

THE  
ROMANTIC CAREER  
OF A  
**TWICE  
BORN  
JEWESS**

Distributed by  
REV. FRED KENDAL

THE  
ROMANTIC CAREER  
OF A  
TWICE-BORN  
JEWESS  
By OLIVE DEANE FINESTONE

Distributed by

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## FOREWORD

"Truth is stranger than fiction."

This old adage has been verified anew in this interesting and true narrative of a romantic career, written so charmingly by Mrs. Olive Deane Finestone. At the beginning of the story our hearts go out in love to "little Esther" who is such a winsome child; and who longs with all her heart to know and love God.

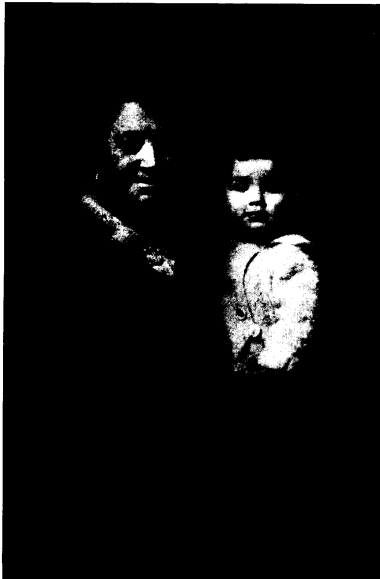
Then, as the story unfolds, we are carried along in eager interest into unexpected events and strange experiences.

It is truly an international story. Esther was born in Russia; married in Constantinople; labored for years in London, and later in Canada; and at last has made her home in this country. What a kaleidoscopic career!

The writer of the story is the daughter-in-law of Esther (Mrs. Kendal). Mrs. Olive Finestone, wife of Daniel Finestone, is a Gentile Christian with a great love for Israel. The relationship between Olive and Esther is like that of Ruth and Naomi, so beautifully described in the Bible.

But enough - read the story for yourself! I feel confident that you will then wish to send copies to your friends that they, too, may enjoy the fascinating narrative.

George T.B. Davis



Mrs. Esther Kendal and her first grandchild, Nathaniel Finestone

## CHAPTER I

### A PIOUS LITTLE JEWESS

It was Friday at sundown. Over the Kamenky, Jewish quarter of Zhitomir, Russia, brooded the peace and quiet of the Sabbath. The shops which a few minutes earlier had hummed with lively gossip and closely driven bargains were silent and deserted behind their wooden shutters. For this was in the late seventies when Jews gloried in their Day of Rest and observed it with good conscience.

Across the street from the Chassidic Synagogue stood a white-washed stone cottage in a grass-grown yard. It was the last in a row of humble dwellings, with rolling fields stretching away on its farther side to the Atahk River half a mile beyond. In the open doorway of the cottage stood little Esther Glaser, a child of eight years, with soft hazel-brown eyes and plump pink cheeks. Two dusky plaits of curly hair hung over her shoulders, and her red woolen frock made a splash of warm color against the shadows of the hallway. A shy smile of welcome shone on her round little face as two men in fur-brimmed hats and rustyblack caftans (long coats) turned into the yard.

The elder of the two was known in the Kamenky as Reb. \* Levy Yitzchok (Levi Issac), Chassid. He was the father of Esther and a revered member of the Chassidim, an ultra pious sect. His graying beard, and the raven earlocks worn by Jews of his sect, gave a grave dignity to his slightly stooped figure. His companion was a lean young man in a threadbare caftan. He was one of the young Hebrew scholars who gave all their time to the study of the Talmud and lived on the hospitality of the congregation.

At sight of the child in the doorway the old Reb.'s mild blue eyes kindled with pleasure, but before stepping inside to kiss his small daughter, he paused to kiss his hand to the *mezuzah*, a tiny metal box nailed to the doorpost having the name of God inside. This duty done he turned to the child, "Has my Estheruni been a good girl today helping Mama make ready for Shabbos (Sabbath)?"

But overcome with shyness in the presence of their Sabbath guest, Esther simply nodded her head for an answer. Then slipping her hand in her father's she led the way into the living room, which looked very pleasant in the soft candlelight.

Here the table, spread with a red and white cloth, was already set for supper. At her father's place stood a silver cup and a flask of homemade wine. In a dish were special loaves for Sabbath called *cholla*, made of twisted dough and sprinkled with poppy seed. They were covered with a piece of white velvet that had "Jerusalem" embroidered on it in gold. In the center of the table stood the *menorah* (*seven-branch* candlestick) filled with lighted candles.

All day Esther had been running errands. Not once had she needed urging or coaxing. She was precociously helpful.

She took a keen delight in all the Sabbath preparations. Early that morning she had watched Pearl, her mother, as she fixed the meat, already made *kosher* by salting and soaking - sealing it in the big brick oven to cook. She had seen how she twisted the Sabbath loaves, prepared the gefullte *fisch* (stuffed fish) and made the pudding called *kuggel*. Then she had helped with the cleaning of their four rooms. In the late afternoon when everything had been put in perfect order and it began to grow dark outside, she had looked on reverently as the pious Pearl lighted five candles, one for each member of the family, and repeated in Hebrew the *licht benschen* or candle blessing:

"Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, who hast sanctified us  
by Thy commandments and enjoined us to kindle the Sabbath light."

Before and after this blessing she prayed for the health and well being of her husband and children. Esther thought this prayer for their family a beautiful one, especially the words, "As these lights shine, so may our lives shine."

BasShevah (Bathsheba) and Mottel (Mordecai), Esther's older sister and brother, now joined the

family group in the living room. They answered their father's "*Good Shabbos*" and with the rest took their places at the table. Reb. Levy Yitzchok then washed his hands with pious care. He filled the silver cup with wine and while they all remained standing, pronounced the *kiddush* - that joyful benediction:

".. Blessed art Thou, O Lord our God, King of the universe, Creator of the fruit of the vine...who doth sanctify us with His commandments, and hath delight in us above all peoples, and with love and favor hast made us to inherit Thy Holy Sabbath."

At the close everyone joined in the "Amen".

To Esther the Sabbath eve was a charmed time of sweet peace and holy joy when the angels hovered near. The presence at their table of their pious though shabby guest was a benediction in itself. Even her father addressed him with respect and listened to his opinions, Esther regarded him solemnly over her bowl of noodle soup. Someday he might become a *Zaddik* (wonder Rabbi). He ate hungrily of the good things her mother pressed upon him: fish, meat, cabbage and two helpings of *kuggel*. He quoted glibly from the Rabbis. He explained with ease disputed points in the Talmud such as the time-worn question as to whether an egg laid on the Sabbath Day might lawfully be eaten by a Jew. When the meal was finished he joined with her father and Mottel in saying grace.

Esther was the last of nine children, six of whom had died from an epidemic in early childhood. From babyhood she had been a source of joy and comfort to her father. Basshevah, his fifteen year old daughter, and his only son Mottel, two years younger, were not religious. But in Esther, the child of his old age, he saw reborn his own zeal for the faith of his fathers. Every religious rite and observance had a charm for her.

Mottel should have been his father's companion in *Beth Hamidrash* (House of Sacred study) where he went twice a day to read Moses in the Hebrew and to discuss the Talmud. But as the boy could never be found at the time for service Esther would often take his place. Carrying her father's silk *tallith* (prayer shawl) over her arm she would walk proudly beside him to the *Shool* (Synagogue) and sit by his study desk until the long prayers, readings and arguments were over. Mottel would show up at dinner time, his clothes smelling of the river, his pockets bulging with fishing tackle.

Esther's maternal grandmother, known in the Kamenky as Merkela the *metuchka* (business woman), made it possible for the father of the family to spend half his time in *Beth Hamidrash*. He did a little tailoring but Merkela's wholesale grocery had been the main support of the family for years. She felt she was but a woman and had no need of religious learning. But in relieving her son-in-law of worldly cares she believed she was accumulating merit which would insure her an entrance to heaven.

The reverence of the aged Merkela for her *froom* (pious or godly) son-in-law was equaled only by the adoration of Esther for her father. Each regarded him as one whom God had set apart from other men. His was a holy calling.

Sometimes on Saturday afternoons as the Sabbath was drawing to a close, the old Reb. told stories of their people from the Hebrew Scriptures. Nothing gave Esther keener pleasure. She would sit on a three-legged stool close beside her father's big chair and listen with rapt attention and shining eyes. She knew them all by heart, these stories of Joseph, Moses, David and Daniel, yet they never lost their charm. One story stood out from all the rest. This was about their Messiah who would one day come from David's line.

"When *Mesheach* comes," her father would begin, with a far-away look in his eyes, "then every day will be like *Shabbos*, only filled with more love and kindness. Our *Mesheach* will come riding on a white horse. He will make for us, His chosen people, a heaven on earth. From Poland, from Roumania, from Russia and from all heathen countries, *Mesheach*, *Ben Dovid* Himself will lead us back to *Eretz Yisroel* (Land of Israel). There he will protect us from the Goyim (Gentiles). The trees will be laden with golden fruit, juicy and sweet like honey. There will be plenty for everyone. None will ever be hungry and none will ever be cold. We will build again our Temple in *Yerushalayim*. The streets will be full of boys and girls, like Estheruni, dancing and singing from morning till night."

Esther was enthralled. Sometimes she would dream that she was frolicking with happy faced

children in the sunlit streets of old Jerusalem. The promise of Messiah's coming was very real. Was this not proof enough that theirs was the only true religion?

She often took a bundle of laundry to a Russian washerwoman who lived in a two-room cottage. On the wall in one corner of the front room hung a framed image. A lamp was always burning before it. Esther knew this woman was of the Greek Orthodox faith: also that it was part of her religion to bow and cross herself before the ikon. In Esther's eyes such a practice was sinful idolatry. For did not it say in the first commandment of Moses, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image or likeness of anything..."? In her imagination it seemed that the feeble flicker of the foul smelling oil lamp only added to the gloom of that dim corner just as her idolatrous worship darkened the mind of this poor washerwoman.

This was all Esther knew of the religion of the Christians, except that they worshipped three gods. But the Jews worshipped *Adonai*, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. The ikon and the lamp always made her thankful she was not a Christian but had been born a happy Jewish child with godly parents.

\*It is the custom to give an outstanding pious Jew the honorary title of Reb. Or Rabbi. Matthew 23:7 refers to this custom and shows how this title was coveted by religious Jews.

## CHAPTER II

### THE GREAT DAY OF ATONEMENT

On Saturday mornings her second cousin Julius Feinstein, whom they called Yiddle,\* came with his mother to spend the day. He was nine years older than Esther, a thoughtful, manly lad with serious blue eyes. He was fond of his youngest cousin and showed it by calling her the *klein Estelle* (the little Esther). During early childhood she had formed the habit of watching for him on Saturday mornings, As soon as she saw him turn the corner into their street she would dance up and down on the doorstep calling at the top of her voice, "Yiddle comes! Yiddle comes!" until her sister, BasShevah, hearing her, would also come running out to meet him.

He and BasShevah were near of an age. Both families expected he would someday become her *hossen* (fiance). One time he brought her presents. Esther was as pleased over BasShevah's good fortune as if it had been her own. There was a pretty rosewood jewelry box, and an oval looking glass on a fancy wooden stand that he had carved with his own hands. For Julius worked all day at woodturning and went to Hebrew school at night.

The year Esther was ten, two events stood out for her. The first was the departure of Julius for Odessa, a city about two hundred miles south of Zhitomir. There he was to work for a cabinet maker. Esther hated to see him go. How could she know of the change there would be in him before their next meeting, a transformation that would revolutionize both their lives! The other outstanding event that year was her observance of *Yom Kippur*, their great Day of Atonement.

*Rosh hashanah* or New Year's comes late in September. On this day the *shofar*, or ram's horn is blown to usher in ten days of repentance. At the end of these comes *Yom Kippur* when the Jews fast for twenty-four hours. This is also called "The Great White Fast" and is the most solemn day in the whole year. Chickens are killed for sin offerings; tall candles burn all day in the Synagogues; and devout men like Reb. Levy Yitzchok put on white grave clothes to stand hour after hour confessing the sins of Israel.

Esther was up with the sun on the morning of the Great Day. She watched the men and women passing along the street and into the *Shool* or Synagogue opposite. She knew her mother would soon be climbing the stairs to the women's balcony where she would pray all day apart from the men. She longed for the day when she would be old enough to accompany her.

BasShevah and Mottel were fasting.

"Can't I fast too?" she begged.

No, of course not," said Mottel, looking very grown up and important. "You're much too small.

She fought back the tears. Oh why did she grow so slowly? Then the idea occurred to her; why not fast anyway? God would understand, and her father would be delighted. He would call her his *froom maidela* (pious girl). At once her mind was made up. Turning a small but determined back upon her untouched breakfast, she went alone by herself in the back bedroom. There she spent the morning repeating over and over the two Hebrew prayers she knew.

Irreverent fellows like Peleg the cobbler's son, who became suddenly religious once a year on *Yom Kippur*, crying and beating their breasts only because their neighbors did, could have learned a lesson that day in heartfelt devotion from the small daughter of Reb. Levy Yitzchok.

At noon Bas-sheva called her to eat. "Here is cold chicken for you and *apfelstrudle* (appletart)." It was almost more than she could bear, but she wouldn't give in. When Mottel saw she was in dead earnest, he teased: "You can't fast; you can't fast; you don't even know how. Why every time you swallow your spittle, it's the same as if you took a drink of water."

Esther believed him. For the rest of the day she spat religiously and choked painfully trying not to

swallow. The afternoon dragged by. Her head hurt and she felt dizzy and faint. At last she wandered outdoors. In the fresh cool air she felt better. She ran across the street to the *Shool* where she stood listening under the windows. She could hear the voices of the men inside, sometimes low and mournful, sometimes loud and passionate, crying to God for forgiveness. She stood there until the *shofar* blew at sunset. Its joyful peal thrilled her through and through. This meant their Great Atonement was complete for another year.

The worshippers now poured out from the *Shool*; talking, laughing and wishing each other *Gut Yom Tov* (Good Holiday). Everyone was in a hurry to reach home and break his long fast.

At supper time Esther tiptoed around the table, her eyes gloating over the good things her mother had set forth for the holiday feast; nuts, raisins, pomegranates, watermelon and, best of all the symbolic apple and honey pie. She could remember other *Yom Kippur* pies, but never was there such a pie as this with its golden-brown crust crinkled so prettily around the edges. As she feasted her eyes upon it, she heard BasShevah announce, "What do you think? Esther fasted too. Not a crumb would she eat all day."

"What! Estheruni fasted!" exclaimed her father, putting on his skull cap wrong side out in his surprise. "What is this I hear? God shall bless you my child."

He called her to him and placed her in Mottel's seat, the seat of honor, at his right hand.

"Only the best will do for such a *froom* (pious) daughter," he told everyone as he put a thick slice of yellow chicken on her plate and added the choicest portions from each dish. When it came time to cut the Holiday pie, he gave her a piece larger even than Mottel's. "Eat my child," he coaxed, and, as an extra special treat, poured golden honey over the top.

She looked at the spicy apple filling, spread over her plate, and forgot her long and painful fast. "Surely," she thought, "it pays to serve the God of Israel."

Notwithstanding the seriousness with which Esther took her religion, she was a sunny, merry hearted child. It was perhaps just as well that every day was not a Holy Day or she would never have had time for play or lessons. On ordinary days, when her task of knitting was done, she would join her playmate, black-eyed Toby. Hand in hand the two little girls would race through the fields to the river where housewives of the Kamenky were scrubbing their clothes white on the big rocks. Here the children would select smooth pebbles from the water's edge for a game of jackstones, or would visit the old flour mill and the dam with its roaring waterfalls.

It always seemed that their fun had just begun when Esther's mother would call her. This meant that Moishe, her *Melamed* (Hebrew teacher) was at the house. How her feet lagged as she turned homeward! For Moishe came each day, from saying prayers for the dead in the *Shool*, to instruct her in Hebrew prayers. His tell-tale breath always bespoke his overindulgence in the ritual *schnapps* (spirits). This would make him so drowsy that while she droned her lesson, in her best imitation of Moishe's own monotonous sing-song, his head would fall on his chest and he would sleep. Then suddenly he would rouse himself to give her a sharp prod with his square bony fist. How Esther dreaded Moishe's fist! She knew she would feel it again and again until her lesson was over. But there was no appeal, for her mother quite approved this method of instilling knowledge. To know the few prayers needed in the household ritual was considered plenty of book learning for any Jewish girl in those days. Her real education went on at her mother's side where she learned to knit, sew and make the food "kosher."

\*pronounced Yeedle

## CHAPTER III

### A JEWISH WEDDING AND A FUNERAL

During the spring that followed Esther's great *Yom Kippur*, her easy-going, fun-loving sister, BasShevah, passed under the *huppah* (wedding canopy). This was the first wedding in the family. For weeks previous the whole household was in a pleasant state of confusion with the bustle of preparation, Esther was on tiptoe with excitement. She ran errands, helped with the housework, and hovered over her mother as she put fine stitches in a velvet mantle for BasShevah.

BasShevah was marrying a teacher from Kiev named Schmuel (Samuel), She liked him, she said, because he was a man of the world. He was not like the Chassidim with their strict ideas.

One night a few days before the wedding, Samuel took her to the theatre and brought her home at one o'clock in the morning. Such worldliness and dissipation was unheard of among the godly Chassidim. Esther had never seen her father so shocked and angry. And although BasShevah was nearly seventeen he gave her a sound thrashing.

Early in the morning of her wedding day, after a fast of twenty-four hours, and the necessary rites of purification at the Women's Bath, BasShevah donned her velvet mantle to go to the *Shadkin* (counselor and wedding jester). Her mother blindfolded her with a silk scarf and led her by the hand. The house where they met the *Shadkin* was packed with women, gathered to hear him counsel the bride how to conduct herself as a wife and mother in Israel. The *Badchan* did not spare her emotions. By the time he finished his long lecture, not only the bride, but every woman present was in tears. Some were quite hysterical, Esther not to be outdone, sobbed with the rest.

Because of the high place her father held among the Sons of the Covenant, he was given the special privilege of having the *huppah* (wedding canopy) for BasShevah's wedding set up in the largest Synagogue in Zhitomir. At the appointed hour the large hall was filled with relatives and friends. At last Samuel came and stood under the *huppah*. The bridal party circled around him singing the marriage song. Then BasShevah, still blindfolded, took her place beside him and they were married by the white-bearded Rabbi.

Esther looked on fascinated. She thrilled when the old Rabbi pronounced his blessings upon her dear BasShevah and her new husband. Then according to ancient custom, the bridal couple drank of the sacramental wine and Samuel dashed the empty glass to the floor where it shattered into bits. Esther gave a sigh of relief for the breaking of the glass meant the good wishes of all their friends would come true and that their union would be blessed the following year by the coming of a son. Had the glass not broken it would have been a bad omen. But now everyone crowded around the happy pair and cries of *Mazelto!* (congratulations) filled the hall.

The guests then left the downtown synagogue and made their way back to the little *Shool* in the Kamenky where the wedding supper was served. As soon as everyone had feasted, the fiddlers struck up a popular folk song and the dancing began. Reb. Levy Yitzchok took a huge red silk handkerchief and with BasShevah holding one corner and he the other, they danced together a stately dance after the manner of the Chassidim.

The old Reb. now expected BasShevah to cut off her hair and for the rest of her life wear the *sheitel* or wig, without which no virtuous wife is complete. But BasShevah hated the sight of its coarse dead hair, and would have none of it. She was proud of her pretty golden brown curls and had no intention of sacrificing them on the altar of religion. Her father coaxed, scoffed and commanded in turn. But although she shed bitter tears, she remained obstinate. Samuel finally settled the argument by throwing the offending *sheitel* in the fire. For the few days she stayed in her old home after her marriage, she covered her hair with a silk scarf. With this compromise her father had to be content.

BasShevah and Samuel went to live in Kiev. But they were there only a few months when they moved south to Odessa, the same city where Julius was working.

Following the wedding, the next few years passed uneventfully. Feast days came and went. The grocery business left them at the death of the grandmother, (Merkela the *mitchnitchka* the business woman), had failed. There were hard times in Esther's home. Mottel shifted his responsibility as much as possible onto Esther's willing shoulders. As she grew older she became more and more the stay and comfort of her aging father and mother.

Esther was in her fifteenth year when her father was taken seriously ill. The white grapes she bought to tempt his appetite remained untouched on the stand beside his bed. There was a hush throughout the house. Everyone walked softly, and talked in whispers. Esther relieving her mother in the sick room, watched with a heavy heart her father's labored breathing.

It was early in October when the Jews celebrated *Succoth* or the Feast of Tabernacles. This is the most joyful of all the Jewish festivals with seven days of feasting in remembrance of how God took care of their Fathers in the wilderness.

The Chassidim came to the house on the first morning of the holidays before they went to *Shool*. Each man carried citron and branches of palm and willow for *Succoth*. Esther could hear the rustle of dry leaves as the men crowded into the house. They put on her father his *phylacteries* and folded his white silk *tallith* with its silver embroidery and heavy fringes over his thin old shoulders. Then propping him up against the big feather pillows they put in his hands the Prayer Book for him to repeat the death-bed prayer:

"Oh may my death be an atonement for all my sins, iniquities and transgressions, of which I have been guilty before Thee," and to recite once more the *Shema* (Confession of Faith), "Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God, the Lord is One." But he was too weak to repeat even these few lines. Seeing this the men filed silently out, their lips moving in prayer.

A few minutes later Esther saw he was dying and ran to call them back. Again the four rooms filled with Chassidim in their somber black hats and *Caftans*. Her father's closest friends gathered about his bed. One of them held a feather to his lips. Then they knew Reb. Levy Yitzchok, Chassid, had gone to his Fathers. Turning to one another the men quoted from the Hebrew, "Know ye not that there is a prince and a great man fallen this day in Israel?"

With their own hands they tenderly prepared his body for burial. They dressed him in the white linen robe he had always worn on *Seder* (Passover eve).

Among the pious Jews, the sooner after death the burial, the greater the honor, but, because it was a High Holy Day, they had to wait until evening to bury him.

That night the moon was full. The streets of Zhitomir were as bright as if they had been lit by thousands of *menorahs*. All the Sons of the Covenant joined in paying their last tribute to Reb. Levy Yitzchok by bearing his bier on their own shoulders. Six men at a time carried it. When these tired, they passed it on to the next group of six. In this way he was borne through the moonlight to the burial ground three miles from the city.

After the funeral, Esther, together with the other members of the family, took off her shoes and did *shivah*, sitting for eight days on the floor while the Chassidim came twice a day to say *kaddish* (prayers for the dead).

On the tenth day she went with her mother to visit the grave. Workmen were there raising over it a low roof to protect it from the rain and snow. As she stood there she felt as if her heart would break. Then tender memories came to comfort her. As she thought of her father she could almost feel again his hands laid on her head in blessing and hear him say, "May God bless you my child and make you as Sarah, Rebekah, Rachel and Leah." She pictured him as he had looked on *Seder* night, robed in white, seated on a throne of cushions reading the beautiful Passover service from the yellowed pages of the *Haggada*. What a good man he had always been, so truly pious! He never complained even on the darkest days, but always gave honor to God. Standing now beside his grave, Esther prayed earnestly she might always be like her father, faithful and true to their Jewish religion.

## CHAPTER IV

### "YIDDLE A CHRISTIAN! HEAVEN FORBID!"

A few months after the death of Reb. Levy Yitzchok, Esther and her mother sold the cottage where they had lived for so many years; left Mottel working in Zhitomir; and went south to Odessa to live with BasShevah and Samuel.

Esther looked forward to seeing Julius again. She hoped he would come often to see them as he had in the old days. But they had no sooner arrived than BasShevah spoiled this expectation with a piece of shocking news.

"Yiddle is a Christian. He believes in Jesus!"

"What!" cried Esther, unwilling to trust her ears. "Yiddle a Christian! Heaven forbid! It is impossible!"

"He is already baptized. Tonight he will come, and you will see. He says Jesus is our *Mesheach*."

Esther felt sick at heart. That Julius Feinstein of all people should give up his Jewish faith for a religion of the Goyim, their enemies, was unthinkable! Had he gone to the *Shool* and torn the Torah into ribbons, it would not be more dishonoring to the Faith of his Fathers. It was horrible! The Jews would call him *posch Israel* (apostate) and the whole family would share his disgrace.

With a righteous indignation welling up within her she planned just what she would say to him. But when he came that evening a strange shyness overcame her and she could not think of a single word.

He was no longer a half-grown boy, as she remembered him, but a tall, self-possessed man. To her surprise he greeted her with the old pet name "*klein Estelle*," just as if nothing had come between them. He spoke of her father with affection and respect. "Reb. Levy Yitzchok - may he rest in peace - was a great and good man. When I heard of his death I felt I had lost, not only an uncle whom I loved, but a true friend." The sincerity of his sympathy disarmed her, and she forgot to treat him coldly.

Before she realized his intention Julius was telling how he had discovered that *Mesheach* had come. As he talked his natural reserve disappeared. He became animated and his enthusiasm was contagious. In spite of her aversion to the name of Jesus, she found herself listening with a strange fascination to his eager, resonant voice.

He told her how his German *meister*, Herr Wunsche, had pointed out to him verses in the German Bible, foretelling the exact time and place of Messiah's birth; and had showed him how these Old Testament prophecies were exactly fulfilled in Jesus of Nazareth. Julius told Esther of his amazement when he found these same predictions in a copy of their own Hebrew Scriptures which he borrowed from the *Shool*. He told her also of his awakened interest in Moses and the prophets; of his purchase of a Bible and his daily searching the Scriptures as he worked at his bench; of his, constant study for six months until the turmoil of his mind and heart made it impossible for him to eat or sleep; of his friend, Wolfe Kandel, a Jew from Roumania who believed Jesus to be the *Mesheach Ben Dovid*; and finally of his own heart-conviction that this was the truth.

He opened his Hebrew Bible to read to Esther one of the passages that had so gripped his own soul. But she stopped her ears and ran from the room. These were just the clever explanations of the Christians. It was madness for a Jew to believe in Jesus. Such a thing was unheard of among their people. One shocking fact stood out for her. Her idol had fallen. Julius had forsaken the Faith of his Fathers and was now *posch Israel* (apostate.)!

It exasperated her to see Samuel listening to him hour after hour. Was Samuel himself beginning

to believe? As for herself she had heard more than enough. She felt she could never be friends with Julius again. A few months later when he left Odessa to go to Jerusalem, She told herself she was glad he had gone. Now she would not have to hear about Jesus any more.

About this time Esther began working for Aaron the *schneider* (tailor) binding button-holes. He employed four other girls who came in the morning and went home at night. But Esther, who lived some distance, boarded with Aaron and his mother during the week, and came home each Sabbath.

Esther had been working nearly two years when she came home one Saturday to find a letter waiting for her. Any letter was an event in those days but this one boasted a foreign stamp and was postmarked 'Constantinople.'

"*Gevalt!*" she exclaimed, "Who would write me a letter from Turkey, that far off land?"

She tore it open. The first thing that met her astonished gaze was the familiar face of Julius, looking calmly at her from a small photograph that fell from the envelope. Her letter was from him.

She was thrilled, just as when she was a child running out to meet him on Saturday morning.

Eagerly she drank in every word he had written. He said he had not gone to Jerusalem after all, but only as far as Constantinople where he had been living a lonely life for two years. He had worked hard and now owned his own woodturning shop. At the end he asked her if she would be so kind as to write to him and send him a picture of herself.

Her heart said "yes," but her head said "no." She suddenly remembered he was baptized. She must have nothing to do with him.

BasShevah, however, urged her to have her picture taken. Samuel said, "Why not? Send him your picture. He is your friend. He believes in God and a better man you'll not find. Send him a nice little letter. What harm can it do?"

At first she would not hear of such a thing. But

Samuel refused to take no for an answer. At last she gave in and consented to write him a short note. After all it had been very kind of him to send her his photograph. BasShevah, seeing she was beginning to weaken, added her efforts to those of Samuel. At last they persuaded her to sit for her picture also. But she secretly resolved she would send her photograph to Julius only on one condition. It must be an especially nice one.

For the first time she began to study herself seriously in the mirror. She saw there a dainty slip of a girl with delicately chiseled features; tiny hands and feet in perfect proportion. Her face was like an exotic flower; the expressive hazel-brown eyes shaded by dark lashes; the firm round cheeks glowing with warm color; and the small sensitive mouth smiling demurely. A wealth of lustrous dark hair crowned the little head. Thick curls clustered in short bangs over the broad low forehead and hung below the waist in a heavy plait.

She brushed her hair until it shone like a raven's wing, and tied a smart coral-pink bow at the back. Then she put on her new shirt-waist of crisp black silk with its pretty collar and fichu of cream-colored lace. Her mother gave her a pair of chaste gold earrings like tiny buttons, and helped fasten them in her ears. At last her toilet was complete and BasShevah hurried her off in triumph to the *fotografir*.

Her picture showed her sitting on a garden seat against a background of waterfalls and shrubbery. Relatives and neighbors admired it in turn. But as she posted it with a short note to Julius, she wondered if *he* would be satisfied.

## CHAPTER V

### WOING ESTHER FROM AFAR

Busy at his workbench in Constantinople, Julius was thinking of Esther and wondering whether he would hear from her. He had not forgotten how bitterly she had resented his new beliefs, and realized she probably had not changed her attitude. He was the one who had changed, not she. For during the early months of his stay in this strange city, he had been stumbled in his faith by false teaching. He seldom spoke now of his brother Jews about their Messiah. He would not bother Esther with his religious views if only she would be his friend.

Esther's next letter from Julius raised a weighty question. Would she be willing to take the name of Feinstein? For one moment her heart bounded with joy, then sank with the realization of what such a step would mean. Marry a renegade! She, the daughter of Reb. Levy Yitzchok! What a shame and disgrace that would be! Why, O why, had he asked her when he knew she was a strict Jewess? She decided to ignore this letter, to forget about him and let everything be as it was before. But, alas, for her peace of mind, she found she was powerless to dismiss Julius from her thoughts. From that day she knew no rest.

Samuel kept alive the conflict in her breast by putting, in a good word for Yiddle at every opportunity. Basshevah also sought to encourage the affair.

One afternoon while rocking the baby to sleep in his cradle, BasShevah told about the year Samuel was without work. "It was *Pesach* (Passover). We had no money to buy dishes, eggs, or even motzos (unleavened bread). Did the shool give us a little help? Not one kopeka! *Schlauf mein shener kinder, schlauf* (sleep my pretty little one, sleep). It was Yiddle-God bless him-who brought us fourteen rubles from the Christians. Fourteen rubles! And God's blessing was on every one of them. Samuel bought coats to sell and made for himself a little business that lasted a whole year. Yiddle is a good man. He will make you a nice living. What more do you want from a husband?"

"Yes," admitted Esther dubiously, "only he is a believer."

"Maybe a believer, maybe not," put in Samuel with a shrug of his shoulders. "Look through his letters. Is there anything in there about Jesus? Not one word can you find. So why judge so quick? Perhaps he has given up his new ideas."

To Esther, torn between two opinions, Samuel's words carried the weight of true wisdom. She wondered why she had not thought of this herself. It was all so clear. Julius had not mentioned Jesus in his letters. That explained everything. It was because he had given it all up that he was willing to marry her. Now if she married him, she could no doubt easily win him back to their beloved Judaism and thus remove the disgrace he had brought on the family. Besides, would she not be doing God a service? Eagerly she explained this to Samuel. Did he not think it was her duty to marry Julius and bring him back to the Faith of his Fathers? "Sure it's your duty. Send him a letter today. He has already waited too long."

The next post carried her answer. Her fate was sealed.

Esther's engagement to Julius ushered in a busy time of plans and preparations. He wrote regularly. Because he was tied down by his business he suggested she come with her mother to Constantinople and have the wedding there. This made her doubly certain he had given up his Christianity. For he must know that her mother, the pious Pearl, would insist on their being married by a Rabbi in the Jewish Faith.

Mottel was furious when he learned his sister was to marry the baptized Yiddle. But he was over two hundred miles away in Zhitomir and was powerless to stop her. His absence made it easy to persuade her mother to fall in with her plans.

At the shop of Aaron, the tailor, where Esther worked, she now became the center of interest.

Over their *prakoosky* (clear tea) in the afternoons, the girls talked of nothing but brides, weddings and what a wicked city Constantinople was. They vied with each other in passing on hair-raising tales they had heard about young girls being stolen on the streets there and borne off to the harem of the Sultan. But Esther just smiled.

In three months Esther and her mother had everything in readiness for their journey. Samuel had even bought their tickets for the boat when a letter came from Julius telling her not to come.

His partner, Marcus, whom he had trusted to buy all his supplies, because he could speak Turkish, had cheated him out of thousands of rubles. He had just found out about it. Marcus had been overcharging him on every purchase and pocketing the difference. His business was ruined. He said they must postpone their marriage until he could make a new start.

But Samuel, backed by BasShevah, urged her to go just the same. "It is plain this fellow Marcus doesn't want 'Yiddle' to marry you. He is trying to make trouble. Now is your opportunity. If you don't go, who knows what will happen before he sends for you again. Go now, or you will never go."

They were so insistent, Esther finally gave in and sent a letter giving the time her boat would arrive in Constantinople and asking Julius to be sure and meet her.

The ship on which she and her mother took passage left Odessa on Saturday afternoon. As she stood by the ship's rail, watching Odessa recede in the distance an old Russian folk song came to mind. She sang softly:

"Beautiful maiden so sweet and shy;  
Where will you journey such a long way?  
If going together, I'll travel with you,  
The wash in the river, I'll willingly do."

## CHAPTER VI

### A STRANGE MEETING AT CONSTANTINOPLE

On Monday morning they entered the beautiful harbor of Constantinople. The steamer stopped for quarantine, and anchored some distance from the shore, while dark skinned porters and officials came out in small skiffs to meet it. Esther stood leaning over the rail watching them climb the rope ladder on the ship's side. She expected any moment to see Julius. But although she waited over two hours he did not come. Maybe Marcus had kept her letter from him. The stories the girls at Aaron's had told about this wicked city came to her mind. Passengers sailors and porters jostled against her talking a babel of tongues anything but reassuring to her Russian ears. Her heart began to pound. Her mother kept crying, "*Veh-is-mir!*" (woe is me). "Where is Yiddle? Why doesn't he come? What will we do?"

Esther peered anxiously over the ship's side; then searched the crowds milling about the deck. Every face, every voice was foreign. She choked back the tears. Surely he would come soon. Then in familiar Yiddish she heard, "Excuse me, Miss, but may I ask for whom you are waiting?" Never had she heard a more welcome sound than those few words in her native tongue. She turned and saw a tall young man in uniform. He introduced himself as one of the interpreters for the immigration Bureau. Again he asked for whom she waited.

"For my husband," she faltered. She was too frightened to let anyone know she was an unmarried girl.

"What is his name?"

"Julius Feinstein."

"Julius Feinstein! Why he is my friend; I love him like a brother. Only he is not your husband but your *hossen* (fiance). Come now, am I not right? I know, you see, for he has shown me your picture."

Her new found friend offered to go at once and bring Julius first making her promise not to move from the spot or speak to anyone while he was gone. As she watched him go ashore, she wondered what would have become of her had he not come. It was as if God had sent an Angel to protect her!

Another hour of waiting then they came. But when she saw Julius she was startled. His face was ashy-white. Water was dripping from his hair and clothes and oozing from his shoes. He wasn't expecting her, he said, and in his excitement had slipped when jumping into the skiff and fallen into the water. Just in time, a strong-armed Turk had grabbed him by the hair and saved him from drowning!

Esther could see he was more upset because she had come against his wishes than because of the accident. Could she have seen into his empty pockets she would have understood even better. But still feeling that the dishonest Marcus was in some way to blame for this sorry welcome, she swallowed her tears, together with her disappointment, and climbed cautiously down the wobbly rope ladder into the skiff waiting to carry them ashore.

At the dock a Turk wearing wide baggy trousers and a red hat like a flower pot upside down, tossed her trunk and boxes onto his back and set off at a brisk trot running ahead of them all the way to Julius' apartment in Bead Bazaar. She now learned that the reason Julius had not known of her coming was because he had just moved to this new address and her last letter never reached him.

A *shadchan* (marriage broker) named Schloyma, who lived upstairs came out to meet them. He said his wife had prepared roghalikis (crescent-shaped rolls) and coffee and invited them all to come up and have a little snack. As soon as Julius changed into dry clothes they went. But as Schloyma talked only to Julius, and the Spanish accent of his wife made it impossible to understand her, Esther

and her mother soon grew weary listening to them. Finishing their rolls and coffee they excused themselves and returned downstairs to unpack.

Esther noted with satisfaction the new rushbottom chairs in Julius' rooms, the unworn broadcloth suit and tall silk hat in his wardrobe; all in preparation for their wedding.

Wishing to make some atonement for the trouble she had so unwittingly caused him, she borrowed floorbrush, pail and cloths from a neighbor, tucked up her skirts and set to work. While her mother, worn-out from all the excitement, dozed in a corner, she scrubbed the floors, polished the windows, dusted and rearranged chairs and tables. Julius' bachelor quarters were undergoing a thorough transformation when Schloyma the *shadchan* appeared in the doorway. Rubbing his hands together, smiling and suave, he stood there. Did she have a good journey? She had come to be married had she not? Of course she had brought a good dowry. Not less than a thousand rubles considering what had happened to the business of her *hossen* (fiance).

Esther flushed with resentment. She knew Julius had not expected her to bring a dowry after she had paid her own and her mother's fare from Odessa. Why was this shifty-eyed *shadchan* meddling in her affair? All he cared for was his fee, she knew. Summoning her courage she faced him. "This matter was settled long ago. My friend sent for me and I have come. I have his letter here in my bag. We don't need a *shadchan*." She dismissed him with a feeling of uneasiness. His heavy boots clumping up the uncarpeted stairs did not sound reassuring.

Had she followed him she would have had even more grounds for her fears. For as soon as he returned to Julius, now on his third cup of coffee, Schloyma began singing the praises of one of his clients, a black-eyed Spanish beauty with one hundred pounds dowry and a tongue that could drive a bargain in Yiddish, Greek or Turkish. "Not only will you have a wife like a queen," said Schloyma with his oily smile, "but an asset to your business that will be priceless. As for this penniless girl who has just now arrived from Russia to marry you, she is out of the picture altogether. As you have no money to support her it will be doing her the greatest kindness to ship her back to Odessa on the next boat. Then there is her old mother who no doubt is secretly planning to live on you. She will be an additional burden. Had you thought of that? Now is the time to take everything into consideration." And Schloyma began all over again to paint a rosy picture of the paradise in store for the lucky man who married his Spanish belle.

Julius, embarrassed and worried by Esther's untimely arrival, thought of his ruined business. He knew if he went through with his marriage now he must borrow money. As he listened to the *shadchan's* subtle suggestions his annoyance at Esther grew. Why had she persisted in coming when he had expressly written her to wait?

An hour later he left Schloyma and returned to his rooms just as Esther was laying a fresh cover on the table. He looked about him at the shining order of his apartment, then at Esther warm and rosy from her exertions. The next moment he had her in his arms.

"My *klein Estelle*, my little bride! None shall ever separate us! I will never send you away! We will trust in God and not worry. He will surely provide for all our needs."

But although Julius was poor in worldly goods, he was rich in friends. One of these named *Yankele* (Jacob) opened his two-storied, balconied house for their wedding. Thus it came about that three weeks after her arrival in Constantinople, Esther, starry-eyed beneath a filmy veil and crown of lilies, passed under the *huppah* in Yankele's flower-bedecked parlor. The wedding guests included Yankele's friends as well as Julius', with the one exception of Schloyma, the *shadchan*, who wasn't invited. As they all gathered about her with their cheery *Mazeltovs* (congratulations), her heart contracted for an instant. She realized that she, a true daughter of Israel, was now the wife of a baptized believer. What would her father have said?

## CHAPTER VII

### UNDER THE TURKISH CRESCENT

Following her marriage, Esther occupied herself with the novel experience of homemaking in a Turkish city. She was happy and contented and did not greatly concern herself about her husband's religious views.

On Saturday evenings and Sunday afternoons she and Julius often strolled together along the Topenah, the famous boulevard on the waterfront. On one side it is open to the sea and on the other lined with shops and open cafes where tinkling chimes invite the passerby to feast on Turkish Delight and to sip fragrant coffee from tiny cups like eggshells. Here Orientals mingle with Europeans in a colorful pageant along the promenade. Spanish ladies, Persian merchants, Greek vendors, Syrian women and children—all are alike in their love of finery and gaudy display. Esther with her inherent fondness for bright colors, asked nothing better than to sit under the awning of a café from where she could view this never-ending panorama of gaily costumed folk in their rich purples, yellows, reds, and blues.

There were also fine carriages and crowded horse cars. Many horseback riders trotted briskly past. She noticed when a man hired a horse to ride, the Turk who owned it always ran beside the horse's head. Many times she saw a rider spur the horse in a vain attempt to outrun the poor Turk, but no matter how fast they flew, the Turk, panting and purple-faced, always managed to keep close to his horse.

Wherever Esther went there were sights new and strange to her Russian eyes. Everywhere throughout the city she saw tall towers called minarets. Five times a day she would hear the weird, shrill call of the *Muezzin* from the tower balcony, reminding all faithful Moslems to drop their work and pray to Allah. What a queer religious custom! Surely these Mohamedans had nothing to compare with Judaism, the faith of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. She thought complacently of her own religion and was satisfied.

The Moslem's Sabbath was on Friday. It was then the Sultan drove from his palace to worship in the beautiful Mosque that stood in the center of the city. Julius sometimes filled orders for handcarved chairs and pedestals for the palace and Esther was eager to see the great man. One Friday she had an opportunity. She and Julius stood with the crowd at one side of the wide avenue as the Sultan and his retinue rode past. He sat with his princes and generals in a gilded coach drawn by six spirited white horses. He was a small dark-faced man, his head piled high with fold on fold of snowy turban. Mounted soldiers in scarlet uniforms formed a guard about him and headed a long procession of carriages filled with his numerous wives.

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Esther's mother remained with her for six weeks after the wedding, then returned to Odessa.

It was about this time she noticed Julius was spending more and more of his leisure hours reading the Bible. One Sunday afternoon he sat lost in study, the big Book open on the table before him. Mindful of other Sundays when they had gone out together, Esther felt neglected. Above all it irritated her to see him read about Jesus. Out of doors the sky was cloudless, the sunshine golden. In her imagination she could see the gay crowds on the promenade and the sea sparkling in the sun as if sprinkled with diamonds. At last she went to him; laid her head down on the open page; looked up into his face and said coaxingly, "It's such a lovely day, please take me for a walk on the Topenah."

She was taken aback by the earnestness of his reply, "My dear, when I read *this Book* you must never interrupt me; for this is my life."

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Within a year they were able to move to a nicer section of the city. Esther liked their new home upstairs over the Woodturning Shop and prided herself in her housekeeping. She learned to cook on a Turkish stove called a mangol. It burned charcoal and was like a huge iron drum on three legs with holes in the top for pots. She scrubbed her floors with a foot brush until they were white as beach sand and covered them with straw mats of blue and silver. In one corner of their living room was a Turkish divan. This she covered with gay flowered cretonne and made window curtains to match. On her dining table she kept a dish filled with luscious fruit from the bazaar: juicy pomegranates, freshly-picked green figs, and purple grapes the size of plums.

The one dark cloud over these early happy days was the loss of their six-months-old baby girl, little Elizabeth, who sickened and died after a siege of whooping cough. Julius was now attending Church each Sunday. But Esther could see no good reason for objecting as he was willing for her to observe the Jewish Sabbath on Saturday, in fact this arrangement had a distinct advantage; it gave her two holidays each week instead of one. On *Pesach* and *Yom Kippur* he would escort her to the Synagogue, leave her there, and call for her when the service was over. He never preached to her or tried to make her change her religion. For this she was grateful. Only a few times had he spoken to her about his faith. One day he had said: "Esther, my dear, if you want to have everlasting life, you must believe in Jesus who is our Messiah and the only Saviour for both Jews and Gentiles." To this she made no reply but his words persisted in her mind for days afterward.

Things went on in this way for over two years. They both avoided, as if by mutual consent, the discussion of religion. But although her husband said little about his faith, Esther could not fail to note its fruit in his daily life. She compared him with other men to their disadvantage. She admired his patience, his gentle spirit, his high code of honor and his consideration for the men who worked for him. This silent testimony of his was not lost upon her. In her heart of hearts she knew it was his faith in Jesus that made his life so honorable.

## CHAPTER VIII

### "NOW I CAN BELIEVE"

One day Julius hired a workman, a bearded Jew named Enoch, who had recently come from Jerusalem. Esther knew the reputation for Hebrew learning held by the Jerusalem Jews. She was secretly elated. He would be just the one to turn Julius away from Jesus back to Moses.

To her satisfaction they entered at once into a discussion of Moses and the Prophets. Enoch became so interested that he came upstairs to study the Scriptures with Julius each evening while Esther sat quietly by with her sewing. A complacent smile played about her lips whenever she saw that Julius paid attention to Enoch's opinions. This went on for several weeks.

One day Esther walked into the workshop to see Julius kneeling in prayer beside the bench. And to her dismay, kneeling beside him was Enoch, the devout orthodox Jew from Jerusalem. She knew at once what had happened. Instead of winning her husband back to Judaism, Enoch himself had turned to Christ.

Because the Gentiles who bow to idols kneel when they pray, no pious Jew will ever kneel. Yet here was Enoch on his knees. He was praying to the God of his Fathers, begging forgiveness for his years of blindness and unbelief and confessing his faith in Jesus as the Messiah and only Saviour. When he finished he called his boy, Mendel, a little fellow of ten years.

"My son," he said, "I want you to believe in Jesus. I have been convinced by my study of Moses and the Prophets that He is the true Messiah. He is our *Corban* (sacrifice), the one Saviour who can take away our sins. Don't be afraid of what people will say or do to you: God will protect you. Only be always true to Jesus."

This was an unexpected turn of affairs for Esther. That night she could not sleep. Her mind and heart were in a turmoil. Painful questions like sharp arrows pierced her very soul, but she could find no answers with which to meet them.

"What if Julius and Enoch are right after all and Jesus is our Messiah? If they are right, I am wrong. I want to believe what is true but how can I know? I am willing to do anything, believe anything, if I can be sure that when I come to die I shall not be lost, but will go to be with the Lord."

All night these thoughts revolved in her mind. The next day when she was alone, she locked her door, and for the first time in her nineteen years knelt down to pray as she had so often seen Julius kneel. She addressed the God of her Fathers, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. She asked Him for some sign whereby she might know once for all whether Jesus is the true Saviour. "If I can only know the truth," she prayed, "come sickness, sorrow, poverty or disgrace, I will believe. But if Jesus is not our Messiah, please take all these doubts from my mind, and I will live as a faithful Jewess according to my father's teaching."

As she rose from her knees an impression came to her that she should call her husband. Running down to the workroom where Julius was busy at the turning lathe, she begged him to read her something from the Scriptures. He gave one look at her tear-stained face. Without saying a word he stopped the machine and returned with her upstairs. He opened his Bible, turned to Isaiah, chapter fifty-three, and began to read that wonderful prophecy that has helped many Jews to see the Light:

"But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities:  
The chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are  
healed."

As she listened her prayer was answered; she knew the truth! The Lord Jesus Christ was the only One who could be the fulfillment of this prophecy!

"I understand now," she said softly as Julius read the closing words of that beautiful chapter, "Jesus was the last sacrifice; with His stripes we are healed. He is my *Corban*. Now I can believe."

In that moment Esther was "born again" into the Kingdom of God. Years before, she had been born as a little babe into her father's family. Now she was "born of the Spirit"\* into the family of God. Thus she had truly become a "twice-born Jewess."

From that day Esther showed discernment in spiritual things. When a friend of Julius' tried to persuade them they should observe Saturday and not Sunday for worship, it was she who settled the matter saying, "We are now living in the New Testament; we are no more in the Old. Why should we keep the Jewish Sabbath now that we are Hebrew Christians?"

Two weeks later the Jews celebrated the Feast of Passover. The question arose whether she should keep it with unleavened bread (motzos) as she had always done. "No," she decided, "I can't be a half-way Christian. Jesus Christ is now my Passover and I no longer need unleavened bread. I will not buy motzos."

Her closest friend, Hannah—also from Odessa—came, accompanied by a neighbor, to find out for herself if the news could be true. Was Esther a believer in the despised Nazarene as people were saying? Did she dare keep *Pesach* without motzos? She would soon see.

Running in just at dinner time on the first of the holidays, they saw fresh rye bread on Esther's table.

"What is this?" they demanded, pointing accusing fingers at the tell-tale loaf.

"That is bread," admitted Esther calmly facing them.

"We know it is bread," shrilled Hannah, brushing motzos crumbs from her own pious bosom, "but this *is Pesach!* The worst Jew wouldn't be found with so much as one crumb of leaven in his house on *Pesach*, but you, YOU have bread! Have you become a Gentile?"

"Listen," pleaded Esther, "I want to tell you something. I have found in Moses and the Prophets that Jesus is our *Mesheach ben Dovid*. He is my *Corban*. He is my Passover Lamb. I no more need unleavened bread."

"What! Art thou more clever than thy parents? They kept *Pesach* with motzos."

"I am not clever at all. I only know Jesus is our Messiah, the only Saviour for both Jews and Gentiles. He died for my sins and He is my Passover."

Raising her hands in speechless horror, Hannah turned and flounced out of the door, followed by her companion. As they stamped down the stairs, Esther heard them say they would never set foot inside her house again. She ran after them, calling to assure them they would always be welcome, but they took themselves off, calling down the ten plagues of Egypt upon her and her house.

Storm clouds of persecution now gathered over the wood-turning shop. But come what might, Julius and Esther agreed that they would make known the name of Jesus with all boldness as long as God gave them an open door.

\*The story of how we must be "born again" before we can gain entrance into heaven is found in chapter three of the Gospel of John, verses one to twenty-one, and thirty-one to the end.

## CHAPTER IX

### "A GIRDLE OF FIRE"

The next two years were full of grief. Their best friend turned against them and became their bitterest enemy. He succeeded in causing a serious injury to Julius which sent him to the hospital for a prolonged and trying illness.

Esther was left friendless and alone. For the first time she learned to pray in faith and marveled at the way God answered. Her old friend, Hannah who had been so bitter toward her on Passover, the week before, now came and took her to her own home. And there a few weeks later, Esther's second child was born, a boy whom she named Isaac after her father.

Esther and her baby boy returned to Odessa. Julius joined them there after his discharge from the hospital. There were more trials to undergo in Odessa at the hands of her brother Mottel. But God protected them and prospered them until the day came when a new sign, "Feinstein, Master Woodturner," hung over their door. Then each evening when his work was done, Julius would set forth with his big Hebrew Bible under his arm to carry its message of eternal life to his brother Jews in this great city on the Black Sea, where one third of its residents are sons and daughters of Abraham.

Esther, too, found many opportunities to tell of her newfound Messiah. During the past two years she had suffered much. Her faith had been sorely tested but she had remained true, and could now speak from experience of One whom she had proved over and over again to be a "very present help in trouble."

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"*Shalom aleichem*" (Peace be with thee).

"*Aleichem shalom*" (With thee be peace).

This was the greeting between Esther and a bearded Jew who sold notions from his stand in the Odessa market. "It is so hard for us Jews to do a little business" he said, pointing to the Greek Orthodox Church near by with its gilded domes and towers reflecting the sun. "The *Goyim* persecute us; they hate to see us make a living."

"Yes, agreed Esther, "but you know Moses and the prophets tell us that if we believe God and keep His commandments, we shall be a blessing in the world and ten *Goyim will* say to one Jew, 'we will go with you for we have heard that God is with you.' But if we will not obey God's Word we shall become a curse and will live in such fear among the *Goyim* that even the rustling of the leaves in the trees will make us tremble."

The man repeated these verses in the Hebrew. He wanted to talk about God and listened with an open mind while Esther told him how she had found in their Messiah, Jesus, the cure for all their troubles.

A few days later this same man saw her passing through the market and ran after her. She was in a store buying rice and noodles when he called to her to stop at his stand on her way back and tell him more about their Messiah.

By the time she finished her marketing and reached the notion stand, pushcart peddlers and small shop keepers, were gathering in response to the old man's invitation to come and hear a woman who could explain from the *Torah* all about the *Mesheach Ben Dovid* (Messiah, Son of David). She felt uneasy when she saw men and women, coming from all directions, filling in the open space about his stall. As she looked into their faces, some hostile, others curious, her first impulse was to run away. Then she recalled the words: "Take no thought . . . what ye shall speak: for it shall be given you in that same hour what ye shall speak." Her nervousness left her and she began to talk to them.

She first told them about the meaning of some of the Jewish feasts and fasts. From this she led

on to the explanation of how the Messiah fulfilled these: He is our Passover Lamb; He is the sacrifice for our atonement. She followed this with the story of how she and her husband found from Moses and the Prophets that He has come: "Jesus is our Messiah, the only Saviour for both Jews and Gentiles."

At this point a man on the edge of the crowd shouted, "We know this woman; she is the missionary from Rabinovitz' Mission in Kishenev."

"No!" retorted Esther with spirit, "I have never set foot in Kishenev. I am from Constantinople."

As most of them had never been outside the city limits of Odessa, they were silenced and listened with new respect to this woman who had come from so far. She had no further interruption. But while she was speaking she was conscious of a peculiar sensation; she felt as if she were encircled by an invisible girdle of fire. She wondered about this all the way home.

She found Julius patiently waiting for his dinner which should have been on the table an hour earlier. As she bustled about, chopping the meat for *katkleten* (meat balls), she told him how an old man in the market had called all his friends together that she might tell them about Jesus. She also described as well as she could the strange sensation of her being encircled with a girdle of fire while she was speaking.

"I believe it is a sign," said Julius. "It is a sign you were girt with the girdle of Truth because you told them about the Lord." Then he opened his Bible and read to her Ephesians 6:14, "Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with Truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness."

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In the cosy living room behind the wood-turning shop, Esther always made afternoon tea in the shining copper samovar, ready to give a loving welcome to all who came. BasShevah and her three eldest girls, Leah, Rosie and Freida came quite often. To have a glass of tea with Aunt Esther, and hear her tell about Constantinople, and how she came to believe in Jesus, was an experience to be repeated often. It was quiet thoughtful Leah who gave the most earnest attention to the story of Jesus and she was the first to confess Him as her Saviour. Warm-hearted little Freida also responded to the Gospel. But BasShevah — although Esther felt certain she secretly believed — was not yet ready to own her faith.

It was nearly thirty five years later when this much-loved and prayed-for sister was led by her own daughter, Leah, to confess Christ on her deathbed.

Several times a week Esther's mother would drop in to tell her troubles, sure of finding sympathy and understanding. She knew her younger daughter would have something set aside especially for her: fruit, cakes, or a few kopekas she had managed to save from her week's market money. The pious Pearl regarded these tokens of affection as a *mitzvah*, or good deed, on Esther's part to help her to earn an entrance to heaven, as is taught by the Rabbis.

One day when Esther was telling her of the peace and joy she had found through believing on Jesus, her mother cried out, "I pray to God He will only help me so I too can have everlasting life. Like you I want to go to heaven."

Knowing her mother's unshakeable faith in *mitzvahs*, Esther was deeply touched by this outburst. Did she realize at last that the Rabbis had nothing to satisfy the longing of her heart? "Mama darling, certainly you can have everlasting life. If you will take the Lord Jesus as your *Corban*, He will bring you to heaven, not because of *mitzvahs* but because of faith."

From that day on the aged Pearl prayed daily that God would forgive her sins and give her everlasting life.

## CHAPTER X

### LIFE MORE ABUNDANT

With the return of the Easter season, Esther accompanied Julius to a service on the morning of Good Friday in the little German Protestant Church where he was now a deacon. Their friend Herr Schuler was reading Isaiah fifty-three for their meditation. Ever since she believed, Esther had called this her chapter. As she listened to the familiar words, she lived over again in memory that hour nearly two years before, when the light of the Gospel first dawned upon her mind and heart. She was roused from her reverie when the people joined in singing the grand old hymn:

"There is life for a look at the crucified One;  
There is life at this moment for thee,  
Then look, sinner, look unto Him and be saved  
Unto Him who was nailed to the Tree."

As she sang with the rest, its message sank deep into her heart. Life for a look! Suddenly she caught a glimpse of the more abundant life in Christ. She could look on Him in simple faith; one heart-believing look and this fuller, richer life would be hers. He had done it all; she did not need to do anything. Neither did she need to wait; it was for her to take abundant Life that moment.

By the time they sang the last line of the hymn, 'rivers of living water' were overflowing in her breast; her joy was so deep she wanted to share it with everyone. Herr Schuler noticed her shining face. He asked the people to kneel while Frau Feinstein led in prayer. As she arose from her knees he

said to her: "Tomorrow the devil will come to tempt you and tell you it was all a dream. But you must not listen. Keep close to Jesus; He is able to keep you from falling."

She walked home beside Julius, her heart bubbling over with love for the whole world. They passed a group of *goulyanis* (rough Russian laborers). For the first time in her life she felt it was possible to love these unlovely Goyim. There were cripples begging alms and crossing themselves on the wide stone steps of the Greek Cathedral. She emptied her purse to give them all her *kopekas* and told them that Jesus loved them.

She now wanted to be baptized and asked Pastor Friesen, their minister, to send for the government permit required by the authorities for every Protestant baptism. But although he applied at once it was nearly twelve months before it came. Because of the long delay, the date set for her baptism was also Good Friday just one year from the day she had so sweetly experienced 'Life for a Look.' It was to take place in the Black Sea on the outskirts of the city.

The weather had been bleak and disagreeable for weeks. Her friend, Amelia Wunsche, warned her she would 'catch her death' if she went in the water so early in the season. But Esther was nothing daunted. "I will pray," she said, "God is able to give me a warm day." Thursday of that week was raw and chilly like the days before it. Everyone predicted that Friday too would be cold. That morning Esther was up with the sun. She hurried outside. It was more like a morning in June. The air was soft and mild and the breeze from the southwest felt warm on her cheeks.

When Esther arrived at the seaside, she was surprised to see mounted gendarmes prancing up and down the beach. In their scarlet uniforms with black cockades in their hats and the sun glinting on their silver spurs, they made an imposing sight. They were there to keep order in case a curious and unruly crowd gathered.

At the appointed hour, the believers gathered at the water's edge singing hymns, while Esther, robed in white, waded out through the surf to the deeper water where Pastor Friesen awaited her. He offered a prayer of consecration, then baptized her in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. As she came up out of the water she was radiant; her joy was complete. Like Julius she was now a baptized Hebrew Christian. She had crossed the last bridge between herself and Rabbinical Judaism!

Five years went by. Julius had been appointed by the Mildmay Mission to the Jews-with headquarters in London, England- to serve in his spare time as its representative in Odessa. God was blessing his efforts. In addition to his visitation work he taught a group of inquirers who met with him each Saturday for instruction in the Scriptures.

His wood-turning business had also prospered and now occupied quarters fronting on Sabornia Plush-tchad, the main avenue in the downtown section. A short flight of steps led down from the sidewalk to a basement showroom exhibiting delicately carved pedestals and hand-turned chairs and tables. Behind this showroom was the apartment where Esther cooked and patched for her three small sons; and opening off it at one side was the workshop with its whirring lathes and long benches cluttered with tools and furniture parts.

*On Yom Kippur*, the Great Day of Atonement, the Synagogues were crowded with loyal Sons of the Covenant, fasting, praying and bewailing the sins of Israel. But on that Day twelve or more Jewish men would gather about the dining table in the home of Esther and Julius. Why were they here instead of in the Synagogue with their brother Jews? Because they wanted to learn at firsthand about the true atonement, the atonement their Messiah had made for them. Each man had his own Hebrew-Yiddish Bible. During the lesson they each read in turn passages from Moses and Prophets dealing with the work of their Messiah as the great Sin Bearer, and asked questions in an earnest truth-seeking manner.

From this group a number became believers. One of these was a successful lawyer. Each could give a ringing testimony to an assurance of sins forgiven, that all his crying and fasting on past Yom Kippurs had failed to bring.

## CHAPTER XI

### "GOD WILL BE OUR FATHER"

Esther gloried in Julius' untiring labors among their people. Yet sometimes she feared for his safety for he constantly met opposition and a few times barely escaped with his life.

In one of his reports to the Mildmay Mission he wrote, "I go to my fellow Jews and tell them how I came to Jesus and what I found in Him. I read to them in Yiddish out of the Old and New Testaments and pray with them that they may open their hearts to the Holy Spirit. I am often asked by my Jewish brothers to visit them and tell their wives and children about their Messiah, Jesus.

"About ten o'clock one dark night I received a call to visit a Jewish family living in the Moldvanka, a poor section on the other side of the city. When I reached the house I found an old Jewess very sick and in need of comfort. I read to her from the New Testament and pointed her to Jesus who said, 'Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'

"I was about to leave to return home, a little after midnight, when a band of Jews burst into the room, locking the door behind them. They surrounded me, shouting, cursing and threatening to tear me to pieces if they heard me again mention the name of Jesus. I thought my time had come and committed my soul to God. One old Jew cried "Thou *posch Israel*, call on the name of the *Toluy* (Crucified One) and see if He will save thee." Then brandishing his club he was rushing at me when a sharp knock came at the door and a command rang out in Russian, 'Open at once in the name of the Law!' It was a gendarme with some soldiers hunting down an escaped criminal. They had heard the uproar in this house, and demanded an explanation. But before anyone could unlock the door, the room was plunged in darkness. By the time the lamps were relit the Jews had slipped out the back way.

Before midnight he sank into a stupor from which he roused for just a moment only to sink back again. By morning he was gone into the presence of Him whom he had loved to proclaim as the Saviour of men.

The many Jews and Christians who attended his funeral service overflowed the room into the street outside. One young Jew mourned: "God has taken away our brother because we do not deserve to have him with us. He told us the Truth about our Messiah; we refused to listen so God has taken him." Not long afterward this young man became a believer, and for many years preached the Gospel he had heard so often from the lips of Julius.

Lady Gurland, German wife of Hebrew-Christian Pastor Gurland, wrote an account of the funeral in her diary which is given here as translated from the German:

"My husband and I both attended the funeral. It was so beautiful to see how the congregation came to the aid of the widow and orphans. They took over the arrangements for everything, the coffin, the cortege, and all that was necessary. They sent help to put the house in order, and to look after the children. The minister prayed touchingly. Many wept outright. Many Jews came and praised him.

"The widow got up from her sick bed to attend the funeral, and prayed in such a simple manner, quite oblivious to the surroundings, so that every one of us was deeply affected. She thanked God first of all for the grace and love He had shown through the one who had died.

During the days that followed, Esther's big tearless eyes could only gaze out into space. She tried to realize that she—not yet thirty—was now all alone in the world with her three small boys. But was she alone?

One warm Spring evening a few weeks after the homecall of Julius, Esther was sitting outside on the steps looking up the street and thinking of the many nights she had seen him coming from the

Jewish quarter, his big Bible tucked under his arm. "Now I may watch forever, but he will never come again!" A wave of utter desolation and loneliness swept over her. Her eyes brimmed with tears.

Just then, as if God had sent an angel to comfort her, a little voice whispered: "Don't cry Mama. God will be our Father now. He will give us everything we need."

She turned and looked into a pair of serious blue eyes very like those of Julius. Her three-year-old Daniel had crept up beside her as she sat there brooding over her loss and with a child's quick insight had read her heart. She held him close and was strangely comforted. God has used his baby lips to bring her "the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

## CHAPTER XII

### "IT'S A MIRACLE"

After struggling for three years to maintain herself and her boys, Esther married again. She had been very lonely and God's leading in the matter was clear. Her second husband was Wolfe Kendal, a Hebrew Christian friend of Julius. He was a childless widower whose first wife had been led to the Lord by Esther.

About two years after their marriage, Mr. Kendall went with Esther and the children to England. They settled in London, and there Esther served seven years as Bible woman with the Mildmay Mission. Two children came to bless this second marriage, a daughter, Emma, born in Russia and a son, Fredrick, born in England.

From England the family moved to Toronto, Canada. Here Esther found a larger field of usefulness. She served first with Scott Institute, the Presbyterian Jewish Center, and later with the Toronto Jewish Mission, altogether covering a period of seventeen years (1910-1927). She was devoted to her own people, and was undaunted by their slowness of heart to believe, or by the most vigorous opposition. God rewarded her zeal and faith with a harvest of souls.

When making her visitations, Esther included the shopkeepers. She planned her shopping with an eye for preaching rather than economy. The green grocer or the butcher might not relish her message, but "business is business," and Mrs. Kendal was a good customer.

One day she called on Mr. Markovitch who kept a small provision store. She began telling him how she found in their Hebrew Bible that Jesus is the Messiah.

"What!" he snorted, "You believe in Jesus! A shame on you!"

Mocking and ridiculing her, he went about making up her order, but she refused to take offence.

As he wrapped up her parcel, she said to him: "Jesus is flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone; we Jews should be the first to accept Him." To give her a chance to speak with him further, she asked him to put in two pounds of sugar and a pound of prunes. While he was weighing these, two or three more women came in, impatient to be waited on. But Esther made up her mind to keep Mr. Markovitch occupied until she finished all she wanted to say. Pick me out a half dozen nice oranges, two pounds of apples and a few ripe bananas.

She went on with her little sermon until there were altogether nine customers standing about the store listening in silent amazement. She was well aware of her growing audience and added more items to her purchases while rounding out her message. Then determined to have the last word also, she picked up her bundles and change, and before anyone could answer her back, said, "Thank you, goodbye," and marched triumphantly out of the door.

Every week after this she bought her supplies from Mr. Markovitch, always managing to have a talk with him about Moses and the Prophets. Little by little his respect for her grew. He ceased to ridicule her and became friendly. At last there came a day when he listened with an open mind and heart. As she finished, he remarked thoughtfully: "Maybe you are right after all, and Jesus is our Messiah." In a few weeks she had seen this bitter, prejudiced man change from a wolf to a lamb.

Another time she bought an apron from a Jewish couple who kept a dry goods store. As soon as she mentioned the Bible, the woman cried out in horror "Oi, you are a missionary! Missionaires don't believe in God at all." Listen!" replied Esther. "I want to tell you something about myself. I am from Odessa and ..."

"Odesse! Oi *veh!* So me too, I come from Odessie!"

"Yes," went on Esther, "only I was not born there but in Zhitomir. My father was Reb. Levy Yitzchok, Chassid, a very godly man. When I was a little girl, he told me how happy we Jews will be

when our Messiah will come. Then we will no more be persecuted by the Goyim, but will live in peace and have everything we need. After I married, my husband and I found in our own Hebrew Bible that our Messiah has already come. The Prophets tell us He must come while the second Temple is standing. But we live after the second Temple is destroyed, so we know He must have come from David's family which lived at the time of the second temple but not now. Jesus fulfilled all these prophecies so we know He is *Mesheach Ben Dovid* and the only Saviour for both Jews and Gentiles. He was the last Sacrifice. He died for the sins of the whole world and through His wounds we are healed."

"My, my! gasped the little woman behind the counter, "You believe in God more than we do." A few weeks later Esther went into this same store and found the woman's husband there alone. He said his wife was sick, and asked if she knew some woman they could get to help out in the house for a day or two. She said she didn't know of anyone, but she would be glad to help them herself.

That afternoon she washed up the sink full of dishes and made gruel for the sick wife. But she neglected to keep the dishes *kosher*. When Mrs. M. saw what she had done she was horrified. "Oi, Mrs. Kendal," she shrieked, "you've used the meat spoon to stir the milk!"

Mrs. M. was the mother of seven children, every one a girl. Not to have a son to carry on the family name and to say *kaddish* for their souls when they came to die, was a keen mortification to both her and her husband. When she found she was again to become a mother, she confided to Esther-now her trusted friend-that the thought of having another girl was more than she could bear.

"Don't be discouraged, my dear," Esther comforted her. "I will pray and I believe God will give you a wonderful little boy."

But Mrs. M. was skeptical. It would be just her luck, she said, if number eight also turned out to be a girl.

"Wait and you will see," predicted Esther, looking very wise. "This time God will fulfill the desire of your heart. He will give you a son. I don't know why, but I feel it will be this way." Her optimism and faith were contagious. As the time drew near, even the spiritless mother dared hope.

At last the long-expected day came. Neighbors and friends, awaiting the news, were frankly pessimistic. "*V ehis-mir!* Poor Mrs. M.! Such luck she has! Seven girls and now there will be another." Uncles and aunts shook their heads dubiously and told each other that where there's seven there's always eight.

When the nurse-a sweet Christian girl sent by Esther- triumphantly announced the birth of a boy one said, "It's a miracle!"

From babyhood this child has shown a marked fondness for Mrs. Kendal. His mother says it was born in him. But his sisters think it has a lot to do with the candy and cookies Mrs. Kendal always has for him. He is now a bright lad of twelve years with a heart tender for the truth. Esther believes the Lord gave him, and she has claimed him for the Lord.

## CHAPTER XIII

### "ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE"

Mrs. C. was a little woman to whom Esther had felt drawn, years before in London, England. After finding each other in Toronto, they renewed the old happy relationship.

One day she came to Esther in great distress. Her son, a boy of twenty years, had been suddenly seized with an incurable form of insanity and taken away to the asylum. Her husband had taken this opportunity to challenge her faith. "You say you believe in Jesus," he scoffed, "if He is God, why does he not cure our son?"

Beside herself with grief, she sought out her dearest friend, "We must look up to Jesus," Esther comforted her. "He is our Healer. All things are possible, only believe."

Together they knelt and prayed. As they arose from their knees, Esther put her arms about the heart-broken mother. "Your boy will soon be well! I have the assurance in my heart."

The next day Mrs. C. went to the hospital. To her surprise her boy recognized her for the first time since he was taken sick. He even acted pleased that she had come. She was overjoyed. His condition continued to improve. The doctors were frankly puzzled. A week later, after they had examined him and had put him to every possible test, they pronounced him perfectly normal and gave him his discharge papers.

When Mrs. C. brought her boy home completely restored, her husband had nothing to say. But she praised her Lord from a full heart. She had prayed in the name of Jesus, and God had heard and answered.

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Esther began visiting Mrs. B. soon after she came to Scott Institute. She found her with a deep-seated prejudice against all Hebrew Christians. She would say, "If a Jew believes in Jesus, it is because he gets plenty of money from the Goyim." "No, Esther would correct her, "the wonderful joy I have in my heart since I have believed in my Messiah, could never be bought with gold and silver."

In spite of her unfriendliness Esther continued to visit her. One morning she found her sick and with no money to buy medicine. "The one way I know to win such a woman," Esther would say, "is to overcome evil with good. I gave her my last dollar and trusted the Lord that I wouldn't be short. He is my Bank."

That same afternoon she came back, cleaned up Mrs. B's kitchen and made supper for her husband and children. This practical demonstration of Christian love and kindness proved to be the opening wedge. From that day on, Esther was welcomed as a friend.

For seven years she visited Mrs. B. regularly, always speaking to her about the Lord, reading to her from the Bible and praying for her and her and her family. She sometimes wondered why this woman was so hard to win.

One summer she took Mrs. B., with a few other Jewish mothers from Scott institute, to spend a week at a lakeside cottage. As soon as breakfast was over on the first morning, she slipped away to the attic where she spent the forenoon alone in prayer. She especially asked the Lord to soften the heart of Mrs. B. and bring her out into the Light.

That afternoon she found her alone in the garden. It was her opportunity. She read to her the second Psalm and again pressed the claims of Christ. As she explained verse twelve, "Kiss the Son, lest He be angry, and ye perish from the way," the Holy Spirit touched Mrs. B.'s heart and she said, "If you say it is so, I must believe you. I can't read for myself. So first I wanted to make sure that you are true. I used to think you did this mission work only for the money. I haven't been watching you all these years for nothing. Now I know you do it because you have the love of Jesus in your heart. So if you

can believe, I can believe." Her whole-hearted surrender brought heaven down to earth in that cottage garden.

Soon after this she confessed her faith in Christ by baptism. Her husband persecuted her for it, but she never ceased to witness to him and to her children that it was Jesus who had changed her life. Now two of her grandchildren are also baptized believers.

The Jews have a proverb that says, "When God gives the joy it is never too late." It took seven years of sacrificial, loving friendship to win this soul, but the joy that followed will continue through all eternity. Was it not worth a little patient perseverance to win a precious soul!

For over thirty years Esther spoke in open-air meetings. In Toronto she spoke three times a week during the summer. Often there would be two or three hundred Jews in these ghetto gatherings. They might be restless while others spoke, and sometimes noisy and rude, but they always gave respectful attention to the plump, little mother who beamed upon them with a contagious friendliness as she addressed them in Yiddish from her point of vantage, standing on a chair.

One Sunday afternoon she was speaking to a large crowd near a park. She wanted to explain the Virgin birth of the Messiah which is so difficult for Jews to understand. She began by telling them the story of creation, how God made the first man and woman. Then she said, "If you can believe that God made a woman to come from a man, as the Bible tells us He made Eve to come from Adam, can you not believe that He could make the Messiah to be born of a virgin through the Holy Spirit? Isaiah seven, verse fourteen says, 'The Lord Himself shall give you a sign; Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a son, and shall call him Immanuel.' Immanuel in Hebrew means God is with us.

A Jewess on the edge of the crowd began for the first time to understand and believe. When the meeting broke up she ran after Esther. When she caught up with her she begged her to come to her home and tell her more about Jesus.

## CHAPTER XIV

### A RABBI SEEKS AND FINDS

A dentist called Esther into his office one day to interpret for a patient of his just over from Austria. Esther was pleased, for she thought, "This will be another opportunity to give the Gospel."

But when she went in, she was taken aback to have the dentist introduce her to a distinguished looking Rabbi named Deitmann. She could tell from his long beard and side curls that he must be highly educated in Hebrew. Such a man, she knew, would be offended to have a woman speak to him about God and the Bible.

As she interpreted for him and the dentist, she asked herself, "What can I do? I want to give him the Gospel. But he is a great Rabbi and I am but a woman." She was still undecided when the dentist began to work on his teeth. First he covered the good Rabbi's mouth with a piece of soft rubber, fastening it securely on each side to a metal headpiece. He then picked up his drill and went to work. When Esther saw this her fear left her. She had often spoken to Rabbis and knew their arguments, but here was one who might be angry with her but couldn't answer her back. She began to speak to him freely about the Messiah. He could only listen, for his mouth was full of instruments.

She began by asking his opinion on certain passages of Scripture. She asked him if he did not think Isaiah fifty- three shows the Messiah must die for the sin of us all. She then answered her own question by quoting verses five and six, applying them to Jesus Christ. She also gave him Daniel, chapter nine, verse twenty-six, which predicts the

Messiah would be cut off but not for Himself. Who but Jesus could have fulfilled this prophecy? She saved her one bit of painfully memorized Hebrew, Isaiah nine: six, for the last. This coming from a woman, never failed to make an impression. These words so obviously pointing to Christ were a fitting climax to her message:

\* "kee yeled yulad lanu ben nitan lanu vathi hamisra al shichmoy vayickro  
shamoy peleh yoatz el-gibber avi ad sar shalom."

\*\* "For unto us a child is born, unto us a Son is given: and the government shall  
be upon His shoulder: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, The  
Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace." —Isaiah 9:6

By this time the dentist had finished and was taking off the rubber muzzle from the Rabbi's mouth. Esther felt like running away. Surely, he'd be very bitter. He might even curse her. Quaking inwardly she awaited his censure. He arose from the chair and addressed her in his kindest manner. She could hardly believe her ears. He said he had never before met a woman so well versed in Moses and the Prophets. He begged to have the honor of seeing her home. That afternoon, the neighbors were surprised to see Mrs. Kendal, coming down the street escorted by a dignified old rabbi in wide-brimmed hat and long *caftan*.

When they arrived at her home, he expressed a desire to continue their conversation. Esther asked him in to meet her husband and family. He then told how a Christian had given up his seat in the street car to him, a Jew. Such a thing would never occur in Austria. Over there the `Christians' hate and persecute their Jewish neighbors. But here in Toronto he had found them friendly and kind. All this, he said, made him take an interest in the teachings of Jesus. For a long time he had been dissatisfied with the religion of his brother Rabbis. Often he had argued with them. Now he wanted to

investigate further these prophecies which foretell the coming of the long-awaited Messiah.

After this he became a seeker for the Truth. Esther introduced him to Pastor Rohold and he began coming to Scott Institute. Pastor Rohold spent many hours with him in his office, reading with him in the Hebrew Bible. Altogether he made more than thirty visits to Esther's home, besides those to Pastor Rohold.

One evening, Mrs. McM., a Christian friend, was with Esther in her home when Rabbi Deitmann called. Although he did not understand much English, he knew this lady was a true believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. Turning to Esther, he said in Yiddish, "Tell your friend that I believe the same as she believes."

Soon after this he was compelled to leave the city because of his stand for Christ.

And not only to her, but "to us also, to whom it shall be imputed, if we believe on Him that raised up Jesus our Lord from the dead" (Romans 4:3, 24)

After several years of increasing weakness due to advancing years, she went to live with her son Rev. Daniel Finestone in Philadelphia, where she was tenderly cared for by the one she delighted to call her "daughter-in-love" Mrs. Olive Finestone. Even in her declining years her ministry continued from her bedside and a little stream of visitors found encouragement and life from her loving lips. A Rabbi who had lost his way chanced to ring the door bell and after hearing her testimony also yielded his life to Messiah Jesus.

In February, 1950 she was finally called into the presence of the King whom she loved. The family came together and followed her remains to the little Hebrew Christian Cemetery made available through the kindness of the Presbyterian Church in Malvern, Pennsylvania. As they stood around the grave and watched the body being lowered, her youngest son Rev. Fred Kendal cried out "I feel like singing" and Olive Finestone said "sing" and so the whole family joined together in singing "When the battle's over we will wear a crown in the new Jerusalem." The granddaughter Joy Kendal began to pray that a double portion of Grandma's spirit might fall on her. There were no tears but rejoicing in a life now crowned with victory.

It can truly be said of Esther Kendal that her works do follow her. Her eldest son Rev. Isaac Finestone became Director of the Messengers of the Covenant in Newark, N. J. a Society working among the Jewish people. He also was laid to rest beside his mother in the Hebrew Christian Cemetery in April, 1970. A younger son Rev. Daniel Finestone worked in Philadelphia for 32 years and founded "The Presbyterian Hebrew Christian Congregation" meeting at 1907 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. This work continues with great blessing. He also joined his loved ones waiting for the "breaking of the day" and entered the glory land in April, 1971. Another brother Joseph, incapacitated in the U. S. Army, makes up the family circle in the ground consecrated as a Hebrew Christian resting place.

Esther Kendal's daughter, Emma Kendal Glass is married to the Rev. Arthur E. Glass who was converted in the Kendal home in Toronto, Canada in 1950. After pioneering a Hebrew Christian congregation in Buenos Aires they returned to America and have recently begun a new work among the Jewish people in Hot Springs, Arkansas. The youngest son Rev. Fred Kendal became founder and Director of Israel's Remnant, a Society working in Detroit, Michigan and Boston, Mass. He continues his Jewish witness in St. Petersburg, Florida. A granddaughter is married to Rev. Albert Brickner recently resigned from Israel's Remnant. A grandson, Rev. Daniel Kendal is Co-director for Evangelism and Church Planting for 150 churches of the Central American Churches in Guatemala.

Thus in her family there has been exemplified the power of the Gospel as expressed in Romans 1:16:

"For I am not ashamed of the gospel of Christ: for it is the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth; to the Jew first, and also to the Greek."