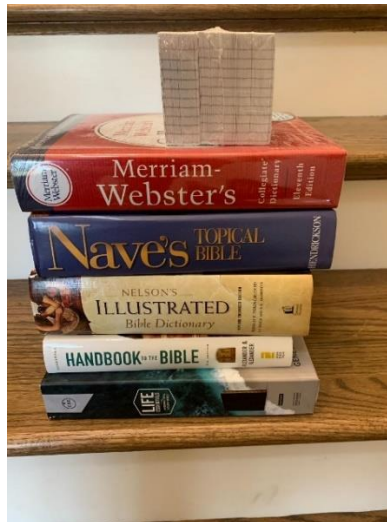


“Spiritual Health”

We live in an “age” with many “Christian” tools, resources, books, study guides, sermons, teachings, etc. And with the Internet, most of the information is available instantly. It’s great that someone has researched, outlined, and delivered God’s Word.

However, **no one** can infuse what they have learned and what God has accomplished—*into your life*. Yes, they can share what they learned and inspire you, but YOU must begin and maintain a personal relationship with The Lord. He is the **source** for attaining and maintaining “Spiritual Health.”

An essential part of the “Spiritual Health” process is taking ***your*** “life issues” and then acquiring, understanding, and living by **“God’s Perspective”** on those issues. Studying the Bible is fun and exhilarating when you learn and apply His Word to your “personal” life issues and concerns. Therefore, Bible study becomes “personal.” Though the process can be lengthy and sometimes painful, it is necessary and “will” bear fruit.



Here are the essential tools you will need.

1. A Bible with an accurate translation, not a “modern” Bible translation.
2. Topical Bible
3. Bible Dictionary
4. A Webster's Dictionary
5. A Bible “Handbook”
6. A computer or “journal” to write down your thoughts and what you hear in your study.
7. Note cards or index cards and a pen to carry.

Consider printing page 2 and keep it near your Bible

“A ‘Personal’ Way to Study God’s Word”

A strategy for studying God’s Word.

Study YOUR Life Issues Through the Lens of Scripture-

When you find an issue or an area of your life that needs “God’s” TOUCH, or you “find” a word or topic in your Bible study, you are curious about it. Locate ALL the verses that speak to that topic or issue. Your Topical Bible will help you begin that process. Then, use your **Bible** to read all the verses you discovered in your Topical Bible. Read the chapter(s) and verse(s) before and after that “word” or “topic” to understand the authors’ and God’s original intent in its “context.” Also, look up the words or topics in your Bible, Webster’s dictionary, and Bible handbook.

Read and Think About the Scriptures –

Modern versions of the Bible, such as the “Message,” are not accurate Bible translations. Therefore, use a precise translation of the Bible. Read “small” sections of Scripture (a few sentences to one paragraph or chapter) repeatedly. For every **ten minutes** of reading, spend ten to fifteen minutes “Thinking” about what you just read. Read the “Sections” of Scripture in different translations. Read “them” at various times and places throughout the day. Also, read the section you are studying before bed and when you wake up.

Remember Your Friends-

Who? -What? -Where? -When? -Why? -How?

Ask your friends “Questions” about what you read, think about, and listen to.

YOU Must Do the Study Work-

I am not a big fan of commentaries or similar resources. But they can help you see what you may have missed **AFTER your** studies. The “same” goes for using the Internet. Remember that Bible “commentary” or similar resources are only as good as the person making the commentary and their educational, theological, and ministry training and experience.

One Idea –

Whenever you read a book, listen to a sermon, etc., make it your objective to gain **ONE** idea. Write it down and learn all about it. Then, find ways to use that one idea in your life. General knowledge, including Bible knowledge, is **NOT** life-changing. **“Heart Change”** comes by the “Application” of what you are studying, reading, or hearing and God’s GRACE!

Paper and Pen-

Always carry index cards or a small notebook and pen. Write down whatever is pertinent to you as you listen to or read sermons, teachings, etc., and what “comes to mind.” It could be as “seemingly insignificant” as a “To Do” item you need to accomplish. Your mind is an idea-producing machine, so write your ideas down. Refer to the “cards” later to accomplish whatever is necessary and to study the “words,” “issues,” etc., from your cards. The process is one change, one step at a time...

The following are six examples of “issues” I wrestled with and sought God’s perspective on. All were a long, intense, painful struggle that lasted many years. In the end, when all the proverbial “onion” layers were pulled back, the sweet center finally appeared.

1-

Events Leading Up to My Belief in the Gospel of Jesus Christ

At 16, I discovered the “Leadership and Motivational” industry. At 18, I flew down to Waco, TX, three times to learn about Success Motivation International (SMI) and Leadership Management International (LMI).” Paul J. Meyer founded these companies. He is the founder and innovator of this business “category.” On my third trip, I met G., who impressed me so much that I said, “He has something I want. I want to be just like him.”

After returning to New York City, a “PULL” began in my heart. That pull was so strong that I could no longer ignore it. So, I got into my car and drove from NYC to Waco. My first stop was Paul J. Meyer’s house. I knocked on his door. His wife, Jane, answered and brought Paul to the door. I told Paul who I was and why I was there. He smiled, took down my name, commented, “You’re just like me,” and closed the door.

My next stop was G.’s house. Again, I knocked on the door. His wife answered, and I told her who I was and wanted to meet G., but she said he was taking a nap. I asked if she could wake him up so I could talk to him. She did; G. invited me in, and he began a relationship with me. I drove back to NYC and spoke with him over the telephone often. He would lead me to a youth pastor, D., at Marsh Lane Baptist Church in North Dallas. Not long after, I got into my car, drove to Dallas to meet D, and moved to Dallas. Little did I know that D and the entire youth department had begun praying for me. Contrary to what I had been led to believe, Gentile Christian friends loved, blessed, and reached out to me for no reason other than I was Jewish. They showed me “God’s Favor,” expressed through unconditional love and blessing.

I also began to read the Bible and came to understand that the Bible consisted of the Old Testament—a picture book that prophesied and foreshadowed a Jewish Messiah. During Old Testament times, God’s people would come to the Tabernacle (and eventually the Temple) with a spotless, pure sacrifice onto which the individual’s sins are symbolically placed. These sacrifices were repeatedly made to atone for sin and restore the one making the sacrifice to a right fellowship with God—until the next sin. It was never-ending.

I read about how God longed for everyone to humble themselves, confess their sins, and return to Him through the required and appropriate sacrifices. God planned to introduce a better and final sacrifice throughout the Old Testament. The Jews knew this person of promise as the “Messiah.” However, whoever eventually came claiming to be the foreshadowed Messiah would

have to fulfill one hundred percent of all the Old Testament prophecies. I was fascinated with the prophetic descriptions of where the Messiah would be born and live, how, and why He would have to die. I learned about Jeremiah's prophecy concerning the "New Covenant." God said He was going to send to Israel and the Jewish people to replace the "Old Covenant."

The "righteousness" (Right Standing with God) that the Jews sought to obtain by obeying the laws of the Old Covenant was unattainable as **no one** could obey all 613 laws, plus the hundreds more that the Jews added. I came to understand that the "New Covenant" promised righteousness with God, which is obtained by believing in the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

So, after reading my Bible, I made a monumental decision to embrace the New Testament's teaching concerning the Gospel of Jesus Christ. I believe that Jesus (the spotless Passover Lamb) died as a substitute for sins and rose from the dead on the third day. My eyes were finally opened to the reality that Jesus Christ fulfilled all Old Testament prophecies and Jewish things. Jesus Christ was who He said He was— "God—the Messiah." In believing the Gospel of Jesus Christ, I became a "Hebrew Christian."

EVERYTHING good in my life came about by following the "inner pull" and driving to Waco to meet G., his introduction to D., and Marsh Lane Baptist Church. There, I became a believer, was baptized, met Michelle, was married, played my trumpet in the church orchestra, taught the entire book of Hebrews, served as a deacon, etc. I've maintained a lifelong relationship with G.; notably, he was the best man at my wedding.

2- Forgiving the Germans

Another ongoing "life issue" was my hatred towards the Germans for killing all of my family (except my mother, her sister, and their mother) in Poland during the Holocaust. Therefore, because of what the Germans did to my family, I hated them. I lost the privilege of seeing my grandfather and my family.

Even though the German government had taken some measure of responsibility for their actions by paying my grandmother and mother (and other survivors of the Holocaust) a monthly pension, I still hated them. Who knows what resources and opportunities we would have had if the Nazis had not stolen everything from us? So, from the time I began dealing with this issue, it took over **25 years to finally forgive the Germans for what they did to my family**. There was much personal and spiritual learning and growth that took place.

Interestingly, no person has impacted me more than the author, businessman, people builder, and philanthropist, the late **Paul J. Meyer**. My love for Paul stems from my becoming a Christian under his ministry. In the spring of 2007, I read his book "*Forgiveness... the Ultimate Miracle*." That book changed my life forever. I was confronted with the reality that Paul was

German, and his family had immigrated to America from Germany. As I began reflecting on Paul's impact on my life and my love for him, I was struck with God's sense of humor. It was ironic that I hated Germans but was in love with one. However, because of Paul's book, I finally forgave ALL Germans. I also wrote a letter to my friend Paul J. Meyer expressing my love for him and presenting him with a precious gift.

August 28, 2007

"Dear Paul J. Meyer,

I have always known that someday I would give you the following present—a Star of David that was given to me shortly after my birth in Israel. This Star of David is the MOST precious material possession that I own. My father kept it for me, and I began wearing it shortly after I accepted Christ as my Savior. I have worn it for over 25 years, but I am certain you should be its new owner.

Several years ago, I proposed in my heart to give you this pendant because I love you. Anyway, I rehearsed this event over and over in my mind during the last few years. Each time, it led me to tears. But now there are no more tears, only joy, which brings me to the point of this letter. A few months ago, I read "Forgiveness—the Ultimate Miracle." The same whispering voice of the Holy Spirit who has guided my life and choices inspired me to finally forgive ALL Germans for what they did to my family in Poland. However, I did not recall that you came from a German background.

Interestingly, the Germans invaded Poland this same week in August of 1939, killing and plundering many Jewish families. Therefore, please accept this most precious gift as a memorial of God's Ultimate Miracle—reconciling ALL people to Himself—including Jews and Germans. I have included the chain I wore in case you want to wear it. I pray you will treasure this Star of David as much as I have."

With much love,
Michael Attar

As God's grace would have it, Paul J. Meyer printed 10,000 copies of my first book in 2007 as a gift to "our" ministry and wrote the foreword. "*My Pursuit of a Good Mood*" is in its seventh printing, and we've given away over 1,000 copies. God is GOOD!

3- Four Stolen Silver Trumpets

One aspect of the Spiritual Health process is dealing with sin issues. Everyone sins because we all are born into sin because of the “Fall.” Thankfully, by believing in the Gospel of Jesus Christ, those who “believe” have righteousness-right standing with God.

Everyone has experienced “pain” after someone sinned against them. And everyone has inflicted “pain” by sinning against someone. But because God has forgiven ALL our sins, we should extend His grace to those who sin against us. Likewise, we should ask for forgiveness from those we have sinned against. In asking for forgiveness, sometimes God will “tell” us to offer a form of restitution to those we have offended.

For over seven years, I told the story of the “Four Stolen Silver Trumpets” in our “*Engaging with God*” presentation to Carrolton Springs Hospital patients. It is a compelling story, and many patients were impacted by it, and my story of finally forgiving the Germans for killing my family in Poland. Therefore, MANY patients came to the “conclusion” to begin the process of asking for forgiveness for sins they had committed. And also to start forgiving those who sinned against them. However, it is impossible to seek “Biblical” forgiveness or to provide “Biblical” forgiveness unless a person KNOWS the author of “forgiveness-Jesus Christ. So, these two stories led to a clear presentation of the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

Here’s my story...

In 1976, I was sixteen years old and pursuing a career in classical music as a trumpet player. I had been studying for five years under a teacher who became the principal player of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra. Since I played in several different orchestras at school and throughout the city, I thought I needed a C trumpet. I wanted one. The standard trumpet is constructed in the key of B flat. However, most professionals use a trumpet explicitly built in the key of C, as it is more versatile for orchestra work. So, I walked into the Giardinelli Band Instrument Company in New York City and, without paying for it, casually walked out the door with a new silver C trumpet—**stolen silver trumpet number one**. I was so proud, playing and later selling it for three hundred dollars.

I needed a job and went to the Giardinelli Band Instrument Company that same year. I asked the president, Robert Giardinelli, to hire me, and he did. The first day at work was a Saturday, the busiest day for the company. I was “posted” at the front door. My mission was to prevent people from leaving the store with instruments they didn’t pay for. I was the proverbial fox standing guard over the henhouse. That fall, a trumpeter in our band needed a new horn. I suggested he could get a brand-new horn for only one hundred dollars. The plan was for him to bring his empty case and for me to put a new horn into it—**stolen silver trumpet number two**.

I prided myself in shipping and packing instruments all over the world, but my thefts never bothered me. One day, very brazenly, I packed two new silver trumpets into a box and then loaded the box onto the dolly with other instruments ready to be shipped. I rolled the dolly out

the door, walked down to the post office, and mailed the boxes. I had cleverly forged the destination and recipient of the box. Several days later, the two silver trumpets arrived safely at my home—**stolen silver trumpets three and four**. I was so proud of my new silver trumpets, which I brought to school and played everywhere. Friends wondered where I got the money to buy two new silver trumpets. I suspect my parents probably wondered, too.

There is no question about it; at this stage in my life, I was a criminal with no integrity. Immediately after the thefts, I began thinking that, had I been caught, I probably would have been incarcerated. This began to bother me and, during the next four years, caused unbearable emotional pain. I dealt with this pain, as most people do, by indulging in vices.

Immersed in the pain of my sins, I was invited to a church at the age of twenty. I heard the Gospel for the first time in my life—the Gospel that Jesus Christ died as a substitute for my sins, rising again on the third day. In faith, I believed in the Gospel and became a Christian—a Jewish believer in Jesus Christ. Because of this spiritual and eternal transformation, my sins, past, present, and future, as far as God was concerned, were forgotten. My spiritual transformation and “spiritual journey” began. I believed that God had forgiven me for the thefts of the four silver trumpets and forgotten about them, too.

Because of God’s grace, regaining and maintaining integrity became a big issue for me. I pursued integrity with a vengeance, tackling one issue after another until I regained a considerable measure of my integrity. However, the issue of the four silver trumpets never totally went away. Over the years, I thought about it so often that I began to lose sleep—becoming anxious and depressed. Frequently, I wondered why no one took notice of the things I had accomplished in business and in my personal life. Finally, I realized that my talk and walk didn’t line up. Purposefully, I kept my mouth shut and entered a time of repentance, reclaiming lost integrity and taking personal responsibility for my actions.

While learning to overcome my mood struggles, I became intensively involved with a group called Top Gun—a men’s accountability and discipleship ministry in my church. Each week, I met with other men to discuss and resolve deep, personal life issues. These men were well aware of my intense mood struggles. They loved me and encouraged me to follow through with the extensive reading and strict accountability required of each man in the group. Through this process of close accountability and with God working in my life, the issue of the four silver trumpets kept coming back to my mind.

The pain regarding this sin became so intense that I cried each week in front of these men. I understood that one source of my mood struggles was sin. There are many other reasons and sources, but since the issue of the four silver trumpets always lingered in my mind, I began to wonder and seriously consider if my mood struggles resulted from the thefts. After painful reflection and consideration, I concluded that taking the silver trumpets contributed to my illness.

Lamenting over my evil deeds, my leader confronted me on this issue. He told me, ***“The reason the pain of your sin never went away is that God is trying to get your attention.”***

My accountability leader was right. I knew it was time to resolve this issue. Just as I had dealt with similar situations, I let the pain drive me, following it to the source—my lack of integrity.

First, I calculated the value of the four stolen silver trumpets. I added compound interest for the period of twenty-two years. I also added “restitution” for my thefts—a dollar value that would say, “I mean business.” I opened my checkbook and wrote a ten-thousand-dollar check to Robert Giardinelli.

Did I have ten thousand dollars to throw away? No. But that didn’t matter. Money wasn’t the issue—the source of the pain was. Regaining and keeping integrity intact was more valuable than money. Why now? Why so, suddenly? Why at all?

On a Thursday, I mustered the courage to call Bob Giardinelli to pay my debt. I called the store in New York and asked to speak with him. I was told that Mr. Giardinelli had died two years earlier.

“Is his wife still alive?” I asked.

“Yes!” Came the reply.

“Could I please get her phone number?”

“*We don’t have it. Mrs. Rose Giardinelli is in Italy.*”

“Is there a number for her hotel?”

“No.”

“Do you know what hotel she is staying in?”

“*Yes, here it is.*”

I hung up, called international information, and got the number of the hotel in Italy.

“*Rose Giardinelli? You missed her by a day. She’s on her way to Rome.*”

I called the store back and explained that this was a matter of “life and death.” “Could you arrange for Mrs. Rose Giardinelli to call me collect when she returns to New York?” I gave them my name and phone number. Several days later, I got a call from Rose Giardinelli.

Slowly, I explained who I was, that I had been employed by her husband and had stolen four silver trumpets. Also, I was now a Christian. I asked her if she knew what that meant.

She said, “*Yes, I’m a Christian, too.*”

I told her the story of the four silver trumpets and was prepared to send her a ten-thousand-dollar check. I began to cry.

Mrs. Giardinelli blurted out, “*I forgive you.*”

Immediately, I responded, “But you don’t understand, Mrs. Giardinelli, I stole four silver trumpets. I owe you, and I must pay!”

She said again, *"I am a Christian, too, and I forgive you."*

I could not stop crying. "But you don't understand. I owe, and I must pay."

"But you don't understand. I forgive you." Mrs. Giardinelli said again, *"I forgive you. However, Mike, if you feel you must pay, then give the money to someone who needs it."*

With that, Mrs. Rose Giardinelli said goodbye and hung up. I sat there, stunned, crying, and it all hit me. I was forgiven! I had been forgiven for the theft of the four silver trumpets. Closing my checkbook, I was flooded with relief. But that's not the end of the story. No! It's the beginning.

I went back to my accountability leader and told him what had happened. Several weeks later, my leader commented that something very good was going to come out of this, adding that most people would never have followed through. I replied that I still felt some pain and that the event wasn't fully resolved. He encouraged me to continue the follow-through process until the pain went away. Still, days later, the pain lingered.

Forgiven? Yes!

Resolved? No!

Mrs. Giardinelli said if I felt I had to pay, I should give the money to someone who needed it. I wrestled with that thought for days.

Why did I still feel pain?

My very first pastor and friend, JW, came to mind. He was also the one who encouraged me to pursue sales, especially the securities business. He had been right on all accounts. I had spoken with him several times over the years, telling him about the overall success I had been having. "Give this man some money," the voice in my head said. "How much?" Obediently, I wrote out a check for five thousand dollars.

Then I called, made an appointment, and drove to his house. Filling him in on the pieces of my life, I told him I wanted to write that I had written much, but generally, I felt I had nothing to say. I informed him I was going to continue my writing pursuits. He reminded me of a letter I had written him soon after my friend Angela died. It described my despair, heartache, and my battle with mood struggles. John said he had kept that letter on his desk and prayed for me often. He said he wanted the first copy of a book signed by me whenever it was published.

At that point, I told him I had nothing to publish. In parting, I told him I loved him, took out the check, and gave it to him. He looked at the check, and the large sum drove him instantly to tears. He said that he really could use the money. He asked me why I was doing this, so I told him the story. Coincidentally, I ran into him and his wife three years later at a local restaurant. We shared a meal that night, and he asked me,

"How is it going?"

"I'm learning how to write."

We discussed the progress I had been making in overcoming mood struggles. He told me to continue pursuing my passion, suggesting I write a book about my mood struggles that would comfort and bring hope to others. He quoted the verses I used on this book's back cover as we ate dinner. The following day, I got up and worked on this book for the next two years. I am utterly convinced that following the Holy Spirit's urging to make restitution birthed my first book and the ministry of the Good Mood Foundation.

+++++

My story continues...

In December 2018, my friend JW called me a few weeks before Christmas. We had stayed in touch and spoken several times over the years. He had wanted to "tell me something" a few years earlier. He said he had written me a long letter on his computer, but it disappeared moments before hitting the "send" button. He was unable to retrieve the letter. In short, this is what he told me. He had used the five thousand dollars to purchase a computer, projector, and other essentials to "seed" a new business opportunity. He explained that he had broken every sales record in his company and became the "number one" salesperson" in this industry. He said he considers the receipt of the money "One of those divine provisions of God" and a "turning point" in his life.

God is GOOD!

4-

Learning to Live Life in a Good Mood

One of my ongoing "life issues" is mood struggles. So, I spent many years asking questions, learning, studying, and applying God's Word.

That led to writing my first book, *"My Pursuit of a Good Mood."*

In the process, I developed a "strategy for living life" in a "good mood," which transformed me in many ways. That strategy is...

- ✓ **Forgive** the people who hurt you, and **be forgiven** by those you hurt.
- ✓ Choose to **walk moment by moment** in the power of the Holy Spirit.
- ✓ Actively **overcome** negative thoughts and emotions by repeatedly **singing and listening** to the “right” songs that “minister” to your Spirit.

Throughout the process, God opened the door to many conversations with people dealing with similar issues. That eventually led to the beginning of a ministry to the in-patients of Carrollton Springs Hospital (a psychiatric and addiction facility), where we ministered to the patients for seven and a half years. The “life strategy” I used for living life in a good mood became the central focus of our ministry to the patients as I encouraged them to do the “same.”

5- My Inner PAIN Disappears

In the Spring of 1978 (I was 17), “something” happened to me. I didn’t understand “what” at the time. But in May 2017 (**40 years** later), “something else” happened to me that could ONLY be described as a miracle. Because of what happened to me, I “lost” NOTHING but gained “EVERYTHING!” Shortly after that, I sent the following letter to my father.

May 2017
Father,

All my adult life, I have struggled with an “inner pain” that I describe as debilitating. Whenever the inner pain arose, I would become physically incapacitated-impotent! I chose to harness my inner pain as a motivating force that enabled me to accomplish many things. I also used this inner pain as a “steering mechanism” regarding personal relationships. Still, there were times when the pain became so unbearable that I could do nothing except “escape.” As hard as I tried, I could NOT identify the source of my inner pain.

The last time we spoke (in November of 2016), you offered to send me to school to become an X-ray technician. Maybe you forgot that I am 56 years old. You promised to pay for my education. Then you said, “I give you my word.” Immediately after we hung up, this inner pain rose again inside me. It was unbearable. I was infuriated with your offer and insistence, “I give you my word.” Where did I hear “I give you my word” before? As I contemplated my excruciating inner pain, I REMEMBERED!!!

When I was 17 years old, I received a full four-year music scholarship to college. It included private music lessons. Who was it that worked so hard practicing his trumpet? ME! All I had to do was pay for my textbooks and show up. Then I explained that I needed money for my books and transportation. I can still remember how proud you were of me. You were lying on the sofa downstairs, and you were smiling. Then you uttered, “I will provide- I GIVE YOU MY WORD.”

In the fall, college started, and I asked you for money. You began to yell at me. I asked again and again for money for my books and transportation. NO! Mom did what she could, but you took her paycheck. You oversaw the finances. NO! You said over and over again! I began to explode inside.

Regardless of who I was and who you thought I was. That should not have mattered. I was 17-18, IMPERFECT! Yes, I made some bad choices. I needed an education and earned a scholarship. You promised to pay for my books and transportation. I was under your roof. You were the head of the house. You can't put that on me, nor can you put that on mother. It was on you!

A time came when I could no longer "show up." I had no money. I stayed in my room in pain! Then, like clockwork, you came into my room every morning and taunted me. "Half Brain"-over and over and over again. NAMES-CURSING-YELLING! Slamming the door again and again every morning, it was the same thing! The result is that I sold my trumpet for \$150 to buy a suit to look for a job. But still, you taunted me. You never kept your word to me!

I found a door that opened! I took it and left home.

From that time on, you know that God has transformed me! You will be hard-pressed to find any time when I wasn't loving, gracious, forgiving, gentle, and kind to you. NEVER did I curse you. NEVER did I hang up the phone on you! And always, when I failed, I asked for your forgiveness. You and I have always been "good." Except for those times when you "lose it" and begin to taunt me with insults, cursing, and yelling. It's as if I was dealing with someone "sleepwalking." Sleepwalkers have no idea of what happens when they "wake up."

After your "offer," I struggled deeply. I now recognize the source of my inner pain. It came from you not honoring your word regarding my education and how I suffered when I left home trying to find my way. I often prayed to God about my inner pain and asked that He would take it away. Or let me die! For 38 years, He did not!

But NOW that I recognized the source of my inner pain, I said, "I forgive my father."

I cannot explain it except to explain it this way. Right before Mitzi died, I held her in my arms, and then, in an instant, I felt her spirit leave her body. That's what God did for me! **I experienced the "bondage" that weighed me down for almost forty years—LEAVE ME! I consider this a miracle!!! The inner pain is GONE!**

True forgiveness is a one-sided event. I don't need or require any acknowledgment, etc. You've already acknowledged your behavior toward me while I was under your roof. I get it! Hurt people, hurt people. You've had to deal with your inner struggles. We all do! I also want you to know that being an X-Ray Tech was your dream. It was not and is not my dream. For weeks now, every day, I wake up, and the "inner pain" is NOT there. It is liberating. Therefore, I would like to try again to serve my father and continue honoring him (and my mother).

I would like you to tell me how I can honor and help you.
In conclusion: Why now? Why, after almost 40 years?
I can't answer these questions now, but I have one question.
Will you please be reconciled with me?
I love you dearly. You are my father! It was wrong of me not to call- but now we both know why.
Please forgive me! Please let us be reconciled! Again, I ask respectfully.
Firstborn, always!
Michael

6-

Reconciliation with My Father and His Ultimate Salvation

Another ongoing "life issue" was my relationship with my father. I struggled with many related issues and had to seek God's perspective to learn and resolve.

When I believed in the Gospel of Jesus Christ at age nineteen, my father "Cut Me Off" in every respect—part of the Jewish dilemma of becoming a "believer."

When I was twenty-two, my youth pastor drove me to the airport so I could go home to visit my family. He encouraged me to share the Gospel of Jesus Christ with my father.

But how do you love your father when he has rejected you and cut you off? One step at a time.

It took MANY years of loving my dad, and ultimately, God's grace restored our relationship, and he believed in the Gospel of Jesus Christ. It came about "directly" after a "period of ten years" when my father would not talk to me. My father had traveled to **Israel** to visit our family and spend time with his ailing sister.

"Dear Mike, My short stay with you was good. This reunion would not have been possible without your belief and trust in Christ and with my own growing understanding, which culminated in affirming Christ as the Savior for all sinners on earth. This came about after my last trip to the Holy Land and my visit to the old city of Jerusalem. Never before in my previous visits was I so moved and attentive to every step Jesus walked from the Via Dolorosa to the Church of Sepulcher. I stood next to the platform where Jesus' body was washed and entered the sanctuary where He was buried. It was exhilarating. I was excited and thrilled! Our talks in your office, your patience, and your genuine love are all a testimony to the fact that you have grown in the Spirit of Christ. I would like to add that by affirming my belief in Jesus. I am not rejecting my father. May he rest in peace or my Jewish heritage. Nor am I denying my ancestors. I do believe that it is the right continuation for my Jewish secularism to follow my life with the real Savior—the Christ Jew. Regards to Michelle, your wife and soul mate, and allow me to call her my third child. Thank you for bringing her to our family. Love, Dad"

In 2021, God put it on my heart to have my dad come and live with us. I cleared my office and put a bed in it. I had “boxes” shipped to the “doorman” of my father’s building, instructing the doorman to keep them in storage for me. I flew to New York on an “open-ended” ticket. I asked my father to come and live with Michelle and me. He slept on it, and the next day, he said yes. I went downstairs to the storage room, retrieved the boxes, and packed all my dad’s things, and we flew back to Dallas.

My time with my dad can be summed up this way. **Nothing** was left unsaid or undone. I “WAILED” in grief when he passed. Dad also “remembered” me after he passed. His “enduring love” enabled us to purchase our new home in Alabama, and we built a walkout basement apartment so my brother could move here, too. Dad is HAPPY!

In memory of my father, I hung two of his “Mezuzahs,” one by the front door and the other by the back entrance. Inside the Mezuzah is a parchment with several verses.

“Hear, O Israel: The LORD our God, the LORD is one. Love the LORD your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your strength. These commandments that I give you today are to be upon your hearts...Write them on the doorframes of your houses” Deuteronomy 6:4.

The last verse in the Old Testament indicates what God did for my father and me.

“He will turn the hearts of the fathers to their children and the hearts of the children to their fathers.”