

Mike Natt - From Woodst

I was sought by those who did not ask for Me; I was found by those who did not seek Me. (Isaiah 65:1)

Ironically, Isaiah spoke this prophetic word not to the Jewish people who were God's chosen, but to the gentiles, who were outside of the commonwealth of Israel and the covenants of God. Fast forward to 1967 - I as a natural descendant of Abraham was estranged from God. I sought fulfillment in the Eastern religions of the gentiles rather than in the God of my fathers. Although I completed my bar mitzvah and was trained in the heritage of the Jewish people, I found no fulfillment in these things. The music of Sergeant Pepper was the song of my life rather than the Psalms of King David.

Unbeknownst to me at the time, 1967 was a pivotal year in God's dealings with the Jewish people. As the City of Jerusalem returned to its rightful owners, God was drawing a generation of young Jewish people back to Himself, their rightful owner. However like many of my generation, I did not seek a direct path to my God, but I pursued a circuitous path through the hippy culture. As I strayed further from my Jewish heritage and embraced this new American youth culture, I became increasingly aware of my emptiness and the grip of a sinister influence in my life.

After graduating high school, I went not to Israel, but to Woodstock, the Mecca of all that the hippy culture represented to me. Surely being around my element and grooving with the music in an atmosphere of free love I would find what I was searching for! Yet I left Woodstock emptier and lonelier than when I arrived. The God of Israel was watching over me and waiting until I came to the end of my search outside of His kingdom to discover what truly satisfies a hungry Jewish soul.



After a semester of college, I was restless and unsatisfied, so I dropped out and headed for Berkeley. Perhaps in Berkeley, a more permanent Woodstock like culture, I would find my spiritual home. At this point in my life I had never heard the gospel message; much less that it was a story about a Jewish Messiah. When I first arrived in Berkeley I noticed that there were a lot of people "into Jesus"; a phenomenon that was foreign to me as a New Yorker reared in a

predominantly Jewish culture. God used two people to make an indefinable, yet indelible impression on me.

A Christian man gave me my first gospel tract several days after I arrived in Berkeley. However, I was so excited about the prospects of a new start in Berkeley, that I wasn't open to what he tried to share with me. Several hours later, a large group the Hari Krishna followers paraded down the center of the city chanting and carrying idols. In the midst of the festivities, I caught sight of the Christian man, and noticed a grief and expression that was foreign to me. I was observing the Spirit of God working and expressing Himself through this man's life. This was in stark contrast to the other people who had given themselves to a heathen religion.

Several days later while walking on the Berkeley College campus, I saw a group of people congregating around a strange preacher. Although I did not have the Spirit of God in my life at the time, I discerned a spirit of hate operating within the crowd as hecklers hurled verbal stones at this preacher. Out of a spirit filled heart of love, his response was, "Jesus loves you." I felt as Saul of Tarsus must have felt witnessing the stoning of Stephen. Stephen's face was shining with the glory of God as he asked God to forgive his persecutors.

Stock To Berkeley, To Jesus

I staggered out of this encounter with another sense of the reality of God in the countenance of a believer. I did not know how to process what I had observed.

As time went on I became more spiritually restless, searching for answers that could only be found in a God who was actively pursuing me. My best friend from New York came to California and we hitchhiked to Eugene, Oregon where we were planning to spend a few days with some people he knew. However, for some unknown reason, these people told us we could not stay with them. They directed us to a Christian commune down the street. Although I felt a satanic resistance, I felt a stronger hand directing me to this Christian commune.



As soon as we entered the house, several people shared with us how Jesus changed their lives. My friend was freaked out and under conviction by the presence of God and ran out of the house, but I hung in and listened to what they had to say. My last line of defense was, "but I am Jewish." At that point they shared with me some Old Testament Scriptures that spoke of the Messiah.

However, what really convinced me was the light I saw in their countenances. I knew that I was in darkness, and yearned for the Light of the World. I received Jesus as my Messiah that night and knew that I had been translated from the kingdom of darkness into His marvelous light.

From my early days in the faith until this present time I have been drawn to the Scriptures and to live a life empowered by the Holy Spirit. The Jewish people are called to know God and bless the peoples of the earth as a chosen nation called to spread the knowledge of God. However, we have by and large given ourselves to worldly pursuits rather than to our priestly calling. Yet God's gifts and calling upon this people are irrevocable. As God brought me through a personal journey of dissatisfaction and discovery, He is preparing the Jewish people through worldly and demonic opposition for the day when they will embrace Jesus as their Messiah.

It shall be in that day that I will seek to destroy all the nations that come against Jerusalem. "And I will pour on the house of David and on the inhabitants of Jerusalem the Spirit of grace and supplication; then 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.
(Zechariah 12:9-10)

Afterward the children of Israel shall return and seek the LORD their God and David their king. They shall fear the LORD and His goodness in the latter days. (Hosea 3:5)

Mike Natt is a Jewish believer who grew up in New York City. Mike came to faith and was filled with the Holy Spirit in 1970. He served as an elder at City Hill Fellowship in Minneapolis for 12 years and ministered the Word in various churches. He pioneered a Messianic work in the Twin Cities and led a church plant in New York for two years. Mike has taught the Word of God for 35 years.



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