

Martin's Story: a holocaust paradox

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My story is a simple one and swings on the hinge of a door that God opened in my life in November 1977. That was the door that gave entrance to the light of Christ and the truth that he is the Messiah of Israel and redeemer of the world. “The entrance of thy word giveth light.”

God favored me with knowledge of the truth. Jewish people place a high value on truth, just as gypsies do on respecting life. My Dad, Leo, told me: “You will never be punished for telling the truth.” His attitude rubbed off on me. I valued truth. Jesus is Truth and he let me know it in 1977. Yet, being Jewish, I did not easily accept this. My tradition was set against the religion of the gentiles. I had to know for myself beyond a doubt. That journey took seven years and ended at a Full Gospel Businessmen's advance at Lake George, New York in June of 1985. My experiences there dispelled any lingering doubts. From that point forward I no longer was seeking the truth, but living it. Shortly thereafter I found a tract about abortion on the ground in a Manhattan subway station. The tract had a photo of an aborted baby—something I had never seen before. There were the arms, legs and rib cages all torn apart and mingled in blood. I was astounded. Was this abortion—murder of a discernible infant?

I instantly recognized the spiritual significance of what I was viewing. The devil was a “murderer from the beginning” and also the father of lies. Abortion was murder. The entire society conspired to conceal this knowledge from the general public. No pictures of aborted children were ever published by the mass media lest the truth be known. Abortion was a pure work of the devil: murder papered over with deceit. As a Christian I had an obligation to oppose and expose this work of the devil “The Son of Man was manifested to destroy the works of the devil.” As a Jew, I was astounded that the liberal Jewish community would justify, glorify and protect a brutal holocaust, which—except for the chosen victims—was identical to the work of Hitler upon my own brethren.

I visited my great aunt in Buffalo, New York in 1981. She had immigrated to America in 1921 from Poland. In 1923 one of her brothers came over from Germany, stayed awhile and went back. America was not as good as Germany, he said. Until the 1930's. She showed me a picture of his family from 1938. You could see the fright in their eyes. She lost 50 members of her family in the Holocaust. Her hair turned white overnight when she found out what happened at the end of the war. But in my family no word of this was never mentioned even though I grew up in the 1950's—in the very shadow of the Holocaust. My parents, I believe, wished to shield their children from the emotional weight of these horrors.

In 1985 I was 41 years old. As a graduate student in political science at Harvard I had studied the World War II period, including the holocaust literature. I

had learned of the ingrained anti-Semitism of the American diplomatic elite and its sympathy for Hitler's opposition to communism. I had looked at the concentration camp photos. I knew what had happened. After becoming a Christian I understood also who the spiritual author of the Holocaust was. How astounding it was that Jews would remember the Holocaust of the 1940's but fail to recognize the one occurring daily in their own adopted nation. This is truly to me absolutely amazing. But the Bible has the answer. Their eyes are holden til Messiah gives them light.

The unregenerate are blinded by the lusts of the flesh from seeing the abortion holocaust for what it is. Legalized abortion is just a way to dispose of the consequences of promiscuity. Those who live for their bodily sensations cannot oppose that which facilitates their most profound desire. It is sad but true that most Jewish people live without God. Thus, they by and large shill for today's holocaust while paradoxically mournfully remembering yesterday's.

I cannot speak for others but I cannot count my own life of much value when millions of small children are not allowed any life at all. The massive injustice of this situation shrives my soul. As long as I am resisting this injustice I can live with myself. But to acquiesce to it for the sake of peace with the larger pro-death culture would mean death to my soul. "He that seeks to save his life will lose it."

Someone once asked me who it was that kept abortion in place in Fargo. I handed him the phonebook.

Fargo, North Dakota is a very unlikely place to find a Jewish person. There are very few Jews out here. This is not New York—or Los Angeles. But it is where I landed with the Lambs of Christ in the summer of 1991. And after a year in jail and prison out here I stayed. And am still here—fighting the abortion holocaust on this distant battlefield.

There are days when the light of Christ is like a laser tearing up your soul as it reveals all the evil within. And other times you ride on his joy with a delight that surpasses all earthly desire. The life of a Christian soul is a constant drama because God is shaping that soul as part of his Son's inheritance. And it can take a lot of pressure to get out those spots and wrinkles.

All that a Christian truly seeks is to have his life be an expression of Christ's reality—that others may see and be saved also. Because of the abortion holocaust I have been diverted from personal evangelism into being a messenger of warning about God's inevitable judgment upon America for its murder of the innocent. But I am almost coming full circle to the point where the problem is not knowledge but spiritual loyalty. Those who love the world more than God will never fight abortion because it will cost them their advantages in the world. Only those who value God above the world will stand for righteousness in this area. Infants in the womb can neither vote nor make purchases. They are of no value whatsoever to worldlings. Neither can they advocate their own cause. All they represent is the image of God in human life. And in that a stark omen of judgment.

To the majority of people, the idea of sacrificing the tangible things of this life for the abstract idea of an eternal reward is unreal. So the slaughter goes on; the sex party continues apace; and the inevitable day of the wrath of Almighty God draws inexorably closer. The Playboy Payday. I do not wish to be here when God answers holocaust with holocaust. Those whose faith is real and walk in the nurture and admonition of the Lord know of what I speak.

It is a strange thing that I enjoyed ten years of education at Harvard without ever being confronted with the claims of Christ—in or out of the classroom. And then I met the living God through the witness of an illiterate gypsy woman on the streets of Waikiki just before Thanksgiving in 1977. So much for the wisdom of the wise.