

Apples of Gold

Zvi Kalisher's life-changing spiritual conversations

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THE MIRACLE OF THE SNOWSTORM

We recently experienced something we have not seen in Israel for many years—a snowstorm with 16 inches! It caused many traffic accidents, downed power lines, and loss of electricity.

Most people in my neighborhood know me as either a helpful person who will come to their homes and repair things without charge or as a so-called apostate who tries to lead them away from the faith.

During the snowstorm, the Lord performed a miracle by bringing to my door a well-known rabbi who I thought knew me only as an apostate. He came not with a sour face as on previous occasions, but with a pleasant expression, and in a kind voice said, “Well, Zvi, you have won the war. I need you now! I think you can help me.”

I asked, “What do you need? I will do my best to help you.”

He replied, “We have no electricity. I have heard you can help.”

“Of course, let us go,” I said, as I picked up my toolbox.

After a few minutes of work, their lights came on—bringing great joy to the rabbi and his family. I then recited Isaiah 9:2: “The people who walked in darkness have seen a great light; those who dwelt in the land of the shadow of death, upon them a light has shined.”

Because I was a guest in the rabbi's home and had performed a valuable service, I felt the liberty to speak about the Lord. They invited me to sit and have a cup of tea as we talked. Such an opportunity comes perhaps once in a jubilee, and I asked the Lord to help me speak.

The rabbi was so grateful for what I had done that he vowed never again to speak against me or call me an apostate. The same God who produced the miracle of the snowfall also did a work in the rabbi's heart.

As I was about to leave, the rabbi asked what he owed. I replied, "There is no charge. The Talmud says, 'In times of distress, the children of Israel must be responsible for each other's well-being.' God has given me a great love for my neighbors. The Lord said, 'You shall love your neighbor as yourself' [Lev. 19:18]. You are my neighbor."

The rabbi then jumped up and said, "Do you actually believe what the Bible says?"

"Yes," I replied. "The Bible is the foundation for my faith."

He said, "You have the greatest chutzpah I have ever seen. Show me before my entire family where this man Jesus is in the Bible."

I responded, "I am happy you asked this." Then I read Micah 5:2: "But you, Bethlehem Ephrathah, though you are little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of you shall come forth to Me the One to be Ruler in Israel, whose goings forth are from of old, from everlasting."

He replied, "But this one in whom you believe never ruled Israel. He was crucified."

"You are right," I said, "and everyone stared at Him as He hung there. Zechariah 12:10 says, 'They will look on Me whom they pierced. Yes, they

will mourn for Him as one mourns for his only son, and grieve for Him as one grieves for a firstborn.' I could show you, page after page, where the Bible speaks about this one whom you ridicule. I can stay as long as you like."

He then quoted Jeremiah 12:1: "Why does the way of the wicked prosper?"

I asked, "Who are the wicked? Those who believe in the living God? Or those who worship a false faith?" Our discussion became very heated.

I know this encounter will produce fruit some day. I pray I will have further opportunities to speak to this rabbi, trusting that one day he and his family will escape spiritual darkness and embrace spiritual light, just as they were brought out of physical darkness into physical light during the snowstorm.