

THE SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL

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A NIGHT TO BE REMEMBERED

A Passover Story for Children of all Ages.

CALEB was becoming alarmed. "My father!" he exclaimed, as the little family of two adults and four children rested for a few minutes at the edge of the village. "surely it will be impossible for us to reach Succoth before night. You and mother are tired and they tell us it is a full day's journey from this place. It is already past the sixth hour."

He glanced at the hurrying people in the street. "It is becoming dark as if a storm were coming. It is getting cold, too. And no one is able to tell us the way."

Caleb's father, an austere man of advanced years, drew his garment resolutely about him. "We must go at all costs, my son. We are certain to find many more Hebrews in Succoth than here in Rameses. These people seem to be either Egyptians or members of the mixed multitude."

"But, my father," urged the boy with a gesture of appeal; "it was our uncle Simeon who told us of Moses' proclamation. He showed me the writing, and it will soon be the evening of the fourteenth day of Nisan, when the lamb must be killed and its blood struck on the doorposts of the house."

Caleb's mother, much younger in years than Ephraim, her husband, and fair of face and compassionate of expression, looked at her son with deep concern. "And if the blood is not there?" she asked in a low voice.

"The Lord will pass through the land

of Egypt this night, and will smite all the first-born in the land of Egypt, both man and beast," quoted Caleb. "When I see the blood, I will pass over you, and the plague shall not be upon you to destroy you, when I smite the land of Egypt."

"My husband," said the mother, turning with agitation toward Ephraim, as the smaller children huddled about them, "would it not be wise to do as Caleb suggests? He is now a man"—after a moment's pause—"and our firstborn."

"But where can we stay?" and Ephraim looked helplessly at the darkening sky and the hurrying people. "I know the whereabouts of none of our people in this heathen village, besides Simeon. And he will not take us."

However, Ephraim was prevailed upon to stay in Rameses that night, and Caleb was sent to find a house where they might lodge and eat the Lord's passover.

From Simeon, the son of Issachar, Caleb obtained the names and locations of four Hebrew families in Rameses.

"You must go alone," said Simeon, "I am an old man. As I told your father, we are overcrowded here. This has been a day of gloom and much confusion. Fear has taken hold of every one. They think the Angel of Death is about to strike. But it is still the sixth hour of the fourteenth day. There is yet time. Go!"

The House of Benjamin, the Son of Gideon.

So Caleb started out in search of the first house.

Only after Caleb had knocked several times was the door opened, slowly and cautiously. "Peace be unto you," said the boy, "I seek Benjamin the son of Gideon."

"I am he," answered a deep voice from the darkness, "Who are you?"

"Caleb, the son of Ephraim of Rameses. There are six of us, my father and mother and four children. They are here at the end of the street. We seek a house in which to eat the passover."

"Why come you here?" droned the lifeless voice.

"Your name was given me by Simeon the son of Issachar, and I see on your doorpost the proclamation of Moses."

A bearded face thrust itself out of the murk and peered down at Caleb. The boy went on rapidly, "This is the evening of the fourteenth day of Nisan. Will you kill a lamb without blemish, a male of the first year, and will you take of the blood and strike it on the doorposts, as Moses commanded?"

There was a painful pause in which Caleb could distinctly hear his heart pounding. Then the unfriendly voice made reply:

"We do not take the command in its wholly literal meaning. Our firstborn has grown up and left us. We think it sufficient to display the proclamation on our doorpost to show that we believe it and that it will surely come to pass. You and your family will be safe here if you can find room. But we do not intend to kill a lamb and strike its blood upon our doorposts." The bearded face slowly took on a puzzled expression, for Caleb had faded away into the darkness and confusion of the street.

The House of Nathaniel, the Son of Asher.

Two streets farther on, Caleb came to Nathaniel's house. Again he was able to identify it by the sight of Moses' proclamation nailed to the door.

Nathaniel listened to the boy's story. He was of a ruddy countenance and a friendly expression. He opened the door wide and bade Caleb enter. The interior

THE BROKEN MATZO — WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

Have you ever asked yourself why three Matzoth should be on the table in a special covering at the Passover Seder; and why is the center Matzo broken? Did you know that this is a Jewish Christian custom that was taken over by the Jews 2,000 years ago? If you would like to read more about this send us 5¢ in stamps and ask for our folder, "The Broken Matzo."

THE SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL, 236 West 72nd Street, New York, N. Y. 10023

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of the house was warm after the chill of the street and the room was bright and cheerful. There was a year-old lamb frisking about, and a boy of Caleb's age and a younger sister were playing with it.

"This is the lamb to be killed tonight and will you strike its blood on the doorposts?" asked Caleb.

"Oh, no!" replied Nathaniel. "We're not going to kill the lamb, much less strike its blood upon the doorposts. This lamb has been the pet of our children since it was born, and we feel sure that God does not expect us to slay it. When we go to bed we shall tie it to the doorpost, and that will be enough. However, you and your family will be quite safe here, and they will be welcome."

But Caleb was backing toward the door, a look almost of fear in his eyes. "I will go and tell them," he managed to mumble, and then turned and ran from the house, wondering how Nathaniel could so misunderstand the word of the Lord who said, "When I see the *blood*, I will pass over you," and not "When I see the *lamb*."

The House of Levi, the Son of Reuben

Beginning to feel desperate, Caleb sought the next house. He had some difficulty in finding it as it was in a different section of the village from the others. He finally identified it, as he had the others, by the proclamation on the door.

A woman answered his rap. She was brisk and cheerful with lively eyes. A little too friendly, Caleb thought. He wasted no words: "Tell me quickly, my mother," pointing to the proclamation. "Will you sacrifice the lamb and will you strike the blood upon the doorposts this night?"

"Come in, my son." She looked the boy over appraisingly. "The lamb has been sacrificed and the blood is ready. Sit down and I will call my husband."

Levi appeared and Caleb told his story, the story of his family's predicament.

Levi, a tall man, heavy-featured and slow of movement, said, yes, he understood. He sympathized. He spoke reassuringly. That point about striking the blood upon the doorposts; there was a difference of opinion about that. However, Caleb need not worry about it. Some might feel that it was necessary to put the blood upon the doorposts *actually*

but, as for him, well there were other things to consider too. "You see," he went on in his deliberate way, "We have only recently cleaned and painted the outside of our house and we would not like to mess it up by sprinkling blood upon the doorposts. God knows and sees everything; therefore, He knows we offered the lamb and He can see we have the blood in the bowl here on the table. Be at peace about the matter and bring along your father and your family. You will be welcome here."

"But God had said to strike the blood upon the doorposts, and Moses taught that God had said, 'When I see the blood, I will pass over you,'" cried Caleb, and turning away with a sinking heart he left the house.

The House of Abner, the Son of Abidan.

With one chance left, Caleb ran with all his might to the end of the street. After several inquiries, he found the house of Abner. One glance told him that his search was over. In the doorway stood a man with a basin in one hand and a bunch of hyssop in the other, dipping the hyssop in the basin and striking the two doorposts and the upper doorpost with the blood-drenched hyssop.

Caleb blurted out his story, beside himself with joy. Nor was he disappointed, for Abner stopped his work and with glowing face, turned to Caleb with these words:

"Bring you father and your family here at once, my son. I am Abner and I have already heard about you from Simeon the son of Issachar. My house has obeyed the proclamation to the letter. The lamb has been sacrificed in exact accordance with Moses' command and the blood is now being struck upon the doorposts. You will be safe here."

What Did Isaiah Prophecy?

Caleb, in the story you have just read, lived in the year B. C. 1491, when Pharaoh was king of Egypt. You, who have read this story, live in the twentieth century, or almost 4,000 years later.

Caleb and his people were the first to observe the Lord's passover during that time of terror between the evenings of the fourteenth and fifteenth day of Nisan.

But the Jewish people do not observe the passover today in the way that Caleb observed it. Today there is no passover lamb and no blood, but instead only unleavened bread, the four cups of wine, the bitter herbs, the shank of a lamb.

Why is this and what is the meaning of the change?

Nearly two thousand years ago the Lord Jesus Christ, Israel's true Messiah, laid down His life at three o'clock in the afternoon at exactly the time when the

THE SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL

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passover lamb was to be sacrificed, and He became the true Passover of whom the passover lamb was merely a shadow or type of our holy Messiah who became the "lamb without blemish" and was slain for our sins. John, the son of the Jewish priest Zacharias, when he saw Jesus coming towards him, said, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world!" Our prophet Isaiah also said of Him, "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 . . . He was oppressed, and He was afflicted, yet He opened not His mouth; He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so He openeth not His mouth."

Now what are you to understand from the story of Caleb the son of Ephraim and how does it apply to you? We will endeavor to point out:

If you believe the words of John the son of Zacharias and the words of Isaiah the prophet, *and do nothing about it*, then you are in the first house, the House of Benjamin the son of Gideon.

If you believe that Jesus our Messiah IS the Lamb of God, *and your belief goes no further* you are in the House of Nathaniel, the son of Asher.

If you believe that Jesus our Messiah really died and shed His blood, *but that the blood need not be applied*, you are in the third house, the House of Levi the son of Reuben.

But if you believe that Jesus our Messiah IS the Lamb of God, and that He really died and shed His blood, *and the blood should be by faith in Him applied to the doorposts of your heart*, then you may enter and abide forever in the fourth house, the House of Abner the son of Abidan.

If you ask how this can be done, the answer is very simple: You tell the Lord Jesus Christ, who shed His blood for you, that you accept Him as your Saviour and Messiah, and ask Him to cleanse your heart from all sins. This is striking the blood upon the doorposts of your heart. When this is done, you will know beyond all shadow of doubt that you are safe from the Angel of Death.

— H. J. H. and R. W. C.

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וְהִקְמַתִּי
עֲלֵיהֶם
רֶעָה
אֶחָד

יחוסאל ל"ר, 23

רֵעָה יִשְׂרָאֵל

אֲנֹכִי
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יחנן 10-11

א מאנאמליך בלאט צו ערקלעהרען צו ישראל דעם אמת'דיגען משיח

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א נאכט צום געדענקען

(א פסח געשיכטע פאר קינדער פון יעדן עלטער)

כלב איז געוואָרן אונרוהיג. „פאָטער!“ האָט ער אויסגעשריגן, דאָס איז נעשען ווען די קליינע פאָ- מיליע פון צוויי דערוואַקסענע און פיר קליינע קינדער האָט זיך אָפגערוט אַ פאַר מינוט נעבן אַ דאָרף. „איך בין זיכער אַז מיר וועלן נישט קומען קיין סוכות אידער די נאכט וועט צופאַלן. דו און די מוטער זיינען מיר און מען האָט אונז געזאָגט אַז עס איז נאָך אַ גאַנצען טאָג רייזע פון דאַנען. עס איז שוין נאָך די זעקסטע שעה.“

ער האָט געקוקט אויף די פאַרבייגייענדיקע מענ- טשן פון דער גאַס. „עס ווערט פינסטער, עס דוכט זיך מיר אַז עס קומט אַ שטורם און עס ווערט קאַלט, און קיינער ווייסט נישט דעם וועג.“

כלב'ס פאָטער, אַן עלטערער מאַן, האָט זיך אייניג געוויקלט אין זיין קלייד. „מיר מוזן ווייטער פאַרט- זעצן אונזער מאַרש, מיין זון איך בין זיכער אַז מיר וועלן געפינען מער יידן אין סוכות ווי דאָ אין רעמסס. די מענטשן זיינען מצריים אָדער פון ערב רב.“

„אַבער טאַטע,“ האָט זיך דער בחור געבעטן, „אונזער פעטער שמעון האָט דאָך אונז געזאָגט וועגן משה'ס פּראָקלאַמאַציע. ער האָט מיר געוויזן די שריפט און אין קירצן וועט זיין פּערצען טעג אין ניסן, ווען אַ שעפעלע וועט מוזן געשאַכטן ווערן און דאָס בלוט וועט מען שפּריצן אויף די טיר בעלקעס.“

כלב'ס מוטער, פיל יינגער פון אפרים, איר מאן, מיט אַ שוין פנים, און מיט רחמנות'דיקע בליקן האָט געקוקט צו איר זון מיט נרוים אינטערעס. „און אויב מען שפּריצט נישט קיין בלוט דאָרט?“ האָט זי געפרעגט מיט אַ נידריקע שטימע.

„דער האַר וועט אַדורכגיין דורך דעם לאַנד מצרים היינט ביי נאכט און ער וועט שלאָגן אַלע

בכורים פון מצרים, מענטשן און חיות, און ווען איך וועל זען דאָס בלוט אויף אַ טיר וועל איך אַדורכלאָזן די שטוב, און קיין עפידעמיע וועט צו דיר נישט קומען ווען איך וועל שלאָגן מצרים.“ האָט כלב ציטירט משה'ס שריפט.

„מיין מאַן“ זאָגט די מוטער, ווענדענדיק זיך צו אפרים און די קלענערע קינדער האָבן זיך אַרומ- געשטעלט. „וואָלט דען נישט געווען בעסער צו טאָן וואָס כלב האָט געהייסן? ער איז שוין אַ מאַן און אַ בכור דערצו.“ „אַבער וואו קען מען אייניג שטיין?“ און אפרים האָט זיך אַרומגעקוקט אַ הילפסלאָזער, זעענדיק ווי עס ווערט טונקעלער און מענטשן איילן זיך. „איך קען דאָ נישט קיינעם אויסער שמעון'ען און ער וועט אונז נישט אַריין לאָזן.“ אַבער אפרים האָט באַשלאָסן צו בלייבן אין רעמסס איבער נאכט און ער האָט געשיקט כלב'ן ער זאָל גיין זוכן אַ פּלאַץ וואו איבערצונעכטיקן. און עסן דעם קרבן פסח. פון שמעון דער זון פון יששכר האָט כלב באַקומען נעמען פון פיר יידן וועלכע האָבן געוואוינט אין רעמסס. „דו מוזט

אליין גיין“ האָט שמעון צו אים געזאָגט. „איך בין אַן אלטער מאַן, ווי איך האָב דאָס שוין געזאָגט צו דיין פאָטער, מיר זיינען דאָ געפאַקט. עס איז געווען אַ טאָג פון מורא און צעמישעניש, יעדער האָט מורא. זיי זאָגן אַז דער מלאך המות וועט אַטאַקירן די מענטשן. אַבער עס איז ערשט די זעקסטע שעה פון טאָג, קענסט נאָך גיין, עס איז נאָך צייט!“

אזוי האָט כלב אָנגעהויבן זיין זוכעניש פאַר אַ פּלאַץ צום שלאָפן, און צו עסן דעם קרבן פסח.

דאָס הייז פון בנימין דער זון פון גדעון

פאַמעלעך האָט זיך די טיר געעפנט נאָך דעם ווי דער בחור האָט אַ פאַר מאָל געקלאַפט אין דער טיר. „שלום עליכם“ זאָגט דער בחור, „איך זיך בנימין דער זון פון גדעון.“ „איך בין עס, ענט- פערט דער מאַן. „ווער ביזטו?“ „איך בין כלב דער זון פון אפרים פון רעמסס, מיר זיינען זעקס מענטשן, מיין פאָטער, מיין מוטער, איך און דריי קלענערע קינדער, זיי זיינען אינדרויסן נישט ווייט פון דאָ, מיר ווילן אַן אָרט וואו צו עסן דעם קרבן

די צעבראַכענע מצה — וואָס מיינט עס?

האַסטו שוין אַמאָל זיך געפרעגט פאַרוואָס מוז זיין פונקט דריי מצות אויף דעם סדר טיש? און פאַרוואָס צוברעכט מען עפעס די דריטע מצה? צו האַסטו געוואוסט אַז דאָס איז אַ יידיש קריסטליכער מנהג וועלכער איז שוין צוויי טויזנט יאָר אַלט? אויב איר ווילט וויסן מער וועגן דער זאַך דאַמאָלס שיקט אונז אַ פאַסט מאַרקע פאַר 5 סענט און בעט מען זאָל אייך שיקן אונזער בראַשורקע „די צעבראַכענע מצה.“

אַדרעס:

SHEPHERD OF ISRAEL:

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