

Birgitta, her
husband Jakob
and their two
children

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Birgitta

By Shani Sorko-Ram Ferguson

Birgitta was 12 when her family left Estonia and landed in Israel. It was her seventh time there, and this time they were moving for good.

Seven years before, her father had been gripped with a love for his ancestral homeland. He wanted to move his family but found many obstacles on the path to this dream. As he watched the U.S.S.R. collapse, he felt a strong sense he was living in the days prophesied by Jeremiah:



Therefore, surely the days are coming, says the Lord, that it will no longer be said, "As the Lord lives, who brought up the sons of Israel out of the land of Egypt," but, "As the Lord lives, who brought up the sons of Israel from the land of the north and from all the lands wherever He had driven them." And I will bring them again into their land that I gave to their fathers. Now, I will send for many fishermen, says the Lord, and they shall fish for them; and afterwards

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Birgitta (third from right) singing at pro-ayilah concerts

Wanting to play their part in encouraging the Jewish return, her parents began working with a singing group that traveled to Jewish communities throughout the former Soviet Union raising awareness of the call of Jews to return to their homeland

I will send for many hunters, and they will hunt them from every mountain and from every hill and out of the holes of the rocks.
Jeremiah 16:14-16

To their family and many others, the fishermen were the voices who would entreat the Jews to return to the land of Israel. The hunters, on the other hand, would harass and chase them there. It was God's plan to bring His people home as promised, and God always keeps His promises.

Wanting to play their part in encouraging the Jewish return, her parents began working with a singing group that traveled to Jewish communities throughout the former Soviet Union, raising awareness of the call of Jews to return to their homeland. Recognizing their daughter's talents, at eight years old, Birgitta began occasionally traveling with her parents and joined the singing group.

Within a few years, some political leaders from Israel saw all the work her father was doing in furthering the cause of returning Jews home and the doors miraculously opened up for Birgitta's family to make aliyah as well. So in the early 2000's they moved to a suburb of Jerusalem and started their new life.

Understanding the controversial nature of the Messianic community in Israel, Birgitta was encouraged to keep quiet about what she believed. If asked point blank, she should never deny her love for the Lord, but she should also not bring it up, either. So, at the very beginning of the forging of her new identity as an Israeli, a disconnect was created between her reality on the Sabbath, that was spent among believers—and the rest of the week that was

spent with people who knew nothing of her relationship with God.

Charming as she was, Birgitta had no problem making friends and at the age of 16 auditioned successfully to become one of the contestants for *Kochav Nolad*—Israel's version of American Idol. Though she didn't win, she was a



Birgitta getting feedback from the judges on Israel's *Kochav Nolad* (A Star is Born) TV show



Birgitta while serving in the IDF army band

whispered favorite among the judges according to news outlets. The attention that came from that exposure was all-consuming and she found herself less and less interested in her secret God-life. Having grown up with the Lord, her conscience bothered her the entire time. However, she found it hard to say no to what the world had to offer.

When the army draft arrived, she was offered a place in the army band. She spent the next year with the band, traveling and singing to IDF soldiers in bases all over the country.

About ten months before her army duty was completed, she was invited to go on a trip to Galilee with a group of young adult believers. She had been pondering why she bothered with juggling her everyday life with this secret faith of her childhood, when she could just leave that

whole part of her life behind and be done with it. It had been seven years since she had gone on any "believing" outings, but she had some friends in the group, so she decided to go.

The Dark Day

The young adult group spent an evening together by the Jordan River. After eating and running around a bit, several from the group took up some instruments and began singing worship songs. Birgitta had always been sensitive to the presence of the Lord during worship so it was a strange sensation that, as they played, she felt absolutely nothing. It was

getting dark when Birgitta and a couple of her girlfriends thought it would be fun to swim in the river. They got permission from the group leader and headed out.

As they walked down to the water Birgitta stepped on what felt like a branch and then felt something scrape her leg. She looked down to see a viper—Israel's deadliest snake—and knew it had bitten her. The three girls started screaming for help and called the ambulance immediately. No one was near enough to hear them and the operator told them the ambulance could arrive in an hour.

At the time they didn't know the identity of the snake, but this particular viper's venom causes its victims' blood pressure to rise to a high level and then drop suddenly. This causes the blood to coagulate which can collapse the organs and lead to death within

about 45 minutes. Unless, of course, you happen to be allergic to the venom—which she was. In which case, the venom could prove fatal in just 20 minutes.

Birgitta and her friends tried to get back to where the group was but within a minute or two of the bite her leg was swelling and she couldn't walk. The girls with her tried to drag her but she was too heavy. Then suddenly they saw headlights coming down the road. They waved frantically to get the attention of the driver—who turned out to be one of their group leaders. For some reason he had decided to go fill up his gas tank—at 10pm. He drove them in his car to a nearby station where some emergency vehicles were packing up their shift.

While the team leader explained the urgent situation to the paramedics, Birgitta knew she was nearing the end as she couldn't breathe and started blacking out. The paramedics later told her she was minutes from death when they began treating her.

On the way to the hospital, Birgitta continued going in and out of consciousness. Then, as the ambulance began to climb a hill, it stalled. Minutes mattered at this point, and no one could explain why the ambulance wouldn't start. The paramedics continued to fight to keep her alive and for no recognizable reason, about five minutes later, the ambulance started again. By the time they arrived at the hospital, though, Birgitta was already in a coma.

Utter Darkness

Though she was largely unconscious during the ride to the hospital, Birgitta remembered the experience vividly:

"Every time I went under I found myself in a dark, empty space. I remember knowing how close I was to death and being really scared. I started to pray and tell God that I was sorry, and that I knew I hadn't fulfilled what I had been put on earth to do.

But this time, no one came. I could hear voices and people crying around me but I couldn't see anything. It was then that I realized, even on my bad days I had never known life without sensing God somehow nearby. Now, there was only darkness and the terrifying absence of God. I had

...there was only darkness and the terrifying absence of God. I had made my choice to walk away from Him and was now utterly alone with my decision.

I fully expected to suddenly see a white light or feel God reach down and rescue me. Me being foolish and God saving the day was how things worked. It had always been that way. This was the part where God would step in and warn me to, "Choose ye this day whom you will serve," and I could come running back—again.

made my choice to walk away from Him and was now utterly alone with my decision."

Birgitta stayed in a coma for three days with her family by her side. During those three days the doctors talked about amputating her leg to save her life, but were holding off as long as possible. When she finally woke from that dark place, she had tubes attached everywhere and her vocal cords wouldn't work. She motioned she wanted to communicate so they gave her a paper and marker. On the paper she wrote one word—חטאתי. In Hebrew it translates, "I have sinned."

Birgitta spent the next three months in the hospital, as the only way to save her leg was to leave an open slit in her foot and wait for the poison to slowly drain out. The process was agonizing, so they kept her sedated most of the time. By the time she was released from the hospital she had only a few months left in her service. She was still weak and her vocal cords had been damaged from the venom and heavy medications, so the army discharged her.

Birgitta needed a clean break from her old life and the army discharge came just in time for her to attend a Bible school in Sweden. It was a perfect opportunity for her to take a year to nurture and solidify herself in God. "This was the period where this "relationship with God-thing" became my relationship with God and not just the thing I believed in because my parents said I should," she recalled. There she would meet her future husband and together they returned to Israel.

New Life

Newly married and back in Israel, Birgitta managed to bring two children into the world while picking up university degrees in education and political science. Upon completion of her school, Birgitta took the reins of running a local believing Kindergarten called, "Little Hearts Preschool," where she still works today.

It took a lot of hard work to nurture her vocals back to health, and she found it difficult for a while to reproduce the previous intensity she was known for in her singing. Still, the invitations for her to sing kept coming—especially abroad. As travel overseas was difficult with babies, she utilized the time to record an album of traditional Jewish songs and later a second album of Messianic songs she wrote herself.

The Song that Changed Everything

When at home, Birgitta co-led worship at King of Kings congregation in Jerusalem. Then with their kids old enough to stay with their daddy, she began traveling a few times a year to

sing at various events in the U.S. and Europe.

"I was on tour with *Miqedem* in the U.S. when I hummed a melody into my phone and then found several scriptures to plug in for lyrics. I offered the song I titled *Melech* to some people in Israel who had a worship project they were working on, but they didn't feel it was good enough and turned me down.

"Gabriel, who was *Miqedem's* drummer at the time, also managed the *Fellowship of Artists* studio back in Jerusalem. He overheard me talking about my disappointment and told me he saw potential in *Melech* and would take it on himself to produce. That was essentially my introduction to the *Fellowship of Artists*, Birgitta recalls.

"As soon as I got back to Israel, Gabriel and I sat in the studio and worked through the song *Melech*, adding a bridge and developing an arrangement. I had recorded many times in my young career and had quickly found the music industry to be a brutal one where often the art of the music itself is lost in the push for commercialism. The *FoA*, on the other hand, valued the creative process and the people involved in the project. As far as they were concerned, if they were in God's will and prioritized the Kingdom, the rest would follow.

We released *Melech* in December 2019 and since then it has been heard over 2 million times online—an incredible feat considering the song is in Hebrew and Israeli worship is not yet a widely appreciated genre.

"The commercial success was great; however, from the beginning I saw the approach at the *FoA* came from their passion

to see the restoration of the ancient calling of Israel in worship—as with the Levites of old. Their practical application for this was to use every resource they had to help musicians, singers and songwriters who would otherwise have no way of developing their giftings on a professional level.

"*FoA* would help train promising musicians from a young age (through *Music Making for Kids*), mentor them spiritually so that the level of their skill and the depth of their character developed simultaneously—and when the time comes, release their worship to the public. This vision was very moving to me, and the more involved I got, the more I felt a sense of awe at this holy work that is being done. The absence of God's presence was a very real thing to me and it's overwhelming to consider that most Israelis go through life without ever experiencing God. I could see how our worship would become a tangible way to demonstrate the reality of God to Israelis.

"In between lockdowns last year, we released a second song called *Ne'eman (Faithful)* and are now working on a full album. Seeing how much *FoA* was pouring into me with what they had, it felt natural to want to give back. I had experience in vocal training and now come regularly to work with the singers.

"It's an interesting thing that the Levites in the Old Testament were never given inheritances directly from the Lord to build homes



Birgitta and Shani along with 14 other Israelis singers and musicians at the *Fellowship of Artists First Fruits* worship concert

like the other tribes were given. Rather, God gave ample land to the tribes and then instructed them to allocate parts of it to the Levites. God wanted all His people to take an active role in caring for the spiritual aspects of their nation.

"This plan also made the Levites vulnerable. They would have a place to call home only if the tribes followed God's plan. Today I see so many gifted Israeli believers—modern-day Levites, if you will—who are struggling in their pursuit of fulfilling God's call of worship on their life. I'm so thankful for those around the world who have inherited blessings from the Lord and have chosen to share it with us. I know I can speak for myself and others here in Israel, when we come to the *FoA* studio to fulfill our calling as worshippers, it feels like home." ●



Birgitta is joined by her sister as she is finally released from the hospital

HOW IT ALL BEGAN - PART 4

The War, the Immigrants and the Training Center

By Shira Sorko-Ram

When we left for the States to seek help for our son's serious learning issues, our congregation of over a hundred Israelis in a suburb of Tel Aviv was strong and vibrant. From the meeting hall to children's Shabbat classrooms to admin offices, something was happening in every square inch of the Maoz Center we had built.

Two years later, upon our return, the facility stood empty. The empty ark (cabinet) where the Torah scroll had been kept—and a hundred chairs stacked in the corner of the basement where the congregation had met—were the only evidence that anything had ever happened there. There was little left to do but to move our family to the upper floor for the time being, until we decided on our next step.

We had returned during the summer of 1990 in order to have time to get settled before our son Ayal and daughter Shani would begin their next school year. But before September rolled around, three significant events began to unfold that would make the following year one of the most spiritually exhilarating and emotionally tasking years we would experience in Israel.

The Gulf War

Within a month of our return to Israel, Saddam Hussein invaded

Kuwait. Thirty-five nations, led by the United States, stood up to Saddam and by mid-January Kuwait was free again. However, when victory was declared, no one in Israel breathed a sigh of relief. Saddam had made plenty of threats of his intentions to gas Israel off the map with his "mother-of-all wars" and all that. Israel distributed gas masks to its inhabitants and families held their own private drills with their kids to make sure everyone knew what to do in case of attack. We made



At the height of activity at the Maoz Center in the 1980's, Ari and Shira's guest room became the office and the Sorko-Rams moved into a mall apartment across town

it fun for our kids and drilled them with a timer. By the time we were actually attacked, they could go from play to fully suited up in about two minutes.



Ari surveying homes destroyed by the Scuds missiles a couple of kilometers from the Maoz Center

an elderly couple who lived down the street and I went to wake Ayal. Ayal, who was a tornado of activity in his waking hours, slept like a rock.

"Ayal! Wake up!" My pleading and shaking did nothing to stir him until the first explosion hit.

Instantly, Ayal bolted from his bed and ran to Shani's room—as it was our designated "safe room"—and threw on his protective gas mask and suit. We had long since sealed the one window in the room, so Ari simply closed the door and taped plastic around its edges. Then the six of us—plus the family dog—sat in the bedroom waiting for the promised instructions that would come on radio and TV if we were attacked.

It was at least 30 heart-pounding minutes before the TV and radio stations pulled their act together and switched from regular programming. Finally, the reassuring voice of Nachman Shai, a largely unknown army spokesperson, came on the air to explain that Israel had just been fired upon but that everything was under control. In between his instructions that night, the station played hours of Israel's folk songs about love of land and country. Four hours later, about the time I started wondering how we would know if the oxygen levels in the room got too low, Nachman Shai released the nation from their rooms. Schools, of course, were canceled until further notice.

According to the papers, during this very first missile attack, 668 buildings and 1,000 apartments

were damaged or destroyed in the Tel Aviv area alone. Thousands more were hit in the coming days and nights. But no specifics were given by Israel's state television, so Saddam would not receive "feedback" on where to fire his next missiles.



Gas masks were distributed in a box with a strap so Israelis could keep it with them at all times

Even though the Scud missiles almost always came at night, Israelis carried their gas masks everywhere they went. The unpredictability of the sirens and the fact that in some areas the sirens could hardly be heard had everyone jumping anytime a motorcycle revved up its motor or the refrigerator made a strange sound. To help resolve the issue, Israel set up a dedicated silent



◀ In the "safe room" with friends who were visiting when the sirens went off

Shani fell asleep during one of the attacks. Her dog also managed to rest with his makeshift "gasmask" of a wet cloth and baking soda which the government recommended.



radio station that would only broadcast sirens and emergency updates during attacks. Still, despite the emotional toll, Israelis were quick to adjust to the new norm and kids busied themselves with decorating their gas mask boxes.

Ayal and Shani began going to bed in their regular clothes, as pajamas were too awkward to stuff into the gas suits. And just like kids all over the country, they learned to fall asleep with their gas masks. The dash for the safe room, donning of gas masks and missile explosions followed by Nachman Shai, the army spokesperson calming the nation, became a routine part of Israel's nightlife. In an amazing display of trust, Israelis followed Shai's instructions to a T.

While a total of thirteen were said to have died of heart attacks and the like during the assaults, only one is believed to have been killed directly from missile fire—a

miracle, considering the massive damage Israel sustained during that time. Towards the end of the war, one missile flew right over the top of the Maoz Center and fell into the Mediterranean Sea two miles away. Though the attacks on Israel lasted only six weeks, they left their mark on the culture. At the time, no one knew if and when it could start up again. No matter what we said, Ayal and Shani never went back to wearing their pajamas to bed.

The most unique part of this time period, however, was the openness of Israelis to hear about God. Our confidence in the Lord at a time when Israelis were shaking in their boots gave us unprecedented

opportunities to share about Yeshua everywhere we went. Suddenly, what people believed about God and life after death was front and center in their minds. The significance of this moment in time was clear to believers across the nation who were experiencing the same openness from those around them.

Sudden and Massive Wave of Immigration

In 1990, the population of Israel—just a generation old—was almost four million! Much of the infrastructure was just developing and life had a small-town feel; everyone had a sense that building up the nation was part of their individual and collective destiny.

In the years leading up to its fall, the Soviet treatment of Russian Jews began to garner international attention as thousands of Jews were forbidden to leave their country and were often imprisoned. Their crimes included studying Hebrew, practicing Jewish traditions, or applying for a visa to immigrate to Israel. Such behaviors were an assault to communist ideology that had no use for any form of religious belief. Interestingly enough, the Soviets highly valued the great intellect, skills and achievements of the Jewish population and, as such, had a vested interest in prohibiting them from abandoning the motherland.

But with the collapse of the U.S.S.R. and the Iron Curtain, hundreds of thousands of Russian Jews who had dreamt of coming to the Land of Promise were released to do so. It was like the bursting of a dam.

The trickle began in 1988, and a stream continued in 1989. But 1990 marked the beginning of the flood of what would become 900,000 Jews and their families—added to a nation of less than four million inhabitants.

Absorption

Russian Jewish culture had its idiosyncrasies. Despite their Jewish roots, they were known to like bacon, vodka and "Novy God"—a variation of Christmas that somehow took place on New Year's Day. Up until that point, Israelis had shown little interest in any drink other than their traditional cup of wine as they ushered in the Sabbath; kosher meat was basically all you could get in the country and Christmas trees were only for monks and priests living in monasteries. When suddenly one out of every five citizens in Israel was Russian, the culture felt a shift almost overnight.

Politicians took to the airwaves encouraging Israelis to invest in Israel's future. "We are bringing highly skilled engineers, artists, doctors and scientists into our fold; within a few years, this will be an incredible boost to our economy and culture," they declared.

But highly-educated doctors, engineers and skilled musicians would be found cleaning floors, working at checkout counters and collecting garbage. In those days the streets were full of very skilled homeless people. For Israelis, a new phenomenon was listening to top-quality musicians playing on the streets of our cities—hoping for a coin. It was the language barrier that would be this generation's greatest

challenge to become useful in their area of expertise.

Israel had little in the ways of a luxurious lifestyle at the time. A significant number of Israelis lived in small towns or on collective communities called

Still, it wasn't enough. It wasn't just housing; it was the jobs. It was one thing to logistically fit 20 people into a three-bedroom apartment. It was quite another to feed them. It made one wonder how bad life must have been in

With the collapse of the USSR and the Iron Curtain, hundreds of thousands of Russian Jews who had dreamt of coming to the Land of Promise were released to do so. It was like the bursting of a dam.

kibbutzim (picture a form of "voluntary communism" that was effective in helping Israelis establish communities in the early days). "You willingly give all you can and you receive what you need" works when everyone is in survival mode. But despite the humble existence, everyone still managed to find a decent place to call home.

The locals in Israel did not remain apathetic. Much brainstorming went into planning a new school year for 20,000 new students. Thousands of Israelis registered to rent out rooms to new immigrant families. Every option they could think of was being considered—including putting tents and caravans on the roofs of residential and commercial buildings so they would have access to utilities. It was a genuine collective effort and even government leaders with land ordered caravans to be put on their property to help house families.

the U.S.S.R. that this became an acceptable alternative. Though the start was bumpy, what Israeli leaders said was true. Within a few years these highly-skilled immigrants were instrumental in Israel's medical and tech boom of the late 90's and onward.

Perhaps the most fascinating part of the Russian immigration is that it took place while missiles



▲ With their local currency worthless outside of the former Soviet Union, Russian Jews could not bring any wealth with them. Looking to salvage some funds, they purchased popular items before arriving in Israel and could be found trading them in bedouin markets.

were being shot at Israel from Iraq. Still, the whole experience brought real meaning to the verses in Jeremiah and Isaiah:

Surely now you will be too cramped for the inhabitants...the children of whom you (Zion) were bereaved will yet say in your ears, this place is too cramped for me; make room for me that I may live here.
Isaiah 49:19, 20



Though it was delayed a few months because of the war, Ayal and Shani celebrated their Bar and Bat Mitzvahs in the early summer of 1991. Of all the things that took place during the celebration, the part that brought the most excitement for those who knew of Ayal's learning struggles—was watching him read his Torah portion!

Read more about it in Part 3 of *How it all Began* (March 2021)

A large number of immigrating Jews had come to faith through a sudden outpouring of God's Spirit while they were still in the former Soviet Union. Men, like Rabbi Jonathan Bernis, held huge concerts of Messianic music with a simple Gospel message that saw thousands of Russian Jews come to faith. And because most Jews from Russia had never been indoctrinated to hate or fear Yeshua the Messiah, many who were exposed to the message of Yeshua came to faith once they arrived here in Israel.

Today, there are many Russian Messianic Jewish congregations in the cities across the nation. We have had the joy of walking alongside some of these pastors, and getting them enrolled into language courses so they can continue to be relevant to the

Hebrew-trained children in their congregations. As the second generation takes leadership, these congregations are evolving from Russian-language congregations to holding their services in Hebrew.

Training Center in Jerusalem

Arriving back in Israel to virtually start over in terms of ministry, we once again looked at the Body of believers on a national level. As pioneers, the questions we asked ourselves were not necessarily,

"What can we do that we are good at?" but rather, "What does this nation need most at this stage?"

The burden to reach Israelis felt overwhelming at times. They didn't know anything about Yeshua. They had been told so many falsehoods about Him for so many centuries. They needed to hear about Him! But we both knew if there were so few leaders to care for and disciple new believers, the long-term effects could be masses of Israelis coming to the Lord and then falling away.

I was no stranger to the vision of training up leaders. My father, Gordon Lindsay, had purchased a building on the Mt. of Olives with the dream of using it to train Israelis to reach their own people. When an Arab family stole that property, my mother, Freda, raised the funds, marched over to Israel and bought another property. The vision to train Israeli leaders was that important to her.

By late 1991, with the residue of the failed congregation still around us, several of our trusted friends, including Barry and Batya Segal, encouraged us to move to Jerusalem. "Your family is constantly moving from apartment to apartment; you need your own place. There are many believers in Jerusalem; you can start a discipleship school and when visitors come from abroad, they'll have an easier time getting to you and seeing what God is doing in the land," they said.

It wasn't an easy decision but it was an open door. Having just arrived back in Israel, our teen children had to adjust back to their native tongue and the largely godless culture (after being

surrounded by believers for two years). We had only been back in the country for just over a year, and now we had decided to move again. Ayal took it hard, but Shani, who had just been accepted into a specialized national sports program, cried for a good six months as details unfolded.

Pioneering often sounds glamorous after the fact, but in real time, it is more of charting a path until that direction can be followed no more—and walking back a bit to chart another path. Each time you get closer to your goal, but there are plenty of dead ends along the way. Many lessons are learned in the process, so even dead ends are often worth suffering, just for the experience it offers.

There were Jerusalemite, ultra-Orthodox Jews who kept track of the Maoz Israel Report, got wind of our plans and launched a crusade to "stop the Sorko-Rams." They used their connections to warn people to make sure nothing with the name Sorko-Ram or Maoz made it through any purchase or permit committee.

The push for a training center in Jerusalem was such a path. We put together \$5,000 of our personal money for a down payment on a house of our own in Mevaseret Tzion—(a town about 10 minutes outside Jerusalem). While the house was in its building stages, we joined together with other friends and dedicated the foundations of the house to the Lord.

Once we would manage to sell the Maoz Center in Ramat Hasharon, we planned to put a down payment on a small hotel in Jerusalem that we could turn

into a training center. We had the energy and the passion to teach day and night. This was about building God's Kingdom in one of the most significant periods of Israel's ancient story. We would raise up leaders who then would be released to do what God called them to do—no strings attached.

Oh Jerusalem, Jerusalem!

However, there were Jerusalemites who had their own plans. Ultra-Orthodox Jews who kept track of the *Maoz Israel Report* got wind of our plans and launched a little crusade to "stop the Sorko-Rams." According to articles written in the local papers, they used their connections to warn people in the city municipality and other

people in the local government, making sure nothing with the name Sorko-Ram or Maoz made it through any purchase or permit committee. At one point, Knesset members were publicly debating our move, as recorded on TV.

When the ultra-Orthodox got wind of the location of our newly-purchased house, they visited all the neighbors and told horror stories of what the "missionary couple" would do to them if they were allowed to move into the neighborhood. Israelis who had never seen or heard of us were terrified. They threatened

to blow up our new house. The contractor begged us to tear up our contract; he would gladly return all of our down payment. The opposition wasn't fun, but it was not intimidating. It was not the first time our home had been targeted with a bomb. We would push forward.

Then, to our surprise, the sale of the Maoz Center in Ramat Hasharon fell through. A few nights later, I had a vivid dream in which the Lord showed me we were not to move. When I awoke, Ari received a phone call from the real estate agent that they had a serious buyer. Having just heard my dream, Ari informed him the house was no longer for sale.

Meanwhile, our good friends Barry and Batya Segal, who had purchased a house next to us near Jerusalem, were informed that the house they purchased had some serious structural issues. The timing was perfect; we canceled our contract and the contractor transferred that house we had dedicated to the Lord, to the Segals.

We had prayed and moved forward in faith. In the end, it was clear, the Lord wanted us to stay in the Tel Aviv area. The funds we had raised were nowhere near what Maoz needed to establish a leadership training school and so we sought the Lord for other ways to grow His Kingdom. Of course, the goal could never be a building; the building was merely a tool. The goal was mature leaders who could shepherd and train young believers in the Lord. Now it was time to back up a bit and move forward again. ●

To be continued next month...

COMING
THIS MAY!

Hear the Psalms sung in Arabic

Sakhnini Brothers
THE NAZARENE

ORIGINAL SONGS FROM NAZARETH



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