in front of a grocery store. As soon as they saw us, one quickly dashed into the store, and immediately returned with two other Jews. They looked and pointed at us as if we were wild animals. I heard one woman say with a "Krehtz" (sigh), "Oot gaith ther-langer. Mishtome is shoun noch a lunger geshtorben" (Here goes the tall man. Evidently another tuberculosis one must have died). My acquaintance noticed a bewildered look upon my face, as he realized that these remarks of the Jewish women must have puzzled me. Notwithstanding my amazement, I did notice that these remarks by the Jews were utterly disgusting to him. It was disgusting to me too that we could not walk on the public streets without being ridiculed.

Then he said, "I will tell you my story, Mr. Eckstein. I was in a measure in bondage to the Jewish community here, because I was financially cramped in spite of what my half sister in the East sends me and I did not have enough to meet my obligations. So whenever there was a death, as a rule, I was called upon to sit with the dead person during the night." (They generally have two men to watch, sitting through the night with a corpse. According to the Jewish traditions, a dead person is not permitted to be left

alone without someone watching, for fear that a mouse, cat, or some other creature may jump upon that body or chew upon a limb, etc., thereby desecrating the dead.) He remarked, "I was paid for sitting through the night, but 'As is ein ooch un vaih zu aza parnosah' (Woe, woe, to such a livelihood). I am well known here. Therefore, when Jews see me walking on a residential street, they naturally assume that I am on my way to a home where a death has occurred. Otherwise, I would not be walking in this residential district." He said that it was not the first time he had heard such remarks and had even been stopped and asked who had died. Once when on the way to take a shower in the public bath house, he had been questioned. I warned him that should he decide to resume watching the dead again, the Jewish people might reject him because he had walked and talked with a "Meshumod" (a BAPTIZED Jew). He said, "I never intend to do that again. I don't care what they think. I consider you a better Jew than the ones with whom I have had dealings. I hope that our acquaintance will ripen into warm friendship."

Denver had a large influx of Jews from all over the country because of its healthful climate. Some whole families moved there because one of their members was afflicted with tuberculosis. Hence, the death rate among them was rather high, but only when one died in the afternoon was someone called to watch over them and to sit through the night. When an Orthodox Jew dies early in the morning, according to the Jewish custom, or tradition, he is buried on the same day. Jews are not permitted to keep the body until the next day. Therefore, no one is hired to sit through the night. The custom to bury the dead person on the same day he died, is based upon a passage of scripture found in Deuteronomy 21:23, "His body shall not remain all night . . . but thou shalt in any wise bury him that day." From that phrase they interpret that the dead must be

buried on the same day on which they have died. Orthodox Jews will not violate this teaching. I remember very well that my grandfather died in the morning and was buried in the afternoon of the same day. However, there are exceptions when it is permissible to delay it until the next day. For example if there was doubt that the person was really dead, it might take a day until a doctor ascertained for sure. It would be horrible to bury a live person. Of course it would be possible to make a mistake.

I explained to my new acquaintance that the Jewish religion has no comfort to offer. The renowned Jewish scholar (Rabbi Johannan Ben Zakkai) founder of the school of Jabneh (some claim that he was head of the Sanhedrin) is represented as weeping just before his death because he did not know whether he was to be led in the way of "Gad-Eden" (Paradise of Delight) or the way of "Gehinnom" (Pit of torment). I asked him if a man of whom it was said when he died that "The glory of wisdom departed" had doubt as to his destiny, how much more should this apply to the average Jew and to his fate? I told him we "all have sinned." Sin separated man from God, and its evil effect can be removed only by the power of the blood of the Mochi-ach (Messiah). The Jew must acquire "a new spirit and a new heart" before he can approach God. Jesus, the sin bearer, and burden bearer's death on the CROSS, has put away our transgressions and loosed the bonds which held us under the death sentence. He listened with marked attention, and I told him that I was glad that I had the opportunity of conversing with him.

Since it was summer, I made an appointment with my Jewish friend to meet again in the City Park. It was a very beautiful place with lovely flowers, fountains, etc. It was a quiet place where one could rest, relax, and meditate. At the designated hour, I saw my Jewish friend coming with his Hebrew Old Testament held under his arm. I

greeted him with a "Sholom Alaichem." He told me that he was a little tired and that he had coughed considerably during the night, but that he was not too tired to talk with me about spiritual matters. For an Orthodox Jew who zealously and faithfully clung to and endeavored to observe the traditions of his fathers to express such an attitude, really caused my heart to be on fire. My Jewish friend might realize that no matter how interesting and fascinating the traditions of the elders might be, without Christ, the Mo-chi-ach (Messiah) he is lost. As he began to talk with me, he manifested an amicable disposition and showed much confidence and interest.

He told me that he noticed when I spoke on the street and was rebuked with rude language and sneers several times, I kept on speaking. In the United States, the Jews who do not want to hear have the privilege of passing on but have no right whatsoever to abuse you. I explained that the police officer was on his beat and would protect me since I had a permit to speak without being molested. He said further, "If you don't want to do that, you could have had some prominent Gentile Christians with you and they would prevent the Jews from attacking you." But since I did neither, it proved to him I had not taken Christianity because it was an easy way, but because I felt it was the only right way.

In humility of spirit, I told my Jewish friend that what he said in behalf of me should be the rule of every follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. I remarked, what would a Jew think who heard the love, power and protection of Christ exalted and magnified, and then saw a police officer with a gun and club standing by me as a sentinel? It would be a farce! A burlesque! Suppose I would ask my Gentile Christian friends of prominence to accompany me, as I call upon an Orthodox Jew who is the President of a big department store! Of course under such circumstances, I

would be protected and could report I had a wonderful reception and was asked to come again. But I would be deceiving the Gentiles and receive only ridicule from the Jews. The Jew knew full well that I would not dare come by myself without prominent Gentile Christians accompanying me because I would have been kicked down the stairs in hatred. I would be using the Gentile Christians as a refuge. Many Gentiles are deceived by the attitude of a Jew under such circumstances. To resort to such procedure would be hypocrisy; to report accomplishment when I accomplished nothing would be making merchandise of calling on a prominent Jew. This is not told to denote degenerate nature in the Jews, but is prompted by their religious belief, even as in Saul of Tarsus that persecuting Christians, although ignorantly, is doing God honor. Erroneous impressions and claims only hurt the cause of Christ now and in that GREAT DAY will bring His rebuking words, "Depart from me." What terrible words! What a dreadful separation!

He said to me, "I, as a Jew, know what you just said is one hundred percent right, and I admire you that much more for your courage and conviction." We spent several hours together in the park. It was a great delight as his illuminating rays shed upon the prophecies and fulfillment concerning HIM who is "THE LAMB OF GOD WHO TAKETH AWAY THE SIN OF THE WORLD." One night, I invited my Jewish truth seeker friend to come to the church where I was to speak. To my amazement, he came into the building and sat down right on the front row. When I saw him, my heart rejoiced greatly for HIS goodness, loving kindness and longsuffering manifested toward all of us. The Jew listened very intently!

After four months of personal work and intensive study, Ezekiel Herkowitz obeyed the gospel, and was buried with his Lord in BAPTISM in the same congregation where I was BAPTIZED. As he came out of the water, his counte-

nance fairly beamed with joy and gratitude. I can assure you dear reader that I experienced a joy which can be fully felt only by one who has come out of Judaism into Christianity, out of extreme bondage into the glorious light and liberty of the Lord Jesus Christ. Then too, I saw visible fruit of my efforts to lift up the crucified Messenger of Calvary before my brethren in the flesh. What a privilege, what a glorious goal to strive for, to some day lay many trophies at His blessed feet!

The object of missionary work is the winning of souls for Christ. While I was out bearing the good news to my brethren after the flesh, I experienced again and again things that would appear to a non-Jew incomprehensible, unintelligible and of no consequence. Only a Jewish missionary can fully understand these problems. Only a Jewish Christian realizes what a Jew leaves when he becomes a Christian.

He must always keep in mind the place, the time and the occasion that are involved. For example: I came near a store and saw a Jew standing in front of the entrance to his store and heard him talking with a fellow co-religionist in Yiddish. I noticed that the lapel on the coat was rent, and had been LOOSELY stitched together. (At the death of a parent the children "risen-kreoh" (rent their garment). After seven days they stitch together rather loosely that tear, generally in the lapel of the coat and vest. However, after "sheloshim" (thirty days of mourning) they properly mend it together. That peculiar identification sign is the outward expression of grief and sorrow. It also revealed that the "sheloshim" is not over, or the Jew would have properly mended the tear in his coat lapel.) Of course I immediately realized that there had been a death in his immediate family and that he must be a religious man because he observed the rite.

To approach him at a time like this with regard to JESUS

as the "Mo-chi-ach" (Messiah) would only provoke and arouse an intense hate which is characteristic among the Jews toward Christ at any time. But on such an occasion as this, a thousand times more, if he could be approached at all, he knows too well, that I as a Jew know better (or should know). If I do not know that, I am a pretty sorry Jew even for a peddler. (A JEW WILL ALSO REND HIS GARMENT AT HIS SON'S BAPTISM.) These things must be taken into consideration and cannot be brushed off lightly or put aside, even though to a non-Jew they might be no problem at all.

For centuries the traditions, doctrines, commentaries, commandments of men have been observed as if they were the voice of God. These dogmas and dictums have been uncontroverted and unassailed. At a matter of fact, they have assumed a character as comparable to the inspired word of God. With fanatical passion and zeal, Jewry is trying to conform to them. But of course it is impossible.

Seeking an opportune time and place to witness for my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, I went to the very heart of the Jewish community. Some Jews lived in the rear of their stores. I caught a glimpse through an open door that revealed volumes of information to me. What I saw, I am sure, to a non-Jew would have been insignificant. They would not have given it a second thought, perhaps not even noticed it. But to me, it was of profound importance. Here is what I really saw in that glimpse: A few pounds of meat on a wooden board that was supported by a brick, 2" by 4", so that the board was at a slant. Such revealed what kind of a Jewish family they were and what method must be used to approach them.

I immediately realized that I was in a strict Orthodox Jewish place. All were pious Jews and were observing "kashrushi" (strictly conforming to the Jewish dietary laws). The meat from the animal was slaughtered by a

“schochet” (a Jew who has prepared himself to slaughter animals in Jewish religious rituals). First the meat was washed. Then it was placed in water for half an hour. Then the meat was placed on a board and salted. The salt must remain one hour so that it will soak in and draw the blood from the meat. Under no circumstance is a Jew permitted to eat blood. Before making use of the flesh of a slaughtered animal, he must carefully extract the blood, for the use of the blood, even the very sight of it, has a hardening, cruel effect. The sight of blood is more abhorrent than wine.

Having received the clue to their philosophy of life. I knew how to approach them. Yes, it told me in no uncertain terms that they were devoting their life to uphold the traditions, the precepts, and doctrines which they believed were of God, but actually were of men. I knew full well that it would be exceedingly difficult to approach them and bear witness to Christ, the “Mo-chi-ach” (Messiah). I put out my hand and said to the Jewish storekeeper “Sholom Alaichem” and he placed his hand in my hand, and answered “Alaichem Sholom.” When this pious Jew found that I was a Jew who accepted JESUS, as the Messiah (mochi-ach), he exclaimed, “Are you mad? Are you drunk? Such nonsense!” When he realized my persistence and earnestness, also that I was far from being “mad” or “drunk,” he said to me, “Had I known that you were a ‘Meshumod’ (a Baptized Jew) I would not have contaminated my hand by extending to you ‘Alaichem Sholom’.” With fanatical passion he contended that the “meshumodim” (the BAPTIZED Jews) were responsible for all the calamities, suffering, pogroms and persecutions of the Jews. “The BAPTIZED Jew is a disgrace to all religions, and you will not succeed in your adventure, trying to ‘SCHMAD’ (BAPTIZE) Jews. You or any other ‘turn coat’ will never, no never succeed in changing Jews from their ‘MUNOH’

(Faith) to yours. You are wasting your time; your efforts are all in vain. I as a Jew repeat every morning with deep devotion, and a heart overflowing with gratitude, 'SCMAH YISROAIL'." (Hear O, Israel). Deut. 6:4.

As I mentioned previously, many Jews operating small businesses live in the back of their stores. So that is the best place to go talk to them. I relate here another occasion which I feel will enlighten the readers. Early one morning, as I came to a particular store a young man was standing in the open door. In the back I saw a man with his "Talith" (prayer shawl) over his shoulders, his phylacteries upon his left hand and upon his forehead, engaged in solemn morning prayer. Hearing that we were talking in Yiddish, the man who proved to be the father came out when he had finished his prayer. Before he had a chance to ask what it was all about, his son told him that I was a missionary and was going from Jewish store to store telling people that Jesus is the "Mo-chi-ach." The father asked me what kind of a "landsman" I was and I told him that I was from Russia. He replied that I would have been better off if I had remained in Russia as I would not have "schmad" (annihilated myself in Christian Baptism) myself. He said to me that he and his household were perfectly satisfied with their belief and that of their forefathers. "I do not need another God." Then he said, "I am righteous." As soon as he said righteous, I challenged him to tell me how he became righteous. He said that every Jew is righteous because he obtained his righteousness by reading the Law, because in God's sight reading the Law is equivalent to having fulfilled it! (According to the Rabbis, he that studies the "Torah" pertaining to the tenets or laws, governing the manner in which the sacrifice is to be brought and offered in the temple worship, "Torahs Hoaulo Hi Hoaulo" is as acceptable to God as he who brought an offering and sacrificed it.) So I bought a small article, and

asked for a receipt which he readily gave me. Upon receiving the receipt, I read it out loud and started to leave. He said, "Hey, did you not forget something?" I said, "No, I have not forgotten anything." Then he remarked, "Do not act funny. You know full well you did NOT pay for the handkerchief which you just bought and for which I gave you a receipt." I promptly replied, "Did I not read aloud that RECEIPT, and you just said, reading a thing is equivalent to having fulfilled it!" Ah, that is entirely different! How sad, that they have the shell, but do not taste the sweetness of the nuts therein. To be sure they have a zeal but not according to knowledge, but only through religious rituals. Christ is the end of the Law (Romans 10:4). All our righteousness is like polluted garments (Isa. 64:6).

A great many Jews fall into the following groups. On a beautiful Sabbath (Saturday) morning, very suitable for outdoor work, I noticed several Jews standing and conversing. As I came near, one Jew immediately recognized me as the one whom he saw in the neighborhood of the synagogue talking with Jews, and telling them that the Jewish Mo-chi-ach (Messiah) had already come in the person of Jesus of Nazareth. He said in a sharp voice, "You are a 'A Poche Yisroail' (One who has fallen away from Israel). It is below my dignity to carry on a discussion with a 'Meshumod'." Ignoring his slurring remarks by attributing it to his misunderstanding, I exclaimed, "Jews, which 'Haf-torah' (a portion from the prophets read in the morning services of the Sabbath in the synagogues) is being read?" He gave a shrug of his shoulders, and admitted frankly that he did not know, as he only attends services three times a year, the three festivals, "Rosh Hashona" (New Year), "Yom Kippur" (Day of Atonement) and "Paisach" (Passover). On those days, he closed his place of business and refrained from doing any work. What a conception of

even the distorted Jewish religious life! This seems a fitting time to portray how these three are observed by religious Jews.

"Rosh Hashona" was observed in 1958 September 5, or the first day of "Tishri," year 5717 (Jewish calendar). In addition to this being the beginning of a new year, it is also the first day of preparation for the day of atonement, "Yom Kippur," which is ten days hence. According to the Talmud, God is sitting on his throne with three books before him, writing the names of every Jew and dividing them in three classes: those who have performed many righteous acts; those who have committed much sin; and those who have done an equal amount of good and evil. They have ten days of grace during which to repent. As warning, the "Shofar" (a ram's horn) is sounded in the synagogues that all might be called to repentance. Part of the day is spent in prayer from special prayer books. In the afternoon, they go to a stream of running water, turn their pockets inside out, and shake their clothing, with the belief that they are throwing off their sins. Later in the day, they visit the graves of the dead and make intercession for them.

"Yom Kippur," which was celebrated September 15th or 10th day of "Tishri," is held by Jewry throughout the world. It is observed by every Jew regardless of how irreligious he may be. Every place of business is closed, and praying and fasting are engaged in by everyone. About four o'clock in the afternoon, special prayers are offered after which their destiny is sealed and the suspense of that day is over. If found worthy, they are granted the "seal" of life for another year. (Alas! The great thing is what does the "Tenach" say? Old Testament scriptures, not the Talmud will judge. Men's word may be clever, but God's word is true!)

The Passover is inaugurated at Sunset on the 14th of the

month of Nisan and ends on the night of the 22nd. These dates corresponded in 1958 with Monday evening, April 15, and Tuesday night, April 16. The first two days and last two are sacred. During the Passover season, "Matzo" (unleavened bread) is eaten in commemoration of the flight of the children of Israel from Egypt, "And the people took their dough before it was leavened" (Exodus 12:34). That is observed throughout the length and breadth of Jewry. I vividly remember as a little boy how my father dressed in a white linen robe, leaned back on a couch supported by two pillows, took a "Matzoh" and broke it into two parts. He put one part under the pillow and placed the other part on the table for the "Saider" (order). Saider is the name attributed to the home service which is held on the first two evenings of the Passover. The hidden part is called "aphikomen" meaning hidden manna. The hidden piece of "Matzoh" is regarded as very precious and my pious father guarded it very jealously. After the "saider," he took the hidden "Matzoh," broke it up, and distributed to each one of us a piece of that precious cake. It thrilled and filled my heart as I looked forward to that solemn occasion to partake of a piece of "aphikomen." A peculiar feeling came over me when my devoted father distributed that piece of unleavened bread and I ate it with such an awe-inspiring seriousness.

As a BAPTIZED Jewish believer, who now is busy spreading the New Jerusalem gospel message of salvation among my brethren after the flesh telling that Christ is the TRUE PASSOVER (I Cor. 5:7), it reminds me very forcibly of that gripping and compelling scripture, "TO HIM THAT OVERCOMETH WILL I GIVE TO EAT OF THE HIDDEN MANNA" (Rev. 2:10). Oh, the joy and blessing when I shall be a partaker of the heavenly manna. The heavenly manna "LECHEM SHAMIAM" (bread of heaven), Psalms 105:40, is laid up in store for the saints of God.

How thrilling is this anticipation when we shall be admitted association with them (Rev. 3:20; 19:9). Such periodic observation is true with hundreds of thousands of Jews in this country.

I said, "You who claim to be strictly Orthodox Jews believe in the 'Torah Haldosha' (Holy Scriptures) should know and be in the synagogue for morning worship. Instead, you are in your stores, keeping your place of business open, thereby desecrating the Holy Sabbath." Since our discussions were in Yiddish, it would be impossible to bring out the full significance in English. I further stated, "You are inconsistent in your observation. You close your places of business on 'Yom Kippur' (Day of Atonement) and cease from pursuing any kind of work. Yet on the Sabbath, you keep your stores open, when according to rabbinical teaching, the Sabbath is by far more important and sacred than 'Yom Kippur.' He who desecrates the Holy Sabbath will receive far greater punishment than those violating the sanctity of 'Yom Kippur.'" From the Jewish point of view, that is a terrible indictment. They found themselves in a difficult position and displayed a more favorable disposition, becoming somewhat interested in what I had to say. I told them that I knew what it was to be under the "yoke" as I too was brought up in the tradition, teaching, doctrine and commandments of men.

Another situation often found, is as follows: A father informed me that his son married a Christian girl. Since they were married in a civil ceremony, his son remains a good Jew. I profoundly disagreed with him and pointed out from purely religious view such was impossible. (Marriage with a non-Jew is prohibited because of RELIGIOUS, not ethical objection.) I told him that if his daughter-in-law were a real Christian, she would not have married an unbelieving Jew. If his son were an Orthodox adherent in the Jewish religion, he would not have married a non-Jew.

I further told him, that does not mean that she is not a devoted wife, a wonderful mother, beautiful, talented, charitable and possessor of other good qualities. But she is not a Christian.

The belief among the Jews is that all non-Jews are Christians. They do not differentiate between a Christian and a Gentile. Through ignorance and misunderstanding, this erroneous idea persists among them. In discussions with them, I have been confronted with this question many times. Therefore, I endeavor to elucidate in regard to the vast difference between a Christian and one who is not. With fairness and frankness, I conceded that his son no doubt is a good husband, a devoted father, kind-hearted and loyal citizen, but he is not a good Jew. He readily admitted that I was correct, when I pointed out that his deeds contradicted his creed. I told him that he must humbly learn of God, resolve to be obedient to His will, and study the "scriptures of Moses and the prophets" concerning the fulfillment of prophecy in Jesus as the Mo-chi-ach (Messiah). Then without prejudice, he must evaluate the facts presented.

I was growing in knowledge of my Lord and Savior, and my soul rejoiced in the fellowship with HIM and Christian friends. But moving from one place to another was not pleasant. I moved into a private home where there were two roomers. One day coming home from work and entering my room, I immediately noticed that things were disarranged and my suitcase was missing. My dresser drawer had been pilfered. When I called it to the attention of the lady of the house, and told her that someone was in my room, she related sorrowfully that one of the roomers left and evidently he must have taken my suitcase and the other things that were missing. She was very sad indeed over what had happened, as he seemed to be such a nice and quiet person. She said that she carried fire insurance but

not theft insurance. Of course that did not help me and was of no consolation at all. There was something in my suitcase that was irreplaceable: my "PASSPORT" (a document issued by the Russian Government, granting one permission to leave the country). I valued it very much, as that "passport" literally saved my life. If I was stopped by Russian military personnel, which happened often, and asked for my "Passport," woe, woe, woe, unto me if I did not have it on my person. Without a "Passport," I could not legally have left Russia for the United States. In Russia, military service was compulsory. When one reached the age of 21 years, he must serve for four years. Only the sick and the cripples were exempted and turned down. In order to escape military service, a great many bribed the officials at the border and were transported by professional smugglers into Germany. However, sometimes something went wrong and guards fired on and killed those who were trying to escape. It was very risky at best for those who were trying to evade military service. Thus, it made me feel very bad that my "Passport" had been stolen. I hoped that the one who took it might return it. To him it would be just another piece of paper and of no value at all. I wrote later to the landlady, if perchance he might have sent it back to her address, but I received no reply.

The experience I am about to relate was very distressing. In the summer of 1920, while out laboring in the gospel of Christ among the Jewish people, after I got through speaking on the streets of Denver, I was approached by a man who made apology because he could not understand what I was saying, although he heard that I was a converted Jew. He said, "I am glad indeed to shake hands with a Jew who is saved, as my Savior was a Jew, and salvation is of the Jews. When I am under the influence of the holy spirit, I can speak in tongues, Turkish, Russian, French, etc., and I know that I spoke in the language you spoke a while ago.

You see, I am a preacher." He gave me a handbill announcing the coming of the famous woman evangelist, Amy McPherson, from the west coast. The big revival was to be held in the city Municipal Auditorium. There was to be a great "healing campaign" every night for two weeks. The handbill urged that everyone be on fire and enthused for the forthcoming "healing campaign." It also stated that the auditorium had a seating capacity of fourteen thousand.

The preacher asked me to attach myself to the great "Divine Healing Campaign." He said that he was on the publicity committee and wielded great power and influence. By my wholehearted cooperation, he would see that I had the privilege of receiving a blue ribbon with a gold lettered inscription, "Usher," to be pinned on my lapel. That would identify me officially as an usher. The preacher explained that some remarkable "healings" occurred in his church. Saints whose health was broken and who were in the shadow of death were now well, healthy and strong. "However, these are only trifles, insignificant in comparison to the marvelous divine demonstrations which the 'healing campaign' will produce. Her boundaries in divine healing are limitless. She is sinless! Her messages are absolutely unerring. Her spirit filled messages are full of power because every word uttered is through the holy ghost." Although I had heard much of the so-called "Divine Healing Movement," I never had attended or seen for myself how it operated. Thus, I thought, here is wonderful opportunity to investigate and get first hand information on the whole aspect of the "campaign." Here is a golden chance, and I must not let it slip.

Since Denver had many hospitals, sanitariums, health resorts, institutions for recuperations, rest homes and health farms, it was an ideal location for a divine healing campaign. Many were afflicted with tuberculosis. Thus, I would certainly know at the conclusion of the "great

services" whether divine healing was true or plain "humbug."

I accepted the assignment as an "usher." The preacher told me to come to the auditorium for instruction in order to acquaint myself with functions of an usher. It was not as simple as it sounds. One had to manifest skill and think quickly. Denver was keyed up for the great forthcoming "healing campaign." The shrewd publicity agents had plastered the city with billboards announcing the great revival plus "healing campaign" which the famous woman evangelist was to conduct. Countless cardboards were placed in business windows, in restaurants, barber shops, on streets; innumerable handbills were distributed in the homes, on the streets; the daily newspapers carried huge advertisements.

When Amy McPherson arrived in Denver, she gave special interviews. She certainly received publicity. Yes, even some churches which did not approve of the "healing campaign," nevertheless announced it from their pulpits.

As I arrived at the auditorium for the first service, I was utterly astonished to see thousands of people standing, waiting for the doors to open. When the doors finally opened, the huge auditorium was filled to capacity in no time and hundreds gathered on the streets who were unable to enter. The ushers certainly had a job. It was awful. However, the crowd finally quieted down. There was a large platform erected upon the big stage. Lovely flowers dotted the platform. Everything was so arranged by the shrewd publicity agents to create a supernatural atmosphere, and make it appear inspiring. The great audience, many with their Bibles, had their eyes riveted upon the platform where the expensive mahogany stand was centered. Upon that stand was a big open Bible. It was especially for Amy McPherson.

Suddenly the side door leading to that platform opened

and Amy McPherson entered. She was a very attractive woman in her late thirties, dressed in white, not too glamorous, but smart! Her hair was immaculately groomed! First, she looked up, in order to appear as if angelic.

The ushers (including myself) were trying to help clear the aisles, as many somehow got in. It was against the law for people to stand in the aisles, for fear of creating a fire hazard. Ushers with blue ribbons pinned on their lapels moved swiftly, the light reflecting from the gold lettered ribbons. Everyone was excited, enthused, and anxious waiting for Amy McPherson to begin her great revival plus "healing campaign."

She was flanked on the huge platform by preachers, male and female, and a few other preachers who believed in divine healing, but did not believe in "speaking in tongues." The great choir, uniformly dressed, presented a beautiful and impressive scene. The zero hour came and she began to speak with a smile. She certainly had a magnetic attraction, using good diction and excellent psychology. Whenever she desired shouts of "Hallelujah" or "Praise the Lord," she would give a sort of a signal (pre-arranged) and some on the huge platform would start, and of course others would follow. Everyone was waiting to see the cripples, the sick, the blind, etc., brought to the platform that she might pray for their health to be restored. There were also ante-rooms, where male and female preachers prayed for the sick, cripples, deaf, blind, etc.; Mrs. McPherson was not present. The local male and female preachers ministered to those in the ante-rooms. No audience present, just folk from the inner circle. Even now, after many years have elapsed, my blood boils with righteous indignation when I think of what took place in those ante-rooms. It was the lowest and most brazen commercialism upon human misery that I have ever seen.

Before she began to pray for the sick, she said with a big smile that she was selling miniature little chairs that would be placed in the building of a great temple she was erecting. The cost was only \$25 per chair. Everyone was urged to secure as many chairs as they wished, but she kept on reminding the vast audience in no uncertain terms, not to forget that each miniature little chair was a separate \$25. Evidently the audience liked her offer as they enthusiastically applauded her with a chorus of "hallelujahs." She did a booming business.

I recall very vividly when a man was brought to the platform while she prayed for his deliverance from dreadful tuberculosis. She first explained that the man who was afflicted with consumption had gone to many doctors and spent a fortune. He could not find a cure and for the past 11 years had been a patient in various hospitals and sanitariums, etc. What I saw in the ante-rooms, where male and female preachers prayed for the blind, deaf, etc., was nothing compared to this sickening, nauseating, revolting spectacle. I was terribly affected! Here is what I saw: She told the man to lift up his hands. As he lifted up his thin hands with much difficulty and began breathing hard, his eyes sank in his sockets and he finally closed them. She began to pray for a POSITIVE HEALING. She prayed for the man, then I remember that she quoted a verse from Hebrews, "Jesus, the same yesterday, today and forever." "Jesus is victor! A healing has been effected. Thank you, Jesus! But let this dear brother speak for himself." Then, the dear brother with a trembling voice said that he had been completely healed from the tuberculosis with which he had been afflicted for eleven years, and spent a fortune with various doctors, hospitals, etc., etc. "Thank you, Jesus, for your miraculous healing." Being close to the platform, I noticed that the preacher who had invited

me to be an usher gave the man a nudge, as if to remind him of something. Immediately, the man placed his hand in his coat pocket and pulled out a bottle of medicine, and showed it to the audience, and said that he was going to throw it away, as he was through taking medicine. "I am COMPLETELY healed." After he got through giving his testimony of being COMPLETELY healed, a pandemonium broke loose, especially from the followers of the evangelist who was the head and founder of the several churches in that city. Many began to speak in "tongues" (babbling). They were mentally intoxicated from that miraculous healing which took place right before their eyes.

I stayed with a family who operated a mortuary. They lived next door to the mortuary. It was a small place, but very, very dignified in every respect. The mortician was worthy of the community's esteem. Sometimes when I came in late, I had to go through the hall, part of the mortuary, in order to get into my room. One night during the second week of the "healing campaign," I came in late. As it was my custom to switch on the light in the hall, I did so and noticed a body that had been brought in for preparation; embalming took place in another room. No one was permitted in it. To my amazement and bewilderment as I looked, it came immediately into my mind, that I had seen that person somewhere and only recently, but in that moment I could not place him, I was so surprised. Then, suddenly, like a flash, it came to my mind; he was the same man I saw in the municipal auditorium for whom the famous woman evangelist prayed. He was the same man that had been completely healed. I heard him say, "I am completely healed from the tuberculosis that plagued me for eleven years." I was so shocked, that in horror I yelled, "What a 'humbug'! What a rotten outfit! Trafficking with holy things. Such a healing campaign being carried

on in the name of Jesus should be condemned. It is repugnant, as it obliterates all distinction between truth and evil." I was told the man stopped taking medical treatment and died four days later. The undertaker told me he had enough germs in him to infect every man, woman and child in the entire Southwest.

Naturally I did not go back as an usher and did all I could to expose such humbug. I tried to discourage folk from attending that "healing (?) campaign," even out of curiosity. What a tragedy that so many people with good intentions were misled by such QUACKERY and even lent their influence. I told Brother McDonald who had baptized me of the incident. Tens of thousands of people who saw and heard, and countless thousands who read in the newspapers of that particular healing, did not know that he died four days later from tuberculosis. Brother McDonald told me there were folk from "Highland," where he preached, that had attended that "revival plus healing meeting." He remarked that he did not know if any of them bought chairs, \$25 per chair, "But even if those 'babes' did, they will find them too small to sit in in the Kingdom of God."

The tubercular afflicted folk who went to be cured or healed and stopped taking medicine were terribly disappointed and thereby only aggravated their condition. They had used every imaginable means trying to find health. Now their dearest hopes were dashed to the ground. I say this without any prejudice, I was not able to find one afflicted with tuberculosis, or one blind, or one who had lost a limb, that had been prayed for, healed, their limbs restored or the blind made to see. And I saw and met a great many. I talked with several that had been prayed for and the depths of their despair and bitterness were such that words failed to express such. They clung desperately to the woman evangelist's power to heal, but their hopes were

dashed and scattered "like the chaff of the summer threshing floors" (Daniel 2:35).

Notwithstanding that the tens of thousands did not know of the QUACKERY, yet there were many who did find out, I am sure of that. If folk would only seek their spiritual life with the same fervor, zeal and enthusiasm.

CHAPTER IX

FAR ABOVE RUBIES

This unpleasant incident coupled with other things, urged me to think more of a home of my own. Now that I had experienced the new birth and become a follower of my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, my whole outlook and uplook was changed; yea, all things became new. I was living alone, working part of every day and trying to find some opportunity to witness for my Lord. Although I had friends, yet I wanted a home and family. In various religious circles I met young people, and on occasions went with some to different gatherings, but none of the dates appealed to me as more than friends though they were indeed fine girls.

I visited cosmopolitan Kansas City, Missouri, in the summer of 1921. While there I met a preacher, who invited me to speak in a church (undenominational) which I readily accepted. I remember very well the theme for that occasion. I spoke on the book of "Esther." The goodly audience listened with marked attention, as I spoke in a rather heavy foreign accent. I was warmly complimented by all, notwithstanding my articulative efforts to pronounce some words. I was also introduced to several young men and young women. However, I was especially interested in one young lady, Miss Bertha Foster, and very eager and anxious to get better acquainted with her for a lasting friendship. I knew one thing, she was not threatened with spinsterhood. Also, she had some very charming sisters with charming manners, but she attracted me greatly. After the midweek evening meeting, I heard the gracious daughter of the preacher, who had a wonderful personality, remark that the girl whose loveliness captivated and attracted

me, planned to visit a sick lady the next day. Frankly, I could hardly sleep that night and waited anxiously for the daylight. It was summer and she happened to be on her vacation. I had to do some fast, clear, I almost said clever, thinking to approach her. I came up and said, "Pardon me for taking the liberty of asking you something, but I heard you are going to visit a sick lady." I complimented her thoughtfulness and nobility and agreed such attributes were worthy of emulation. I was deeply touched by her understanding of the Christ life. Then I said, "Among the Jewish people, visiting the sick is particularly joyful." Clearing my throat several times but not stammering, I said, "We are having such lovely weather and all nature is resplendent in beauty and loveliness. If it is suitable, and you wish, I would like very much to accompany you on your noble mission of visiting this aged sick lady." She smiled and showed the whitest teeth I had ever seen and with a little shyness said, "You can!" I exclaimed enthusiastically, "Praise the Lord." We took the street car, and rode to the end of the line. I was hoping we would be delayed. Of course I did not want to cause inconvenience or put anyone in danger but simply be detained. When we came to the home where the aged lady lived, I rang the door bell. A woman came to the door and informed us the sick lady was asleep and it would be about half an hour before we could see her. In the meantime we could look around and enjoy the beautiful flowers and shrubbery until the lady awoke. I was thrilled by this unexpected but delightful delay and we thoroughly enjoyed the next half hour in the garden. Suddenly, I noticed that there was only one chair in the garden. Politely, I said, "Miss Foster, you must be tired from walking. Sit down in this chair and relax." But to my great delight and thrill, she said, smilingly, "There is room for TWO." I was so thrilled and filled with excitement I forgot there was only ONE seat and I gladly

accepted the wonderful invitation. I experienced a peculiar feeling; such a lifting, such a refreshing, such a great delight! That can only happen once in a lifetime. We walked and talked; it was a memorable afternoon. Her loveliness attracted me more and more as we experienced such a deep, holy, sweet, and satisfying fellowship. In speechless humility, I thanked God for the blessed privilege it afforded to visit with one of whom it could be said, "My delight is in Thee" (Isaiah 64:2). Jesus through His ambassadors, bids us carry His love, care, and comfort.

A few days later on a lovely day, while Miss Bertha Foster and I were walking, she appeared more beautiful and graceful. She dressed plainly, but smart. She did not use eye makeup, yet was pleasing to the eye without it; her fingernails were not carefully manicured and polished, nor did a ruby gleam from her ring fingers. I said, "Miss Foster, let's go into a drug store and get an ice cream soda" (It was only five cents). She answered, "I would much rather hear you talk than to eat ice cream." Of course, I could discern that she noticed that I took an undue amount of interest in her. I did not have to push the Empire State Building upon her to evidence that I was madly in love with her. We talked and discussed about love, companionship, home, family, etc., etc. I had enjoyed an extraordinary experience never to be forgotten. Yet I did not have the courage to ask her to become my helpmate for life. I did not know what her answer would be, notwithstanding that with lovely gestures of her hands and expressive voice, she had made known her feeling. But I was not so positive that she would marry me.

I began dating her and she always greeted me smiling, poised and dignified. I could see in her eyes radiance, tenderness and understanding. And as the days went by, she became more and more lovely and attractive. Best of all she was a CHRISTIAN. I had learned enough to know a Chris-

tian should marry a Christian. Now my concern was, could she care for me? I found out several fine Christian boys were interested in her, so I realized I had some COMPETITION, but our interest in each other increased. We had much in common, and both had deep interest in the work of the Lord. We prayed together for His will in our lives. It seemed only the providence of God could have brought about our meeting, and we felt we were meant for each other. I had the least of this world's goods of any seeking her, but real love does not consider this. She had completely surrendered her soul, her life, her all to Him in service and sacrifice. She realized a great hardship and many difficulties would come in her path, but that did not daunt her. When I asked her to be my wife, she accepted and took the path to become the wife of one who dedicated his life for service in this needy but difficult type of work, labor among the Jewish people. She now looked forth as the morning, brimming with bright expectation at her coming marriage.

We both looked forward with joyful expectation to our wedding day. THERE IS JOY IN ANTICIPATION OF JOY! The great day came Dec. 24, 1921, when we were made one for life. She was dressed smartly, but not extravagantly, and looked so radiantly, charmingly sweet. I found in my fair one more than I could have hoped for. Her love for me was sweet, deep and real. She lost sight of everything else and has spent her life in helping me. My beloved wife was born in Wyoming, I in Russia, but now we were starting life together.

We were married in Kansas City, Missouri; but did not remain there long. We spent our honeymoon in Allen, Kansas, where I conducted cottage meetings for several weeks. While in that farm community, we had a rather humorous experience. As newlyweds, and I as visiting preacher, we were invited out for meals frequently. In

the first home to which we were invited, the good lady of the house said, "Brother Eckstein, you do not have to fear with regard to the meat. It is not pork, but good choice beef. You do not eat pork, do you?" I said, "Yes, I eat pork!" She exclaimed, "You do?" I replied, "Of course I do, since I embraced Christianity." She spoke up, "We all thought that you would not eat pork." Well, for the next two weeks wherever we were invited out for dinner, we had PORK.

Now that I was married I faced a new accusation by my former co-religionists: The reason I embraced Christianity was because I fell in love with a pretty non-Jewish girl, and she would not marry me unless I became a Christian. I will wholeheartedly concur that she was pretty, and beautiful and had a gracious personality. But they were one hundred per cent wrong that she would not marry me until I became a Christian. I left them puzzled when I stated that I was already a Christian and bearing testimony for my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ among my brethren when I met her.

We both had, and still have one aim, one purpose, and one aspiration—to serve our blessed Lord, the Mo-chi-ach (Messiah), the anointed of God, Jesus Christ, faithfully, and with all our ability.

CHAPTER X

A HEBREW MISSION IN DALLAS

While still on our honeymoon, we received a letter from a group of women, calling themselves "Prayer Circle for Israel," in Dallas, Texas, who were deeply interested in giving the gospel to the Jews in the best possible way. Mrs. Homan Stark, its President, stated that I had been very highly recommended to the group to do this missionary work among the Jewish people by Dr. Addison Blanchard, a congregational preacher whom I had met in Denver. From the letter I knew that they were profoundly interested in the salvation of Israel. However, they failed to give me a detailed idea of their plans, etc. They placed so much confidence in my integrity, that they enclosed a check for fare. I deeply appreciated the confidence the group manifested in one whom they had never met and, too, I was young. I knew little of the differences of practice and interpretations among those calling themselves non-sectarian, non-denominational, etc. Therefore, I accepted believing I would have a free hand to conduct the work among the Jewish people, according to the New Testament pattern.

Upon arrival in Dallas, we were treated royally. From the very recesses of my heart, I deeply appreciated what the good and gracious ladies did for us. They were very kind and their liberality was superb! Suddenly, something happened. There was a young Jewish man, very well educated, who held a very responsible position in Dallas. This Jewish man kept company with a non-Jewish girl and even went with the non-Jewish girl sometimes to church services. The good ladies told me that they wanted me to meet him, as he was "SAVED." Therefore, I went

to the place where he worked and interviewed him. When I touched the nerve center, by that I mean, when I asked him if he was BAPTIZED, he looked at me with astonishment, and in his bewilderment said to me in no uncertain terms, that he was NOT, and furthermore under no circumstances would he submit to BAPTISM. He advised me not to bother him any more with BAPTISM, etc. When I related the incident to the prayer group, one good lady said that he most certainly was converted, and a dear Christian; "I believe in water baptism but it has nothing to do with a person's salvation. It is the blood of Jesus alone!" Another lady said, since it was just a short while since I was converted to Christianity, they would take this into consideration, and would be tolerant of me. Since the ladies' group liked us very much, they determined to overlook the incident. Another good and gracious lady from that group told me that their minister, who was a renowned Bible scholar, said that water baptism has nothing to do with salvation. However, we discussed it at length, and I tried to show them that they were wrong in their position. I am exceedingly sorry to say that I was unable to convince them. So we severed our relationship, notwithstanding that it was exceedingly hard, as they were so good and kind toward us. But I had no other alternative, because I knew better, and I was sure the position I took was right. Yea, scripturally right! Although we disagreed on doctrine, yet we remained good friends.

I began doing missionary work on my own among the Jews. Dallas had even then a goodly Jewish community (of course much more now). I carried on the work from our home, two rented rooms. As I did not have a mission, it was rather difficult, but I did the very best under the trying circumstances. And too, it was difficult to get a place, a hall suitable for a Hebrew mission.

We finally located a place, a hall that was for rent. We

phoned the real estate agent, and inquired how much the rent would be. The agent replied that in view of the fact that he was only a representative, it would be wise to phone the owner of the building, as the proprietor would let me know if he wanted to rent it for such a purpose. We phoned the owner of the building, and asked him if he would be willing to rent the hall for the purpose of a Hebrew mission. We learned that the proprietor was a Jewish man. When asked how much the rent would be, he answered that he would not rent his property to be used for a Hebrew mission, not even for one thousand dollars per month. Of course I was not surprised at all by the action of that Jewish man. A Jew can convert a church into a synagogue but he cannot convert a synagogue into a church. Renting his property for a Hebrew mission where JESUS would be proclaimed as the true Mo-chi-ach (Messiah) would be a great sin to this Jewish man.

In the providence of God we got a place in one of the best locations in Dallas. It was opposite the City Hall on Harwood. Many Jewish businesses were in and around the area. Quite a few Jews passed by the Hebrew mission. On the window in large golden letters we put the words "HEBREW MISSION" sufficiently large to attract the attention of all, even the aimless passerby. On the door we printed in Hebrew "BRUCHIM HABOIM" meaning "Blessed are those who enter here," which also acted as an invitation. In addition to these were several signs bearing passages of scriptures of a prophetic nature, and also those recording their fulfillment in Hebrew and Yiddish. The furnishing of the Hebrew mission consisted of a desk, a table, upon which were Hebrew and Yiddish Old and New Testaments and a few chairs. Whenever we had a meeting of Jews and Gentiles together, we used to borrow nearly 200 chairs through the graciousness of the Anderson furniture store, for which we were very grateful. The same was true with

electric fans. On entering the Hebrew mission, one could notice also a large skylight which allowed the sun's rays to beam upon us, helping to make the Hebrew Mission Hall more commodious.

The opening March 12, 1924 was one of significance and solemnity, one which shall pass into history for the church. As far as I can determine, the New Testament church had not had a Christian Jew laboring primarily among Jewish people since apostolic days. We frequently had preaching brethren speak at the Hebrew mission on Friday nights. They sought to awaken the church to its duty and privilege to give the gospel of Christ, the GOOD NEWS, to the Jewish people. Besides these speakers being consecrated men of God, they were eloquent and forceful, and occupied positions in the front rank of educators, writers and evangelists. Among the speakers were: Morgan H. Carter, professor at A.C.C.; G. C. Brewer, preacher; Charles Brewer, preacher; R. C. Bell, teacher; Howard L. Schug, teacher; John E. Dunn, preacher; Gus Dunn Sr., preacher; George A. Klingman, professor at A.C.C.; Hall C. Calhoun, preacher; R. H. Boll, preacher; W. T. Kidwill, preacher; F. L. Rowe, editor of Christian Leader; F. L. Young, preacher; Dr. E. V. Wood, dentist and preacher; W. L. Oliphant, preacher. On Sunday afternoons, I proclaimed the gospel of full redemption through Christ the Son of God, the CRUCIFIED, RISEN and ASCENDED SAVIOR, our blessed Mo-chi-ach (Messiah) to Jews mainly, but to anyone, for the occasion. While having the Hebrew mission, our baptisms were not many, but we thank God for those we did baptize. We certainly labored in a manner to take advantage of every opportunity to lift up Christ.

Within a few days after the mission opened, Jews started coming by to see what it was. Some glanced in as they hurried by; some stopped a minute and passed on; still others stopped quite a while and looked at everything and

went on their way. Of all these, some came back and showed interest, but looked around to see if any of their friends might see them. If no one was present they would step inside. I had large signs hanging in the window bearing passages of scriptures printed in Hebrew. Also as you entered the Hebrew mission, you could see large signs in Hebrew framed under glass on the walls. In the summer and since it was hot, in spite of the fans, I kept the door wide open. If you passed by, you could look in, and of course you could immediately see the large Hebrew signs that were framed and hanging on the walls.

While talking in the doorway to a young Jewish man who taught Hebrew in Kansas City, Missouri, a rabbi passed by and the Jewish man who knew the rabbi stopped him and started a conversation. The rabbi scolded and censured him for coming into the Hebrew mission, and informed him the signs he saw in Hebrew hanging on the walls, were not from the "Tenach" (Old Testament) but from the "Brith-Hachadosha" (New Testament). The rabbi passed on and I again began to talk to the young teacher, reminding him that the rabbi knew full well that it was taken from Exodus 12:13, "And the blood shall be to you for a token upon the houses where ye are: and when I see the blood, I will pass over you;" and from Isaiah 53:5, "But he was wounded for our transgressions: he was bruised for our iniquities: The chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed." Evidently the rabbi did not like it because it speaks of the blood of Christ which is God's one ATONEMENT. This shows to what extent even a leader in Israel will go in order to prevent his brethren in the flesh from studying the scriptures in an unbiased manner, especially those that are able to make him wise unto salvation that is in Christ Jesus. Fortunately, the young man did not take the advice of the rabbi, but kept on coming to the Hebrew mission and even attended some meetings.

A Jewish man in his late sixties came for over a year to the Hebrew mission and also visited in our home. Finally, he confessed Jesus as the Mo-chi-ach and was baptized. The next day after his baptism, he came and said that he would like to talk with me and tell me something of profound importance. I was somewhat surprised. Frankly, I was puzzled! He related in detail the following story: "While we talked, argued, discussed and walked together, when I was in your home, I observed everything." He further said, "You will recall on several occasions when I was in the Hebrew mission, you would state you had to go away for a little while and would have to close up the Hebrew mission. Immediately I replied, 'You can go, but you do not have to close the Hebrew mission. I will most certainly take good care until you come back. Should anyone call, or come in, I will tell them that you will be back shortly.'" I said, "Yes, I remember and thought you were very kind and gracious. I really did not want to close the mission against anyone who might come, but sometimes I had to attend to certain matters." Then he said, "Do you really know why I did it? I had a good reason." My reply was, "Of course I do, you wanted to show me kindness." But he said, "You are wrong. My motive was to be alone in that Hebrew mission." Then he said firmly, "I was a SPY" (Gal. 2:4). "I wanted to SPY out while you were away and see what was going on. I was a 'SPY' while I was a guest in your home, while I was so graciously entertained. I scrutinized everything that I could lay my hand on during the time you were gone from the Hebrew mission to see if you had something that would throw light on your activities; if you were really sincere, and to find out if your apparent lofty intentions had a foundation that would not contradict what you were trying to present to us Jews, from your 'Brith Hachadosha' (New Testament) teaching. After watching you so long, and being on the lookout, I

must say that you proved to be sterling, sincere and authentic as to what you thought and that your life was true. This revelation tremendously influenced me. Of course there rests upon every individual the obligation of seeking to find the Truth. You most assuredly presented the Truth uncompromisingly to me."

Here are a few lines from the pen of the former Jewish "Spy" which demonstrate the power (Dunamis) of the Word of God. The following appeared in "ISRAEL'S MESSENGER" and in other religious papers:

WITNESSING FOR CHRIST

As a son of Abraham for many years I have been looking for the true Christian religion. I traveled from New York to Seattle, without satisfaction; and I feel that it was by the providence of God that I finally settled in Dallas, Texas. And through the UNSOLICITED acquaintance of Brother Eckstein's convincing explanations, I concluded that the religion of the Church of Christ is the genuine one. I acknowledged that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and accepted Christ as my Saviour, as I was buried with Him in baptism. By doing so, I have the positive assurance of everlasting life. Praise the Lord, who said, "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly. For to be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." But as for me, I will praise the Lord unceasingly forever.

Signed: Stephen A. Neederman.

"Let the redeemed of the
Lord say so" (Psalm 107:2).

The work was blessed, and more were learning of our work among the Jewish people. A few congregations and several individuals from other congregations, realizing the obstacles before the Jews who embraced Christianity, and seeing the wisdom of a mission for the Jews where they could study and discuss with one who understands their

problems, desired to help us to maintain the Hebrew mission. We were living in a most simple and economical manner, yet were just paying expenses. But we thank God we kept out of debt and never asked help of anyone.

There was in Dallas a wealthy lady, Mrs. J. B. Wilson, who was deeply interested in religious work, helping churches, colleges, Bible schools, missionaries and others. She told me later she had been watching the work of the Hebrew mission and wanted to see it expand. She learned how and where we were living, and that we had one small child and that my wife was in the hospital with a second baby. Therefore, she decided to go there and see her. They had a nice visit and though short, spent most of the time speaking of things spiritual. Then she sent beautiful flowers to her. When I came to the hospital, I found the flowers with the sender's name. The florist had not removed the price tag which indicated they were expensive flowers. Although my wife and I appreciated the good heartedness of that lady very much, under our circumstances, we wished the money had been spent for the Hebrew mission work.

The next day she phoned me and inquired as to when my wife and baby were to come home. We thanked her for such kindness. She came with her chauffeur and brought my wife and baby home, and spent some time talking with me of the work we were doing among the Jewish people. She informed us that she would like to share in bringing the gospel to God's ancient people, the Jews. She said, her minister, Dr. W. M. Anderson, Presbyterian Church, spoke very highly of me, and that he had frequently walked by the Hebrew mission and observed our activity. I knew of him and from that time we were acquainted. She asked me many questions concerning the Hebrew mission work, and I quickly discerned she had unusual interest in the Jewish people. She suggested that she would like very much to establish or build a permanent Hebrew Mission. In ad-

dition, we would be well supported. She asked if we had many converts. I answered, "We have several who expressed belief in Christ, but only two have submitted to BAPTISM." She then remarked, "I do not believe that baptism is necessary for salvation whether Jew or Gentile." My wife and I were deeply touched by her graciousness toward us and her concern for the Jewish work. But in spite of that, we could not accept. I made it plain that to me the scriptures taught BAPTISM IS ESSENTIAL TO SALVATION, and I could not compromise Biblical teaching under any condition, regardless of what some eminent theologians thought. Although this was a most promising offer from a material point of view, I had to politely decline. I told that good lady, "We are members of the church of Christ and we recognize all BAPTIZED believers as Christians" (Mark 16:15-16).

How sad, many conscientious, honest folk think that one doctrine is just as good as another. If it were so, why did the Apostle Paul through the Holy Spirit use such stern words to the Galatian churches: "If we or an an angel from heaven, preach any other gospel unto you than that which we have preached unto you, let him be accursed." Some said to me, "Was it hard for you to make such a decision and turn down such an offer?" I replied that I found strength in the Lord to do His will, in this, as in other matters. I did only what every "twice born" one should have done, and I needed no pat on the back for such a decision. God forbid, that such should ever come into our hearts and minds. Now while writing these lines, I take a retrospection, greatly rejoice and thank God that He gave me grace and power in that trying hour in order that I did not compromise, or destroy my firm foundation. How blessed it is to do something today of which you can rejoice tomorrow! The philosophy that so long as one is sincere, it matters not what they believe, is an indirect opposition to the teach-

ing of Christ. He made one indispensable condition to inherit eternal salvation, "Repent and be BAPTIZED for the remission of sins."

It was customary for the *Dallas Morning News* and the *Dallas World* to send a reporter to some churches on Sunday to gather news. He occasionally came to the Hebrew Mission and the following items appeared in Monday morning editions:

LOYALTY OF PAUL UPHELD AS MODEL

"Loyalty to the Christ such as has been recorded by the Apostle Paul can be accounted to a love of the quality expressed in his own words. 'Now abideth faith, hope and love, these three: and the greatest of these is love,' said the Rev. Stephen D. Eckstein, director of the Hebrew Mission, 111 South Harwood St., in a message delivered Sunday afternoon.

"The Apostle Paul, a pupil of the well known scribe Gamaliel, was in possession of a sound knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and of the traditions of the elders," he recalled.

"Whenever there was a Synagogue, he reasoned with the Jewish people from the Scriptures, 'that it behooved Christ to suffer and to rise again from the dead'."

"From his epistle to the Romans and to the Galatians we know him, but the secret of his success was in the burning love he bore for his fellows." "Civilization is indebted to the Hebrews for the Christian religion," said Dr. Howard L. Schug at the Hebrew Mission, 111 South Harwood St., Friday night. Dr. Schug is professor of modern languages in Abilene Christian College. He asserted also that civilization takes its philosophy and art from the Greeks, its law and order from the Romans, but owes the biggest debt of all to the Hebrews for religion. Other speakers were Professor R. C. Bell, of Morrilton, Arkansas, and the Rev. Stephen D. Eckstein, missionary to the Jews in charge of the mission.

DIRECTOR OF MISSION TELLS REDEMPTION PLAN

God's plan of redemption was discussed in the sermon of the Rev. Stephen D. Eckstein Sunday at the Hebrew Mission, 1921 Live Oak Street, of which he is director.

"Through God's plan of redemption His perfect image is again restored to man," he said, "and a new life is created within which is up to the original standard not in the flesh, but in the spirit. It is this life which is to conquer to reign.

"The new life in manifestation prevents the old: the old is still there, but is kept under, and the new is seen. The new life functions the will of God, and it is He who keeps our conduct along the line of sacrifice for others and equips us in the spirit of His passion, so as to produce the fruits unto righteousness. It is he who gives us life from the dead, pardon from sin, deliverance from captivity, and power to the saints, heaven to the weary and a throne to the overcomers."

PROPHECIES OF CHRIST'S COMING ARE DISCUSSED

Utterances of the Hebrew prophets looking to the coming of Christ were discussed by the Rev. Stephen D. Eckstein, director of the Hebrew Mission, 1921 Live Oak St., in a talk there Sunday afternoon.

"In the far distant ages. God had watched this little world as it took on the conditions which were to fit it for the habitation of man." said the Rev. Mr. Eckstein. "Often through the Old Testament was foreshadowed Christ's coming and often had the inspired word announced that some day the Lord Himself would come to earth and dwell in the midst of His people. God had manifested Himself in nature, but now He was to come to live among men in human flesh, through the Incarnation of His Son."

BAPTIZE TWO JEWISH SISTERS AT GARRETT

An unusual scene was witnessed Sunday morning,

March 25th, when two Jewish young women (sisters) were baptized at the Garrett Avenue Church of Christ by the pastor, Dr. E. V. Wood. These make five Jewish converts through the work being carried on by the missionary, Stephen D. Eckstein, in this locality.

DALLAS MAN SPEAKS IN FORT WORTH

Stephen D. Eckstein of Dallas, missionary to the Jews, addressed several hundred men at Fort Worth Tuesday when he spoke to the combined employed forces of the Armour and Swift Packing plants. His subject was "THE LIFE THAT WINS." Mr. Eckstein has been working as a missionary in Dallas and vicinity for several years.

ECKSTEIN TO VISIT LONGVIEW SUNDAY

Longview, Texas, will be visited by missionary Stephen D. Eckstein, who is working among the Jewish people in this locality: he will leave Saturday and will spend the day visiting his kinsmen, and Sunday will preach at the Church of Christ. His theme will be "DIVINE MERCY." The object of the trip is a double one, first, that he may become acquainted with the people there, and second that interest in the work which he is carrying on might be stimulated.

The above are a part of the news articles which appeared in the *Dallas Morning News* from time to time. Since it was a secular paper, we deeply appreciated the recognition it gave us. Religious activities are not accorded such publicity in some areas.

An interesting conversion occurred after a series of unusual events. An excited Jewish man came into our Hebrew Mission and without saying a word, first gave the Mission a searching look. The more he looked, the more inflamed he became. He picked up a book from the several that were on the table (the Old Testament in Hebrew and in Yiddish, also the New Testament in Hebrew and Yiddish). He picked up one but noticed that it was a "Tenach"

and placed it back on the table. Then he picked up a New Testament and opened it. His face flushed and he began tearing out pages, and then tore it from cover to cover, threw it on the floor and trampled the pages. With arms waving, he began shouting that he was going to break the large plate glass window in front of the building. I saw that he was infuriated and meant to carry out his threat. I pleaded with him not to do such a violent thing. I told him I could easily get another New Testament with little cost. I begged him not to break the large, expensive plate glass window. I informed him the building did not belong to us, and that if he broke the window, he would have to pay for it and be arrested.

People frequently came in to use our phone, especially brethren who knew me quite well. Just then it so happened a brother was using the phone. He could not understand Yiddish, but from what he saw, it was enough to make him understand the Jewish man was not reciting a Psalm, but was very angry. From his gestures he discerned that the mad Jew planned to do something violent. I told the brother what he said he would do, and the brother endeavored to warn him of certain trouble if he carried out his plan. I pleaded with my former co-religionist to sit down and calm himself, as he was greatly upset, disturbed and troubled. Of course I realized exactly how he felt and his attitude was not surprising to me, but I did not want him to get into trouble. Also I wanted with all my power to avoid an incident which would cause an uproar in the Jewish community.

He told me in Yiddish that the Hebrew Mission was a disgrace to the Dallas Jewish community. How did it happen that I invaded such a prominent place, such a nice spot, a location right opposite the City Hall where so many Jews passed to and fro? After he calmed down somewhat, I asked him if he had a "Tenach." As a rule, the average

Jew has "Sidurim" (Hebrew Daily Prayer Books), "Mach-zairim" (Hebrew Prayer Books for the Holidays) and some commentaries, but does not have the "Tenach." Such is a very common occurrence, strange as it may seem to a non-Jew. He replied, that he thought that he had a "Tenach" but was not certain. At least he was honest. I remarked, "Even though you are pressed for time, and do not care to talk—not even one minute—I want you to read the 5th chapter of the first book of the Pentateuch. If you don't have a Tenach, I will be happy to let you have either one in Hebrew or in Yiddish." In a minute or two, with a disgusting look, he left, shaking his head, uttering these words, "A broch zuh aich" (Woe unto you) and left the Mission. However, I knew what I said would revolve in his mind, and he would wonder why I asked him to read that particular portion, the fifth chapter of Genesis.

I felt certain it would make him curious, and that he would most certainly come back, his anger and fury lessened.

Several days later, he phoned me at my home and asked me if I would be in the Hebrew Mission at a certain hour. I told him that, although I had other plans, I would be most happy to change and be there at the hour he desired. As servants of Christ, we must set an example of love to the world and show forbearance. I was in the Mission only a few minutes, when the Jewish man who a few days before destroyed a New Testament and wanted to break the plate glass window arrived. He manifested an entirely different attitude and remarked that he was very happy indeed that during his terrible wrath, he had been prevented from carrying out a foolish act which would have caused a scandal, and brought personal loss of himself. I explained that I sympathized with him and understood perfectly his behavior. Then I asked what he wanted to talk about. He said, "First I did as you suggested. I read the

chapter through several times, but I could not find anything pertaining to me in the least. Although not a specialist in the Hebrew, I could read and understand the meaning of what I read." Incidentally, he frankly admitted that it was the first time that he read ANYTHING from the "Tenach" since his "Bar-Mitzvah."

Desiring to explain, I said, "If you are pressed for time, I would like to leave a thought with you, on this, the fifth chapter of Genesis, which is commonly known as the DEATH chapter. Not a pretty name at all! But in reality, every moment of our lives there is less, and less and less in our hour glass. The Ostrich philosophy won't work. So whether we like it or not, we must face it. There is no other alternative. For some it is a horror; for others it is a 'walk' (Psalm 23:4) into another world, where there is PEACE, and ETERNAL JOY, etc. The fifth chapter tells of people who lived and died. It gives only their chronology. In other words beside this we do not know much about them, only that they lived so many years and died. Lived and died. Lived and died. However, sometimes, only a short paragraph reveals so much. For example, we read that 'Jabez knew the God of Israel.' That says something that is profitable in this world, and in the world to come. Suppose you live until the age of 120 years like Moses. That is a long, long time. You accumulate much wealth, yes, and make many friends. When you die, it will be said that you lived 120 years and died. Lived and died. What a sad commentary to give in a eulogy, 'lived and died.' For what shall a man be profited, if he shall gain the world and loses his soul? Or what shall he give in exchange for his soul? But we must 'seek FIRST the kingdom of God and His righteousness.' Is it not time for you to make an inventory?" I further said to him, "You know as well as I do, that when a Jew dies, other Jews take small stones and place upon their eyes. You know why they do it? As

long as a man has his eyes open he strives, he makes efforts, he labors, he continually drives to accumulate more and more. Yet the more he has, the more he wants. But when he dies, he has ENOUGH. The earth covers him. His eyes are covered. No more craving. Stop! Enough! 'Naked did I come and naked must I go.' In the 'Ethics of the Fathers' we read thus: 'AKIVAH BEN MHALLEL' said 'ULON ATOH-HAULAICH. LIMKON OFOR RIMOH YESOLAIOH' (Whither art thou going? To a place of dust, worms and reptiles)."

We talked and discussed for several hours, and I could tell he was now as stirred to learn the truth, as he had been in anger at our first meeting. He came to our Hebrew Mission for four years. He also visited our home many times. We studied together the "Brith-Hachadosha." His hunger and thirst increased. He enjoyed the study of God's Word, and finally came to the point where he said, "All the time I was denouncing you and the Mission, I was really denouncing the Mo-chi-ach. Now I see the Mo-chi-ach must be HE of whom the prophets spoke, so I accept Him as such." Then he made his decision to be BAPTIZED. There was no false bravery or insincerity in the manner in which he made his decision, but real valor. After he was buried with his Lord in BAPTISM, he desired to know what was right and do it. Of course this purpose of heart should be the rule of every "twice born" one, be he Jew or non-Jew. He, like myself, was sure to suffer terrible persecution, but he did not compromise what he believed the word of God taught. We must continue to make an endeavor to rescue the Jews who are perishing because of their unbelief and hardness of heart. We must have patience. "He that believeth shall not make haste. It is not His will that any should perish but all will certainly perish unless they are brought to repent, confess and be baptized."

Depending on the background and the degree of their

loyalty to God or their adherence to Jewish traditions, one working among the Jews finds a variety of obstacles when trying to make the first entrance for the Word that brings light concerning the Christ and His salvation.

Till now I have told of the victories of the ones who were led to accept JESUS as the Mo-chi-ach and be BAPTIZED; but the following Jew, I am sorry to say, went away without surrendering. This elderly Jew who was once a "Shamos" (Sexton) in Russia came frequently to the mission. For a long time, I discussed with him about Jesus and quoted from the Old Testament which attested to the indisputable fact that Jesus is the Mo-chi-ach who was predicted by Moses and the prophets. I informed him during my discourses, that a true understanding of the "Tenach" is indispensable for a proper realization of the "Brith-Hachadosha." "And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed: he shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel" (Genesis 3:15). "The scepter shall not depart from Judah, Nor the rulers staff from between his feet, Until Shiloh come, and unto him shall the obedience of the people be" (Genesis 49:10). "I will raise them up a prophet from among their brethren, like unto thee, and I will put my words in his mouth, and he shall speak unto them all that I shall command him" (Deuteronomy 18:18).

"Therefore the Lord Himself will give you a sign: behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son and shall call his name Immanuel" (Isaiah 7:14).

"For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given, and the government shall be upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace" (Isaiah 9:6).

"But THOU Bethlehem Ephratha, which are little to be among the thousands of Judah, out of thee shall one come

forth unto me that is to be ruler in Israel: whose going forth are from of old; from everlasting" (Micah 5:2).

"But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon HIM, and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way, and Jehovah hath laid on him the iniquity of us all" (Isaiah 53:5-6).

Paul through the gospel of the Mo-chi-ach brought salvation to the Jew and non-Jew. We can see the truthfulness with regard to JESUS as the Christ, through the Word of God. The apostle Paul, whenever he had the opportunity, bore witness powerfully and effectively for JESUS. The following adds additional light. "And Paul as his manner was, went in upon them, and three Sabbath days reasoned with them out of the scriptures (Acts 17:2). He further spoke glowingly, "But this I confess unto thee, that after the way which they call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers, believing all things which are written in the law and in the Prophets" (Acts 24:14). "Opening and alleging that Christ must needs have suffered and risen again from the dead, and that JESUS whom I preach unto you, is Christ" (Acts 17:3). "Having therefore obtained help of God, I continue unto this day, witnessing both to small and great, saying none other things than those which the Prophets and Moses did say should come" (Acts 26:22). "For them must he often have suffered since the foundation of the world, but now once in the end of the world hath he appeared to put away sin by the SACRIFICE OF HIMSELF" (Hebrews 9:26). "But even unto this day, when Moses is read, the veil is upon their heart. Nevertheless, when a man shall turn to the Lord the veil shall be taken away" (2 Cor. 3:15, 16).

I spoke in Yiddish, and said to that aged son of Abraham, "I became thoroughly convinced that JESUS is the Mo-

chi-ach, sent by God, the Father to redeem the world, because he has fulfilled all prophecies written aforetime concerning himself, to the letter, and is still fulfilling them." "Kiss the Son lest he be angry, and ye perish from the way, when his wrath is kindled but a little. Blessed are all they that put their trust in him" (Psalm 2:12). "You asked me if I have seen JESUS? Certainly, I have seen him in the 'Tenach' as a faithful shepherd of Israel, and in the New Testament, as the Lamb of God, my Lord who died for me on the Cross, to redeem me and bring me back to the Father." Of course these are only a few of the many Messianic references I presented. He made this terse statement, "Were it not for BAPTISM, I might embrace Christianity."

When I went out to preach to Gentiles, besides feeding their souls, I had an opportunity to acquaint them with the work of the Hebrew Mission. Joy and sweetness fill and thrill my soul for the blessed privilege afforded me to devote my life to the glorification of His holy name. I truly thank Him that I had the humble part in helping to start a New Testament congregation in Garland, Texas (about 15 miles from Dallas). Innumerable times I went out on Sunday to Garland. We met in a school house. Many times we had to go out and gather wood to build a fire in the stove, since we were prohibited use of the coal which belonged to the school. I often felt there should have been more fire in the "pulpit" and less fire in the stove. What was true then, is even true now in many places. Only a few faithful members of the "one body" assembled "to break bread" and they kept the work going. From that nucleus grew a flourishing and prosperous congregation. We were just a few, but we kept plodding along preaching the gospel of Christ uncompromisingly! A brother, an octogenarian, led the singing. It was edifying, truly stirring up our love to Christ. We had sweet, tender, deep and

melting communion with our blessed Lord Jesus. We all enjoyed it greatly! His Word when preached and accepted, gives life, beauty, growth, and fruitage. These few expressed such a deep desire for the fellowship of the King.

I had a similar experience at Prairie Creek in the 1920's. It was a few miles from Dallas, Texas. A daughter and her aged mother came by my house on Sunday morning and took me out to preach. This work was started by them. Again we met in a school house, and many times I went and gathered wood to make a fire in the stove. (Sometimes they brought kindling wood with them.) We were only a few but we kept the torch burning clear and high. I came back for services at the Hebrew Mission in the afternoon and returned in the evening when they were able to have two services. At times, I taught the Bible Class, preached, and waited on the Lord's table, but was very happy, as we all did it for the glory of God and the honor of His Son! As I look back, I greatly rejoice that the Lord used me to help blaze the way and establish a congregation where "Christ Crucified" was preached. One plants, another waters, but God gives the increase. His name be praised! I went out many times to Irving, Texas (a short distance from Dallas), where a few met in an old, dilapidated wooden church building near a cemetery. But now I believe it has several flourishing churches. To Him be all the glory.

I preached in churches all over Texas and at some places in Oklahoma during the 1920's and 1930's. While proclaiming the salvation that is in Christ, I tried to enlighten the people concerning the spiritual state of the Jews. I visited cities where there were large Jewish communities and called on them in their places of business when I had the opportunity. Therefore, when I went to a large city, the best approach was to speak on the street in the Jewish neighborhood. Since I would remain only a few days, I could bear witness for Christ to more Jews than by visiting

individually. I spoke many times on the streets in the Jewish neighborhood in several cities. There were always a few who would stop and listen as I bore testimony for JESUS the "Mo-chi-ach" (Messiah).

When I arrived in Houston which had a large Jewish population, I went to the City Hall in order to secure a permit to speak on the street. After a few questions, they issued a permit for which I was truly grateful. I have shown it to a number of people. I had to renew the permit whenever I came to Houston. Before I spoke, I took a box and placed a large cardboard sign upon it. On the sign printed in large black Hebrew letters was, "JESHUAH HAMO-CHI-ACH GAUAIL YISROAIL" (JESUS CHRIST IS-RAEL'S MESSIAH). Then I placed my "Tenach" Hebrew (Old Testament), the "BRITH-HA-CHA-DOSHA" Hebrew (New Testament) and the "Siddur" (Hebrew Daily Prayer Book) on the box. Incidentally, the "Siddur" and the "Brith Hachadosha" (New Testament) looked alike and the color of the covers was identical. From observation you could not tell which was the "Siddur" (the Hebrew prayer book) and which was the Hebrew New Testament.

On one occasion, a Jewish store was located a short distance from the corner where I stood. The proprietor came out of his store, took off his glasses, wiped them, put them back on, and then looked closely at the large Hebrew sign, "Jesus Christ is the Messiah." Through the sign, I was telling the Jews in no uncertain terms that I was a believer who had accepted Jesus as the Christ of God. At that time, a little boy of about 10 or 11 came out from the store, and talked to the man who was his father, and asked who I was and what I was doing. His father did not answer but came to me and said, "I wish that you would have taken a different corner, and not in front of my place of business." (In reality I was about 50 feet from his store.) I showed him my permit but he did not care to look at it. As he

turned around, his boy unwittingly picked up the little book from the box. His father, assuming the little book was undoubtedly some of the paraphernalia of the Meshumodim" (Baptized Jews) said with a voice full of anger, "Throw that abomination into the gutter."

The boy immediately obeyed the wish of his angry father. I went and picked it up, took out my handkerchief, wiped off the covers, and said to my former co-religionist, "I am shocked that you should throw away a 'Siddur' (the Daily Hebrew Prayer Book) where God's Holy Name is recorded, and from which Jewry prays three times daily. If you are from the old country, and I assume that you are, you should know how the Jewish people collect the torn, worn out 'Siddurim' (Daily Prayer Books), 'Machzairim' (Prayer Books for the Holidays) and 'Tenachs' (Old Testaments) and other sacred literature, and place all in the attic of the Synagogues." When a sufficient quantity was gathered, it was carried to a Jewish cemetery and buried because a Jew is strictly prohibited from burning them since they have God's name therein. I further reminded my former co-religionist, that according to some rabbinical teaching, a Jew is prohibited from burning a New Testament, "Brith Hachadosha" because God's name is there. "You told your boy to throw it into the gutter thinking that little volume was some kind of a missionary book, and that you would have done a 'miztva' (good deed) and would receive a great reward in the world to come. But you have committed two evils by commanding your son to throw it into the gutter. As you said, he is not yet 'Bar-Mitvah'." (As I previously explained, a Jewish boy reaches his religious responsibility at the age of thirteen. Before his "Bar-Mitvah" (Confirmation), the boy's father is responsible for all the sins his son committed. But after he becomes "Bar-Mitvah," he himself is responsible for the sins he commits. Therefore, on the day of his "Bar-Mitvah" which takes place in the syna-

gogue on a Sabbath morning, the father says the "Baruch Shepotrani Blessing" (Blessed be He who has freed me from being responsible for this young man's sin—conduct.) "You caused him to sin by throwing God's name to the ground. Secondly since the rabbis teach that each Jew is responsible for others, you are responsible for his sins, as he was not 'Bar-Mitvah.' Even if he were already 'Bar Mitvah,' still you would have been responsible."

That Jewish man paled and literally trembled, knowing that he had done a thing like that. However, he took his boy's hand and both walked into the store, unreceptive to further teaching. O, how my heart surged with emotion, and with a longing, to see not only him and his boy, but all the Jews turn from darkness unto the Light that is Christ Jesus.

CHAPTER XI

LABORING IN A NEW FIELD

By 1930, we had three young sons, Stephen, Paul, and John, and my wife was expecting a fourth child. She became our only daughter. Our expenses were increasing, but our help was decreasing. Desiring to give the Lord's work first consideration, we moved the mission to a building where the rent was cheaper. Then the depression years came upon the whole country and many suffered heavy loss. Many lost their interest in the Lord's work and ours was no exception, and after a time we had to vacate that building. I continued working among the Jews throughout the city as long as I remained in Dallas. After laboring without a mission, it became evident that it would be best to make a change and move from Dallas, with the hope of having a mission in some other city. After laboring among the Jewish people in Dallas, Texas, from 1922 to 1935, where we faithfully presented the Messianic claims, and tenderly pleaded for His acceptance, certain things developed which were beyond our control. We hated to leave, where for so many years we pioneered, suffered and sacrificed in order that my kindred in the flesh might be brought to a saving knowledge of the Mo-chi-ach.

After much prayer and deliberation, we decided to move to Kansas City, Missouri, where there was also a large Jewish community. Here we have been ever since. As missionary work never ceases, I immediately began to labor among the tens of thousands of Jews in greater Kansas City. Having no mission hall, I have been carrying on from our home. To this task I have dedicated my time, to "spend and be spent" in His service where I may continue

to proclaim the gospel of full redemption, through Christ the Son of God, the crucified, risen and ascended Savior. I am the only JEWISH CHRISTIAN who labors among the Jewish people in greater Kansas City.

Although we had experienced serious economic trials in Dallas, Texas, we came face to face with even more hardship in Kansas City, Missouri. During the past 28 years, our life has been and continues to be fraught with danger, trials, testings and tribulation. Having to be excommunicated from all of your own is something that is indescribable. Many times the pillars of my foundation were shaken, because of terrible persecution, poverty and privation, especially when our children had to go to school without their lunch. That was a test indeed. It was only because of His matchless grace and power that we endured. Instead of looking for pity, we were steadfastly looking unto Jesus, and keeping in communion with Him. All of this worked a hardship on my wife. Naturally every woman longs for a modest, humble home. That is her pride. Nonetheless, she never complained, nor murmured. On the contrary, she said, "I cannot but feel rich and extremely happy with the lot that the Lord set out for me." She stood by me during these years unflinchingly, and kept on encouraging me in the work of faith and labor of love! She used over and over the things we had, that nothing be wasted. Her simple trusting faith, her whole-hearted surrender, and her untiring self sacrifice, were a great stimulus to me in the work. Not very many are blessed with such a helpmate. Truly, the Lord is good. (I frankly admit, that I have not lived up to my promise, and have not shown her the consideration and tenderness and understanding that are due her. Now, after 45 years of our married life, she is more precious and wonderful than before.)

We have five wonderful children, four sons and one daughter, and they all helped us in bearing the load that I

might continue in the Lord's work. The home is the foundation of all piety and morals! It is no simple task to rear a family in privation, but we thank God that, through Christ who strengthened us, we can do all things. I say for the glory of God and the honor of His Son that all our children are BAPTIZED believers, seeking to live for Christ and that others may know of His saving grace. I am hoping great things for them. God enabled us to rear our children as earnest sacrificing Christians.

Though He may send me some affliction,
 'Twill but make me long for home,
For in love, and not in anger,
 All his chastening will come.
So while here the Cross I am bearing,
 Meeting storms and billows wild,
Jesus for my soul is caring,
 Naught can harm his faithful Father's child.

Although I knew some watchmaking which I had learned in Russia, I was unable to secure employment in that trade, as I lacked some of the mechanical skill that was necessary, also, in some places, when I was making out my application, I would prove in one way or another unsatisfactory, so I had to find employment at anything that I could get. I did various kinds of work using the languages I had acquired, but without much material remuneration. Our boys were growing up and that relieved some of the pressure of the obligations which had to be met. Things seemed a little better, but I became ill with what appeared a slight ailment, but as the months passed, the affliction got worse, compelling me to seek medical care. After a thorough diagnosis, it was discovered that my affliction, although not malignant, was a stubborn case of ulcer of the colon. It is hard to treat, but it is still more difficult to overcome such a disorder. I was also told that the nature

of the disease is "frequent recurrence." From the prolonged sickness, I became so weak and thin that I could hardly walk and was at the gates of death. The doctors informed us if a hemorrhage should occur internally, there was nothing that could be done. My very efficient doctor, who is a specialist in this particular field, kept on treating me, first to build me up, because I did not have much reserve left to fight off the disease. Finally, my doctor succeeded in arresting the disease by localizing it, but I was cautioned I might have a recurrence. During these years, I have had several recurrences. It left me with a chronic affliction. It has been a continual drain on my energy.

In spite of my affliction during the years, except when I was critically ill, I have been out almost daily bearing witness among the Jewish people for my Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, trying to bring about the conversion of Jews, who in turn will go out among their fellow men as living testimonies, bringing Christ to them. Hence through the undiminishable supply of God's grace afforded us, our spiritual fortification has thus been maintained. My good wife spent many nights and days in nursing me, besides caring for the family. The attention, care and devotion which she bestowed upon me, are beyond description. The good Lord will reward her for her faithfulness.

CHAPTER XII

TERRIFYING WAR AND BLESSED PEACE

Then upon the horizon came the European dictator Hitler, who plunged the world into war; the most terrible and most devastating war in all the annals of history. Millions of human beings perished. It fell heavily upon the Jewish people. Over six million innocent men, women and children were killed, nearly half of the Jewish population of the earth. I had a number of relatives in Europe and the anxiety over them aggravated my illness. To this day, I know nothing of what befell them.

In the space of 11 months, all three of our older sons, still in their teens, were called into the armed forces, as were millions of other American boys. This was a terrible blow, causing anxiety over them and depriving us of their help. We learned that every place they were sent, they would at once seek a place to worship with the Lord's church. In places where there were none, they would assemble with a group of fellow service men of like precious faith and have an assembly of their own. It brought great rejoicing to our hearts, and helped me physically. Anyone who had sons in service knows what a nerve-wracking, trying life it is to have to think of the things that their spirit, soul and body are exposed to day after day. You can only write, pray for them, wait, and hope they will return and again be able to take a place of service in the Lord's kingdom, which was your aspiration all the while you were bringing them up in the nurture and the admonition of the Lord. I don't see how those who themselves were not Christians, and whose sons were not Christians,

could endure the thought of being without God, without hope and devoid of comfort.

When Christians commune with Christians under any circumstances, they can converse in the language of faith and strengthen one another. Our boys, knowing I was ill, tried to strengthen me and we in turn endeavored to fortify them by our letters and prayers. When I saw them laying hold on the sustaining grace of God in carrying their terrible load, I felt in comparison mine was light affliction. Day after day, for over three years, this went on. As I was able, I went out among the Jews trying to win some to Him who alone can bring hope, light and salvation. Because of the atrocities befalling their relatives, they showed much bitterness and placed the heaviest blame for it on the Jews who like me had embraced Christianity. My heart was heavy all the while and we felt almost mean when we went into a warm room with a clean, comfortable bed while they were out in a cold, muddy surrounding with death raining down upon them from the sky.

It was in December, 1944. I had been out bearing testimony among the Jews as was my custom. As I came home, I turned the corner (we lived in a corner house) and noticed a group of people in front of our home. I immediately knew that something brought them there, but did not know what. Their attitude made me feel at once it was some bad news. When I came near, I was told by a neighbor that we received a telegram from the War Department that our oldest son Stephen was "MISSING IN ACTION."

When I came into the house, I found the house full of people, friends, neighbors, all trying to comfort and console my wife who was alone when the message came. This terrible shock and though we did not know how or where he was, the realization that the Lord was with him helped us stand.

We bowed low at the nail pierced feet of the CRUCIFIED

ONE in prayer and he helped us up. We fully comprehended that we are pilgrims, and that we are only tenting here, that we have no abiding city, but seeking one which is to come. Although our hearts were weighted down because of our dear ones, we knew that "UNDERNEATH ARE THE EVERLASTING ARMS" and we must continue under any and all conditions to cling to the Lord who traveled from heaven to earth for us. Jesus is our Friend, a bosom companion, a tender loving ever-present Arm of comfort and strength. In times of trial, testing, tribulations, and tears, we as blood bought Christians, must continue to remain steadfast in faith. Our remaining FAITHFUL does not depend upon our own strength. "IN THE LORD HAVE I STRENGTH." Of course we deeply appreciated the profound interest manifested by brethren, friends and neighbors, who showed their friendship and deep sympathy by their telegrams, letters and cards, trying to help lessen the terrible shock. This strain brought on a recurrence of my illness. We shall always cherish a warm memory of their prayers and words of comfort. Oh, the TIE that binds hearts in Christian love. When one member of the body suffers, the whole body suffers, and when one member of the body rejoices, the whole body rejoices.

After twenty-six days of SUSPENSE, we received another telegram from the War Department, that our son Stephen was alive and back with his outfit again. We grappled for words to express our thanks to the INFINITE, BOUNDLESS, TIMELESS, SELF-EXISTENT GOD FOR HIS "RACHAMIM" (MERCY) in sparing our son's life. I know that mountains of prayers went up in his behalf. When we learned that only a very few came back from his outfit, we felt almost as if he came back from the dead. As long as the war continued, we realized that danger hung over all of them and the countless other boys in service, and therefore, could not feel the trials were over. I did not

seem able to gain back my physical strength till the following summer, when he came home in July, 1945, and again our eyes could behold him. We poured our hearts in deep gratitude to the Gracious, Merciful, Loving heavenly Father for sparing him. It was truly a time when "a good report maketh the bones fat" (Prov. 15:30). My head will always be bowed in deep humility and respect for the ones who did not come back, and my heart goes out in deep sympathy to the loved ones who never returned.

Our second son Paul was injured while out in tank maneuvers, and had his leg in a cast for several months. It still bothers him, but we thank God that it was not permanent and the news of that did not give me another setback.

In February, 1945, word came that John, our third son, had been wounded while his Division was crossing the Rhine River and that he was in a hospital in Belgium. How serious his condition was, we did not know, till we heard from him. Though he had gone through much, he was beginning to improve and we were given assurance he would recover. Our hearts were lifted up in deepest gratitude and we began to look forward to his return home. I desired to be well enough that he would not have anxiety over me and that I could spend more time working among my kinsmen according to the flesh.

While I was yet expressing over and over our gratitude to God for sparing our sons, I was impressed anew with the uncertainty of life and decided to visit a Jewish man I had visited many times. I called on this Jewish merchant at his business establishment many, many times. We really had some very interesting discussions about JESUS as the Messiah, His miracles, etc. He always assumed an expression of complete candor. That should be the rule of all. As I engaged his attention, I pleaded with him to make a decision on that momentous step to confess CHRIST the SON of the Living GOD, and be BAPTIZED. During

the years that I had talked and discussed with him, he often remarked straightforwardly as I tried to enlighten him, "Were I to accept JESUS as the Messiah and be BAPTIZED, those treasonable acts would automatically remove me from Judaism. Therefore, I must continue to ponder upon it. And too, I see no hurry. The sun rises and the sun sets." So he kept on procrastinating in claiming JESUS as God's one atonement. But, alas, the funeral bells are ceaselessly tolling (I only use the bells as an example). I went again to call on this man at his business place. Instead of him, I noticed a card upon the door, notifying the public that he died suddenly of a heart attack. By not accepting JESUS as the Christ of God and being BAPTIZED he went into a Christless eternity. If that son of Abraham had obeyed the gospel, he could have rejoiced at that very moment, that he did something that he could have rejoiced in today. What is true with that Jewish man, is also true with many other Jews or non-Jews.

Now (1967) we are enjoying the blessings of peace and the good reports of our children as they faithfully serve the Lord. Our oldest son, Stephen, Jr., is Professor in Religion and director of the Bible Chair, Eastern New Mexico University, Portales, New Mexico. For his doctorate, he wrote "History of the Churches of Christ in Texas 1824-1950." He also has another book which has been published, "The Pentateuch." Both of these have circulated widely. He has a charming, godly wife, one son and three daughters. Our second son Paul is preaching Christ Crucified in Springfield, Illinois. He nurtures a wonderful work, stressing the importance of the spiritual. He has a dear Christian wife, one son and two daughters. Our third son John and his lovely wife live and work here. Our daughter Ruth who teaches a young ladies Bible class, and her husband, Dr. Earl Engle, work and worship with the Gladstone congregation. Our youngest son William Louis, now a medical

doctor, is a resident surgeon at University Hospital, Cleveland, Ohio. He has proclaimed the gospel in several congregations in Kansas City, St. Louis and Cleveland. My beloved wife, often beyond her ability, continues her untiring labor in the home, visiting the sick, encouraging the burdened, pointing them to Jesus and His precious promises. As much as I am able, I work among the Jewish people, preach at various places where I am called. I teach an adult Bible class Sunday morning and another on Wednesday night. Thus our family remains devoted to our blessed Lord who has done so much for us. We pray that we may remain humble at His feet, desiring only to have known among us Christ and Him crucified. May God enable us to continue the walk of faith, as we press onward and upward, until that great day.

CHAPTER XIII

BAPTISM—SCHMAD—MESHUMOUD—JEWRY

I have been asked often, "What is the greatest obstacle, or hindrance, which stands in the way of a Jew accepting JESUS as his Messiah?" My unequivocal answer is "SCHMAD" (BAPTISM). I do not pretend to give the reader an exhaustive analysis as to why Israel's attitude toward BAPTISM is the almost unsurmountable obstacle between him and accepting JESUS as the Christ of God. Yes indeed, it would take volumes to explain all their reasons for their horror toward the BAPTISTRY. I fully realize my limitation, but in my humble ability I shall try to give an explanation. I have been witnessing for JESUS among my brethren in the field for many years. The more I study, the stronger and more impelling becomes my faith in Him. My experience and observation among my brethren in our Hebrew missionary work give me a clear insight. Grounded in the philosophy of Judaism and in the traditions of the wise men, I know whereof I speak.

The Jews congratulate themselves that they have a mission with a divinely prescribed destiny. "Atto Bechartony Mikal Hoamim" (Thou selected us from all other people). This is from a prayer in the service of the three festivals! True, according to prophetic prediction, my nation was to bring the Messiah. That has been fulfilled. The heart of the Messianic revelation was the principle of the blood atonement. The incarnation of God on earth is inseparably linked with the Cross. He endured the same, and went to the Cross for our sins, and He arose for our justification. As "twice born" ones, our motives, our aims, should govern and guard us. The Crucifixion of the Messiah was neces-

sary to make possible the forgiveness of men's sins, be he Jew or non-Jew. "HE CAME TO SEEK AND SAVE THAT WHICH IS LOST." As Baptized believers, He should continually be before us. So now only those who are spiritually members of the body of Christ compose the TRUE ISRAEL of God!

It is generally conceded and realized and rightly so, that this phase of work, HEBREW MISSIONARY WORK IS THE HARDEST AND MOST DIFFICULT OF ALL MISSIONARY EFFORTS. This field of missionary activity has so long been sadly neglected that real progress is classed with the impossible! The maintaining of this attitude is in some measure, at least, due to lack of realization of the responsibility laid upon us by the great commission. Was Jesus Christ wrong when he commanded his disciples to "Preach the gospel to every creature, he that believeth and is BAPTIZED shall be saved, and he that disbelieveth shall be condemned"? Are we excused from sowing the seed of life for fear that it will fall on "stony ground" or by the wayside?

It has always been difficult to approach a Jew. However, the frightful persecution during the World War II has caused the gulf to become wider and wider, fanning the embers of intense hate and bitterness, placing myself (in the capacity of a missionary) as I am endeavoring to hold up JESUS as the LAMB of God and Son of God as the true Messiah who was prophesied in the "Torah Hakdosha" (Holy Scriptures) among my former co-religionists in an immeasurably harder circumstance. The Jews attribute all of their calamities and troubles, the "Pogroms" (massacre of Jews, especially in Russia) during the past two thousand years, as on account of Christ. The Inquisition and bloody atrocities, where hundreds of thousands of Jews were tortured, burned alive, and thousands were forcibly baptized (usually sprinkled), under threat of torture and

death, left a heavy mark upon them! Such detestible wickedness is engraved, yea, chiseled in their hearts. The holocaust of the "anto da fu" where thousands of Jews were burned at the stake will never be forgotten. The Jews think such terrible tyranny, crime and bloodshed were instigated and executed by followers of Christ! Hitler excelled in the tyranny and oppression of fire and sword against the Jewish people, more than during the dark days of the Spanish Inquisition. Hence, their ignorance about Christ, their prejudice against His people, and the bitterness of the Jewish heart. All these erroneous and misleading ideas stem from inculcation in childhood on through the centuries! Even yet it is fresh on their minds and hearts: concentration camps; crematoriums; gas-chambers. I am afraid that the Jewish prejudice is not altogether unfounded. They do not differentiate between Gentiles and Christians. A non-Jew is classed as a Christian.

Countless times while I was in Russia, I heard the ugly words "Christ Killer." The Jew holds to the distorted idea that when a Jew receives BAPTISM because of his thirst for the TRUTH and for the HOPE of eternal Life, to be with and be like HIM, that immediately something inexplicable ignites in him a burning hatred for his former co-religionists. He is transformed into a "Poshe Yisroail" (a rebellious transgressor in Israel) and brings terrible persecution upon the Jews, even causing suffering and death. These are thoughts rooted in the minds of the vast majority of the Jewish people!

Of course there were, and always will be, those that will bring reproach upon the church of the living God, who should be condemned in no uncertain terms. A Jew will at times admit faith in Christ, but will not submit to BAPTISM, for BAPTISM cuts him off from the Jewish race. I feel my responsibility toward God and my brethren is very great. Hence, from my own experience, before I submitted

to the sacred and solemn rite of BAPTISM, the resistance and hostility to Baptism in my heart and mind were indescribable. (After I arose from that liquid grave, I felt an enormous load had been lifted from my heart and mind. Having been redeemed with the precious blood of Christ, therefore, "It is no longer I, but Christ that liveth in me.") Consequently, I feel it is my duty to shoulder the responsibility which TRUTH involves, to carry the gospel of Christ to my brethren. By accepting Christ and His salvation only, men can move on safe ground.

My experience and observation during the many years are, that BAPTISM is the main line of demarcation between the Jew and the non-Jew. A Jew will not recognize another Jew as a turncoat, traitor, deserter, renegade, or apostate because he has married outside of his faith, attended services in a church, or given of his means to help a church. Yea, he may be appointed a deacon, or change his name, BUT AS LONG AS HE IS NOT BAPTIZED, YES, AS LONG AS HE IS NOT IMMersed, HE WILL NOT BE RECOGNIZED AS A MESHUMOD (ONE WHO HAS ANNIHILATED HIMSELF BY CHRISTIAN BAPTISM).

Here are some very mild examples. While I was out laboring in the harvest field among the children of Abraham, one said to me that he would like to see me on the other side of the fence. In these few seemingly innocent and insignificant words, lay so many smoldering embers of intense hate and bitterness that one lacks words of description. Here is what he really said: "I wish you were dead, and buried with your kind." A BAPTIZED Jew cannot be buried in a Jewish cemetery, but can be buried on the outside of the fence.

While witnessing among the Jewish people in St. Joseph, not far from Kansas City, I entered a place of business and met the proprietor, a man past the age of three score and

ten years. As he approached, I shook his hand and said, "Sholom Alaichem." He replied, "Alaichem Sholom," and courteously asked me to be seated. (Very, very rarely am I offered a seat.) He said, "You look like a 'Ben-Torah' (son of the doctrine, a learned man). It will be a pleasure to talk with you." He stated he could hardly cease thinking of the "Churban" (the fiendish tortures and killing) of six million of his brethren. That octogenarian was alert and still active in his enterprise, and took pride in relating that he was a charter member of the first Orthodox Jewish synagogue in town. He asked if I was married and if my wife was a Jewess. I have been asked that question countless times. I replied that I was married and my wife was a Gentile Christian. He said with sharpness that the charter contained an ironclad clause that if a Jew has married a non-Jew, as long as he (or she) is NOT "Meshumod" (annihilated himself in Christian BAPTISM), he, himself, when he dies, may be buried in their cemetery. But his wife, if not a proselyte to the Jewish faith, is absolutely excluded. As I discussed in YIDDISH with him, he explained how distasteful it was for a Jewish family to have one of its members marry outside of the faith. However, as long as he did not "Schmad" (be baptized), we can bear with him and manifest tolerance. But you did not only annihilate yourself, but are trying to 'Schmad' other Jews. Shame on you! Here is the great Jewish novelist Sholam Asch. Although he wrote considerable about Jesus, yet he did not 'Schmad' himself, and remained a very devoted Jew." That famous author, and renowned Yiddish writer, died a short while ago in Israel. The aged Israelite was right, he remained a good Jew in spite of all his writing about Christianity.

Here are a few extracts from my brochure *The Glad Life*. There are inherited doctrines, traditions, and ingrained prejudices, difficulties and obstacles of which a non-Jew

can scarcely conceive which must successfully be overcome before that soul is brought to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. In addition to the natural barriers before the children of Israel to things Christian, we are confronted with multiple conditions which are equally bad, caused by the various religious groups engaged in Jewish mission work, each representing a conflicting pattern and doctrine. It does not take a keen eye to see that such a jumble makes it exceedingly difficult to approach them, and adds only to their confusion. It is hard enough at best to make contact, but this fact makes it immeasurably more difficult.

The denominational organizations teach, preach, and promulgate that if a Jew accepts a leaflet, tract, or a New Testament, he is heralded as "Converted." BAPTISM, which was sanctified by Christ's submission to it, and the Apostle Peter's gripping and compelling words to sinful Israel on the day of Pentecost, "REPENT AND BE BAPTIZED FOR THE REMISSION OF YOUR SINS," are taken lightly, and made valueless. Some have even eliminated BAPTISM entirely. The way of salvation is uncompromising and incontestible. None can alter. To teach that BAPTISM is not essential to salvation discredits the scripture and brings injury to Christianity. Truth is irrevocable and irreversible. Men are not saved by mere confession.

It is indeed gracious of God who is more than just, and very merciful, that HE offers salvation to all alike, and on the same terms (Mark 16:15-16; Acts 2:38). The almost insurmountable obstacle to a Jew is BAPTISM, for Baptism effectively severs him from the Jewish nation. One needs only to mention "Schmad" and the Jew pales and trembles with rage. BAPTISM TO A JEW SYMBOLIZES THE VERY ESSENCE OF CHRISTIANITY. That is irrefutable.

A very interesting article by an educated Jewish man appeared in one of the most widely circulated magazines in this country in the English language, stating why he could not accept the Christian religion. In his lengthy article, that conscientious, learned Jewish gentleman frankly admits that he is interested in Christianity, and in a large sense he BELIEVES in HIM as a leader; but there are two things that prevent him from embracing the Christian religion, "BAPTISM AND COMMUNION."

I know of two instances where mothers died when they received word that their sons were BAPTIZED. The fatal step taken by a Jew is not so easily forgotten. The family will mourn for him as if he were dead. Pious Jews will "Sit Shivah" for them, removing their shoes, putting on foot coverings made of some material other than leather, as is the Orthodox Jewish custom when death of a member of the family takes place. As the Bible mentions Abraham sitting in sackcloth and ashes to mourn the death of his wife Sarah (Gen. 23:2), they sit for seven days on the floor, or on boxes, or remove the cushions from their furniture, to mourn their loss. This week of mourning is called "Sitting-Shivah." It should, therefore, help us to understand that we are not dealing with a hypothetical premise, but with an inescapable fact. In the *Journal of Religion*, January, 1955, is the following quote: "Simone Weil was neither an apologist for the traditional faith, trying to defend it against materialistic attack, nor a fugitive from the emptiness and confusion of the secular world to the fortress of an Orthodox religious frame of reference. Jewish by faith, she refused BAPTISM, choosing to identify herself with the immense and unfortunate mass of unbelievers." What a sad picture.

My eldest son Stephen talked to a young Jew who told him that his father urged him to commit suicide rather than be baptized. Countless other cases could be cited.

A Jew can say that he believes in Jesus, but as long as he is not BAPTIZED, he is a Jew. He can renounce and denounce Jesus, but he cannot divest, or shake himself from BAPTISM. The Jews are very suspicious of the sincerity of a Jew who forsakes the religion of his fathers, whether they are Orthodox, Conservative or Reformed (Their attitude toward Christ is no different). He is also accused of treachery and selling out for base gain. They speak with such abhorrence and revolting animosity, that they tremble with rage, and some will go even into a spasm. Truth, knowledge, justice, principles, etc., are dissolved by blind hate at the mere mention of "SCHMAD." The Jew when speaking of a converted Jew, always refers to him by that defiled and hated word "MESHUMOD." Countless times I have been called "MESHUMOD" and pointed out, "There goes that Meshumod." As a matter of fact, any expression other than that name would leave him ignorant of what you were talking about. A Jew to be classed as a Christian without being BAPTIZED, would be incomprehensible, IMPOSSIBLE. It would make about as much sense as if you said "hot ice" or "cold fire." Were it not for Baptism, I could claim in 39 years of work, 2000 Jews saved. Actually, however, only 24 have been baptized, evidencing the extreme difficulty of removing the heavy veil blinding them. Of course the scorching condemnation of Almighty God would descend upon me, for though I might deceive men, I would not deceive God.

It is harder to approach a Jew now than ever before, notwithstanding reports to the contrary. The resistance and hostility are very pronounced; Do not let anyone from behind a desk, or at a microphone who does not do personal work, and does not even speak their own language, Yiddish (Hebrew is entirely out of the question) tell you otherwise. Tracts, pamphlets, charts, all these are primarily for Gentile consumption. The Jew does not read them. What I

am about to say may be revolutionary and perhaps misunderstood and unappreciated. YOUR MANNER OF LIFE MUST BE CONSISTENT AND UTTERLY SINCERE, LEAVING NO ROOM FOR A THOUGHT THAT YOU ARE CONSIDERING ANY FINANCIAL GAIN WHATEVER IN YOUR ATTITUDE TOWARD THE MESSIAH, BUT THAT IT IS WHOLLY BY CONVICTION. The Jewish preachers running around from town to town speaking in churches (It is hard enough to get a Jew to come to a Hebrew Mission let alone to the despised church), telling of converting hundreds of Jews, yea, even rabbis, and sons of rabbis, are not presenting true facts. Where are all the Jews converted that have been reported? Every religious group should have a number of converted Jews in its midst, but where is even one? It is a joke for them to say that they have influence upon the Jews. That is so absurd, that were it not so tragic, it would not even be worth repeating.

We cannot look with tolerance on those who are undermining the Christian faith with their false claims and practices. Many "flaming evangels" have caused irreparable damage, spreading fabrications of converting thousands of Jews, disgusting to thoughtful Gentiles. They are bragging of converting thousands of Jews. Where are they? Who baptized them? Where do they attend worship? What are their names and their addresses? Where do they work? How many does anyone know? (Reader, how many do you know?) The words may be distasteful, but "Am I your enemy because I tell you the truth?" (Galatians 4: 16). A grave responsibility rests upon all to correct these evils, especially the religious papers.

No, dear reader, the Jew does NOT read religious literature nor is he interested in it. DO NOT LET ANYONE TELL YOU OTHERWISE. I know they produce letters from Rabbis; if not Rabbis, then from sons of Rabbis, that

they are thankful for the material sent. When they accept such in the presence of their Gentile friends whom they have purposely brought, they discard the same afterwards without even looking at the material. It is all for the Gentiles.

It is a physical impossibility to explain intelligently in 25 or 30 minutes to a Jew that JESUS is the MESSIAH. His conception is so remote that even if he listened that long, it could not be done. Therefore, I recoil at denominational proclamations that a Jew should KNEEL and PRAY at the radio, or put his hands on the radio and thereby he will be "saved" or "converted." He is not even listening! Imagine a Jew who is commanded to wear "TEFFILLIN" (Phylacteries) during the week day morning service, with the exception of the Sabbaths and Festivals, hearing such with any spirit other than disgust. In that cube shaped little leather box in the "Tefillin" is one of the most sacred phrases in the Old Testament, "SCHMAH YISROAIL, ADONOI ELOHAINY ADONOI ECHOD" (HEAR O, ISRAEL: THE LORD OUR GOD IS ONE GOD). On the contrary, these programs are designed to make the Gentiles believe that because they mention the Jew, that the Jew is really listening. Such programs, charts and tracts are prepared for the Gentiles, because they know that no Jew listens to them or reads their pamphlets.

The Jewish Christian can and must show his former co-religionists true Christianity. These deplorable conditions should not distress us. On the contrary, we should humble ourselves "under the mighty hand of God" and pray for stronger faith, greater sacrifice, increased devotion, among the Jewish people, so that they will come to see JESUS, as God's ONLY Begotten Son, the Messiah, the Prince of Peace, the ONE who implants LOVE and life in the hearts of men! It is the Christian life which shines powerfully and effectively as a witness for Christ by holy living and

humble sacrifice which will be noticeable indeed, and will impress the Jew. **HEREIN LIES THE KERNEL TO THE WHOLE SYSTEM OF JEWISH MISSION WORK.** I am not perfect, but long for God's righteousness, and pray that God will continue to make me worthy to serve! A Jew says that he is saved but will not submit to **BAPTISM.** This proves conclusively my assertion that he or she is **NOT** converted or saved. Why will they not yield in glad submission to that which God commanded men to do—repent and be **BAPTIZED?** How awful it is that some say that it has become necessary to abandon **BAPTISM.** Thereby, **JESUS** might be accepted by the Jewish people. What next is no idle question! As blood bought Christians we realize the demoralizing effect of a **COMPROMISE** of any kind on any part of the scripture, in order to numerically increase names on the ledger. It can only make wreck and ruin of the heart of the Jew, placing him in still deeper (if he can be in deeper than he is already) confusion.

There is "**ONE BODY.**" Christ is the head of the body, the Church. All Baptized believers compose the "**BODY OF CHRIST.**" It is not a building, or an organization as is unfortunately and commonly known and understood. The church is the mightiest body on earth. She is like a living stream, "**AND EVERYTHING SHALL LIVE WHITHER THE RIVER COMETH**" (Ezekiel 47:9). The organizations add board after board, committee after committee. They introduce human machinery into God's things, and that necessitates more machinery to keep the machinery running. Oh, how many folk are crushed between the cog-wheels or entangled and torn by the belts of religious machinery. Without **BAPTISM** we cannot think of the "**ONE BODY,**" **THE CHURCH.**

For many years there lived in a certain city in eastern Europe a famous watchmaker. He was known all over the Province for his skill in watchmaking. He built and per-

fect a clock and installed it in that town's tower. Not only did that marvelous masterpiece, the clock, give the perfect time, but gave out chimes whose tones were filled with indescribable loveliness. The ringing of the bells was simply entrancing and could be heard for a long distance. People from far and wide came to look at that wonderful clock and hear the ravishing music. The clock was the attraction for tourists and that town did a lucrative business. One day the renowned watchmaker received an offer to come to another city and build there a replica of the one he so masterfully built in his own town. When the City Council heard that he had accepted an offer to build a similar clock in another city, they hastily called a meeting and began scheming how to prevent the watchmaker from attaining his purpose. They realized that if he were to succeed, it would take away the tourist trade which was their source of revenue.

They finally agreed upon a diabolical scheme. **PUT HIS EYES OUT AND MAKE HIM BLIND.** That heinous crime was carried out. "Now," they said, "that will halt him from carrying out his plan." The great master wept bitterly at their merciless and cruel act. His heart was full of hate, rage and fury; wrath burned within him. When one of his friends came to comfort him, he asked his loyal and devoted friend to lead him up into that tower, as he wanted one more time to be near his great beloved clock, and to hear the melodious tones that the clock gave out. His trusted friend led him into the tower, and as they stood near the clock, he asked to remain until the clock struck twelve.

When the clock began to strike, he stretched out his hand, and swiftly placed his hand in the movement, and pulled out **SOMETHING.** Immediately, yes, instantaneously the great beautiful clock stopped, and the lovely music ceased. The clock was silent. No watchmaker, no mechanic was

able to repair it. It was ruined, worthless, truly a piece of junk.

There are many who would like, yea, be eager to take out and remove BAPTISM from the great costly masterwork of the church. Salvation without Baptism is IMPOSSIBLE. It is meaningless. Yes, it is ruined. If we may say so, it is just a disorganized collection of facts! You cannot set your spiritual watch from it. It is dead. To those who make light of, ridicule and scoff at those who believe and teach that BAPTISM IS ESSENTIAL TO SALVATION, we can only say, let us continue to resolutely and unshakably voice with clearness and courage its importance. As one studies and ponders upon that profound question, or subject, the more he is convinced that BAPTISM IS ESSENTIAL TO SALVATION and the clearer it becomes why they attack BAPTISM. That is definite proof that it contains some very, very important and vital truth and must be worth studying. The more vicious the attack, the deeper and stronger become the roots. Satan delights to fetter our path by denouncing us as "ringleaders of sedition." Were it not for the BAPTISTRY, the flood gates would be open. In the resulting conglomeration, no one would know who is, and who is not, in the ark of safety. We thank God for His WISDOM, MIGHT and marvelous GRACE. If this book leads only one to become scripturally baptized, I would be greatly rewarded. The gospel of Christ can be in the possession of all, Jew or non-Jew, who will avail themselves of the blessed privilege to hear His wonderful Word of Power and of Grace.

BAPTISM is a command of Jesus. "Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations, BAPTIZING them into the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Spirit: teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I commanded you; and lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world" (Matthew 28:19-20).

BAPTISM IS A BURIAL IN WATER, INTO CHRIST'S DEATH. "We were buried therefore with him through BAPTISM into death: that like as Christ was raised from the dead through the glory of the Father, so we also might walk in newness of life" (Romans 6:4). "Having been buried with him in Baptism, wherein ye were also raised with him through faith in the working of God, who raised him from the dead" (Colossians 2:12).

WHO SHOULD BE BAPTIZED? Those who believe. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved: but he that disbelieveth shall be condemned" (Mark 16:16). Those who repent. "And Peter said unto them, Repent ye, and be BAPTIZED, every one of you in the name of Jesus Christ for the remission of your sins" (Acts 2:38). Those who confess Jesus as the Christ of God. "And Philip said, If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest. And he answered and said I believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God. And he commanded the chariot to stand still: and they went down both into the water, both Philip and the eunuch; and he Baptized him" (Acts 8:37-38).

TO DO HIS WILL MUST BE OUR AMBITION

"Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord shall enter into the kingdom of heaven: but he that doeth the will of my Father who is in heaven. Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, did we not prophesy by thy name, and by thy name cast out demons, and by thy name do many mighty works? And then will I profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity" (Matthew 7:21-23).

BAPTISM IS TO GET INTO CHRIST, AND TO PUT ON CHRIST, "For as many of you as were BAPTIZED into Christ, did put on Christ" (Galatians 3:27). "Or are ye ignorant that all we who were Baptized into Christ Jesus were Baptized into his death?" (Romans 6:3).

INTO THE BODY: "For in one spirit were we all Baptized into one body, whether Jews or Greeks, whether bond or free; and were all made to drink of one spirit" (I Corinthians 12:13).

Confronted with concrete **SCRIPTURAL** evidence, it grants man the power of choice, the eternal fires, or eternal life. "Choose ye this day."

"I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power (*dunamis*) of God unto salvation to every one that believeth, to the Jew first and also to the Greek" (Romans 1:16). In order to approach a Jew on the subject of religion, the Jewish missionary must sometimes engage in a long conversation pertaining to other matters before he can mention the central figure (**THE MESSIAH**). The necessity of this as a rule is incomprehensible to Gentiles. It is only in this manner that we can reach them with the word of God. It must be remembered that the Jew has not changed since Moses' day. Most do not want to hear the gospel. They possess no love for Christ or for His followers, and are naturally indisposed to listen to His servants. The Jewess, who would likely be more tender toward the things of God, usually possesses little knowledge of religious matters; in fact, so little that a discussion with them is exceedingly difficult. The position of women in the Jewish religion is unique. The man says in his morning service, "**BORUCH ATOH ADAUNOI ELAIHAINU MELECH HOAULOM SHELOH OCHANI ISHOH**" (Blessed art thou, our God! King of the universe who hath not made me a **W O M A N**). But despite such hindering obstacles, we must patiently and constantly continue our efforts in this direction. Though often insulted and persecuted by my former co-religionists, the Jewish missionary must return good for evil.

In services conducted in Orthodox Jewish synagogues, the women are separated from the men by a partition. They are NOT permitted to sit together. Such is strictly observed. Recently, I read of a small Jewish synagogue in St. Clemens, Michigan, composed of Conservative and Reform Jews. The Reform Jews wanted to do away with the partition. They even went so far as to have tickets printed to be used by both sexes to sit together in the synagogue during the High Holidays (New Year and the Day of Atonement). However, the minority (the Orthodox) got so angry that they went to court, and the court judge (a Gentile) issued an injunction prohibiting them from using the tickets. Of course it remained in force until after the Holidays. (The Orthodox and Conservative Jews both sell tickets for the High Holidays.) From this revenue they derive the bulk of funds to cover the expense of maintaining the synagogue, salaries, benevolence, etc. Most Jews do not attend the synagogue during the year (only on the day of "Jahrzait"—Memorial day for his parents). Notwithstanding, he pays his dues and attends three days, the two days of New Year, and the Day of Atonement.

By the manner of life of the missionary, the Jews become impressed with what it means to be a Christian, and are sometimes made eager to listen to the missionary's story of the Christ. Day after day, week after week, month after month, through *personal* diligent study of the Bible, the pilotless and rudderless Jew is led intelligently, step by step, to absorb and digest its message. His horizon widens, interest increases, the spiritual culture enlarges, and finally he confesses the sweetest name that ever graced the lips of man, the blessed name of Jesus, and is buried with Him in Baptism. It is awe inspiring! The scene presented is unforgettable. I vividly remember when I yielded to that sacred and solemn rite in glad submission.

Only those who are spiritual members of the body of Christ, compose the true Israel of God. The pure gospel is preached and men become Christians only. At times our patience is taxed to capacity, and our nerves upset. It demands divine grace to endure. But what a glorious victory! That is worth a life's battle.

We feel sure that if we could get the Jewish people to study the Old Testament instead of their "traditions" it would lead them to the promised Messiah. We cannot reach them all, but God will never count us faithful if we do not reach everyone possible. This important missionary work among my brethren I will continue the remaining days of my active life, and I hope that my last days will be my best days. They should be, for I can thank God for many victories won, that my wife and I have yet been spared to each other and know the great joy of having seen our four sons and one daughter grow up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord to godly lives being spent in His service, all for the glory of God and the honor of His Son!

I purposely waited until the declining years of my life to write this autobiography, in order that no one could accuse me of mercenary motives. This narration is from my long experience and out of my heart. If this volume, "FROM SINAI TO CALVARY," will lead one soul to obey SCRIPTURAL BAPTISM, I will have been abundantly rewarded for my effort, toil and strength. This is written in a simple way, as I am no specialist. Should I still be living when you read this book, I would appreciate your prayers, that I may be faithful unto death, and be worthy of an abundant entrance into the eternal presence of my Lord! This is a hymn I wrote in 1927, several years after my conversion. It has been published in several hymn books.

I GLORY IN THE CROSS OF CHRIST

The Christ who died and shed His blood,
On Calvary's cross my soul to save,
Went into hell and there withstood
Grim Satan and the fearsome grave.

He snatched the keys of death and hell,
And holds them now in mighty power.
And every saint who fought and fell
Shall rise and stand in that glad hour.

On Calvary's mount I laid my sin:
The cleansing blood poured out, like balm,
And now I carry peace within,
And await the grave with perfect calm.

Or if He comes before I die,
I know I will see his glorious face:
And in His likeness I shall cry,
All hail to His redeeming grace.