

# The Shepherd of Israel

THE SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL, P.O. BOX 1331, ENGLEWOOD CLIFFS, N.J. 07632

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**The Autobiography  
of Gary Derechinsky**  
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“... I went into the bathroom because we didn't have locks on other doors. If my parents walked into my bedroom while I was praying they would have thought I was *crazy*...”

More inside—

# Hey, Mom, I Found The Messiah of Israel

By Gary Derechinsky

“ . . . I wanted to play baseball with the rest of the guys but, coming from an Orthodox Jewish home, I was supposed to learn about my God and the Scriptures . . . ”

I was raised in an Orthodox Jewish home. From five years old to age thirteen I went to Hebrew school four days a week.

I wanted to play baseball with the rest of the guys but, coming from an Orthodox Jewish home, I was supposed to learn about my God and the Scriptures.

At thirteen, when I was bar mitzvahed, my father said “You are a man now. You are a son of the Law. You are now responsible for your own sin according to Rabbinical Law.”

My father was responsible for my every act until I became a man. Now I was responsible. “If you want to continue your studies in Judaism that is fine,” he said. “If not, you don’t have to.”

I chose not to.

When I was in school my best friend used to say to me “The way I get to God is through Jesus, barring anything about the saints and Mary.”

But I was a Jew and, without Jesus, would go straight on to God. Yet that still didn’t satisfy my heart. In Hebrew school I always asked my rabbi “What is this with Jesus? Who is He?”

I must have gotten on his nerves. One day he said, “Joseph (that was my name in Hebrew), get out of the class.”

He put me out because I kept asking about Jesus.

Even when I was a kid and the film *King of Kings* first came out I slipped away from home and went to see

about this man Jesus.

A few years passed by before I heard something very startling:

Charley Rizzo, a guy I went to high school with — and used to take drugs with — was studying to be a pastor in a church!

This was too much to believe so I went to see him.

“Charley, what’s going on? What’s this all about?”

“It’s real, Gary.”

“I can’t accept it. I’m a Jew. This isn’t for Jews.”

What was there in Christianity? I already had Abraham, Isaac, Jacob and the Old Testament. I didn’t need anything else. I thought gentiles were supposed to believe in Jesus and Jews weren’t.

“Rather than argue with you, Gary,” Charley said, “I’ll tell you what. If you’re willing to read it I’ll give you a Bible.”

“Okay, fine.”

He went upstairs in the church and took a Bible from a pew. I didn’t realize Bibles were given away by churches because in synagogues they don’t do that. I thought he was stealing the thing.

I didn’t know it at the time but Old Testament prophecies were impressing me. I wondered what was going on. I began to read and it said “Jesus Christ, the son of David, the son of Abraham.”

Immediately I wondered what these

Jewish guys were doing in this gentile part of the book?

It just didn’t click with me. But that got me to reading on.

And then I found Jesus to be totally different from what anybody had told me about Him.

Christians might have said some things that were true, but I had to find out for myself. When I saw what Jesus had to say about Himself I knew it was credible and I could believe it.

As I read I began to really cheer for Jesus. When the scribes and Pharisees came against Him I said “C’mon Jesus, let them have it!”

I tried to match wits with them, but I could never do it.

I continued on in my journey in the life of Christ and came to the portion where Jesus was being crucified.

“This doesn’t make sense at all,” I thought. “Here is a man that is great and His teachings are tremendous. Why in the world is this guy dying?”

It just didn’t make sense and I picked up the book and threw it across the room. I was mad! It just wasn’t the way for the book to end!

A few weeks later I decided I’d better finish the book. I realized there was another aspect to the life of Jesus I had missed.

It was the fact He had risen again.

Even then I didn’t give my life to Jesus. I said “Wow, that’s tremendous,” and that was it.

About seven months after I had

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given up taking drugs I was invited to a rock concert.

We camped out in Washington, D.C. and for two days there was no problem. The third day I decided to take anything that came my way.

Pills, drugs and alcohol — I just dumped them all down. When I got up the next morning it was terrible — police all over the place.

I went for the music and ended up in the middle of a firing range or something during a riot.

When I arrived home and walked in the house something hit me smack in the face. It was the fact that before I had left for the concert I was praying to Jesus — one of the things I did when I was reading the Bible. Charley told me I couldn't understand it unless I prayed. Every time I'd open the Bible I would pray to Jesus "If You're real then show me, Amen," and would then start reading.

Before I went to the concert I prayed and said "Jesus, I haven't taken drugs for about seven months and I'm going to this concert where there will be drugs. I'm not going to give in to that temptation.

"But if I do (and I knew I would) you've got my life. It's yours."

I walked into the house and remembered I had prayed and I thought *if I started in on drugs I was to give Him my life* and the Lord was saying to me "Now — or not at all."

It was my decision.

I went into the bathroom because we didn't have locks on other doors. If my parents walked into my bedroom while I was praying they would have thought I was crazy.

I didn't have to kneel, but I did — using the hamper like an altar —

and I prayed. "Jesus, You've got my life. Come into my life and (with the same breath) make me a witness to my Jewish people." That was my concern.

When I walked out of that bathroom I had to tell someone about Jesus! I walked into the kitchen where my mother was doing the dishes.

"Hey, Mom, I found the Messiah of Israel. It's Jesus!"

"Did you hear what your son just said?" I heard a paper rustling and my father came in and... "What are you talking about Jesus?" Yelling. Screaming. Dishes flying.

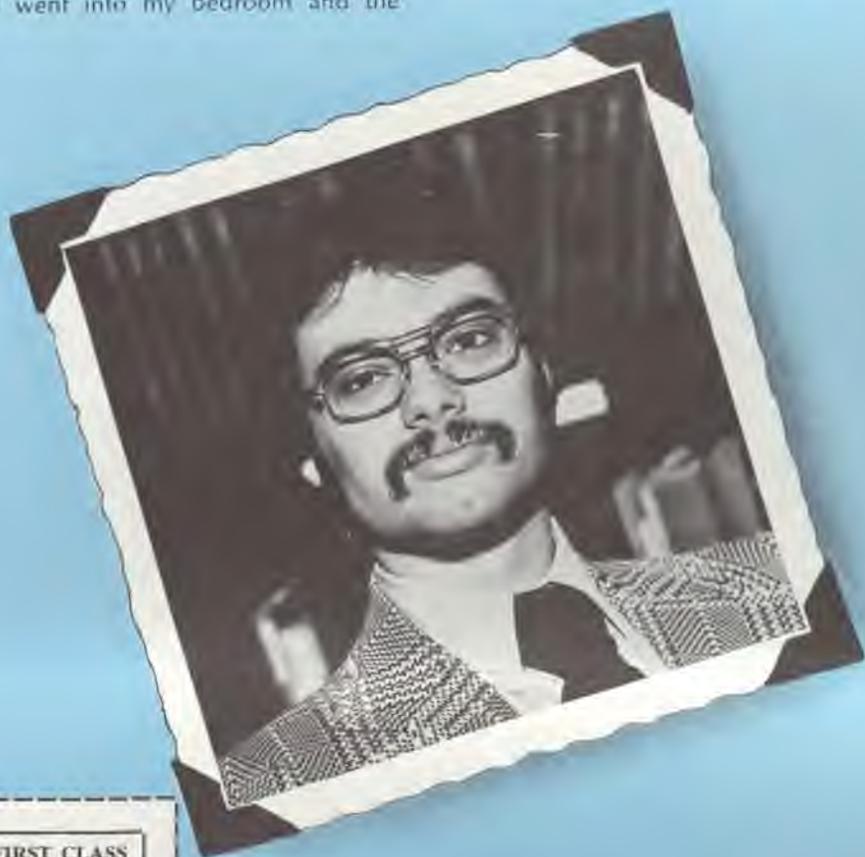
I went into my bedroom and the

Lord opened my Bible for me because it fell open at the Sermon on the Mount:

"Blessed are you when men revile you, and persecute you, and say all kinds of evil against you falsely, on account of Me. Rejoice, and be glad, for your reward in heaven is great, for so they persecuted the prophets who were before you." (Matt. 5:11-12)

When I read that I was in tears. I was crying my eyes out and my mother was upset. "Why is he crying? He's not supposed to do that."

Then she came in and I was laugh-



ing! I was overjoyed. I ran right out of the house and to my best friend, Jules.

"Hey, Jules, I found the Messiah!" He rejected me. All of my close friends I grew up with, many Catholic fellows, would not acknowledge Jesus is the Messiah. I still have contact with them but they haven't accepted Jesus.

I pray He encourages all of us to get into the Word of God more and ask the Spirit to really reveal His Word as we learn more about Him.

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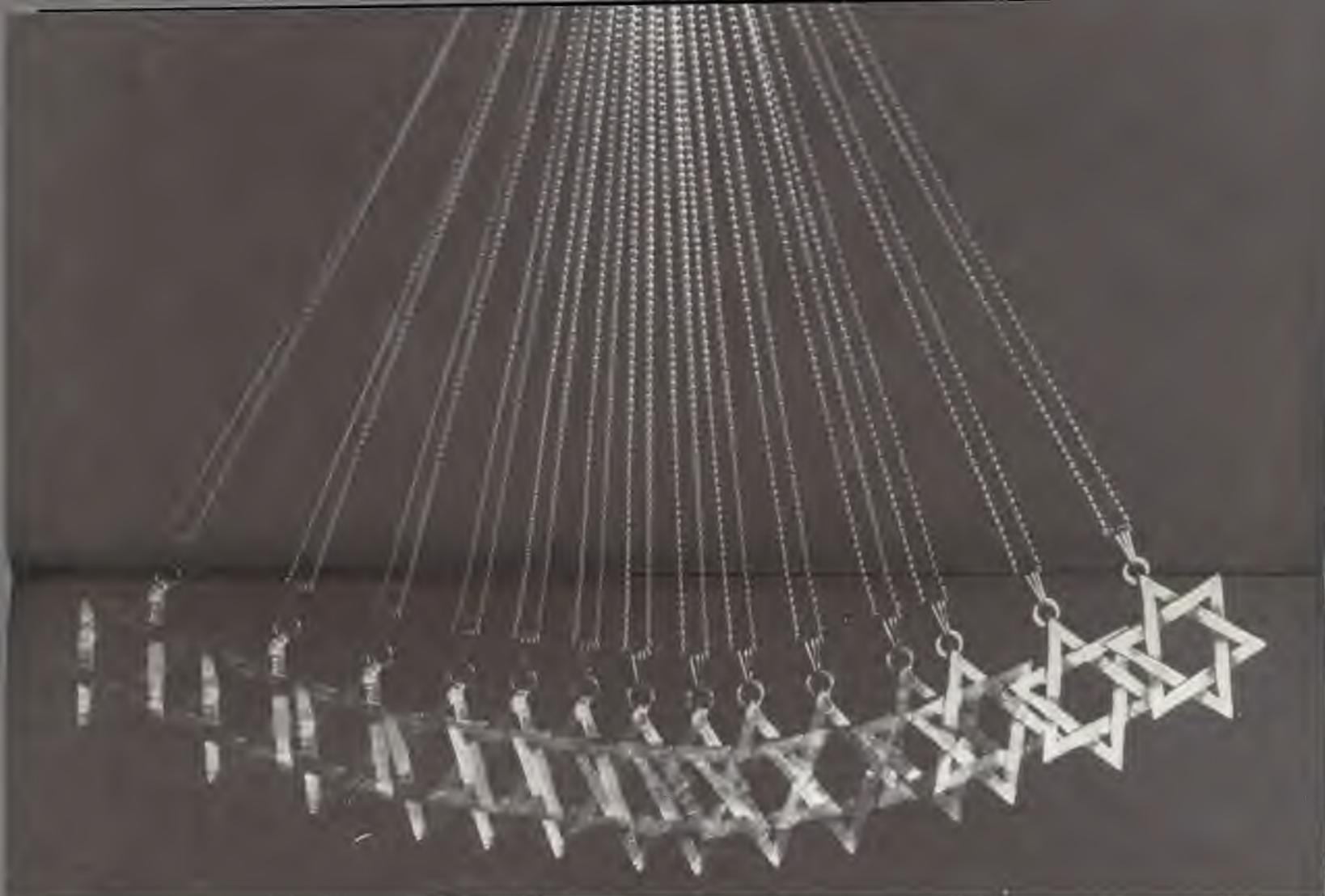
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## God's timepiece.

If you want to know where we are in history, look at the Jewish people.

They are God's timepiece and people of prophecy. Part of an eternal clock ticking away as an everlasting reminder that although other peoples or nations may come or go, these people will remain forever.

Because that's the way God wants it. Promised it. And planned it. Long ago.

He made a covenant with Abraham, promising a large portion of the Middle East as an inheritance for him and his descendants.

No mortgage. No lease. And no divine or human right of eminent domain to ever pop up later.

The covenant was unconditional. Just like His love.

And because of God's love He made another promise through Abraham. That through his seed all the nations of the earth would be blessed.

This is history past. For the seed which came through Abraham, Isaac and Jacob... Ruth, Jesse and David... came to fruition as the Messiah of Israel.

We, as believers in the Messiah, know Him to fulfill ancient promises while bringing love, joy and peace to us now.

This is history today.

And as the Jewish people continue to return to their promised land by the thousands, they take part in fulfilling prophecy today. And history tomorrow. Bringing us one step closer to the most important event of all. The return of the Messiah.

Because the Jewish people are the people of prophecy, they are the people of the land.

And we, knowing Him who made the promise, totally support the people and land of Israel in their God-given, God-promised, God-ordained right to exist.

Any person or group of nations opposed to this right isn't just fighting Israel. But God and time itself.

Find out more about God's promises. Send for your free copy of "Israel, A Modern Miracle".

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