

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21--MONDAY, OCTOBER 22

---

PACKING--BLOODSHED--REVENGE

AIRPORT--MORE BLOODSHED--FLIGHT TO CANADA

---

PACKING--BLOODSHED--REVENGE

While we were packing in the early afternoon, we could hear loudspeakers blaring out a message in Hebrew to the whole neighbourhood. Was it a national emergency? Had Saddam Hussein sent missiles over with chemical warheads? Would we have difficulty leaving the country? Since Sylvie was not there to interpret, I hurried out on the street and found a young man who was able to speak both English and Hebrew. I learned that an Arab had stabbed three Israelis that morning not far away from us in retaliation for the shootings of Arabs on the Temple Mount the previous week. A fanatical rabbi was using the loudspeakers to encourage Jews to meet downtown for a demonstration whose purpose would be to stir up revenge on Arabs. A small minority of fanatical religious people on both sides seem to precipitate much of the violence between them. Evidently, some religious Jews and Arabs do not perceive their gods as loving and forgiving deities, at least not towards those who do not worship the way they do.

After finishing packing, I was trying unsuccessfully to get some sleep when a strange persistent sound interrupted my rest. It was pouring rain. This was the first real rain shower since our arrival in Israel nearly four weeks ago.

AIRPORT--MORE BLOODSHED--FLIGHT TO CANADA

As arranged, a Sherut taxi met us at the corner of our street at 9:30 p.m. and then wound through parts of West Jerusalem picking up four other passengers. We arrived at the Ben Gurion Airport near Tel Aviv about 11:00, in good time for our flight out.

There was only one problem in getting through the airport--more bloodshed. I had sliced into my lower lip while shaving earlier that day and somehow knocked off the scab after checking my luggage. Blood started flowing and making quite a mess. An obliging attendant at a first aid station patched me up. I was grateful that this was the only human blood I had seen on the trip.

The majority of the passengers on the full plane seemed to be Israelis. I sat beside a young immigrant from Russia whose mother and brother were seated elsewhere. He seemed to appreciate my chatting about Canada in my limited Hebrew. This was his first trip to North America and was interested in learning about Toronto, where they were headed to visit relatives.

It was a long, tiring flight. We had a stop in Montreal, where those of us headed to Toronto were switched to a smaller jet while other passengers headed to destinations in the U.S.A. After arriving in Toronto, all I wanted to do was to sleep off some my fatigue.

My trip had ended, but it was only a good beginning to the sorting out some of the issues that challenged me about the situation in Israel and to the exploring some aspects of Messianic love. I am convinced that the only complete solution to the problems in Israel, like those anywhere else, would be a spiritual revolution based on a whole-hearted commitment to Messianic love. The result of such a revolution in Israel would be the shaking of the whole world and could be the beginning of the time when "all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the LORD." (Num. 14:2)