

Justice ~~Requires~~ Demands It

By

Mark B. Sostrin (Moshe)

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Who Are You? And Who Dares To Speak For Me?

“I am undone”, just as Job might say, so let me try to explain all the voices, perspectives, and persons, that you might hear from in this little book. Sometimes it is only just little me; sometimes I speak akin to a prophet; and sometimes I dare to take on the Voice of G-d. Are you kidding me? Do you want to die? No, I want to live. To my knowledge, I am not schizophrenic and nor am I insane. But I am deeply moved by the Love of God. And I have always endeavored to be a faithful witness. I am love’s witness. So I take such liberties because God loves me and understands me. So please try to not be distracted or lose your focus. Know that I love you and would never lead you astray. Because in doing that, I truly might die.

Like so many of our Jewish ancestors before me, I choose life, and I speak to you from a most sincere heart. I take liberties, perhaps because God wants us all to be free. Therefore I trust in G-d not to take my life, but to give me life, Amen.

Please do not be offended, for as you see on this very page (and throughout the book), I have used the English word God, and perhaps a more respectful, G-d, interchangeably. Believe me, I do understand (recognize that other readers may not) and I mean no offense, in fact I am doing this specifically to honor your particular sensitivities. English is my native language. Perhaps you can consider this entire book as a prayer?

Respectfully, the Author

The Message

What you have earnestly prayed for has come, the Day of the Lord, a day for justice and equity for all, and the return of the Divine Presence to Zion. The Tabernacle of God is once again with my people Israel and I promise to never leave you or forsake you, ever again. But where is the watchman and who proclaims it? There is none, therefore I myself proclaim it. Seek me and you will find me, but if you do, come with an acceptable offering, first prepare yourself, then come and see for yourselves, just what my justice ~~requires~~ demands.

You probably recognize and allow that many rabbis accept and welcome all types of Jews, orthodox, conservative, reform, atheists, agnostics, LGBTQ, even total strangers (and who knows potentially dangerous persons) into their synagogues, UNLESS they are Jews who believe that God sent His Son as a propitiation for the sins of Jews and Gentiles alike. So I tell you a story in hopes that it may soften your hearts.

A Jewish man comes into the synagogue on Yom Kippur, wearing a billboard that reads, "Truly, I am not a stranger, but PLEASE TREAT ME AS ONE". One of the congregation sits behind the man during prayers, and hears him utter, "I am crushed by my sins". He then hears him say, "I need an offering but have none". So how do we as good Jews help or aid the stranger? We speak as God might speak or even demand us to speak, "Fear not Son/Daughter, God will provide the sacrifice, we have been waiting for you and longing for your return, all is forgiven welcome home".

Baruch Hashem, Amen.

Do you not understand? Though you study endlessly and seek me continuously, you do not find me because your heart is hardened against me. You have all become unprofitable to me, the blind leading the blind, you fall into a pit. If I pull you out, you just fall in again, and again, you err, you sin, you repent, you ask for forgiveness, and I forgive you. I have given you gifts for your SALVATION AND HEALING - Comfort, Knowledge of Truth, and even My Spirit. You reject them.

And you reject me. Then you hide from my presence. Yes, WHEN I CALL TO YOU, you hide from me. You always act ashamed, and you should be ashamed, just as was the first man. YOU WILL NEVER CHANGE YOURSELVES BUT I CAN CHANGE YOU.

I have given you a story of deepest love, of sacrifice, of redemption, of true valor, leading all who hear it to an enduring hope, and they find me, and obtain the peace that passes their understanding. A story which turns the hearts of the fathers to the children, and the hearts of the children all turn to me, AND THEY ARE ALL SAVED, each and every one. But you have buried the story along with my sacrifice.

Know this, for your very Survival as a People, just like everything else concerning me, this story must be told and retold to all generations. My word has gone out and will not return to me void. You will not see me until you say, "Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord". If you are too stubborn and proud to be Saved By God, and you hate this word so vehemently, then I implore you rather to be Healed By God, so that the Blind may see, the Deaf may hear, the Lame may walk, the Lepers may be cleansed, the Oppressed may go free, and my Good News is preached to the poor, that My Word goes out from Zion to water the entire earth.

Ani Adonai Eloheichem, I am the Lord Thy God, Amen.

Put an end to this ceaseless and endless study, the discussions, deliberations and debates, while never coming to the knowledge of the truth. All day long I reach out to a stiff-necked and gainsaying people. Moses knew you well, he pleaded with me to save you. I gave you choices. Moses implored you to choose life. Finally, I SENT YOU my own Son. He spoke all of my words and gave himself for you. He hid nothing from you. Everything was revealed. You rejected him and, in doing so, you rejected me. Even today, you still continue to reject each other, all of my servants. Ask yourselves, why?

In hopes of stirring you up, I give you something from a recently published new book in Judaism^{*} :

A moving quotation concerning Judaism's continual quest to adapt and survive, (we need a Judaism), that offers an approach to theology that, as Rabbi _____^{**} heartbreakingly put it, "is credible in the presence of the burning children". This is truly moving and heartbreaking, even holy, and I had not ever heard this quote before, THANK YOU, Dear Author, and believe me, I shudder.

Yet I thought, one might also heartbreakingly say, (we need a Judaism) "that is credible in the presence of the crucifixion". Imagine the horror and anguish, the utter despair, not just for Mary, but for an entire Jewish Community of Faith. I am not saying that one death is the same as millions, but each of the millions was also a one. **Please do not cover your ears and run from the room.** Know and remember that there were many other martyrs, all of them Jewish souls.

Unfortunately, Jesus has not been given even a complete paragraph in this new book, only a few obligatory sentences, basically pointing to total irrelevancy for any educated, highly literate Jew. I am not sure if the author has ever read the New Testament. But I implore you, please don't hold that against the author, most Jews just don't do that, and they strongly and adamantly, teach each other likewise. Thus there continues to be an unbroken chain of denial and neglect within the **VAST**, most precious and sacrosanct Jewish Library.

Footnotes:

* In order to avoid complexities, I will give a fictitious name to this new book, and call it, "Why I Am Jewish", and I will not name the author. Please know that I would rather and justly heap praise on the book's author, even on the selection for the book's title, so I do this with a very heavy heart, even though I would rather not. I ask for your forgiveness.

** Likewise, I do not identify the name of the quoted Rabbi, again this is not at all Jewish, and I regret not doing so. In my estimation, this rabbi's quote is most holy, and should be recorded for perpetuity, and no one should be denied knowing this Rabbi's identity. Perhaps you already know it, but in any case once again, please forgive me.

On the very next page, after having gone over the entire gamut of being Jewish from the Temple times to current day, very well done by the way, and getting towards the end of the book, the author speaks to the importance and challenge, even the greatest imperative, for Jewish literacy among today's Jews.

With the deepest respect and admiration, I again say, THANK YOU, Dear Author, I most whole-heartedly agree. For who can imagine an illiterate Jew? I feel a little conviction here, as I have only read a few of the books that this author has read and perhaps that many other Jews have read. But likely I have read some books that others have not? Huh, a nice (but feeble) try, I still feel conviction.

Though Jews ignore, deny, reject, and bury the "Living Word" in a deep, dark, hidden well without water, **Surprise! A holy spring wells up and waters the entire earth giving life to all who drink.**

I say, that letting Jewish children read and evaluate the New Testament for themselves be required Jewish literacy education, and trusting in God to protect them from all evil, will and please Dear God Help Us All, prevent them from being illiterate and judgmental in things that they know nothing of and do not understand, for this too is very, very Jewish.

Just imagine our Jewish ancestors, prophets, priests, rabbis, and teachers all discussing, struggling and debating over **Jewish Book Burners**, something unheard of, unimaginable, and unconscionable to the Jewish mind and the Jewish spirit.

Now the author, as taught by many, many teachers, in a truly heroic, brutally honest, and most remarkable search for a Jewish faith that will support a Jewish life in today's world, has faithfully executed, I am most sure, without any malicious intentions, to conveniently leave Jesus and the New Testament's account of his ministry completely out of Judaism.

Dear Author, because I love you deeply, I advise you, do not believe everything that you hear about God and what God ~~requires~~ demands from your many, many teachers, Just Ask Him Yourself, AND HE WILL TELL YOU. Perhaps there is still a

teacher you have yet to know, still a stone to be uncovered, you are such a brave person, do not fear what might be under the rock.

And Dear Author, please be aware, that it is one thing to omit, but it should never be the case, that there be false dogma presented in footnotes concerning My Holy Word, My Son and His (My) Ministry to Israel. I assure you that of those who love me, Jews in particular, they DO NOT CLAIM that the New Testament supersedes the Old Testament. It is a continuation of the same story, of a people that God has chosen to Remember Him, and to serve him, BY SERVING EACH OTHER. So be as wise as your name sake. If anyone, particularly Christians say that this is so, they have been misled by their pastors and teachers. No one is immune from ignorance. Did you know that Jesus is Jewish? Of course you do, but did you ever really let that sink in?

And, as you have truly said, and most bravely, according to many learned Jewish authorities and scholars, archeologists, particularly atheists and agnostics, a lot of the Old Testament is today considered to be fiction. Somehow, **God be praised and glorified**, I suspect that the crucifixion of Jesus is not fiction. Even though I was not there to witness it, I believe the story. And most sorrowfully, the entire world should know and believe, even though some deny it, neither were the much more recent horrors and atrocities of Eastern Europe a fiction. None of this should ever happen again. Please G-d, never again, Amen and Amen.

The author also, with some reasonable consternation, pointed out that in the traditional Synagogue Service, the same prayers and pleas to God are said and repeated, over and over again. So, just in case you didn't catch my prayer the first time around, **put an end to this ceaseless and endless study, the discussions, deliberations and debates, while never coming to the knowledge of the truth.**

I grow weary of you, and I implore you to finally agree on something and come to the conclusion of the whole matter, to the knowledge of the Lord. I have done everything for you, it is a gift. Not just for you but for all of my creation, and for all peoples. It is I myself who have provided the sacrifice and opened the door to you. You do not deserve it, none of you do, and you never will. You will always continue to fail, but I will not. I know you well because it is I who made you. YOU

ARE THE CHILDREN OF GOD, I am your Creator, and if you choose to call to me, I will quickly respond to you, EVEN AS A LOVING FATHER.

But the tree of the knowledge of good and evil was never meant to be eaten from, NOT BY YOU. For it only causes you pain and an endless pursuit of knowledge that is not for you to know. THERE MUST BE AN END TO IT. I tell you beforehand, that I am the end of all knowledge. And that I give you everything you need to live in my presence. Return to me, and I will come to you, and dwell with you. Do not hide from me.

So I implore you once again, My People Israel, the Apple of My Eye, find the peace that passes all understanding THROUGH YOUR OWN TRUE REPENTANCE AND MY OWN COMPLETE REDEMPTION. I give you a remedy for all sin and transgression, a path to peace and love, ONCE AND FOR ALL.

Lastly, and perhaps most importantly, after all I have done for you, after all that you have learned of and experienced, you still do not even love yourselves. You do not love yourselves because you fear me and are continually in hiding. How can you love others when you don't even love yourselves? A sacrifice has been made for you, and you have been bought at great price. In fact, you are mine and not your own, YOU ARE A PEOPLE WHO BELONGS TO ME, as you have always been from the very beginning. Once again, EVEN NOW, I seek my own; and my own know my voice, and they will follow me; and they will receive me and accept my love.

THIS IS WHAT JUSTICE ~~REQUIRES~~ DEMANDS AND NOTHING LESS, **TO LOVE YOURSELF**. What? I expected something like building a temple, sacrificing a Red Bull, giving all of my money to the poor.

Just what are you saying? And who are you to say it?

This is who I am and this is what I desire. This is the new beginning and paradise that everyone has been hoping and waiting for, throughout the generations praying and asking for; to know where you come from and to know that I have not abandoned you; to know that I have accepted and forgiven you; to know that

YOU ARE LOVED and that I AM RETURNED TO YOU. Yes, I am returned to you. Seek me and see for yourself if this is not so. IT WILL BE SEEN.

Can you find it in your heart to pray along with me, “Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name, thy kingdom come, thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven. And give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation but deliver us from evil, for thine is the kingdom, and the power and the glory, forever and ever, Amen”.

Really, King James English! No, of course not, unless you so choose. I find the King’s English very poetic and it has a real ring to it! Use any of the languages in the entire world, as this prayer has been translated into all of them. You probably already know that, for this is how Jesus taught the disciples to pray when they asked him, “Teach us how to pray”. Fear not, you are still a Jew!

But of course, G-d truly loves to hear this prayer in Ancient Biblical Hebrew and in Modern Hebrew. Sure the King James English is OK, and so is Chinese, Japanese, Malaysian, Hungarian, even German and Swahili, but you get the point, so, WANT TO MAKE GOD REALLY HAPPY?

Shema Yisrael Adonai Eloheinu Adonai Echad, Hear O Israel, the Lord Our God, the Lord is One. I ~~require~~ demand more, come on now and say it, so that my Beloved Son may finally hear it from your own lips, with Myself as Your Witness, before Me and the Entire Heavenly Host, before the whole Community of Israel, before a great cloud of witnesses, Moses, the Prophets, Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel and Leah, even all of the martyred dead, we all patiently wait to hear YOU say it, to proclaim it from the rooftops, from the mountains to the seas, and to all of my creation, Baruch Haba BeShem Adonai, “Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord”.

That’s it? That’s it! Just mean what you say and know what you are saying. The Prophets all understood, they were men and women just like you, “For it is exceedingly near you, in your mouth and in your heart to do it”. Again, fear not, you are still a Jew! Repentance yes, but no conversions here, Jesus never did.

Baruch Hashem, Amen.

The Commentary

Although all else is just commentary, staying within the Jewish tradition of a spirited debate, I will continue on just for a little while, as this book seems so very simple and so rather short. Funny, even though this book is free, I still want you to get your money's worth, another truly Jewish idea, Ha, Ha!

I try to keep things light, BUT...

As the aforementioned author implores, please learn about Tzedakah and Hesed. And concerning justice, you might consider that when you administer justice to others through Tzedakah and Hesed, you are in fact giving charity to yourself. We all need these gifts of love from others. They teach us of a love that makes us too, want to impart gifts.

AND speaking of gifts of love, I hope that you receive the gift that God has freely, in mercy offered you. If not now, then when, if not me, then who? Gratefully accepting God's mercy is also Very, Very Jewish.

Dear Author, concerning this gift and the true knowledge of God, and just what justice ~~requires~~ demands, I hope that you are still with me now, and that I have neither greatly disappointed nor hopelessly lost you. You are a far better writer than I am. Your experience is so much broader, and your life so much more profound and interesting. And, you are a people person, am I right? I'm sure that you honor and thank your parents for all of this. You are blessed with many friends and acquaintances. You have had many, many teachers. This is not the case for all who walk beside you. God has given you a great heart and an equally great sense of humor. After so much water over the dam, don't we all need that?

And as the author, so diligently, and timely points out, concerning Hillel and Shummai, that Hillel was given preference, as he taught his disciples to consider the other house, before making their rulings. I ask ALL JEWS most sincerely and entirely in good faith, have all of your teachers considered the other house before making their judgments and rulings? I already know the answer, but for your sakes, I had to ask.

Know that there is a house, even a true tabernacle, whose foundation is from God. And as a Jew, this is the house that I choose to live in. I do not like storm, tempest, flood, fire, earthquake, famine, disease, pestilence, sword, hatred, oppression, violence and war. So if even for my own sake (and those whom I love and am responsible for), I will always seek this peaceful rest, one that is under my own olive tree, in God's own vineyard, knowing most certainly and absolutely, that God Cares For Me and Watches Over Me. Dear Author, I believe this, and through your search, perhaps you have come to believe this too?

May God's Tabernacle of Peace protect the whole Nation of Israel, it's Land, and all of its Peoples, Jew and Arab alike, from all trouble and distress, come what may, and please dear G-d, let it never come from within, for we are all brothers and sisters, God's own children, whether it be the children of Hagar, or the children of Sarah, we all have one Father, even God.

Baruch Hashem, Amen.

As further commentary, I give you an excerpt from Israel's Declaration of Statehood, AND PLEASE BELIEVE IT, just as you hopefully believe in G-d, even if you do not, both Jew and Arab alike:

THE STATE OF ISRAEL will be open for Jewish immigration and for the Ingathering of the Exiles; it will foster the development of the country for the benefit of all its inhabitants; it will be based on freedom, justice and peace as envisaged by the prophets of Israel; it will ensure complete equality of social and political rights to all its inhabitants irrespective of religion, race or sex; it will guarantee freedom of religion, conscience, language, education and culture; it will safeguard the Holy Places of all religions; and it will be faithful to the principles of the Charter of the United Nations.

THE STATE OF ISRAEL is prepared to cooperate with the agencies and representatives of the United Nations in implementing the resolution of the General Assembly of the 29th November, 1947, and will take steps to bring about the economic union of the whole of Eretz-Israel.

WE APPEAL to the United Nations to assist the Jewish people in the building-up of its State and to receive the State of Israel into the comity of nations.

WE APPEAL — in the very midst of the onslaught launched against us now for months — to the Arab inhabitants of the State of Israel to preserve peace and participate in the upbuilding of the State on the basis of full and equal citizenship and due representation in all its provisional and permanent institutions.

WE EXTEND our hand to all neighbouring states and their peoples in an offer of peace and good neighbourliness, and appeal to them to establish bonds of cooperation and mutual help with the sovereign Jewish people settled in its own land. The State of Israel is prepared to do its share in a common effort for the advancement of the entire Middle East.

Today you are living in the fulfillment of a dream. And this dream has just begun. Are you prepared as a Jew, to continue living this dream and to help ensure the Survival of the Tribe? I already know the answer, but for your sakes, I had to ask. AND KNOW MOST ASSUREDLY THAT I AM WITH YOU.

Baruch Hashem, Amen.

Those who hate themselves cannot love others, so G-d pleads with you, to LOVE YOURSELF, just as I have loved you. Believe in what you are doing, if not for your own sake, then for my sake.

A tree is known by its fruits, I am the Holy Root, My Son, Jesus of Nazareth, is the True Vine, and You are the Branches. Just as in the beginning, I ask that you help ensure that this Tree of Life continues to grow and bear fruit in My Garden. I offer you life, so please choose life. that others may know THAT I LIVE.

Furthermore, I implore you, do not place unnecessary burdens on your children, please let them know that I need all of them, each and every one, along with all of their energy. It is only together with them, that we can accomplish this, for both Jew and Arab alike, that we may all live together, even with My Divine Presence, in My Tabernacle of Peace and Love. I have so longed to return to you, I am here.

It is I who will protect you, and it is I who will recompense your enemies, all of those who hate you, those who hate you without cause, My Own People Israel, those whom I truly love. So rather than hating them, love your enemies, and bring them all together, along with you into my house.

I invite you to attend a banquet, my own Seder of Freedom and Liberation, of Acceptance and Redemption, a most holy and loving feast for all, and I implore you to fill my house. Eat and be satisfied, for it is the Lamb of God that is on my table, it is the body and blood of my own Son, and although he has risen from the grave, for death could not hold him, he still proudly retains the marks in his hands and feet, and in his side. Now if this allegory troubles you, then first **GO AND BECOME STRONG ENOUGH TO EAT THEREOF**. My table is always prepared and set before you, and I will longingly wait for your return, and I myself will serve you.

Now once again, I repeat a story hopefully worth repeating, not as good reading as my Holy Word, but yet still instructive, it is for you, and for those you love, For Now, For Today, if you would only Hear My Voice. Perhaps you did hear me last time, so I will alter the story just a little bit. Do you comprehend the change?

A Jewish man comes into the synagogue on Yom Kippur, wearing a billboard that reads, "Truly, I am not a stranger, but **PLEASE TREAT ME AS ONE**". One of the congregation sits behind the man during prayers, and hears him utter, "I am crushed by my sins". He then hears him say, "I need an offering but have none".

So how do we as good Jews help or aid the stranger? We speak as God might speak or even demand us to speak, "Fear not Son/Daughter, **GOD HIMSELF HAS PROVIDED THE ACCEPTABLE SACRIFICE**, we have been waiting for you and longing for your return, all is forgiven welcome home".

Baruch Hashem, Amen.

THE END

The End - Or Is It Just A New Beginning?

But wait there's still more commentary. Oh come now, you must be kidding!

As many of you likely have considered all of the money, energy, time, and countless lives that have gone into hatred and war, thinking, what if all of this had gone into helping and aiding people, instead of destroying them?

Just as our ancestor Sarah did, I laughed in derision. But I no longer laugh.

What if the countless Jewish hours, days, years, and lives, which were sacrificed to find a Judaism, that can adapt and survive each new day's challenges over the last TWO THOUSAND YEARS, had been used for helping and aiding those who were, and still are the most vulnerable, WE WOULD ALL ALREADY BE LIVING IN PARADISE. Rest assured, all hope is not lost. THIS IS NOT THE END. It is only a new beginning, built upon a most painful past. THIS IS MY PROMISE. Let us pray together that we have finally all learned our lessons, Jew and Arab alike.

Baruch Hashem, Amen.

I leave you with a very personal story, one that is both funny and sad. It's OK, a happy ending occurred, but very much later. And, G-d knows, perhaps this story is really not over, but it will continue on.

In 2006, as commanded by my mother before she died, I came to Jerusalem for my first authentic Jewish experience. I was blessed beyond measure and treated like a King, a least as part of a family, which amounts to the same thing really, perhaps even more? First the funny part, concerning an introduction to one of my host's best friends. When asked, "what was my Jewish (Hebrew) name", I with some anxiety and shame indicated that I did not know, I thought that it might be Mordecai (it turns out that actually I was wrong). Everyone got a great laugh out of that one, a grown man who doesn't even know his name. I later asked my Aunt and she informed me that my name is Moshe. Shalom, how do you do, Moshe? I am fine thank you, how are you? So with this funny beginning (somewhat at my own expense), the fun continued on for a while; at the Sabbath

meal (my very first in Israel), I sat down in Elijah's Seat, corrected by the 2 year old child next to me, I took a more proper seat. I had the best meal of my life and again felt as part of the family, just like I had finally come home. But wait, there's more fun to come. The 2 year old child began to speak and question me in Hebrew. Because I can only read Hebrew and am only familiar with prayers, not the language, I heartbreakingly could not speak to a 2 year old child. This I'm sure caused great wonder in this blessed and most beautiful Son of God. I myself was mortified. I so very much wanted to talk with him and answer his questions. My heart was wrenched. How can these things be?

I was continually treated as one of the family, I took a trip to Hebron, visited our ancestors' burial sites, went to Synagogue, but when my host offered Aliyah, I refused, ashamed that I might embarrass both my host and myself. The important thing was that the offering was made. During the service, the recently Bar Mitzva eldest son, wondering about this stranger, a grown man who could not keep up with the service, tried to help me along, getting me to the proper page if I lagged somewhat behind. So you see, I was treated like a King in Jerusalem, Israel by complete strangers. Is there really such a thing as a complete stranger? How about, a stranger to one's self? Perhaps sometime later I will give this some thought, but for now I will continue on.

It would take a whole book to go over the details of my trip and how I was impacted by the family members and their friends, the streets of Jerusalem, the Old City, the Wailing Wall, the Holocaust museum and Israel's other museums, a display of ceremonial breads from various ethnic groups, the Dead Sea Scrolls Exhibit, the Jewish Market, the orthodox community's lifestyle, watching them dance and celebrate, spending time outdoors with the family on Succoth, and everywhere seeing the beautiful and hopeful faces of Israel's precious children. I'm sure you get the idea. But in case you did not let it sink in, **I was treated like a King in Jerusalem, Israel by complete strangers.** You can likely imagine the impact that this experience had on my Hebrew/Jewish soul. My mother was right when she commanded me, "You must go to Israel", THANK YOU.

I must admit that I fell in love with everyone, fathers, mothers, sons, and daughters, cousins and friends of the family. And I mean, truly fell in love. So dear eldest, and mid, and youngest daughters, know that I have not yet mentioned you, because it is too painful for me. Please know, that I AM CRYING NOW. Moshe cries because I love you. Each and every time I think of you, I cry. I can't stop it from happening. Maybe, just like you, it is a Gift from God. Yes, I must now choose to consider it so, yet Moshe still cries.

Now comes the really sad part. When I got back to the United States, I continued to communicate with my host family. I informed them that I was a Jew who believed the Gospel. I eventually sent them my first book, "Standing at the Gates", which evolved from my experience, which I tried to faithfully portray, but on a spiritual level. You see, I can never give my hosts the justice they deserve. So I have never written about them until now. At some point, my host even informed me about 'the Jerusalem Syndrome', which can unexpectedly come upon any stranger visiting Jerusalem, experiencing Israel for the first time. I looked that one up to see if it applied to me. But others must be the judge of that.

Now comes the great sadness, my hosts became horrified that a traitor may have been in their midst, and in order to protect the family, I then became person-non-grata, **I became dead to them**. I understand this and do not hold it against them. They are multi-generational in Jerusalem, with rabbis in their heritage, some even buried on the Mount of Olives. They are wise and holy, exceptional, rational, intelligent Jews, perhaps with just a little too much to lose or wager on this stranger. **But please know that I did begin to die of a broken heart**. I tried to restore some faith in me as a Jewish soul, but without any success. After repeated efforts I finally gave up. The broken heart remained within me for twelve years, during which, I tried to become Jewish enough to somehow 'rise from the dead'. I studied, I read, I wrote, I prayed, I cried, I tried.

Now comes the much-delayed but very happy ending. With the grace of God, and much preparation, I returned to Jerusalem in September 2018. I resisted informing my previous hosts of my upcoming visit and I stayed away. Believe me

this was not easy, for my soul longed to see them again. But I did it! My experience this time was without any host. All of the everyday people that I met, each served as host, and in essence I also, now being such an old-timer, Ha, Ha, also hosted them. Of course, I MUCH PREFER THE HOSTED EXPERIENCE, something akin to Night and Day? But once again, by the Grace of God, I was blessed, and God took care of Moshe.

Now, still with a broken heart, I shared my pain with a group of persons from a remote island in the South Pacific, who prayed for me once I told them (through an interpreter) of how my heart had actually been broken the last time that I was in Jerusalem. They were deeply touched and showed me such great pity, that when they prayed for me, I was healed. I no longer felt the pain of a broken heart. Yet, as stated above, upon thinking again upon my hosts, actually it is only when I think of the daughters, I cry again and again as I write this. Can one still cry when one's heart is not broken? Why do Jews always ask such difficult questions?

Upon returning to the United States, I continued to somehow try to be Jewish enough to 'rise from the dead'. I studied, I read, I wrote, I prayed, I tried. But no longer did I cry. Until today as I write this most personal story. May you somehow benefit from the telling of this personal story, and do we not all feel truly blessed and more connected when people fearlessly share a personal story, revealing their true selves to us? Is that too, a Jewish idea?

Now, you may not believe me when I say it, but God Himself blessed me on my trip. And upon returning, again I did my very best to share the experience in writing. I continue to do so now, even today as I write this book. This book is a surprise to me, because I thought that I was done writing. Perhaps what I say in this 'little surprise book', may not only be important and cathartic to me, but perhaps there is something for you. That is my hope and prayer. May your heart be healed from whatever pain that you may suffer. Have you ever heard this one, "God sees our tears", or perhaps this one, "Tears are like prayers".

Shalom Aleichem and Baruch Hashem, I love you all, Moshe.