



When we first stopped at Bayan's village, three to four hours north of Baghdad, we visited her grave—just a pile of mud with no headstone—as sheep and goats grazed in the perimeter. This unmarked burial ground was designated by Bayan's community for infants and children who had died not having reached the age of two years. Though her life was short, Bayan nevertheless had a tremendous impact upon her family's world and the greater Kurdish community. After returning from Israel with Bayan's body in December, her father became known as "the Israeli," as hundreds of people came to visit and mourn with the family for over two weeks. Bayan's parents shared about Israel's goodwill and kindness, thus becoming unlikely ambassadors for Iraq's legendary arch nemesis. After we arrived, family and visitors sat with us for nearly seven hours, while fathers brought their sick children with heart problems, deafness, and lameness. In spite of Bayan's death, people came to us believing that what had been done for Bayan could also be offered for their children.

You could feel the electricity of faith crackling in the air – the same Jesus and his followers might have felt when they saw men lowering in their paralyzed friend through the roof. In that story, Jesus was not looking at the faith of the paralyzed man, but at the faith of his friends, the faith of the community (Mk. 2:5). The untold years of suffering engraved on those Kurdish faces surrounding us yearned for healing, acceptance, and hope. For Iraqis today, the marvel of a paralytic rising up and walking again is comparable to that of Israel's extending an open-handed embrace of Iraq's sick children. Bayan has become a small forerunner for faith in the impossible amongst her downtrodden community.

A year has passed since the American offensive, and Iraq is struggling to stand on its feet. We, the followers of Jesus, at the cost of danger and personal sacrifice, are called to help the plight of the Iraqi people. Each child that is saved, each heart that is mended, each person that is touched, furthers God's plans of reconciliation.

Through this trip, we brought back to Israel another Iraqi child, Thafir, having the same birth defect (TGA) as Bayan. Please be praying for him, his parents, and the Israeli medical team. JCF believes that Isaiah's 19:23-25 highway will one day run the length of the Middle East with Israel as a crucial bridge in this region's redemption.

— Brian Kvasnica of JCF is currently in Iraq with Jonathan Miles locating children in need of urgent care.



Iraq's New Dawn

Photos & text by Gary Alley

JCF:

**"Lord, make me to know my end.
And what is the measure of my days,
That I may know how frail I am."** Psalm 39:4

This week, Israel experienced an earthquake from "Dan to Beersheva." That morning (Wednesday Feb. 11) our home shook with the force of the quake which was 5.1 on the Richter scale. In Jerusalem, one's first inclination is to imagine the shaking is the result of some act of wanton terrorism. After going through a mental inventory of possibilities in a few seconds, I realized that it was indeed an earthquake.

At the moment of the earthquake, there was not sufficient time to utter even a weak prayer or run out of the house. Within a few winks of an eye it had come and gone and I was left to wonder how suddenly my time could come to a close. I was reminded of the day foretold when the Mount of Olives will be split in half allowing fresh healing waters to flow and restore the broken peoples of this land.

I am thankful that this earthquake did not cause the damage that so many others around the world have wreaked. I am also grateful that God has granted me another chance to respond to His mercy by showing love and concern for my family and neighbors. "May I know how frail I am" so I will not miss those opportunities. I also realize that it has to be more than my love—His divine love flowing through me to produce the healing, redeeming effects.

— Charles Kopp, Chairman

This past January, Jonathan Miles, Philip Berg, and I traveled to Iraq for one week in search of babies and children needing heart operations. We also visited the family of Bayan ("dawn" in Kurdish), the first Iraqi baby brought into Israel by Shevet Achim for emergency surgery. Jerusalem Cornerstone Foundation partners with Shevet Achim, an Israel-based ministry that has brought a few hundred Palestinian children from Gaza into Israeli hospitals for these life-saving and life-changing operations. In 2002, Shevet Achim began bringing children from neighboring Jordan. With Saddam Hussein's recent downfall, Iraq became the next logical step in their outreach.

In November, 2003, Jonathan Miles traveled to Iraq and discovered the two-day old Bayan in a Kirkuk clinic suffering from a serious birth defect known as transposition of the great arteries (TGA). If Bayan's heart defect was not successfully operated on within the first month of life, she would be doomed to a weakened blue body and eventual death. TGA is such a difficult surgical procedure that only a handful of specialized centers in the world can adequately deal with it—Israel being one of them. Jonathan immediately began negotiating with Iraqi, American, Jordanian, and Israeli bureaucrats for Bayan and her parents' right of passage into Israel. Amazingly, days later, Bayan entered Holon's Wolfson Medical Center and Israeli doctors performed emergency surgery. The Israelis battled for her life with around-the-clock care for three weeks as CNN, NBC, FOX, ABC, BBC and other major media broadcasted Bayan's moving story to millions of viewers. Despite the hopes and prayers of many, Bayan passed away at the age of one month.

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Events:

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June 18-26, 2004

\$1199 – land costs only. With airfare from U.K. \$1,605 or €865
For bookings call Carolyn Tel. 01223 293020 or Israel@cthree.org or yoni@jerusalemcornerstone.org

Jesus: the Torah and the Rabbis hosted by Pastor Derek Fullerton
Nov. 15-25

Contact Judy: 817-488-0114 or by email: 2stones@imagin.net

Up to Zion hosted by Jack & Judy Stone and Jim & Betsy Gerrish
Oct. 25-Nov. 5

\$2,499 round trip from Dallas (prices available from other U.S. cities)
Contact Judy: 817-488-0114 or by email: 2stones@imagin.net

For further details about the above tours visit our website:
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Randy Buth's speaking and teaching tour:

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Grand Rapids, Michigan (Mar. 15-21)

Rochester, NY (Mar. 22-28)

 Jerusalem Cornerstone Foundation: P.O. Box 54351 Tulsa, OK. 74155 (918)•622•9573

Chairman: Charles M. Kopp, P.O.Box 546, Jerusalem, 91004, Israel. Tel. 972-2-671-4351 chuck@jerusalemcornerstone.org

Israel Director: Jon (Yoni) Gerrish, P.O.Box 546, Jerusalem, 91004, Israel. Tel/Fax 972-2-673-1096 yoni@jerusalemcornerstone.org

U.S. Director: Larry J. Ehrlich, 6807 E. 52nd St. Tulsa, OK 74145. Tel. 918-622-9573 larry@jerusalemcornerstone.org

Speaker at Large: Nathan Solomon 3717 Triplet Rd., Lawrenceville, VA. 23868-4303 nathan@jerusalemcornerstone.org

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Jerusalem, 8:50 Am, Thursday Morning, Jan 29, 2004.

-Adam Focht, above left

We were just leaving Jerusalem's Sha'areh Tsedek (Gates of Righteousness) Hospital when we heard a loud boom. I was driving. Ido, my ambulance-driving instructor, and I looked at each other and thought, "probably hospital renovations." As we were waiting in the ambulance at the traffic light outside of the hospital, a call came from the dispatch, "All, Jerusalem crews . . ." and then there was a pause. Ido knew exactly what was going on. He immediately told me to switch places with him so that he could drive (I am currently a driver in training and am not yet allowed to drive in emergency situations, i.e. with lights and sirens). I quickly opened the driver's side-door, jumped out and ran around to the other side. Ido crawled from the passenger seat into the driver's. After about a ten second pause the dispatch confirmed, "A bus has exploded in Rahavia," a Jerusalem neighborhood. Further details would follow. We race to the general direction of the neighborhood and in route receive a street name and exact location. In the meantime, I crawl to the back of the ambulance and prepare everything that we need, Ido is shouting, "put the backboard on the stretcher, with the neck-brace, and the oxygen and the ambo (a bag that contains necessary first aid and resuscitation equipment) . . . and throw me one of the bullet proof vests, and you put on the other one." (That is in case of additional explosions, which have happened in the past). When we arrive at the scene, I cannot yet see the devastation because two huge fire trucks are blocking the road. I take the stretcher out of the ambulance with all the equipment that we need on top of it, and we begin to race on foot past the fire trucks, Ido is continually yelling at me to run faster. Once we pass the fire trucks I see the devastation left from the suicide bombing - a full-length city bus, all windows and side panels blown out, and half the top ripped off, as if by a giant can opener.

There is no time to stop and take it all in, but in my sprint I notice bodies on the ground missing appendages, and no one is taking care of them (I later realize the reason for this is that they are beyond help; they are already dead). Though we are the second ambulance on the scene, there are many volunteer EMTs (Emergency Medical Technicians) who have come from their places of work or study to help. Two people come walking

towards us, one assisting the other, as the latter is bleeding from minor injuries to her head as well as to other parts of her body. We are still running. Once we reach the bus, we have to take the stretcher around, avoiding the debris on the ground, which I notice includes chunks of concrete. (Where did they come from?) We continue our way to the other side of the bus, and begin looking for those who are more seriously injured. Ido stops to assist someone lying on the ground who is already receiving first aid. He instructs me to continue looking for others who are seriously wounded. As I make a quick survey of the injured in the immediate area, I see many wounded, but most are sitting, their wounds already bandaged, and in better condition than the one lying on the ground whom Ido is helping. I return to help Ido.

Together we place the victim onto the backboard and then onto the stretcher. We race back to the ambulance, and just as we are about to put the injured into our ambulance, another team comes and puts theirs in first. Ido continues to another ambulance while I go into ours to assist the injured. I am instructed to place a neck-brace on the victim, but as I begin to do so, a paramedic comes and tells me to move down so he can treat him. I move down towards the victim's feet. We're now racing to the hospital. First, all clothes have to be taken off to inspect for injuries. But most of the victim's clothes have already been cut and removed. I notice a sweatshirt tied around his calf to stop the bleeding from a wound underneath. At first I think the sweatshirt belongs to the victim, but then I notice that he is still wearing his jacket. Someone made a small but vital sacrifice. While I inspect the victim's legs, the paramedic inserts a tube into his mouth, down his throat to his lungs to assist his breathing; I help the other EMT prepare the IV (Intravenous Fluids). After the IV is inserted, the paramedic instructs me to cut away the sweatshirt that I have been eyeing on the victim's calf. Not knowing what awaits me beneath the sweatshirt, I cautiously cut it away to find a hole a bit larger than a quarter on the backside of the calf. Because of someone's quick thinking, knowledge of first aid, and voluntary spirit the bleeding stopped. (From the amount of blood soaked into the sweatshirt it is obvious that the wound was bleeding a lot). There is also a smaller hole on the lower calf but it is not bleeding nor is there any evidence that it was bleeding much before. I tie a bandage around the bigger hole and leave it for doctors and nurses at the hospital to treat. Our job, which is to address the immediate needs of the victim and stabilize his condition until we get to the hospital where he can receive more intensive care, is pretty much done.

When we arrive at the hospital, a team of doctors and surgeons is waiting outside. I take the stretcher out of the back of the ambulance and begin to wheel the victim into the emergency room, where we receive further instructions as to where to take him. Doctors and nurses immediately begin to address the victim's situation. I go back to the ambulance where I find the victim's shoe and other clothes that we removed. Wondering if he will ever get these back, or if he will even care, I take them back into the emergency room where we left him with the doctors. A nurse is putting all of his stuff in a bag, to which I add the stray items.

By the end of the day, eleven were killed, and fifty were wounded, thirteen of them suffering from serious injuries. I felt grieved, but glad I was there to help. I have been an EMT with Magen David Adom - Israel's emergency ambulance service - since the fall of 2002. I hope to likewise become a qualified ambulance driver by this summer. However, my status as 'on-call volunteer EMT' continues to remain on hold because I do not have the financial means to purchase a vehicle, a vital commodity when swift action becomes an imperative. As the owner of a vehicle, I would be entitled to a beeper and necessary first-aid/resuscitation equipment to treat patients before the ambulance arrives, easing their discomfort from the very earliest moments of their suffering.