



Dear Precious Friend,

October, 2017

Between Heaven and Earth

Every time I'm getting ready to fly, especially between Israel and Greece, the Spirit of God is released in such a powerful way, that I'm able to share the gospel with one soul after another. It's amazing! Perhaps it has to do with the fact that passengers know that their lives are truly hanging in the balance somewhere between heaven and earth and they are more willing to hear about eternal life than when their feet are gripping solid ground.

On my way from the car rental to departures at Ben Gurion Airport, I began to share about Yeshua with David, my Israeli driver. He was so receptive and eager to hear more that I could tangibly feel him pulling the amazing and abundant love of God out of my heart. David grabbed the Book of John I offered him and put it visibly on his dashboard. With a smile from ear to ear and a grateful heart, he said, I really want to read it. My prayer for David poured out like a mighty river through the power of the Holy Spirit. He was clearly touched and thanked me abundantly.

I met Diana waiting for the flight to Athens. She was also going to Thessaloniki to visit her Israeli daughter who had married a Greek-Jew and settled in his city. Diana and I were attracted to each other immediately. We talked for a while and said "nisia tova" (*Have a good flight*). I thought that was the end of it.

The minute I sat in my seat, Eliezar began to talk to me from across the aisle. He was on his final trip before going into the IDF (*Israeli army*). A friend of his recently was killed in a military accident. It had obviously shaken him and it was clearly on his mind. He would need to know about Yeshua to make it through. Eliezar let me know that he was from an Orthodox family, but had found too many errors in their beliefs so he dropped out and is now secular. He was clearly searching for answers and was more than willing to listen. I told him to open his phone to Isaiah 53. He read it. He was deeply engaged in hearing about Yeshua when a stewardess came to escort him to a seat that had opened near his 2 buddies. He moved before the plane took off in the middle of reading Jeremiah 31:31 about the New Covenant.

As we all waited in the aisle to leave the plane, Eliezar and his two army-bound buddies were standing near me. I continued sharing with him about Yeshua. Everyone around us could hear. I didn't care. Eliezar was open, about to go into combat and that was most important. One of his friends started laughing. The other was serious. I said, "Don't laugh. His name has power over every other name." He sobered up. I told Eliezar I would pray for him and I started praying for him right then and there. All the Israelis around me were listening. I was speaking their language. I was feeling God's heart and it made me bold. Three young Israelis were about to enter real combat perhaps, even possibly a life death situation. I quickly said, "If you're ever in danger, call on His name. Ask Him to forgive you. He is kapara (*atonement*)." Then the doors opened and we all exited. Pray for Eliezar and his friends to NEVER forget the name Yeshua, which means salvation.

When we got off the plane in Athens, the flight to Thessaloniki was already boarding. It looked like we might miss it. Diana found me and we moved quickly, tarrying for one another at passport control. We made it, only to find out that they had changed the Gate! We ran together to find the new gate, making sure neither of us missed our flight. We made it just in time, said "nisia tova" again to each other and found our seats on the plane.

At the luggage belt in Thessaloniki, I ran into Diana again. We agreed to take a taxi together into the city. The Greek Orthodox driver was fascinated that we had come from Israel and began to ask questions. As I was sharing my faith with the driver, I found myself going from Greek to Hebrew and suddenly I was sharing Yeshua with Diana for the first time. When I told her there were thousands of Jewish believers in the land, Diana was stunned and said, "I never heard that Jewish people believe in Yeshua!" She was not offended, but sincerely amazed. I told her to read Isaiah 53 and she promised she would. We kissed and hugged one another and she took off in the taxi for her daughter's house.

Beloved saint, don't hold back the word of life. God has put people in your path for His rescue mission. You have been stationed at the fork in their road....

To open their eyes, *and* to turn *them* from darkness to light, and *from* the power of Satan to God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins, and inheritance among them which are sanctified by faith that is in me. *Acts 26:18*

More Good News:

My time in Israel was awesome. I prayed with an Israeli at the Dead Sea who had an experience recently with Yeshua and was ready to accept Him as his Messiah. I was blessed to be with many good friends and to take part in several conferences, including an amazing *Welcoming the King of Glory* conference with Jewish believers and nations together in one accord. Truly Yeshua is being fully formed in His body as one new man where there is no Jew nor Greek, male or female but the Messiah is all and in all. It is love. It is passion. It's a marriage between Jew and Gentile. Every conference is beginning to feel like a Big Fat Jewish Wedding!

Thanks for standing with me as I continue to evangelize Jew and Greek, gather pastors together for monthly prayer meetings for the Jewish Greek Bridge and host teams from abroad. This month a team of good friends and powerful intercessors will be coming from Germany and we will pray and minister together.

Thank you for your prayers and support. Together we are truly becoming the one loving family of our heavenly Father and an unstoppable army in Yeshua.

I bless you from Jerusalem and from Thessaloniki.

Shalom and Agape,

Greta

