

The Pilot

The Grand Escape



End Time Novel of Rescue, Hope, and Glory

by Faith Christine Honorof
co-pilot Richard Aaron Honorof

(Book # 4 in the Escape Series)

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Feed My Sheep Jerusalem

P.O. Box 32128, Jerusalem 91320, Israel

Website: www.FeedMySheepJerusalem.com

212 pages printed in English only

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God's old timer rescue angel pilots

I would like to say Thank you!

I want to thank my husband, Richard Aaron, for editing this book for me, as he has done with all my other books, as well as his very beneficial suggestions. Also, special thanks to my co-pilot for all of his great pictures.

I also want to thank my friends who have been such an encouragement to me with these books I have written.

And thank You, dear Lord Yeshua, for giving me this book in a dream, and then asking me to write it for You. Above all I hope it pleases You!

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Description of The Pilot ...The Grand Escape

This novel is the 4th book in the Escape Series. Follow Samuel Cohen and his friend, Vince Amio, in their escape from a Nazi Europe slave camp, and their daring adventure as they rescue and fly Jews in a home made plane out of Nazi occupied France.

Will Samuel ever make it back to his beloved Rosa? Who will live and who will die in this daring pilot adventure?

Will Yonnie, and later his son, Tal, continue the pilot legacy? but this time as Israel's top gun pilots for the Israel Air force? Will Tal and his team succeed in taking out the Iran nuclear facilities? What will Iran's response be? And where will America stand in this life or death drama for Israel's existence?

Will the flying skills of the future generations of the Cohen family help to provide rescue for the Jewish people in what has now become an evil and dictatorial anti-Semitic America?

Will Benny and his family, and Ariel and Dinah make it in time to the secret island? Will Aaron be able to pilot them to safety all the way to Israel?

And what about the Christians who help the Jews escape, providing a network of refugee homes? How will God arrange for their safety? Who will live and who will die?

About the Author

Faith Christine Honorof lives in Jerusalem, Israel with her husband Richard Aaron Honorof. Faith (Feryl) was born and raised in Alaska. She was a history teacher in the Alaskan school system, and she also taught both Alaskan and Russian history at an Alaskan community college.

In 1992, she completed her Master's degree paper, which included an essay on the rise of National Socialism in Europe.

She moved to Israel in 1999, and in 2010 became a citizen of this wonderful country. She is an intercessor for both Israel and the nations. She also shares with her husband in the work of the Lord here in Jerusalem, preparing the Way for the coming of our King.

Faith, also comes from a family of pilots. Her dad, Ward Gay, was a famous pioneer Alaskan bush pilot who saved many lives. Her son Brian, who is now in heaven, once had a dream of his Grandpa Ward coming down from heaven in his plane to rescue many people.



Photo of Richard Aaron and Faith Christine Honorof,
taken in ben Hinnom Valley, Jerusalem, Israel, April, 2014

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Prologue

Sudetenland, October 1, 1938

Large crowds of cheering Sudeten, ethnic Germans crowded into the market places, along the small, narrow streets to see the German Fuhrer as he paraded down the street. Many of them waved and yelled enthusiastically and saluted their new German leader with “Heil Hitler!” As the little man with the black moustache waved back to his followers.

But not all of the people of the Sudetenland waved with excitement as Hitler passed through the small town of Cherb. The Jews of Czechoslovakia had been watching the rise of Germany’s new dictator. They knew that what the Munich Agreement had turned over to him was just the beginning of a much bigger invasion. And many of them also knew his agenda for the Jewish people was a treacherous and evil plan.

Rosa Schindel sat on the edge of her chair. She had gathered with her family around the large radio on the kitchen table to listen to the reports being given, as Hitler and his Wehrmacht Army made their first big plunge into the Czech lands. Rosa prayed in her heart for her parents to soon understand what her beloved Samuel was trying to convince them of—that they must leave Bratslavia now, while they still could leave.

Her parents had not believed Samuel, and some of the other Jewish voices, that Hitler would be so bad for the Jewish people in Slovakia—after all, some of them were of good German stock. After World War One things had changed for many of the Jews in the Czech lands, and it had not been so bad for most of them. “No,” they had repeated, “we will stay here.”

Even after Hitler had invaded Austria in March, 1938, causing hundreds of Jewish people to flee their Austrian homeland for the Czech border country of Bratslavia, they had refused to listen to their daughter and her soon to be husband, Samuel Cohen.

Samuel had watched and listened to every report, and he had been able to convince many that what this mad man from Germany had planned for the Jewish people in every part of Czechoslovakia meant their ultimate death and destruction. And it was becoming all too obvious that they would soon have a Nazi collaborating Czech government, that would be all too eager to carry out Hitler’s terrible anti-Semitic plans.

In the months to come Samuel would secure a way for his darling Rosa and his parents to leave, while they still could, and he had promised that he would leave, but only after he finished some important work.

Rosa would be safe in Switzerland, but now things had changed drastically. And Samuel was very afraid that he would never see her or his parents again.

Bratslavia, February, 1940

1 The Beginning

Samuel Cohen pulled up the collar of his jacket, buttoning it around his neck. His brown and green tweed had long since become worn in places. He had borrowed needle and thread and had sewed the frayed spots as best he could. The room where they were meeting was damp and cold, as the icy wind easily blew through the cracked window pain. One of the men sitting in the front row got up and pulled the dark shade down and then taped it securely. A small lamp was lit and put on the floor. The basement room had an old and stuffy smell, but they were glad they had the room. Samuel's faithful Gentile friend, Karl Baca, who lived upstairs, had provided the small room as a place where some of the Jewish people from Bratslavia could meet when it was necessary. Samuel knew Karl was risking much in allowing them to meet in his home. He could be arrested for such a crime.

Karl worked for the gendarmerie—the Hinka Guard—and because of his office position with this division of the national Czech police—that was quickly becoming a collaborating part of the Nazi puppet government—he was privy to much secret information that enabled him to inform Samuel when it would be a safe day for his group to meet in the basement room.

Samuel looked at the group of about twenty-five men and women who were seated on a few chairs and on the floor in front of him. Most of the people he knew, but a few he did not. Those who were new to the group were carefully checked and identified before the door was opened to them.

Ever since Slovakia had been granted autonomy, and had, in effect, become a satellite of Germany, the Slovak anti-

Semitic youth and the pro German youth had been given the go ahead to attack the Jewish people and their businesses.

It seemed to happen over night. Mobs of terrorists, dressed in brown shirts, started dragging Jews from their businesses, beating them up, and taunting them that this was only the beginning. And by November, 1939, dozens of the Jewish families with no Slovak citizenship had been deported across the borders into a no man's land.

The primary task of the new satellite of Nazi Germany was to implement anti-Jewish restrictions which would oust Jews from the economic and social life of Slovakia, and then slowly begin to aryanize Jewish property. But some basic steps, by the Reich government, had to first be implemented, which would ensure that there was little resistance. And then the big take over could be achieved.

Samuel had watched as the reprisals against the Jews of Bratislava increased every day. He had stood by helpless as old Mr. Eckstein was dragged from his furniture store and viciously beaten-up. The windows of his store were broken and the building was trashed. After the thugs were finished with him and had left, Samuel and a friend went over and picked up the old man and took him to the Jewish quarter, where a Jewish doctor treated him for his injuries.

Samuel had no doubt that the fate of the Jews in the Czech lands had been sealed and now would only get worse.

Some of the Jewish people had managed to acquire fake Aryan papers, and had moved to neighborhoods where they tried to assimilate into the Czech Gentile communities, but they lived under the constant fear of being discovered.

Others, like Samuel, had continued to live in their family homes, but he knew that it would not be a place of safety for

much longer. His friend, Karl, had promised him a hiding place in his house, if things got worse.

He had been able to send his parents and sister, and his beloved Rosa, to Switzerland. At first his family had resisted the idea of leaving Bratslavia, but they knew that the fearful warning their son was giving them was the truth, even though they did not want to talk about it. Ultimately, they agreed to leave, but only on the promise that Samuel would come soon. Samuel had told them and his fiancé, Rosa, that he would soon join them. But that was before he had lost his job, and was no longer employed. He had graduated as a pilot from the Czech Army Academy in 1934, and had served in the 2nd Air Regiment as one of their best pilots, at least until Hitler took over most of the country, and employment for Jews in the Czech lands was becoming a more recognized problem. He had spent most of what he had saved to send his family out of the country, and now he was basically broke.

Samuel was tall and thin, even before the food restrictions had added to his thinness. He was twenty-six years old. His dark brown curly hair framed a handsome, Jewish looking face. He once again looked at the paper he had in his hands. He had some very hard news to tell his people, but he had no choice. They had to know the truth of what was coming. He read and spoke French and German very well—along with his own Czech language. He was glad for it now. The paper he had in his hands was in French.

Pontresina, Switzerland

2 Rosa Schindel

Rosa wiped clean the counter of the bakery where she had worked for the last two months. It was time to go home. Most of the cakes and breads, as usual, had been sold. She put the few that remained in a well sealed food bin, and put a couple of the rolls in a sack to carry home with her. She had been given permission to do this. She tried not to think about her Jewish friends in Bratslavia who had little or nothing to eat.

She doubled checked the back room and turned off the lights; then she put on her warm, blue, woolen coat, and tucked her dark hair under her winter hat. She turned the door knob twice to make sure it was locked, and then began to walk carefully down the snowy sidewalk to her small apartment.

The sun had gone down, and the frosty, clear sky was quickly becoming dark. Twinkling lights were beginning to come on in some of the near-by homes. She stopped for a moment and inhaled a long breath of the icy sky. It felt good, after working all day long around the hot ovens in the bakery. She had now lived in the small Swiss town of Pontresina for almost one year. It had been a year and a half since she had escaped her hometown of Bratslavia, and had left her Samuel behind. Soon it would be 1941.

She looked up at the quaint house where she had lived with her girlfriend for the last six months. Although it looked much like a typical large Swiss home on the outside, it held inside five fair sized apartment rooms, above the family living quarters.

It had been hard to leave Samuel's mother and father, but it was time to get on with her own life. She had gone over

in her mind, so many times, the reasons why she needed to move, that it had become like a recording that she would deliberately have to switch off.

When the evening came to tell Andel and Hana of her decision to move into her own apartment, the words she had memorized completely slipped away, and she just blurted out her decision in a confusing way. They were of course upset with her intention to leave their apartment. She knew they felt it was a betrayal of their son. This had bothered Rosa, but she would not let them persuade her, even by means of guilt. She had to get out of their lives—at least for a while.

She was finding it increasingly difficult to be around them, especially during the evening meal. Sometimes she would deliberately come home late so that she did not have to sit with them for dinner.

Not an evening went by when Samuel was not the on-going conversation topic. “Samuel, is such a smart young man,” his mother would say. “I am sure he has found a way to escape some of this nasty anti-Semitic stuff we keep hearing about. Don’t you think so Poppa?” And then they would discuss how most of the news they heard, regarding their former homeland, was probably not the truth anyway.

Sometimes Rosa found it difficult to breathe, while sitting at their table. It had been three months since she had received a letter from her dear Samuel. And she had heard the stories of how more and more of the Jews of Bratslavia were being sent away to work camps, and even being attacked in the streets where she had once lived. She greatly feared for him. Only when tears began to well up in her eyes would his parents change the conversation to something more mundane, like if the milk had been delivered on time.

She had assured them that she would come to visit them frequently, but this had not made them feel better. Her leaving their apartment was like giving into the idea that Samuel was not coming back home.

She walked up the steps to her small apartment. She could hear the 45 speed record that Clara, her friend, had put on the record player. It was her favorite jazz music by Bennie Moten, and she played it almost every night. But Rosa did not mind. It helped keep her mind off of the uncomfortable things.

The spicy smells of sauerkraut and sausage filled the kitchen and small sitting room. Clara was a sweet Gentile girl, who was naïve about the realities of life, and lived in romantic fairy tales, at least that was Rosa's opinion. But she was easy to get along with, and did not ask Rosa a lot of questions about her past—which suited Rosa fine.

They ate dinner and Clara talked about the new doctor at the hospital—that she just knew was in love with her. Rosa listened politely and smiled. After dinner she cleared the table and washed the few dishes, and said 'goodnight' to her friend. She was always glad to shut her bedroom door, put on her night gown and slip under the blankets in her cozy little bed. It was the best time of her day. She could be alone, and would talk to God before she went to sleep.

She did not know much about God. The religious orthodox Jews in Bratslavia had tried to convince her that God wanted her to become like them, but she was not interested in religion. She had started talking to God when she was twelve years old and had continued this friendship into her adult life. She reached over and picked up the snap-shot picture of Samuel that she had on her night stand. She still felt a deep love for him. If she had had her way they would have been

married by now. But he had submitted to his parent's request to have a late summer wedding, and then before summer came she had agreed to Samuel's request that she leave with his parents.

Sometimes she worried that she would never see him again, especially when the reports of Jewish segregation were talked about so freely on the Czech radio news. She knew that the seeds for Jewish persecution lay under a very thin covering of a polite, educated people. She shivered at what that really meant. She pulled to one side the short blue curtain that covered her window and looked up at the golden moon that hung like a large, flat spoon in the sky. "Ha Shem," she prayed. "Please keep Samuel safe, and would you please try to get one of his letters to me? I so miss him, and if you have a chance don't forget to tell him that I still love him. Thank you. I am glad that we can talk," she added.



3 The Meeting

Samuel began to read from the paper in his hands. He looked up for a second and told the people in the small room that some important information had come in from the Czech, Jewish underground. He told them ahead of time that it was not good news. He continued to read from the paper.

“It seems that the mad man from Germany is not only planning to solidify his take over of our country, but is intensifying his deportation plans for all Jews. His rat-dog, Ribbentrop, continues to spread reports, for the benefit of the Slavic leaders, as to what will happen to them and their families if they do not accommodate the Nazi leaders in their intention to get rid of all the Jews. As you know many of our country’s intellectual Jewish leaders and professors have already been deported, and we know that from the castle in Prague the vile Eichmann now works with Hitler to speed up his evil plans.”

The Jewish men and women watched Samuel intently, not wanting to miss a word of what he was saying.

“He has also declared, unabashedly, his plan to annihilate the Jewish race in all of Europe.”

“This cannot be!” A man sitting on the floor raised his voice. “Surely, this is not correct information? We know he is an evil man, but is there not an exaggeration in what you say?”

A few sounds of desperate agreement could be heard floating from one person to another. “The world will not stand by and let this happen!” A woman named Greta chimed in.

“Have we forgotten so soon,” Samuel responded, “what has taken place in our country since 1938? In Munich the western powers groveled at this man’s feet, and gave him all he

wanted, just so they could remain popular back home, and not have to bring up the idea of war. Did you hear anyone protest to this mad man's intention to exterminate the Jewish people? No, you did not, and you will not."

"What will this mean?" another person asked.

"The Nazi collaborating government, under Jozef Tisu, that Catholic, turn coat priest, who has accepted the position as the new Nazi directed Prime Minister, will waste no time in implementing even worse anti-Semitic laws and restrictions against the Jewish people."

"Samuel, what are we going to do now?" A young woman asked him. "And what about the children?"

"If you have valuable property and money there are some places you can still emigrate to, but sadly, as you know, few countries want any more Jews living there, and they have closed their borders to us. And besides, our new Nazi government is making sure they take whatever money or valuables the Jews might possess, before they can leave. And soon, I have been told, there will be no emigration at all for the Jews. The borders will be sealed shut."

A young woman stood up and spoke loudly. "This is so unbelievable. What about our neighbors that we have done business with for so many years? The Jewish people have been successful in the Czech lands, more than any other place. It is just so hard for me to believe that it can get any worse. Surely, our Gentile Czech friends will begin to see what is truly taking place and will not allow this to continue?"

Samuel was quiet for a minute. This small group of friends, and others he did not know, who sat before him, represented thousands of Jewish men and women and children who were increasingly being forced out of their homes and businesses. And the borders in most countries were becoming dangerous

places for the Jews. Sometimes the Gendarmerie would be called and the Jews would be taken away and never heard from again. Those who were educated and skilled as specialty doctors and lawyers were accepted more easily, but even the cream of the crop were not finding it easy to make a new home in a different country. Sometimes Samuel wondered if he should have just left everything and escaped with Rosa and his family while he still could, but he had always been viewed as a leader, and his people needed him now more than ever. How could he just desert them? But oh, how he missed his Rosa!

Samuel looked at the small, dark haired young woman, and tried to answer her doubting question. “Greta, they will allow this to take place. Your neighbors are already giving this puppet government, installed by Hitler, money to up-root and send Jews to the ghetto areas in different parts of the country.

The Gentiles have been told it is for the Jew’s vocational training, in that they no longer have employment rights, and have become a burden for everyone. The Czech people have also been guaranteed that the Jews will not be coming back, and have been given their homes and property.”

“How do you know all of this, Samuel?” The young woman’s voice was defiant and fearful. “Is someone paying you to tell us these bad things—so that you can send more money to your sweetie in Switzerland? I don’t believe all this, and I am not going to listen to it anymore. Things are going to get better. This is nothing new for the Jews!”

She stood up from her chair, as if she was going to leave, but then just stood there with an angry glare.

Samuel said nothing, but just kept looking at the woman, waiting for her to say that she was sorry for attacking him.

It was at times like this that he wondered why he had

stayed behind?

“Greta,” a young Rabbi sitting on the floor spoke to her. “You know that Samuel has helped us and others, and has even put his life at risk. I know you are upset. We all are, but I think you owe our friend an apology.”

The hard, angry stone began to puddle—tears began to roll down her cheeks. She sat back down on her chair. “I am sorry, Samuel. I am just so scared for my children.”

“It’s all right, Greta.” He smiled at the frightened young woman. “Have you heard that Britain is opening its doors for Jewish children under the age of seventeen? In December a plane, filled with Jewish children, left the airport in Prague.

“Oh, yes. I have heard about this, Samuel. But my youngest is two years old, and his brother is four. I just cannot face putting them on some airplane, and wondering if I will ever see them again. I will have to wait and see what is going to happen.”

“Don’t wait too long, Greta.” A voice from the back spoke up. The Jews all over Europe are being segregated into ghettos, and in Germany and Austria they are being sent to nice retirement villages.” The man laughed mockingly.

“What do you mean?” Greta’s voice trembled.

“It’s now time for us to go,” Samuel said. “We will leave here one at a time. Be very careful and take the back road, so that you are not seen. Our friend, Karl, has risked much to allow us to come here. Not all of the Czech people have been influenced by Hitler. We will continue our lives as best we can. Please remember to say nothing to anyone about this meeting, not even your family. I will let you know when I find out more information that is important for us.

“Now we will pray and say ‘good night.’ Samuel prayed, ‘Shama Israel! Adonai Elohenu, Adonai, Echad...The Lord our God is One...’ ”

Samuel walked to his house. It was only a few blocks from his friend’s house where the meeting had been held. He was thinking about many things as he walked on the cold, icy sidewalk. It was a nice older neighborhood. And he knew that some of his Jewish neighbors, who worked in areas that were vital to the economy, had been granted exemptions from new anti-Semitic rulings that had declared Jews as no longer employable, especially in government fields. But they knew that they were being watched—he could feel it whenever he greeted them on their way to work. No one was safe!

Samuel had been surprised at Greta’s response to him, but he also understood how scared she was—especially about her children. As he approached his house a neighbor from down the street walked past him. Samuel smiled and greeted the older, Gentile man. He had been a friend of his father’s, but the man walked past him in a hurry, and did not acknowledge his greeting—almost as if it would be dangerous for him to do so.

How strange he thought, as he walked up the steps to his door. The man had sat down many times with his father for a game of cards, and had always spoken to Samuel in a friendly way. How quickly things had changed. As he unlocked his door a young woman walked up behind him. “Samuel,” she whispered. “Do you have a moment to talk?”

“Sure, Elita...come in.”

The attractive young woman followed Samuel into his house. Her long auburn hair had been pulled to the back of her neck with a pink scarf. She looked thin and tired.

“Would you like a cup of tea, or something, Elita?”

“No, thank you.”

Samuel had known Elita and her husband ever since they had moved in down the street, a few years ago. Her husband, Dalek, had been one of the first and only members of the Czech political body to protest and resist Hitler’s invasion.

He had also spoken up for the Jewish people, about the terrible discrimination that had been ordered against them. One night they had come for him. That had been four months ago. Elita had not heard anything from him or about him since then. Her parents had moved in with her to comfort her and help care for her one year old daughter.

“I need to know, Samuel, what I should do with my daughter. My parents think everything is going to be okay. They believe, like so many other people, it’s just a bad time, but that we will come through it—if we just don’t make any more problems for the government. Do you believe this? Do you think it’s going to be okay? I have relatives in America who will take my daughter and me till the war is over, but my parents don’t want me to leave.”

Samuel looked intently at the pretty young woman seated next to him. In some ways she reminded him of Rosa—small and petite. What could he tell her?

“No, Elita. I do not think things are going to get better. I think you should take your daughter and leave while you still can. We must accept the fact that this man, Hitler, means what he says. He is going to try and get rid of all the Jewish people, and everyone who has tried to resist him.”

Elita put her head down. Samuel could see that she was crying. He reached over and put his hand on her shoulder. Then he moved closer and put his arms around her. He could feel her shaking under him. He kissed her on the top of her head, and then brushed a strand of hair back from her face.

He turned her face to his and kissed her cheek and then her lips. The ache and loneliness they both had in their hearts opened up into a flood of emotion, as they held each other.

When Elita pulled back from Samuel's hold they both took a deep breath. In their pain they had crossed over the line into a dangerous place. Elita stood up and began to walk away.

"I am sorry, Eilita. Please forgive me. I don't know what to say."

Elita turned for just a second. "It's all right, Samuel. I should not have come into your house this late in the evening. It was my fault too. I must go now. Good-by."

Samuel sat for a moment at the table—thinking about what had just happened. He had no romantic feelings for Elita. He loved Rosa. He felt ashamed for what he had just done, but in these hard, desperate times the need to be touched and loved had been too great for both of them. But he knew it would not happen again. He walked up the stairs to his room and got ready for bed. He thought about the idea to soon move into hiding at Karl's house. This decision had to be made right away. Tomorrow he would ask Karl if he could take the room up-stairs, the attic room, as a hiding place. He hated to have to leave his father's house, but he had to make the decision now.

Things were getting harder all the time. Jews no longer had any civil rights, and their homes and property were being stolen from them and given to the Gentiles. Perhaps he should have left with Rosa and his parents. What good had it been for him to stay in this Nazi pit?

4 The Letter

Rosa walked quickly from her apartment to the bakery where she worked. She had over slept a few minutes. Mr. Hansgriffle would not put up with tardiness—not even by a few minutes, but if she hurried she would not be too late.

“Rosa.” The voice startled her as a man came up behind her. She turned to face a young Jewish looking man.

“I have a letter for you from Samuel,” he whispered. “Please take the letter from me as I walk by you. Someone could be watching me.”

Rosa grabbed the letter as the man walked by. She looked around, but saw no one on either end of the sidewalk. “Thank you...” she started to say, but then remembered to be quiet. She put the letter in her bag. Perhaps she would have a chance to read it on her break. She smiled to herself. God had answered her prayer. She had a letter from Samuel.

When Rosa walked into the bakery the owner was standing behind the counter. He looked at her and then glanced down at his watch. She was not more than a couple of minutes late. She apologized and quickly put on her apron, to help the two customers who were already in the store. When no one was in the store she lifted the letter from her purse and brought it to her heart. She remembered to thank HaShem.

She watched the big clock on the wall as it struck twelve o’clock noon. She took off her apron and rushed out the door and sat down on a near-by bench. The excitement was so great! She opened the letter, that was a simple folded piece of paper.

“My dearest and beloved Rosa.”

As she read the words she could feel and sense his presence. Her dear Samuel—whose

love for her had been so pure and wonderful. I miss you so desperately,” he wrote. “I have little time to write. I must tell you, my dear one, that things in Bratslavia have grown very difficult.

“There is little way now for the Jews to escape, but I have not given up hope. I will do all I can to make it back to you one day, but I understand that you must go on with your life, and so I release you from our engagement, and I bless your life, my dear Rosa, even if you should choose another.

“Perhaps this letter would bring little comfort to my parents, but I leave that decision in your hands. I have been praying, Rosa, like you always do, in a more personal way. And many times I feel God’s presence, and it has been such a comfort for me. Please be well, dear Rosa, and continue to pray for me. I love you, always. Your Samuel”

The note was now wet with tears, and some of the letters were smeared. She carefully let it dry in the light for a minute, and then put it in her bag.

She was not sure how she would make it through the rest of the day. She just wanted to go to her apartment and curl up on her little bed, and talk to God, but she could not. She asked God to please help her. She stood up and steadied herself before going back to her job.

It was a slow afternoon, and every time she looked up at the clock it seemed to not have changed time at all. As she was thinking about whether to show the letter to Samuel’s parents, a man walked into the bakery. Right away she sensed

something strange about him. Rosa did not encourage the fact that she was a very shapely and attractive young woman. She wore no make up, and always made sure she was covered with proper clothes. But still there were more than a few young men in the town where she now lived who wanted to date her. She had always said ‘no.’ But this man was observing her in a different way. She knew right away it did not have to do with what she looked like. He had an evil look in his eyes; they were small, gray slits, piercing and cruel.

“Can I help you?” she said nervously.

“I know who you are,” he answered malevolently. “Does the owner of this bakery know who you are? I doubt that he does. You Jews are such liars and deceivers.” He sneered, glaring angrily at her.

Rosa was left breathless for a minute. All she had been thinking about was going home so that she could read Samuel’s letter again, and then this agent of the devil had walked in from no where. His question, for a second, had caught her off guard. She had never actually told Mr. Hansgriffle that she was Jewish and had escaped from Slovakia, but somehow she just felt he knew. Did it matter? She wondered for a second, if her boss knew she was a Jew? Her mind felt clouded and fearful. She prayed under her breath.

She looked at the villainous man in front of her. “If you are not going to buy anything—her lips trembled—then I think you need to leave the shop. I have nothing to say to you.”

“Well,” he smirked again. “I will just look around for awhile. You will not tell me to leave—you little Jewish slut!”

“No.” Mr. Hansgriffle’s voice was loud and strong, as he walked up to the counter. “She will not tell you, but I will.

You will kindly leave my shop, or I will call the police.”

The anti-Semitic Nazi stood silent—somewhat stunned, but only for a second. I will leave, but just remember this...you Jew lover. There are many of us in Switzerland, and if we had our way Hitler would be running our country, as he is the rest of Europe. He stuck out his arm. “Heil Hitler,” he said, as he turned and left the store.

Tears filled Rosa’s eyes. “I am so sorry, Mr. Hansgriffle. I should have told you...”

There is nothing to tell me, young lady. I know who you are. You have been a good worker. Now, there is only half an hour till it is time to close the shop. So you go ahead and leave. I will lock things up.”

Rosa stood for a minute—her eyes filling again with tears. “Go now! And be careful walking home.”

Rosa looked down the street to make sure that horrible man was nowhere to be seen. She wrapped her scarf around her neck and pulled her hat down a bit.

“Rosa. Wait a minute.”

Rosa turned to see Mr. Hansgriffle’s son, Jan, approaching her. He was a nice looking young man, only a few years older than Rosa. His dark, blond hair blew across his forehead as he ran towards her. “Rosa,” he hurried to meet her. “Papa told me what happened in the store. If I had been there I would have given that man a good poke in the nose. I am glad you are okay.” He started walking next to Rosa. “Why don’t you let me take you out for a nice meal?”

Rosa looked up at Jan. He had very deep blue eyes, and was tall with broad shoulders. She knew he was attracted to her, and she had put him off a few times. He was a nice man, and she knew she would like him, if she got to know him, so she

had avoided going out with him, and tonight she just needed to go home and sleep.

“Jan, you are so nice to me, and I really do appreciate you, but I must go home now and rest. I am afraid that incident at the store did frighten me.”

“I understand, Rosa, but one night, after work, you must let me escort you to a nice place for dinner. You work very hard, and you deserve a good time.” He flashed a handsome smile. “Do you think we could do that sometime, Rosa?”

Rosa had finally just received the letter from her beloved Samuel that she had been waiting for, and yet for just a moment her heart was being tugged at the idea of a handsome man wanting to do something nice for her. She had been so lonely.

“Yes, Jan.” She reached over and lightly touched his hand. “Perhaps one evening I will go out with you.”

Jan smiled, as Rosa turned and walked down the street to her apartment.

The next morning Rosa made sure to leave her apartment on time. Mr. Hansgriffle had been so nice to her. She would make sure she was on time every day. As she approached the bakery she stopped, and her hand went over her mouth. “Oh, no,” she said out loud. All over the front of the bakery was painted “Jew lover.” And on the door was a large red swastika.

She noticed that a few people turned their heads and looked at her, as they walked by on their way to work. Was that disgust she saw in their eyes?”

When she walked into the shop she saw Jan picking up some broken glass. He looked up at her with a sad expression. Even in Jan she could feel something different. She turned and ran out the door, down the street, and back to her apartment. Had the whole world gone crazy? Was there no place safe

anymore for Jews?

Clara was sitting at the kitchen table when she burst through the door. Rosa went straight to her room and sat down on her bed and wept. After a few minutes Clara knocked softly on her door. “Rosa, I am your friend, can I come in?”

Rosa told Clara everything about herself. She told her that she was a Jew, and that she had escaped from Slovakia. With tears streaming down her face she told her about Samuel and how he had paid a lot of money for her to be able to come to Switzerland. And then she told her about what had happened yesterday—when that terrible man came into the shop, and what she saw when she returned to work today.

“I must leave here, Clara. I cannot stay and bring more trouble to Mr Hansgriffle and his family. They have been good to me, but where will I go? We are hated wherever we go?” Clara gave Rosa a hankie to wipe the tears from her eyes.

“There is a safe place for the Jewish people, Rosa. And by the way, I have known ever since you came to live with me that you are Jewish. I have an understanding for those things.” She smiled. “Do you know about Palestine, Rosa?”

“Well, a little. I knew some Jews in Bratslavia who were going to try and get there someday. It is the ancient homeland of our Jewish people, and HaShem tells us in the Torah and the Tanakh that He will one day bring His people back to our land.”

“Yes. As you know, Rosa, I read things all the time, but I also listen to what people tell me. For some reason I seem to always be hearing the most interesting things. I have been hearing how many Jewish people are being rescued from Europe and that there are people who are helping them escape Hitler and all this terrible anti-Semitism.”

Rosa looked at her friend, Clara, in a new way. She was now the mature one, and she knew much more than Rosa did.

“A friend of mine at the hospital just came back from Italy. She was enjoying a break in a lovely little Italian village called San Marino. But what is amazing about this story is how she became involved in helping to hide Jews until the resistance could put them on a boat and take them to a place in Greece and then on to Palestine. I was very impressed with what she told me. She became so involved with what she was doing there, that she decided a few days ago to go back and continue to work with the resistance movement in Italy.

“Actually, it’s a small Catholic retreat that has become involved in the resistance. A handful of priests and some nuns have risked their lives to offer assistance to the Jews in their escape from Hitler and his Nazis.

“And now it seems there was a very divine purpose for her to share this with me, because here I am telling you that there is a place where you can be safe, and live with your Jewish people. Yes, Rosa, there is a place for you. And I can call my friend, if you are interested in going to Palestine?”

Rosa went to bed. She was exhausted, but at least now she had some hope. Later Clara’s friend talked to her on the phone, and told her to come to San Marino and that she would help her get to Palestine. Rosa had rolled the word around in her mouth a few times. “Palestine.” It was the land of her people, Israel. But if she left for Italy how would Samuel ever know where she was? She would tell his parents that she was leaving, and she would leave a letter with them for Samuel, if he ever escaped. She could trust them to give it to him.

5 The Last Meeting

“Eichman has now directly taken over the expedition of Jews into segregated areas for deportation to labor camps.” Samuel spoke to a handful of Jews who had managed to come to the secret meeting. It had now become even more dangerous for them to meet together in the downstairs room.

“I am so very sorry, but I must strongly encourage you, as parents, to put your children on the list for Britain. Please understand there are not many more transports that will be leaving for this country—possibly only one or two. Also there are Czech Gentile homes that will take your children and care for them until the end of the war. I know how fearful some of you are to put your children in a Christian home, but there are no other options. They are coming to take the children and separate them from their parents. Please tell your friends.

“I have been helping smuggle some of the children out of the ghetto into the Czech homes. A Gentile teacher is risking her life to come into the ghetto to help get children out, and I am helping her as best I can. She will be dressed like a health observer—coming into the ghetto from an outside agency.

“It is very dangerous. And we have little time left. We can take ten of the children out tonight. I will be dressed in a Czech police uniform. I will be in front of the old Synagogue, and I will make sure the street is clear, but the children must be there no later than 8 o’clock. We will not have a lot of time to make it through a tunnel that has been provided. For the escape tonight I cannot take children under five years of age.

“Please give me the names of your children if you want them to go with me.” Sounds of quiet sobbing could be heard from some of the women.

“Please mothers, do not weep with your children when you bring them. Kiss them good-by and tell them you will see them again after the war. I do not want to sound heartless. We will have little time, and people will be risking their lives.

“We cannot talk much tonight, but I will share with you the most important information that I have received from the Jewish resistance movement. Adolf Eichman has arrived in Prague, and has taken over one of the Jewish villas in Stresovice. He has also assumed control of the Central Office for Jewish Emigration. This is simply, as most of you know, the SS bureaucracy for robbing and expelling Jews.”

Samuel gritted his teeth and then kept reading the Jewish death warrant. “He is demanding that seventy thousand Jews be expelled in one year.” There was much weeping and groaning. Samuel was not sure how much longer he could talk. The people were spent out with bad news, and could not take much more.

“All Jews living in Josefov (Prague ghetto) have been ordered tomorrow to show up at the local Gendarmerie, police authority. They will receive their identity papers and the letter ‘J’ will also be stamped on their papers. I have also heard that armbands will be given out that must be worn all the time.

“Now we must leave here. Our time tonight is very short, and so now we will pray.”



6 Crossing the Border

Rosa clutched the small suitcase under her arm. She looked one more time at the false identification that she had obtained through her friend, Clara. She was a most amazing person—so different from how Rose had first perceived her to be.

She had gone to say “good-by” to Samuel’s parents. They were of course greatly distressed. She had also chosen not to show them Samuel’s letter. It would only add to their unhappiness.

Hana had shook her head and rubbed her hands together when Rosa told her about what had happened at the bakery, and how she had been verbally attacked by the Nazi that had walked in. Hana had found it hard to think about—trying hard to not believe what Rosa was telling her. “Why, I cannot believe that the good Swiss people would ever allow something like this to take place?”

Rosa had said nothing. Switzerland had not allowed Hitler to take over their country, but Rosa and others knew that they were in collaboration with Nazi Germany, and were providing banks, where the Nazis could stow away their gold and money. She also knew that the Jewish people were not loved by everyone in the Swiss nation.

Samuel’s father had sat down in his chair and had asked his wife to please be quiet. “Rosa has decided to try and go to Palestine. This is not a bad idea,” he said. “And if we were younger, my wife, I too would think it a very good plan. So you will not accuse our Son’s fiancé anymore.” He looked at his wife, raising his eyebrows. “I am sure that Samuel would favor her decision. And yes, Rosa, we will make sure that Samuel receives the note that you wrote for him.” He smiled, tears beginning to form in his eyes.

Rosa hugged them both, and then hurriedly departed for the train station.

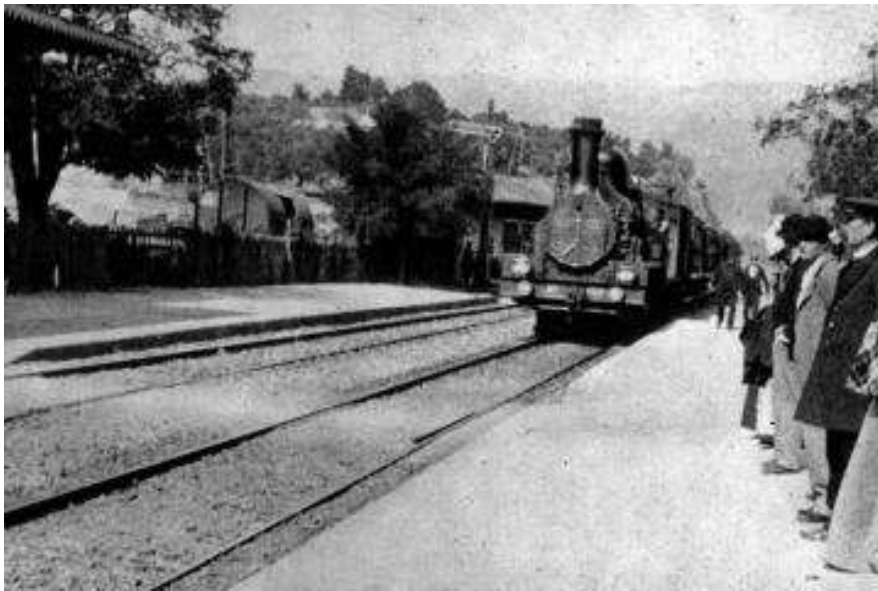
The false papers that she held in her hands had come from the Jewish Underground that worked out of Switzerland. This secret organization was now helping many Jews in their decision to escape to Palestine.

The picture was perfect. She had cut her hair much shorter, and had put on very Swiss looking clothes—given to her from Clara. She had even put on some make-up that accentuated her blue-gray eyes. She had also memorized everything the underground had given her about her Swiss family. Since being in Switzerland she had learned to speak French very well, but she still had a Slovakian accent. She would speak as little as possible, and if she had to talk she would force a French accent.

Clara had helped her with this too. Oh, what a great help her friend, Clara, had been. She had also given her some extra money for her trip to San Marino, where she would meet up with Uta, Clara's friend. Rosa had already been told that there would be much preparation before going to Palestine, and that it would be a while before she could actually leave San Marino. But at least, in the near future, she could look forward to a new life in Palestine.

Rosa got out of the taxi at the train station. She had been given exact directions on what exit she was to take. All she had to do now was buy her ticket. She paid the cab driver and walked over to the little booth to buy her ticket. She reached into her purse for some money, and then something happened. As she reached for the money the small photo of Samuel fell out of her purse, onto the ground. She bent over to pick it up when a large man's hand picked it up for her. She stood up.

The man was a Swiss police officer. He briefly looked at the picture of Samuel. There was no doubt at all that the snapshot of Samuel was a photo of a young Jewish man. He then looked at Rosa intently. She could feel her face begin to go pale. What was this man going to do to her?



7 The Little Ones

Samuel put on the police uniform that Karl had given him to wear. He tightened up the pants, and adjusted the sleeves on his coat. He put on the hat, and brought it down over his forehead as much as he could. He looked in the mirror and made a grim face, and then stamped his feet. There would not be many more times that he would be able to go out like this.

The deportation of Jewish families was happening much faster than he had thought possible. He walked outside. It was dark and quiet. Some of the people had put up Christmas wreaths on their doors and gates. Samuel knew that in one more week his Gentile neighbors would be celebrating their holiday, called Christmas. It was not, however, a celebration for the Jewish people, even though it was the Jewish festival of Chanukah. Because it was during this same time when anti-Jewish pogroms were intensified, and most Jews were fearful for their lives.

He knew that in ten minutes they would have to take whatever children showed up and leave the ghetto. It was all the time they had. As he came near the synagogue he saw Ida standing under the arched entrance into the prayer room.

The Prague ghetto had a very long history. A wall had been built around it in the 14th century when the Pope decreed that the Jews were to be segregated from Christians. During the 19th century, Franz Joseph of Austria, offered a new civil and political freedom for the Jews. In this new emancipation, the ghetto in Prague became a source of prosperous trading, and a golden age existed for a short time for the Jewish people in the Austrian-Hungarian Empire to expand their hidden talents.

But by the end of the 19th century the wealthy Jews had left the Josefov, and it soon became a slum—filled with the poor Jews of the Czech lands, and also many who had come from other parts of the Hapsburg Empire. But the Jewish people made their homes there and raised their children. It was their ghetto, and although always somewhat fearful of a new leader, who could bring about another pogrom, the Jews of Prague went to their synagogues, had weddings, danced, and celebrated their lives as best they could.

Samuel had heard a report that Hitler was not going to destroy the historical buildings in the Prague ghetto, because he wanted to make it a museum of an extinct people. But this did not stop his Nazi forces from destroying many of the Jewish homes there. By the end of 1939 and into 1940, the licenses of most Jewish doctors and lawyers, and other professionals who lived outside the ghetto, had been revoked, and most Jews were evicted from their homes and apartments. The pogroms that had recently taken place in the ghetto had been bloody and merciless.

“Ida,” he spoke to the young woman by the door.
“Where are the children? We must hurry. We have little time before the next patrol comes.”

“All nine of the children are hidden inside the synagogue but one of them has not shown up. Abiyah Bercow has not come yet.”

“Where does she live?”

“Only a couple houses down the street. It’s the one with the green door by the corner.”

“I will go and see if I can bring her.”

“If I do not show up, for any reason, then you will have to take the children by yourself through the tunnel to the gate.”

Samuel knocked quietly on the green door. Pretty soon an older man opened the door. "My name is Samuel. I have come for Abiyah. She was to leave with the other children. We have very little time. If she is to leave the ghetto, she must do so now." Samuel could hear a young girl's voice in the small room behind the old man.

"No, Momma. I don't want to go. Please don't make me leave."

The grandfather who had opened the door spoke to the ten year old girl. "I want you to promise me something, Abiyah."

The thin girl, dressed in a pair of boys pants and a baggy gray sweater looked up at her grandfather. "Yes, Poppi?"

"Abiyah you must live for us. Someone from our family must live and have more children. Do you understand?"

"Oh, Poppi. I don't want to live anymore. It's too hard."

"You must, Abiyah. Now you will let go of your momma, and you will leave with Samuel. You must hurry, or you will put the other children in danger."

The young girl walked over to where Samuel was standing. She looked back at her family only once, and then took hold of Samuel's hand and left her house.

When they reached the synagogue Ida went inside to fetch the other children. She had hidden them under the pews and tables. She gathered the other nine children and joined Samuel and Abiyah. Samuel opened a door that led to an old musty room downstairs. Behind a heavy wood book case was a hole in the ground that led about fifty feet to a large pipe that stuck out from the building on the other side of the ghetto.

Samuel got out first and looked carefully around. One man was standing there and a truck with several sacks of cement and wood, stacked in the back. Under the wood and cement sacks was a large, flat, hidden compartment—just big enough

for the ten small children. It would not be comfortable, but they would survive the drive to the country, where they would be taken to individual Czech Christian homes. They would be cared for and hidden, if necessary, until the war was over.

Samuel and Ida watched as each child was securely fitted inside the hidden compartment in the truck. The driver then waved good-bye and they drove away. The Jewish parents had been left with no recourse. They sent their children into hiding with Christian families, and sometimes into their religious institutions—where they hoped their child could pass as an Aryan child.

Other children were hidden in attics or cellars, sometimes transferred from one hiding place to another, in order to avoid being sent to the extermination camps.



8 The Train

The man had on a pair of thick lense glasses. He studied the picture of Samuel carefully. He looked at Rosa and then smiled as if he knew her secret. Rosa reached her hand out to take the photo back.

“I need to see your ID.” The man spoke in a half mocking way, as if he was taunting her.

Rosa handed him her papers. She knew her heart was beating too fast. She tried to look calm, as if nothing was wrong. “Certainly,” she said.

“You speak French, as if you learned it from another country?”

“I’ve spoken French all my life. I was born near this very town.” She spoke the words assertively.

The large, balding man gave her back her identification paper, and then bent down and whispered in her ear. “If you stay here for another day with me I will make sure you get to Italy, or wherever you want to go, without any trouble. I can promise you that. No questions asked.”

Rosa turned her eyes from his lusty smile. She stepped back from him. “I have business in Italy, and I will have to leave today. I ask you to please excuse me.” She wanted to run, but she could not. She prayed in her heart for God to help her.

The police man continued to look at her with a sly grin. “You can go, but perhaps when you come back here, to your family, I will see you again? I have very nice things to give such a nice young lady, like you.”

Rosa turned from him and quickly bought her train ticket. She hurried to the exit where she needed to be, and only then turned to see if he was still there. He was not. She climbed onto the train and took a deep breath, then quickly found a

seat. It would be a twelve hour ride to San Marino. She closed her eyes. If only her Samuel was with her none of these nasty men would be bothering her. She watched out the window as the train pulled away from the station. She sighed—grateful that she was leaving, and that loathsome man had not come and dragged her off the train.

She continued to watch as they whizzed by snow-capped hills and farms. Switzerland was a very beautiful place. It was the kind of place she could make a home with Samuel. But the land of the Swiss would not be for her and Samuel. She prayed he would live and would join her in Palestine. Before Rosa had left Clara's she had read about the Zionists that were going there, but for them it was not to live in Palestine, but to fight for the State of Israel that God had promised His people.

Samuel walked a ways with Ida, after they left the ghetto. She looked about forty years old. She seemed to be a strong woman—very determined. “Why do you risk your life, Ida, to get these Jewish children out? It's very dangerous work you are doing, and you are not Jewish.”

“Well, Samuel. You too put yourself at great risk. I do this because it's what my Savior would do.”

Samuel looked at Ida in a peculiar way. He knew she was referring to that one who the Christians call Jesus. It was not a name he wanted to discuss. Like with all Jews, he had been taught at an early age to despise that name—although he had to admit that he knew little about him.

“You are saying that this one you call Jesus will save Jews? It is because of him that we suffer so much.”

“No,” Ida said. “It is because of evil people who call themselves Christians that your people suffer.”

Hitler and his SS may call themselves Christians, but I assure you they are not. And one day they will have to stand before a holy and righteous God, and they will be cast from His presence forever.”

Samuel was a little over-taken by the unflinching assertiveness in which Ida had just spoken. “How do you know such things, Ida?”

“Do you know, Samuel, that Jesus was a Jew?” She laughed a little. “And he still is.”

This caused Samuel to stop walking. Why would this woman say such a thing?” This one called Jesus hated the Jews, and wanted them dead. He had even heard Hitler say it once. “I find what you are saying hard to believe. All the Jewish people—even going back to Abraham—could not all be wrong about this one?”

“Ahhh,” Ida smiled in the dark. “Abraham was a friend of Jesus’. They spent much time together. Jesus appeared to many of his people in the Old Testament, and he frequently spoke of Abraham as an example of a man who was truly a righteous man, and whose great faith had revealed to him that Jesus was his true Messiah. Two thousand years after Abraham died, your Jewish Messiah would take Abraham’s sins upon himself on the cross. Jesus is revealed in the Torah and in the Tannah in many places.”

Ida then took from her bag a small black book. “If you feel brave enough you can read about him in this book, the Brit HaDasha, the New Covenant, promised by God to His people. It’s all Jewish, my friend, and this bible is in French, and I know you can read French.”

Samuel stood silent. He did not intend on taking the book, but he found himself reaching for it, anyway. “I will see, but I cannot tell you that I will read it. But I am curious about some of the things you have told me.”

“Good! It is a beginning to be curious. Now, I will say good-night to you, Samuel. Stay safe. I believe we might have one more delivery to make. Is that correct?”

“Perhaps, Ida...I will get you a message if there is more to do. Soon they will be sealing off the ghetto, and then it will be too dangerous to try and smuggle the children out. But we will see how soon this will come to be. For now I will say ‘good night,’ Ida. You are a brave woman.”

“Yes, you too, Samuel, and enjoy your reading.”

Samuel could not stop Ida’s words from going round and round in his mind. Who exactly was this one, they called Jesus. He turned the corner. He was less than one block from Karl’s house. He came to a dead stop. He could hardly believe what he was seeing. Two vans were parked in front of the house, and several Nazi storm troopers were looking around the yard, as his friend, Karl, was being dragged from his home.

Samuel stepped behind a tree on the sidewalk. He closed his eyes. They were taking Karl away, and Samuel knew what that meant. Someone in the neighborhood had become suspicious that Karl was hiding a Jew. Samuel doubled up his fists. He had been so careful to not be seen. He only went out at night, and always dressed like Karl. He also knew that they would check everything in his house. He had stayed in an attic room, where a small hidden space existed behind a book shelf. He had kept all of his things there. There would be nothing they could find out about him, unless they discovered the secret room.

But Samuel also knew that it would not take long for the SS Gestapo to find out from Karl the information they needed. He prayed for Karl.

“Oh, please, Ha Shem, show your great mercy to my friend.”

Samuel felt sick on the inside. What a terrible place his country had become under the Nazi agenda. He watched and waited.

After the SS troops had left Karl’s house he snuck into the back yard and then went into the house. There were things he had to take with him, before he left. He went upstairs. It did not look like anyone had moved the book case. It was solid. He had to remove four of the bottom shelves in order to push a button that would allow him entry into the secret space.

He found his bag and a few other things, and put what he needed in his pockets, and then put everything back the way he had found it—just in case they came back. He had not listed the names of anyone in the resistance movement, but he had forgotten to remove and bury some of the maps that showed the locations for smuggling the children out of the ghetto. He would do so as soon as he left the house.



9 The Deportation

Samuel had spent the night with a friend in the ghetto. He had few choices now but to mix in with his people in what was left of the bloodied neighborhood. The only other option was to find someone else to hide him, and that had become very dangerous, and he would not risk another person's life to save his own.

If they broke Karl, and he confessed Samuel's name and then gave to the SS the information they needed, then they would find Samuel one way or the other. He might as well be here with his people. He would go tomorrow with his friend, Chaim, to Stromovka Park. It was there that the local police would issue to every Jew a yellow star, and some would be given their deportation orders.

At one time it had been one of the most beautiful parks in Prague, but now it was surrounded with barbed wire, and filled with decrepit little huts that served as Nazi interrogation rooms. Some of the Jews believed that they were going to be sent someplace where they would be resettled and would be given new jobs. Some actually believed it would be better than the life they were living in the ghetto in Prague. But others said nothing. They did not believe that the Nazis and the Czech collaborators had anything good planned for the Jews. They had watched as the brown shirts had stormed the streets of Prague—looking for Jews to beat up, and Jewish businesses to destroy. In a matter of days—even hours—life for the Jewish people in the Czech lands had gone from a relatively normal community to an on-going nightmare.

Samuel was not ready for what he saw when they arrived at the containment area in Stromovka park. He shuddered, and began to wonder if he should have tried to hide out someplace

for a while longer. The squalid deportation headquarters was like a medieval madhouse. The Jews were beaten until they died, and everyone was screaming and wailing. As they were led outside, the Jewish families huddled together in the freezing temperature—many were too sick to move.

There was mass confusion as people were herded together and made to form lines in the cold, icy yard. One old man sat on his suitcase playing his violin, as if he was the only one there. A Czech guard came over and kicked the small suitcase out from under him, and then stepped on his instrument. The old man began to weep, and was then directed into one of several different lines.

Before being driven out of the building each person was given a yellow star to wear on their shirt or jacket sleeve. They were told that they would be shot if they were ever caught without it. Columns of Jews were then escorted by the Czech police down the street to the train station. Not everyone was being sent to the same place. Samuel was quickly directed into a line of young men, who were marched to the freight cars that were waiting specifically for them.

“Where are we going?” Samuel asked a young man who stood next to him, as they were pushed and squeezed together onto the train. “I was told,” Samuel said, “that we would be relocated to a better place.”

The dark haired man, who was missing several of his teeth, laughed at Samuel. “Have you heard of Germany, my friend?”

“We are being sent to Germany?” Samuel said.

“Yes. I think they are taking us to a labor camp by Stuttgart. A place called Struthof. It’s a slave labor camp for the few of us who can still work. I heard one of the police telling this to another man.”

“A labor camp” Samuel said. “Perhaps it will not be so bad.”

“Oh, yes...I am sure it will be wonderful for us. You know they love the Jews so much in Germany.” He then laughed a mocking sound.

Samuel reached up to the ledge of a small frozen window. He ran his fingers over the icy glass and then brought them to his mouth. He closed his eyes and tried not to feel fear.

He had a small bag with him, and in the bag was the Bible that Ida had given him. He put his hand in the bag and felt for the book. For some reason having his hand on this book gave him peace. He did not understand why. He closed his eyes and prayed.



10 San Marino

Rosa looked up, enjoying the sunny, blue sky. She had been in San Marino now for almost one month. She had immediately become friends with Clara's friend, Uta.

She had wanted to live with Uta in her house near the Adriatic Sea, but she had been told it would be too dangerous. The Mussolini Fascist government had been instructed by Hitler's Nazi leaders that they were to be more aggressive in rounding up Italian Jews. Fortunately, many of the Italian people hated Mussolini, and were not as anti-Semitic as their northern neighbors. Even some of the police were known to look the other way if they suspected that a Jew was being hidden in a house. The Catholic retreat was not the only place that was hiding the Jews. Many Italians were also hiding Jews in their homes.

Rosa was living with five other Jews in a small house in the country. It was located far away from any town, next to a large forest. The house was crowded for five people.

An old outhouse was in back by the trees, but no one complained. They were all glad to be where they were. There were no houses nearby, and a path that was grown over with weeds was the only way to get there.

A couple of times a week Uta and one of her friends in the resistance would come to the house with food, and would bring more instruction on how they would be taken to Palestine, and what they could expect once they got there.

It would probably be another two or three weeks before everything would be in place. A new captain for the boat had to be found. This news had brought some distress to the small group of refugees, but all they could do was wait, and hope for the best, and pray.

Rosa prayed, but most of her friends did not understand her personal way of praying. So she prayed quietly. She had become close friends with two of the people in the house.

One was a young lady about her age, named Sarah, who had escaped a camp in Hungary. And the other was a nice looking young man, a few years older than Rosa. His name was Daniel. He too had escaped from Czechoslovakia. He had hidden out in a country area of France, until he was told by some friends that he had to leave because the Nazis had found out about him. He had been given some money and told about San Marino.

All he could talk about was going to Palestine and fighting with the Haganah to establish the land of Israel once again. Rosa could not help but smile at his zeal, and how his large brown eyes flashed with excitement when he talked about Israel. He would smile back at her, and they both knew that something was going on between the two of them. At night when she went to bed she wondered? How much did she still love Samuel if she was attracted to this other Jewish man? She felt confused. Samuel had released her from their engagement. Perhaps it was time to move on with her life—her new life in Palestine.



11 Can We Escape

Samuel was very careful in handling the artillery fuses. He had been put to work in the armament factory in Struthof. It was extremely dangerous work. The men had been selected to work either in the armament factory or in the rock quarry digging granite.

He looked across the room at his friend, Vincent. He could see that he too was very exhausted. They had both been assigned to the armament factory because of their good eyes and skill in handling the dangerous ammunition. It was very stressful and one mistake could cost them their lives. He had watched as one man had blown half his face off, while putting together some artillery fuses. The wealthy, German, Krupp family needed the strong young Jewish backs for their steel and armament work shops in Germany, and if they blew themselves up it was not such a loss.

At times he also had to work with a yellow cyanide powder. He had to be extremely careful that it did not even touch his skin, and if it was sucked into his lungs it would cause death.

Only a few were selected to work with these dangerous powders. They were too expensive to waste on the Jews who were clumsy.

Samuel had been at Struthof for almost one month. When the train had pulled into the station at Stuttgart the guards had separated the people into different lines. Able bodied adults, who could be used for forced labor, were put into a special line—separated from children and older people who would automatically be taken to extermination camps.

It was just a short train ride from Stuttgart to Struthof; the war production factory.

The slave labor went from six in the morning till eight at night. One small break was given during the day, with half a cup of soup and some bread, and then again in the evening. They had to keep their slave labor in the armament factory somewhat nourished, but Samuel was always hungry and tired most of the time. And so was everyone else. He had grown hard in his heart to the onslaught of suffering and death all around him. His only moments of hope came when he could talk with his bunk mate, and new friend. They were about the same age, but Vincent was not a Jew. It had greatly surprised Samuel that non-Jews had also been taken to the slave camps, and to the death camps, not far away.

At night, or when they were not being watched, they would talk about many different things—especially the idea of escaping the hell hole they had been brought to. But his friend, Vincent Amio, was fascinated with the idea that Samuel was a pilot, and had asked him many questions about what kind of flying he had done in the military. Then he told Samuel his most amazing story.

Vincent had lived his life in Alsace-Lorraine, the border land between France and Germany, in a lovely valley near the Vosges mountains. He had lived an almost idyllic life with his parents and brother and sister. His father had worked a small farm and had also led a small Bible church for his neighbors. He was a devout Christian.

He was also a pilot. In the years before the war he had been given a small airplane by the government of Metz, the capital of Alsace, and he would fly routes from different places in France, and even as far as Switzerland—delivering different kinds of supplies that were needed, and sometimes making sure the heads of important businesses were transported to where they needed to go. This of course all changed when

the Nazi forces invaded France and the Alsace region. His father had then taken his plane and had hidden it in a large cave in the foothills of the forest that surrounded his property.

Vincent's father had a plan to help some of his neighbors who were Jews. His father considered them good friends; the kind of friends he would lay down his life for. He would sneak out with a lantern at night and he would work on his airplane. He had taken out the seats in back and had created more space for passengers. He had also painted the airplane green, and had painted a Swiss emblem on one of the wings.

"No one would suspect a plane that had a Swiss emblem," Vincent had told Samuel. Vincent had shared his father's amazing story with his friend at different times, usually before they went to sleep at night.

But his father's plans had all been changed. One day he had taken a bundle of vegetables to some of his very hungry friends who were hiding in the nearby woods from the Nazi occupation. He had put the food in his truck, and had driven down a road in the valley—unaware that he was being watched.

"My father and the Jewish family that he wanted to help were arrested. And then the Nazis came back to our house, and arrested all of us. I have no idea where they took my mother and brother and sister, or my father."

Samuel was totally amazed at the story his friend, Vincent, had told him. It also reminded him of Ida, and how she had risked her life to save the Jews. Samuel was beginning to truly understand that not all Christians hated the Jewish people. He had also shared with Vincent that he had a New Covenant Bible, and had been reading about this Jewish man, named Jesus. Sometimes he would take his bible out from the bag he

still had it in, and Vincent would help Samuel to understand what some of the scriptures really meant. For the first time in his life Samuel felt as though he had found a true brother.

“Samuel,” Vincent said one night. “I know where my father hid the plane. It’s still there. If we can escape from this pit, and make it to the river, and then on to Alsace, then we could finish the great plan my father had wanted to do, and also escape to freedom. All we have to do is figure out how to get out of this prison.”

Samuel laughed. “Yes, my friend...that’s all. Just figure out how to escape from here.”



12 What Now

“I am really sorry to have to bring you such bad news.” Uta spoke to the six Jewish escapees who were seated in front of her. No one dared to move, or even look at each other.

“The Fascist Italian police are making sure that the boats that leave the harbor in San Marino have no Jews on board. It is becoming very dangerous for the boat captains, and if Jews are discovered then they and the captains are deported out of Italy to some horrible place.”

Daniel finally spoke to Uta. “So what do we do? This has now become a big problem...has it not?”

“Yes, Daniel. I am afraid it has become a problem. But we must not panic. As long as it looks like no one is living here, then you will not have a problem to stay here. And we are looking at different possibilities to try and still get you to Palestine. Don’t give up hope. It’s a set back, but not all is lost.” Uta tried to smile. “Now I must leave and I will return in a few days. Perhaps I will have better news then.

“You must be very careful—even though you are in a remote place, not to be seen by anyone. And please be watchful if you go outside for any reason—even to use the out house. You must be sure that no one is around. We cannot afford to take any risks.”

After Uta left the house Daniel sat down next to Rosa. Most of the others had stretched out in another room to sleep, or were sitting very still with their heads down.

Daniel slipped his arm over Rosa’s shoulders. “Are you scared, Rosa?” he said to her.

“No, Daniel. I am not afraid. God has brought us this far, surely he will take us the rest of the way.”

“You talk about God as if he was real,” Daniel said in a slightly amusing way.

“You do not believe in God, Daniel?” Rosa answered.

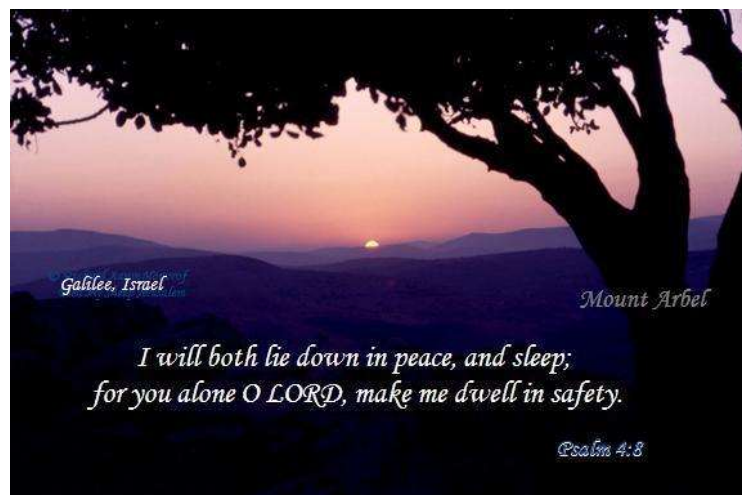
“So you think there is a God who is letting the Jewish people suffer so much? How can you believe in a God like this?”

Rosa looked up at Daniel. It was hard to see his expression in the dark. “I know there is a God, Daniel, and I know he is good—even if we do not always understand his ways.”

Daniel removed his arm from her back. “You are a very pretty, young woman, Rosa, but you are naïve and foolish. We came here because we were convinced it would be a great escape plan, but now it becomes mud before our eyes. And you say that God is good? The Gentiles, who are supposed to be helping us, are probably laughing behind our backs.”

Rosa felt a rush of confusion. Was Daniel right? Had God deserted his people? “I do not believe that Uta and the others are laughing at us, Daniel. And I believe that God is going to help us, but I will not argue with you. I am very tired, and I am going to go to bed. Good night, Daniel,” she said to him, and went into the other room.

Rosa stretched out next to Sarah. She did not try to stop the tears from falling onto her cheeks. But when she closed her eyes she saw Samuel’s face, and then she felt peace. Soon she fell asleep.



13 The Plan

“I have an idea, Samuel.” Vincent spoke fast, before the Kapo guard came back from his break. “I have been observing the truck that comes into the compound and brings the supplies the guards need—fresh vegetables for their tables.” Vincent laughed softly. “And we starve. I used to drive this kind of a truck in Alsace, and what is interesting is that there are fittings under these trucks, by which a man can easily rest his head on and connect his feet to a pipe, and he can lie that way for a long time, if needed.”

Samuel listened intently to what Vincent was sharing with him, but he did not understand why Vincent was telling him these things.

“I am telling you this, Samuel, because it’s our way out of here.”

Samuel looked at his friend with caution. “What you are telling me is that we can escape this place by hiding under the truck? Is that right?”

“Well, that’s it—sort of.” Vincent grinned at Samuel. “I’ve been timing how it all comes together. The truck comes in around seven o’clock in the eve, and the driver goes inside for a cup of coffee, and then the prisoners unload the truck. But there is about a ten minute time period before the driver comes back and gets in the truck. Just enough time to scoot under the truck and get comfortable.” He chuckled a little.

“Okay!” Samuel said. “Let’s say that part could actually work. Then what? We just get a free ride to the next camp?”

“Well, this is the part I’ve been paying close attention to. I’ve been helping to unload the stuff, but then I’ve been hanging around—as much as I can, while the driver is in the kitchen. I’ve been listening to him talk to the guards.

“He stops here and then heads north, and his next stop is not too far from Alsace, and from what I overheard him say that puts him about ten miles from where I live. Bingo! Can you believe this?” Vincent excitedly told Samuel.

“All right, but you know as soon as we are discovered missing they will send someone after the truck—you know that?”

“Not necessarily. If they think we’ve somehow gotten outside the camp without being seen and have headed for the woods, then that’s where they will send the dogs—at least for the first couple of hours or so.”

“And how are they going to know our plan?”

“Hans. Everyone knows he’s a stooge. I will deliberately let some of the inmates know I am planning a break, and I’ll make sure that Hans hears about it.” He looked into Samuel’s eyes. “It can work. By the time they figure we’ve gone another way, we’ll be a few miles from Alsace. And I know where to hide once I get close to home. I know those mountains like the back of my hand—every cave that’s there.”

“Vincent, I know you want to get out of here; my God, so do I. And then make this magic escape you’ve been talking about—using your dad’s airplane. But if it doesn’t work and they find us, you know they will kill us, and they won’t make it easy. I am really going to have to think about this.”

“Samuel, I know where I am going when I die and leave this earth—no doubt in my mind at all about that.”

“You mean heaven? Is that what you are saying?”

“Listen, to me, my friend. Jesus promised his people that if they believed on him, they would never die. That’s right! ‘Believe on Me and you will be saved.’ We have read together the scriptures from the Bible you were given. Give your life to Jesus Christ and you will have eternal life. He promised!

First to the Jew and then to all the rest of us lost sheep!”

Samuel looked at his friend. He had read with great interest the Bible that Ida had given him, and he had also studied the scriptures in the Old Testament, and compared them with what he was reading from the New Covenant, but he needed more time...if only he could be sure?

Vincent took Samuel by the arm. “We need to move away from here, my friend. Franz and his kapo buddy are coming this way. We need to get back to work, right away. They cannot find us talking like this.”

Vincent whispered quietly as both he and Samuel climbed onto their hard, small, wood bunks. “Samuel, they aren’t just building more factory space around here. They are building efficient little killing houses.”

“How do you know this?”

“I have seen the ovens, Samuel. I saw them yesterday, and they aren’t going to be used to bake bread. What Chaim was telling us is the truth. Heinrich Himmler—that evil man from hell—is building death camps all over Europe. They call it the final solution for the Jews, and it will happen here too.

“I have seen them. This is why we must make our escape plans very soon. We have little time.

“I am with you, Vincent. Whatever happens, I am with you. With God’s help we will get out of this hell hole.”

14 Move Fast

Rosa quietly stepped over a couple of people so that she could go outside to the outhouse. It was after midnight. The sky was dark, but sparkling with stars. It gave her comfort to know that Samuel had to be looking at the same sky that she was. She sat down on a bench for a few minutes and just looked up in amazement. She had been up-set with Daniel's angry comment that there was no God. "I am sorry, HaShem," she said, "that so many people do not know you like I do.

"Why is it I can talk to you, but so many of my people just read religious prayers? Perhaps, I will be able to talk with Daniel when he is not so angry? Thank you for watching over us. And thank you for keeping my Samuel safe—wherever he is."

She walked over to a small shed that had been made into an outhouse. When she got to the door of the shed she stopped, and turned around. She heard sounds coming from the house. As if by instinct she stepped behind the shed. The sounds were loud and raucous. She could also hear Sarah yelling in the midst of the noise.

She knew that Mussolini's Fascist police had broken into the house. Someone had turned the Jews in. There was nothing she could do now. She quickly found a path that led into the trees. She walked as fast as she could, without stumbling over tree limbs. She was terrified. When she was sure no one was following her she sat down under a tree, and pulled her coat around her. It was cool, but not freezing cold like it had been in Switzerland.

She was so afraid for her friends. What would happen to them? Where would they send them? She had to have a plan.

Early in the morning she would sneak back into the house and get some food and a few other things, and then she would stay in the woods till she saw Uta. She knew she could trust Uta. If someone had turned them in she knew it was not her.

She thought about her parents who were still in Bratslavia. She hoped they were okay, but the reports she had heard were not good. Most of the Jews in her homeland had already been deported to terrible camps. She cried as she thought of the rest of her family—her brother, and all her aunts and uncles.

She could hardly bear to think that they might have taken her Samuel too. She felt so lonely and afraid. But as she leaned up against the tree she could see and feel a soft warm light coming upon her. She was not alone. She closed her eyes and fell asleep.

“Tonight, Samuel.” Vincent spoke quickly to his friend as they walked from the armament factory to the barracks.

“It’s too soon, Vincent. I need a few more nights to get ready. We have practiced and drilled but I don’t think I am ready yet.”

“You have to be, Samuel. The guards think we’re going to try and make a break in three more days. That’s when they are going to be on the alert. So we have to go tonight—no other time. It’s now or never.”

Samuel looked intently at his friend. “All right—we will go tonight. God help us!”

“He will.”

Vincent and Samuel walked slowly from the armament factory to the driveway in back of the Gestapo headquarters.

They had both stuffed under their shirts their small bed blankets. It would give them something to fold over the pipe to rest their heads on—so their brains would not get beaten to pieces as they drove over the bumpy roads. Most of the exhaust would be blown out from under the truck. At least this is what they hoped for.

Samuel could feel Vincent's tension. They had only a few more minutes before they had to be back at their work position. The supply truck had not shown up. Their whole escape plan would have to be canceled if the truck did not come in the next couple of minutes.

The Kapo guards stood by the door to the headquarters, waiting for the truck to come. Samuel took a deep breath as the truck rattled through the entrance and drove up to the platform behind the building. As soon as the truck came to a stop the driver opened his door and signaled for the inmates to begin to unload the boxes. It took only a few minutes for the boxes, stuffed with vegetables and big hams, to be taken into the shop. Some of the men dared to grab an apple or carrot as they quickly hustled the boxes inside. The driver had gone in for his cup of coffee. After unloading the boxes the prisoners went back to their work posts where they belonged, avoiding the kicks and punches that would come if they were still around when the driver and the guards came back.

Vincent made one last look around the area. "Okay," he said to Samuel, "now we move fast." In the semi-dark both men slid under the truck. Vincent immediately found a place to lay his head and a pipe to rest his feet on. Samuel squeezed next to him, and doubled up his blanket under his head.

"I hope we have enough of that Russian tobacco on our bodies, so the dogs can't smell us?"

"Shush, be quiet," Vince responded!

15 Hang On

Samuel braced himself and held on as best he could. Once they had driven out of the camp the truck picked up speed. They could hear the driver singing loudly a German song.

Vincent figured that it would be at least an hour before they made a routine roll call of the prisoners in the armament shop. They would normally be given half an hour to eat something and rest before they had to be back at work for the evening shift. Vincent's and Samuel's work positions were secluded in a special area—for those who were given the more dangerous and hard assignments, and so none of the other workers would notice if they were gone. Samuel was glad for this. If any prisoner failed to report someone missing they would endure severe punishment.

Once they were found missing there would be considerable chaos. The alarms would go off and a search of the entire compound would be made, and then dogs would be used to begin a more thorough search of the woods and areas around the camp. The search would go on for two days, and the local villages would be informed of an escape. Most of the time those prisoners who ever tried to escape would be found and brought back, and hanged in front of all the other men—as an example of what happened to anyone who was stupid enough to think they could escape Struthof.

Samuel had a terrible cramp in his right leg. He wondered how long he could hold on. Vincent had told him that if anything happened and they had to let go then there was plenty of room to fall on to the road and the truck would just drive over them. And then they would have to make a run

for the woods. But if they were not at least thirty to forty miles away from Struthof then the chances of being found became a greater concern. They would need to go the distance.

Vincent had a pretty good idea when it would be the right time to let go and fall away from the truck. Samuel endured the pain in his leg until it became numb. He knew that Vincent was counting the minutes.

Rosa grabbed the last of the bread and a few vegetables from an old cooler, and then went back to her place in the woods. She had rigged a net to sleep under and had busied herself picking berries during the day. It had been two days since the Fascist police had arrested her friends. But Uta had not come. She was afraid now that the resistance had been infiltrated, and maybe many arrested. If they had interrogated them and asked them how many were in the house then it would not be long before they would come back, and this time probably with dogs. She was afraid to go back into the house, but what was she to do? She truly needed a miracle, and fast!



16 The Alsace

They had been listening to the truck driver talking to his girlfriend, almost as if she was sitting next to him. “Ten more minutes, my sweetie, and I will be with you.” He then chuckled.

This was the time check that Vincent needed. It would only be a few minutes before they came to a very long, steep hill.

“When I say ‘go’ then lower your head from the pipe and drop your feet and let go. I’ve been waiting for him to drive up this long hill. He will have to slow down a lot. If I am right, and I’m sure I am, we only have about a five mile hike through the woods to the river. There are some caves there and we can hide in them for the night. Are you ready?”

Samuel was nervous about his legs. The position he had been in for almost an hour had caused a good part of his body to cramp up. He had been holding on so tight. What would happen when they finally let go? They had talked very little—not wanting the driver to hear even the slightest sounds from under the truck, which would cause him to stop and look.

Samuel was not sure how Vincent was doing. “I am ready,” he whispered back at his friend.

As the truck began to climb up the hill it slowed down, and at one point almost came to a stop. “Now!” Vincent whispered to Samuel—nudging him with one hand. Samuel lowered his head, still holding on to the steel ledge above him, and then dropped his feet and let go. Vincent let go at the same time.

Falling to the ground below was easy. They both laid there for a few seconds—not moving at all. When the truck drove to the top of the hill and then went down the other side, they got up and Vincent ran as fast as he could to the trees on the other side of the road, as Samuel hobbled along behind him.

Samuel was grateful that he could still feel his numb leg. It was very stiff, but at least he could move it.

As soon as they were off the road they pushed their way through the trees until they came to a place where they could sit down and rest.

“Wow!” Vincent said. “We made it, friend—at least the hard part. God is helping us. The sky is clear and the moon is bright. If we head towards that ridge of hills and keep the road in view, then we’ll come to a river and there are some cave like places there where we can sleep for awhile. How are you feeling, Samuel?”

“I wasn’t sure how my legs were going to do.” Samuel smiled in the dark at Vincent. “They are still sore and stiff, but at least I can walk on them. I am thankful to God for helping us to escape.”

“Oh, me too. I was praying the whole time.”

“Vincent. While we were under the truck I was thinking a lot about life and death. I really was not sure at all that I was going to make it. And, well, anyway...I asked Jesus into my life.” It just felt like it was the time to do it.”

Vincent reached over and lightly slapped Samuel on his back. “I am really glad to hear you made the right decision. You will never regret it!’ But now we need to be as quiet as possible. There could be a night training brigade or anything. Do you think you can make it for another hour or so?”

“I think I can now.” Samuel looked up and smiled.

17 The House

The light of the moon had given them the ability to see a broken path in front of them, and after they had walked and struggled through a dense forest for almost an hour they came to an open field. Their secrecy was gone in the moonlight.

“We have no choice, Samuel. We have to get across that field to the river on the other side of it. Let’s pray for a minute and then we are just going to have to make a run for it.”

Samuel grimaced. He was still half dragging his one leg that had continued to cause him pain. “I want you to go for it, Vincent, and don’t let me slow you down. You have to promise that you won’t slow down for me—if I have to stop.”

“Stop that crazy talk,” Vincent breathed out the words. “We are going to make it—remember?”

Samuel prayed as he ran. He was able to run with his bad leg better than he thought he could do. He felt relief that he could keep up with Vincent. They did not stop, even as the elusive shadows played tricks on them and caused them to fear what they were really seeing. Was that a Nazi with a gun, or just an old post? The sounds of a night owl almost sounded like gun shots. They just kept running.

When they came to a ridge they stopped and looked down at the river below. Moon beams danced off the rapid moving water, giving them a clear view of the shore and the banks around it.

Immediately Vincent began to slide down the embankment. Without asking any questions, Samuel followed him. When they reached the bottom of the cliff Vincent spoke quickly to Samuel. “If we follow this river down a ways we will come to some hidden caves behind the trees. You have to know where they are—and I do.”

Fearing death Rosa prayed differently than before. She had always used the name HaShem, but now she prayed using the name Abba. “I have no more food,” she spoke to her Father in heaven, “and it’s starting to get very cold at night. I have no place to run to anymore. If I die here will I come to you? Abba, I am very afraid.” A soft evening breeze carried God’s voice to her.

“Rosa, my Hebrew name is Yeshua—although many who are not Jewish call me Jesus. My Father sent me, a long time ago, to bear the sins of Israel and the whole world, that many might know their true and loving God and Messiah. I love you, Rosa, and my Father loves you... My Father and I are One. Do not fear! I am going to make a way for you.”

Vincent pulled away the dead branches that covered the entrance to an underground cave. At first it just looked like a hole in the ground. But as Vincent and Samuel lowered themselves into the hole, by using some steps that had been carved into the wall of dirt, then Samuel could see in the dim light that it was a large, earthen room. Vincent immediately began to rearrange the tree limbs to carefully cover back up the entrance hole.

It had a sandy bottom, and was not so cold. Vincent sat down against the wall. “I think we will be safe here for a few hours. We need to rest and sleep if we can.”

Samuel pulled his jacket around him. He felt much safer here, and it was warmer. He pulled out from under his coat the piece of blanket that he had used to lay his head on in the truck, and then he stretched out, using the blanket piece

as a pillow. “Thank you, Yeshua,” he said softly, and then wondered why he had spoken that name. But he was too tired to think, and he quickly fell asleep.

Three hours later Vincent whispered his name. “Wake up, but don’t make a sound. I hear voices—German voices!”

Samuel opened his eyes. For a moment he forgot where he was, but then as he felt the sandy ground next to him, he remembered. What was it Vincent had said?

“I pray that strong Russian tobacco is still covering us,” Vincent muttered.

“Samuel woke up enough to realize what was going on. “What do we do, Vincent?” Samuel whispered back to him.

“Nothing we can do, but pray and be very quiet! The voices sound young. Perhaps it’s the Nazi youth, training for some kind of a night event?”

The voices drew closer to the cavern. Vincent and Samuel braced themselves. Samuel could almost hear the breath of the dog as he came near to the hole. “Oh, Abba”, he cried to himself, “please don’t let this happen.”

Samuel could understand the German that was being spoken as they came closer to the entrance that was covered with tree limbs.

“Come!” The young German voice shouted at the dog. “He is probably after a rabbit, and we don’t have time for this. The captain is waiting for us and we are already late.” The dog yelped as the young man yanked at his collar.

Another young man spoke up. “Perhaps we should wait and see what he is sniffing around for?”

“We can come back in the morning, but now we must go. I will not be put to shame again for being late. My promised advancement is important to me.” He puffed the words.

Vincent and Samuel held their breath as the group of Nazi youth pulled their dog away and went the other direction.

Samuel put his head in his hands. He was shaking.

“We should be safe here for awhile longer,” Vincent said, “but I doubt that either of us will get any sleep. We will wait for a short while and then we will go the rest of the way to the valley, where my house is.”



18 The Airplane

The sun was just starting to come up when Vincent and Samuel climbed over the last ridge and then could see the valley below. It was very beautiful, Samuel thought. He now could understand why Vincent talked so much about it.

From behind a tree Vincent pointed in the direction of his house. “We will very carefully move down the path in front of us. I do not see any patrols. There is probably nothing here now for the Nazis to spend their time searching these beautiful hills for, but we must be careful, anyway. We will stay close to the big trees for covering.”

Vincent slowly opened the door to the small house, and then he walked inside. Samuel watched him as he looked around, almost as if he was absorbing everything he could.

He walked into each room and then came back and sat down in a chair and began to weep. Samuel just stood there. He didn’t know what to do. All the time he had known Vincent he had never seen him cry.

Vincent put his head back against the chair, and brushed with one hand the tears from his face. “My father and mother, Samuel, were the best people God ever made on this earth. They spent their lives always trying to help people, and he wanting to share with them about his Savior, Jesus. I don’t know if I will ever see them again on this earth. But I know one thing, for sure,” he looked up with a sad little smile, “I will see them again in God’s Kingdom—and my brother and sister too.”

“I know you will, Vincent—I know you will.” Samuel smiled at his friend, and then looked around the small house. It did not look like it had been broken into. It was a nice

house. It made him miss his own home in Bratslavia—at least the home he remembered. He hoped and believed that one day he would see his parents in Switzerland, and of course also his lovely Rosa.

“Well, I guess we’re going to have to make some plans, my friend. Everything seems okay now, but that could all change. We will sleep today, and then this evening, when it gets a little darker, I will show you where my father hid his airplane.

“I sure hope it’s still there, or we will need a second plan, and I have absolutely no idea what that would be.”

Samuel laughed, with some nervousness.

After they both slept for a while Vincent showed Samuel the cellar, where his father kept the vegetables from his garden. They bought upstairs some carrots and potatoes and some string beans. They washed them off and ate them the way they were. “We dare not start a fire,” Vincent said. “Even if the smoke is not seen it can be smelled a long way off. We will leave in a couple of hours and I will show you where the plane is hid.” While they waited Vincent showed Samuel the flight plans that his father had put together and then had hid under a mattress. “Does this make sense to you?” he asked him.

Samuel looked at the plans and nodded his head. “Yes,” he said, “I can tell where your father planned on flying with these plans.”

Vincent laughed a little. “That’s good. Also, here is a list of the names of different people—most of them are in the resistance. They had planned on helping my dad along the route. Before we leave here we will try to figure how to contact them, if we can. We will need their help.”

The sun had just started to set behind the hills. It was not quite dark. Samuel stumbled a couple of times to keep up with

his friend, who was in a hurry. When Vincent reached the entrance to the cave he slid a thin, wooden door to one side, that had been painted to blend in with the green earth. Once they were inside the cave Vincent lit the lantern that he had brought with him. The plane sat in front of them—almost as if it had been waiting for someone to come. Vincent looked over his shoulder at Samuel. “This is good,” he said. “This is very good. No one has been in here, and the plane looks fine. Isn’t it beautiful? The Liberte, that’s what my pop called her.”

Samuel was stunned. He could hardly believe that everything Vincent had told him was absolutely true. He had never doubted his friend, but what he was looking at was a real miracle. The plane had been painted green, and had a Swiss emblem on one wing.

“My father figured that if he was seen by the enemy, they would just believe that a Swiss plane was simply doing a job for the Nazis. They do this, you know?” he said somewhat frankly. “There are many in the Swiss government that will gladly take the Deutsche Mark.

“As you can see we are level with the ground. We will have to pull up some of these little trees that my father planted near the entrance, but then we have a straight shot to the runway; it is over grown now with weeds, but it should still be okay.

“We will leave very early in the morning. Can you fly when it is still dark, Samuel?”

“Yes, of course. I can see that the control panel in this plane has the instruments I would need. But I have a question.”

“Yes?” Vincent responded.

“The Jews your dad was going to fly out of here; have they all been arrested?”

“Yes, many of them have been taken away. But there may be some that are still hiding. Hopefully I can make contact

with the resistance tonight and tell them about my plan. As you can see there is enough room for six or seven people. We will see who shows up. If we can pull this off, Samuel, I will be coming back for more. That's what this is all about. It's what my Pop would want. Somehow I will do it."

Samuel looked at Vincent with new admiration. He gulped a little. This man, whom he had been told was his enemy, had instead become his hero.

"Vincent," Samuel said, as they climbed into their beds, "something strange happened to me last night. While we were running across the field I was praying, as I know you were too. But a different name came out of my mouth. It is a name I am familiar with in the Bible, but I am not sure why I was using it to pray to Jesus? I spoke the name Yeshua.

"Now, I know this name from the Jewish scriptures, but why do you think I would speak it when praying to God?"

Vincent smiled. "The true Hebrew name for Jesus is Yeshua. This is what the Jewish people call him, and it is the name his mother gave him. Perhaps you knew this deep in your memory, or perhaps God was revealing it to you. Our God does many amazing things for his children."

"Yes, he does indeed. Look at what he has done for us?" Samuel grinned—feeling the satisfaction of his God.



19 The Take Off

The airplane had sputtered and then stopped. Vincent had turned the prop slowly and then Samuel had pushed the throttle control, but it was not working. They had wheeled it out of the cave and had cleared the way for the plane to be pushed onto a runway that had not been used for quite a while. It was early in the morning. The sun had not yet started to rise over the mountains.

“I know it has enough gas,” Vincent said. He handed the lantern to Samuel to look inside.

“I think I see what might be the problem,” Samuel said. “The engine needs a good oiling. It’s a little rusty.” He pulled the hood back down over the cockpit and looked at his friend.

“Okay. There’s a can of oil in the cave.”

This next time when Vincent pulled the prop blade down the engine started right up. He stepped back and then climbed into the plane with Samuel. They started down the path to the runway when both of them heard voices. Vincent looked out the side window. Four people were running and waving at them from a path near the cave. Vincent immediately saw that they were Jews and had probably been sent by the resistance.

Samuel slowed the airplane almost to a stop and Vincent opened the door, and three men and one woman climbed in and settled in the back of the plane.

“Okay,” Vincent said. “Now we are set to go.”

Samuel steered the plane onto the runway. He looked over his shoulder at the others for a second. “Is everyone okay?”

“Yes,” came the answer at the same time.

“What are your names?” Vincent asked.

“I am Ariel,” said one man, “and that is Barak, and that is David.”

“And my name is Reni,” a pretty young woman, with dark, curly hair, replied.

“Well, pray and hang on. We’re going for it.”

Samuel pushed the throttle forward slowly and then as the plane gained momentum he pushed it all the way down. The plane hit a couple of bumps. Both Vincent and Samuel held their breath as the plane took off and began to gain altitude up and over the valley and hills in front of them.

The sun was just starting to rise over the mountains, casting a lovely golden glow over the valley. Vincent looked at Samuel and smiled. Nothing needed to be said. They were on their way.

Samuel spoke to Vincent and the people in the back seat of the plane. “Our first stop will be a small village nearby Lucerne. A farmer has a small runway near his home.

“One of the patriots made contact with the underground resistance there. They will be on hand to make sure that nothing goes wrong. If all goes as planned someone will be there to put gas in the plane and then we fly out of there and on to Italy, to a town called San Marino. Our stop in Italy is also going to be supervised by the resistance, but it might be a bit more risky. And then we fly on to a small Greek island called Milos, and ultimately your boat to Palestine.

“So enjoy your flight to freedom.” He looked out the window. “The scenery” he said, “is spectacular.” Samuel took a deep breath. It felt great to be flying again.

Samuel looked out the window at the small village below. The old runway had been cleared of debris and he figured he could land without any problems. A man in a red truck waved

at him to come on down. They landed safely and everyone in the plane cheered. As soon as they landed everyone got out of the plane and stretched their legs.

A white haired man got out of his truck and came over to the plane.

“Hello,” he said. “My name is Phillip. I’ve been told you will need a little help getting on your way.” He looked at the young woman. “You can go behind my truck over there if you need to take a toilet break.” He smiled at the others. “But you need to hurry. I am going to go ahead and fill this bird up with a few gallons of fuel. But if anyone spotted your plane landing over here, they will most likely let the police know, and they will be coming over here soon to check things out.”

Vincent nodded his head. “We will be fast. Thank you so much for risking your life to come out here.”

“Yes,” the other people said in agreement.

“We owe you our lives,” Reni said.

“Well, I am just doing what’s right—but now hurry up. The sooner you get out of here the better.”

Samuel started the engine up and waved good bye to Phillip as he began to taxi down the short road, but just as he started to rev up the engine a blue police car came racing down the other side of the runway.

“Oh, oh,” Samuel said. “Get under the tarp” he spoke in a commanding voice to the others. “We might have a problem here. Everyone pray. But just as the police car began to approach the plane Phillip’s truck drove in between them.

He got out of his truck and waved the police car down, and then walked over and began to talk to one of the officers.

Vincent looked at Samuel. “We gotta go now,” he said.

Samuel wasted no time in thinking about it. He drove the airplane down the runway and prayed that it would lift off,

and get over the hills in front of them. As the plane soared above the valley and cliffs Vincent looked out of the side window. He could see that Phillip was now being directed into the police car. He looked over at Samuel. “Pray for our friend. He will need it.”



“I sure hope Phillip was able to talk his way out of that little encounter,” Vincent said to the others. “He risked his life for us.”

“I’ve been praying for him since we left,” Reni said.

“Good,” Vincent responded. “Before long we will be landing just for a quick refueling in San Marino.”

20 The Last Stop

They were soon airborne after their stop in San Marino, and everything had gone very smoothly.

“By the way, now we should be in Milos in about two hours,” Vincent said to everyone. Where we will be landing is safe. Milos has pretty much been left alone by the Germans, and the Italian Fascists aren’t doing much to bother with that small, dot of an island in the Greek islands. The resistance works out of there, and transports Jews by boat to Palestine.”

“Well, we have one more stop to make before Milos,” Samuel said to Vincent.

“What!” Vincent responded. “Look at the map. There is no place else to stop. We’re on our way out of here!”

“Vincent, the Lord spoke clearly to me. There is a small place on the other side of this mountain—a valley town called Veneto. He pointed to a place on the map. “It’s not far from where we are now, just south of San Marino, and I have been told to land near there. He told me clear as a bell.”

Vincent grew very quiet. “Are you sure about that?”

“Yes!”

“Okay then, one more stop.”

Rosa had moved back into the house. She didn’t care anymore if they came and found her in the house. It would be just as easy for them to look in the woods, with one of their terrible dogs, and she was very tired. She had had very little to eat—a few vegetables, that was all. Her only comfort was talking to Yeshua. She knew now that he was not only her Jewish Messiah, but somehow the God of the Gentiles too.

This did not bother her. She loved him so much. She also prayed much of the time for Samuel and for her family. She prayed that they too would come to know his comfort.

She had just laid down on a blanket on the floor when she heard what sounded like an airplane above the house. This was strange. There had been no planes in the sky since she had been in the house. At first she presumed that it was someone coming to take her away. But if they had found out about her being in the house then surely they would have come by truck?

She wondered what was going on? She stood up and walked to the porch and opened the door, just a little. She looked up as a rather peculiar green airplane was obviously getting ready to land—and on a runway in the valley she had never noticed before. But there it was, and the plane was coming down on it. She was both mystified and also terrified. Then suddenly she felt a strong urge to go to that airplane.

Vincent watched carefully the valley below them, as Samuel brought the plane down on a runway in the middle of nowhere. The only thing he could see was a very small house at the base of a near-by forest. But the house did not look like anyone lived in it.

Samuel told the others to stay inside the plane. He would get out and look around. He was sure he had clearly heard the Lord tell him that he was to land in this place. A flicker of light had even pin-pointed the exact spot where he was to land. He got out of the plane. At first the person he saw coming from the house was unclear. But then his heart began to beat faster as he saw that it was his beloved Rosa running towards him. She was thin, and the dress she had on hung very loose, but he was sure it was Rosa. He ran to meet her, and embraced her in his arms.

They both wept as they held each other, hoping and praying that this was not just a dream. What a wonderful and amazing miracle had happened. They could hardly believe it.



21 The Wedding

It was a simple wedding on the island of Milos. Vincent was Samuel's best man and Reni was Rosa's maid of honor. Someone had found a piece of blue material that would work for a chuppa, and they made it as much of a Jewish wedding as they could.

Rosa had been given a simple white dress and a garland of lavender daisies with small white roses. Reni had strung them through her dark hair, and she had carried a small bouquet.

Vincent had read a verse from the Torah and Rabbi David had spoken a Jewish blessing over them both. They entered into the covenant of marriage with God as their witness, and with some of the members of the family of God that they had come to know and love in their short time on the island.

They were both still in total amazement at how God had so miraculously brought them together again. From the moment they had met in front of the airplane they simply could not let go of each other, and they had so much to share and talk about.

The Greek underground had taken all of them to a safe place in a secluded cove on the north side of the island. They had been in Milos for almost two weeks, just resting, and eating good food.

Dimitris, one of the Greek resistance fighters, had told them that the German army had pretty much left Milos alone. But they still had to be careful. Most of the Greek people had resisted the Nazi take-over of their nation, but there were some traitors who could be persuaded to turn the Greek Jews in for money.

Samuel and Rosa had been given a small cottage, away from the others. Their love for each other was passionate and tender. And they would sit for hours with each other talking

about their love for Yeshua, and the life they would be sharing together. Samuel was just as eager as Rosa to go to Palestine, and to be a part of God's great plan to bring His people Israel back to their homeland.

"Rosa, my darling, I love you so much."

"My strong, and handsome prince," Rosa whispered, "God has made our love for each other so perfect, and now we both know Yeshua as our true Messiah. I never imagined my love for you could be this wonderful. I could stay in your arms, just like this, for the rest of my life. But I feel there is something you need to tell me." Her voice quivered with uncertainty.

"Rosa, I must leave you for a short while. I am going to go back with Vincent one more time to Alsace. We have a bigger plane now, and we can bring back maybe up to twenty Jewish refugees who are still hiding out there in the woods. I know that it is what God wants me to do. Like before, we will fly with the Swiss ensign on our plane, and we will have the underground to help us all the way."

Rosa put her head on Samuel's shoulder. She had been with her husband for such a short time. "Samuel, I know that you must do as God directs you. And I will not try to hold you back. If I were to do that, you could hold it against me, and I couldn't bear that. So I must let you go."

"Soon, my beloved, we will be back together again. Pray for us, dear Rosa. We leave tomorrow morning. But we will not be gone long, and then we will leave together for Palestine."

Rosa closed her eyes and rested her head on Samuel's shoulder. She prayed quietly. "Please, Yeshua, bring my Samuel safely back to me."

Part Two

22 A New Generation

Current day Israel

Yonnie leaned back in his recliner. The arthritis in his leg and foot was worse today. He resisted taking more pain medicine. He hated not being clear in his mind. His daughter in law, Batya, had stopped by for a few minutes with his two year old granddaughter, Aviva. He smiled for a moment. She was the joy of his older life. Her name meant springtime, and for him she was truly that.

Batya had massaged his foot for a few minutes, and that had helped. She too had become a treasure in his life. His Son, Tal, was at his home sleeping after a long response exercise. Tal was one of the IAF's top gun jet pilots. And they had been preparing for the big run—for the takeout of Iran's nuclear facilities. Of course none of the top pilots were given any information about what they were practicing for, but they all had a pretty good idea that it had something to do with Iran. Yonnie knew how critical secrecy was in these kinds of missions. He understood that very well.

Yonnie Cohen had made the decision one year ago to retire from his military position as the Commanding General under the Chief of Staff for the IAF. He was only sixty two years old, but his arthritis had become too much of a problem for him to continue in this high stress job. And he did not want to have to leave his career, eventually, as a pitiful, crippled up old man.

He walked as much as he could. This is what the doctors had told him was the best thing he could do to slow down the

crippling, arthritic condition. Sometimes he'd even walk the whole way down the road to where he could look out over the valley of Elah. He had spent time reading about this place, and he knew that this was where David had gone against Goliath. On a very clear day he could see the tall buildings of Tel Aviv and the Mediterranean Sea coast.

It was a little bit of a long walk for his poor foot, but sometimes he would push himself. He'd been a fighter all his life, and he wasn't going to stop now—at least he hoped not.

He greatly missed his wife, Tikvah. She had passed away two years before from a long battle with cancer. It was after her death that he really had to fight emotionally to carry on, and then his arthritic condition had become even worse.

Yonnie leaned back and closed his eyes. He remembered a different time, when his days were filled with excitement and he had vigor and strength.

In 1981, Yonnie had been one of the lead pilots selected to fly the seventy miles to Bagdad. He was one of the Israel Air Force pilots that would take out Saddam Hussein's nuclear reactor in Iraq. He clearly remembered that day when the eight pilots who would carry out this mission had received their final briefing. They had walked out to their F-16s without speaking to each other. They all knew that this secret mission could easily be a one-way ticket for them all.

But what counted was 'the mission' completed. As the cream of the crop, the best pilots in the IAF, they had been trained to accept the possibility of death in any of the missions they carried out.

Yonnie remembered what it felt like on that day to take off from the runway at Etzion. None of the pilots were given time to call anyone. Absolute secrecy was paramount for this

mission to succeed. But just five minutes after taking off the command had come over the radio to return to the base. The mission had been scrubbed—aborted. The Prime Minister, at that time, Menachem Begin, had decided to cancel the mission. Yonnie never found out why, and all the pilots were sent home.

A few weeks later the covert operation was back on. The secret mission named “Operation Babylon” would be carried out, and the Osirak reactor, in Iraq, would be taken out before it went ‘hot.’ If they went in after the reactor became active and destroyed it, the radio-active contamination would kill thousands of people, and this was not what Israel wanted.

But this time the mission was not canceled. Yonnie smiled to himself as he remembered flying over the Gulf of Aqaba, and the yacht that belonged to King Hussein of Jordan. The king was on his yacht and had recognized the Israeli jets and presumed they were on their way to Iraq. He immediately sent a warning message to the Iraqi government, but for some unknown reason the message was never received.

Yonnie also knew it had been a miracle from God that when they got into Iraqi airspace that there were no responding enemy aircraft. They found out later that the technicians had turned off the radar before going on their meal break.

On their way back, once in Israel airspace, they all recited together Joshua 10:12 & 13. Yonnie chuckled a little. He remembered how Israel had been seriously rebuked by the world for what they had achieved. But that really did not matter. Yonnie knew that God had been on their side.

He thought about calling his sleeping son. He understood the secrecy that his son was under, concerning the flying mission he would, undoubtedly, soon be going on. But his son

did not have to say anything to him. Yonnie was one of the very few excommanders who would be informed as soon as the mission was a go.

He picked up the Bible next to his chair. It was his comfort. His mother, Rosa, had shared the story many times of their Jewish Messiah with him when he was very young. Yeshua was still not received by most of Israel, but that day would come. It was only a matter of time. He decided to walk down to a local restaurant and grab some dinner—talk a little with the waitress, and then come home and call his mother, which he did every day. She was ninety two years old, but still had a clear mind and memory. His father, Samuel, had gone home to be with the Lord fifteen years prior. He stood up from his chair and took hold of his cane. He hesitated for a minute. He really wanted to talk to his son, but he would wait and call him in the morning.

Tal looked up at the ceiling and said a quiet prayer to God. He wondered if today would be the day. He knew it would be soon. He could feel it from the others too.

Whenever they were sent on a mission it was a feeling of great exhilaration, but also a different kind of fear that only a man on a mission could understand. It was good to have fear. As a top pilot for the IAF, he needed it.

He did not fear death. His grandmother, Rosa, and his mother, Tikvah, had made sure he knew about his Messiah and the forgiveness of sins that his Jewish Messiah had offered all who would believe on Him. But the thought of dying and not seeing his wife or little girl again was hard, and even though he had been trained to think of the mission first,

his wife and daughter were frequently at the front of his mind. But he had learned to not let this interfere with his flying assignments.

There was much at stake. If one of the pilots committed a tactical error the whole mission would collapse like a pile of sand bricks. Secrecy was the top issue in any major mission, and one of the big deception strategies was to do offensive exercises that looked like the real thing. That way everyone was kept on guard. Even the pilots themselves never knew for sure if it was for real. The political decision to go forward had to be so covert that not even the tiniest element of the operation could be given away.

Two years prior they were going to do it. But before they even came into Iranian airspace, American jets had threatened to shoot them down if they did not return to their home base.

Someone had betrayed them, and had told the American President what they were going to do. It was not a secret that this president had made it clear to the Israeli Prime Minister that he would not allow Israel to proceed with their plans to take out any of the reactors in Iran. And then there was also Russia and China. Both of these countries were deeply involved with supporting the nuclear development in Iran.

Tal understood that without God's sovereign intervention this mission was a total impossibility. He smiled. The history of the little state of Israel had surprised the world more than once, when God had done the impossible for them.

The pilots had been sequestered. But this was not an unusual procedure. Maybe it was for real, and maybe it was not. They were not allowed to make contact with any family members. No information was given out. The Commanding General, Amir, had come into the briefing room. Right away Tal knew that something was different.

Tal had much respect for their leader. He was the son of holocaust survivors. Tal had once flown with this commander and three other F-15s as they flew over the Auschwitz Concentration camp in Poland. An IDF ceremony was taking place below. Tal would never forget the message that was sent out by his commander: “We, the pilots of the Israel Air force, flying in the sky above the camp of horrors, arose from the ashes of the millions of victims, and shoulder their silent cries. We salute their courage, and promise to be the shield of the Jewish people and our nation of Israel.”



[The history of the Israeli Air Force began with Jewish volunteer pilots coming from other nations in 1948, especially from the U.S.A.

Charles Winters was an American pilot who, against International law, flew for Israel during the War of Independence in 1948. He also smuggled three B-17 bombers into Israel during this War. He became known as ‘**The Godfather of the Israeli Air Force**’. Because of his smuggling he was later imprisoned for 18 months. Charles was buried in Jerusalem in 1984, near the German Colony, at the Alliance Church International Cemetery, on Emek Refraim, in Jerusalem.]

23 The Iran Mission

Yonnie woke up with a start. He was perspiring. Something was getting ready to happen. He knew it! He knew better than to try and call his son, or his daughter-in law. The best he could do now was pray. He did have a coded phone by which he could call the general. He waited, hesitated for a minute, and then called him. Of course he called him on his private red coded cell phone.

Yonnie picked up his cane and paced back and forth, stopping to look out the window at the weather. As usual the sky was sunny and blue—a perfect fall day. The General had told him that the pilots had received their final orders, and that the planes had left the base on their secret mission. The covert operation was being conducted under extreme secrecy.

He knew, first hand, how much had gone into this plan to take out the nuclear facilities in Iran. He also knew that two years earlier the Prime Minister had reached the decision to go for it. But before the planes had even crossed into the Iranian airspace the lead pilot was informed by an American jet pilot, which suddenly appeared in front of them, that if they dared continue into Iran they would be shot down by the American jets. They had no choice but to return back to Israel.

But now things had changed. America had their own problems to deal with—a collapsed economy and a huge earthquake in the country had fully required the president's attention on the lawlessness and the destruction that had devastated much of the country. America was no longer in any kind of position to interfere and call the shots.

But Israel still had Russia to deal with. Billions of dollars from both Russia and China had been poured into the

development of a plutonium nuclear plant in Iran—in exchange for mega beneficial oil deals for both countries.

Russia had also transferred a powerful S-300 missile defense system to Iran, that was close to being operational.

But Israel had no choice. If they did not take out the nuclear facility before it went ‘hot’ then they would be faced with an even bigger catastrophe for the Iranian people and for themselves. They knew that most of the world nations were now against little Israel, and they had made up their minds that Iran would live, but Israel was expendable.

Yonnie leaned on his cane and looked up at the sky. He could hear IAF jet planes in the sky. But he knew it was not the pilots that were going into Iran. The secret base they would be using to take off from was not near to where he lived.

The pilots had been trained, as he had been years before, to think of the mission first. They would lay down their lives for their country. He paced and prayed for his son, and for the other IAF pilots who were involved. He knew them all.

There was something else that Yonnie knew—at least in part. In the last few years the Iranians had been able to seal their reactors in levels of non-penetrable cement. The years that the nations had given the Iranian scientists to accomplish this feat had made it an almost impossible scenario for Israel to take out the reactors. That was until the secret had been given them. It was a miracle, and they all knew that it was from God. They would not use bombs, at least not in the way they had done before with Iraq. Yonnie did not know much, but what he did understand, was that Israeli scientists had developed a form of cosmic energy that would penetrate

the cement first, and then they could drop a bomb that would blow the reactor apart. It was this amazing, cosmic energy transformer, which allowed them to penetrate any molecular structure, that a couple of the pilots were now carrying with them in their F-16s. It could even be his son. It would be at least three more hours before he heard anything. He picked up his Bible again and began to pray!

Tal looked at the lead Jet in front of him, and then glanced down at the desert far below him. Everything depended on perfect timing and each pilot doing his part without missing a beat. After they left the runway there would be no communication with anyone.

They had flown over a good part of Saudi Arabia and were approaching the Persian Gulf. They had been in the air for one hour. They would land in the northern tip of the Gulf.

A landing strip had been secured for them by the Saudis, where they could refuel. Few understood that the princes of Saudi Arabia were just as opposed to a nuclear Iran as was Israel. But their participation with Israel was kept a very tight secret.

After they left the Gulf they entered Iranian airspace. They flew at an altitude where radar detection would be less likely. But they still had almost an hour flight to Arak. Their new anti-radar detection system would play a major role in the mission being successful. At exactly the right moment Tal turned on his anti-radar device.

Their primary target was the heavy water facility in Arak, and after that, if all went as planned, they would next take out

the uranium facilities in Natanz and Isfahan. But that would all depend on the covert special three man commando unit that was already in place in Arak. They had been there for two days. Their plan was to infiltrate the surrounding area near the uranium facility and plant a small electro magnetic pulse device that would be timed to go off exactly two minutes before they took out their first target in Arak.

The blast would freeze the electronics of all computers and communication systems, from Tehran south to Bushehr, and all the facilities in between for approximately three hours, but would not reach their flying altitude.

Tal had not been given much info on this new Electro Magnetic Pulse device that would be used, which would allow them to complete their mission and return home to Israel. It would also spare the people of Iran the mega destruction that would have been generated from a larger EMP device.

Four of the F-16s carried bombs for massive ordinance penetration, and two of the jets were equipped with the solar beams that would first target the nuclear sites that were protected with thick non penetrable cement.

Tal was the second jet after the lead pilot. He would be one of the pilots who would use the solar beam to break through to the reactor if a second penetration was needed.

Ariel, the lead pilot, would go in first, and then Tal would follow up, to make sure the penetration was successful. He also knew that if the ground forces had not been victorious they would all be in trouble, as the sky around them would soon be filled with retaliating enemy jets. Their biggest fear was a dog fight with dozens of Iranian jets. It had been Tal's most desperate prayer since they had left Israel. But he knew God was with them.

24 The Aftermath

Tal kept his eyes on the instruments in front of him, but also on the lead jet. As they approached Arak all eight of the F-16s began to descend from the higher altitude. Tal could easily see the round dome of the Arak heavy water facility. They had perfectly clear weather. Tal stayed a short distance behind the first jet, while the other jets went to the left and the right of them. He was somewhat surprised that there was no sign of any anti-aircraft missile fire in the sky around them. For a second the thought flashed in his mind. Could this be a repeat of what happened in Iraq? It seemed impossible. He held his breath.

Ariel circled the reactor that was hidden deep in the ground under several walls of well fortified cement. And then Tal watched in amazement as a flash of energy went from the jet to the enclosed reactor. The facility immediately cracked open like a soft nut—revealing the reactor inside of it. Ariel flew past it, but Tal could see that one section was still partially intact. Like Ariel had just done, he flew over the damaged reactor and ejected a cosmic flow that immediately opened it up for a bomb to be dropped on it. One pilot on his left and one on his right flew over the broken reactor and dropped their bombs. As they flew away from the targeted reactor they could see that their mission had been a complete success. Tal felt a great exhilaration.

Within a matter of minutes they had next flown over the uranium enrichment facilities in Natanz and Isfahan, and had taken them out. Two Iranian Jets had managed to come after them. One of the Israeli pilots quickly took them out, but not without some damage to his jet. Tal could only hope and

pray that the pilot could still make it back to Israel.

But Tal and the other pilots knew the mission had been an absolute miracle. He hoped and prayed that the commando unit on the ground would make a safe escape back to Israel. They had done their job perfectly. They had prevented the possibility for any kind of immediate Iranian response.

Now they would fly over the southern tip of Iraq and into Saudi Arabia. If all went well they would be home in two hours.

Yonnie answer the phone with a start. He had fallen asleep in his recliner, exhausted. He hung up the phone. His heart began beating fast. The general had called him to let him know that the pilots were on their way home, but one jet had gone down in Saudi Arabia, just before entering the Red Sea. It was not Tal. He took a deep breath and prayed for the pilot, whom he knew well.

The pilot had ejected, and Israeli rescue choppers, based near the Red Sea, had gone after him. But there was still no confirmation on the rescue. Yonnie shook his head. He was getting too old for this kind of excitement anymore. Most of his adult life he had lived on the edge, but at the moment he just wanted to watch a good movie and relax.

Tal had watched as the Jet behind him began to take a dive downwards. He could hear Ariel telling Baruch to eject!

“Now,” came the command. “Eject!”

Tal watched as his pilot friend ejected from the jet before it plummeted to the ground in flames. There was enough of a

wind to carry the pilot away from the burning plane, but he would still be going down just before reaching the Red Sea. Tal was glad this had not happened as they were crossing part of Iraq, let alone Iran. He knew Israel would have a rescue team searching for him immediately. They had practiced ejecting many times. Tal felt confident that he would be okay, but he still prayed for his teammate.

After landing safely in Israel, Tal sat quietly in his plane for a moment. He knew the other pilots were doing the same.

It had been an amazing and successful mission. Before they landed, the lead pilot had announced to everyone that Baruch had been rescued and was on his way home. Tal looked up, knowing that God had flown with them and had given them their success.

For the first time he could feel his hands begin to tremble, just a bit. He watched as the other pilots climbed out of their jets. What he wanted to do now was go home and hug his wife and daughter. He smiled. Soon he would call the family, and that included his grandmother, Rosa.

Less than three weeks after the Iran nuclear reactor had been taken out by Israel, a massive attack against this small country had begun. The success with which Israel had dealt with Iran had caused a huge explosion of anger and anti-Semitic hatred against Israel. Russia and many of the Arab countries also had prepared the way for the ancient scriptures in Ezekiel to come alive. God had put a hook in Gog's mouth, who had already come down into Syria, and was just waiting for the right opportunity to attack this un-walled Israeli nation. (Ezekiel 38:11, 12) This time Israel would be taught a lesson she would never forget, if she even managed to survive.

The attacking coalition of nations, which included Russia, Iran, Turkey, Libya, Ethiopia and Azerbaijan, and many of the other Arab peoples, made no pretense in their intentions to totally annihilate Jewish Israel. They did not even try to hide the fact that they had been building up their forces for a long time close to the borders of Israel, by the Golan Heights.

Israel was hoping that last minute negotiations would bring about a peaceful resolve. But the enemy nations were enraged, now determined to make Israel suffer. The attack first began in the north, on the borders of Lebanon, where a large number of tanks had already been positioned. Within three hours a five prong attack had been initiated on all the borders of Israel. Tal and all the top Air Force Jet fighter pilots were instantly called into action. The small nation of Israel was struck with a real sense of doom. How could they possibly fight against all these tremendously outnumbered forces at one time?

Like a giant dark cloud, the Gog and Magog armies invaded all the borders of Israel. It was announced by Russia and the Arab nations that this was in retaliation for what Israel had done to Iran. They came, so Israel would be remembered no more. But Russia's greedy desire for Israel's vast oil and gas supplies recently discovered on the Golan Heights, and near the Mediterranean Sea, could not be hidden. They knew that Israel, if she survived, would soon be richer than any of her Arab neighbors, and this had to be stopped.

America turned her back on Israel, and also no longer had the military power to help her, even if many had wanted to.

"Are you going up to take a spoil?" America said to the marauding attackers. "Well, then let it be done."

In the skys above, hundreds of jets from Russia, Turkey, and Iran broke the sound barrier over the mountains of Israel.

There appeared to be no way for Israel to escape their annihilation. The Prime Minister thought of using nuclear weapons against these other nations, but he hesitated doing this. And it was too late! But Israel would do whatever they needed to do to survive. They would not surrender; they dug in, preparing for the worst, and cried out to their God for help.

Yonnie and his family had gathered together, like all the rest of Israel, into their bomb shelters, and they prayed for the soldiers and airmen who would now be fighting for Israel's very life, including their own son.

Seventy five miles north of Jerusalem, Tal watched with horror as two of the Israeli fighter jets next to him were shot down, and no pilots ejected. He prayed...would he be next? Almost immediately after saying the short prayer, Tal hit the eject button when a missile hit his left wing. The force of the impact almost caused him to black out. His plane immediately began to plunge down to the earth in a fast, twirling descent. Tal was pretty sure he was near the Kinneret ... the Sea of Galilee, but he wasn't sure. His shoot opened as he watched the fast approaching water and earth below. He felt himself begin to lose consciousness.

Soon after the Gog and Magog war had started the ground in Israel, all the way to the Golan Heights, began to shake with great ferocity. Every hill and valley began to sway and crumble. The wall surrounding the Old City came down in many places, and also along the new wall being built around the city, as if made of clay. Some of the older buildings in Jerusalem and near by areas instantly collapsed to the ground. The 8.7 earthquake could be felt in all the coastal cities along

the shores of Israel, and throughout the Middle East. The coast of Lebanon was hit with huge tidal waves of water.

And then the Heavens of God opened. Hundreds of thousands of enemy troops became terrified, disoriented, and so confused that they began attacking one another. Russian troops began to attack other Russian soldiers, and Iranians attacked Russian troops. It was total chaos, as the hordes of Gog and Magog soldiers turned on each other.

Hand launched missiles were literally knocked out of the hands of soldiers, exploding as they hit the ground. And then a tremendous thunder storm was released out of the heavens, pounding the enemy forces with huge hail stones, fire, and brimstone, which came down from heaven in giant electrical jolts, killing multitudes instantly. And violent winds swept through the plains and valleys. Enemy aircraft came crashing down from the skies in all different directions, bringing more havoc to all the invading troops. God had responded from heaven in outrage at this invasion of His holy land, Israel.

In Russia, Turkey, and Iran airplanes that had been heavily armed with dangerous weapons suddenly began to explode all by themselves—causing huge uncontrollable firestorms in these nations. And in the mass chaos and confusion, enemy missiles were launched and fired into Europe and America. And then it was over.

Israel was stunned. But they were grateful that their God had saved them. Emergency teams immediately began to try and rescue wounded people who were buried under collapsed buildings. The loss of civilian life was far less than it could have been. But still a great lament and grief could be felt in every home in Israel, as the massive job of burying their own Israeli soldiers began. And for the next seven months they also searched for and buried many thousands of enemy soldiers.

The total death and destruction of the armies that had surged against Israel was unbelievable. Multitudes of soldiers and civilians had been killed. Over night Russia and many Arab nations were left physically and emotionally devastated, and they had almost no one to now lead them.

Most of those who had come to destroy Israel and had greedily desired her natural wealth now found a permanent home in northern Israel, in one of the many thousands of gravesites that was now dug up for them.

Israel had now also taken full control of the Temple Mount, and her land space was once again increased greatly. Also in the days and weeks that would follow this devastating War, a huge Arab harvest would come into the Kingdom of God, as many disillusioned and broken Arab Muslims turned to Jesus Christ, and were saved. The Israeli hating nations of the world had been humbled, and the God of Israel exalted.

The western nations had also not escaped God's anger and it would be a long, hard struggle for many. Most people knew that God Himself had won this victory for Israel, but even still the rise of anti-Semitism increased more than ever, and would be released against the Jewish people living in the diaspora, outside of Israel, as never before in history. But the God of Israel would use this to bring His people back home. For He would make a way for them, even when it seemed impossible.

“Now I will bring back the captivity of My people Israel.”
Ezekiel 39:25

25 The House on the Hill

California: current time

Arupe sat down with his coffee in hand. He had slipped on a loose white toga. He stretched out in the lounge chair in his large, expansive patio that had two swimming pools that overlooked the Pacific Ocean and a private stretch of white beach. He watched with amusement the late morning party that was taking place on the beach below him. He smiled as he watched the new breed of Jesuits frolicking with beautiful young women and men on the pearly, white sands.

The rolling hills around the mansion provided a place of seclusion, mystery and hiding. What had once been an old monastery had carefully been constructed into a beautiful home and large resort for the Jesuit Superior. He was the Multinational Overseer for the on-going plans to bring what had once been called America successfully into their one world program.

There were no roads into the twenty some acres of Church property, and only those who were invited ever entered the elaborate and richly furnished estate by helicopter.

Arupe appeared to be about forty five years old, but he was much older than he looked or behaved. No one was ever told his true age, but some believed him to be well over a hundred years. The secret brews that he drank every day and the ancient oils that he had massaged into his body had kept him youthful and aggressive. The prince of the world that he had faithfully served had promised him eternal youth.

Arupe closed his eyes, remembering and cherishing the victory that he and other dedicated servants had achieved when they had reinvented and turned the old Catholic ship

from ancient dogmas, and had given birth to the new Mass and awakening for the spiritually hungry people of the world.

There had been the Second Vatican Council in 1962 when the Jesuit Order had initiated their desire for radical change in the Church—a change that promised freedom and joy to all people. And of course there were other Jesuit sponsored congregational meetings, after the Vatican Council, that called for exhaustive and sweeping changes for the Church.

But the true dawning of the new day officially began in Rome in 1978. Pope Paul I, who had served as Pope for only 33 days, had been preparing to stand in front of the Society's General Congregation to seriously rebuke the Society of Jesus, the Jesuits, for their new doctrine of Liberation Theology, but before this happened he was suspiciously found dead in his own bed. Arupe laughed to himself.

The smile stayed on his face, as he looked up at the warm, blue California sky. From that day forward Arupe and his faithful Jesuit followers had known that ultimately the whole world, and all faiths, would come to believe in their new doctrine of salvation—that had nothing to do with Christ or Christian teaching. These ancient ideas would be taken out of the schools and the market places, and a feel good god of pleasure and self-identity would replace the crucified One.

And now increasingly and extensively all the generations since then had willingly complied with the new, humanistic order. Arupe had been assured that they would.

No more Latin masses or bloody crucifixes or old musty churches. The new Liberation Theology had finally won the day, and the Jesuits had their man in place in the house in Rome. This selected Pope was, of course, fully compliant

to this new Jesuit order. He had been put there to bring order out of chaos, and he followed every command he was given very carefully.

Mankind had willingly joined with the Vatican run Church in building a new earth habitat—even the Mass itself now reflected the goals of the Novus Ordo. The New World Order. The new liberated Jesuits had fought vigorously over the decades to help keep everything moving forward, making sure that some of the priests who still clung to the old ways, were kept in place, or easily eliminated. The new Vatican Jesuits were the ultimate power behind the political scene, and there were no world leaders who did not fear their resolve.

In less than an hour Arupe would join twenty of the world's most influential leaders. They would all come at his bidding. They would come from Moscow, the Middle East, South America, and of course what had once been called the United States of America, which had now been sectioned into ten regional areas.

Arupe stood up. Soon they would arrive. They would be brought in by helicopter and would meet in a large, complex facility connected to his house. They would all be briefed on the next important step of the New World Order agenda, and each leader would be given time to discuss how they were implementing the new design for man and the earth in their own part of the world.

Every one of these leaders had known great success in their personal lives. The prince of the world had assured them of success and had satisfied their every desire. Of course any hint of disloyalty was immediately recognized, and they would be taken out of the way, and the world

would simply be told what they needed to hear. But few people cared anymore about the lives of the rich and successful elites who directed the nations. Truth had been trampled in the streets and few were bothered by it. Like the rest of the planetary inhabitants, leaders from every level of society would either totally submit to the new ways, or would soon vanish from the scene.

Like some of the Jesuits who still tried to cling to the old ways—defenders of the old order—righteous leaders quickly learned that they had become a very small percent of the people of the earth. Sometimes a re-education class would turn a few around, but not always.

There were some though who were very persistent in their previous life beliefs. Aurupe's smile became a hard snarl. And these rebellious, archaic, primitive worms were a problem that had to be eradicated as soon as possible. The Jews, in particular, continued to be a problem for the Order, and also Bible believing Christians—who refused to accept the new Bible. The new version of this ancient book disregarded sin as a true doctrine, and included language that was pleasing for all the new gender changed people.

The Evangelical Church, in general, had come willingly to kiss the hand of the new Pope, and to acknowledge his desire for unity. But those who refused to join this new planetary order, which would soon exist in all its varied forms, still carried with them the knowledge of the true God and the Light of Christ.

Aurupe clenched his fists together. They must be done away with, he swore to himself. The dread of that wretched light hung over him at times; even though he had been assured by the prince of the world that it was nothing to fear.

After the meeting they would party—the best foods, and liquors, and the most exquisite young men and women would be provided. Arupe looked down once more at the young men and boys and girls playing in the ocean and on the beach. He noticed one young Jesuit he had seen before. But now his handsome, tanned body could be viewed, and his well developed biceps. He was more than just handsome. He was beautiful. Arupe would make a point of finding out who he was.



Deuteronomy 30:15, 19 “See, I have set before you today life and good, death and evil... I call heaven and earth as witnesses today against you, that I have set before you life and death, blessing and cursing; **therefore choose life**, that both you and your descendants may live ...”

26 The Hidden Room

Washington DC: Current time

The fortified structure was located deep underground, and connected by a maze of tunnels leading from the White House and the Senate Chamber. It was well lit, giving no impression that you were buried under the earth, and it was very comfortably furnished and decorated.

Twenty-two men and six women sat around a long table. A robust lunch and desert had been served, and conversation was free and relaxed. But then, as had been planned, the President, in a robotic manner, looked away from the woman he had been conversing with, and flung his napkin onto the floor. It was quickly picked up by a waiter, standing a few feet in back of him.

Everyone immediately stopped talking. The signal had been given. They watched their boss for what he would say and do next. They all knew that this meeting had been called for important reasons.

“Things are moving too slow.” He spoke in an almost threatening manner, his eyes intently moving from one person to the next. “And I have called this meeting to find out why. I desire to know why we are almost three months behind in our on going plans for the New Order.”

He spoke to an older, distinguished looking man sitting near the middle of the table. “It would be good if you can help me, Shimon, to understand why the war in the Middle East is not where we planned for it to be by this time? And why Israel continues to resist the takeover? The surrender was to have been over and done with by now. You know, of course, that this holds back much of the agenda.”

The older man smiled awkwardly, touching his mouth with his napkin for a second. No one else was smiling.

“Honorable President, I am so grieved that things happened the way they did. As you know, all the Muslim enemies of Israel, and the other nations—including Gog himself, had come together, and were prepared to totally wipe Israel off the map, and they were given all the most up-to-date weaponry to carry out this great destruction. We did not even believe it would last two days, but then, well...” Shimon stuttered and cleared his throat, “It seems that God divinely intervened to save Israel—as I am sure you have already heard.”

Several of the people seated at the table became obviously uncomfortable and agitated at the word ‘God.’

The President’s face took on a flash of red rage. The words that came out of his mouth were edged with contempt and anger. “Yes, Shimon, I have listened to all of this pathetic nonsense. But it was, of course, not some kind of a ridiculous god that saved Israel.” He spit forth a harsh smile. The other people at the table followed suit and laughed awkwardly.

“We were depending on the failure of the Israeli Army and Air Force, but this did not happen. We had put our trust in you, Shimon—you and others, but I see now that was a big mistake. We have all the knowledge that we need to destroy any nation we choose, and as you know we can bring great havoc and destruction through earthquakes and severe weather. You did not carry out your assignment, Shimon. That was where the failure occurred—not some ridiculous idea of a god.”

“I am so sorry, your honor. Please give me another chance to help bring success to the New Order. The religious Jews are now putting up their temple in Jerusalem. They have been persuaded to accommodate world peace; and it will not

be long before our man of peace will take his place on his throne in the temple. I will make sure that this happens, just as planned.” He blinked, and wiped the sweat from his brow, as he waited for the President to respond.

“Yes.” The President’s frown moved into an ecstatic expression. The temple will be completed and then the greatest event mankind has ever witnessed will take place, and nothing will stop it—nothing. Israel will be destroyed, and all the Jews of the world will perish with it. The night will descend on man, and only those who have submitted to the prince of darkness will survive.” The President’s eyes took on a wild and excited gaze.

“But now I must listen to some of the rest of you—who have failed to carry out your orders as required. Obviously, Shimon is not the only one who has let us down.

“Hilary, please explain to me why there are still sections in the designated areas of America that have not been brought under total control. I have been told that some people are still surviving in their own homes, and living as if the old capitalist economy still existed. Is this true?”

“Oh, your honor.” The attractive, blond, young woman pouted her lips and smiled provocatively. “There have been obstacles in getting the security we need to control every neighborhood, but please let me assure you that we are speeding everything up. It will not be long before all the FEMA camps are full, and America is totally surrendered.”

“The next time we come together,” the President shouted the words, “and it will be exactly one month earlier than scheduled, and I am not expecting any unfavorable reports.

“Now, I have a few more people to speak with and then we will enjoy the rest of the afternoon.” He smiled seductively

at the woman with the long blond hair, as he brought a glass of wine to his lips.

As the waiters brought bottles of the best champagne into the room, and plates filled with appetizing hors d'oeuvres, young, very young, men and women accompanied them to the table. The President took keen notice of each one of the attractive young people, but then angrily motioned for Shimon to come to him. The older man quickly stood up and walked to where the President was sitting.

The President wiped his mouth from a creamy hors d'oeuvre. He looked up with a piercing gaze as the man before him trembled with fear. "Don't ever mention that name in this room again. Do you understand? The only god we serve is the prince of this world. You will never again humiliate me in such a way. You will not be told this again, Shimon. And for the rest of the day I'd rather not have to look at you. You are excused from here. Be gone."

Immediately the older man bowed before the President and excused himself from the room.



Isaiah 66:24 "And they shall go forth and look upon the corpses of the men who have transgressed against Me. For their worm does not die, and their fire is not quenched. They shall be an abhorrence to all flesh."

27 Good Always Triumphs over Evil

Meanwhile, in the Throne Room of Heaven the end time assignments were being given out by Yeshua to each of His angels, who would then carry them to His trusted saints on earth, in preparation for the great End Time battles that were about to begin. For all things were being done in order, and according to God's Eternal and unbreakable Word. For who but God knows the end from the beginning.

Revelation 17:14 "These will make war with the Lamb, and the Lamb will overcome them, for He is Lord of lords and King of kings; those who are with Him are called, chosen, and faithful!"



‘Spiritual Warfare’ by Ron DiCianni

And they overcame him by
the Blood of the Lamb and by the word of their testimony,
and they did not love their lives to the death.

Revelation 12:11

Part Three

28 The Rise of Anti-Semitism

Massachusetts: Current time

Benny Cohen stood behind a tall tree and watched as the old man prepared to deliver his daily message. Benny always tried to get away from his house at least once a day. He promised his father that he would not go anywhere without telling his mother. He had not kept that promise, because his mother wanted him to stay in their yard all the time, and that was too hard for Benny to do.

His father was beginning to call their neighborhood the ‘local ghetto,’ because so many of his Jewish neighbors were putting up high, barbed wire fences around their yards. But many of their Christian neighbors were doing the same thing.

Benny had to look up the word ghetto. He still did not quite understand why Jews were being blamed for so many things, but he was beginning to learn a lot about real Jew hatred by listening to this old man, and by what was now being daily broadcast from government and state controlled media sources and public schools. He was no longer allowed to go to school, and he really missed that.

Benny was twelve years old and had lived a somewhat protected and sheltered life. He had a brother, Aaron, who was almost twenty eight years old, but he was from his father’s first wife who had died sixteen years ago. Benny’s mother, Esther, was almost twenty years younger than his father.

Benny had been a late age child for his parents—especially his dad. He had good parents, and did well in school, and had never been attacked for being a Jew. But all of that seemed

to be changing very fast. Benny was still confused by some of it, but he had been watching and listening to all the news reports, and there was no doubt that the Jews in America were being blamed not only for the drastic economic collapse that had happened almost one year ago, but now also for the Gog and Magog war which had recently brought victory to Israel, but great destruction to the Russians and millions of Muslims who had been thrashed by the Almighty hand of God. Lately there were news reports that were cheering the Russians and the defeated Arabs a lot more than Israel.

It seemed to Benny that many people were angry at God for defending Israel. But those were just his own ideas, and he did not talk about it much. It just upset his mother. She was very nervous over all the anti-Jewish incitement, and was always fussing over him, and trying to shield him from the ugly lies that were being spewed out against the Jewish community. And now she always wanted to know where he was going, even if it was just down the street.

Although Benny had known some anti-Semitism in his young life, he had never felt hated. One day one of the boys he went to school with had called him a Jewish shit. But he had never thought that it meant anything more than the boy's dislike for him in particular. But now the anti-Semitic hatred had become more obvious and was not hidden under a thin covering of polite society. Suddenly there were places where violent confrontations would erupt against the Jews, and for no particular reason. But Benny was not fearful. After all, he had God and his family to protect him.

Benny had been doing a lot of reading on why the Jews had been hated so much over the centuries. He had even read some pretty scholarly papers. Some of the work he had studied had

insinuated that it was because the Jews were pretty smart when it came to money, and over a long period of time people had been brain washed into believing that the true desire of every Jew was to take over the world. This seemed really dumb to him, because some of the worst pogroms and incitements against the Jews happened in countries like Poland and places in Russia, where the Jewish people had lived their lives in terrible poverty.

And then there was the religious thing...The Jews were blamed for the death of Jesus. But he knew this was not true. He had been taught at his congregation that Yeshua had willingly gone to the cross, to take the sins of all people.

The Jews had played a part in his crucifixion, but so had the Romans. Benny had been born into a Messianic Jewish family that believed in Yeshua (Jesus) as their Jewish Messiah. But the name Cohen told people that they were Jewish, and that's all that really mattered.

He knew from what his father had told him that many people in America were out of work, and that when people get angry they try to find someone to blame. He then explained to him that the Jewish people were always used as a scapegoat when things went wrong. He explained to Benny some of the anti-Semitic history that had followed the Jews down through the centuries. "Primarily," his father had told him, "it's a religious thing, but really it just comes down to the despicable hate that men carry in their hearts, and the need to blame someone else for their own mean lives."

Benny's father had also talked to him before about how his great grandmother, Aldora Gutterman, on his mother's side of the family, had escaped Hungary with her young daughter, Nina. Benny's great grandmother had died a long time ago,

but her daughter had had made her way to New York and had lived there with her husband—where Benny's mother, Esther, was born. Bennie's mother very seldom talked about her grandmother, or what had happened to her in the holocaust. She was, according to Esther, a very sad old lady that could never leave the past behind.

After all his study on anti-Semitism, Benny understood that the one who was behind all the ancient hatred of the Jews was in fact the devil, and the devil always managed to find mean people to do his bidding. It seemed to Benny that the Jews had been his primary target for a long time, and that what was happening now was no different than in the past.

Pretty soon the old man began his usual daily tirade on how the Jews were to blame for all of America's problems. He ranted and raved how it was always the Jews! They were the ones to blame for all of the world's problems. Benny did not look Jewish, with his light brown hair and blue eyes. He looked more like his mother's side of the family, but still he kept well hidden behind the tree. He knew that pretty soon he had to get back home before his mom began to wonder where he was. But for some reason he was fascinated with this mean old man. He pulled his cap down around his head and pulled his blue jacket tighter around him. The early fall weather was quickly becoming very cold.

A small group of people had gathered around the despicable old man, and had begun to encourage him. "Yeah," they shouted. "It's the Jewish bankers—that's why the country has gone bust. They've had it planned for a long time. And Israel is behind it all."

"Get rid of all the Jews," came another angry remark.

Benny did not know a lot about Jewish bankers, except

for his uncle Eli. His uncle had worked as a banking executive most of his life, but he was really a nice guy. Benny could not figure out why anyone would hate him.

The old man was beginning to perspire, and sometimes he would breathe out a kind of whistling sound—this was usually the sign that his hate speech for the day was coming to an end.

The people began to disperse. They looked tired and hungry, and had probably had enough hate for one day.

Benny watched for a moment longer as a group of young, angry men gathered in a small circle. He wondered what they were talking about—they were almost whispering, but they were pointing in the direction of his neighborhood. Benny felt a small jolt of anxiousness. He began to walk back the way he had come. He felt like he needed to get home in a hurry.

Esther looked at her husband with distress and a small amount of anger. “I thought you had talked with Benny? And he promised you he would not leave the yard without telling me? You’ve been too soft on the boy, Zeke, and now he may have gotten himself into real trouble.”

Zeke looked at his attractive wife. Where his first wife, Dalia, had been buxom, dark haired and sparkled with a Jewish inheritance, Esther was slender, blue eyed and delicate. She was Jewish, but really did not look it. They had first met at the Messianic congregation in a nearby area of Lexington.

He had been lonely after his first wife had died. Esther was younger than him, but she was a very wise and compassionate woman—at least most of the time. And at forty nine years of age he had discovered, two years after Dalia had gone to be with the Lord, that he needed the support and intimate comfort of a wife. Esther worked as a co-teacher at the same small university where he had been employed ever since coming to America from Israel.

Until recently their life together had been easy and smooth until the awful chaos in America. Also he had not anticipated having another child, but Benny had been a joy to both of them. He was a very bright little boy, but as he grew older both he and Esther were discovering that he was also a very independent young man. And Esther was right—he needed more discipline, especially with all that had been happening in America for the last couple of years.

It had been a little over one year since the great earthquake had struck the Pacific Northwest and had literally reinvented what that part of the country looked like. From Canada all the way down to California a good part of the coast land had been submerged under the massive, catastrophic tsunami, and the violent surging flood that went inland for fifteen miles, had destroyed everything in its path.

The massive 8.9 earthquake had resulted in over a million deaths and casualties, and hundreds of thousands had been left homeless. This catastrophic natural disaster had affected the whole nation, in one way or the other, and much of America had become a nation of refugees, and of course the economy had gone into a total spin.

The one-world leaders had immediately demanded a new financial system—a basket of foreign currencies, with the gold backed Chinese Yuan being the number one replacement for the dollar. The banks had gone on a month holiday while the new economic system was put into place. The dollar had been devalued by almost fifty percent. And many bankrupt Americans had been left stunned and angry—with no idea what they would do or how they would now be able to live.

For the first couple of months, following the disaster, the elites and thousands of upper management had gone into underground miniature cities, and were well protected from the mayhem and rioting that took place in all the major cities.

Zeke had turned over the downstairs part of his home to a few relatives and some friends. It was crowded, but they had all managed pretty well.

Teenagers and young adults had created gangs—the Robin Hood gangs—where homes were ransacked for whatever was valuable. The neighborhoods, especially where Jews were known to live, were hit very hard, but so was any residential area that looked at all prosperous—Jewish or not. The idea was that what others had worked for now belonged to the masses, and had gained great popularity, and was propagated by the new Marxist dictatorial government. But it wasn't just the property they went after. Many People were being murdered in their homes, and women were raped.

For one month it was nothing less than a jungle. Many citizens had put up strong fences with barbed wire to protect their homes and lives. Zeke and Esther had done this too. Those who could afford it had paid guards to protect them.

Some citizens had left America for the far north wilderness areas of Canada or Alaska, and some had even managed to travel down to places in Central America.

It did not take long for Martial law to be put into effect in most of the US cities. FEMA, the primary governing police, was now in control of all US citizens, and for the most part individual rights no longer existed. It took almost one year for things to return to a rough form of normalcy. All communities were still under severe security measures, but almost everyone was so glad for some sense of security that they were willing

to accept whatever the government had become and whatever they were told to do. Many had even adjusted to the fact that Russian and foreign soldiers were now stationed in many places of America.

Tent cities, with bear minimum necessities, had been put up for people who had lost their homes and property in the earthquake. But immigrant refugees who had come into America—prior to the earthquake—were given first priority as to which part of the country they wanted to live in, and were provided real homes. In the mid-west states many homes in the better neighborhoods had been confiscated and turned into apartment housing. Zeke knew that it would not be long before his house would also be appropriated for use by the government. The newly formed socialist-Marxist government, for whatever reason, had not yet invaded his area, but he knew it would not be long.

Newspapers and news broadcasts had placed the economic crash squarely on the backs of big bankers—and to almost everyone that meant the Jews. An intense anger and hatred was generated from the despair that had struck America, and the anti-Semitic government sponsored media made sure that the anti-Israel, anti-Jew, hateful fires were kept burning.

After the Gog Magog war in Israel this anti-Semitic intensity became even worse. It was like the world had gone insane. Old books, like ‘The Elders of Zion,’ began to mysteriously appear on news stands. And in a short time even children’s school books had satirical, comical pictures of Jews, who were being portrayed as evil and greedy.

Some of Zeke’s older Jewish friends moved out of the neighborhood into different areas, after changing their names and paying black market money for Gentile identification.

They then quickly began to join the government sponsored church organizations—blending into the accepted culture.

Zeke and Esther had continued to protect their property with barbed wired fencing and guard dogs day and night—at least for the time being. Zeke would take his family and leave for Israel tomorrow, if that was possible. He regretted that twenty years ago he had left Israel. But his wife, Dalia, had insisted that going to America was the right thing for their son, Aaron—so that he could accomplish his education and his dream of becoming a professional airline pilot. Zeke had agreed to leave, much to the distress of the rest of his family, and especially his mother Rosa, and his father Samuel. They did not feel good about Zeke and his family moving to America.

Zeke's parents, Rosa and Samuel, had made a miracle escape out of holocaust Europe, and their dream and hope was that all of their family, and the generations to come, would grow up and become established in Israel. In the last few years, as the anti-Semitism had increased in Europe and even America, Rosa had pleaded with Zeke to bring his family back to Israel while he still could. But Zeke had become highly respected at the university, and had made quite a bit of money in stocks, which he then converted into different expensive metals, primarily silver bars and gold krugerrands.

He and Esther both believed that his mother was getting older and was worried about too many things. But that was then. Now it was almost impossible to get their passports renewed. It could take up to a year, and then they still did not know if they would be allowed to leave. Traveling to Israel for most American citizens was prohibited. Everything had changed drastically since the economy had collapsed.

His older brother, Yonnie, and his family, still lived in Israel, and they had kept in close contact over the years, with several visits, back and forth. But trying to make contact with their family in Israel now had become a problem. And Jews in America were no longer allowed to make financial transfers to loved ones in Israel. Fortunately, his family in Israel did not need any help from America.

Some of Zeke and Esther's friends had left the US while they still could, without having to give all their property over to the dictator regime that now occupied the White House.

Zeke had made sure that his gold and silver coins were hidden in a safe place. He did not want to have to give all of his assets over to the Nazis. He was hoping his oldest son would come home soon, and they could pray together and believe for God to make a way for them to get back to Israel. He prayed every day with his wife—believing that God would help them.

Some of Zeke's Jewish friends were saying that it was not as bad as it could be, and to some degree that was true. People were still allowed to own a small business, but most of the profit went into the government treasury. The ideal was for every citizen to live no different from anyone else, and for all children to be educated and cared for by the Marxist government. This was the main reason Zeke and his wife, Esther, were desperate to get out of America, and go someplace where their son, Benny, and his older son, Aaron, would have a better chance. Israel would be the best place, but how would they be able to go there? It seemed impossible.

Pretty soon they would be coming, not only for the house but for their youngest son, Benny. But Zeke had something else hid away, besides gold. He had guns. He would use them to protect his family if he had to.

Zeke looked out the window for Benny. He had turned around and had just started to say something to his wife when Benny opened the door. Their son stopped as soon as he had come in. Benny could see that this was not going to be easy.

Benny did not tell his parents about the old man. They would have a fit. He just told them that he had gone down to the park, which was partly true, and had lost track of time.

“Benny,” his mother’s voice had a real edge to it. “You promised me that you would not go anyplace without telling me. Your father has discussed with you that we are in very difficult times. I have to be able to trust you, Benny, or we will just have to put more restrictions on where you can go ... Do you understand?”

Benny looked at his parents for a minute. He knew they had been worried about him. But he was also beginning to feel like a rabbit trapped in a cage. “Okay,” he spoke quietly. “I promise that I will tell you where I am going. You know, it’s not like I am running up to people and saying “I am a Jew.”

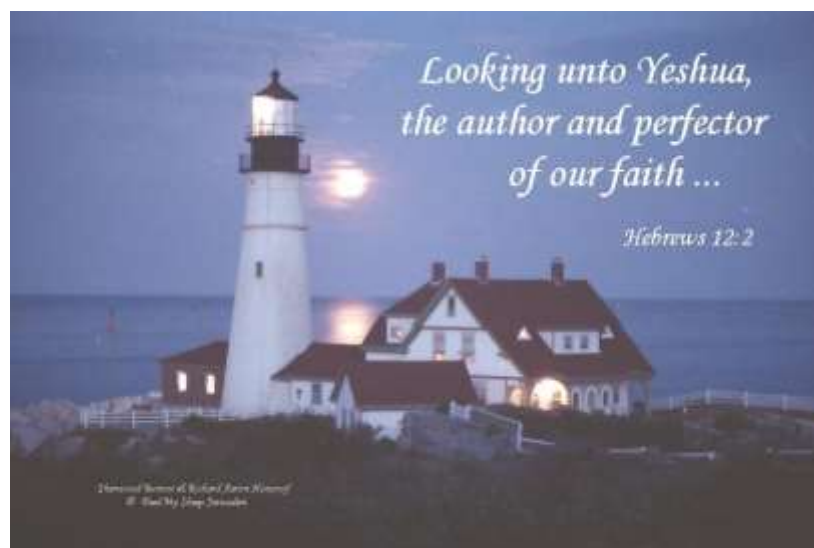
Zeke and Esther were shocked at what their mild mannered son had just said. It truly surprised them.

“There’s nothing wrong with being a Jew, Benny,” his father responded. “As I explained to you it’s just a difficult time in our country, and people are responding in fear.”

“I know that, Dad. But I think it’s really stupid—the way people are acting. I just want to go back to school, and have things the way they used to be. Instead of having to be afraid of who might be around the corner. When is this all going to end? And have you heard anything about if Aaron is coming home soon?”

“We all want it to end, Benny,” his mother said. “We’ve not heard anything from your brother for a few days. The telephone system is still not working perfectly yet, but we need to be thankful that things are getting better. We will try and call him again tonight. Now, why don’t you go upstairs and get out of those dirty clothes, and then we will have some dinner. After it gets dark a few people from Beth Ariel are coming over this evening, and we are going to pray and seek the Lord on what we should do. Would you like to join us?”

“I don’t know, mom? I am kind of tired.” He looked down at the floor, as his mother spoke to him, and then walked up the stairs to his room. He found it difficult to be with a group of praying adults. He was really hoping that his big brother, Aaron, would come home. It was just easier when Aaron was home. Somehow he made things different.



29 The Train Ride Home

Aaron quickly handed the train agent the ticket stubs for he and his wife. The tickets gave their names as Mr. and Mrs. John Cronen. The agent looked at him with some suspicion but then handed the stubs back to him. Aaron had left his job as an airline pilot for Delta Airlines, in Colorado. His new wife, Carol, stood next to him. They had just gotten married two weeks ago. He had not yet told his family. Phone connections were short and difficult, and always being recorded by someone in the government, but Carol was a very special lady and he knew they would love her. There was really no time to plan a big wedding—things were changing too fast. And Aaron wanted to take his new bride to Israel as soon as he could.

That's why he very much needed to talk with his father.

Like everywhere else the conditions in Colorado had reached a breaking point, and had become almost unlivable. The millions of refugees that had poured into America through open borders, in the previous years, were now joined by a mass influx of homeless people from the west coast.

But many of the foreign immigrants were not looking to help make things better. They had come to pillage and destroy whatever they could. The police could not handle all of the lawlessness, and almost every citizen now carried a gun on them. Aaron had moved into a neighborhood that was very close to his job at the airport, and they were fortunate to have armed guards to protect the area. But he worried about his wife a lot—not wanting to leave her alone. The company did not pressure him to stay—in fact he believed they were secretly glad he had quit his job.

None of America was left out of the on-going build up

towards the dramatic shift in anti-Semitism in the country. And Aaron looked very Jewish. He had heard about and even witnessed some very disturbing anti-Semitic scenes. Out of nowhere they would spring forth—usually staged by anti-Jewish promoters. These disturbing scenes would almost always take place in populated malls or parks, or even restaurants. All of a sudden a group of tormentors would encircle a Jewish person or couple and would begin to insult and accuse them—using ugly, hateful words. A crowd would begin to grow and sometimes rocks would be thrown, as the attacked ones would try and flee. Rarely, would the police ever show up. Aaron thought it was extremely frightening.

Aaron did not want to take any chances—especially with his new wife, in getting back to Massachusetts. He had received a warning call from a friend who had been delayed at a train depot, and was not able to get on the train because of his Jewish name.

The fact that Israel had taken out the nuclear facility in Iran had infuriated the US president and most of the other western nations. The newspapers were now full of pictures demonizing Israeli Jews, and describing the large numbers of casualties in Iran. Pictures of bleeding children were blasted on the front pages of magazines.

Aaron knew from a friend who lived and worked in Jerusalem that it was all a lie. There had been very few casualties in the Iran nuclear take-out. But once again Israel was being portrayed as a hateful, murderous nation. And then when the retaliating war of Gog and Magog had gone horribly wrong for Russia and the Arab nations, Jews everywhere were being blamed. But God was blessing Israel, and Aaron's only thought was to get his wife and family back to Israel.

Too many people in America had been trained to believe whatever they saw or heard from the main news media, and even though Aaron had been one of his company's very best pilots, he could sense a feeling of relief from some of the top management that he had quit his job. He was even more surprised when some of the pilots that he had been good friends with had started looking at him with suspicious glances.

It really made him feel terrible. Israel had become in the eyes of many people a piranha, and that also meant anyone Jewish. The government had passed a law that American citizens, by and large, were no longer allowed to travel to Israel, and a huge boycott of the nation had quickly been enforced by the government.

Many American Jews were now becoming as non Jewish as they could, out of fear. But Aaron was not ashamed of his Jewish looks. His mother had always told him that he looked a lot like His grandfather, Samuel.

He remembered his grandparents from when he lived in Israel when he was a young boy. It was the stories his grandpa had told him about being a pilot in Czechoslovakia that had given him the vision of one day becoming a pilot, and he loved to fly.

Aaron had been told that there were ways for Jews to get back to Israel, but it would cost a lot of money, and they would need a good pilot. This was why he needed to talk to his father. He could fly the airplane if his dad had the money for his family to escape. He had a plan, but he knew it would cost them a lot.

He pulled down over his ears the blue baseball cap, and pulled the scarf up around his neck, as they climbed up the

steps to the Amtrak train. After the devastating earthquake, and economic collapse, the trains had only just started making routine runs a couple of months ago. And it was the only way to travel now. The few airlines were used almost exclusively for important business executives, and of course the elites and their families. You needed the right connections to fly the skys. As a pilot, Aaron knew that this was the truth, regardless what the public was being told. But few people traveled long distances anymore. Sometimes people who traveled never returned, but little was ever said. But Aaron had to get back home to his father's house, and fast. He and his wife, Carol, had prayed that God would go before them.

They quickly found a place where they could sit together. They would take the train as far as Boston, Massachusetts; where his father would pick them up. All together it would be a three day trip, most likely with little sleep. Aaron put his arm around his wife, and once again prayed that God would take them home safely.

Benny looked out the window. It had stopped raining and the sun was just starting to break through the clouds. He had been stuck in the house for two days and he was getting antsy.

His mother was in the other room praying with a neighbor. He did not want to bother her, and decided to just go out for a short walk. He had made up his mind that he would not go over and watch that crazy old man. Besides it was too late in the afternoon for that, but maybe just take a short walk to the park and see if Andy's candy store was open. Maybe he would stop for a few minutes and see if Alan was home. He would be back before his mother even knew he was gone.

As he walked down the street towards the park he saw Alan on his bike. He waved to him and ran over to greet him. Alan had been his best friend for a couple of years—ever since they had moved into the neighborhood. He was not Jewish, but sometimes he would come with his parents to the same Messianic Congregation that Benny attended.

Sometimes they would talk about things in the Bible, but most of the time their discussions would focus on the cutest girls. He liked Alan a lot, and they always had fun together. They had even talked about going to the same college some day. He had not seen Alan for over a week.

“Hey, Alan, I was hoping I would see you today. I’ve been stuck in my house, and I am really bored. You want to go to the park with me?”

“Hi, Benny. No, I can’t go very far. I promised my mom I would help her pack some things.”

Benny smiled. He liked the way the sun sparkled on Alan’s reddish-blond hair—like he had little gold pieces hidden away in there. “Are your parents going on a trip?”

“We’re moving, Benny. My dad got visas to go for a trip to Costa Rica. But my parents are planning on staying there, and not coming back. My dad said there is still a way down there to make a living as a computer scientist, and that we need to get out of America before they take us away.”

Benny looked at his friend with a little confusion. “But what about your house, Alan? It’s so nice. And where would they take you, anyway?”

“Well, my dad doesn’t think it will be long before they take it from us—like what they are doing to everyone else. And you know...if you’re a Christian or a Jew they have places for you—camps. So, anyway, everything has changed so much. Maybe it will be okay in Costa Rica?”

“I’ll miss you, Alan. You’ve been my best friend.”

“Yeah, I’ll miss you too, Benny. Maybe one day we can be friends again...in heaven or something. What are your parents going to do, Benny—with you being Jewish and everything?”

Benny was silent for a moment. He had never thought of being friends with Alan in heaven. He liked being friends with him now. “I don’t know what we’re going to do. My brother, Aaron, will probably come home pretty soon, and so I guess then we’ll do something. I don’t know? I’ve heard my dad talk about going to Israel. But I’ve just been hoping everything will get better...like it used to be. But it’s been pretty weird. I guess it’s not going to get better...huh?”

“Hey, Benny, I gotta go, or my mom is gonna have a fit. I’ll write you—if you’re still here? Thanks for being my friend, Benny. I’ll pray for you too.” Alan turned his bike around and began to ride down the street to his house. He stopped once and waved to his friend, and then went inside.

When Benny got to the park there were very few people around—just a couple sitting together on a bench. It was quiet. He really felt bad about Alan leaving. He now felt more alone than ever. He could feel an anger rising up in him, and he wanted to kick something. He hated the world the way that it was becoming.

He crossed the street to go into Andy’s candy store. They almost always had marble scooters—his favorite candy. As he walked into the store he noticed a group of young men—mostly older teenagers—in the back of the store. He walked over and grabbed a few of the candies he wanted and then went to the counter to pay. Jack, the owner, gave him a funny look—almost like he was trying to warn him of something.

Benny's right eye twitched a little. He was feeling nervous. He just wanted to buy his candy and get out of there.

As he headed out the door he heard the voice of one of the young men. "Hey, you! What's your name? I've seen you hanging around here before. You're a Jew aren't you?"

Benny did not turn around but kept walking as fast as he could. He was hoping Jack would come out of the store and see what was going on, and scare them away, but he didn't.

"Stop!" one of them shouted. "We want to talk to you for a minute, that's all."

"I gotta get home." Benny spoke the words quickly, but he wasn't sure why, except that he was always used to being polite. He started to break into a run, but one of the men caught up with him and grabbed him by the jacket.

"We said we wanted to talk to you. What's your name and where do you live?"

"His name is Cohen," one of the other teenagers said. "He went to school with my brother. I remember him from when I would pick my kid brother up. Yeah...he's a Jew, alright."

"So, tell us where you live, and we'll let you go."

Benny tried to pull away from the man's hold, but he reached out, grabbing him by the arm, and held him firm in place. "That's a nice jacket you got on. I bet you have some money tucked away someplace...huh? Cough it up kid. Or we might have to hurt you."

"I don't have any money, and I just came here to visit a friend. Let me go." Benny was scared. A couple of adults walked by, but hurried on their way. No one was going to help him.

"Hey, Pete, take his coat and check his pockets, and let's get out of here before someone comes."

“He’s a Jew. No one cares what we do to him.” He laughed a nasty laugh. “Maybe I’ll take him behind that tree and have some fun. He grabbed at Benny’s pants and pulled them part way down. Benny pulled away and kicked one of the men. With his arms flailing he started hitting whoever he could.

The young thugs who had first grabbed him, pushed him down on the ground, and started kicking him in the head, and then started dragging him over to the park.

Benny yelled as loud as he could. “Jesus help me.”

“Oh, a Jew who calls on Jesus...now that’s something new.” They all laughed as they pulled him over to the grass, but then they stopped and turned as a car slowed down on the road in front of them. They grabbed Benny’s jacket and began to run away. Benny pulled his pants up and buried his face in his hands, and began to cry.

“What’s going on over there?” Aaron said to his father, as they drove down the road, getting closer to their house. His father slowed down. “It looks like some thugs beat someone up. Oh, my God...it’s Benny.” Zeke stopped the car and they both jumped out. Aaron told his wife to stay in the car. He ran to his little brother, reaching him first. He fell to his knees and brought Benny to his chest. “Oh, Benny, what did they do to you?”

Zeke reached down, with tears in his eyes, and with a hanky began to wipe away some of the blood from Benny’s head. He picked up his son and carried him to the car.

“Maybe we should take him to the emergency room, Dad?” Aaron said.

“No. It would take hours before they would even look at him. I don’t think he’s seriously hurt. Let’s just get him home.” Esther watched as Zeke pulled up in the driveway. She ran out the door when she saw them lifting Benny out

of the car. “Oh, no!” she yelled. “What have they done to my baby?”

“He’s going to be okay, honey. They beat him up a bit, but I don’t think anything is broken.” Zeke carried him into the house and laid him down on the couch. Benny turned his face into a pillow away from his family and cried softly.

Zeke had seen that Benny had been trying to pull up his pants when they ran to him. but he didn’t want to ask him anything in front of his mother. He felt a real queasiness in his stomach. What had they done to his little boy? When Esther went into the kitchen to get Benny something to drink, Zeke asked his son the dreaded question. “Benny,” he turned his son’s face to him. “You have to tell me son. What did they do to you?”

“They just beat me up some dad, but you and Aaron came before they could do anything else.” Zeke pulled his son to his chest and cried softly.



30 What Next

Aaron looked over at his dad. He could see how much he had aged in the last couple of years—a lot more gray in his dark hair, and more wrinkles from the stress and worry of the on-going chaotic world around him. Aaron was concerned how much of a toll it had been on him. In the last few days his dad had been especially worried about Benny's health. Benny had retreated to his room and hardly ever came out.

“Your new bride, Aaron, is a lovely lady, and she and Esther seem to really be hitting it off well. I am so happy for the both of you.” Zeke smiled at his son, as best he could. He really was glad to have Aaron home. He had been a big help to them all. But for the last few days Zeke had been blaming himself for what had happened to Benny. Perhaps, like Esther had said, if he had been more strict with his son none of this would have happened. And he was finding it difficult to sleep.

“I guess things were getting pretty bad in Colorado, Aaron. Is that why you came home?”

“Yes, but as you know it's bad everywhere—even though it's been a year since the great earthquake. Gradually things have been improving in some areas. But there has been no let up in the rapid increase in anti-Semitism—in fact it's really getting frightening, and as you know this terrible dictatorial government keeps the fire burning.”

The anger and hatred against Israel is really completely irrational. It's like the world is angry at God. It's becoming a jungle out there. A few more jobs are opening up, but not for Jews. And yes, even Colorado is becoming a bad place to live for Jews. I had to take my wife and get out of there. I don't think they were too sorry to see me leave, either. I want to

get my wife to Israel, Dad, and the rest of us too.”

“I see where our neighbor, John Herman, is taking his family to Costa Rica for a visit, and not planning on coming back. I am beginning to wonder if we should do the same.

“Maybe go for a visit” Zeke said, “and then just disappear down there. You know they are going to come and take the house pretty soon, anyway, and then only God knows where we will be sent.”

Zeke stood up with a cup of coffee in his hand and walked over and looked out the window, as if he was expecting someone to come. “I don’t know how to escape to Israel, son. I’ve heard through the grapevine that a network of houses—Christian homes—have been established to help us Jewish people get out of here. I guess kind of like what some people did during the Holocaust. But I don’t have any idea how to connect with them. It just seems so impossible.”

“Central America, Dad, might be okay for now, but it won’t be for long. They really don’t like us there either. We need to stay focused on getting back to Israel. That’s really where we need to go.”

“I met a man, Dad, while I was still flying for Delta. He is very wealthy. His name is Vince Amio. His grandfather became quite wealthy after the war, building airplanes in Italy, and so he grew up in the seat of a plane. But because of the current down-turn, as he calls it, he needs to get rid of some of his inventory. He sells airplanes, Dad—large airplanes.

“I talked to him for quite awhile. He knows I want to get back to Israel with my family. It was no secret. He’s a Christian, Dad. In fact that’s where I met him—at a Christian under-ground meeting that Carol and I were going to for awhile.

“Now this is the wild part. He told me that five years ago

the Lord told him to park a certain airplane in a hanger on an island off of South Carolina. I don't think he wanted to give me a lot of details, but I think I can trust him. Evidently the Lord told him there would come a time when he would need that airplane for a special reason. The plane will carry thirty to forty people and would have no problem getting to Israel. But here is the clincher. The cheapest he can give me the plane would be for about five hundred thousand dollars, and of course he can only take metals—silver or gold.”

Zeke looked over at his son with a different expression. He had something akin to hope in his eyes. He didn't flinch at the price it would cost to buy the airplane. “Is it an airplane you can fly, son?”

Aaron smiled. “Yeah, Dad. I can fly that bird.”

Esther gently knocked on Benny's door. “Can I come in son, for a moment?”

“Sure mom,” Benny answered.

“We have a chicken cooking, Benny—kind of like we used to have for Shabbat dinner. I was hoping you would come down and join us for dinner tonight?”

Benny looked up at his mom. He tried to smile. “I am just not hungry mom...sorry.”

“Benny, Sweetie, It's been five days. You've got to start coming down and joining your family, and leaving that bad incident behind. You can't keep hiding away in your room all the time. It's just not good.”

Benny looked down at his desk and twirled the pencil in front of him. He didn't say anything, but just shrugged his shoulders. Esther walked over and put her arms around her

son. “It’s going to be okay. Dad and Aaron have a plan—a real good plan, and we’re going to get out of here and go to Israel where we will be safe. What do you think of that?” Again Benny just shrugged his shoulders and looked away.

“Okay, son. I’ll keep a plate hot for you, and if you don’t come down I’ll bring it up to you.”

After Esther left her son’s room, Benny walked over to the window, and once again looked down at the sidewalk to make sure no one was there. Tears came quickly to his eyes. If he had done what he had promised his parents, he would never have gotten hurt. What would have happened if they had come back and hurt his dad and brother? He closed his eyes. And what if they found out where he lived and came to the house? He knew the next time they would really beat him up bad.

Aaron knocked on his door and Benny told him to come in. His brother had prayed with him before, and they had read the Bible together, where Jesus had said ‘not to fear.’

Aaron sat down next to him on the bed. “Benny, it’s not going to happen again. You’ve got to let it go and be brave. I promise you—we are going to get out of here.”

“How come Jesus didn’t stop them?” Benny looked up at his brother. “He didn’t protect me.”

“Oh, Benny, but he did. God had dad and I drive up at the moment you needed someone to help you. Don’t you see that?”

Benny thought for a moment. “I guess? But I just don’t feel good, Aaron. I’ve been having bad dreams, and I just don’t feel like eating. I wish I hadn’t been born a Jew.”

“Oh, Benny...that’s just what the devil wants you to think. Yeshua was a Jew, and God loves the Jewish people. It’s the devil who hates us, and he uses people to do his dirty work.

“Don’t ever forget that, Benny. God is good and He is going to make a way out of here for us. You will see.”

After Aaron left the room Benny took out one of his school books and looked at a map of Israel. It was a very small country. But somewhere deep inside of him a seed of hope started to come forth—just a tiny little expectation. He decided to go downstairs to dinner. He was feeling a little more hungry. After dinner he went up to bed.

In the dream Benny was standing a distance from a train depot, but he could see clearly what was going on. He seemed to be standing on a high platform, but he wasn’t sure exactly what it was. All he knew is that he could see hundreds of people, and they were all being shoved and thrown on the freight train that was on the tracks in front of them. Men dressed in black uniforms, with guns and whips, kept pushing the people onto the train cars, even when there was no more room for them. The scene reminded him of the pictures he had seen of the holocaust.

People were screaming and crying—there was great panic and fear everywhere. Little children were taken from their parents. Some were put on different trains, and some just seemed to disappear. Benny saw a woman who was holding a little girl’s hand. For some reason this little girl caught his attention.

In the dream Benny watched as the mother tried to climb onto the train with her daughter, but then a big man with a mean dog grabbed the little girl from her, and took her with him. The mother began screaming for her daughter, but no one cared, and she was pushed onto the train with everyone else.

Benny knew that these were his people from a long time ago. When Benny woke up he thought about the dream. He

did not feel like he'd had another bad dream—even though the dream had been quite frightening. It was kind of hard for him to know exactly what he was experiencing, but he knew it had something to do with God, and it had to do with the plans that God had for him. He reached for his Bible on his nightstand, and as the Holy Spirit directed him he began to read the scriptures that were shown to him.

When he went downstairs for breakfast everyone could see something new in his countenance. He did not even look like the same boy. For a moment they just stared at him. Something definitely had happened to their son, and it looked like something very good.

“Hey, Mom and Dad, did your know that ‘those who are for us are much more than those who come against us?’” He smiled a big smile.



31 The Network

Undisclosed area...East Coast USA

“Betsey, they are our friends. We can’t just walk away from them!” Derrick spoke to his wife, putting his hands gently on her shoulders. “I’ve already told them that they can stay up-stairs in the attic room. It will only be for a couple of weeks, or maybe just one week, till they get everything confirmed for their escape back to Israel.”

Betsey brushed the tears away from here eyes. “Oh, Derrick. You know I’m not a mean hearted person, but if they find out that we are giving refuge to Jewish people they will take our daughter from us, and put us in jail. I just don’t think I can bear that thought. Pretty soon it will get better, and then things will return to the way they used to be—if we could just wait a while longer?”

Derrick looked at his wife. He understood how scared she was, and somehow her fear had caused her to not trust God.

“Betsey, they are taking away the homes and properties of the Jewish people, and even sending them to those horrible FEMA camps, and Christians too—at least the ones who continue to support Israel, and refuse to go along with the established order. They are being called enemies of the State.

It’s become a very unreal America, but I won’t turn my back on our friends—no matter what the cost may be. I’ve gone along with things to protect you and Melissa, and my job at the clinic has provided me with some security. But I can’t walk away from this, Betsey. I could see the desperation in Ariel’s eyes when he asked me if we could help them for a short time. I’ve already told them we would, and I told them to come over tonight, after it gets dark. I am sorry, but I did

not have time to talk with you. I had to make a fast decision then.”

The door-bell rang. Derrick looked into his wife’s eyes. “I am sure that’s the Abermans now.”

Betsey stood where she was as her husband went to open the back door. “Oh, God,” she whispered, help me to do what is right.”

Ariel and Dinah, with their one month old daughter, Deborah, stood just inside the entrance to the house. They looked frightened and uncomfortable. Betsey’s heart began to melt for their friends who had moved into the neighborhood about one year ago. Betsey who was a trained mid-wife had helped Dinah with the birth of her baby, but for the last couple of months they had not been in contact with each other very much. Betsy knew that this was mostly due to her own fears.

The Jews had been made scape-goats for all the misery that had come upon America, and were now not even considered legal citizens. It had all happened so fast, and had completely caught her off guard with fear for her own family. But she knew in her heart that Derrick was right. They had to trust the Lord—no matter what the cost.

Betsy remembered the stories her mother had told her about an older friend named Jennifer, who had lived and attended a university in Germany in the early 1930’s. Like in America the economy in Germany, at that time was in shambles and political leaders, like Hitler, had been very persuasive in blaming the Jews for all the country’s problems.

Jennifer had been shocked at how fast the Jewish people living in Germany had been depicted in the worst kind of ways. Even some of Jennifer’s friends had told her to have nothing to do with the Jews—that it would be very dangerous

to be associated with them. Her mother's friend had been alarmed at how fast many newspapers and posters on the sidewalks began to warn people of how dangerous the Jews really were. Soon, the Jewish children were no longer allowed to attend school with the Aryan students. The German people had been told that they carried terrible diseases, and were a very bad influence on the bright German boys and girls. And also that they used children's blood for their rituals.

Jennifer had told her daughter that when Germany enacted the Nuremberg laws in 1935, all Jews became disenfranchised from all aspects of political and social life in their country, and it made no difference what they believed—even if they never practiced the Jewish religion or went to a synagogue they were considered as Jewish as those who did.

And of course it became illegal for Jews to have any kind of marital or close intimate relations with German citizens.

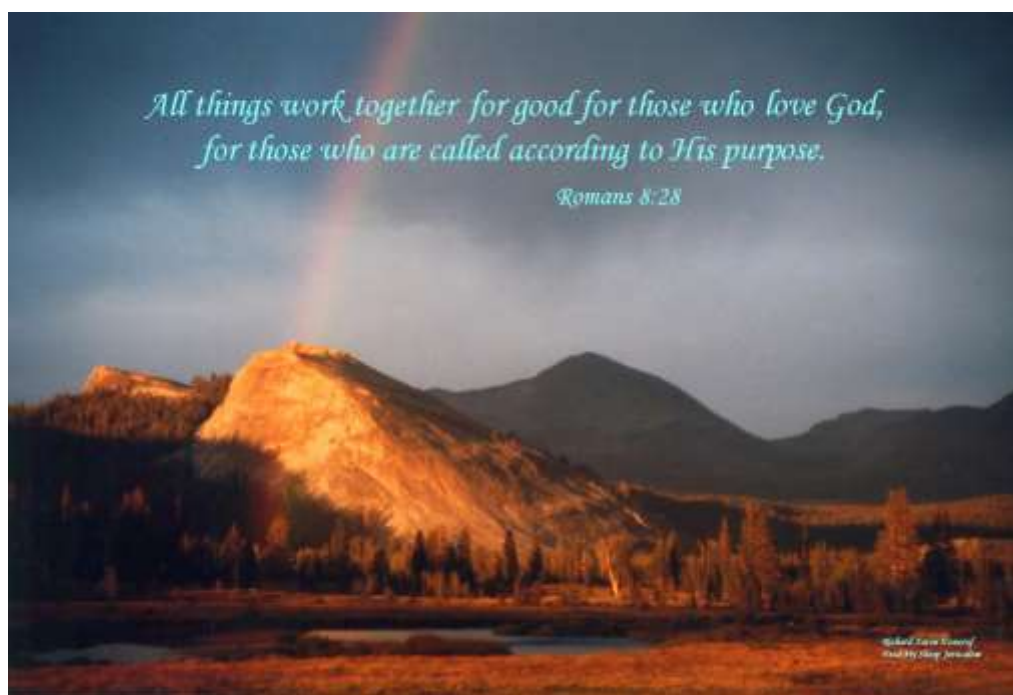
It was then, Betsey's mother had told her, that Jennifer began to encourage her Jewish friends to get out of Germany. She even helped by contacting people in America who were willing to take some Jewish families into their homes. When the German government found out what she was doing she was immediately told to leave the country.

In Germany, there was a well rooted anti-Semitic heritage that had been kept hidden deep in the hearts of people for decades, but when the right circumstances were unleashed then all the ugliness easily came to the surface. Betsey saw how the same thing was happening in America. She had never thought of her country as being anti-Semitic, but the more she thought about it, the more certain things came back to her memory—like a few years ago when her church advisory committee decided that a certain young man was not the right one to be the new leader for the youth group. He was

definitely well qualified, but he was a Jew. She had wondered about that briefly, but decided it was just her imagination. She was sure there was something else that had disqualified him.

And then there was the time when her friend, who was a realtor, had made the comment—after selling a house in the neighborhood—that it seemed like “a lot of Jews were moving into the area.”

These were things that Betsey had never really thought about, at least till now. She wondered? Was there a similarity in what her mother’s friend had experienced in Germany, and what was happening now in America? Had this anti-Semitism just been hidden under a polite covering? She looked at the Abermans’ frightened faces. She walked over and greeted them warmly. As soon as she did she could feel that the fear begin to leave her.



32 Hidden Away

Ariel took hold of his wife's hand. They had just laid the baby down to sleep in a nice little bed that had been provided for her. The room where they were hiding from the rest of the world was small, but very clean, and also a nice bed had been provided for them to sleep on, along with a desk and chairs where they could sit and read or write.

Ariel had been an English teacher at a good university, and writing had always been a big part of his life. Every day now he would write on what was happening to the Jewish community in America, and how it was affecting his own family. He wrote pages and pages. He certainly did not know what he would ever do with it all, but he had to write about it—someone had to.

He looked into the dark, lovely eyes of his wife, Dinah. She had been a gift from God in his lonely life, and he loved her so much. It tore at his heart that anyone could be mean to this gentle, beautiful Jewish daughter of God. How could it all have happened so fast?

But he remembered how a little less than a year ago the stories had started appearing in the news, relating to how the economic collapse was due to the Jewish bankers—in their quest to destroy America. Of course it made no sense to rational people, but after a period of time he was surprised to see how even some of his friends—at least people he thought were his friends—began to distance themselves from the Abermans. He remembered someone who once said, that “if you tell people something again and again, eventually, most will believe it, no matter how far from the truth it might be.” That someone had been a high ranking member of the Nazi party in Germany in the 1930's.

With each passing day, it had become like a flood from hell—the insanity becoming more real, more volatile.

He remembered the story his aunt had told him, when he was a young boy, of how she had stayed hidden in a damp cave for two years to escape the Nazis who had taken over the Ukraine, and how the citizens of her own land, who were steeped in anti-Semitic lies—had turned against the Jews. Her mother and father had been captured and taken away, and she never saw them again. But she had managed to stay hidden with her uncle. She seldom talked about these terrible experiences. Her new life in America had given her hope.

Ariel was glad in his heart that she was not alive to see what had happened to her beloved, adopted country.

Ariel deeply regretted not leaving for Israel when they still could. But he had a good paying job, and America was home to them, and like so many others he just thought things would turn around, but they never did. The synagogue where they attended had closed, and most of his Jewish friends found that they no longer had the good jobs they had depended on. Some of his Gentile neighbors who lived in his neighborhood were still mildly polite to him and his wife, but they now kept very distant—unlike before.

But he had really started getting worried when he saw that some of his Jewish friends and even some relatives had suddenly just disappeared. No one knew where they had been taken, but he had heard the talk—the buzz words—that trucks had come in the middle of the night, and they had been taken someplace, and everyone knew what that ‘someplace’ meant.

And soon after his friends had been removed from their own homes, a new family moved in—usually a nice Gentile family, or a refugee family from a different country.

He began to make plans to escape and go back to Israel. He had connections with a network that had been established in different parts of the country to help the Jews get out.

It would cost him all that he had, but the only thing that mattered was taking his wife and baby and getting out of this new Nazi America.

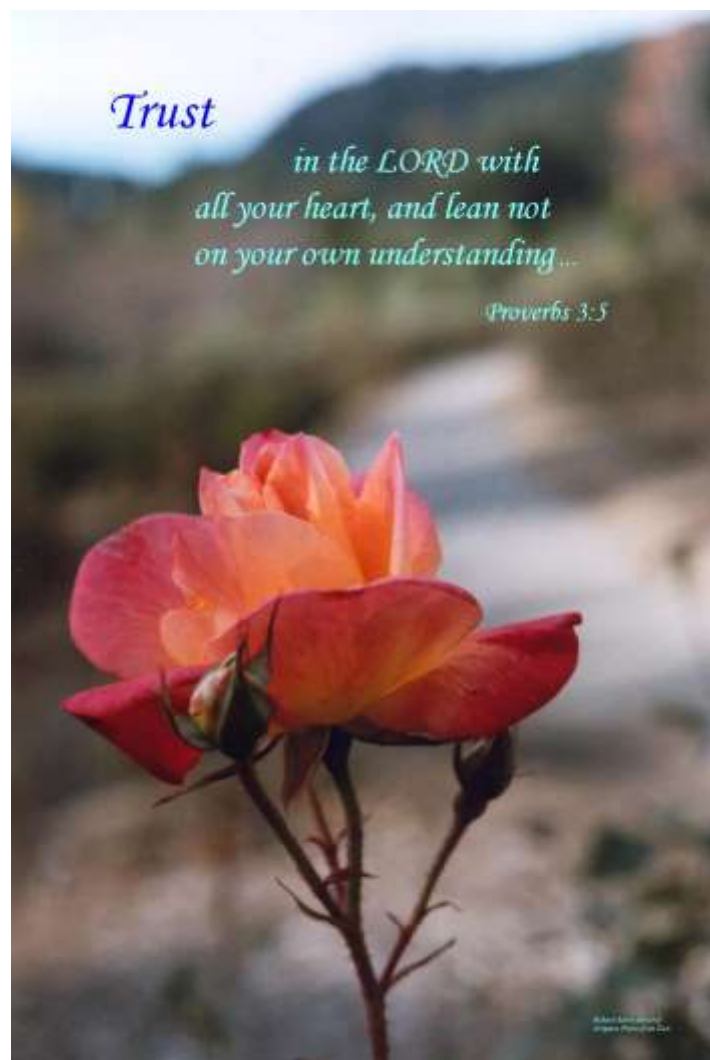
One day someone dropped a note in his mail box. The note had been quickly scribbled, but told him that he was on the list and they would soon be coming for him and his wife and baby. He had a terrible feeling of panic after reading the note. Someone with a heart had taken the risk to let him know the danger he was in. He had to do something, but he did not know where to go. The people who were involved in helping the Jews get out would not be able to help him for at least another week or even two. What would he do until then?

The next day he saw Derrick walking down the sidewalk, and a voice from someplace within him told him to ask him for help. He did, and it had been an answer from heaven for him and his family. But he could tell when they first walked into Derrick's house that his wife, Betsey, was not feeling very positive about the fact that they were there. But then after a short while her attitude seemed to change.

"Ariel," his wife spoke to him, bringing him out of his deep thoughts. "I want you to promise me that if anything happens to me, that you will take Deborah and go to Israel. You must promise me?"

"Please, Dinah, don't talk like that." Tears came quickly to his eyes. "We are going to get out of here together. I refuse to think about anything else."

Dinah laid her head on her husband's shoulder. "All right, darling. I won't bring it up again. I just want to know that our baby will be safe." Ariel could feel his wife's heart beating hard as he held her close to him. He quietly prayed to God for the miracle they needed. He knew the danger that Derrick was putting his family in by keeping them in his house. The sooner they could leave the better it would be for all of them.



33 Time to leave

Zeke was startled by the knock on the door. It was after mid-night. He peaked out a side window and turned on the porch light. In the rain he could see that it was his neighbor, Jan, from down the street. He opened the door.

“I am sorry, Zeke, for knocking on your door this late, but I couldn’t go to sleep till I came over here. I have some things I really need to talk to you about.”

Zeke opened the back door and invited Jan to come in out of the cold rain. And then he quickly shut the door. Even though it was very dark he glanced outside to make sure no one else was there. “What is it Jan? What would bring you here at this time of night?”

“Zeke, you know I work for the Bureau of Community Affairs. I don’t like it there, but it’s where I have to stay, until I can figure out what to do with my family. But this is why I came over. One of the people I work with left a document on his computer today. It must have just come in, because it had today’s date. According to this official paper they are planning on coming into region # 5 sometime tomorrow, and will begin relocating, as they call it, Jewish families into other areas. And of course all those people whom the government now considers a danger to society will also be taken.

“Zeke, you’ve been a good friend to me and my family. And I am so sorry for what has been happening in this country of ours. I really don’t feel like it’s my country at all anymore. Have you noticed the foreign soldiers guarding the official buildings? They look like Russians to me.”

Zeke was not paying attention to what Jan was saying

about the Russian soldiers. His heart was beating and he knew right away that he did not have a lot of time. He had to get his family away immediately to someplace safe. What would he do? Where would he go?

“Thanks, Jan. You’ve been a good friend to come over here and tell me all of this now. I will not forget your friendship” He shook his neighbor’s hand. “I need to get my family up, and figure out what to do. So I will say ‘good-by.’ Be careful going back home.” Jan nodded his head and then left Zeke’s house.

“Esther, wake up. I have to tell you something. It’s very important.”

Esther sat up in bed. She had only just gone to sleep, but the knock on the door had caused her to be wide awake again.

“What is it, Zeke? What’s wrong?”

“We have to grab our bags. I know you have a couple of them packed for emergencies. And we need to wake up Benny and Aaron and Carol. We have no time to waste.”

“Oh, my God, Zeke. What’s going on?” Esther grabbed her robe off of the chair. “You are really scaring me.”

“I am sorry honey. That was Jan at the back door. He saw some information today at his office, and evidently the police are planning on raiding this area where we live—at least it mentioned zone # 5, which includes this neighborhood. They are coming for the Jews first, and then for all those whom they have identified as resisters. I should have had an escape plan figured out by now, but I guess I thought we had just a little more time. But we need to leave tonight, while it’s still dark, and start driving down the coast towards the place that Aaron was telling me about. I don’t know what else to do. And we’ll just have to trust God to get us there.”

As they drove, Aaron tried calling Vince Amio, the man who had told him about the island and the airplane, but he was not answering his phone. All they could do was keep driving, and pray that God would keep them covered. After they had been on the road for about four hours Zeke was surprised when he saw an all night gas station open. It was almost five o'clock in the morning. They had only passed three cars.

Very few people took the risk to be out this early in the morning—especially in the pouring rain.

They had a small amount of gas in a can to keep them going till morning, but a gas station was what they needed. Gas was still scarce, and he was thankful to God for this place being open.

Zeke drove off the highway, parked by the gas pump, and then walked around the corner of a small office, next to a garage. He asked the attendant if he could get his car filled up. The man looked at him a bit strangely, but said nothing—except to charge a very high price for the gas. He paid the man what he asked for. Zeke knew he was being ripped off, but he didn't care. He just wanted to get going.

Before he got back to his car Benny got out and asked him if there was a bathroom. Zeke told him to go around the corner of the poorly lit building. Zeke watched him open the door to the restroom, and got into his car and waited for his son—which he thought would take just a couple of minutes.

“I am going to go and see what is taking Benny so long, Dad.”

“Okay, Aaron. We really need to get going.”

When Aaron returned to the car, Benny was not with him. Aaron looked frightened and upset. “He was not in there, Dad, and I know he would not have just walked away.”

Zeke took a deep breath—trying to remain calm. Esther stared to get very emotional and upset. “Oh, God, please...” The words escaped her mouth.

“Carol, I want you to stay in the car with mom. It would look very funny for all of us to get out at the same time. Dad and I will go and look around. I am sure everything is ok.”

Calmly, Zeke and Aaron walked over to the restroom, as if nothing was wrong. They did not want to draw unneeded attention from the attendant, who really could not see them from where he was in his little office.

They looked inside the restroom. Benny was definitely not there. They walked around to the back of the building. It was not as well lit. In soft tones they called his name. “Benny, where are you?” No answer. There was a large forest in the back, and a narrow dirt road could be partially seen weaving between the trees. They both looked at each other with fear in their eyes. They could hear in the distance what sounded like a car engine. They walked down the dirt road for a few minutes, and again called out Benny’s name. They could not risk being gone for very long, and they knew they would have to ask the attendant if he had seen Benny. They were not going to leave without him.

The attendant did not seem surprised when they walked into his office. They both immediately noticed a door leading from the bathroom to the office, and then another door in back. The attendant looked at them, while he chewed on his gum.

“No. I ain’t seen your boy,” he said. “But I don’t want you hanging around here. You could be crazies, or something—how would I know? Maybe you kidnapped the boy and he ran away? But I’m telling you! I ain’t seen your kid. So scram or I’ll call the police, and let them deal with you.”

“Dad, we have to leave the gas station,” Aaron said as they walked quickly back to the car. “Maybe we can park down the road a ways, and think about what we are going to do, but if we stay here he’ll call the police, and it will be over for all of us.” Aaron looked seriously at his father. “It’s not your fault, Dad. You watched him go into the restroom. He’s twelve years old. He would have been embarrassed if you had taken him by the hand and gone in with him. So don’t let the devil beat you up about this.”

Zeke looked at his oldest son. “I don’t believe anything that man said, and I have a terrible feeling they’ve done something with him, but you are right. We cannot stay here.”



34 Finding Benny

After they had driven away from the gas station and down the highway about a mile, Zeke pulled to the side of the road. Esther was crying. “We are going to find Benny.” He gently put his hands on his wife’s shoulders. “We will pray and ask God to show us what to do. This is no time to be without faith. God has not brought us this far to abandon us, or for us to loose our son. Let’s hold hands and pray.”

Esther stopped crying, and they all prayed and asked God to show them what they should do. Like never before, Zeke could feel a supernatural power rising up in him.

What happened to Benny?

Benny had just washed his hands and was getting ready to leave the bathroom when he stopped for a moment. The voice of a small child was coming from the stall next to the one he had just used. He turned and quietly knocked on the door.

“Are you all right in there?” he asked. It became quiet. “Can I come in?” he said. He cautiously opened the door. A young girl about six years old was sitting on the toilet. She looked very sad and raggedy. Her hair had not been brushed and she had been crying. Since there were no cars in the parking lot, when they drove in, Benny thought perhaps she belonged to someone inside the building.

“What’s your name, and why are you crying?” he asked her.

“My name is Cindy.” She looked up at him, and seemed glad he was there. “I want to go home,” she said. “They are coming back for me pretty soon, and they told me to just sit

here and be quiet.”

“Who are they?” Benny asked her.

“I don’t know. These bad men came and took my parents away from our truck, and then they stopped here and told me to wait for someone who would come and get me. But I don’t want to go with them. But they said if I tried to run away a bad man would find me and hurt me. So I have been sitting here. Can I go with you?” she asked Benny.

“Yes,” Benny said, as he reached down for her hand. It was then that the door connecting the restroom to the inside office opened, and a hand went around Benny’s mouth.

“Don’t make a sound or I will go out there and kill your mom and dad in their car. I promise you. You and your new friend,” he spoke to the little girl, “are going to go for a short ride. So come on. I want you both to follow me, and don’t try to run away, or scream, or you both will be very sorry.”

They both followed the man into his office and then out the back door. A man was sitting in an old jeep—parked behind the trees. The gas attendant strapped both of them in the back seat, and warned them again to not try to run away.

He then told the man who was driving to get going. “Go now,” he said, “and don’t take the main highway until you get a mile down the road and don’t stop for anyone.”

They began to drive on a bad road, through the trees. It was slow going. Soon Benny was able to shake the straps off of his arms, and he helped the young girl get free, but the jeep was moving over a very rough and bumpy road, so that it was impossible for them to jump out. The man who was driving was not paying attention to them. He was drinking a beer, and muttering to himself. Benny was scared. He prayed to Jesus for help.

It had been fifteen minutes since they had left the gas station. Esther had grown very quiet, but they had all continued to remain calm together and felt from the Lord that they were to keep their car where it was, with the lights off. They had all heard the same message to stay put.

If anyone drove by they would immediately be suspicious as to why they were parked on the road. It was still pretty dark, with just a small glimmer of light from the sun that was getting ready to rise over the hills. There were no cars on the road. Their biggest fear was if a police or security van drove by—then it would be all over. Zeke was praying quietly in the Spirit, and continued to have a strong feeling that God was about to do something.

“What was that?” Aaron looked at his father. “I heard something in those trees over there.” Pretty soon they could all see what looked like a small car coming down a dirt road, out of the woods. As the jeep came closer Zeke could see two small heads bobbing up and down in the back of the car.

Zeke handed a pistol to Aaron, that he kept on the floor under his seat. “As soon as that car goes by us I’m going to get behind him and try to pass him, and then I want you to shoot out his back tire.”

Aaron took the gun from his dad, without questioning him.

Zeke had started his car engine before the jeep reached the highway. The car sped up, but Zeke got right on his tail and then Aaron rolled down his window and shot out one of the back tires. He was glad his skills as a marksman were still sharp. The jeep spun around, and then skidded off the road and came to a dead stop. Both Aaron and Zeke jumped out of the car and ran over to the Jeep. Aaron could see that the driver was reaching for his gun. He yanked open the door

and pointed his gun at the man's head.

“Put your hands on the steering wheel and don't move, or I will shoot you.”

Zeke opened the back door and told the kids to run to his car. He was amazed that in the heat of the moment he felt no emotion—he was just doing what he had to do.

Aaron still had the driver forced over his steering wheel. Zeke came over to where he was standing with the gun in his hands. He spoke into Aaron's ear so the man could not really hear what he was saying. “We're going to have to stop him from calling anyone, and I want you to shoot out whatever that walkie-talkie thing is on his dashboard.”

They pulled the older man out of the car. He had alcohol on his breath, and seemed to be in a daze. Zeke got some rope out of the trunk of his car and they tied his hands and put him in the back seat of the car. Aaron then took the butt of the pistol and hit him hard over the head. The man went unconscious. Then Aaron blasted out the radio system and took the keys out of the ignition. If anyone drove by they would just see a stalled car with no one in it, and more than likely would not stop. They had to have enough time to get far away from this man who was obviously connected to whatever crooked dealings the man in the gas station was involved with—most likely child sex trafficking. They knew there was a lot of it happening in the country now, and people could do little to stop it.

Aaron followed his dad back into their own car. Carol and Esther sat stunned. They did not know what to think of the gentle, educated men they had married. They had never seen them do anything like this before, but they were now very serious men, and things had changed. And they were doing what they had to do. They were all so thankful that God had made a way for them to get Benny back.

Cindy spoke up in a shy way. “Please let me go with you. I don’t know where they took my dad and mom, and I have no place to go.”

“Of course, honey, you can come with us,” Esther said. “And we will take care of you till your parents are found.” Esther was still feeling overwhelmed from the experience. She closed her eyes for a moment. “Would you like to sit up here on my lap, Cindy?”

“That’s alright. “I’ll sit back here with him, if that’s okay?”

It was then that Benny remembered where he had seen the little girl before. She had been in his holocaust dream. It was the little girl who had been taken away from her mother. He knew this was why he went into that restroom. God wanted this little girl saved from those terrible men, and he used Benny and his family to rescue her. He smiled to himself, but then felt a wave of exhaustion coming over him. He closed his eyes, and fell into a deep sleep.



35 A Nice Barn and Cow

The sun had risen over the frosty, green-brown hills. They were now in Virginia, about four hours from South Carolina. Although they had taken turns driving they were all very tired and needed to find a safe place to pull off the road for a couple of hours of rest. They found a country road that looked pretty abandoned. They turned onto it, and then soon pulled off on a side dirt road, parking behind some trees. They all tried to sleep for a couple of hours.

Zeke sat straight up from a slouched position when he heard someone tapping on his car window. He felt for his gun in the side pocket of the door next to him.

The man was older and dressed in a blue wool coat. His hat was pulled down over his ears. “It’s gotten pretty cold today. Don’t know why you are all here, but I bet I could talk you into a cup of hot coffee and a little breakfast?”

Zeke let go of the gun in his hand. The man seemed friendly enough. He looked over at Esther and then at Aaron. “What do you think?”

Benny woke up from a groggy sleep. “It sounds good Dad. I’m really hungry.”

“I think we all are.” Zeke spoke softly and then looked back at the man by the window. “Well, sure...if it’s not too much trouble. We’ve been traveling most of the night, and could sure use a break.”

The farm house was old but warm and comfortable. Henry had introduced himself before they all got out of the car. Zeke had driven the car over to his house and had parked in the yard, next to an old truck. Henry had pretty much not stopped talking since then. Zeke figured that he was in his early sixties. That he was lonely was obvious—especially after he told them his story.

They all sat around a big country style table. Henry had fixed them eggs and hash brown potatoes, with fat little beef sausages that were delicious. The family all looked at each other and smiled—were they dreaming this?

“About three months ago I went out with a rifle to see if I could get a little game.” Henry continued to share. “My family and I had done without any meat for quite a while, and we’d pretty much run out of some food in the cellar and what we’d canned up from last year’s harvest. I guess you know that the government doesn’t allow you to plant a garden anymore—at least anything of real value. My daughter and her husband and my three grandchildren had moved in with me almost one year ago. Things had just become too difficult in the city.

“My wife, bless her heart, passed away to be with the Lord five years ago—glad she has not been around to see what’s taken over America. You know it’s a real crime.” Henry looked at Zeke to see if he understood what he was saying.

“Yes, Henry, we know—that’s why you found us in our car, near your farm. We’re trying to get back to Israel, and we had to leave our home and community before they came and put us in one of those horrible FEMA camps. We are Jewish. I hope that is not a problem for you. Seems like it is for a lot of people in America, because of all the lies they’ve been told over the controlled news stations.” He paused for a minute.

Henry smiled back at Zeke. “Oh, I figured that you were either Jewish or true Christians. Me and my good wife always made a place for Jesus and the Bible in our home. I am honored, Zeke, to have you in my home. But as I was saying, so one day I told Sally, my daughter, and her husband Bill, that I was gonna go see if I could find some game. I knew they were worried about my taking a rifle and going out, but

I had to do something. I was gone for almost three hours, and did manage to find a pretty fat squirrel. No one was around, so I shot it, and cleaned it, and brought it home for the cooking pot. But when I got home everyone was gone—just plain gone!”

I waited for a couple of days before I started asking around in town if anyone had heard anything. You know, you have to be careful of what you say, and who you say it to—there are plenty of collaborators around that look like us, but are not.

“No one had anything to say—even if they did know something. But one night about a week after my family’s disappearance I get this phone call from this man with a squeaky voice. He tells me that they took my family off to a work camp in the south someplace. I figure he had no reason to tell me that unless it was true. Like I said that was about three months ago. I reckoned they’d be coming for me too, but so far no one’s showed up. I don’t care if they come or not.

“I am not a young man anymore. I’ve lived the better part of my life, and if they come for me I’ll tell as many as I can about Jesus, and leave my life in God’s hands. I figure it’s not long before Jesus comes for us.” Henry smiled a big smile.

“Thank you for sharing your story with us,” Esther said.

“Yes, and also this wonderful breakfast. I hope we’ve not eaten up the last of your food?” Aaron said.

“Naa. I found a dead calf, not too far from here. I put it in my truck and put it in my barn and butchered it, and I’ve got one hen left that supplies me with a few eggs once in awhile. But I feel good about being able to share with you all. I figure God sent you here to my house.”

“I think so too,” Benny piped up. “And I am sure glad he did,” he grinned.

“Well when you’re all done eating I will show you where the loft is in the barn and you can get a bit more sleep. I guess

you already know they have the highway blocked going south. So it might be some time before you can leave here safely.”

“No. We didn’t know that.” Zeke replied. “That does sort of change things for us—quite a bit.” He glanced across the table at his wife.

Henry opened the large barn door. It was musty, but they could see a large loft and a homemade ladder going up to it. There was a cow in one corner of the barn. She mooed gently when they entered the barn. They were all anxious to lay down and sleep before they talked about what they were going to do next. As they walked past the cow towards the loft Aaron was immediately attracted to what looked like a small airplane, covered with a large tarp.

“What’s under the tarp?” he asked Henry.

“Oh, that was my dad’s hobby. He helped build airplanes during the war years, and then came home and built himself this little Stinson prop airplane.”

Aaron walked around the plane—examining it carefully. “Looks like it could hold six or seven people?”

“Most likely,” Henry said. “It’s never been flown. Dad passed away before he could take it up, but it works alright.”



36 Run For Your Life

Derrick looked at the alarm clock on his night stand. It was now 2 am. He looked over at his wife. She was sound asleep. He got out of bed and walked over to the window, to see where the noise was coming from. His mind was still partially asleep, but he had heard an odd noise coming from the street below. The first thing he saw was a white truck, and he knew it was not an ordinary truck. He immediately came fully awake.

He watched as his older Jewish neighbors, Frank and Katherine Levine, were led from their house to the truck. They were trying to pull their coats on over their pajamas as they were hurriedly led away from their home. Derrick took a deep breath.

“Betsey, wake up! We’ve got to tell Ariel and Dinah to run for it. They’ve come for our neighbors, Frank and Kathy, and we could all be next.

“Oh, no! I will go up and tell them now.”

Dinah sat straight up from the bed when Betsey knocked on the attic door. Ariel was soon sitting up next to her. “Come in,” she said with a scared voice.

“Grab your belongings and some blankets. You have to go out the back door and head for the woods. They’ve come for our neighbors. And we could be next. You have to go now...and fast.”

Ariel grabbed their bag and blankets, as Derrick opened the back door of the house.

Ariel spoke hurriedly to Derrick. “I’ll try and make contact with the number I’ve been given, but I’m not sure what to do or where to go?”

Betsey reached for the baby in Dinah's arms. "Let us keep Deborah here—at least for the night. It will be much safer for her. If they come to our house we will tell them she is our grand daughter." She looked at Dinah—knowing the decision would be difficult. Ariel and Dinah looked at each other, and then in agreement they handed their baby to Betsey.

"In the morning," Derrick told them, "you can come back to the house—if we're still here, and we'll figure out what to do next." He tried to smile an encouraging smile. But now go quickly."

Ariel and Dinah walked through the trees in back of the house for almost half an hour, and then sat down under a large tree. Ariel wrapped a blanket around Dinah's shoulders. They had heavy coats and boots on, and with the blankets they should stay warm. It was a brisk, cold November evening, but not yet freezing cold. Dinah laid her head on her husband's shoulder, and cried softly. She prayed quietly. "Oh, dear Lord, please keep our little baby safe, and God, let no harm come to our friends."



37 An Old Plane

“Here’s the news, and I’m afraid it’s not good.” Henry had climbed up the ladder to the loft and had woken up the family. It was about two in the afternoon. “I got a call from a relative of mine who lives about three miles south of here. They’ve been hiding out in a cabin up in the mountains. What he told me is that they heard the government police are searching a lot of the homes in his area, and he figures in another day or two they will be up this way. He was concerned about me. I didn’t tell him I had friends here.” He laughed nervously.

“There’s no other road, that you know of that would take us down to North Carolina? Zeke asked Henry.

“There’s a road in back of here that will take you up into the hills, but it doesn’t go south. We could try and do something with your car. Maybe take it down the road, a bit, and then leave it in the woods for awhile. I know of a spot that’s pretty secluded. And then you and your family could stay hidden up here in the loft.”

Zeke looked at Esther and then Aaron and Carol. He knew they were thinking the same thing he was. There was really no place to hide out—at least not here.”

“They are probably looking for me,” Cindy said. “And I bet they would find us up here in this loft right away.”

“Yes,” Benny added. “But I don’t think it’s just you they are hunting for...right Dad? But maybe it would be a good idea for us to hide out in the woods for a few days?”

“We need to be on the island in a couple of days,” Aaron said. So hiding out in the woods is not a good option. I have an idea,” he said. But I need your help, Henry.”

“Do what I can.”

“I need to take a look at the engine in that airplane.”

“So what do you think, Aaron?” Zeke asked his son.

“The engine looks pretty good. It’s not very fancy, but it will do. But there seems to be one screw that has worn loose. I would need to get a new one, and then we could rev up the engine and see if it works. What do you think, Henry? Is it possible to get a new screw for this, and could you let us use your dad’s plane to get out of here?”

Henry looked under the cock pit at what Aaron wanted to show him. “Well, I could drive into town and see if I can find a screw at the hardware store—if it’s still open. But first let me look in my handy box over here, just to make sure I don’t have what you need. I’d rather not take the chance going into town, especially with them security people all around.

Henry had been gone for almost half an hour. The family hoped he would find the screw that was needed for the engine.

“So you really think we can fly out of here in this plane, to that island off the coast of South Carolina?” Zeke asked.

“Well, we will see when Henry gets back. If the engine starts up, the plane will fly. We would have to leave early in the morning, and stay pretty low. Henry’s pop didn’t make much of an instrument panel on this plane. He probably did not really plan on flying it very far. But I honestly have no other options for getting out of here.”

“No, neither do I, Aaron. But I think we are going to need a real miracle from God for this one.”



38 At the Break of Dawn

Ariel was surprised that he had been able to sleep at all. The sun had crested over the hills, and shafts of light sprinkled through the tall trees. He snuggled up next to Dinah. It was a little after six o'clock. "I think we need to make our way back to the house, honey, and see what's happened."

Dinah turned to her husband. "Yes, Ari. If Deborah is not there, I don't know what we will do? I've been thinking about it most of the night. Maybe we should have just brought her with us—at least then we would all be together."

"I know, honey, but I really think we did the right thing. Come on. Let's walk back there." He reached down and took his wife's hand.

The house was quiet, as they went through the back gate. It was still early and the neighborhood was asleep. He knocked on the door. His heart was fluttering. Dinah stood next to him on the porch. They breathed a sigh of relief when Derrick came to the door. Tears flooded Dinah's eyes. She was so glad to see him.

"Come in," Derrick spoke to them. They quickly stepped inside. Betsey was sitting at the kitchen table with Deborah in her arms. She stood up and handed the baby to Dinah.

"Everything went okay," Derrick told them. "But they took the old folks across the street away. My feeling is they were actually looking for our house, but got the wrong address. So obviously we are going to have to figure out a different plan for you and your family—staying here is not a good option any more."

"Early this morning," Ariel said, "I was able to make contact with the number I was given for one of the refugee houses, about two hours away—near South Carolina. They said we can come now, and they would have a room for us."

“Well, this is what I want to do,” Derrick responded. “We have a truck at the clinic. Actually it looks like an old bread truck, but has the clinic emblem on it. I think it would work for getting you from here to there. It would just look like I am transferring supplies to one of our other clinics along the coast. It might be a little risky, especially if we are stopped for anything, but I think it might work.” Derrick looked over at Betsey. She had some fear on her face, but said nothing.

“When do you want to go?” Ariel asked.

“I think the sooner the better. Betsey can drive us over to the clinic. I will put some medical boxes in the back, and you can crawl behind them. It shouldn’t be too bad a ride.”

Ariel and Dinah looked at each other for a few seconds. “Okay, let’s do it.”

Ariel and Dinah snuggled behind the medical boxes. They had blankets around the baby and themselves, but it was not that cold. They prayed that they would not be stopped. If they were discovered in the back of the van it would be extremely bad, not only for them, but for Derrick and his family.



39 The Dream

Aaron walked around the old Stinson prop plane. He shook his head. Henry's father had done an amazing job putting it together. But he was truly wondering if it would fly them out of there. However the more he examined the plane the better he felt about it. But even if they were able to take off, they would have to find someplace to land in an hour to refill. If they managed that, then they could make it to the island. He tried to cast the fear away that was trying to rush against him. He knew that even staying one more night with Henry was a risk. But there was nothing he could do about it.

"Okay, you ole bird," he patted the airplane on the door. "Let's see what you are made of." He replaced the screw that Henry had given him, and then rolled the plane out of the barn. The family and Henry were all near-by, waiting to see what would happen. Aaron climbed up into the cockpit and started the engine. It fluttered and then started up. It worked.

He grinned a big smile. This ole plane wants to take off, he chuckled to himself. "Thank you God," he shouted. He could not risk flying the plane now to try it out. It would be too easy for someone to spot it and then inform the wrong people. They would just have to plan on leaving early the next morning without any preliminary flight.

He figured around five o'clock in the morning would be the best time to leave. It was still a little dark then, but with the rising sun he would have better direction. They would put extra gas in a five gallon canister and put it in a small space behind the back seat. That was dangerous he knew, but they had to have extra gas and then be able to find a place to land—maybe an old country road. They would have to refill to make it all the way. It all sounded so plausible, but Aaron also knew that only with God's grace could they make it.

He sighed deeply.

By four am both Aaron and Zeke were wide awake. “It does not look to good out there, Aaron. The air is pretty heavy with cold fog. What do you think?”

“Well, let’s give it a little time. It’s going to be hard to take off in this kind of weather, especially in a plane that I am unsure of—pretty risky.”

“Hey, up there.” Henry was in the barn below the loft. In a flash both Aaron and Zeke had climbed down the ladder to see what was up.

“Sorry to bother you guys so early. But I had a dream and it kind of worried me. So I thought I just needed to share it with you.”

“Sure, Henry. We were not sleeping anyway. What was the dream about?” Aaron asked him.

“Well, this is what I saw. In the dream I had gotten out of bed for one reason or the other, but when I got up I looked out the window and saw several of them DHS vans around the barn, and they were leading you and your family away.

“I looked at my clock and it was about 5 o’clock in the morning.

“Maybe it was just a stupid dream, but it kind of scared me—so I figured I needed to tell you about it.”

“Yes, Henry,” Zeke answered him. “I am glad you did. He looked over at his son, but Aaron was already walking over to the plane. “Dad we need to wake the family up. I think what Henry saw was more than just a dream. We have no choice now. We need to get out of here right away.”

Benny held on to Cindy's hand. They crawled onto a small bench in back of the seats. Zeke had put the 5 gallon canister of gasoline in back of them. Esther and Carol climbed into the back seats and Zeke got into the seat next to Aaron.

They had prayed for the weather to clear so that they would have an easier take off. Aaron could just barely see over the tops of the trees—which was his main concern. “Oh, God,” he prayed quietly, “please make a way for us now.”

“We are trusting in you, Lord,” Zeke added, “but I guess you know that.”

Aaron revved up the engine. It started right up. The road that led into the farm would be their take-off point.

Zeke waved to Henry as they started down the path. By the time they rolled down the road the fog had lifted and Aaron could see clearly. The plane picked up speed and lifted up off the ground. They soared above the trees into the early morning light. Aaron sighed a deep sound of relief, and so did Zeke. They were now on their beginning flight to Israel.



40 A House of Refuge

Ariel put his arms as snug as he could around Dinah and Deborah. He prayed fervently that Deborah would not make any more crying sounds. He knew that Derrick was still standing with the back door open, and the security police, that had stopped them, had not left. If they climbed into the truck it would not take them any time to discover them.

Derrick could do nothing but silently pray that they would not ask to check the boxes. He stood silent. There was nothing he could do.

“All right, you can shut the door.” The man in the black coat and helmet spoke in an icy tone. But just as he finished speaking a car came whizzing by them. The agent turned away from Derrick and ran back to his patrol car. He jumped in his car, turned it around, and went after the speeding car in a fast flurry. Derrick closed his eyes for a moment, releasing the built up fear. “It’s all right, you guys,” he spoke to Ariel and Dinah. “He’s gone, and we’re out of here. Take a deep breath and relax. We should be where we need to be in another hour.”

“Oh, thank you Lord,” Ariel said, as Deborah let out a loud cry.

A House of refuge:

Chaya Liddle sat in her familiar chair as she looked out of her bedroom window. It was a gray, sunless day. She had lived in her special American home now for almost forty years. And for the last twenty years of her beloved husband’s life, they had opened the doors of their home to every Jewish person or family who needed a place to stay. Most of the time it was simply a home to help people to get back on their feet,

when life had been hard, but now it was much more than that; it was a house of refuge from the same monsters who had tried to kill her in Hungary, and had succeeded in killing most of her family.

Her husband was no longer with her and it was just her and her daughter, Hadassah, who kept the house running.

Fortunately, they lived out in the country, and their home was pretty secluded—to reach it you would have to know exactly where you were going. But they still had to be very cautious. No cars, except for her daughter's, were allowed to stay on the property. They always had to maintain a strict code of secrecy, and now more than ever. The word 'cautious' filled her mind with dread—reminding her of that unthinkable time when her life had changed so terribly.

The rising sun was warm on her face. She closed her eyes for a moment. There had been many times when the memory of those days continued to haunt her. She had only been nine years old, but she could still hear the pitiful cries of her people, and see the horrible men, dressed in black uniforms with red swastikas, as they pushed and shoved the frightened Jews, including her own family, onto the freight cars that had taken them to the Auschwitz death camp.

It was 1944. Her father had wanted Chaya to leave with her uncle three years earlier, but her mother could not bear the thought of her little girl leaving her. She was sure that things in Europe would eventually improve, and that the Jews of Hungary need not fear. Her father had reluctantly agreed.

But Chaya remembered the day when her father came out of his room and told the family that there would be no bar mitzvah for her brother Kile. He stared out of their living room window with fear and disgust, as Nazi Swastikas were

being hung and plastered on the front of all the buildings in the city of Budapest, where they lived.

“Now,” her father had addressed his family, “we must be very cautious not to draw any attention to ourselves if we are going to get out of this evil time alive.”

But three weeks after the Nazis had invaded Hungary the Jews in every town were forced into decrepit, unsanitary ghettos. Chaya would never forget the nightmarish march from their lovely home, down through the center of town, to the barbed wire enclosed ghetto—where they would live with three other families in one small run down shack for two months.

Hungarian people had lined the street and watched as the Jews were paraded in front of them—the people who had not long ago been their friends and her father’s clients.

Chaya remembered how tears had filled her eyes as a former girlfriend snickered and pointed her finger at the long line of tired and bedraggled Jews. There was nothing in her face that reminded Chaya of their friendship that they had once held so dear.

It was hard to live in such a small, rundown place with three other families, but they had managed and soon learned how to organize their day. Chaya’s mother was beginning to believe that they could exist that way until the war was over.

Chaya also remembered the day when a woman, named Aviva, came to their door, and spoke to them and everyone else in the ghetto. She told them a gruesome story of how she had escaped a monstrous, Nazi death plan. She and her husband and sons, and forty people from her village had been forced onto a truck and driven by the Nazis to an empty field. They were then ordered to dig a deep pit. Once the hole was dug, they were all shot and left to die in the pit.

They looked at the bodies to make sure all the Jews were dead, and then left. Aviva had laid very still, being slightly wounded in one arm. She eventually escaped out from under the grave of her people and began to run to a near-by Jewish village. The people in that village had taken care of her, but even they could not believe what she tried to tell them.

“Thousands of Jews,” she had told the people in that place, “are being taken to terrible places, and many are being killed even before they take them to the death camps. They want the Jews to believe it will be for their good, but you must believe me, it will not be; it is for their death.”

When Aviva came to Chaya’s village she pleaded with Chaya’s father and mother and the others to escape from the ghetto as soon as they could.

But Chaya’s parents, and the other ghetto neighbors, thought that the woman was under too much stress from the difficult times they were all living under, and they refused to believe her story.

Two weeks later Chaya’s family and their neighbors and friends were taken in cattle wagons, by the Hungarian Gendarmes, to the train station and the freight cars that would take them on to Poland.

She had desperately clung to her mother, as families were torn from each other and thrust onto the smelly, putrid cars. Her sister and younger brother were separated from her, as was her father. Four days later, when they arrived at Auschwitz, her mother was forced into a different line.

Her mother was pale and feeble. She had barely survived the horrible train ride, but she had whispered to Chaya that she must do what the Nazis told her, and she was not to worry about her. Chaya would never see her mother or any of her family ever again.

41 Chaya's Escape

Chaya was a strong young girl. She was taken to a large kitchen where she cooked and washed pots and pans all day and into the night, until her hands were red and raw.

She was surprised and delighted to find out that her older sister, Hana, had also been sent to the kitchens to work. They never talked about their father or mother or the rest of the family—fearing in their hearts that they had been killed. But just to have each other was a joy that kept them going. They survived in Auschwitz for eight months—never knowing if the next day they would be killed, like so many others were.

Just before the camp was liberated by the Russians, Chaya was forced on a long, freezing march. Her feet soon froze and she could no longer walk. She had laid down in the snow to die. But a short time later Russian soldiers rescued her and she was taken to a Red Cross Hospital. She never saw her sister again. But she always hoped and prayed that somehow Hana had lived through it.

She was put into a displaced person's camp for one year, and then in 1946 there were the Nuremberg trials, and a man from the American Judicial System had asked her to testify against twenty of the SS leaders who were being tried for their inhumane treatment of the Jewish people. She had not wanted to go through it, but she knew in her heart that it was what her father would want her to do. "Tell as many as you can, Chaya, what they did to us." She could almost hear her father speaking these words to her.

She felt weak and sick on the day she testified. She struggled to look at the criminal faces of the Nazi leaders—almost afraid that they would break loose, and come after her again. But God gave her the courage to speak, and she told of

the tortures and killings that she saw every day, and the deaths of her family and friends. The Nazi leaders—except for two of the men, were all found guilty and were hung.

She had later heard that a secret arrangement had been made by the American government for some of the important Nazis who were not put on trial, to be brought to America to work on secret post-war plans for the US war industry. She shrugged the thought away. Surely her adopted country, the USA, that surrendered so many soldier's lives, and had done so much to bring down Hitler's Gestapo machine, would not have done anything like that? But as the years followed she learned how many rich American businessmen had helped Hitler to achieve his success against most of Europe.

In 1947 she was allowed to leave the displaced person's camp and go to New York, where she got a job as a cook.

Her anger and hatred for the Nazis had left her heart hard and dark. It was not only the Nazis that she hated but the people of Hungary and the Nazi Cooperating government—the Nazi Arrow Cross Party—that had aided Hitler in the round up and deportation of the Hungarian Jews. She would never forget the hateful faces of the Gendarmes, the Hungarian police, that had forced her family and friends out of their homes.

For the first couple of years after the war her life was joyless and fearful, but it was in New York that she had met her husband, David. He too had survived the Holocaust, and it was her dear, sweet husband who helped her to leave the past behind, and to once again know love. He had shared the love of their Jewish Messiah, Yeshua, with Chaya. And they had read the Jewish Bible together, as he had pointed out the Messianic scriptures that revealed Yeshua as the same Messiah found in the New Covenant. Slowly, she came to accept His Love and Lordship, and her life was changed. She began to

truly forgive the ones who had caused her life so much pain and suffering.

They moved to South Carolina and set up a furniture store and refurbishing business. They became an important part of their community. They raised their family, and life, for several decades, seemed good again. But now things had changed, and the past seemed to be repeating itself, as the Jewish people were singled out as the answer to all of the world's economic problems. And Chaya saw, once again, how quickly man's evil nature—without God—could take over a nation.

The accelerated rise in anti-Semitism had been fueled by hundreds of thousands of immigrants who had been brought by the government into the United States from other countries.

Many of these ethnic peoples from other nations had been raised to hate and detest the Jewish people. But the newly established dictatorial government, now in place, did nothing to stop this rekindled, raging cycle of violence against the Jews, and even encouraged it.

Chaya glanced out the window one more time before slowly making her way down the steps to the kitchen. Her daughter had already done most of the cooking to feed the families that would soon be arriving at their home.

They would be coming to her house as refugees—a home where they could rest and hide before they went on to Israel.

But Chaya was worried and concerned. The government had recently enacted a new law that required all Jews to be registered, and of course all registered Jews would ultimately be taken away to FEMA camps. Chaya also knew that soon all people would be forced to receive an rfid chip in their hand. Receiving this chip would require you to confess your allegiance to the one-world-dictatorial government, and not to receive it would mean that you could no longer buy or

sell anything—no house payments would be accepted, no food, no medicines. Nothing!

She had friends who were Christians, and they believed and talked as if they were ready for this end time event. But she did not believe they all were. She knew from her own life experience that many people would cave in from fear, when the ugly reality actually came true. She smiled wearily to herself. As a Messianic Jew she had prayed many times that she would be strong in her faith. But she had decided not to be too concerned about what was not right in front of her.

She was an old lady now and God knew her days. But what she had to deal with right now was the fact that soon they would be housing more Jewish families than usual, and it was of utmost importance to make sure that no one suspected that they were hiding Jews in her home—especially Jews on their way to Israel.

In the last year more than fifty different families had come to their home in need of assistance. She remembered them all, and how grateful they had all been that her home had provided them a safe place to rest before the next part of their journey.

Chaya smiled to herself. Unlike before, the Jews now had someplace to go—a nation that would accept them. How grateful she was for the tiny nation of Israel, and that God had created it just for His Jewish people.



42 My Family is Gone

Derrick smiled at Ariel and Dinah as they stood on the porch of the large house and waved goodbye to him.

Ariel had spent an hour talking with and enjoying the very nice older woman, Chaya, and her daughter, Hadassah. The house was very warm and friendly and Derrick could see how relieved Ariel and Dinah were to have arrived there safely.

He had enjoyed a cup of coffee and some good home made cookies. They had invited him to spend the night before he started back to his home in Virginia, but he wanted to get back to his wife and daughter. If he left now he could make it by late evening. He too felt a real sense of relief that he had been able to bring his friends safely to this house of refuge.

Derrick was surprised when he drove into the driveway in front of their house. There were no lights on. He had tried calling Betsey a couple of times, but she had not answered—which he thought was rather strange, but he had not worried about it too much. But now it was obvious that no one was home. He hurried out of the car and rushed to the door. It was not locked.

“Betsey.” He called his wife’s name a couple of times. The house had been rifled through. There were papers scattered everywhere and the desk in the living room was turned upside down. Their bedroom was a mess, with coats and clothes and items from the drawers flung on the bed. His wife’s delicate, sheer lingerie had been ripped apart and thrown on the pillows.

He felt a shudder move through his body. “Oh, dear God,” he said to himself. “Someone has come and taken my wife and daughter.”

He sat down on his bed. What could he do? It was after eleven o’clock. He immediately figured that when the security

agents saw that they had made a mistake taking his older neighbors, that they had come to the right house—his house.

Derrick put his head in his hands. He should never have left them alone. Ariel and Dinah and their baby were now safe, but his wife and child were gone. He kneeled down next to his bed. His eyes filled with tears. “Please, dear Father in heaven, show me what to do. I must get my wife and little girl back.

“Please show me where they are? Derrick knew there was nothing he could do till morning. Out of exhaustion he fell asleep with his head on the bed.

“You have been a true servant for the Lord, Derrick, and God is very grateful for what you did for Ariel and Dinah.”

In his dream the large and beautiful angel seemed so very real. Derrick watched and listened. He could almost feel the angel sitting next to him on the bed.

“Tomorrow morning you must leave here before eight o’clock.” The angel spoke very clearly, leaving no doubt what Derrick had to do. “I will show you where to drive. When you see your wife and daughter do not waste any time. They will get in your car. Then I will show you exactly what you and your family are to do next.

“Your Father in heaven has been planning this for a very long time. God will make a way for his faithful ones, whether they go to Israel or stay here. Yes, many will die, but it will only be a step out of this reality into the greater one—far less fearful than many think. So now, brave man, sleep well.

“Tomorrow will be for you a very exciting day.”

And we know that all things work together for good
to those who love God, to those who are the called
according to His purpose. Romans 8:28

43 A Place to land

The plane sputtered. “We have to find a place to land, Dad. We are about out of gas. This ole plane was not made for long flights, and we can’t risk landing on a major road or highway.

“I’ve been watching son. Maybe there will be an old road behind those hills that are in front of us.

“I sure hope so.”

“Look, Aaron! Right down there by that large hill—it looks like an old road leading over the mountain to the other side. Maybe it’s an old mining road or something. Do you see it?”

“Yes, I see it, and I think we are going to have to go for it. We don’t have time to try to find another place.

“Hang on guys,” Zeke spoke to the rest of the family. “We are going to have to try to land on that road below us.”

Benny and Cindy looked out the small window next to them, as Aaron drove the plane onto it. Benny held on tight. The road looked pretty ruddy. Aaron brought it down, and it bumped a couple of times over the hard gravel, but then came to a stop.

“Wow.” Esther said. “We made it.”

“Yep, we sure did.” Zeke and Aaron both smiled at each other.

Everyone got out of the plane. It seemed pretty remote. The sun had risen over the hills and Aaron could see clearly for quite a ways. He didn’t think there would be any problem taking off.

While Benny and Cindy and the women went for a potty break, Zeke helped Aaron hold the canister steady while they funneled the five gallons of gas into the plane. They were almost finished when they heard someone coming up in back of them. They both thought it was one of their family.

Zeke turned around and froze. An older man, dressed in a brown coat, stood with a rifle pointed at both of them.

Hadassah bent down so her mother, Chaya, could hear her. “Mom, someone is coming down the road. It’s a pretty good sized truck. We need to get the guests down into the room.

“Yes,” Chaya said, as she slowly stood up from her chair. “Tell them to go quickly down to the hidden room, and not to leave anything behind.” Chaya brushed a strand of white hair back from her face, and straightened her sweater, so as if to prepare for whoever might knock on the door.

“No,” Hadassah spoke to the six Jewish people who were staying in her house, which included Ariel and Dinah and their baby. “I don’t think it’s anything to be worried about. But we just need to be cautious—since we do not know who these people might be. Leave nothing in your rooms and make sure the beds are made—like no one has been sleeping in them, and then quickly follow me.”

The hidden room had been built two years ago, when both Chaya and Hadassah had felt that a time might be coming when they would need a secret room. The trap door was under a rug and unless you really examined the floor you could not tell that it was a trap door. There was enough space for about ten or twelve people.

The frightened Jewish people quickly followed Hadassah down the stairway to the downstairs room. She lifted up the trap door and the people went down the steps built into the side of the wall, and then Hadassah put the trap door back down and covered it with the rug. Then she went up stairs as fast as she could.

44 The Landing

Zeke and Aaron turned around at the man's command and put their hands in the air.

"I don't plan on wasting a lot of time talking." The man's words were slurred and they could smell the alcohol on his breath. "So you tell me real fast why you are taking up space on my road."

Zeke motioned with his head for Benny and the rest of the family not to come near the car. The man turned his head to see who was coming and told the rest of the family to "get over by the car."

They all came with their hands up and stood next to Zeke and Aaron. They were all shocked and scared at what was happening.

"I am sorry, sir," Zeke said. "Our plane was running low on gas and we had to find a place to land. If you will let us go we'll get off your property right now."

"Yes," Benny said. "We'll go right now."

The old man lowered his gun and walked to the front of the plane, examining it carefully. "Haven't seen one of these ole planes for a very long time. "Looks like somebody took their time with it." He grinned just a little. He spoke to Zeke. "You build it, Pop?"

"No," Zeke answered. "A friend loaned it to us, so we can fly where we need to go."

"And where's that?" he muttered.

"It's an island off the coast—about another hour's flying time from here."

"Okay," the old man again grumbled. "I believe you, but I tell you what. I haven't had any company for quite awhile. So I'll let you go, but first we'll go up there to my cabin and visit a bit—then you can go your way."

“We have to go now,” Zeke said. “It’s very important for us to leave. I am sorry but we just don’t have time to visit with you—although I’m sure it would be very nice.”

The man looked at Zeke with a steely grin. “I guess you didn’t hear me. I said we’re gonna visit for a bit, and then you can go. He walked over to where Benny and Cindy were standing and patted them both on their heads. “Nice children you got here. I had a son once—long time ago though.”

All of a sudden Cindy yelled out as loud as she could, and it startled the old man. He jumped back, and when he did Aaron knocked the rifle out of his hands and jumped on him, knocking him to the ground.

Zeke picked up the rifle from the ground and told the family to get in the plane. The old man just sat where he was, completely stunned. As they took off, Zeke tossed the rifle out of the plane window to the ground. The old man continued to sit there, as the plane soared over the hills.

Almost one hour later Aaron pointed down to the island. It was located about twenty miles off shore. Everyone clapped and shouted as they buckled in for the landing.



45 Trapped

Dinah held Deborah close to her. It was dark and cool in the underground room. Everyone was sitting still and being very quiet. They were quietly praying. They could hear voices upstairs—different from Chaya's and Hadassah's.

Dinah whispered a song in Deborah's ears, and offered her a bottle of juice. It was then that she remembered that she had put a diaper in a plastic sack and then had put it in the trash can. It was too late now to do anything but pray that they wouldn't find it—whoever 'they' were, she wondered.

Chaya sat by the living room window and watched as Hadassah went to the door. Two agents from the Department of Homeland Security stood on the door step. They were dressed in typical long, dark gray jackets, black hats and holstered pistols around their waists. Hadassah invited them in. She escorted them into the living room and they sat on the couch across from her.

Chaya did not flinch or react in anyway. These bullies would not do it to her again—no matter how long it had been. She looked them in the eyes and smiled as if she was an old and useless woman. "What can we do for you today, gentleman?" She softly spoke the words.

"Chaya Liddle, is that your correct name?"

"Yes," she answered. "That is my married name."

"Is your husband still alive?"

"No."

"And what is your name?" They looked at Hadassah.

"Hadassah Gertz."

"Are you related?"

"Yes," Hadassah answered the man. "Chaya is my mother."

"You are both Jewish—is that right?"

"Yes, we are," Chaya replied.

“I don’t see your names on our list for registered Jews in this community. I presume,” the man spoke sternly, “you know that you are breaking the law by not being registered.”

Hadassah interrupted the agent. “My mother has been sick, and we’ve not been able to get out of our home for awhile.”

The agent looked at Hadassah and then glanced over at Chaya to see her response. She was perfectly calm.

“We’ve been led to believe, Chaya Liddle, that you have undesirable people living with you in your house. What do you have to say about that?”

“We have no undesirable people living in this house, officer,” she said. “I admit it’s a pretty big house for my daughter and me, but we’ve grown fond of it, and have chosen not to move to a smaller place.”

“Well, you are already under suspicion for not being registered as Jews, so I have reason to believe what you are telling me is untrue. I’m going to search your house. I will ask you to please show me every room. If you have broken the law by housing undesirables, it will go very hard for both of you.”

Hadassah gulped, but did not reveal any outward anxiety. “Yes, I will show you the house. My mother does not walk so well. It would be better for her to stay seated.”

The security agent turned and spoke to the woman agent that was with him. “Agent Brown, I want you to stay down here with this woman. She should not be left alone while I search this house.”

“Of course,” the female agent responded with icy clarity.

46 A Miracle

Derrick jerked awake. His head was on the bed. He remembered clearly what the angel had spoken to him in the dream, and he knew it was more than just a dream.

He looked at the clock on his nightstand. It was 7:30. He remembered the angel told him to leave his house by eight o'clock, and he would be shown what to do next. He took a slow breath. For just a second he wondered if he had simply been dreaming about something that he really wanted to hear. He stood up from his bed. There was only one way to find out.

He didn't bother to change clothes, but he did have time to make a cup of coffee. He was really jittery on the inside and probably didn't need it, but made a cup anyway. He sat down at the kitchen table and prayed. "Oh, Lord," he said, "let this not have been just some weird delusion, but a true messenger from you—telling me how to get my family back."

He left the house before eight o'clock and just sat in his car. There was nothing more he could do, but wait and see what happened. At five minutes before eight he heard clearly a word from God. He was told to start driving towards a large, former prison—that now had been made into a very big FEMA camp, about ten miles from where he lived. As he drove along the country road, he prayed softly in the spirit.

After awhile he could see on a distant hillside the outline of the FEMA building with the large fence that encircled it.

He shuddered at the thought of his wife and baby being in that place. Although God had not told him that's where they were, it was what he had presumed. As he continued to drive the Lord spoke to him again. "You will soon see a small truck café along the side of the road. I want you to pull off the highway and walk into the café. You can order a cup of

coffee. You are not to ask any questions. Smile, and then take your coffee outside with you.”

Derrick did exactly what he had been told. As soon as he saw the café he pulled into the parking lot and walked inside. It was kind of a grunge looking place. But he did what he had been told to do. He smiled at the thin, gray haired man behind the counter, and ordered a cup of coffee. His heart was beating fast, but he acted as normal as he could. There were two other men sitting at the counter. He smiled at them too, and then he took the hot black coffee and walked back towards the door.

“Hey,” one of the men said, “never seen you around here before. What kind of business you have around these parts?” The overweight man spit out the words as he gulped down his coffee.

Derrick froze where he was standing. “Oh, God,” he said to himself, “let this not be a problem.”



47 Taken Captive

Hadassah stood by the door as the FEMA agent searched the downstairs bedroom carefully. He left nothing untouched, before he went to the next room. There were two bedrooms down stairs and three upstairs. He had already searched the rooms upstairs, and seemed satisfied that they had not hidden anyone in those rooms, but now he was in the last bedroom downstairs. Hadassah could only pray to herself that their Jewish friends had not left anything behind in the room he was now searching.

As he tore the bed apart, Hadassah noticed a faint fragrance of baby powder, but unless you were familiar with babies you would just think it was a perfume. He did not say anything. She was glad that only one agent was doing the search.

She held her breath as he moved the rug from over the trap door. It was very difficult to see any change in the floor pattern, unless you knew exactly what you were looking for. After a minute he put the rug back in place. He stood up and questioned Hadassah.

“I am satisfied. We have searched all the rooms of your house, and even your attic, but now we will go and take a look around your garage.”

“No problem.” Hadassah felt some relief. But as they left the room he lifted up the top of a small garbage can. Inside was a diaper that had been wrapped in a plastic sack. He looked at it for just a second and then stared at Hadassah.

“So tell me! Why do you have a baby diaper in this can if no one has been staying at your house?” His mouth curled into a nasty smile.

“My daughter and her husband and baby were here a week ago, and we must have forgotten to empty this can.”

“Your house is immaculate, and you are telling me that you forgot to empty this trash can for a week?”

“I think you and mom are going to come with us for awhile, until we check this all out. Besides, I don’t believe you. And besides that you’re Jews and you’re not registered. You are both lawbreakers.” He slipped off from his belt a pair of brass handcuffs, and then pulled Hadassah’s hands in back of her as he put them on her wrists.

Chaya was shocked when she saw her daughter with handcuffs on, as they came down the stairs. She knew that something had gone very wrong.

The female agent sitting across from her told her to stand up. Chaya stood up and reached for her cane. “We don’t need canes.” The agent then kicked the cane away from her. “Your daughter can help you out to the van.”

Hadassah walked with her mother down the path to the gate, which had a large yellow knob on it. Everyone who had ever been told that they could come to Chaya’s house had also been instructed about the gate. The gate was always left partly open. But if it was shut all the way it would be a sign that the house was no longer safe. And Chaya had made sure that the gate was pulled shut as they left.



48 The Get Away

Derrick turned around to answer the man who had shot the question at him. “Just passing though—that’s all. Again he smiled nonchalantly, and began to walk to the door.

The man yelled another question at him. “Nobody comes down this way unless they have a reason.”

This time Derrick did not turn around but kept walking to the door. He did not feel good about what was going on, but this is where God told him to stop. He hesitated but then turned briefly as his hand grabbed hold of the door knob. He was surprised. The owner of the café and the two men at the counter had fallen into a deep sleep. One was even snoring.

Derrick grinned a little and walked out the door.

God’s voice was clear. “Derrick, behind this café is a black van. Knock on the door, and it will be opened for you.”

Derrick hurried to the back of the café. The van was right there in plain sight. The door was heavily chained. He could hear the voice of his wife on the inside. He knocked on it, like he had been told to do, and the chain immediately fell off, and he easily opened the door.

His wife Betsey and his four year old daughter, Melissa, yelled and began to cry when they saw him. He reached out his arms for his family.

“Oh, Derrick, how did you find us? We’ve been locked up in the back of this van all night. About an hour after you left, the police came and put us in this truck. They arrested us for hiding Jews, but wanted to know where you were. I told them some stupid story, but I know they did not believe me.”

“It’s a long story, sweetie, but right now we need to get to my car and leave here quickly.”

“Where are we going?”

“Where God shows us to go.”

Aaron landed the plane safely on the island. At the end of the runway was a hanger big enough for more than one plane.

It was raining and a bit windy when they got out of the plane, but they were all so glad to be on the island, and they were all feeling very grateful to God for bringing them safely here.

Zeke and Aaron saw a man sitting in an expensive, black car, not far away from the runway. They both felt a little uneasy, until Aaron recognized that it was Vince Amio.

“Vince.” As the man walked over to them, Aaron reached out enthusiastically to shake his hand, and then Aaron introduced his family to his friend.

“Vince, it’s so good to see you. I did not expect that you would be here on the island.”

“Well, Aaron, a few things needed to be changed, and I needed to be here to make sure everything was done correctly. Most of the people we will be transporting to Israel are already here, but I am still waiting on a few others—hope they get here by tomorrow. By the way from what you told me, Aaron, about Cindy, that she was traveling with you. I have had some new ID papers made for her. In the work I am now involved in doing, I have access to an underground group that can do these things fast and efficient. It is needed. You should know that her parents will almost certainly not come out of this alive. And somehow you need to tell her this. She will, if you want, become your daughter. If not, then I have people who will take care of her.”

“We want Cindy to come with us,” Esther said. “She has become a part of our family.”

“Good.” Vince responded.

“It looks like we are going to get some more rain today.

I am sorry that you will have to stay in the hanger while you are here. We are not near any kind of real community, but this is the safest place for all of you to be, and I need to keep things as low key as possible.

“Most of the others are already here, and I’ve arranged good cots for you all to sleep on, and of course the upstairs area of the hanger will be heated. There is a little room where you can make coffee and I have provided some sandwiches, and I put a few other things in the fridge that’s in there, but I am asking everyone to please be considerate and not take more than they need.”

“Wow” Benny said—“that sounds great.”

Vince smiled. “I imagine you are anxious, Aaron, to see the plane that you will be flying. Let’s get this old grandpa tied down and I will show it to you.”

“Sounds wonderful,” Aaron responded. “You are truly a God-send, Vince. We can’t thank you enough.”

“Well, just sort of carrying on the family tradition. Maybe we’ll have some time tonight and I will share with you a little about that. But come on in! The rain is coming down pretty hard now.”

Aaron took a deep breath when they walked through the door of the hanger. There on the floor was a beautiful, Dormier 328 Jet. He walked right over to it and began to walk all around it. “This is a great plane, Vince. I would guess that it carries 30 to 40 people?”

“It carries thirty-five comfortably. But I’ve put some extra seats in it, and if we don’t have a bunch of luggage we can pack it with forty people, but we won’t have that many this first time around.”

Aaron climbed up the steps, opened the cock pit door and sat down in the pilot seat. “Wow!” Vince, this is really something else. I can’t wait to fly it.”

“Would tomorrow be good enough?”

“You bet,” Aaron replied.



Vince’s Dornier 328 Jet ready for its flight to Israel

49 History Repeated

They were all very hungry, and the turkey sandwiches tasted great. There were plenty of soda pops, and Zeke had made a big pot of coffee for everyone.

Before they sat down to eat they shook hands with a few of the other Jewish people staying in the hanger. They were all very excited about their journey to Israel, and especially happy to meet their pilot. Each family had their own amazing stories to tell.

Vince joined them before they were all finished eating their meager but satisfying sandwiches.

“Would love to hear how you got into the flying business?” Aaron asked Vince.

“Well, it goes back a long ways. My grandfather was a pilot in France—Alsace-Lorraine. He flew for the government and then before World War II he built his own plane. From what my father told me, he was a real hero before the Nazis killed him in one of their camps. My father and a friend of his were able to escape from a Nazi German labor camp and then used my grandfather’s airplane to rescue some Jews and get them out of France. After the war my dad built an airplane factory in Italy. He used to tell me some pretty amazing stories, and of course gave me all the enthusiasm I needed to learn how to be a very good pilot!

“I moved to California some years ago and transferred my business there. I started doing some scary, but amazing work for the government—CIA kinds of stuff. They had me flying and bringing things out of countries that you would never believe—as for example the remains of some ancient giants.”

“Wow!” Benny said, “I’d sure like to hear about that.”

“Maybe sometime, little friend, I will share more of my story with you.”

“Do you by per chance, Vince, remember the name of your dad’s friend—who helped him fly the Jews out of France?”

“Sure. Before he died my father used to mention his name many times. His name was Samuel.”

Zeke and Aaron looked at each other in amazement, and then Zeke told Vince that Samuel was his father.

“It looks like God has done something pretty amazing by bringing us all together. It’s like a repeat of history.”

Vince Amio smiled. “Wow! I would say so.”

“All the time that God was using our fathers to save the Jews out of the holocaust in Europe,” Zeke said, “he knew that one day he would be using their sons to rescue the Jewish people out of America. Pretty amazing God, isn’t He?”

“He certainly is,” Vince said.

Ariel spoke to his wife and the other Jewish couple that were hiding with them in Chaya’s secret room under the trap door. They had not heard any voices for almost half an hour.

“I think I’m going to take a look, and see if it looks safe for us to leave. If they have taken Chaya and Hadassah then we may need to make a break for it real fast.”

Ariel carefully lifted the trap door just a little and listened for any noises in the other rooms. He heard nothing. He climbed up the steps to the room and carefully began to walk through the house. He then called down to the others to come up. They stayed away from the windows. They had not eaten in quite awhile. They took some bread and cheese from the the kitchen and sat down in a circle and quickly began to discuss what to do. “Hadassah’s car is in the garage,” Dinah said. “I’m going out to the garage to see if the keys might still be in it. If they are, it’s going to be our way to escape.”

“Maybe we just need to hide out here for awhile,” a woman named Lydia said. “We have warmth and food here, and if someone comes we could always go back into that hole.”

Her husband and one other person shook their heads in agreement with her.

“If we are going to make the escape to Israel,” Ariel said, “then we have to be at the island by tomorrow—that does not give us a lot of time. This is what my family and I are planning to do, and besides I don’t feel from the Holy Spirit that this is a safe place to stay. In fact the sooner we leave, the better.”

“Oh,” Lydia responded. “You’re Messianic Jews that believe in Jesus?” Her face took on a scornful smile.

“Yes,” Dinah said. “We believe in Yeshua as our Jewish Messiah, and we follow closely what the Holy Spirit tells us to do.”

“You mean God talks to you?” Lydia’s husband, John, said.

“Yes,” Dinah said. “When we came to believe in Yeshua, the Holy Spirit came to live in us. He is the One who comforts us and directs us every day, and He never let’s us down.”

John looked at Ariel with curiosity, but Lydia immediately spoke up. “Well, that’s all well and good for Gentiles and for traitors like you, who decided to join their path—to wherever. But we will not deny our Jewish faith—not even in these bad times, and we have decided to stay here for awhile longer. Right, John?”

“Uh...yeah, I guess so.”

“The keys are in Hadassah’s car,” Ariel said. “I will thank her in heaven for letting us use it. I opened the garage door, but we need to get going now. I figure it’s about a three hour drive to the place where they can take us by boat to the island. We should be there by early tomorrow morning.”

As they walked out to the garage they said good by to Lydia and her husband and their friend. Lydia smiled awkwardly. Ariel could tell that they were fearful of being left alone in Chaya's house, but they had made up their minds.

Dinah carefully looked at the map in front of her. There was a spot on it that Ariel had circled in red. This was where they would find the boat man to take them across to the island.

"I figure," Dinah said, "that we are less than an hour to the beach. Does anyone there know that we are coming?"

"No," Ariel answered—not yet. I don't want to risk calling on my cell phone. They might be able to pick up where we are, and in whose car we are in." But I know where to go when we get to the coast, and we will just have to pray that everything will work out."

"I sure hope" Dinah said, "that Chaya and her daughter are okay?"

"Me too," Ariel answered. They risked their lives for us."



50 Interrogation

Hadassah helped her mother up from the ground. They had just spent twelve hours in the interrogation room, and had then been pushed and shoved into a large barracks, filled with many women. Hadassah helped her mother over to a cot that was not being used. But then a younger woman came over to them, and began to scream vulgar words—claiming the cot belonged to her. They moved away and found a place where they could sit with their backs up against a wall.

“Mom,” are you going to be okay?”

Chaya looked up at Hadassah with tears in her eyes. “My sweet daughter; I have lived a long life. I am ready to go and be with the Lord, when he takes me home. I do not have the strength to endure a second holocaust. But my heart cries out for you, and for my people. Oh, I pray, that they would find the same hope that I have found in Yeshua.” Chaya closed her eyes—trying not to think about the last several hours they had just endured in that hateful room.

The agents who had taken them from their house had escorted them to a small room inside a large FEMA office building. They had sat there alone, in the cold, for almost an hour before anyone came in. They were asked the same mundane questions over and over about their personal lives, and why they had refused to be registered. They gave them the same answers, over and over again. Hadassah was very worried about her mother. Her face had grown pale and she was struggling at times to get her breath.

She asked the agents to please let her mother lay down, and that she could answer their questions, but they paid no attention to her request.

“We know, Chaya, that you have been harboring other Jews in your home. We went back to your house a few hours ago

and we found some interesting folks who told us all we needed to know.” He laughed a sinister laugh. “We rewarded them for their honesty with a nice little place to stay—similar to where you and your daughter will be residing.” Again he laughed. “So let’s just get done with this nasty little time and you tell us what we need to know, and then you can go rest.”

They admitted that Lydia and her husband and a friend had come to their house to visit. Hadassah said it was because they were interested in moving to the neighborhood.

The female agent smirked. “We know all about your special little room, and that you use it to hide your Jews in. So just give us their names and then you can go, and let’s just cut the crap.”

Hadassah finally admitted that sometimes Jews had come to stay in their house, but it was a rule that they would never give us their real names. After her response, the interrogators slapped Chaya and her daughter hard, and kicked at them with their booted feet.

For a few moments Chaya had floated in and out of consciousness. She looked across at the agent, but the one she saw, in an ugly vision, was the Nazi who had interrogated her over seventy years earlier. She saw his face and remembered clearly the terrifying incident. At that time she had been greatly afraid, but not now—even though she could feel the strength leaving her body. She smiled at the two insane puppets, who simply believed they were doing a good job, but her smile only infuriated them more.

Three hours later they were allowed to go to the barracks, but they both knew that there would be more meetings. Their nightmare had only just begun.

51 I Will Hide You

“How much longer, Daddy, do we have to go?”
Melissa popped her head up from the back seat.

“Not too long, sweetie, and then we can stop and rest for the night.

“But I have to go potty.”

“We will stop pretty soon.” Betsey answered her daughter.

“Can we stop at a gas station?”

“Not, this time, honey. We will just have to find a place in the bushes. Is that okay?”

“I’d rather stop at a gas station—then I could buy something.”

“Well, not this time, Melissa.”

Derrick had shared with Betsey all that the Lord had told him. She was amazed, and in a different time would have found it hard to believe, but there was no other way that her husband could have found them, unless he had heard directly from God. Even more astounding is what God had shown her husband after they had escaped from the van at the café.

As soon as they were safe in their own car, an angel began to instruct Derrick where to drive. Derrick was able to see him, almost as if he was sitting next to him.

“Do not question the reality of the place where God is taking you, Derrick,” the angel told him. “It will seem almost unreal at times, but your Father in heaven has many places for his children, beyond their understanding. It is true that his people are given different assignments. Some in God’s true church, in these end-time days, have been called into a glorious martyrdom for Christ. But before they die they will lead many to salvation—even in the camps where they are being held by the evil one. And great is their reward in their eternal home in heaven. But some of God’s servants will be

provided a safe place of refuge and will learn more about the plan God has for their lives, and their next assignment.

“In the place where you are going there will be others, like yourselves, who have also been fleeing for their lives. You will learn from each other.

“Your Father in heaven and Jesus are getting ready to do a great work of revival before the end comes. It will be unlike anything that has happened before. And all of His true servants will be given their individual assignments. They will be told where they are to go and what they will do. And they will bring their Creator great glory.

“So many of God’s people have cried out for revival, and He is about to answer their prayers. It will begin in Jerusalem, where multitudes of people—both Jewish and Arab—will be saved. And then like a wave of fire, it will spread to every nation. The Father’s House is not yet filled, and it is His desire that it be filled with redeemed souls.

“For the Lord will do marvels that have not yet been done; for He is truly a merciful and gracious God and Savior.”

Derrick looked over at his wife. Many times his eyes had filled with tears, in thankfulness, to have his precious family back safely with him. He was so grateful to God. He would do anything for Him. From what he had been shown it was only about ten more miles to the turn off, and to the place where God was directing them.



52 No Boat Leaving

Ariel knocked on the door to the small boat taxi company, called ‘Sail with us.’ No one came to the door. It was a cold rainy day. They had driven a good part of the night and they were both very tired. Ariel looked at his watch. It was not yet seven o’clock in the morning. He looked over at his wife, Dinah, and shrugged his shoulders. They could do nothing but wait and see if someone came to the office. They needed to be on the island today—that’s what Ariel had been told by the underground resistance. As he was thinking on this he heard some kind of movement inside the office, and then the shades were lifted.

“So this is the deal,” the scruffy looking man answered Ariel’s question. He looked, Ariel thought, like he had not slept very well.

“The water is really rough out there this morning. I ain’t going out in it till it calms down. You know we don’t run steam ships across these waters,” he chuckled. “I have a couple of cabin cruisers—basically nice dories with a wide back to them. So if it calms down by this afternoon then we might take a shot at it.”

He shuffled some papers on his desk and looked away from Ariel’s stare.

Ariel stood at Captain Phil’s desk a few seconds longer, and then walked out to his wife, who was sitting on a bench with Deborah. “All we can do is pray. He is not going out in this rough weather, and I don’t blame him.”

“Surely God would not have brought us all this way for nothing?” she said.

“Let’s go across the street and have a cup of coffee, and pray. You are right, Dinah. We have to trust that God knows

what he is doing. Then maybe we'll just get back in the car and close our eyes for a bit."

Derrick and Betsey turned off the main highway and drove down the road where the angel had instructed them to go. At first there was nothing unusual about this road. It was bumpy and icy in places. They could see what looked like fields that had been covered against the winter weather—very typical for this time of year.

After driving slowly for about three or four miles they came to a weather beaten sign that read, 'The King's Farm.' When Derrick turned onto this road they both felt a wonderful, unexplained peace.

Derrick continued to drive. His eyes were wide open. He remembered what the angel had told him about the special places that God had secured for his people. Pretty soon they saw what looked like a very old fashioned, lovely farm. There was a large southern white house with blue trim and a blue roof, and pretty curtains in the windows, and an older brown house near by. A few lambs and some lamas and other farm animals were chewing on some small spots of green grass that surrounded a barn. It was still a cold, November day in most places, but here it almost seemed like spring.

A man dressed in navy coveralls waved to them, as they drove closer to the house.

Betsey rolled down her window. It smelled so nice—almost heavenly. She looked at Derrick and they both smiled.

53 The Finish Line

Vince walked up the steps to the large loft in the top part of the hanger. He walked over to where Aaron was sleeping on a cot, next to his wife Carol. It was early in the morning. He bent down next to Aaron and spoke softly. Aaron immediately woke up. “What’s up Vince?”

“I needed to wake you up first, Aaron. I just received some important information from my underground source. We are going to have to leave here sooner than I anticipated—a few hours sooner. I was told that there are some DHS agents coming this way. Evidently they got wind of something going on over on this island. My source told me, from what he had heard, they could even be here by late morning. I wanted to tell you before anyone else. I’m afraid we can’t wait for the other Jewish couple who didn’t show up. We have to get out of here now.”

“Sure! I understand. I will wake up my family and the rest of the people in the other room.”

“Thanks, Aaron. I’m going to fly out of here too. You’ve probably noticed that little Cessna outside the hanger? That’s my own plane. Of course we will just have to leave the old plane that you flew here in, and cover it up with a tarp or something. But since it has no numbers anywhere on it, they won’t be able to figure out where the plane came from.

“It’s not quite seven thirty. I figure by the time everyone gets ready and has a bite to eat, we could be out of here before nine. What do you think?

“That sounds fine to me. I’ll wake up my dad and mom now.”

Zeke and Aaron and two of the other men helped roll the small jet out of the hanger and onto the pavement. The twenty

nine Jewish passengers, including Zeke's family, climbed aboard. It was just past nine thirty. He waved to Vince and watched him as he got into his own two passenger plane.

But as Aaron began to drive the plane down the runway he saw a taxi coming very fast down the small dirt road towards the hanger. The taxi slowed down as a man got out of the car and began to wave excitedly at Aaron. What in the world, Aaron thought. He looked in back of him and saw that Vince had also stopped his take off and had gotten out of his plane.

Ariel and Dinah, with their baby, came running over to where Vince was standing. Aaron could not hear what was being said, but he immediately presumed that these were the ones that Vince had been waiting for. Vince turned and waved to Aaron and then brought the couple over to the plane. They climbed on board, smiling at the rest of the passengers.

One of the women in the plane reached for their baby, Deborah, as Zeke put a small bag in the luggage bin above them, and then they took their own seats, as Dinah seated her baby on her lap. They had made it just in time.

Dinah wiped the tears from her eyes, as she prayed, "Thank You, Avinu" (my Father). It was a true miracle of God that they were on the plane, as it now approached the take off runway.

As Aaron flew the plane up into the air he saw below him what looked like two gray vans. He knew right away they were FEMA vehicles. He accelerated the speed of the airplane and they went higher. He heard some gun shots.

Vince's plane was right behind them. Aaron could not tell if Vince's plane had been hit or not. He prayed for Vince, as his plane soared into the clouds out over the blue waters of the Atlantic ocean, as he headed eastward toward Israel.

Epilogue

When Aaron landed his plane at Ben Gurion, Israel, after a long twelve hour flight, sounds of both weeping and laughing could be heard throughout the plane. They had made it safely to Israel.

A few passengers would go on to the Tel Aviv and Haifa, but most of them would now be going by bus or car for the final one hour trip to Jerusalem.

Zeke and his family were delighted to see Yonnie—Zeke's brother, and his son Tal and family. They were all there to welcome them home. The sun was shining. It was a bright and beautiful day in Israel. After the immediate response of joy and clapping, the Jewish home-comers all became very quiet.

In reverence they looked up and thanked God for bringing them home to Israel.

Ariel and Dinah lifted their little girl up to God. They had managed to convince the boat captain to take them across to the island. The water had calmed enough for Captain Phil to say "let's go!" They had made it in time, just before their rescue plane had taken off for Israel. They could not stop crying at the mercy and goodness of God, to bring them home.

Everyone had heard about the revival God was pouring out in Jerusalem, but they had also heard that the Orthodox Jews were now building their temple, having received great power and authority from the government. Some would be misusing their authority to persecute Messianic Jewish believers. But the work God was doing in the hearts of his Jewish believers had made them unafraid of what man could do to them.

Benny took hold of his brother's hand. "Thank you Aaron, for bringing us here safely."

"Well, you know, my little brother, that we could not have done it without God's help and guidance."

For a moment Aaron looked out towards the Mediterranean Sea. He knew that this would only be the beginning of many rescue flights that he would continue making for his people. He would be going back again to America to help Vince set things up. He prayed that Vince had made it safely home, and that all had gone well with him. He turned his head to look at his father, as Zeke began to read from the Bible.

“But you, O mountains of Israel, you shall shoot forth your branches and yield your fruit to My people, Israel—for they are about to come. And I will multiply men upon you, all the house of Israel, all of it; and the cities shall be inhabited and the ruins rebuilt.” Ezekiel 36: 8-11

Zeke closed his Bible, with tears in his eyes. Our great God and Savior has done for his people what he promised that he would do. But now the days draw near when He will complete His promised work for Israel, and she will become a blessing in all the earth. And for this we will all rejoice.”

Derrick and Betsey sat down with about twenty other people. Poppa John and his wife Martha had helped to set up two large tables in their living room for the great thanksgiving feast that they had prepared.

They had been here for almost one week. All the time they were here, Betsey could not help wondering why no one came to harass them, but this house of refuge and the whole farm area seemed to have a secret veil of protection over it. There was no fear in these lovely fall days they now experienced.

This house of refuge was also a house of preparation—that was being used by God to bring his children and servants into a deeper walk with Him. They were also given instructions as to how God planned on using them in these end-time days that they were now living in.

Sometimes as Derrick and Betsey prayed they felt themselves going higher into supernatural realms of glory;

where they received personal revelation and words from the Lord. For days they were overwhelmed at His majesty and goodness. They were told that they would be going to some towns near Chicago. This area of the mid-west had come under great darkness, and God's people there were crying out for help. Derrick and Betsey were shown exactly where they would go, and where they would weep and intercede for the revival to come to many places in that part of the country.

A great sacrifice would be required. They were told that they would leave their daughter Melissa with Bob and Martha, at the farm—for however long God required their service. It was a difficult decision, but they had been made ready now—to lay down their lives for others.

As Vince flew away from the FEMA patrol cars they had shot at his plane. One bullet had broken through his window and had pierced his shoulder. He had grabbed a piece of cloth from the seat behind him and had tied a tourniquet around it. He was able to fly to a safe place, where a friend took care of him.

He was already planning on making more trips to help the Jews escape to Israel, but he would have to find a new place to carry out his plans. He hoped soon to make contact with Aaron. He knew there was much work to be done for God and for the millions of Jewish people still in America that would need to escape.

Hadassah had held her mother in her arms as she breathed her last breath. The beating at the FEMA camp had been too much for her to endure. The Lord had taken her home, with a smile on her face. Her pain and suffering was now over, as she entered into the paradise that God had prepared for her. Hadassah wept, but they were also tears of joy. Her mother was free at last.

Hadassah would now spend her days sharing the Gospel with many terrified women. They gladly received the words of comfort and promise that she brought to them.

In the midst of great darkness the Lord would come to her and bring her moments of joy and peace. She knew in her heart that His coming was but a few short years away, and she yearned for this day, even though she knew that she would not be on the earth when it happened. But as the dead would first be raised, so she would be gathered to Him in the rapture.

She smiled. Even the most horrible days on the earth were nothing compared to the eternal happiness that awaited her.

Nothing could stop God's perfect plan for His creation ...the new heaven and the new earth. Hadassah knew that her life would soon end. But she had no fear. Soon she would enter into His Glory and her eternal reward.





Rainbow over the Jerusalem Old City

So will the LORD of hosts come down
to fight for Mount Zion and for its hill.
So will the LORD of hosts defend Jerusalem;
Defending it, He will deliver it, passing over ...
He will preserve it!

Isaiah 31:4, 5

Dedication Page to the Pilots of God

This book is dedicated to the men and women of God who have been used as pilots throughout the history of aviation, and who have often laid down their lives to save others, and to carry them to safety.

Among them was Ward Gay of Anchorage, Alaska, the famous bush pilot and father of this author, Faith Christine.

Ward Gay assisted stranded planes many times, and on numerous occasions served as an air ambulance. In 1951 he received both the Air Force Citation of Merit and also the Carnegie Medal of Valor, for his great courage in flying to where a fighter jet had crashed and was on fire. With no regard for his own life Ward was able to land his small Piper floatplane near the jet, and lift the unconscious pilot out of the cockpit just moments before the jet exploded into flames.

From pilot Ward Gay's own words. "August 3, 1951, was a day I'll long remember. On that day, Donald C. Seiler, a twenty four year old Air Force jet pilot, crash-landed on the tundra near a small swampy lake a few miles from my flying service at Lake Hood. We witnessed the jet plunge and the pillar of black smoke issuing from the crash site.

I found myself running as fast as I could toward my Piper Pacer floatplane. In moments we were on take-off and headed for the column of black smoke... Flames were flickering all around, and the acrid odor of spilled jet fuel was in the air. I knew the clock was ticking. I could see the pilot struggling to get out. Then I saw him go limp."

"Each day," Ward said, "I silently give thanks for the help I got on that day, and on many other occasions."

Ward Gay's book: *Hunting & Fishing in the Territory of Alaska*, 2004

Other Books by author Faith Christine Honorof

The Escape Series ... Three End Time fiction novels:

The Long Night's Journey: Escape From America

This is the story of two Jewish families whose family lives are intertwined in their escape from Nazi occupied Czechoslovakia. Some of them are able to flee to Palestine. Others escape from Nazi Europe to America. Years later the generations of their children in America must again escape to Israel, but this time from the dictatorship that has taken over America.

End Time America: A Time to Stand A Time to Flee

America is brought down through physical disasters and economic collapse, and through a dictatorial government which takes over. What happens to God's faithful Church during these hard times? And what happens to the next generation of Jews who have chosen to remain in America.

Coming Home: The Brave Heart Generation

This is the story of a lukewarm American Christian man who is sent on an assignment to Pakistan, away from his family, during the time of the dictatorial government rule in America. In Pakistan he becomes radically saved in the martyred Church and on fire for Jesus. On his return to America he fights for the Gospel and for Jewish people.

Four Short Stories on COMING HOME

The Orphan that was not : a Story for the Family of God



Airplane flying into Israel from the Mediterranean

**“How I bore you on eagles' wings
and brought you to Myself.”**

Exodus 19:4

March 27, 2016



Will Samuel Cohen and his friend, Vince Amio, escape from a Nazi slave camp? And will their plans to rescue Jews by plane out of Nazi occupied France prove successful? Will Samuel ever be reunited with his beloved Rosa?



Will Tal, a top pilot for the Israeli Air Force, succeed in his mission as part of the pilot team that will be sent to Iran to take out the Iran nuclear facilities? What role will America play, if any in this dangerous mission?



Will the flying skills of the future Cohen generation help to provide a rescue for the Jewish people in America, from what has become an anti-Semitic, and dictatorial State? How many Jews will make it back to Israel before the door in America closes?