



SAR SHALOM ISRAEL

SHALOM ALEICHEM - PEACE TO YOU!

SHALOM ALEICHEM

Shalom aleichem
mal'achei hasharet
mal'achei elyon.

Mimelech mal'achei ham'lachim
Hakadosh baruch Hu.

Bo'achem leshalom
mal'achei hashalom
mal'achei elyon

Mimelech mal'achei ham'lachim
Hakadosh baruch Hu.

Bar'chuni leshalom
mal'achei hashalom
mal'achei elyon

Mimelech mal'achei ham'lachim
Hakadosh baruch Hu.

Tzetchem leshalom
mal'achei hashalom
mal'achei elyon

Mimelech mal'achei ham'lachim
Hakadosh baruch Hu.

GREETINGS TO YOU (PL.)

Peace be with you
ministering angels
messengers of the Most High.

Messengers of the King of Kings
the Holy One, Blessed be He.

Come in peace
messengers of peace
messengers of the Most High.

Messengers of the King of Kings
the Holy One, Blessed be He.

Bless me with peace
messengers of peace
messengers of the Most High.

Messengers of the King of Kings
the Holy One, Blessed be He.

Go in peace
messengers of peace
messengers of the Most High.

Messengers of the King of Kings
the Holy One, Blessed be He.

SHALOM!

Years ago, I recall a beloved American pastor sharing about his experience in a London bomb shelter as bombs were falling all around him. He noted that great peace came as they all joined hands and sang, Blessed be the tie that binds...When I saw this video of strangers in an Israeli bomb shelter singing Shalom Aleichem, Peace to you all, it brought that sermon memory forward, as well as tears. I wanted to share a few

different first-hand testimonies of those Israeli citizens. [Shalom Aleichem, peace to you all](#)

A NOTE FROM SHMULIK, He is not a believer yet, his mom just passed on and she was an on-fire believer for Jesus, Yeshua

It's been 30 hours without a siren in Tel Aviv. I had been so extremely sleep deprived that yesterday I was a complete and utter zombie. The two bombings that went off pretty much one after the other at 7 AM caught me in bed in the safe room, all locked up and trying to ignore them - but the explosions were so very sharp and strong that the metal sheet over the window was rattling very loudly. I later found out there was a direct hit in my city that caused massive damage.

It's amazing how a situation like this governs your every decision and impacts your entire day; I needed stuff from the food store, and kept wondering when might be a better time when there's less chance that a bombing will catch me at the store or in my car; being out doors when there are dozens of missiles and interceptors blowing each other up overhead and the debris from these falling down randomly within the next 10 minutes is not fun. Neither is getting out of your car, laying face down in a ditch with your hands over your head to protect it, which is what we are instructed to do if that happens.

So I finally drive to the food store but am barely functional and can't figure out where what I need is. Surprisingly, my brain doesn't help me in any way. After a while I find the things I needed, and go to the cashiers but the line is so - SO - long, I decide I don't need these things that badly. Standing in line while the Iranians might be loading their launchers and sending missiles over is just not very high on my priority list. I return the items to their place and walk out. On my way out I look at all the people in those long lines. Everyone's buying tons of toilet paper. Am I missing something?! How does having tons of toilet paper help in a war? I decide they must be full of crap. Typical.

I need a haircut too. I have a guy that comes over and cuts my hair right at

my place. When he first cut my hair it took an hour and 45 minutes every time, which is unjustifiable by any means - especially since he never stops talking the entire time. Plus of course it's more expensive because he comes to the home and supposedly does a superb job. But honestly, 1 hr 45m?!? Heck I barely have any hair to spend time on! Gone are the days when my hair looked like my mother was princess Diana and my father was Margaret Thatcher. What the heck is he spending all that time on and why am I paying for it and suffering that verbal diarrhea?! I think he mistook me for one of those ladies in the early 80's, sitting at a hair parlor with a space ball over her head doing God knows what to her hair while she reads a fashion magazine.

So I limited him to one hour which he tried to do, but I've been getting more irritable with every haircut. Lately I noticed a new little hole-in-the-wall haircut place in my neighborhood, and that guy charges half the price. So I decided there are also advantages to having officially arrived at poverty level and I have a wonderful excuse to stop using the guy that comes to the house.

So I go to the haircut place and there's several people in line. Again, I don't fancy waiting in line and risking being there - or God forbid in the middle of a haircut - when a siren goes off, because that place has no shelter. So I give up and go back home.

I need to cook lunch, but I'm groggy and irritable and my mind rejects absolutely everything I think of cooking; I get very difficult when I'm over tired but this time it's me suffering from that, not my environment. That's less fun. So I look at what I have in the fridge and run a bunch of meal ideas and looks in my mind, until it approves one of them - as a one-dish meal. I throw some pieces of chicken and a bunch of other stuff in a big dish, fry it until it browns and then add water and stick the whole thing in the oven for an hour.

In the meantime I go out and wash my balcony, hoping my building doesn't get bombed for long enough for me to enjoy sitting out there later.

I come back inside and vacuum the floors and then wash them. All these bombings make me uneasy and my reaction is to clean my surroundings which gives me a feeling of some control over my situation.

Time to take the food out of the oven. It looks great. Yallah, eat fast in case there's a siren. Note to self - use more salt and pepper next time. I'm suddenly starving and devour a big plate.

It's 6 PM - the bombing is more likely to start around 7 PM, so no time to sit around: I go back to the haircut place - he's sitting there alone. Yallah! Unbelievable - he took 12 minutes from start to finish!! In, zap zap zap - out. 12 minutes! My new best friend. I didn't even care if it was good or not; I'm male, I just needed to have less hair and for it to be done fast. Yallah, back home.

Come home. I was going to try to work out but my body tells me to dream on, and my brain tells me to shower quickly before the siren or I'll be sitting in the safe room all sticky and shedding hair. But what if the siren goes off when I'm in the shower...? In my rush I might forget something that I should take to the safe room. The nightmare is to be stuck in there without ice water, so I fill up a big Yeti with ice and water, take my iPad and charger and place them in the safe room. I stick a pair of shoes in there too, so that if a missile does hit and the entire apartment is demolished while I'm safely locked up in the safe room (as has happened to countless people in the past week, all over Israel) when the rescuers come to open the safe room door and get me out I don't have to walk over the rubble of what's left of my home barefooted.

I then realize I should have clothes to be evacuated in, not just my the underwear and sleep-shirt which is what I wear at home after my evening shower. So I get a pair of pants and a clean T shirt and put them in the safe room. It's almost 7 PM now. I can literally see the Iranians in my mind, loading the launchers and aiming them specifically at my apartment. It doesn't seem wise to step into the shower right now. But heck I'm sticky and sweaty and don't want to stay like that. What if a missile hits and I'm found dead and stinky? That won't do. But the shower is an entire glass wall - if a missile hits while I'm in there the impact will blow a million pieces of shattered glass all over me. FINE! So I'll look like a chihuly exhibit! At least I'll die looking like a work of art, rather than smelling like a work of fart.

I remember what Jesus said and decide that's my policy: "What you are about to do, do it quickly".

I undress, throw my my clothes in the laundry bin and start doing everything in fast-motion, constantly trying to slow myself down but my ears are listening for a siren to make sure I don't miss it because of the noise of the water. My phone is sitting just outside the shower cubicle and I look at it every few seconds to make sure I don't miss an alert. Shampoo. Lather. God, I never realized these things take so long. Wash cloth, shower lotion, scrub scrub scrub. Ok Shmulik you were clean 30 seconds

ago, enough scrubbing, just rinse. Suddenly I hear my mum's voice from when I was a child; "Don't forget to clean behind your ears!" I do that. I rinse quickly. Turn the water off. No, that was a bit too fast, you might have soap left on you, rinse again. Yallah, start drying. I force myself to dry the faucets with the towel too, as usual, so as not to leave watermarks on them and I use the squeegee on the glass wall as I always do in an effort to feel like everything is normal.

But everything is not normal. It's the last thing from normal. I'm not calm. If a missile hits now, they find me looking like a combination of a Chihuly piece of glass art and Michelangelo's statue of King David. They won't know if to take me to a morgue or send me to a museum. Wait, wasn't Michelangelo's David uncut? I can't remember, and my brain can't seem to pull up a clear picture of that particular feature; it was so small it was hard to tell.

Ok underwear; on. Sleep shirt: on.

I go and sit on the sofa, feeling somewhere between very relieved and very exhausted. At least if I die, I'll die clean. News. ruins here ruins there, ruins everywhere. The Iranians are taking their sweet time with the bombings tonight but I want it to be over with so I can go to bed and hopefully get a full night's sleep in for a change. I put on a recorded episode of Dancing with the Stars in an effort to distract myself from reality. It works! I'm relatively relaxed and smiling again.

Check Facebook: Oh my goodness, there's a picture I took of mum when I took her to Venice, pointing at some bikini at a store and being really funny. I remember I nearly died laughing. I laugh my head off again and suddenly I'm crying. I miss her. I'm so glad she's not here to see all this, but I miss her.

At some point I'm too tired to wait for the Iranian missiles anymore. I just go to bed with two Benadryl to hopefully knock me out and keep me asleep. I wake up eight hours later. It's daylight. Check my phone - the Iranians never bombed Tel Aviv last night. So it was just a normal night, and I don't have to feel guilty that I slept well while others lost their homes.

A normal night...

Thank God.

Kenneth Berg and Clayton Herring have produced some beautiful videos of our work in Israel. Here is a recent video we did two days ago [DeSeifering the world](#)

FROM KERRY

The recent wars with Hamas, Hezbollah, the Houthis, and now Iran generate much to read and discuss of a serious nature. I thought you might enjoy some of the lighter moments of our lives in Jerusalem today, while maintaining all due sobriety for the lives lost and the abundant destruction in the Middle East and elsewhere. Jerusalem has not been "hard hit" like other places in the nation.

Since the war with Iran "started" on June 13, there are many new and seemingly inconsequential considerations to share. These are in no particular order, and do not mean to offend.

1. When Iran (or the Houthis) fire rockets towards Israel, we get notified on our phones to either be near a safe room or enter a safe room. Although this is remarkable technology, people have become confused by the multiple messages received to the point that Homefront Command has agreed they have been overly diligent in warning us and are going back to the old method of using sirens.

2. Our safe room is in our apartment (mandated for newer construction). But, yesterday Homefront Command sent out a video trying to encourage citizens to use their safe rooms, and in doing so, raised the question as to whether all safe rooms were properly constructed. So, late last evening, we were on the phone with a contractor friend of ours verifying that we are actually doing something of value by entering it. (He said not to worry.)

3. When the alarms sound, we need to gather whatever we want to have in there with us. And our 2 cats are getting wise to the ways we try to bribe them into the safe room. I suspect they are probably gaining weight from all the treats with which we need to use.

4. It took a few days to get "comfortable sleeping arrangements" in the safe room for people of medicare age.

5. As an intern at age 28, being awakened when on call by pagers was inconvenient, frequent, and caused sleep deprivation. But – it was only every third night, not every night. When I get out of bed these days, I immediately think about when I can take a nap. Trouble is, my wife has lots of ideas to keep me busy inside the apartment. So, no real naps.

6. Never can I recall having taken such fast showers. After all, the shower is not where one wants to be when the sirens go off. The good news is that since all we do is stay in, the need to shower is much less.

7. The streets are way quieter than normal. Non-essential businesses and schools are closed for the most part. However, the coffee shop next store, clearly an essential business, is very busy, and sometimes they run out of the cinnamon rolls I crave during these stressful days.

8. There are no “free the hostages” or anti-government protests these days, which contributes to the quiet. On the other hand, the daily trash pickup and neighborhood construction begins bright and early every day as if nothing has changed.

9. It is really hard to know what day it is. Typically, for an immigrant from the west it is hard anyway because of the Sunday – Thursday schedule. Now, with our weekly activities cancelled, I am in a heap of confusion.

10. Ambulance or police sirens result in an increased heart rate. I suspect fireworks will have the same effect in the future.

11. I make a “daily dash” to the corner store 30 yards away to make sure we have milk and chocolate. Never have I enjoyed shopping as much.

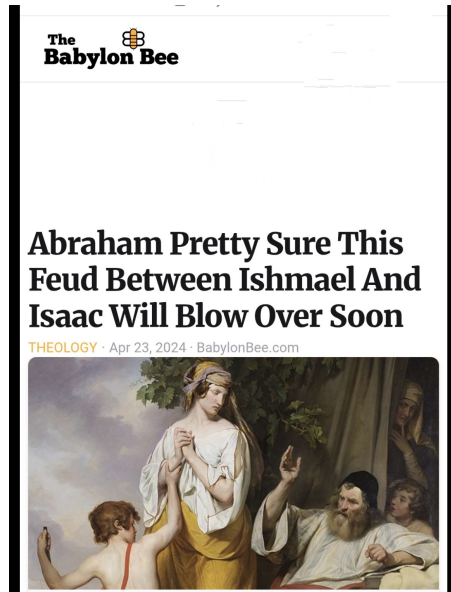
12. The very late nights and being awoken regularly between 1-4 am afford me the opportunity to watch Cubs games on my tablet, as long as the internet lasts. So, that’s pretty special. (They are currently in 1st place. Of course, any Cub fan worth their salt knows...)

13. I suspect gas prices are way up. Since there is nowhere to go, I have no reason to find out.

14. Parades to honor the military do not happen here, but if they did, I bet they would not be protested.

Through it all, we know there have been lives lost in Israel, and in the neighboring countries. I do not take this at all lightly. I remain incredibly grateful to God, our brave military, and our government leaders during

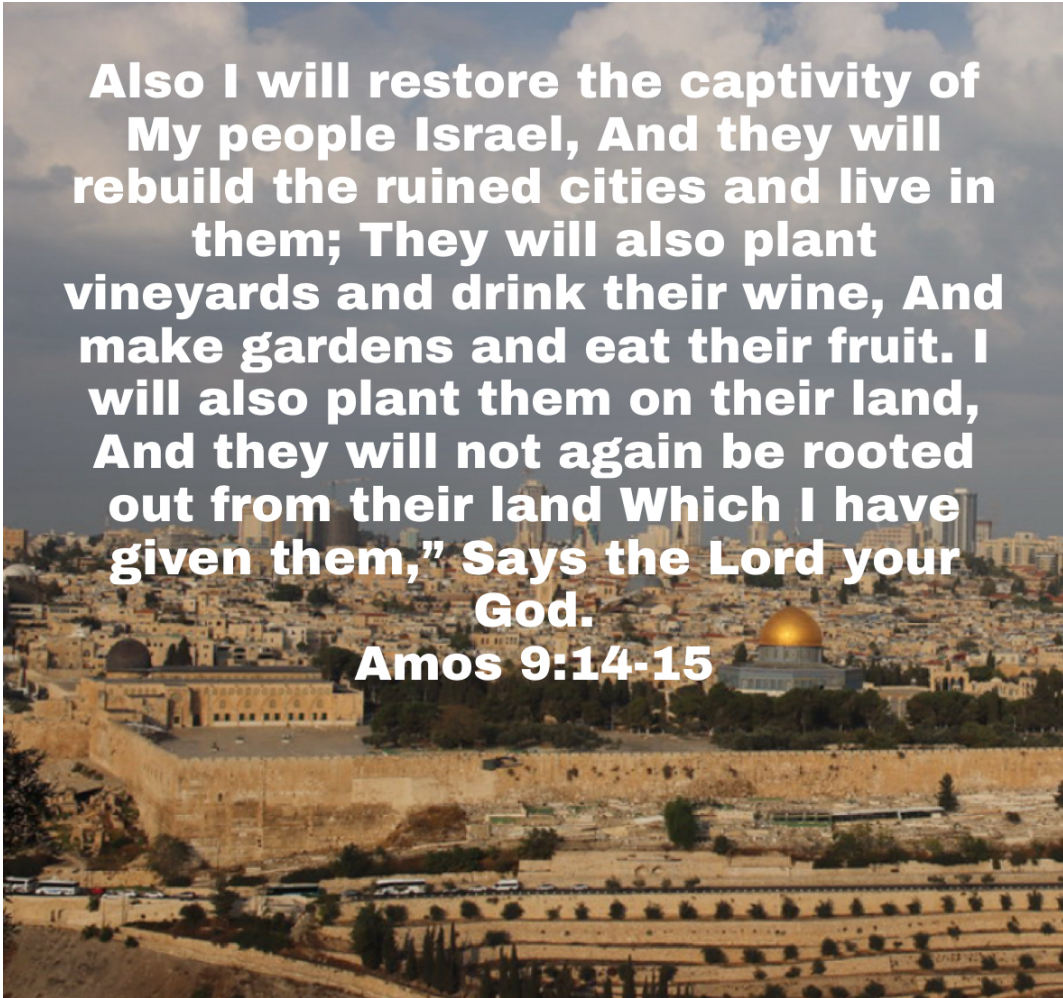
these difficult days. I am also grateful to the many well-wishers, friends, and prayer warriors that reach out to us. My hope is that when it all ends, the world will be safer.

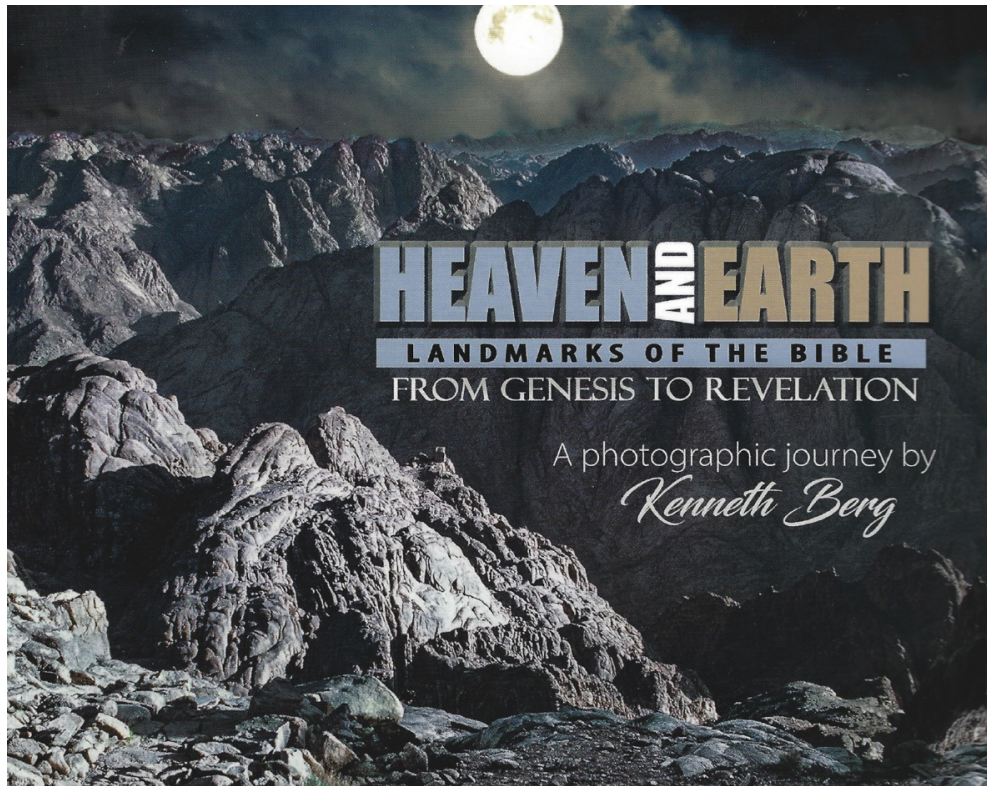


Defiance: The house in Petah Tikvah struck by an Iranian missile was adorned with a large Israeli flag over the spot where the missile hit. 💙💙

**Also I will restore the captivity of
My people Israel, And they will
rebuild the ruined cities and live in
them; They will also plant
vineyards and drink their wine, And
make gardens and eat their fruit. I
will also plant them on their land,
And they will not again be rooted
out from their land Which I have
given them," Says the Lord your
God.**

Amos 9:14-15





Ken Berg also published a beautiful photographic book called *Heaven and Earth ; Landmarks of the Bible from Genesis to Revelation*. He is offering it to you for a donation of \$50 to Sar Shalom Israel.

Father,

We join together, in one heart, to lift up prayers for our friends in Israel, both family and friends, ministry, and people who we don't even know. We pray that You will give them comfort as they go through these troubling times. Please help them with the lack of sleep and not knowing when to go get groceries, went to take a shower, etc.

We pray that You will help the children to not be afraid when the sirens come. Give them wisdom to go in their safe rooms or to run to a shelter. Please help the elderly in this situation, especially. I pray that You will also protect the hostages who are still hidden away in tunnels in Gaza. Please release them, please bring all of this to a halt. We don't know how to pray, but as Jehoshaphat did as he approached battle, our eyes are on You.

We pray for protection of Israel against the missiles that are coming from Iran, from Lebanon, from Yemen, and yes, even rockets from Gaza. Please help for those people in God's work, those who minister and care for others, and yet their needs to go unmet. Please strengthen them. Please

give the military and political leaders in Israel, United States, and another countries, wisdom in their support for Israel. Please, please bring an end to this conflict. We beseech You in the name of Jesus, our wonderful.Yeshua . amen

Pray for Israel

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with love,
barri

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