

ISRAEL TRIP REPORT 2019

By Victor Hafichuk

A trip to Israel has been a highlight of our lives for Marilyn, Jonathan, and me.

First, this happens to be none other than the country and people of the Greatest Book ever written.

Second, a trip there is an adventure in itself, given the precarious and unpredictable, but energetic and productive state of affairs in the Middle East.

Third, what God is doing with this country and His people in our generation is phenomenal, exciting, and of utmost interest to us.

Fourth, we lived in Israel 40 years ago, almost to the day. Note the figure, 40, a Biblically significant one. To revisit the people and places was a bit of a shock to our system - quite unusual, as you can appreciate, and what tremendous change!

Fifth, we brought our son with us. He was born 12 years after we were in Israel in 1979. We wanted him to experience the country, meet the people, be more familiar with the relative current affairs and Israel's ancient and modern history, and to identify with us as these things have affected us.

Sixth, Jonathan was a wonderful escort and dutiful son God has so blessed us with. He made all the arrangements, booked the flights and accommodations, did the driving, camera work, financial transactions, and enjoyed the sights and culture he had heard so much about in his lifetime from us and the Bible.

And, oh yes, Jonathan made sure he and I were well supplied with coffee - perhaps this item could be a point in itself.

Seven, there were some remarkable, historical, and immediately timely coincidences with our trip:

- Israel's moon landing (April 11), which was a successful failure, or failing success (a "Take Two" should take care of that);
- crucial Israeli national elections (April 9) and...
- crucial provincial elections in our Canadian province of Alberta (April 16), both of which turned out in our favor, thank God;
- the first photo of a black hole (April 10) a twofold astronomical event;

- the great damage to a centuries-old Catholic icon, the Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris, France (April 16), which damage has been foretold by Biblical sages millennia ago as a sign of God's judgment on false religion, idolatry, and blasphemy.

This year, US President Donald Trump (God bless the man) recognized Jerusalem as Israel's capital and is taking steps to move the US embassy there from Tel Aviv, a move several other aspiring presidential candidates have promised to do and lied, betraying their word.

President Trump has also rightfully, legally recognized the Golan Heights as Israeli sovereign territory captured from Syria in a defensive battle in 1967.

Two major developments, along with several other important actions. All this not performed by any other world national leader in our time, in the year of our visit to Israel. Who knew?

And also, this year, Prime Minister Netanyahu is making the move to establish Israeli sovereignty in Judea and Samaria (known as the West Bank), which is historically and rightfully Israeli territory - all of it.

When we first were in Israel in 1979, Marilyn and I were expelled from Kibbutz Revivim, HaNegev. At that time, the Lord spoke to and by me saying, "***The next time will be very different.***" I had no idea what I was saying except that the words suggested we would be back and that the next visit would not be in shame but in glory. I expected that instead of being hated and ostracized, we would be received and believed by Israelis.

Those words came to pass, there ***was*** a next time, albeit 40 years later, we were believed and received by a few people, and it was a wonderful trip with promising things happening. Here is my journal record of our trip:

Tuesday, April-09-19.

Today, Israel has its elections, a momentous time for it and the world. Then there will be the negotiations between many political parties for a ruling coalition. A close race.

Jonathan plans out car rentals, schedules, things to take, etc. Rather efficient - takes after his mother in that respect.

Martin and family come out for the evening, bringing a few things we need; warm visit. We shall see them in 2 weeks, Lord willing.

Also tomorrow is this amazing headline of another event coinciding with our trip to Israel: <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=KScTbVzxpJ8>

“The First Ever Photo of A Black Hole! The Wait is Almost Over! April 10th”

Wednesday, April 10, 2019; big day.

Left Moon River at 10:15 to Jon's in Calgary at 12:30. Jon had a surprise waiting - the ADP (A Deadly Pull) video completed- an excellent job! I cried - emotional me. I'm just so joyful about the music.

We go to Calgary, Frankfurt, and on to the Ben Gurion Airport, Israel, then by rented car to Ramla. When booking accommodations in this city, we had no idea it was the only city of thousands in Israel ever established by Muslims.

We got an Uber taxi to the Calgary airport. Jon told us only 1 in 3 Uber drivers is white (Is this racist or simply a call for adjustment from a former social reality? It's a matter of the heart, is it not?) But Globalists, SJW's, virtue signalers, progressives, Democrats, and socialists appointing themselves as judges of the heart may be swift to differ; so be it - I don't give a damn).

Not only was our driver white, he was a Jew, Hal Hanen. He asked us our destination. “Israel,” we replied. He tells us his grandfather was orthodox, died, and requested to be buried in Israel!

Hal has never been there, though he was bar mitzvah'ed. Good visit; he wished us well. He informed us that Bibi (Benjamin Netanyahu) won the Israeli election. He then quipped that we say hi to his grandfather. I may just do that.

At the airport, we had lunch Marilyn made for us. Pleasant boarding with Jon's help. One smells the pesticides on board - he couldn't help that.

Shared *A Deadly Pull* on my iPad with 3 stewardesses on Air Canada to Frankfurt. Just helping Jonathan with the publicity. ☺

Thursday, April 11, 2019.

We met one Antonio Franklin, 21 years old, from Jamaica, headed to Israel to serve 2½ years with Baha'i in Haifa at their world center. I had nothing but my ADP video to share with him, which could be more effective than one may think.

Muhammad took our new tube of toothpaste, as he has much else from all of us by foolish airport security procedures.

We left Frankfurt about 3 P.M., late because of winds. In the lineup to board, I asked a lady about the Israeli election. Netanyahu took it, she said, cagily. I

told her I was pleased, commending him. Some Israelis seem reticent to offend, not knowing who favours whom. She opened up and talked more freely.

We arrived at Tel Aviv to find a MUCH greater airport than in 1979, of course. Things went smoothly; saw several religious Jews, with coats, hats, tzitzit, and ringlets, commonly and naturally self-righteous.

Surprise! They served us dinner on Lufthansa. I'm thinking, "Lord, we watch a movie (Green Book), talk about matters of no consequence, but no Bible reading and so little talk of You?"

And You reply, **"You're thinking of Me and My Law all the time."**

I answer, "I don't talk to others about You.

"You will when I want you to."

Jonathan received guidance from an older parking attendant to our rental car; Jon said, "Thank you," and the fellow smiled. I said, "Todah" (Hebrew for "Thank you," and he looked like I had insulted him, and not because of improper pronunciation.

When I jokingly related this to another intelligent and older Israeli we met in a grocery store, he put his hand on my shoulder and said, "Don't be so hard on yourself. It's nothing."

Found our way to Ramla in the night and as we entered, my heart sank. The environment was desolate; terrible. What would it look like in daylight if so bad in the dark? There I was, I thought, again caught living expensively at the bottom, having chosen cheap accommodations. But I decided to give thanks. After all, we three had agreed on the place.

This Airbnb place (Hamigdal Halaban, Floor 13, # 66), someone's apartment, certainly wasn't the Ritz but we have all stayed in far worse. Besides, I have a hard time justifying sleeping and showering for \$30/hour or more. We pay about \$150/day here and spend most of the time elsewhere. It's clean, has all amenities, lighthouse-keeping included, and is centrally located for touring.

When Marilyn and Jonathan searched out places to stay, they tell me nothing else presented itself that appealed to them. Martin reminded me of Jesus and His parents having to stay in a barn because inns were full in Bethlehem. Ramla, it is and was meant to be.

Tired, not having slept on the plane, we hit the sack. Comfortable beds. One central bedroom was reinforced as a bomb shelter. I understand every new home in Israel must have a bomb shelter.

Friday, April 12, 2019.

Jon and I arose, went shopping for food, and bought breakfast at the Biga restaurant - nothing fancy but tasty. With a 17% tax and tip, it came to over 192 shekels, \$55 Am, or \$74 Cn. Not that different than Canada (we were told it would be expensive in Israel).

The supervisor was Omer from nearby Lod, which he declared to be about 5000 years old and mentioned in the Bible. He emphasized he was a Jew. Upon request, Omer directed us to a currency exchange in the mall.

Jonathan and I went shopping for supper and bought 4 felafels from an Arab stand to bring home. Two young fellows were quick to strike up friendly conversation with 2 foreigners. They were nominal Christian - Catholic/Orthodox. Their felafel turned out to be thoroughly crappy. I expect their oil was well used.

We had our Sabbath supper at the apartment.

While Marilyn rested, Jonathan and I took a walk in a wealthier neighborhood; large homes with more security, higher walls. Ramla has a reputation as one of the top crime cities in Israel - Arab crime gangs, we're told. We experienced no difficulties even as we walked the streets at night. I have known the Lord to keep us in many dangerous, life-threatening circumstances.

Sabbath, April 13, 2019.

I had a serious discussion with Jonathan after he declined as usual at breakfast to give thanks on our behalf.

Later, I made it clear that though it was so unpleasant for me to say what I said, I would not back down. I firmly believed and meant it all. I also told Jon I wasn't condemning him and that I knew it was up to the Lord to do with him what was necessary. I said I knew He would do it. I do; it'll happen.

I perceived Jonathan realized he was wrong, and I was not about continuing the subject; I invited him for a walk, and he accepted. Marilyn took a nap.

On our walk, Jonathan asked, in the context of his other country travel experiences, about Israeli social conduct; I shared my thoughts, he got some firsthand experience in answer to his question as we talked to some people on the street, and we returned to our suite.

Some response to the ADP video on YouTube and FB. Statistics are climbing organically and with paid boosts.

We 3 went for a walk, then to supper at Biga's in the nearby mall. I'd recommend it to anyone in need to eat out. Over dinner, I assured Marilyn and Jon I stuck to what I said earlier.

We talked some again to Omer at Biga's restaurant.

We planned to go to Sderot, to Jaffa, then back to Ramla. Jonathan canceled the Airbnb reservation in Haifa, having learned that the owner had canceled on people shortly before they were to stay. Thought we wouldn't take the chance and found a better place in Haifa; we also made a friend we're thankful for - Shai Beck.

Why were we going to Sderot, which is near Gaza and where they are often bombarded by missiles? We wanted to give the citizens there some moral support, for better or worse.

The moment one ceases to be concerned about being wrong, he is right.

Sunday, April 14, 2019.

After breakfast, we headed for Sderot. I find that striking up a conversation with people on the street is great, by far the best way to "tour" or get to know a country. After all, a country is its people more than it is their land.

At Sderot, we met an Israeli youth tour group from Galilee. I started to speak to a few, and more gathered about to listen and engage. I think I persuaded some to support "Bibi" though he was already elected, and to assure them President Trump was on Israel's and Bibi's side. Others were encouraged to continue in solidarity. In retrospect, on April 23, I realized the Lord had anointed me to speak with them.

Eran, a man we met supervising the group, was sincere, sober, friendly, intelligent, and thankful. How could one not appreciate such a man? I will try to be in touch with him.

(Post note: we are corresponding and enjoying it.)

Twenty people in as many years have died from terrorism by missilery in Sderot. A figure not highly disastrous, yet one life is too many, and living day and night under a constant lethal threat is a terrible thing.

We went to the Gaza lookout and met Daniel, a young man originally from California, at a guard post and encouraged him. He felt like his time was being wasted as a software technician. In retrospect, I see this event also as an occasion of God's unction.

We headed to Joppa where we met an elderly lady resident and her friend Esther on Netiv Hamazalot St. The latter invited us to her place, where she sold art. We visited and bought a small photo from her for an appropriate, tailor-made gift for Martin and Jeannie.

Returned to Ramla, checked internet, and to bed.

Monday, April 15, 2019.

We headed to the Dead Sea, stopped in Beersheba, on to Dimona. Then, near a Dead Sea overlook, we met, of all names, a Nimrod, literally, last name, Zuker, and his cousin Abishai, who works for a company making “ribbits” (read, “rivets”). Nimrod nationally represents none other than the corrupt Cargill, a key giant corporate enemy of mankind, as far as we’re concerned. We informed him of Grander Living Water and gave him Martin’s name and address.

We discussed the Biblical Nimrod. He knew Nimrod was a “revel” (read, “rebel”) leading men against God, all of which is historically accurate. And he was proud of it.

I informed him that Shem, from whom he and his forefathers descended as Jews and Semites, had Nimrod slain.

“Where did you hear that?” he ‘gasped.’

“Study your history,” I replied in a matter-of-fact way. I had no leading to refer to the Scriptures or other historical sources. I thought I saw Nimrod’s countenance changed, albeit “under cover.”

Not until I began to journal in the evening did I realize some implications of the encounter:

One, I had never heard of anyone with the name Nimrod, and he declared he hadn’t, either.

Two, very few could have told him the things I told him about Nimrod.

Three, he represented our chief organic farmer status’ cardinal adversary - Cargill, a terribly corrupt international corporation.

Four, as a believer and more importantly, as a prophet of God in Christ, I, by faith, descend from Shem, who entirely defeated Nimrod by the Word of God.

You can’t make this up. We traded business cards and parted in friendly fashion.

We went on to the Dead Sea Mall, did some shopping for socks for me and walking shorts for Jon.

On the beach, I engaged a Biri, Israeli in his forties, there with his mother. He was a mystic of sorts who worked with physically handicapped children, instructing them in a nonviolent Krav Maga.

I asked him his take on the state of the country. He mentioned something interesting: he said he did not vote this time, though he had always done so in the past. He said the left and the right were uncharacteristically closely balanced this time, with the right a bit stronger, as is common with us anatomically. "Interesting," I thought. The political statistics seemed to support his observation.

Biri advocated the Kabala (Jewish mystic book), had no respect for the Bible, and in the process, advised us to visit Jesus' grave. He said we would feel something good there - quite superstitious.

We told him of our experience with that matter of Jesus' alleged tomb in 1979 when the Lord spoke to us. Biri wouldn't believe me. He also told us God had told Moses he, Moses, was the Messiah and that there would be no other.

I mentioned Deuteronomy 18:18-20.

He also said Muhammad was the one Moses spoke about in that passage. A contradiction. If Moses was the Messiah, followed by no other, as Biri said God said, then how could Muhammad be the successor to Moses as Moses had declared?

"But," I countered, "Moses said that prophet would come from the Israelites (their own brothers)."

He argued that Ishmael, from whom Muhammad descended, was Abraham's son, Isaac's half-brother. There was nowhere to go with him, so I left it there, seeing he wasn't the least open.

He and his mother gave us some suggestions as to what to see and where to go in Israel. We parted sociably and headed to an abandoned army base down the road, in the West Bank (somewhere I didn't think we'd be driving), and took pictures of graffiti.

There, we met a former South African fellow in his sixties, 45 years in Israel, and asked about a good place to eat. He and another fellow recommended the "Lebanon" in Jerusalem, an Arab restaurant; we caught the place just before it

closed. Great meal, great service, busy place, and reasonable prices. And the great felafel made up for the poor stuff we had in Ramla.

At the end, the waiter offered us a free coffee. Jon accepted, I declined, afraid I might not sleep, then changed my mind, but accepted a half cup only. By sign language, he seemed to be assuring us we would have no problem sleeping with their coffee.

To my surprise, when I asked for sugar, it was already sweetened in the pot and he said they had no milk or cream. I had my misgivings because I'm not a black coffee drinker, but it was great, perhaps the best I had ever had. This coffee needed nothing more, wasn't bitter or too strong. I was sorry I hadn't taken a full cup, after all.

I saw a sign there for Turkish coffee; I wonder if that was it.

A pleasant conclusion to an interesting, pleasurable, eventful day. Now, we'll see about the sleep. We slept well.

Marilyn's holding up well; Jonathan is helpful and considerate of her.

Martin's moving along at HH - finished the wash up area, kitchen fixtures, and cupboards; James is on the yard work; Solterra landscapers are back; Brett of Purewood Design is doing his cabinetry, Ronnie's setting up technical services, and Jeannie is doing touch-ups and ordering stock for our opening.

Some occasional very light rain; very unusual this time of year in Israel, but pleasant weather. They say we came to the Dead Sea at a good time. In the heat of the summer, we were told, temperatures reach 57 degrees Centigrade (135 degrees Fahrenheit) - unbearably hot?

Talk about hot: On **15 April 2019**, just before 18:20 CEST, a structure fire broke out beneath the roof of Notre-Dame Cathedral in Paris.

<https://www.google.com/search?q=When+was+Notre+dame+Cathedral+set+on+fire%3F&oq=When+was+Notre+dame++Cathedral+set+on+fire%3F&aqs=chrome..69i57.29646j1j7&sourceid=chrome&ie=UTF-8>

This, after many centuries of surviving major warfare.

Tuesday, April 16, 2019.

Headed to Jerusalem by bus, seeing car traffic and parking in the city is difficult.

Bus from Ramla to Jerusalem bus station. Cab to Damascus Gate and spent the day in the Old City sightseeing, visited with a David, an Orthodox Jew from Brooklyn who just moved to Israel; walked through the residential Jewish quarter, then took a train and bus to another dinner at the Lebanon. Bus back to Ramla. On the train, met 3 young people touring from Belgium, France, and Brazil. It's not hard to strike up a conversation in Israel with strangers.

The visit to the Old City was sad to me. Secular Israelis were invariably friendly and helpful; some religious were, as well, but other religious were arrogant and contemptuous, particularly those living in the Jewish quarter. Frankly, I must confess the Old City gave me the creeps, it really did, particularly in the area near the Golden Gate where Muslims clustered.

There were "premium properties" (condos or some sort of residences) for sale in the Jewish section, no doubt at phenomenal prices. After all, it's in THE city of the world, in the very core, even at the Kotel/Western/wailing wall, near the Temple Mount.

As I thought on this in the night, I concluded I wouldn't want to live there for any money, or even speculate financially on it though I could make a fortune. The thought was so repulsive, I could hardly say it.

What was very unpleasant were those Muslims in the Old city, younger men, and women of all ages in traditional garb. Several, not all, reeked of bitterness and hatred, especially near the Temple Mount or in the Arab quarter. It seemed unmistakable.

I saw the Muslims as a harsh cleansing agent, a necessary process to take away the evil of religiosity, hypocrisy, and self-righteousness. It seems Muslims couldn't wait to destroy anything not Muslim. I'm amazed at how Westerners are so naive to the lethality of what surely awaits them.

Forty years ago, the streets of the Old City, the famed Via Delarosa included, were filled with piles of vile refuse a few feet high, even human feces, putrid. This time it was much cleaner that way; however, the spiritual atmosphere seemed more threatening. Two reasons for this, I believe: we're more mature and sensitive in the Spirit, and two, the spiritual condition has come to, or approaches, the time for judgment.

Father, is that why we're here?

Much construction and archaeology at the Kotel and the rest of the city.

Got taken by a huckster Bedouin in the market, charging me three times what I could consider to be a good price for a ram's horn. Then, I chintz on a tip at the restaurant, giving only 14% instead of telling them to keep all the change.

Oh, my God, I have not changed a bit and am so sorry for it, but there it is.

Marilyn and I were relieved to come away from Muslim environs. This is certainly not a matter of irrational fear but of a recognition of imminent and horrific threat. There have been many manifestations of it, have there not?

I wondered what the purpose of our being in Israel was, and of our apparently useless day today. I do recall that after hearing a few identifying themselves as Muhammad, in one form or another of the name, I blurted out tongue-in-cheek to one fellow serving us at a cafe whose name was such, "How come everybody's name around here is 'Muhammad'?"

I was surprised to hear myself say it, but soon considered there might work out a purpose, causing this fellow to think about it. Perhaps, I'm just trying to be of some value before God in my vanity?

Father, what is it? Who am I and why are we here? I'm so ashamed and perplexed.

Wednesday, April 17, 2019.

We left Ramla for Moshav Habonim. Highways, countryside (far less country now) so changed after 40 years. Amazing architecture, commercial and residential development all the way.

Arriving at Habonim, an elder fellow was exiting the building where we volunteers once had our meals 40 years ago. We introduced ourselves to Dror. It turns out he had arrived at Habonim in 1979, **the year we were there and left!** Chances of that?

I began to list the people we remembered, and Dror informed us to the best of his ability. You can reference my record of many of these people in <https://www.thepathoftruth.com/what-the-lord-has-done-with-me/introduction.htm>.

For a few minutes, we visited Johnny Chazan from Nova Scotia, now 98 years "young," still working and lucid, though a bit feeble of mind. He didn't remember me but was hospitable and glad to visit.

Yankeleh still there but away.

Ezra Halevi - his daughter Shulamit lives with Ezra, who, we were told was getting senile. We didn't get to visit them. I'm sorry I didn't try.

Doron and Rafaela are on holidays in Australia. Yona is Rafaela's mother and Leah is Doron's - both deceased now. Leah was a holocaust survivor.

Eli, living there but didn't see him; didn't really know him.

Raeli and his American wife who was initially the volunteer supervisor forty years ago, now live elsewhere though not far away.

Daniel Forman (Erit's brother) was away.

A Carmela was with "the Don Salmons group." They were wife-traders. After Don beat Victor up in some squabble, they were all kicked off the moshav.

A pleasant fellow serving as tour guide to youth from Galilee whom we met at Sderot - Eran Winter: arawinter2003@gmail.com. We have been corresponding.

Passed on now are....Monte, the vermiculite/perlite factory manager; Ben Yehuda, the water man/engineer; Ya'acov Pinsker, Rafaela's father; Leah, Doron's holocaust-surviving mother; Aharon, Erit's father; the Hooker brothers' parents; Chanaan, the lychee and avocado orchard keeper.

Dror directed us to Moshe's unique and interesting home just meters away. "Moshiko" was recovering from bypass surgery 2 weeks prior at age 55. He remembered me and was glad to host and inform us. He had spent his life off the moshav as a diving instructor and was now considering starting another career. "Take Two" for him, too?

Wow, what a peculiar experience it was! We asked Moshiko about himself and his past, and he filled us in. While everything had changed so much externally, Moshe hadn't changed as a person, only aged, which is how it is with anyone whose life hasn't been changed by the Lord - one seems frozen in time.

Another indication of the death state of the world is that people don't ask anything about us. This was so with everyone we encountered. They just weren't interested.

From Moshe, we went to Arthur's. Moshe thought he might be sleeping because of an illness, which we learned was COPD. Artur and Erit cordially received us and we visited for about 1½ hours, but it was a sad scene.

They were remnants of a now defunct socialist community. Erit is substantially overweight and has lung cancer. Artur has aged considerably and has terrible emphysema (COPD); he's been a smoker. I don't think Artur remembered us.

Artur is a diehard socialist, against capitalism and Netanyahu, and declared he was empathetic with Bernie Sanders, a rabid, bitter communist and US presidential contender who hates his country. I didn't bother discussing these things with Artur, but I did think to correspond with him later. He's an interesting fellow to talk with. (In correspondence after the trip, Artur said he hadn't known Sanders was an anti-Semite.)

Moti divorced shortly after we left. He also left Habonim; he wasn't cut out to be a socialist.

David Hooker lives there but was away; Jonathan Hooker lived on another kibbutz or moshav.

We visited our humble residence of forty years ago where we lived for about 4 months when we first arrived at Habonim. Jon took a picture of it with me facing it, the property now vacant and overgrown with weeds, a sad sight representative of the moshav.

We briefly saw Chanaan's cactus garden nearby, taking up the whole yard, front and back; grand as ever, though not as manicured. We visited and drone-videoed the remains of the nearly millennium-old Crusader fortress.

Returning to the car, we met up with Ayala and her father Michael Dorzbacher. I had always remembered her as an attractive young girl, ever giving me a big smile, and here she was, friendly and still smiling. She never married and could not have children. She was about 53. Habonim had their 70th anniversary this year and produced a gift to give out, which Ayala gave us, a container of toys we can give to Martin and Jeannie's children.

We learned from Artur and Moshe that Habonim ceased being a moshav and turned into a "bedroom community" of independent people in the capitalist world, commuting. Or should that be, "bedroom community?"

We noted that Habonim and the surrounding areas were taken over by banana orchards, which Moshe called, "gold." However, the vermiculite factory and dairy were still there.

Financially, with the death of the socialistic community, there were complications on how to divvy up the accumulated goods - who gets what and how much? It happened to several such, Moshe said.

I was thankful for the visits, but the community was a sad place, much like our old home - empty, desolate. It seemed Habonim had some life and hope forty years ago but no more. I think it just died because socialism doesn't work. Meanwhile, the capitalist nation of Israel has grown by leaps and bounds. I'm

thinking that perhaps the communistic kibbutz/moshav phase of Israel had its purpose for the time, but no longer.

Question: Why doesn't socialism prevail indefinitely? Answer: No love of neighbor; invariably, members are only there for themselves. The very same thing happened at Harvest Haven. Without a change of heart, any attempt at community is vain; it's only a matter of time before implosion. Man cannot sprout wings and fly to the moon. Only God can form a true fellowship as occurs by His Will, Spirit, and Kingdom Power in the hearts of men.

Headed to Haifa, we stopped at a Russian seaside restaurant for supper served up by a young lady named Dasha, who seemed caught off guard and tickled when I thanked her in Russian.

We went on to meet our Airbnb hosts, Joseph and Rebecca Bergman, Orthodox Jews, who cautiously, yet with hopes of better things after former unpleasant experience, ushered us into our spacious, secure, and pleasant suite overlooking the Haifa bay from 8 storeys up.

Tired, we unpacked and headed to bed. Jonathan has been doing a great job ushering us around. Marilyn has done a great job taking care of our schedule and needs. I just tagged along with my t-shirt Jeannie and Marilyn bought me that said: "Don't rush me. I'm waiting for the last minute."

Thursday, April 18, 2019.

We arose to circle the Galilee and head up to the Golan heights, a territory recognized by President Trump on March 25 as sovereign territory of Israel. Now watch the Golan transform from a wilderness, swiftly develop, and grow. With PM Netanyahu newly elected for a record 5th term, he will take swift and full advantage.

In the Golan, Jon did some video we may use for our songs.

What a country! Fields and fields of crops, orchards, greenhouses, both natural and landscaped parks, cranes, skyscrapers, highways, speedy freeways, bustling businesses, many worldwide corporate head offices, innovations, beautiful developments of many sorts, soldiers, buses, tons of traffic by bus, train, plane, truck, and car - so much energy and activity.

Israelis are friendly and helpful for the most part. But, consistently, Muslims defy and threaten Israel and the world, and other religions defile most of society.

I'm informed ADP is drawing fair attention ever since posted at Facebook.

Shopped in advance for food, anticipating Shabbat and early business closing tomorrow.

Friday, April 19, 2019.

Shopped for more groceries and headed to Akko to look around; nothing eventful.

Martin rebuked a Catherine Ann at FB about a dandelion benefits article he posted. He wasted no time telling her she was arrogant and ignorant. She declared herself no longer a potential supporter. I don't see how she could quit something before starting. Doesn't starting naturally come first?

Hananya Naftali got back to Marilyn; he lives near Ramla but couldn't get to us because he was so busy working with the Netanyahu election campaign.

We three had Sabbath supper in Haifa at Bergman's Airbnb suite 66.

Sabbath, April 20, 2019.

Rested; on the Sabbath and Passover; Haifa is quiet.

Went for a walk to the Haifa beach, asked for translation at a store, and met Ayel, a drummer who wanted to talk and talk. I had Jon give him a link to the ADP video.

We went for supper to a Russian restaurant and had a pleasant time with the staff and clientele. I enjoyed them and they me, notwithstanding our common lack of communication in any language. The language of love, respect, goodwill, and humor prevailed.

Sunday, April 21, 2019.

We cleaned up the suite, and Shai Beck, whose home it is, came to pick up the key. We had a special time; he and his parents are Orthodox Jews and he has been an El Al pilot for many years. Speaks good English. Three times he expressed great appreciation for what was given me to speak for about an hour. The Lord anointed me to speak.

We parted with a warm hug and drove to Be'er Ya'acov to take our reservation at the Sadot Hotel, a pleasant place at a medical facility next door to an army base. We chose it as a handy location near the airport, to rise early for our flight out of Israel.

We rested a bit, drove to view Lod briefly, then went to supper, where we met Fred and Kathy Schmidt from Adelaide, Australia when he first tried to help me with the buffet procedure. I asked them to sit with us.

They were on a Sid Roth tour with about 500 nominal Christians; I didn't have much to say. They were very friendly; she was from a Pentecostal background; he seems to have followed her.

Monday, April 22, 2019.

This morning, we met up with Fred and Kathy in the lobby; they seemed distracted; said goodbye. We left the hotel to return the rental car, caught a cab to Petah Tikvah to meet with Hananya Naphtali, a social media assistant to PM Bibi Netanyahu. We had a substantial visit for 2 hours, then he drove us to a bus stop. We took a bus to Tel Aviv where we had great felafels at a sidewalk restaurant.

Dropped by a music store, unexpectedly bought a couple of quality leather guitar straps, a special one for Ronnie (called a "Montana," Ronnie's state, made in the USA). Inscribed were a dove (representing our faith?), hummingbird (the name of our recording studio in Calgary), and flowers that could easily be identified as dandelions (our symbol or trademark for Harvest Haven).

A fellow named Adam offered me a quality strap for half price, and I bought it. More coincidences with it as with Ronnie's: it was a Taylor, which is my guitar make, and made in Canada, just as Ronnie's was made in the US. Wow, what are the chances of such circumstantial details? You can't make this stuff up.

I also had an anointed talk with Adam for about a half hour.

Went to the beach, saw the Sheraton we had stayed at nearly 40 years ago, then took a bus back to Petah Tikvah. On the bus, a black Timothy offered me his seat; I declined, then gave him the TPOT and music site.

Back at the Sadot Hotel, we had supper and prepared for departure at 4:45 a.m.

On this trip, I have spoken with anointing to three persons - Shai Beck, our Airbnb host, yesterday; Hananya Naftali, today, whom we met personally with because Marilyn had pursued him in FB messenger; and Adam, today, whom we met at the music store, who was very interested and kind to us. There were also Eran Winter and the youth with him at Sderot; Nimrod at the Dead Sea (of all places); as well as Biri, the mystic; and Daniel, a young guard at the Gaza outpost.

We were given 3 free bus rides today, the drivers being kind because we were short of change, our exchanged money spent.

A blessed final day. From the day we arrived, I began to wonder what was going on; nothing was happening day after day. All seemed empty and vain. I felt quite unfruitful before the Lord. Then came the times with those people. However, as I review my journal, I realize there was much more all along.

This is a rare thing - not one but three people (men) - Hananya Naftali in Petah Tikvah, Shai Beck in Haifa, and Adam in Tel Aviv told me they believed me when I spoke to them about Israel, its future, God, and the Messiah.

Thinking on this, I realized they were believing on the Lord in me. They were given to know I was true. They were open vessels, able to receive. There was nobody else like them who readily confessed and declared that they believed me, that they knew they could.

One, this has never happened quite like this.

Two, I see this kind of thing as a new development, a new stage for me.

Three, I'm reminded of the centurion's faith, the Samaritan woman's faith, and the Syrian-Phoenician woman's faith the Lord marvelled at.

Four, I think now of the Lord's Word in 1976 and 1984 and His calling on me to save His people. It is time. I have sown; therefore, I must reap at long last (Psalm 126, a psalm so real to me now).

Tuesday, April 23, 2019.

Up at 4 a.m. Checked out from Sadot Hotel, cab to Ben Gurion, purchased a terrific Israeli cookbook for James, and boarded Lufthansa to Frankfurt. Good to be going home. At Frankfurt, we boarded Air Canada for Calgary.

In 3 weeks, we have our new store opening - May 12. (Post note: this is the day I complete this report; it's been a good day.)

I'll be glad to return to a normal lifestyle.

Shared ADP with, Pedro, a steward from Calgary. Watched a movie and read some *Death of a Nation* by Dinesh D'Souza - an amazing historical record that should serve mankind well. Lord, You have blessed and empowered him, a man viciously persecuted by Barack Hussein Obama while Obama was president.

We were surprised to hear Robert, a steward, openly, publicly call Trudeau an idiot. I told him I agreed. Lord, this fall, Trudeau goes, as did the witch, Rachel Notley in Alberta, losing to Jason Kenney, the United Conservative Party (UCP) leader. The other parties are out altogether.

In Calgary, we Uber by Muhammad to Jonathan friend Greg's for our van, spoke to the driver about my music when he asked me what I did. Drove to Jonathan's, his friend Andy's Gravity coffee shop for a bite, served by Cassie and Michaela, then home. Michaela's a different kind of lady - from another world.

Arrived to find a new kitchen faucet, a tiny bouquet of flowers, and offerings and notes from the children. We called Martin and Jeannie for a brief conversation and went straight to bed, exhausted. They really liked FTM (From the Mountaintop); the best yet, they said.

Two hundred and fifty emails waiting; began processing them.

As you can see, we spent 11 days in Israel, then, 11 days later, a rain of nearly 700 missiles came by Hamas from Gaza on the cities we were at, and 11 days later, we have Israel's 71st Independence Day anniversary celebration, May 14th.

And as I work on this report for you all on May 8, we receive the news that there's now only one country in the world besides Israel that has a Jew for prime minister and one for president. This may well be a first. And what country might that be? Guess or Google!

How does one make this stuff up? Simple answer: One doesn't, because can't. All glory to God Who Alone does Great Wonders.

Victor Hafichuk