

Apples of Gold

Zvi Kalisher's life-changing spiritual conversations

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I AM NOT ASHAMED OF HIM IN WHOM I BELIEVE!

When I returned home from the army recently, there was a surprise waiting for me—two angry ladies. They were from the Agudat Israel, a zealous Jewish group.

“What do you wish of me?” I asked. “We have come to save your family from death!” they replied.

“What death?” I asked. “Who wants to kill us?”

“Jews,” they replied. “We have heard about you, that you are a convert. We want to help you and your family. We want to save you.”

“First,” I began, “it is you who need salvation. I am saved, so you do not have to worry about me and my family. I am happy in my heart for what God has given me. Even if you sincerely want to do something for me, you cannot because you have no power. You are weak in faith, so how can you help others? I am sure God sent you to me so that you could be shown the way of salvation through our Lord, our Savior, who died on the cross and now lives. Only through His power can you be saved.”

“We are not here to listen to your missionary propaganda,” they said.

“You are also missionaries,” I told them, “because you have come to me with your propaganda.”

“We are not missionaries. You are!” they exclaimed.

“Yes, I am,” I replied, “and I am not ashamed of Him in whom I believe. Even Abraham was a missionary, along with Jonah and the other prophets. Why am I, then, forbidden to be a missionary?”

The ladies threatened to have my position published in all the newspapers, saying that I am sowing poison against God in the Holy Land. I asked, “How do you know that I sow poison, and are you so holy and righteous?” They did not answer me immediately, but finally one of them said, “If I could, I would kill you!”

I then opened the New Testament and read to her Romans 12:9–21, which tells believers to love others. “If you call this poison,” I told her, “then I do not know what to say. I know that all the people to whom I speak about our Savior are alive. They are happy because they have hope, and they shall never die.”

“If that is so,” she threatened, “we will write about you, and then you will be sorry.”

“Never,” I replied. Then I read Romans 8:38–39, telling her, “Not only will I read the Scriptures to you, but I am ready to face every obstacle you place in my path. I am not afraid.”

“We are weak women,” she said. “We will send our husbands to you; they are strong.”

“If you like,” I said, “I will go with you to your homes—right now.”

“Are you not afraid that our husbands will make trouble for you?” she asked.

“No one can do me harm if it is not God’s will,” I insisted. “I am ready, and I am not afraid.”

Then one woman asked the other, “What shall we do now?” They spoke Russian between themselves, not realizing that I know Russian well. One asked, “How can we go, having done nothing? What should we say to him? For he is right.”

“No, he is not right,” the other insisted.

“But how can you show him?” her friend asked.

“I know how,” the other assured her. “We will tell him that we will come again to continue our conversation.”

They then told me, in Hebrew, what they had decided. But to their amazement, I responded in Russian, “I must share with you what is right because you are not right.”

“Since you know Russian,” the one said, “we must be honest with you. You are right—we have no power—but we will not give up.”

“That is good,” I said. “Do not give up. Pray to our Father in heaven and ask Him to reveal the truth to you.”