



OUTREACH ISRAEL NEWS

REACH TEACH ENCOURAGE DISCIPLE



OCTOBER 2010
MARSHA'S LOVE STORY
snookering the Devil!



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STATEMENT OF BELIEF

Outreach Israel Ministries and TNN Online

There is One Almighty Creator God of the Universe, who has revealed Himself to us in the manifestations of Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

Yeshua the Messiah (Jesus Christ) came in fulfillment of the Messianic prophecies of the Scriptures and is fully God. It is mandatory for us to believe in a Divine Redeemer to be saved. Salvation is a free gift of God to all who receive Messiah Yeshua into their lives and confess of their sins. Those who reject Messiah will be consigned to eternal punishment.

The Holy Scriptures, Genesis-Revelation, are the inspired, infallible Word of God as revealed in the original Hebrew, Aramaic, and Greek texts.

There is only one assembly of chosen ones/elect, the people of Israel, of which all Believers in Messiah are a part. God does not have two groups of elect: Israel and "the Church."

The Torah (Genesis-Deuteronomy) is the foundation of all Scripture, was followed by our Messiah Yeshua, and is to still be followed and studied by Believers today.

Yeshua the Messiah is coming to gather the saints after the Tribulation period.

OIM is an *agapē* ministry, freely and benevolently giving the vast majority of its teachings and resources, without charge, to those who desire to be spiritually nourished.

For a fuller Statement of Faith, consult the OIM website

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OIM UPDATE

October 2010

Originally, the topic that I had intended to write about this month would have been focused around John ch. 17, and the need for unity among brothers and sisters in the Body of Messiah. Certainly, our Heavenly Father desires *all* of His children to live and work together in one accord in so many ways. After all, if the Holy Spirit is truly resident in the hearts of the Messiah's followers, then loving communion among the saints should be the rule, rather than the exception!

This past month, due to some rather serious personal circumstances, my article writing plans were interrupted. On September 23, my ailing sister Marsha Moritz, who as many of you know had been battling cancer, passed away. Providentially as the Lord would have it, His time to call her home transpired on the opening day of the Feast of Tabernacles, culminating in a memorial celebration on the final day of *Sukkot*, September 29. For the first time in my life, this period, commonly known as "the Season of our Joy," was almost beyond description, as my precious sister entered into eternity as one of the guests of honor. She departed this world, and embarked on her journey on the High Sabbath that begins a Biblical festival where communion with the Lord is a hugely significant theme!

This month's Outreach Israel News is dedicated my sister's life and legacy, with a reiteration of her journal's last words, complimented by a poem I was inspired to write, which I read with conviction at her memorial service. I want to specifically encourage many of you, who may have challenges or issues similar to what I have endured for thirty-two years: loved ones who are resistant to the salvation and forgiveness offered in Yeshua (Jesus). *The truth is that every person is ultimately in the hands of the Almighty.* While we are called to demonstrate our own salvation via good works, love, kindness, and mercy—it is *His timing* regarding their salvation experience that really matters, **and not ours**. We simply need to be sensitive to the will of the Spirit, but not force His hand in matters beyond our control.

As you prepare to read and reflect upon some of my innermost thoughts, I pray that you will be exhorted to faithfully continue in your prayers for those who the Lord puts on your heart, whomever they may be. There are people who need to know His salvation from their sins, as well as those who might need to know Him more fully. The golden bowls situated in Heaven receive our prayer deposits (Revelation 5:8; 8:3-4), and are acted upon accordingly. It is my hope that just as I have the joy and peace that Marsha is in the arms of the Messiah—experiencing a realm that I cannot even imagine—so you too can have consolation that your prayers and concerns before the Holy One of Israel are being responded to.

Finally, when Margaret and Jane came out to Colorado to pay their respects and meet with the extended Huey family, I found it to be most encouraging that the paperback version of *TorahScope, Volume I* and the new TorahScope Desk Calendar for 2010-2011 were ready. These are both excellent resources to assist you in your Messianic pursuits, and when away I have found them especially good as handouts to give to my various Christian friends and colleagues.

Advancing His Kingdom, until the restoration of all things...

William Mark Huey

MARSHA'S LOVE STORY

snookering the Devil!

by Mark Huey

in memory of Marsha Huey Moritz

Sometimes the parallels in a person's life, to the life of the Messiah, strike a chord. In this case, it was a symphonic masterpiece punctuated by precise timing that only the Master can orchestrate...

My only sister Marsha is an example of an awesome lady who was obviously loved beyond measure by her Creator. She epitomized the role of a selfless servant for sixty years, determined and guided by her own strength. She did not necessarily have the empowering benefit of the Holy Spirit to compel and propel her to all of her good works, until the closing days of her life. But her final moments on Earth served to be such a testimony of the Savior's faithfulness, that it is a real life story that could never be replicated by the most creative novelist or the studios of Hollywood. After all, have you ever seen a human production of a simultaneous glorious sunrise, complimented by a harvest moon sunset over purple mountain majesty?

Timing is truly everything, and Marsha's life and death were marked with events which memorialized their uniqueness, permanently cementing fond memories in her family and multitude of friends and acquaintances. From a Biblical perspective, the timing of her departure from this life was *beyond impeccable*. The feasts or appointed times of the Lord (cf. Leviticus 23) both forecast and confirm important events (Colossians 2:17) in the ministry, crucifixion, resurrection, and future Second Coming of Yeshua the Messiah (Jesus Christ). Witnessing various aspects of the appointed times play out during the final days of a loved one, irrevocably indicates the Heavenly Father's fingerprints on their significance to how much He truly cares for His human creations!

I believe this because this year the Feast of Tabernacles or *Sukkot* began on the 23rd of September (15 Tishri). This High Sabbath was the day that my sister Marsha left this world. I have no doubt that she has indeed become one of the many special guests who has entered into the Heavenly Kingdom (2 Timothy 4:18; Hebrews 12:23). Just as she worked here in trying to help people through her various charities and beneficence groups, so can I see her among the huge crowd of souls now appealing to the King of Kings to soon enact His salvation on the Earth and the defeat of evil (cf. Revelation 6:10).

Throughout human history, innumerable people who have had a relationship with the God of Creation have been awaiting the culmination of world history. This host of witnesses undoubtedly applauded in how Marsha tricked the Devil at the end of her life. Perhaps not that unlike Yeshua/Jesus, in how the Devil



Marsha Huey Moritz
1949-2010

tried to stop Him by having Him executed—which He only used to proclaim victory to the forces of evil (1 Peter 3:19), and from which He was very clearly resurrected from the dead (Romans 8:11)—so did my sister ultimately thwart the enemy’s sordid intention.

In August 2009 and through the remainder of the year, Marsha’s husband, family, and close friends thought that her breast cancer was finally going to steal her of life. But Marsha was no ordinary person, because her vitality and gusto for life ignited a fight for survival that extended her days for just over a year! Somehow in only the Lord’s perfect way, a spiritual seed was sown in her heart around December 2009, which some nine months after the gestation period, blossomed into a flower of spiritual life just weeks or maybe even a few days before her passing on September 23, 2010. Having witnessed much of this firsthand, I wonder if this could serve as confirmation that Yeshua/Jesus as Light of the world was conceived around the time of *Chanukah* or the Winter solstice, and then born in conjunction with the Feast of Tabernacles. Marsha would have then followed a similar pattern in her final spiritual quest, finally finding the answers to existence she so often sought out.

The struggle with breast cancer that metastasized in Marsha’s bones was legion. The ability for this horrific disease to literally wring the life out of a body like a tattered washcloth is extremely difficult to witness. But this was Marsha’s journey, and perhaps it was the only unique way that she would finally come to terms with the Savior who for decades was knocking at the door of her heart (Revelation 3:20). He loved her so much, because of her human efforts to give of herself unconditionally—that He knew that she needed some unique circumstances to finally be guided to Himself. And before the end, her faith was initiated because of not only the love of Yeshua/Jesus, but the love of other saints who faithfully and consistently prayed for her healing. Of course, most prayers were directed at her physical healing, but those targeted on her spiritual healing finally hit the mark and have brought forth eternal life!

My sister Marsha always knew, that in order for her body to be healed, there was a physical diet component. The only problem to this was that her implementation of a plan to give the body the live food required to combat her cancer and heal itself came too late; she was too far gone. The ravages of breast cancer beginning in May 2001, and continuing with seemingly interminable ascites through 2008–2009, culminated with it metastasizing in her bones by the Summer of 2010. It was just too much to be overcome. But she battled on and on—because she had a destiny with the Messiah in eternity!

This year, *Yom Teruah*, more commonly called *Rosh HaShanah* (the Feast of Trumpets), occurred on September 10, 2010 (the 1st of Tishri), and continued through to the Ten Days of Awe to *Yom Kippur* or the Day of Atonement on September 17, 2010. It was during this season that my sister Marsha was finally filling her body with the raw food that she knew she needed, to restore, revive, and maintain her life.

For three weeks, my sister participated fully in the raw food healing regimen at the Creative Health Institute (CHI) in Union City, Michigan. Lamentably, it was too late to turn her physical health around—but *not her spiritual health*. In

this God-honoring environment, Marsha was surrounded by others fighting various diseases with a raw food diet. One person in particular was named Faye, who just happened to be housed across the hall from her. Faye was plagued with a cancer that manifested itself on the crown of her head and both sides of her neck. It was not a pretty sight, but ugliness never bothered Marsha because she was a “spiritual” person innately looking beyond the visible. She always focused on the spirit and personality of those she encountered, regardless of their background, ethnicity, appearance, or life circumstances. Faye had faith—and in her trial to maintain life, she surrounded herself with passages from the Bible that gave her comfort and hope beyond her difficult situation. She eagerly and lovingly shared many of these words of life to her newfound friend, and they eventually had their perfect work in the heart of Marsha.

In time, Marsha desperately clung to Matthew 7:7-8, and discovered that it spoke to her longing soul. After all, for all of Marsha’s adult life—and especially since the cancer battle commenced—she had been asking, seeking, and knocking on doors desperately attempting to discover just why she was plagued with this killer disease. As Marsha’s final written testimony attests (reproduced further), she did understand that good health was all about what you put in your mouth. While the cliché that “You are what you eat” might seem trite, it is absolutely true. So if you dominate your intake with food or substances that are largely dead, how would you ever expect to gain life without giving the Creator some resources to restore the body and its functions to full health?

Contemporaneously to this discovery, the knocking on her heart was also being listened to with intensified attention that was heightened in those lonely still nights without any distractions, as she labored in the CHI. Witnessing others suffering had to be difficult for Marsha because she was *always* a champion for the underdog. To see human suffering on a noticeable, physical level, had to just tenderize her heart. People like Faye, and others such as James and Monica Eden (a couple from Detroit who survived breast cancer [Monica] and was battling diabetes [James]), sizably touched Marsha’s heart. Their prayers for her and the words of life they whispered into her ears, eventually had their way with her, and transformed her heart of stone into a heart of flesh (Ezekiel 11:19). Of course, this newborn babe in the Lord was a little inarticulate when it came to telling others about what happened. After all, sixty years of an active and diverse life like hers can be difficult to process—but Marsha’s statements in the final days convinced me and others that a new peace was evident in her heart and demeanor.

The kinds of comments Marsha made when she returned home to Boulder, Colorado included words that few of us had ever heard her make before. These included exclamations such as, “It is all in God’s hands,” “It’s a wonderful day, it’s a wonderful day!” (what she said the day before she died), and “You are my four angels!” as she looked on at her mother, brother, and two dear friends attending to her needs. *These statements all confirmed that she was different.* In fact, the indescribable peace radiating from her seemed to clear the air in her head, so that she understood the fact that she was loved, cherished, forgiven of any life transgressions, and cleansed as white as snow—no different than how a newborn child coming into the world is innocent.

The disease raged on in Marsha. Her appointment with Yeshua/Jesus was on schedule, and she was *not* going to miss it. On the evening when the Feast of Tabernacles began, she was surrounded by all of her loved ones, and under the hospice care at home in her bed. All her familiar surroundings comforted her and gave her one last time to say good bye to those whom she cherished and raised to maturity.

The final evening as the sun set in the West—as only it can do over the Colorado Rockies—the loves of Marsha’s life encompassed her with love, affection, tears, laughing, and weeping. *Everyone* who needed some private time with Marsha had it. Each one usually just climbed into her bed, stroking her hair or anointing her hands or feet with lotion or oil. For my brother and me, we had the incredible experience of giving Marsha her last shower, just like we had done decades ago when our mother put the three of us (four years age difference) into the tub to soak and wash, and splash and play. I even had the awesome privilege of using her treasured goat’s milk soap to wash between her toes! But this was her last full cleansing, and I prepared anointing oil consisting of almond, coconut, and clove oils. This aromatic blend was used for the next 20 hours to prepare her for a journey to be with the Messiah. As pleasant as some of these scents and smells would be, hopefully getting her to forget about some of the pain she was experiencing—the cancer would soon be gone and *she* would be in another realm!

Marsha’s final day on this Earth was September 23 (Tishri 15), which began the Feast of Tabernacles. Her memorial service was held a week later on September 29, the last day of the Feast of Tabernacles. As terrible as it is to lose a loved one, and most especially my own beloved sister, **His timing is perfect.** When the very theme of *Sukkot* is dwelling with our Creator in close intimacy, I cannot help but wonder what Marsha is doing now (cf. 2 Corinthians 12:4)!

When Margaret and Jane showed up in Boulder for the celebration of Marsha’s life, they brought with them a brand new printed copy of my book *TorahScope, Volume I* and our new TorahScope desk calendar. I cannot tell you how much I wish Marsha could have received a copy, so she would finally be able to understand some of the things I do in ministry. Yet, being in a far better place (John 14:2), she is going to learn about things that those of us still on Earth can only dream of.

God is awesome! What more can I say? He is such a loving Father and He loves Marsha so much, that she finally arrived as a guest of honor into His presence. So much of what she struggled with in her life on Earth, has now been made clear to her in Heaven. She now lives in the presence of the Messiah, and many faithful men and women of God throughout history. She not only has the knowledge about the universe that she so desired to have in her quest here on this planet, but the true love and consolation that only the Holy One of Israel can provide.

Marsha would only want those remaining to know what she now vividly knows. The love of the Messiah is so awesome! At times He likes to fool the enemy, using very unique individuals just like her to testify of His goodness.

These are some of the final written words of my dear, departed sister, recorded from a journal entry she entitled “The Beginning”:

Maybe the beginning is not the place to start but at this point of the present. It is a rainy day in Union City, MI. I have the windows open so I can hear the raindrops pass through the still very green leaves as they darken the branches and tree trunks. The sound of traffic splashes by. Chopin is gently generating music off my computer. Although the welcomed hunger pains are starting to generate in my stomach, I am at peace as I lie on my bed surrounded by calm and healing vibrations.

I've come here to give my body a chance at Staying Alive by Going Alive. I am anxious somewhat, as all modern day people don't we expect instant pill-popping results. It takes the body four months to regenerate the entire cell structure. One third is maintaining, one third is dying, and one third is making new. Four months to complete the entire cycle. I've only been here three weeks, so my cells are hard at work trying to clean up a mess that has been 10 years in the making.

Great Health begins at the table. No better words were ever stated which continues to the next statement: all diseases begin in the colon. You can make the link yourself between the table and the colon. A direct connection.

Ask and you shall receive
Seek and you shall find
Knock and the door shall open
For he who asks receives and
For he who seeks will find and
He who knocks the door will open.

Ask -- Receive
Seek -- Find
Knock -- Open

The Bible is so wise. I love this quote and it fell into my lap by the wonderful Faye who is still here with a cancer that landed on the crown of her head and both sides of her neck. She has surrounded herself with quotes from her faith. She gave me two pages of quotes. I read them carefully and this one popped out at me. It is who I am. It is the reason I am here. I ask too many questions, I'm always seeking and knocking on doors. Ever since I was diagnosed with breast cancer in May of 2001...I've been asking about the diet piece of recovery. Little did I know the diet piece is also the healing piece. I wish, so wish I had come on this sooner. I pray it is not too late. I love what I am doing here at CHI (Creative Health Institute).

I know that my sister Marsha will forever exist with Him! Do you want to join her, and a company of countless others—including some of your own loved ones? Well, if you do, I think Marsha would highly recommend using the same verses that ultimately got her across the finish line:

“Ask, and it will be given to you; seek, and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you. For everyone who asks receives, and he who seeks finds, and to him who knocks it will be opened” (Matthew 7:7-8).

If you would like to one day meet my sister Marsha, basking in her radiant smile, and hearing about her unique experiences in this world *and* the next one—then you will need to come to terms with the reality that our Creator not only loves you, but He forgives you for all of your sins. But you have to ask, seek, knock, confess, and repent so that you will begin to cling to Him—because He alone is life eternal!

Some of my final thoughts about my dear sister, Linda Marsha Huey Moritz (1949-2010), were delivered in a special poem that I wrote and recited at her memorial service:

At first, He appeared as an eagle,
Circling while eyeing His prey;
But upon closer inspection, a dove was heard cooing,
He heard the saints pray;
For gray were the clouds that gathered,
Conflicting the sky azure,
Hearts were torn asunder, was there anyway to assure?
That the life lived with such splendor,
Always giving, never expecting return,
Unconditional love dispensing, with a smile, radiating, yet firm.
For strong was the body and mind, and oh, how tender is the heart,
Do you have to leave us? Is there something you want to impart?

Well, of course, she winks from far above,
It was not an eagle oh, silly ones, it was a loving dove!
Preparing the way, as only He can do,
I did not want to go, but he always knew,
My days were numbered, and might I add, yours are too!

My final written words tell it all,
I was asking, seeking, and knocking, will You hear my call?
Crying was hard, I did not want anyone to suffer with me,
I loved everyone so much, they should not see what I see,
For my body was racked with a wrenching pain,
That could only be eased by the patters of a gentle rain.

I never could picture a camel squeezing through the eye of a needle
As needles are so small,
So I considered the knits of my life and the leaves of my fall.
So I kept asking, wanting simply to receive
Insight, wisdom, is it true: I must believe?

But belief requires faith, I had to see beyond the temporal moment,
I wanted to touch eternity and embrace contentment.

So I sought, and the more I cried,
The more He heard and soon,
I began to find, my prayers were being answered,
In peace did I reside.

The knocking persisted, I don't give up on anyone,
Never have and never will.
I love so much those who have been given to my trust,
And forever my spirit will I instill.

Oh, what a blessing they have been through
The tests and trials of life;
May they see what I see both beauty and glory,
Love without strife.

I wanted more than anything to just be
A good daughter, a good wife,
But don't you know, being a sister was easy,
Those two smiles brought me life!

I could go on forever, but I told my brother to keep it short,
It is simpler that way. No one will abort.

But tell them, to never stop asking, keep seeking, while knocking,
May your knuckles turn raw.
Because raw is my new theme song,
I kept looking and saw.

After all, the blessings of seeing the Light coming through
the doorjamb crack,
The radiant glory confirms, He will
Hear and answer you back!

Finally, let me conclude with some of the
Wise words given to contemplate,
As my cells were struggling to "Go Alive"
My soul and spirit did meditate:

*"Truly, truly, I say to you, unless a grain
of wheat falls into the earth and dies,
it remains alone; but if it dies,
it bears much fruit.
Whoever loves his life loses it, and whoever hates
his life in this world will keep it for eternal life.
If anyone serves me, he must follow me; and where I am,
there will my servant be also. If anyone serves me,
the Father will honor him" (John 12:12-26, ESV).*

For I am Up, Up, and Away, and Gone to Seed!
May He bear much fruit...my heart does plead.

William Mark Huey
September 28-29, 2010

My Sister's Departure

I suppose I would be remiss if I did not say a few things about the beautiful way that a saint like my sister Marsha goes to be with the Lord.

As stated earlier, Marsha passed away on the High Sabbath of the Feast of Tabernacles (*Sukkot*). I had the blessed privilege of sleeping the last night near my sister, attending to her needs. For the previous week, the others who had “Marsha duty” had little sleep, as the fits and starts of attending to someone who is dying a slow death can definitely take their toll. But the final night, Marsha slept like a baby and I slept like a rock. After going to bed around midnight, I awoke at 3:30 AM and went downstairs to make a cup of tea and finish reading a book that was nearing completion. I kept my ear to her bedroom and heard her stir around 4:00 AM.

I went up to Marsha's room, and she communicated that she was very uncomfortable, so for the next fifteen minutes or so I tried arranging the ten or so pillows in a few dozen ways to make her comfortable. Being unsuccessful after even putting her feet on my shoulders to take some weight off of her hips, she finally grunted some form of the word “Up!” After a few inaudible grunts, I asked her if she wanted to get up? Yes, of course she did, so I leaned over and grabbed her under the armpits in order to lift her one-hundred pounds or so limp body out of her bed. In my mind, I thought she had hit the nadir (bottomed out) and was ready to bounce back. All we had to do was to get her GI (gastrointestinal tract) jumpstarted.

But it was not meant to be. I pulled her close to my chest, and then I thought, now what do I do? I realized there was a chair next to me, so I turned her around, sat her down on the chair, stabilized her by grabbing her two shoulders, and realized I needed some help to get her in a wheelchair.

I called out to my brother Doug who was sleeping down the hall. After a few muted yells and louder whistles (not wanting to wake everyone), I finally yelled: “**Douglas!**” He came running into the room like a linebacker ready to tackle a running back, and said, “Mark, Mark, what do you need?” I responded, “Get me the wheelchair, Marsha wants to get up!”

Adjusting Marsha in the wheelchair, we gently put a white button down shirt on her and began anointing with the oil mixture. After anointing her feet, we collaboratively put two white socks on her feet. I happened to have my iPhone, so I turned on some beautiful praise and worship background music by Chuck Girard called “Voice of the Wind.”

So with Marsha limping in the wheel chair, and the music gently wooing us with some loving lyrics about worship in the morning light and worshipping the Savior and God in the morning, we three just sat there for about three songs—just weeping with and rubbing oil on Marsha. I had Marsha's right side, holding her hand and trying desperately to feel her pulse. Doug was on the left side doing the same. There was a slight chill in the air, so I went downstairs to the divan and retrieved a beautiful deep red cashmere shawl big enough to drape around her shoulders for warmth. We covered her lap with some white towels and set about trying to comfort her and keep her from getting cold. But her hands started to get cold and I was soon unable to discern between her pulse and my pulse. By 5:00-

5:15 AM, her faithful friend Alice awakened and came in the room, suggesting that we get her fully dressed and propped back up in her bed. We agreed and laid her back on the bed and did so.

About this time as we were wrapping the red shawl on Marsha's shoulders and making her comfortable back on her bed, her husband John rushed in to find out what was happening. Surveying and recognizing the situation, he immediately went to her side, and on his knees he gently stroked her head while whispering in her left ear. On the right, Alice was sprawled out on the bed, talking and stroking her shoulder and right hand. By now it is 5:30-5:45 AM, so while standing at the foot of the bed, the scene of my brother at my right hand, I all of a sudden felt a rush of ice cold air blasting against the back of my legs. Since I only had on some jogging shorts and a t-shirt, I was perplexed because the rush of wind only hit me in the legs around the thighs to my calves. Because it was so cold on a previously still night, I immediately turned to my brother and questioned him: "Doug, who turned on the air conditioning? Doug, did you turn on the A/C?" He looked at me with a puzzled blank stare and said, "Huh, what are you talking about?" I responded, "Can't you feel that rush of cold air?"

I noticed that the window was open and thought it may just be a cool breeze that came through the window. But, there was no wind before and none after the blast came through. So I wondered....

I had to conclude that there were angels present, who simply grabbed my dear sister Marsha on command and ushered her into the Heavens (cf. Luke 16:22). The blast of cold air did not last more than 5-10 seconds, and then it was still. To me it was a very spiritual sensation, because before my brother Doug and I had the privilege of ushering Marsha into her wheelchair—readying her for her lift off! Marsha had never uttered another word after "Up!" Yes, she was ready for her journey, and she wanted to enter on her feet!

The harvest moon was setting on the western horizon, as the light of the Colorado sunrise was appearing in the eastern sky. The clouds were filled with purple and orange and red, as the purple mountains received the full moon and the amber sun began to cast light on the distant mountain tops. It was beautiful, unique, spectacular—and what a way to enter the presence of the Lord! *Only the Creator could have orchestrated such a magnificent event.*

As rigamortis set in, Alice could not get one of Marsha's eyelids to cooperate. So with her left eye lid shut and her right eye lid wide open, she lay there with a big radiant smile and a knowing wink—one to let us all realize that she had snookered the Devil! I know deep down in my heart that I will see my sister again, either at the time of my own departure (Philippians 1:23), or should I really be privileged—at a moment in the future when she returns with King Messiah and all the saints with Him (1 Thessalonians 3:13; Zechariah 14:5)!

To God be all the glory!
Amen and Amen.

KOSHER YOUR PLATE

edited by Margaret McKee Huey

It is my intention to bring our Messianic cooks timely recipes of interest in each issue of the OIM News. In this issue, I have included a wonderful kosher recipe from my sister, Susan Schwartz.

Vegetable Lasagna

For one large pan (about 9x13 or even a bit bigger)

3 layers of lasagna noodles (regular, do not precook)

2 bottles of marinara sauce

15 oz ricotta

$\frac{3}{4}$ 12 oz bag of shredded mozzarella

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup parmesan

2 eggs

(mix the cheeses and eggs together, carefree spreading)

1 10-oz bag baby spinach

about $\frac{1}{2}$ large can of large black olives, sliced

One cup of sauce on bottom of pan/layer of pasta, cheese, sauce, half of spinach/layer of pasta, cheese, sauce, half of spinach, olives/layer of pasta and sauce/top with parmesan.

Bake covered 35-45minutes at 350, uncovered 10-15, let cool 10-minutes.

Susan J. Schwartz

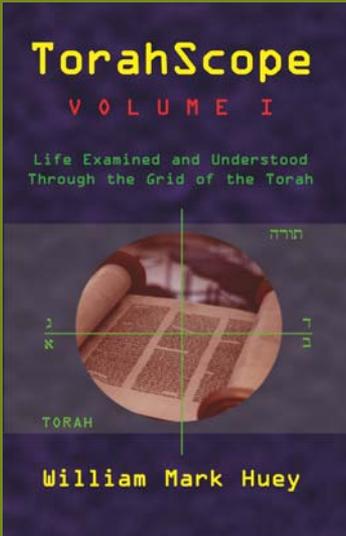
Please submit your recipes to Margaret Huey at the OIM office for inclusion in this column and our upcoming cookbook "Kosher Your Plate."

Front Cover Image:

This picture was taken from the home of Marsha Moritz in Boulder, CO (2006), looking toward the Rocky Mountains

A new release now available from TNN Press:

TORAHSCOPE VOLUME I



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Every week in Jewish synagogues the world over, a selection of a few chapters is considered from the Torah (the Pentateuch or the Law of Moses). The discipline of reading the *parashah* or Torah portion on *Shabbat* (the Sabbath) has helped maintain the cohesion of the Jewish people for millennia. As Messianic congregations have been formed, this tradition is something which has helped enliven the Bible readings and studies of those, Jewish Believers and evangelical Christians embracing their Hebraic Roots alike, who look to Moses' Teaching to tell us something about the relationship each of us is to have with Yeshua the Messiah (Jesus Christ), and how we are to grow in holiness.

What are the benefits of consistently examining the Torah? What old lessons might need to be re-learned every year, and what are some new lessons for God's people to be considering? How will the Torah form a major part of the emerging Messianic movement's

understanding of the mission of God, and the prophesied restoration of all Israel? Will we really be able to understand the admonition, "The secret things belong to the LORD our God, but the things revealed belong to us and to our sons forever, that we may observe all the words of this law?" (Deuteronomy 29:29)?

TorahScope, Volume I is a compilation of insightful, reflective commentaries on the weekly Torah readings, gleaned from the studies and notes of William Mark Huey. Written from a Messianic perspective, this volume shares his conviction that a Believer's life and walk with the Messiah Yeshua can be viewed through the grid and lens of consistent Torah study. It provides contemporary examples of the relevancy of the Torah to all Messiah followers, and how we are to all be conformed to His image (Romans 8:29).



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