

Apples of Gold

Zvi Kalisher's life-changing spiritual conversations

<https://www.foi.org/zvikalisher/>

AN EMPLOYEE AND A WITNESS

Recently I found work in a Jerusalem hospital as a handyman. The day after I started working there, something happened that was a clear sign of the Lord's guidance.

When I walked into one of the wards, I saw a Polish Jew, a man about 50 years old who has been in Israel for 35 years. He was in critical condition, and I felt led to witness to him so that he might receive Christ before his death.

The man told me the tragic story of how his family had been killed during the Arab pogrom in 1930 in Hebron.

"When my family perished," he said, "I was left alone, a teenage boy. I soon got into bad company with a gang of Arabs who smuggled morphine across the border. It was risky work, but they paid me well. In a short time I became addicted to the dope I was smuggling and would do anything to get it. My companions took advantage of this and sent me on the most dangerous assignments, mostly to Egypt and Lebanon. One day the British police caught me, and I was imprisoned for a year, desperately sick and craving morphine.

"After my release from prison, I had nowhere to go, so I returned to my old gang in Jaffa. They received me gladly and assigned me a new job. They bought camels from Bedouins and instructed me to drive the animals

across the border into Egypt. At first, I could not understand why they were doing this, but I soon learned the reason. They were inserting in each camel's stomach 15 bottles of morphine worth about \$4,500. The cost of a camel was only about \$25 to \$30. When I took the camels to Egypt, their Egyptian partner would pay the high price of the morphine and kill the poor animals right away.

"By now I had enough money to indulge in my vice. But I was caught again and handed over to a British court in Jerusalem. The judge was Jewish. I confessed everything and told him about my partners in crime. He sentenced me to three years in prison. Altogether, I have spent 19 years in prison.

"And now I am on my deathbed, and no one cares to speak to me to relieve my anxious soul. You are the first person who listened." I told him that I believe in the living God, the Judge of the living and the dead, and that because He loves us, He sent His only Son to save sinners like us. I read to him Luke 19, the story of Zacchaeus and the Son of Man who came to seek and to save those who are lost. I also read Jesus' promise that because He lives, we will also live (Jn. 10:10), along with many others. I said, "It is obvious that your time is short, and you cannot afford to waste any of it."

All of a sudden he began crying, and said, "I am unworthy of anyone telling me about God and His salvation." I told him, "Christ died for sinners, that they may have eternal life. It is up to you to receive the Lord Jesus as your Savior, so that you may have that eternal life. This may be your last opportunity."

He then said, "Please pray for me," which I did. Then he looked at me and said, "Now I am ready to receive the Lord." He was very weak, but I was sure that he truly believed. I asked "Do you believe that Jesus is your Savior?" In a soft voice, he answered, "Yes, and I am ready to be with the

Lord Jesus. I am no longer afraid because I will go home to Him.” When I said goodbye, His last words to me were, “You saved my life.”

The next morning I was told that my friend had gone to his eternal home.