

You would never know the young man with the infectious smile grew up in an orphanage. His winsome personality makes it hard to believe he was abandoned as an infant. But Hussam didn't grow up in just any old orphanage. SOS Children's Village, in the town of Bethlehem, was the place he called home for the first 18 years of his life. Individual homes with names like Cinderella's House or Sindibad's House separated by trees and flowers create the gated village. A house mother and usually 8 or 9 "brothers and sisters" of mixed ages make up the family unit with 2-3 children sharing a bedroom.

It takes More Than a Village By Liz Kopp

Unfortunately, when a child like Hussam turns 18 years of age, he is no longer the responsibility of the orphanage and is promptly discharged to face the big world. In an already impoverished society, where the extended family is traditionally relied on for survival, it is far from easy for the "graduate" orphan to make ends meet. This is where you as a contributor to JCF Children's Relief fund come in and make a difference. Your gifts make it possible for JCF to help the SOS alumni with food, housing assistance, medications, and higher education opportunities. There are approximately 40 SOS alumni and a number of them with young families. Many of the working SOS alumni fathers have not received salaries for months due to the financial conditions of the Palestinian Authority.

JCF staff are able to go into Bethlehem to meet the SOS alumni and assess their most urgent needs. Food and staples are purchased and taken to the families in the most dire straits. Hussam is more than happy to show us the way to the SOS alumni families scattered on the Bethlehem hillside leading us up to homes that are sadly barren save a few odd chairs and mattresses on the floor. I can't even begin to imagine the pain of wondering where the food is going to come from to feed my hungry children. The gratitude on a young mother's tired, worried face and the smiles of the little children as we walk in with the bags of goods is the only thanks needed.



- Hussam



CONTACT INFORMATION

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COMMENTS/ _____

I wish to support *Our Work*

- _____ Israel Relief
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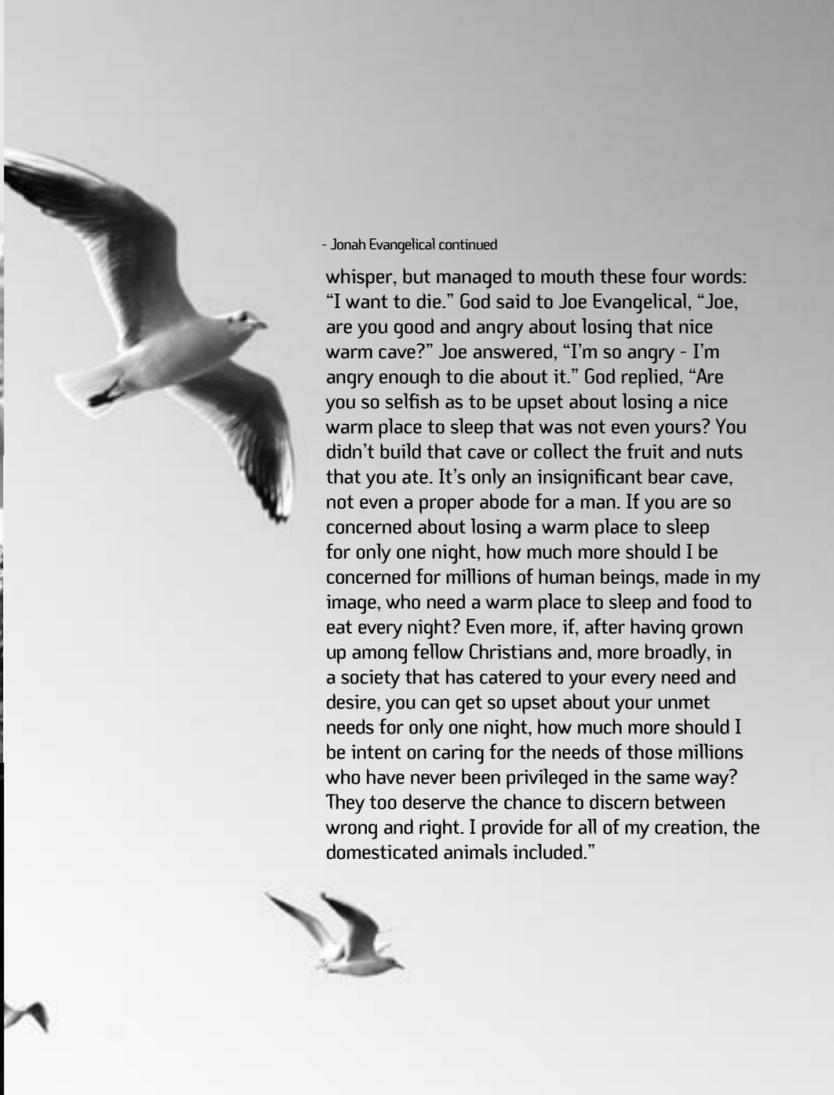
I wish to support *Our Classroom*

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specific name optional

Make checks payable to Jerusalem Cornerstone Foundation (JCF) - your gifts are tax deductible in the U.S.
Jerusalem Cornerstone Foundation: P.O. Box 54351 Tulsa, OK. 74155 (918)•622•9573



- Jonah Evangelical continued

whisper, but managed to mouth these four words: "I want to die." God said to Joe Evangelical, "Joe, are you good and angry about losing that nice warm cave?" Joe answered, "I'm so angry - I'm angry enough to die about it." God replied, "Are you so selfish as to be upset about losing a nice warm place to sleep that was not even yours? You didn't build that cave or collect the fruit and nuts that you ate. It's only an insignificant bear cave, not even a proper abode for a man. If you are so concerned about losing a warm place to sleep for only one night, how much more should I be concerned for millions of human beings, made in my image, who need a warm place to sleep and food to eat every night? Even more, if, after having grown up among fellow Christians and, more broadly, in a society that has catered to your every need and desire, you can get so upset about your unmet needs for only one night, how much more should I be intent on caring for the needs of those millions who have never been privileged in the same way? They too deserve the chance to discern between wrong and right. I provide for all of my creation, the domesticated animals included."

Our Tours

JCF Study Tours for the spring of 2007

For more information on how to join one our tours please contact us at: info@jerusalemcornerstone.org

- Feb 19 – Mar 4** *See the Bible Tour*
- Mar 8-18** *Backgrounds to Jesus' World*
- Mar 13 – 24** *Biblical Landscapes and Memory*
- Apr 10 – 20** *Backgrounds to Jesus' World*
- May 20 – Jun 2** *Jordan Backgrounds to Jesus' World – Includes Petra*
- May 25 – Jun 5** *Jordan Backgrounds to Jesus' World*

Our World

www.jerusalemcornerstone.org
 for further details on our projects, programs and the communities we live and work in, visit our world on our website

JCF

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 Ivoni (Ivoni) Gensisk, P.O.Box 546, Jerusalem, 91004, Israel. Tel/Fax 972-2-673-1096 ivoni@jerusalemcornerstone.org
 U.S. Director: Larry J. Ehrlich, P.O. Box 54351 Tulsa, OK. 74155. Tel. 918-622-9573 larry@jerusalemcornerstone.org



Our Classroom

Biblical Hebrew Ulpan (BHU)
 a six-week intensive biblical Hebrew course taught during the summer. A unique teaching method that makes learning fun, effective and for everyone.

Biblical Studies in Israel (BSI)
 an accredited one-year Undergraduate program of Land, Language and Literature of the Bible at The Hebrew University of Jerusalem

Study Tours
 bringing the Bible to life through in-depth thematic tours. Tours are customized to suit the specific needs of groups for any size and age

Our Work

Israel Relief
 Providing financial assistance for urgent situations to those in the Land needing help. A portion of this fund is also set aside for educational scholarships for the needy.

Funds needed: food vouchers, housewares & clothing vouchers, emergency medical & dental assistance, general needs

Children's Fund
 Helping children caught in great need due to the ongoing conflicts.

Funds needed: orphanages, school supplies, holiday gifts, general assistance for children

Apex Adventures International
 Teaching children and youth climbing, camping and survival skills.

Funds needed: building outdoor adventure Center in Bethlehem, funding staff and providing for day to day operations



A Free Translation of the Book of Jonah entitled:

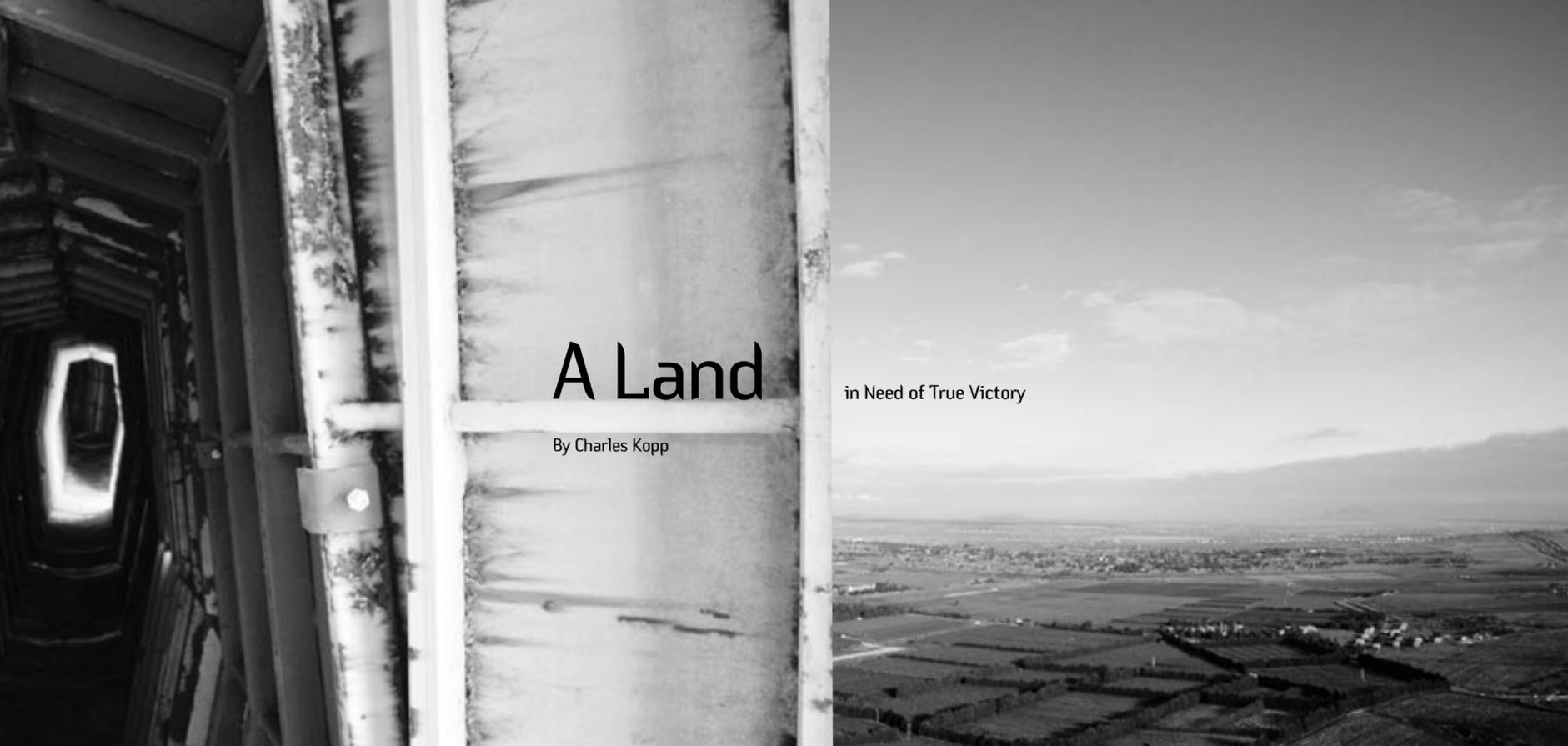
Dr. Jonah Evangelical or: How I Learned to Stop Worrying and Love the Taliban.

By Gary Alley

The book of Jonah is read in synagogues on the holiest day in the Jewish calendar, Yom Kippur (Day of Atonement). The days preceding Yom Kippur are known as the Days of Awe, a period of deep introspection and soul searching. In a way reading Jonah on Yom Kippur is like the climax in a search for true repentance and forgiveness. May the following retelling of the story of Jonah bring alive its profound message and give a fresh perspective in our own quest for holiness.

Once upon a time, there was a man named Joe Evangelical, son of Billy Bob the Baptist, who lived in a land far, far away... in a land known as the Bible Belt. One day, Joe Evangelical was at church during the altar call when Missus Brown would do her weekly penance for gossiping about Missus Sparks, and Pastor Willoughby would always bellow out all 34 verses of "I surrender all". During the altar call, Joe Evangelical distinctly heard God's voice saying, "Get up, Joe, and go to the Taliban in Afghanistan, find Osama Bin Laden and warn him of the judgment to come because their wickedness has come up before me." So, on the 23rd verse of "I surrender all", Joe quietly slipped out of the church, past the watchful eyes of Deacon Jones, and went straight to the airport. He heard over the intercom system, "Paging Mr. Joe Evangelical, Paging Mr. Joe Evangelical! We have a ticket for you, a direct flight to Kabul, Afghanistan." So Joe went to the ticket booth and paid for a last-minute fare for Seat 9F and caught

a plane to... Los Angeles. He decided now was a good time for him to go to seminary, so he would attend Fuller Seminary. Ever since that altar call, Joe Evangelical had had the shakes and was perspiring all over, but when he got on that plane headed for L.A., he slipped on his headset, watched some satellite TV which calmed him down, and quickly slipped into a deep sleep as the plane ascended to cruising altitude. Now God caused a tremendous electrical storm to fill the sky and the plane experienced extreme turbulence that was tossing the passengers to and fro. The passengers and flight attendants were terrified for their lives. The right wing started to buckle and creak as if to break off. Screams filled the air as everyone began to cry for help, crying out even to God. The captain commanded everyone to buckle up tight. Oxygen masks fell from the ceiling as people started inhaling the artificial air. The captain couldn't figure out how to get the plane out of the storm. Whether he ascended or descended, the storm was persistently there. Joe Evangelical apparently was a heavy sleeper because he had been snoring throughout the whole storm sitting in his seat "9F". The head flight attendant came up to Joe and screamed at him, "What in the world are you doing? Sleeping? During a storm like this? Get your oxygen mask on! And maybe you should send up a "Hail Mary" because it's not looking good right now, buddy." Now, during this electrical storm, the lights in the cabin would erratically flicker, but at this moment a bizarre event occurred. All of the personal satellite TVs in front of the passengers began to



A Land

in Need of True Victory

By Charles Kopp

The last of the Israeli tanks and infantry have rolled back over the northern border just before the onset of the most solemn Jewish observance of the year, Yom Kippur (Day of Atonement). However, nothing is ever as straightforward as this in the Middle East. Even though UN cartographers have certified that Israel has indeed withdrawn from the “last” inch of Lebanese territory, the extremist Hizbullah declares it will push Israel out of the so-called Shaaba Farms (traditionally Syrian rather than Lebanese territory) and the Alawite (the same sect as that of the Syrian regime) town Ghajar, half of which spills over Israel’s northern border into Lebanon.

What all of us here had hoped would be the last war with Lebanon now only appears to be a prelude to the next conflict. Nasrallah boasts that his private army now has 20,000 rockets to fire at Israel, that is, 5,000 more than was estimated to have been in its possession at the start of the war. Syria and Iran’s active support for Hizbullah has proved advantageous for those radicals who would like to see Shi’ites armed to the teeth via the porous eastern Lebanese frontier.

With no conclusive victory for either side, Israel entered this year’s season of introspection with a far greater sense of self-skepticism than is normally manifested. A State commission of inquiry has been empowered to fully investigate Israel’s general lack of preparedness—or otherwise “what went wrong” with Israel’s mighty army, air force and intelligence. All of the local media are deeply immersed in the national effort to ensure this kind of embarrassment never reoccurs.

Would that this war should be the last; that this Yom Kippur would be the last one observed with such heavy hearts knowing that Israel’s young men are still being held captive in a foreign land - knowing how little it would take to ignite the region again. Last but not least, would that this Yom Kippur should be the last where the ultimate Atonement is left out and not considered central to the life and preservation of the nation.

- Jonah Evangelical continued

blink “9F”, “9F”, “9F”. At this point, most people were hysterical having already vomited all over each other and been scared out of their wits. So when “9F” began to blink in front of them, people started to look one by one in the direction of Joe Evangelical’s seat. Joe started to sink down in his chair. The passenger across the aisle shouted at him, “Hey, who are you? Why is your seat number blinking on everyone’s set? What’s your deal?” Another passenger prodded, “Are you an American? Where do you come from and where are you going?” Joe responded sheepishly, “Yeah, I’m an American and a few hours ago God told me to go to Afghanistan.” Someone screamed, “Afghanistan? Are you a terrorist?” With the word “terrorist”, everyone got freaked and started yelling out of control like good Americans. In the confusion, you could hear things like, “He’s a terrorist from Afghanistan!” and “He wants to kill us all!”

A couple of big guys grabbed little Joe Evangelical from behind and pinned him to his seat. Someone shouted out, “Check his shoes for bombs!” Joe hollered out “STOP! Listen! My name is Joe Evangelical and I serve the Lord God who made these skies that we’re flying in and the earth

below which we’re about to crash into if you don’t let me speak!” People got scared. Now they thought for sure he was one those religious fundamentalist terrorists because he was threatening them in God’s name. So, the wiser ones in the crowd screamed, “Shut up everyone! Let the terrorist make his demands, otherwise we won’t be able to get out of this!”

Joe lifted up his voice, “Listen you innocent lost souls who fly these skies for business and pleasure, God has called me to go to Afghanistan to preach the gospel, but I have chosen to flee from his calling on my life. That’s why I’m on this plane for Los Angeles because I was going to enroll in Fuller Seminary so I could go into ministry and hopefully ignore, forget, or drown out God’s calling for me. And now I know that I’ve really screwed up. I’ve implicated all of you in my disobedience. This horrible storm is because of ME!”

Gasps were heard from all around. Joe Evangelical closed his eyes, inhaled deeply, and breathed out in one breath, “Throw me out of the plane.” One of the big guys who still had Joe pinned to his seat barked into his left ear, “Are you nuts!” If we did that, we could be charged for murder! I’m ready for retirement in five years’ time; I’m not going to jail with your blood on my hands!”

Just then the head attendant came back to the crowd surrounding Joe Evangelical and reported that the captain had been trying to evade the storm by ascending but it was not working. The storm was battering the wings so badly that they would not make it to the nearest emergency airport.

Joe stood up breaking the hold of his captors’ grip. “Let me repeat: pick me up and throw me out of the plane. Open the door and toss me out. I’m positive that this is the only way to safety.” All the passengers, strewn with fear and vomit, looked helplessly around for answers. Finally, the other big man holding Joe spoke up. “Listen everyone, I’m a lawyer. If we ever land safely on the ground again, I can fix this legal responsibility so that none of us will be liable for tossing this terrorist overboard. We will all just need to sign some paperwork. So what do you say?”

Without further ado, Joe was picked up and tossed out of the plane. (Now, of course, it was a miracle that they were able to open the plane door and toss him out, but just wait... there are more miracles coming.) Immediately, the storm abated as the plane climbed up and out of harm’s way. People began to weep tears of joy and praise God, promising to stop cheating on their taxes and to start attending church again.

Joe Evangelical on the other hand was falling down, down, down with the storm clouds encompassing him like a canopy. Joe cried out, “God help me!” All of a sudden a flock of very large birds came to rescue Joe from his fall. Hundreds of these migratory birds surrounded and slowed his fall till he finally grasped onto an enormous bird the size of a car. Riding on this giant bird, Joe traveled westward over the Pacific Ocean for three days and three nights, past China, and finally settled in the rocky wilderness mountains situated on the border of Afghanistan and Pakistan. The massive bird threw Joe Evangelical off his back and flew off for another divine assignment. Again God spoke to Joe Evangelical, “Get up, Joe, and go to the Taliban, find Osama Bin Laden and share the gospel with him.”

So Joe got up and started pacing the rugged mountainside. Suddenly from nowhere he was surrounded by a dozen masked men with AK-47s who forced him to the ground and blindfolded him. Unbeknownst to Joe because he didn’t speak their language, the armed soldiers were yelling at each other, “Who let this infidel into the camp? Who was sleeping at their post? We’ll be lucky if Osama doesn’t find out about this. What do we do with this son of a dog now?” The Taliban soldiers brought in an interpreter who spoke a little English and

questioned Joe. “Who are you? Who do you work for? How did you get here? Which American special forces are you with?” Joe stated rather soberly, “In 40 days the Taliban will be wiped from the face of the earth.” The interpreter quickly translated to the others Joe Evangelical’s words. “What! Who will kill us, the Americans? They don’t even know where we are?” Joe answered, “God’s hand is full and overflowing with vengeance for all the evil that you Taliban have perpetrated.” Anger overflowed among the Taliban. “Who are you to say this? You, Zionist Crusader! You have brought your swine and filth into our world, oppressing our people with democratic lust and capitalist greed. No, God is with us and he will empower us to slaughter all of you infidels in the coming years, so help us God.” Joe Evangelical listened to the translation without a shiver or a quiver and replied, “I am not here because I desired it. I am bringing God’s word to you. You may accept it or reject it. Just remember, your end will come in 40 days. Not a soul of you will be left breathing.”

At this point, the commander of the guard had arrived and listened to Joe’s remarks. He was flabbergasted as to how Joe had so completely infiltrated Bin Laden’s camp, past the intricate and dense web of sentinels and lookouts. Joe didn’t appear to be a soldier because he didn’t carry any weapons or even survival gear.

They threw Joe into a pit that had been carved out of the mountain and shut him in darkness. Joe’s queer arrival and apocalyptic message spread throughout the camp, even though everyone had been under strict orders not to speak about him. Then a funny thing started to happen to these violent, anger-filled soldiers hardened after many years of religiously-inspired guerilla warfare. Their hearts softened. No one can say why. They even got downright remorseful. They started asking God for forgiveness for the violence that they had enacted. There was such a change in the camp, from the head of the troops to the lowest ranking combatant, that Osama Bin Laden himself had to get involved. He heard for the first time about Joe Evangelical’s presence in the camp and his “40 more days and the Taliban would be destroyed” message.

I have no way in words to adequately explain how the following occurred, but after some days of contemplation concerning the supernatural appearance of Joe (rumor had spread in five other camps that maybe Joe was a messenger of God), Bin Laden called for all of the Taliban to seek forgiveness from God for their violent ways. Now God saw that Bin Laden and the Taliban had repented from their

evil ways, and so God changed his mind and did not destroy them.

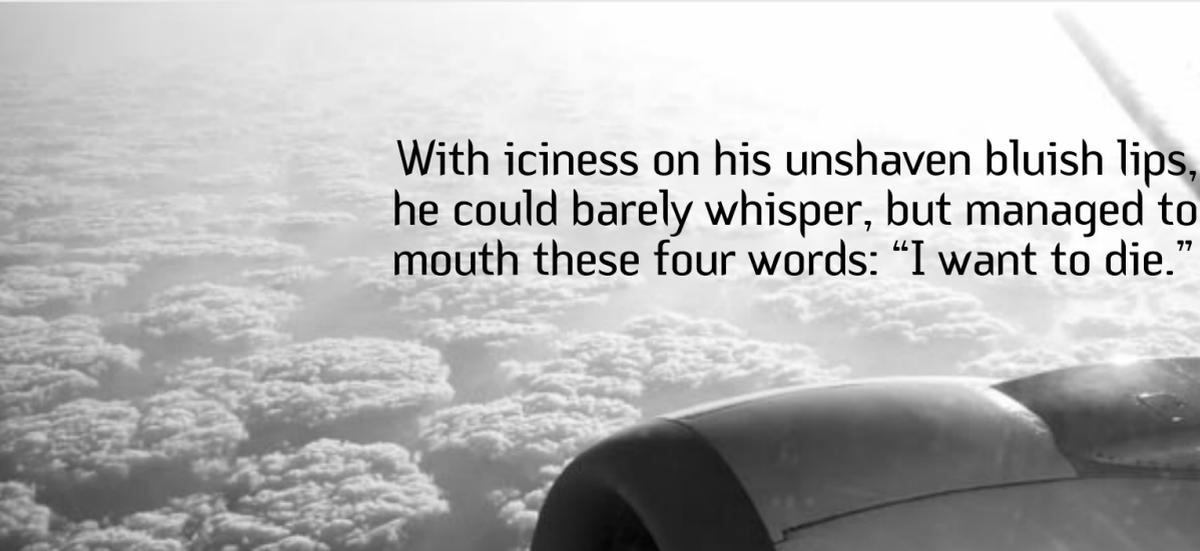
Now, you have to imagine, Joe Evangelical had hardly eaten in over a month; he had flown over the Pacific ocean on a big bird (and did I fail to mention that Joe was allergic to feathers?); he had been sleeping in a dark freezing pit since his arrival, it being winter in the mountains. Joe was cold, lonely, frustrated and hungry. So Joe prayed, “God, this is why I didn’t want to come preach the gospel to the Taliban. I knew that you are more merciful than any evangelical could ever be! How could you let these killers off? All they have done is make deathbed confessions like the thief on the cross. Do you really think that these fundamentalist Muslims have become ‘born-again’ and ‘spirit-filled’? How can they deserve your grace? They’ll fall back into their murderous ways; just you wait and see. Now God, go ahead and kill me, because I’m tired of everything and I don’t want to live anymore!” God replied to Joe Evangelical, “Joe, are you good and angry?”

The Taliban eventually released Joe from his prison and set him free. He wandered out east of their encampment and camped up on a hill overlooking the Taliban. It was the 39th day since he had arrived at Camp Taliban. He pondered what would happen if the Taliban slipped up tomorrow and returned to their sinful ways? Who knows, maybe God would send fire on them like Sodom and Gomorrah? So he decided to stay a night and see what would happen the next morning on the 40th day.

By this time, Joe was feeling pretty cold. As he looked around, God opened his eyes and showed him a nice little cave where he could light a fire and be protected from the cold. Inside the cave there were also lots of gathered nuts and berries. Joe Evangelical got really happy, the kind of happy a little kid gets on Christmas morning. That night, while he was snugly tucked into his warm little bed, with a belly full of nuts and berries, God sent a bear to chase him out, because it was his cave. Needless to say, Joe spent a terrible night out in the snow shivering from head to toe.

Then for a coup de grace, God sent a frigid wind from the north that crackled Joe Evangelical’s bones like a nutcracker. As dawn was coming on, Joe felt as if his body was succumbing to frostbite, but more importantly, he had frostbite of the heart. With iciness on his unshaven bluish lips, he could barely

- continued on back



With iciness on his unshaven bluish lips, he could barely whisper, but managed to mouth these four words: “I want to die.”