

# Apples of Gold

Zvi Kalisher's life-changing spiritual conversations

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

## SITTING ON TOP OF A VOLCANO

First, I want to give you the happy news that my wife recently gave birth to our second son, We are going to call him Victor [after Victor Buksbazen, the first Director of The Friends of Israel]. We are pleased that he has joined his older sister and brother, Ruth and Meno.

I was called up for military service recently, and this time it was a miracle that I came home alive. I thank God that I was saved from this boiling pot, which is impossible to describe. It is like a volcano that erupts every few months. By now, I have become used to it.

After this trip, I visited a family whose two oldest children had recently married. Now there are only six children left at home, the oldest being 14 and the youngest three. I visited their home in the company of my commanding officer, and they received us courteously. This officer treats me very well, although he knows that I am a believer. A year ago he took my New Testament from my rucksack, and we are now great friends. Because of his position, he has to be very careful. The authorities cannot do anything to me, but he has rank and could get himself into trouble.

We were able to discuss the things of Christ in the home of the family we visited. We prayed together, and they thanked me for visiting them again.

When I returned to my work, my fellow-laborers could not believe that I

had come back. One of them said, “A goy has luck.” (They call me a goy—Gentile—because I believe in Jesus.) He said, “Couldn’t you have gotten killed, instead of one of our own?” I answered, “Is it perhaps because the Lord has a plan for me—to proclaim His gospel—that He saved me? I am sure of this. And this is not the first time that the Lord has saved me. I have been in similar situations before, but, as you can see, I am safe and sound. Is it not a miracle?”

My foreman stood on the sidelines listening to our conversation, and at the end he came to me and said, “If you do not stop these communications about the gospel, I will dismiss you.” I answered, “If you wish, you can do so immediately, but I will say what I want to say, and no one can forbid me. I am not employed here as a high official, but as a hard-working construction man. What is your decision?” He thought for a moment and then said, “Stay.” “I take it then,” I said, “that you really enjoy hearing my testimony and that I am permitted to say what I stand for?”

This incident gave me greater courage to bear witness every time I can, whenever I can, and wherever I can. Most of the people with whom I work are from Kurdistan and Iraq and have never before heard about the Lord Jesus. That is why the foreman was so afraid of my testimony. But, whether he likes it or not, he hears about the Lord. I do my work well, and he can find no fault with me. I said to him, “The day will come when you will implore the Lord, in the name of Jesus, to forgive you. There are no heroes before God.” He replied, “Enough of the lesson for today.” I then remarked, “I would like you, not only to learn the lesson, but to do some homework.” For the first time, he laughed. Now the men who work with me are very interested and ask me many questions.