



HOW I FOUND
THE
MESSIAH

BY GIDEON LEVY TAM

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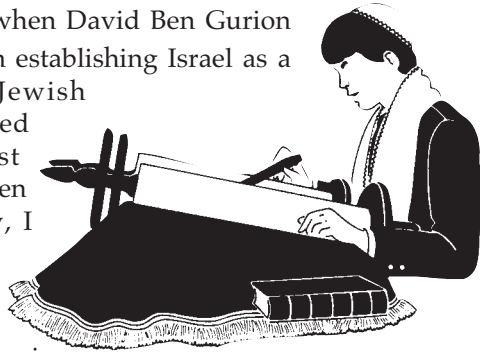
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Part I

On May 14th, 1948, when David Ben Gurion read a proclamation establishing Israel as a sovereign state, Jewish nationhood was revived after a lapse of almost 2,000 years. Exactly seven years later to the day, I was born in the city of Jerusalem to Avraham and Esther Levytam.



My mother was born in Salonica, Greece and in 1931, at the age of seven, immigrated with her family to Tel Aviv, Israel. My father, however, is a “sabra” – a Jew born in the land. Sabra is a cactus fruit grown in Israel and is used to describe Israelis – prickly on the outside yet sweet on the inside. My father’s parents had immigrated from Yemen in the 1890s. The Yemenites trace their exodus from Israel back to the destruction of the first temple.

A GRANDFATHER'S INFLUENCE

Much of my early childhood was spent under the guidance of my grandfather, a devout Jew who was the head of the house. He took great care that we strictly observed all the laws, ordinances and traditions. He attended the synagogue daily. I still remember someone knocking on the window at half past four every morning and calling to my grandfather, “Joseph, time for morning prayers.” Often my grandfather took me with him to the synagogue where he sought to instill in me the oracles of faith handed down by our fathers.

Sabbath was the focal point of the week and preparations for it started as early as Wednesday. The house had to be cleaned and the food cooked. The stove would be set so the food could be kept warm, as cooking was not allowed on the Sabbath.

Lighting the candles marked the formal initiation of the Sabbath. After the evening service, before the family sat down to enjoy the Friday evening meal, a selection from Proverbs 31:10-31 was sung in praise of the Jewish wife who “Looketh well to the ways of her household and eateth not the bread of idleness.”

Singing hymns of praise to God while dining is *the* distinguishing characteristic of the Sabbath. It was a time for the family to be together, to sing, to enjoy the good food mother had prepared, and most of all, to thank God for this day of rest.

The Jewish faith has many feasts; one is called “Simcha Torah” or “Joy of the Torah” (the five books of Moses). It takes place on the last night of the Feast of Tabernacles and coincides with the completion of the reading of the Torah. The scrolls are taken out of the ark and carried around the synagogue in a series of processions accompanied with singing and dancing. I vividly recall looking up to my grandfather and the rest of the bearded men singing and dancing with joy around the Torah, and trying to imitate them by singing as loudly as I possibly could.

These memories make me think of Psalm 119:97: “Oh, how I love thy law.” When the seven circuits were completed, all but one of the Torah scrolls were returned to the ark. The last section of Deuteronomy was read out of the remaining scroll. This was the only time the Torah was read in the synagogue at night.

THE SIX DAYS WAR

Growing up with the threat of war and terrorist attacks is the way of life in Israel. And that’s what happened on June 5, 1967 when the sirens started to wail. My sister and I grabbed hands and raced home from school with a fear that increased as the noise of sirens and gunfire intensified. We were alone and frightened. Our parents had not arrived home yet. We frantically taped all the windows so that they would not shatter from the exploding bombs. We helped our neighbors fill sand bags and pile them in the entrance to our apartment building.

We then gathered food and blankets and joined the others in the basement of our building, our bomb shelter.

We lived close to the Jordanian border and the sounds of fighting were frighteningly near. That night we huddled together in fear, as bombs exploded all around us and the airplanes passed constantly overhead. Bursts of gunfire were so close they could have been in our back yard.

In His mercy, God heard our prayers and within six days the war was over and Jerusalem was a whole city, no longer divided by barbed wire. The two halves were reunited, the Old City and Israeli Jerusalem had become one. All my life the walls had surrounded the city, but now after more than 1900 years, it was once again in Jewish hands. What rejoicing!

After the barricades were pulled down, my father took me into the Old City. What a thrill to enter through the hole in the wall! We joined the throngs making their way through narrow streets to the Western Wall, the only remaining wall surrounding the ancient Temple area. Young and old alike wept openly, their faces pressed against the ancient stones. Battle-hardened soldiers stood there with tears streaming down their faces. This awesome sight left an indelible impression on my young mind.

מִצְוַת בָּר מצוה

At the age of thirteen, I had my Bar Mitzvah. This is when a Jewish boy becomes a man and may take part in the minyan, the Jewish religious quorum of ten men required for public prayer. Standing in front of the congregation the boy reads a portion from the Torah scroll and then gives recognition to his parents, teachers and all who had part in shaping him into manhood.

It is a solemn moment when the boy receives the tefillin or phylacteries (small leather cases). These are worn according to the instructions of Deuteronomy 11:18: "Therefore impress these My words upon your very heart: bind them as a sign on your hand and let them serve as a symbol on your forehead."

The tefillin are a special sign of our recognition of God and

are worn as a memorial, a remembrance of the exodus from Egypt. These remind the Jew of leaving behind the bond slavery under Pharaoh for the bond service to God – leaving the leather thongs of the lash for the leather straps of the tefillin.

My grandfather had passed away and with no one eager to direct me in spiritual matters, I had little to do with the synagogue or the ways of our fathers after my Bar Mitzvah. As a teenager, I was more impressed with the American's dress, music, and free and easy lifestyle. I had little time for God. I was not looking for God, but God was looking for me.

Part II

My father decided that a change of friends and environment would be beneficial so he arranged for me to finish my high school education at Kibbutz Malkiya in northern Galilee. Malkiya is situated near the Lebanese border, close to the city of Kiryat Shmona. Here my elder brother served some time during his army years and here, too, I would meet my future wife.



A CHRISTIAN VOLUNTEER

At eighteen, every able-bodied Israeli enters into military service. Shortly before my eighteenth birthday I returned to Kibbutz Malkiya to visit my friends prior to beginning my three years of military service. While there, I met Irene, a Canadian volunteer at the kibbutz. Irene and her friend Heather had come to Israel with a volunteer group from Switzerland where they had been working at a Bible camp.

Shortly after getting acquainted, I learned that Irene was a believer in Jesus Christ. She had a Bible, which she used in an effort to explain her beliefs. I was not at all interested in the Bible, but I was definitely interested in Irene. Passover was near so I invited Irene and Heather to spend the holiday with my family in Jerusalem. Both of them agreed to come because they were eager to see Jerusalem.

Passover, the joyous festival of freedom and faith, is observed both in the synagogue and in the home, like all other Jewish festivals. My family was happy to welcome my new friends to share the Seder meal with us and to explain to them the story of Passover. It wasn't till years later that I myself understood the

full meaning of Passover and its fulfillment in Jesus, the “Lamb of God.”

Although I enjoyed taking Irene and her friend sightseeing, when it came to visiting the old churches, and especially the passages underneath, I much preferred to wait outside. Ever since I was a little child the sound of church bells sent me scurrying home as fast as my legs would carry me. Somehow the idea of churches filled with idols and bells scared the wits out of me. Much too soon it was time to say good bye; Irene went back to the kibbutz while I departed for basic training in the army.

Some weeks later, Israel celebrated 25 years of independence and I was granted two days leave. It was an opportunity to be with Irene again for a short time. Saying goodbye the second time was even harder than the first. With heavy heart I rode the train back to the base, wondering if we would ever see each other again.

Back at the base, I eagerly awaited Irene’s letters. More than once I was reprimanded for falling behind during drills because I was trying to read Irene’s latest letter which I had hastily stuffed into my pocket. At this time my English was very limited and only with the help of fellow soldiers was I able to reply to Irene’s letters.

YOM KIPPUR WAR

The months went by slowly until I was home again on a two-day pass, this time for the Day of Atonement or Yom Kippur. This is the holiest day of the Jewish calendar. For 23 hours almost all Jews, wherever they are, pray and fast. As for the nation of Israel, it closes down on Yom Kippur. All work ceases – not a bus, truck, or private car can be seen on the streets. There is no radio or television and only a skeleton staff where absolutely necessary. My spiritual state was such at this time that instead of fasting and praying in the synagogue I chose to dine with friends in the Arab Quarter of the Old City.

Suddenly the tranquillity of the day was shattered by the wail

of sirens. It was October 6th, 1973, and war had broken out on the day we least expected. Henceforth, Yom Kippur would take on an added solemnity. We hurried out of the Old City through the Jaffa Gate only to find the roads quickly becoming jammed with buses, trucks and private cars all taking soldiers – many with their prayer shawls still draped over their shoulders – to join their units. All soldiers were ordered back to their bases immediately.

The three and a half hour trip to my base in the Golan Heights gave me plenty of time to do some serious soul searching. Here I was, 18 years old, still in basic training, my whole life before me, with fear mounting and uncertainty awaiting me at the end of my journey. At such times one remembers to call on God. The verses that became almost synonymous with the Yom Kippur War were: “I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help. My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth” (Ps. 121:1-2).

As we drew near to the front, we saw dead bodies all around. While on the Golan Heights, formation after formation of Syrian aircraft swooped over us as hundreds of Syrian tanks, four abreast rolled into devastating action against us. It took five days of relentless fighting and many lost lives to turn the tide. Our unit of new recruits was assigned the duty of clearing captured villages. Among other things, this duty managed to get us flea infested from head to toe.

When the Syrian army was finally halted, some amazing stories circulated among the troops. Supposedly, a hand had reached out of the clouds, holding back the advancing Syrian armies; and Syrian soldiers had turned and fled after seeing soldiers in white fighting beside Israeli soldiers. Whether these stories were true or not I didn't know, but I did know that God had once again preserved us from our enemies.

THE SINAI DESERT

After the war ended, I was transferred to the Sinai desert. Whenever I could, I phoned home to let my family know how I was doing. Very early one morning I called home and my mother surprised me with the news that Irene had arrived from Canada the night before. I jumped for joy and practically went through the roof of our tent. My tent mates begged my commander to send me home as I was driving them crazy. The commander gave in and granted me a three day pass. What a joyous reunion we had!

Irene stayed with my family in Jerusalem, working in my father's restaurant and helping to take care of my invalid grandmother. Her stay was a real help to all my family. She was the Gentile that brought light to our home and everybody loved her.

TALK ABOUT MESSIAH

Irene still carried her Bible and talked to me at every opportunity about Jesus being the Messiah of Israel. I was happy to let her talk about it, but I never really seriously considered it for myself. I realized that my being Jewish and her being a Gentile was bound to create problems; but I pushed these thoughts to the back of my mind.

My post in the Sinai Desert was almost eight hours from Jerusalem, but I went home whenever possible. On the return trip one weekend, our bus driver took a curve too sharply on a winding desert road. The tires hit the sand and the bus did a complete sideways roll before coming to rest back on its wheels. The impact sent me flying out of the bus; how I do not know, as the windows were barred. Although I was badly bruised and cut up, I miraculously escaped serious injury. God once again made Himself known by preserving my life. Others were not so fortunate. Soon helicopters arrived to air-lift the seriously injured to the hospital.

TO SEE THE WORLD

I was eventually transferred back to central Israel, where I remained until my discharge in 1976. After completing their military service, many soldiers longed to see something of the world, and I was no exception. But I was somewhat apprehensive, because the way of life in Israel was the only one I knew.

Every Israeli knows that the safest place to be is inside Israel's borders. I was about to step out into the unknown. My longing for adventure was greater than any reservations I had; in July, 1976 I departed for Canada with Irene.

Part III

The thing that impressed me most about Canada was its largeness, especially when compared to Israel. The roads were wider, the cars were longer, and the houses were both wider and longer. Even the people came in bigger sizes. I realized this as I stood in a department store line, sandwiched between two men both a head taller than I. It brought home the point that in Canada I was short stuff!



A CHRISTIAN WELCOME

Irene's family warmly welcomed me into their home. At meals her father thanked the Lord for the food, and after the meal he would read from the Bible and then pray in Jesus' name. Irene and her parents also attended church every Sunday and would invite me to come along with them. But as a Jew, that was the last place I could go, so I decided it was time for me to start going to the synagogue in the small Jewish community nearby.

I came to realize that I was not at all close to the God of the Jews, nor walking in His ways. I also realized that a Jew could have nothing to do with idol worship, nor with the God of the Gentiles. This put me in quite a dilemma as I was very much in love with Irene.

One day, Irene's mother, who was very kind to me, presented me with a gift, a complete Hebrew Bible. Upon opening it, I discovered that it contained both the Old and the New Testaments. Although I accepted it graciously, I was deeply offended and vowed never to read it.

Other Christians also talked to me about Jesus, explaining that man is a sinner in need of a Savior and that Jesus is the only one who could forgive our sins and give us eternal life. That was a bit too much for me because I never thought of myself as a sinner. I thought I was pretty good. Besides, I was Jewish and Jesus was not for the Jews. Thus began my confrontation with Jesus.

MY INNER STRUGGLE

Irene's mother was still determined that one way or another she was going to get me inside their church building. So one day she asked if I would help her clean their meeting hall. I found myself in a very awkward position; although I wanted to help her, I was afraid to. I was sure I was going to bring the wrath of God upon me by stepping inside that door. I was greatly relieved when no calamity struck me. To my surprise, there were no crosses or statues anywhere. In fact, in its simplicity, it resembled our synagogue back home. Even so, I was glad when it was time to leave.

It was around this time that I was introduced to Jacob and Margaret Pankratz, an elderly couple who had faithfully served the Lord for many years with Jewish missions in Toronto and Montreal. It was plain to see that they had a real love for the Jewish people. I felt immediately at home with them, even before Jacob showed me some slides from his trips to Israel. As they began speaking to me about Jesus, they were careful to use his Hebrew name "Yeshua" and would use the word "Messiah" instead of Christ. Before we left that evening, Jacob handed me a Hebrew-English New Testament and I was encouraged to come again.

I now possessed two New Testaments. Irene had also written to a radio program called the *Christian Jew Hour* for some material, and they sent me quite a collection of tracts and pamphlets, some even in Hebrew. I looked through them and read of the various prophecies about the Messiah in the Old Testament which had been fulfilled by Jesus in the New Testament. Friends of the family were also around who

explained the future of Israel to me. I came to resent the fact that these Christians knew more about my God and my Bible than I did. In fact, I remember saying, "If there will be anyone who will tell others about the one, true God, it will be me, a Jew, and not the other way around."

In the midst of all these inner struggles, I had another matter to contend with; my visa to Canada would soon expire. I had three choices: go back to Israel alone; go with Irene; or get married and automatically receive new immigrant status. It was a very difficult decision to make. Irene's parents did not want her to return to Israel and, understandably, they would be as upset if she married an unbeliever, just as mine would be if I married out of the Jewish faith.

A SERIOUS STEP

After much deliberation we were married in March of 1977 in the home of a retired minister. It was a serious step for us to take, and neither of us will say that what we did was right. But looking back years later we could see that God by His grace and wisdom overruled our wrongdoing to His own glory.

Irene's church arranged a wedding reception for us and treated us with much love and kindness, seeking to draw us to them rather than drive us away. Unknown to me at the time, many Christians were praying for my salvation.

In the first nine months of our marriage, Irene continued to regularly attend the meetings with her parents. We then moved to Guelph, an hour and a half away, where I attended college. Every other weekend we went home to Irene's parents so she could attend the meetings there.

One Sunday, I surprised everyone when I came and sat down at the back of the meeting hall with Aaron, an Israeli believer who was also married to a Canadian. Aaron had talked me into coming out that morning. This eventually led to my regular attendance at the Sunday school which was held immediately following the worship meeting. For safety's sake, I always sat in the back where I could make a quick exit.

While attending these classes I heard of Jesus' love towards men, how He came to this world to die in order that He might bring people back to God, and that He was the promised Messiah of Israel and the Savior of the world. I found all of this difficult to comprehend. I could accept the fact that the Gentiles believed in Him, but could I, a Jew, believe in Him? I had to admit that Jesus interested me. He was different from any other man.

One day I took out the Bible my mother-in-law had given me. In a very simple way I said to God, "Show me the truth; if this book holds the truth, then show it to me. If not, preserve me from this book."

READING THE BIBLE

I then started to read the New Testament in the Hebrew language which was easier and more comfortable. I was amazed to find that the writers of the New Testament books were Jewish, that the events took place in the land of Israel, and were about a Jew who was called in the Hebrew "Yeshua." I had always thought that Jesus was a Gentile whom the Christians worshipped.

As I continued reading I asked myself, "If Jesus is the Jewish Messiah, how come my people do not believe in Him? Why did my grandfather never mention Him, and how come the Rabbis never teach of Him in our synagogues?" As I pondered these questions, I continued to attend the Sunday school classes. Before the Bible lesson started there was always a time for singing. I found myself requesting the same hymn every Sunday, and soon it became known as "Gideon's Hymn." The first stanza goes like this:

*Man of Sorrows! what a name
For the Son of God, who came
Ruined sinners to reclaim!
Hallelujah! What a Savior!*

I suppose it was an unusual hymn for an unbeliever to be singing, but by this time I was already very attracted to the person of Jesus.

WHAT DO YOU BELIEVE?

I had almost finished my year at college, and Irene's job was terminating at the same time. We decided to visit my family in Israel, and Irene's brother and sister in Europe before committing to a full-time job and raising a family.

As soon as I saw my family and old friends again, I began asking them what they thought about Jesus? One day I went to see my old friend Moses, and found that he had changed from being a modern secular Jew to an ultra orthodox one. He now spent his days praying, studying, and meditating on the Word of God. I was surprised and asked him what caused such a drastic change. He told me his life was empty and meaningless and by becoming religious his life had direction and purpose. Moses, now attired in religious garb, handed me a kippa for my head and we sat down together and read Isaiah 53. "Who was the prophet referring to?" I asked. We discussed the various possibilities, one of them being the Messiah. Although we came to no conclusions that day, we both knew that we would continue to search for the answer.

We left Israel for Italy to visit my brother who was studying medicine there. When I brought Jesus up with him, he surprised me by saying, "You say, 'They say this, and they say that,' but it sounds to me like this is really what *you* believe." I immediately reassured him that it wasn't what I believed, I was just explaining what *they* believe.

Arriving back in Canada, we started to look for a house, and God in his infinite wisdom provided one just a block away from Irene's church hall. I attended the meetings once in a while, but God was working in my heart as I struggled with the issue of a man taking away my sins. "After all," I said to myself, "Jesus was just a man, so how could He forgive my sins?"

Part IV



In Hebrew I began reading passages of Scripture that speak of God in the plural – not three gods, but one God manifested in three persons. For instance, Genesis 1:1 (NKJV) says: “In the beginning God (plural) created (singular) the heavens and the earth.” Deuteronomy 6:4, the very core verse of my people, calls out: “Hear, O Israel: The LORD our God, the LORD is one.” In this verse I could see that the Hebrew word for God is plural, while the word for one (achad) is a compound unity. In English it is not clear, but in Hebrew it is obvious. These, and other passages, clearly showed me that there is more than one person in the Godhead and God wants men to come back to Him. I also saw that God had promised us a Messiah, and that this Messiah would take away our sins.

I read Isaiah 53 again, as the prophet was describing the sinless One, the Messiah: “He has no form or comeliness; and when we see Him, there is no beauty that we should desire Him ... He had done no violence, nor was any deceit in His mouth ... All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned, everyone, to his own way; and the LORD has laid on Him the iniquity of us all” (Isa. 53:2,9,6).

It was then that I learned something so precious that it brought me to my knees before “Yeshua” (the Messiah) and caused me to fall in love with Him. I had never completely understood who He was, nor could I believe in Him and take Him as my very own Lord and Savior until I recognized that He was the very God of Israel, the Creator of the universe. It was God Himself who took the form of a man and came to this world according to the prophecies of old. What love to me!

What love to all men! John 3:16 says, "For God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son, that whoever believes in him should not perish but have everlasting life." God Himself, in the person of Yeshua, the virgin-born Son spoken of in Isaiah 7:14; had taken upon Himself the sins of the world. Isaiah 53:5 says, "He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement for our peace was upon Him, and by His stripes we are healed."

FINDING HIM

I could now see clearly that I was a sinner: "For all have sinned and fall short of the glory of God" (Rom. 3:23). It was for my sins that Jesus died on the tree, and no matter how good I was trying to be, I had inherited a sinful nature from Adam, and only Jesus, God's own Son, could take away my sins.

Coming into the full realization of this I asked Yeshua to come into my life and forgive my sins: "If you confess with your mouth the Lord Jesus and believe in your heart that God has raised Him from the dead, you will be saved" (Rom. 10:9). What joy and peace filled my heart to know my sins were forgiven. I found the answer. I found the Messiah!

I had to tell my family the step I had taken, but it was not easy. I loved my family dearly, and I knew that this would really hurt them. Along with God's grace, reading Matthew 10:37 – "He who loves father or mother more than Me is not worthy of Me" – gave me the courage to share my faith in Yeshua with my family. I wanted them to understand that believing in Jesus did not make me a traitor, but rather a Jew who had returned to the God of our Fathers and found the promised Messiah of old.

I wanted to share with them that this Jesus, whom I believe in, is not our enemy, but our Messiah, the lover of our souls. He is the one who wept over Jerusalem in Luke 19:41-44 and longed to gather our people unto Himself like a hen gathers her chicks under her wings in Matthew 23:37-39. Although my family opposed my faith in Yeshua, they did not reject me and

remained hopeful that in time I would see the error of my ways.

BAPTISM

Six months later, I was traveling to a Bible conference with Nick, an older believer from our meeting. Lately, I had felt the need to be baptized; now it occurred to me that I could get baptized on the way to the conference, just like the Ethiopian eunuch in Acts 8:36-38. I could get it all over and done with quickly and privately, with the minimum of fuss. I suggested to Nick that when he saw some water, perhaps he could just stop and baptize me. However, he told me he thought it was not such a good idea, but he would do it if I insisted.

When we arrived, I learned that there would be a public baptism at the conference. I continued to struggle, knowing that this was a step I needed to take. I also knew that to my people baptism in the name of Jesus was out of the question – the point of no return. As long as I had not been baptized, there was hope I might return. But once I had been immersed in the waters of baptism, I would be considered lost to my people.

The next day, while eating in the dining room, a little girl approached me and said “Hi! Guess what? I’m getting baptized tomorrow.” Her words struck my heart, and I felt as if I had received a message straight from the Lord telling me what I needed to do. I could fight it no longer; the next day I came forward to be baptized, and make public my confession of faith in Jesus. Now, instead of doing it in private, with God’s grace I had the courage to make my confession to a crowd of almost one thousand witnesses.

I looked for that little girl who had approached me, but I couldn’t find her. She didn’t get baptized and I never saw her again. It was as if the Lord had sent her just to convict me.

GROWING AND GOING

As I grew in faith through reading and studying God's Word, the Lord gave me the desire to reach my people with the gospel: "For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ, for it is the power of God to salvation for everyone who believes, for the Jew first and also to the Greek" (Rom. 1:16). Also, as I read Isaiah 6:8, the Lord spoke to me: "I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, 'Whom shall I send, and who will go for Us?' Then I said, 'Here am I! send me.'"

The last few years have brought many opportunities to serve the Lord among Jews and Gentiles in street evangelism, gospel outreach, young people's meetings, and Bible studies. While I kept my secular job, I was able to take time off to minister to my people, the Jews. It was a great joy to be used by the Lord to bring the good news of salvation to them. The Lord Jesus tells us, "I say to you that likewise there will be ... joy in heaven over one sinner who repents" (Lk. 15:7).

As time went on however, it became increasingly more difficult to be faithful to my secular job because the Lord kept opening more and more doors for me to serve Him. After much prayer and counsel, my wife and I decided to step out in faith, leaving my secular job and making ourselves available to serve the Lord full time. We are encouraged by God's wonderful promise: "My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by [the Messiah] Jesus" (Phil. 4:19).

I long for the coming day when Israel will say "Blessed is He who comes in the name of the LORD" (Mt. 23:39). Until that time when Israel will accept Yeshua, the Messiah, God is building His Church which consists of persons called out from among Israel and every other nation of the world. The cross of Jesus Christ reconciles both Jew and Gentile, uniting them together into one body (Eph. 2:16-18).

APPEAL

It is my earnest desire that Yeshua will be glorified through this testimony and not man, and that Jews and Gentiles alike may come to know Him, because to know Him “is eternal life” (Jn. 17:3). There is an answer to the sin question; there is an answer to all your needs. It is Yeshua!

Whether you are a Jew or a Gentile, may God open your heart and eyes and give you the boldness to confess your sins before Him and invite Yeshua into your life, making Him your Lord and Savior for time and eternity. I can now say not only that I have found the Messiah, but that the Messiah has found me! I pray that it may be so with you as well.

Gideon Levytam, 1995





HOW I FOUND THE MESSIAH

By Gideon Levytam

Gideon Levytam is a Jewish believer in Jesus (Yeshua), who has devoted his life to sharing, with his people in North America, the good news that Messiah has come.

Read his story and you will discover how he was led by God, through a series of exciting circumstances, to find the One his people are still waiting for.

Follow his journey of discovery from Jerusalem to Toronto, via the terror of the Six Days War, volunteering in a kibbutz, and a miracle in the Yom Kippur War.

Is Messiah revealed in the Bible? Gideon said to God, "If the Bible holds the truth, then show it to me. If not, preserve me from this book." To find God's answer, read *How I Found the Messiah*.

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