



# **YOUR May 2023 Apple of His Eye Mission Society Newsletter is ready.**

PO Box 1649 Brentwood, TN 37024

## THE KEY QUESTION

**What do  
YOU  
think of  
JESUS?**

[www.appleofhiseye.org](http://www.appleofhiseye.org)

- |                        |   |
|------------------------|---|
| Who could you ask? -   | Anyone  |
| Where could you ask? - | Anywhere  |
| When could you ask? -  | Anytime - except at work when you are on the job.                               |
| Why should you ask? -  | Because Hell is real and those apart from Christ are facing eternal punishment. |
| How should you ask? -  | With love, patience and humility.   |

Pray as you go about your day for the Lord to bring people across your path, or to your door, or on your phone to invite them to discover New Life in Jesus the Messiah.

# Empowered

By Steve Cohen



Acts 1:8 But you will receive power when the Holy Spirit has come upon you, and you will be my witnesses in Jerusalem and in all Judea and Samaria, and to the end of the earth.

The day of Pentecost was marked on May 28<sup>th</sup> this year. This is one of three “let’s go up to Jerusalem” festivals the Lord gave to Israel in Leviticus 23. This initial purpose was to bring up the portion of the wheat harvest to replenish the storehouses for the Priests who ministered on behalf of the rest of Israel. Initially it was an agricultural festival.

Over time, Pentecost (Shavuot – which means weeks) became associated with the giving of the law to Moses on Mt. Sinai fifty days after the Exodus. The day is traditionally celebrated by studying Torah all night (or late into the night), eating dairy products, attending synagogue, reading the Book of Ruth, and abstaining from work.

In the book of Acts, the disciples were gathered in an upper room in Jerusalem. The pouring out of the Holy Spirit as promised brought the fulfillment Jeremiah 31:31-34 (ESV).

“Behold, the days are coming, declares the LORD, when I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel and the house of Judah, not like the covenant that I made with their fathers on the day when I took them by the hand to bring them out of the land of Egypt, my covenant that they broke, though I was their husband, declares the LORD. For this is the covenant that I will make with the house of Israel after those days, declares the LORD: I will put my law within them, and I will write it on their hearts. And I will be their God, and they shall be my people. And no longer shall each one teach his neighbor and each his brother, saying, ‘Know the LORD,’ for they shall all know me, from the least of them to the greatest, declares the LORD. For I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more.”

Thousands of people from all over the region were in Jerusalem for the festival.

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Jewish people encountered the power of God as the Holy Spirit was given enabling bold Gospel proclamation in their midst, even hearing in their own language.

We are the recipients of the same Holy Spirit today. We are fully authorized and empowered to go to the lost world and declare the Good News of salvation through Jesus. What is holding us back?

I lead a zoom Bible class on Wednesday mornings. We have been going through Matthew since December 2020. During a recent session, we focused on presenting the Gospel to Jewish people. One of the participants said, "I was taught as I grew up that we respect people from other faiths and not bring up Jesus to them. They have their own religion."

Yes, it is true that there are many religions in the world today. **But God did not send Jesus to start a new religion.** He came to restore a severed relationship. I believe that the Bible is literally true, and when Jesus said in John 14:6 "I am the way, the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father but by Me." Either this is absolutely true, or we can disregard Jesus's a liar.

**I believe it is most disrespectful of others to keep silent and avoid talk of sin and salvation.**

**We must speak out and speak up because eternity really does hang in the balance.**

**There are no do-overs for those who have perished.**

We are empowered. We are commissioned. We are sent. Let's get up and boldly go to the lost. Now!

We are praying for YOU!



# Jewish AND Lutheran? - by Rev. Jordan Peiser

Dearly beloved in the Lord,

## The Question

As you may know, I am a pastor in the Lutheran Church — Missouri Synod (hereafter the LCMS) and a Jewish believer in Jesus. What many may not know is that this dual reality often results in a lot of questions from people. Being a Jewish believer in Jesus is already a place of curiosity for people.

However, being a Lutheran Jewish believer adds an extra layer of curiosity. Whether I am at a conference with other Jewish believers, talking with Jewish people who do not believe in Jesus, or giving a presentation at a Church, the question often comes up “Why are you Lutheran?” Behind the question is the recognition that Martin Luther has written documents that contain antisemitic statements that have been used to promote gross acts of antisemitism.

While a lot can be said about Luther’s Works, some of his writings are profoundly pastoral and offer profound insight into faith and the promise of the Gospel, and other works are deeply troubling. I want to focus on what drew me to Lutheranism. I will, however, begin by noting that the LCMS has written a strong statement denouncing antisemitism:

Whereas it is widely but falsely assumed that Luther’s personal writings and opinions have some official status among us (thus, sometimes implying the responsibility of contemporary Lutheranism for those statements, if not complicity in them); but also whereas, it is plain from the Scripture that the Gospel must be proclaimed to all people — that is, to Jews also, no more and no less than to others (Matt 28:18-20); and whereas, this Scriptural mandate is sometimes confused with antisemitism; therefore be it resolved that we condemn any and all discrimination against others on account of race or religion or any coercion on that account and pledge ourselves to work and witness against such sins (LCMS Frequently Asked Questions).

We are Lutheran not because we worship Luther and everything he said but because of the Gospel. We are a Church that emphasizes God’s love in Jesus and the salvation achieved by grace alone. That emphasis on the Gospel which is the “power of God” (see Romans 1:16-17) is what drew me to Lutheranism.

## The Journey

I was baptized and joined a non-denominational church when I was seventeen years old, and that began a deep and prayerful study of the Scriptures. At that church, I experienced a strong community, a church that highly valued the scriptures, that spent time together in prayer and around meals, and that was deeply committed to the power of God to transform lives. I am forever indebted to the people of that congregation. However, I also found that their explanations for faith often left me in doubt. “Have I done enough?” “Will God be angry with me?” And those questions and that experience led me to dive deeper into the faith, in what Christians believed throughout the ages.

As I prayerfully sought God’s guidance, I became friends with someone whose grandfather was a retired pastor who attended a small-town Lutheran church. She invited me to join her and her family at her grandfather’s church on Christmas Eve. And so, not knowing what to expect, and having never interacted with a “liturgical”<sup>1</sup> church — outside of going to a Catholic mass for a funeral — I did not know what to expect. And what I experienced drew me in and touched my heart.

As I was there, I was first greeted by friendly and welcoming congregation members. Then I saw the beautiful stained-glass windows, the candles, the candle that stood over the altar that reminded me of the eternal flame in a synagogue. And as I went with my friend and her family into the sanctuary and took my seat in the pew, I saw their hymnals, well-worn by the saints who faithfully gathered for worship. I heard the bell choir and the choir practicing their hymns and musical pieces, and I listened to the bell that called the saints to worship.

Then the service began with the confession— the public and communal recognition of our sin — and the absolution, the declaration of God’s free forgiveness in Jesus. It was like water for parched ground. God has truly forgiven us in Christ, not because of anything we have done or could do. And the service only proclaimed more Gospel, more good news. I heard good news in the Gloria which proclaims God’s peace and mercy in Jesus. And I heard good news in the sermon which proclaimed my sin and God’s surpassing grace in Jesus who became human for me. The service was God’s Word meeting me in a moment of spiritual uncertainty.

And not only did the beauty of the service and the message of the liturgy speak to me. But I also saw aspects of the liturgy that reminded me of growing up in the synagogue. In a way, it was like returning home. The Christian liturgy draws heavily from the synagogue service. As I sat in those pews, I saw a pastor wearing a shawl that reminded me of a Talit (a Jewish prayer shawl worn by men when they pray), I heard

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1 Liturgical means a church that uses a set pattern of worship and readings passed down through generations.

the call and response in worship inviting the congregation to join the minister in the reading of the Psalms, and in the prayers. The structure of the service was both different and familiar to a synagogue service. Then I heard the Sanctus “Holy, holy, holy,” drawn from Isaiah 6: “Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Sabaoth; heaven and earth are full of Your glory...Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord.”<sup>2</sup> While the version we have in the Church is different than the one used in the synagogue, they both have the repetition of the word Holy and proclaim the Angelic and divine presence among us in our worship.

After that experience, I began to inquire about and study Lutheranism. I went to college at Concordia University in St. Paul, Minnesota, and began attending Church at University Chapel in Minneapolis. The pastor and the congregation there were welcoming, deeply committed to the Gospel, and were instrumental in my journey into the Lutheran Church.

So, why am I Lutheran? I am Lutheran because of the focus on the good news of Jesus Christ. I am Lutheran because of the beauty of our worship. And I am Lutheran because it felt like coming home to a faithful expression of what it means for me to be a Jewish believer in Jesus. The Lutheran Church is NOT built on Martin Luther, but on Jesus the Jewish Messiah. He died for us all to be restored to a living relationship with our Creator who loves us so very much.

If you have any questions, feel free to email me at [Jordan.peiser@theappleofhiseye.org](mailto:Jordan.peiser@theappleofhiseye.org)

Yours in Yeshua,  
Pastor Jordan Peiser

**Shalom +**

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<sup>2</sup> In the Synagogue the sanctus is a little different, but the overlap is obvious: Holy, Holy, Holy, The Lord of Hosts, The entire world is filled with His Glory. Blessed is the Glory of the Lord in Its Place. The Lord shall reign forever, Your God, O Zion, from generation to generation, Hallelujah.

**Jordan is finishing up his first year as a missionary with The Apple of His Eye. He, like each of our mission staff, is responsible for raising his own mission support.**

**Your financial help now would mean much as he enters into year two in New Jersey. His budget goal is \$60,000.**

**Thank you! - steve cohen**

# *NanC's Corner*

“Kids...you know I love ‘em!” An epic story from the past...

“Children too are a gift from Adonai; the fruit of the womb is a reward.” Psalm 127:3 CJB

There is a scene from the 60's movie “Bye, Bye Birdie”, where Paul Lynde is trying to convince himself that he can cope with his teenagers. I can hear him even now in his whining, nasally voice saying, “Kids, you know I love ‘em”, then he adds his little he he he, like he's trying to convince himself.

In the '80's I found myself in the same frame of mind as Mr. Lynde in the movie. Living in Tacoma, Washington, had its moments. I am talking about weird, different, exciting, and challenging moments. We lived in an older home in an eclectic neighborhood that bordered on scary. The area looked fairly decent, but some of the kids that walked our streets could put the fear of God in you with a mere look.

I remember mid-summer one year when I had one of those interesting moments. My husband, M.C., was somewhere with our youngest son Nathan. Our fifteen-year-old son Ross was out shooting hoops. I was home alone when someone started beating on the front door. I peeked through the door window and saw a tall young man whom I did not recognize. Being incredibly brave (NOT), I yelled through the door. “Yea?”

“Do you have a son?” he yelled in my direction through the closed door.

“Maybe,” I answered.

He again yelled, “Well, do you have a son named Ross?”

Entreating I again yelled, “Who wants to know?”

“Look lady,” he pleaded, “all I know is a guy named Ross broke his foot playing b-ball, and he told me to get his mom at this address!”

Of course, the door flew open, and I thanked him profusely. I ran to the school knowing that there was probably no real problem but feeling guilty for the interrogation of this good Samaritan. Ross seemed to have a lot of health problems. So, unless his color is totally drained from his face, his breathing is shallow, or I see blood, there is no problem. I ran to the school to find him sitting with his basketball, very indignant because it had taken me so long to come to his rescue. “What's up?” I called out walking in his direction.

“What's up?” he yelled back. “Man, Mom! I think I broke my foot, and I am in excruciating pain!!!”

Right, I thought to myself. Colors good, he is breathing okay, and not one drop of blood. Puleeeeez!

“Okay buddy,” I said in my chirpy mommy voice, “Why don't we get home and prop Mr. Foot up on the 'ol couch.”

“What?” he whined indignantly, “I c-a-n-'t walk, Muthhher.”

Uh oh. He was taking control or at least trying to take control. I had to maintain my position as the parent. “Okay, Mr. Man,” I quipped, “Why don't you just hop home, and you can dribble the ball on the way.”

Well, there you have it. I and my lanky, hopping, ball dribbling, whining son were on our way home. It was not too bad - it was all downhill, and the ball only got away from him once. I had him sit in our recliner and watch television until his dad came home. When M.C. arrived, I told him the story and said it was nothing and that it would be better by morning.

"Wellllllll, I don't know." M.C. said "It could be broken. Maybe I should just run him to the emergency room to make sure."

"Run him to the emergency room?!" I whined, (now it was my turn) "No one just runs to the emergency room. No way! I mean, unless it is a major break or something, one just doesn't run to the emergency room. After all, it's \$300 just to walk through the ER door! I could run to Nordstrom for \$300!"

My plea did not work. Out to the car Ross hopped, and away they drove with me chasing the car and yelling, "There better be a real problem!"

Two hours later they returned. As I opened the door to greet my "pretender" I was overwhelmed by the size of the cast on his foot. "Ahhhhhhh" I cried, "My poor baby! You really did hurt your foot!"

"Hellll-0000!" Ross says in sticky sarcasm, "I ba-roke my ankle, thank you. And thank you also for hopping me home, Mom."

Bad Mother. Baaad Mother! This kept going through my head and I felt like a real creep. Well, I gave him all the ice cream a 15-year-old "hollow-legged" pathetic teen could bear and promised to believe him the next time. The following morning my husband and I were preparing to go to the church office, and I gave serious instructions for the day to our two guys.

"NO BASKETBALL!!" I emphasized it over and over. "You are NOT to play with that cast on your foot! That is all I need is for you to break the cast! Compende? That is all I need is for you to break the cast!"

"Yes Ma'am", Nate responded while shooting a side glance at his sibling. "You got it, Mom!", Ross joined in smiling and hopping around the kitchen.

I felt bad for them. Our daughter had her basketball goal set up in the backyard, and the guys were addicted. I had to nag all morning to make the point, and I felt it did the trick. I was secure. After a couple of hours at the office we received the call: "Mom", Nate said his voice shaking "you need to come home."

"He broke the cast, didn't he?!" I demanded. Poor Nate. He was the baby and always took the stress for every situation the two boys incurred. We drove straight home, and I was the first one through the door.

"Where is he?!" I demanded. Then I saw him, coming to me, on his knees!

"Now Mom," he pleaded, "it is not what you think."

"Not what I think?!" I returned, "You broke your cast, didn't you? You just had to play ball, and you broke your cast!".

"No ma'am" he said sliding his foot around to show me an unscathed cast. "See?"

"Wow! Ok, what's the deal?" I quizzed.

"Well, you were sorta right," he began. "I did play basketball." Then he gingerly slid the other foot out. "But I



did not break the cast. I broke my other foot trying to save the cast when I came down from a shot.” The rest of the summer was spent with a cast on both feet and no b-ball. Kids. You know I love ‘em. Ross’s basketball adventures continued to keep us on our toes and in the hospital.

The spring following his double-cast episode, the boys began playing basketball at the local Boys Club. They went with a group of guys from our church, and it seemed well chaperoned and regulated. Again, I was secure. (Right!)

About an hour after Ross and Nate were gone, we received the “call”. It was from the director of the club. As it happened, one of their “rougner” boys sucker-punched Ross during a game and knocked Ross out cold. Of course, the director assumed full responsibility to include medical treatment.

Well, M.C. went to take care of the matter and returned after a trip to the local ER. “How is he?” I asked as M.C. came through the door with Ross, a.k.a. “His Royal Lankiness”. “Oh, he’s ok. Just a bump on the head.” M.C. tossed off the remark like it was no big deal.

(I have always called M.C. “the observer”. He was so astute when it came to details (not!). Like the time he sat across from me for over an hour during dinner at an incredible restaurant, never noticing the false eyelash dangling from my eyebrow! We just happened to be with another couple whom I had only met that night. When I finally went to the restroom and saw myself, I was mortified! My new acquaintance told me that she had thought it was a scar! AGHHHH) So, I felt under the circumstances I better cut to the chase. I asked Ross. “How ya feelin’, son?

“Grrreat!” He answered, with his incredible smile flashing. “Wow, Mom!” he continued, as he looked around the kitchen at several stacked boxes, “Are we moving?” Hmmm, interesting. We had been packing for a couple of weeks for our move to the parsonage, and there had been boxes everywhere for days.

“Why yes, son”, I told him nervously, “We are moving into the parsonage.”

“Whoooooaa! Cool!” he almost yelled. Then looking down at his T shirt, he pulled it away from himself and exclaimed, “Cool shirt! When did I get this?”

“Uhhhhhhh”, I stammered, “a month ago.”

“AIIII rrrrrright!” he yelled with obvious glee.

Hmmm. Curiouser and curiouser. Things were taking a turn for the bizarre. “Listen Ross”, I began, “What month is this?”

“Its March, Mom, don’t you know?” he answered sincerely. It was actually May!

“Ok” I continued, “What happened to you tonight?”

“I played b-ball, and Dad brought me home.” He answered me like I was whacked, but the kid had no clue.

“Ohhhh-K Ross” I ordered, “Let’s go – we are going back to the hospital!”

“Hospital? What for? Why?” he whined.

“Because” I stressed, “First of all its May not March!”

“Whoaaaaa!” Ross replied eagerly.

“Second, we’ve been moving for over a month!” I continued.

“Wow!” Ross squealed as if every revelation was incredibly cool and exciting.

“Finally”, I said in total disbelief, “you were hit in the head playing basketball and have just returned home from a visit to the ER.”

“Su-uu-perrrr!” Ross said this with the biggest smile on his face as if this was the best adventure he had ever experienced!

Into the car we went. Back to the ER! When we arrived the attending physician was surprised to see Ross returning so soon. I explained the situation and they gave Ross a C.A.T. scan. We waited in an examination cubicle and Ross fell immediately asleep. It was like a two-minute nap when he woke up and asked, “Where am I?” “In the hospital” I replied.

“Why?” he asked.

Tears filled my eyes. “Poor kid,” I began. “You were hit in the head while playing basketball and have a very bad concussion.”

“WOW!” He returned, then looking at his T-shirt he said, “Cool shirt!

Where did I get this?”

I told him and he closed his eyes again for another two-minute nap. Poor baby, I thought as I brushed his hair back with my hand. His eyes opened again. And again, he began, “where am I?”, This time I was ready and began with a faster pace: “You’re in the hospital, you had an accident, and you were hit in the head.”

“WOW!” he yelled and continued, “Look at this T-shirt!” I explained the T-shirt.

Again, he closed his eyes, and again two-minutes later he would begin again. This continued no less than three more times. I was beginning to lose it. I contemplated putting a pillow over his head during one nap time, but of course I repented. And again, he awoke echoing the same queries. This ordeal was driving me crazy, but I was not the only one affected. Before Ross could open his eyes again for a repeat performance, the Doctor stepped into our cubicle and thrust a clip board into my hands saying.

“Next time he wakes up have him read this.”

It was an entire dialogue that had been repeated over and over. Every question had the answer written next to it. Ross’ eyes opened. Before he could say one thing, I thrust the clip board into his hands and commanded, “READ!”

He looked at the clip board and read it as if it was a Stephen King novel. Throughout the ER. Everyone heard him exclaiming: “AIIII Right! WOW! Cooool! Whoa.a.a.a!” Every exclamation was followed by a pause as he read each sentence.

We learned that Ross was suffering from a condition called globular amnesia. It was a common sports related injury (I guess a sucker punch falls into the area of team sports). It is a temporary situation and thank God, it

has no permanent damage to the brain.

Finally, we got Ross home and tucked into bed. Whenever he asked a question, everyone would just yell, "READ!"

The next morning M.C. and Nate went their way, and I was alone with Mr. WOW, Cool, Whoa! It was then that I decided to try an experiment on him. With our daughter away at college I was home alone with three sports-insane guys. I hate TV sports. So, I decided to gain some balance in this group's mentality.

"Ross," I began, "you know honey, it might help you if I shared some things with you. I mean, it may aid in the healing process of your memory."

"Sure Mom." He was a ready target.

My plan was to reprogram him. "Listen son," I said softly "you love Italian food!" I thought that I would use the old 'Oreo method'. Something negative sandwiched by two positives. Only the bad memory would be sports.

"Yea" he chimed in, "I think I know that."

"Wonderful!" I responded. This was going to be a piece of cake I only had to state the other two "memories" very fast. Just dive in with it before he could grasp all of it and then let it sink in.

"Sooooo..." I began again, "you love Italian food, hate TV sports and love playing basketball." Whew - I said it so fast my tongue almost caught fire. I could see his mind whirring around like an electric rolodex. Click, click, click, stooooooooop!

"Uh Mom?" he said softly, "are you sure about the TV sports part?"

Uh oh. Keep cool. I repeated this over in my mind and tried to appear calm.

"Of course, baby." I was giving this my bravest effort, "You cannot stand TV sports." I said this in my most pathetic whiney voice. He looked at me in total shock. It was as if I had asked him to close his eyes and without warning yanked out one of his fingernails. I began to think that it was too much. As hard as he tried, the idea of no TV sports could not fit in to the cogs of his mind. Suddenly, his eyes began to roll upwards, his hands were shaking, and drool came from the corners of his mouth. He was perspiring profusely, and the color began to fade from his face.

"Wait!" I cried, "Wait!!! I lied, I lied.....you LOVE TV sports, I lied, I lied, I lied....." I continued as my sobbing voice trailed off.

He slowly regained composure, laid down on the couch and reached for the remote control.

"Thanks, Mom" he whimpered as he surfed for ESPN, "I tried to believe, but it just didn't compute."

We hugged. I left him to his beloved TV sports and slowly left the room.

Somehow things always turn out like this. Kids – enjoy them. They are a gift from God, and we have them so briefly to train to become adults. I hope you enjoyed my diary of memories with my b-ball loving son. J

Love, from my heart,  
nanC

(If this article has blessed you – share it). References taken from Complete Jewish Bible

## Empathy in Action (Used by permission)

Part of an article by Dr. Gerald B. “Jerry” Kieschnick

[Perspectives | Thoughts from Dr. Jerry Kieschnick on Life in Christ](#)



1. Today I interviewed my grandmother for part of a research paper I'm working on for my Psychology class. When I asked her to define success in her own words, she said, "Success is when you look back at your life and the memories make you smile."
2. Today I asked my mentor, a very successful businessman in his 70s, what his top three tips are for success. He smiled and said, "Read something no one else is reading, think something no one else is thinking, and do something no one else is doing."
3. Today after my 72-hour shift at the fire station, a woman ran up to me at the store and gave me a hug. When I tensed up, she realized I didn't recognize her. She let go with tears of joy and the most sincere smile and said, "On September 11, 2001, you carried me out of the World Trade Center."
4. Today after I watched my dog get run over by a car, I sat on the side of the road holding him and crying. Just before he died, he licked the tears off my face.
5. Today at 7:00 a.m. I woke up feeling ill, but decided I needed the money, so I went to work. At 3:00 p.m. I got laid off. On my drive home I got a flat tire. When I went into the trunk for the spare, it was flat too. A man in a BMW pulled over and gave me a ride. We chatted, and then he offered me a job. I start working tomorrow.
6. Today as my father, three brothers, and two sisters stood around my mother's hospital bed, my mother uttered her last coherent words before she died. She simply said, "I feel so loved right now. We should have gotten together like this more often."

Empathy is the ability to understand and share the feelings of others. Sometimes in the rush of life or in the process of self-absorption, we fail to do just that.

In the Bible, a lawyer is talking with Jesus about what one must do to inherit eternal life. The lawyer said, "Love the Lord your God with all your heart and with all your soul and with all your strength and with all your mind, and love your neighbor as yourself."

Jesus replied, "You have answered correctly. Do this and you will live." Luke 10:25-28

Think how encouraging to you it is when someone truly takes the little time and effort required to express love, care, and concern for what's going on in your life, especially when you're experiencing sadness, stress, or separation.

That's part of loving your neighbor. Empathy in action.

Dr. Gerald B. "Jerry" Kieschnick

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# Prayer in Jewish Life – Part 1

In the context of Hebrew prayer, the term “kavannah” (also spelled “kavanah”) refers to the intention, focus, or mindfulness that an individual brings to their prayer experience. It is the inner devotion, concentration, and sincerity that one seeks to cultivate during prayer.

Kavannah is considered an essential aspect of Jewish prayer because it involves directing one’s heart and mind towards God, and expressing genuine devotion. It is not merely the recitation of words or the fulfillment of a ritual but an inward, heartfelt engagement by prayer.

Kavannah emphasizes the quality of prayer rather than the quantity. It encourages us to go beyond the mechanical recitation of prayers and to infuse their prayers with personal meaning, emotional engagement, and a connection with God.

Practicing kavannah during prayer involves focusing on the words, reflecting on their deeper meanings, and internalizing the significance of the prayer. It can include personal meditation, introspection, and the expression of individual thoughts and emotions within the framework of the traditional liturgy.

Kavannah is considered a discipline that requires effort and intentionality but is believed to enrich one’s prayer life and bring about a closer relationship with God.

In Judaism, prayer is a central component of religious life and is approached with different levels of intensity and commitment. While there is no strict hierarchy of prayer levels, the following are commonly recognized levels that describe the depth of engagement and devotion in Jewish prayer:

1. **Lip Service:** At the basic level, prayer can be performed as a formality or habit without much thought or intention. It involves reciting the prayers mechanically, merely going through the motions without personal engagement or connection to the words being said.

2. **Verbal Understanding:** This level involves reciting the prayers while paying attention to the meaning of the words. It includes understanding the content and message of the prayers, recognizing the themes, and following along with the liturgy. However, the focus may remain primarily intellectual without a deep emotional connection.

3. **Emotional Connection:** Here, the worshiper not only comprehends the words but also seeks to emotionally connect with the prayers. This level involves infusing personal feelings and emotions into the prayers, allowing the words to evoke a genuine response and emotional engagement.

4. **Contemplation and Introspection:** Going beyond emotional connection, this level involves contemplation, introspection, and meditation during prayer. It includes reflecting on the deeper meanings of the prayers, contemplating personal connections to the words, and engaging in self-examination and spiritual introspection.

5. **Unity with God:** This level aims for a deep sense of unity and connection with the divine. It involves experiencing a profound closeness to God during prayer, transcending personal concerns and entering a state of communion with the divine presence. This level may be characterized by a sense of awe, surrender, and an overwhelming feeling of being in the presence of God.

**May we each grow in our prayer life and deepen our  
conversations with the Lord who loves us  
and invites us to come to Him.**



To go to our secure donation page on our web site

## Your prayers sustain us!

### For Your Prayers PLEASE

**Pray for Micha**, our son battling Huntington's Disease, recently taken off hospice care and put into palliative care as his weight has been maintained. Pray for him and his family for peace and joy in the Lord in the midst of this long-term debilitating disease.

**Pray for Arnold**, a Jewish man who we recently met with to share the Gospel, that he will seek the Lord and find truth in Jesus the Messiah.

**Pray for Steve Cohen** to continue healing from three eye surgeries.

**Pray for peace in the Middle East.** We know that there is only one hope, and that is that the Prince of Peace, Jesus, would rule in the hearts of all there, Jews and gentiles alike.

### Pray for our upcoming travels –

- June - driving to South Carolina for the wedding of our grandson, Jackson.
- June - driving to Milwaukee to display at the National LWML convention.
- July - driving again to Milwaukee to display at the National LCMS Convention.
- August - Jordan, Nancy and I traveling to Poland to attend the quadrennial International Lausanne Consultation on Jewish Evangelism.
- August - Nancy and I continuing travel by train to a few European cities for a brief vacation before our return to Georgetown, Texas.

**Pray for our volunteer Ken Ebright** as he faithfully goes out each week in the St. Louis area bringing the Gospel to people he meets on the streets.

John 4:24



God is spirit, and His worshipers must worship in the Spirit and in truth.

