

Apples of Gold

Zvi Kalisher's life-changing spiritual conversations

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

HE IS NOT DEAD; HE LIVES!

A few weeks ago, I was desiring to visit the religious school near my home to witness about the Lord. It is impossible to get in there, almost as impossible as getting over the Iron Curtain. But nothing can stop the will of God.

Here in Israel, the law states the schools must be “watched” each day by at least one parent of one of the students in that school. Recently, one of my coworkers told me, “Tomorrow I must ‘watch’ in the school. I want you to take my place. It is a very religious school near you. I have already spoken with the teacher about you taking my place. They will do everything within their power to bring you back to our fathers’ traditions!”

I was so happy the Lord had answered my quiet prayers. For Him, all things are possible. When I arrived at the school the next morning, the director asked me, “Have you passed a psychiatric test?”

I was very surprised and responded, “Why?”

He replied, “Because a normal man would not believe in a man and make Him a God.”

I told him, “You are the director of this school, but you need a special psychiatrist.”

“How can you say that?” he demanded. “I am the director here, but who

are you?”

“I am proud of who I am in my Savior, and I am happy in Him,” I replied.

“How did you come to have this happiness?” he asked.

“Through His Spirit,” I answered, “and this I received when I read the Bible and Jesus came into my heart.”

“How do you know all of this?” the director asked.

I told him, “It is all written in the Bible.”

“Let us speak earnestly with each other,” he said. “Tell me something about yourself.”

I began, “You see, I was in the Warsaw Ghetto.”

As soon as he heard that, he said, “You have come at just the right time. God must have sent you to us today. Today we are discussing the Holocaust, and you can give us a good picture of what happened there.” And so, even though I never dreamed it was possible, I found myself in a classroom of this very religious school. They attentively listened as I talked about the Holocaust. But soon came the time when I had to say the truth about how the Lord preserved me from all of these dangers.

After this came many questions. The teachers asked how I could accept Jesus, when Gentiles were responsible for the Holocaust. “You are right,” I told them, “but they were not true Christians. If they had been true Christians, not one hair from a Jewish head would have fallen. I believe in the Lord—not man-made doctrines, idols, or pictures, as many Gentiles believe.”

“You do not believe in idols and pictures?” he asked.

“Oh no,” I replied, “I believe in the living God.”

“Then how can you believe in Jesus whom you say died?” he asked.

I explained, “He is not dead; He lives. The prophets wrote that He would die and resurrect. You can read about the resurrection in Psalm 22.”

The director then asked, “Why do you speak from our Bible and not from the Gentile Bible?”

I told him, “Our only book is the Holy Bible, the Old and New Testaments.”

I gave my testimony and witnessed to the class and teachers for about an hour, and then for another hour or more they asked many questions which I was pleased to answer. This was for me a very happy day—it was like an impossible dream—like going behind an Iron Curtain to proclaim the truth about the living, loving, soon-returning Savior. His Word is alive and powerful—even in a religious Jewish school in Israel.