

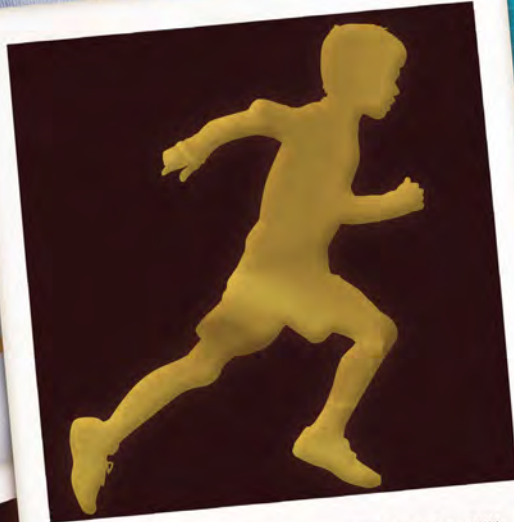


A Snapshot of the Jewish Remnant

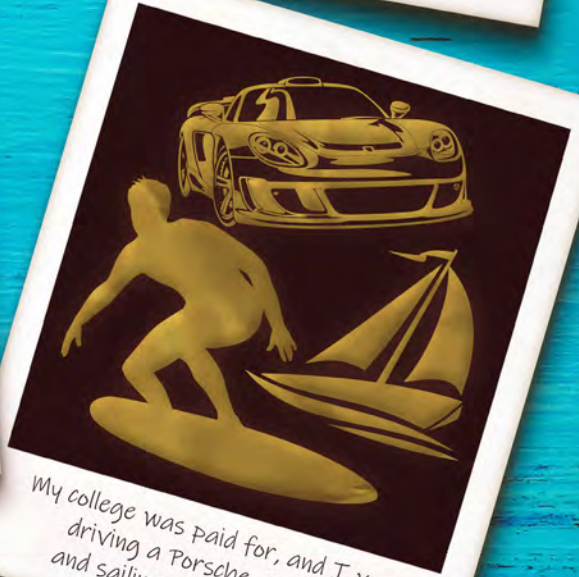
By Gershon ben Yoseph



"Then you also know
that it makes you a Jew."



"Soon, I learned it was easier to run
than to constantly fight,"



My college was paid for, and I was
driving a Porsche, surfing,
and sailing on the weekends.



What I heard rang absolutely true.
I realized that the Bible was true,
and I came to faith that night.

You would have thought that there would have been a massive paradigm shift in the collective psyche of *HaGoyim*, the nations, after six million Jews or more were slaughtered in the great war. There wasn't, of course, because *HaSatan's* evil anti-Semitic goal will not cease until he is cast into the lake of fire forever.



Three days before David Ben Gurion stood up and declared the modern State of Israel into existence, an Orthodox Ashkenazi Jewish banker and a Sephardic Jewish mother had a son. He was—and still is—me. We lived in a very ethnic neighborhood. There were two German families, two Polish families, one family from Finland, and multiple Italians. The parents of these families must have darkened the hearts of their children about the Jewish people because one day, on the way home from school, the kid across the street (whose father was a high school teacher) said, “Hey, do you know your father is Jewish?” I said, “Of course I do.” He said, “Then you also know that it makes *you* a Jew.” That was the start of several years of both physical and emotional striations that were very difficult to navigate.

When I was about eleven or twelve years old, the neighborhood kids would knock on the door and ask my mother if I could come out to play, and she (not knowing what was going on) would insist I go out. If it was for sports, the kids accepted me, but most of the time they wanted me to fight or wrestle someone. They also did other mean things that young teens do to someone who is different. Soon, I learned it was easier to run than to constantly fight, and I told my father what was going on. He said that something had happened to our people in Europe before I was born, and someday he would tell me. He never did. He and my mother divorced, and my mother remarried and moved to Hawaii. She later regretted the divorce. One day, she wrote me a very cryptic letter and soon after took her own life—something very rare in a Jewish

family. My father got involved in a cult. Because he had a nearly photographic memory, he rose quickly to teaching in that cult, and the Lord took him one day very suddenly. I was so alone.

In my third year of college, I started dating a Christian girl. Eventually, she said I had to meet her parents because I was Jewish. I said, “Of course! What does your father do?” She answered that he was a pastor. This information shook me for a second, but I thought that it could not be any worse than my neighborhood years. So, one day, I went up and met the Gallaghers. Mrs. Gallagher was the most loving person I had ever met, and Pastor Gallagher was very sensitive and astute at our first greeting. He called me by my Hebrew name even though I hadn’t told anyone what it was, and when I asked him how he knew, he said, “I’m a pastor. I know some Hebrew.” He met with me for about five minutes, showed me a couple of verses from the Hebrew Bible, and explained them. Somehow, this seemed so refreshing. Then Mrs. Gallagher gave me something to eat, and their daughter and I went out. I had to meet with the pastor for about five minutes each week, and I started to love it. The teaching I received was not rabbinic. It was straight out of the Scriptures, and I could not get enough.

After a while, I started going to Pastor Gallagher’s church. At that time, I was living behind Diamond Head in Hawaii. My college was paid for, and I was driving a Porsche, surfing in world-class competitions, and sailing on the weekends. College was boring, but my father had told me that because I was Jewish, I had to go. He said that people do not always like Jews, but if I were to

excel in what I do, I would be able to at least provide for my family.

From a material perspective, my life as a twenty-one-year-old college student could not have been better. Nevertheless, one night while I was sitting at home, having everything the world could offer, I realized that I was miserable and empty and did not know why. Through a series of God-ordained invitations from people who had been praying for me, I went to a church that night to listen to a message. The church was packed. In fact, it was so crowded that I could not get in. So, I listened through a door on the side of the building. What I heard rang absolutely true. I realized that the Bible was true, and I came to faith that night.

I changed schools and started going to a Bible college and later to a seminary. The Lord has used that Jewish boy now for many years, teaching the Bible in seven countries and bringing the gospel message to both the nations and the House of Israel.

As I write this testimony, there is a new wave of anti-Semitism washing across the globe. While this wave goes mostly unnoticed because it is not reported, the hatred against the Jewish people is once again rearing its evil head in Israel, in Europe, and even in America. However, I know in whom I have believed and am persuaded that He is able to guard what I have entrusted to Him until that day. Most pastors have little if anything to say about Israel, and replacement theology has been used to dismantle what believers should think about the Jewish people. Please don’t let that be you.

In Messiah’s great love,

Gershon ben Joseph