

# Kber-03 the Coming Holocaust 3 of 3

by Art Katz

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*Art Katz shares his journey from Marxism to faith in Christ, highlighting the transformative power of suffering and personal encounters with believers.*

**Duration:** 39:01

**Scripture:** Isaiah 53:5, Matthew 6:33, John 8:7, John 14:6, Acts 4:12, Romans 3:23, 1 John 1:9

**Topics:** "End Times"

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## Description

In this sermon, the speaker shares his personal journey from being a Marxist to finding hope and salvation in Jesus Christ. He describes how he met a stranger who listened to him and drew out his deepest secrets and struggles. This encounter led him to question what the world truly needs. Eventually, he has a transformative experience where he accepts Jesus as his savior and is filled with the Holy Spirit. The speaker concludes by mentioning how he lost his friends and faced opposition when he shared his testimony, but he found a new community in the church.

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## Transcript

I have never bowed to any authority. I was a grumpy Marxist, a radical Marxist. I rejected religion, especially Christianity.

I was proud, self-sufficient, humanist. Man is capable of intelligent answer to any problem. Even if he's married to a German from Stuttgart.

Who was a part of the Hitler Youth. And is schizophrenic as a victim of that war time. Okay, hotshot Katz.

Where is your love now? Your romantic love. And your understanding and patience. When this frenzied woman attacks you.

Out of the distress of her own psyche. Out of the great misfortune of her own mind, which was so wounded. Where she herself was a victim of the past war.

And then she finds the point in your life where you are most vulnerable. In your Jewishness. And there she grabs you.

As a German. Where are your humanist presumptions then? Where is your superior understanding then? Where are your humanist presumptions then? Down. God knows how to deal with us Jews.

So I could ask the greatest questions in my history classes. Of an ethical and moral kind. But I was not myself able to answer them or live it.

God brought me down. As he will bring my Jewish kinsmen down. Whether through internal persecution or external.

We will be rooted up. Not only from our physical places of security. But from our categories.

Whether they are religious or philosophical or moral. Political. And so I left California.

Taking a year's leave of absence in the future. With a pack on my back. Hitchhiking.

The cheapest way to travel. And the most humiliating. In Europe.

Middle East. Looking for some philosophical stone that was unturned. Even traveling through Germany.

Didn't you see me at the side of the road? Or maybe you didn't want to see me. For that man is angry and formidable. Why take the risk? But I praise God for those who did.

The German art teacher that I met at Bodensee. This German art teacher. Who spent his vacation at Bodensee.

We had wonderful fellowship. There was such a sensitivity. He was such a man.

He knew about culture and art. The deep things of this life. And he said, Arthur.

You need to go out of your way to Colmar, France. And see the great masterpiece of the crucified Christ. What's in it for me? What has that to do with my Jewishness? But at his recommendation.

Because he was the man that he was. Who picked me up and took me in. And shared with me his life.

And his faith. I went. And how shall I describe to you? Standing before that masterpiece.

A holy ghost masterpiece. Of a human wreck. That you don't know that you're looking at a man or some kind of twisted animal.

Every bone is out of joint. The mouth is hanging open in death with white lips. The crown crushed into his head.

Pieces of glass and metal. Flagellation from the whips. And the dead flesh already becoming green and dangling.

So repulsive a sight. You want to turn away. But you cannot.

There's something so compelling. In that unspeakable suffering and death. Anguish of soul and body.

That I was arrested. And I remain arrested still. And I came around the back of the painting.

The same Jesus who hangs so forlornly on the cross in death. Is breaking forth out of the tomb in resurrection glory. And every place where his flesh has been wounded.

Beams of glory are pouring forth. That's how God dealt with me. I met him face to face.

As one mark more than any man. As my people will see him in their soon coming time of expulsion. In the wilderness of the nations.

They shall see the beauty of the Lord. In your faces. The revelation of the crucified and resurrected one.

To the degree that he has been made your life. And not just your religious credo. 14 months of travel.

By the side of the road. Picked up consistently nation after nation. By born again believers.

And when I came to Switzerland. Outside of Zurich. Waiting in the rain for three hours.

And the cars passing by. That chose not to see. The exact choice that will be before you.

When did we see you naked, thirsty, hungry and in prison? Is a chosen seeing. And a man stopped for me in a new car. And he didn't just wave me on, hurry up I'm doing you a favor.

He got out of the car and greeted me. And took my filthy wet rucksack and put it in the back seat of his car. Without even being aware of what it was doing to his upholstery.

I thought what manner of man is this? What's in it for him? That he should pick me up. And treat me as if I were the exalted guest. And as we drove off he said to me in German.

Why are you traveling like this? You're not a high school kid. This is not the tourist season. Why are you traveling like this? So well as I could I tried to explain.

I said I am a modern man. If we Jews are anything we are the modern man. We have invented modernity.

And I said my life is broken at its foundations. And I'm seeking for the answers of life. And I'm a Jew.

I said why did you say that? Now you're going to turn him off. Now he'll be offended. And I turned cautiously to see what would happen.

And the man was beaming. As if a light had been turned on. As if being a Jew somehow was something special.

Not in any way that I could have understood. But in some way that he understands. That has not yet come to me.

Oh he insisted we stop at a coffee house for refreshment. What a golden moment. Such a conversation.

What did he say brother? What did he say? Did he say are you saved? Do you know Jesus? Had he said anything like that I would be dead today. I did not need another slogan. Another religious cliché.

I had enough of that as a Marxist. I didn't need it as religion. But he never said anything like that.

But what a listener. Drawing my heart out. That I was sharing with him the deepest secrets of my anguished life.

My sense of hopelessness for the future of mankind. Despair. To a gentile stranger.

But something in him drew me out. So that I shared with him such intimate things I had never shared with another. When I finished I had nothing more to say.

I was at my end. What's this man going to tell me? I've been a Marxist, I'm a university graduate. There's nothing new under the sun.

And I looked at him. Nothing special to look at. Quite ordinary.

Unspectacular. Like you. And he looked up at me and he said quietly.

Arthur, do you know what it is that the world needs? I said, well, he knows how to ask the questions. I said, what? Defiant and proud. What? What can you tell me? That I've already not been exposed.

He said, Arthur, what the world needs is for men to wash one another's feet. When I heard that, something broke the socialist Marxist world savior in which no program can suffice that is humanly engineered. But a spirit of humility washing one another's feet I had never heard of such a thing.

What an answer, what a word that came to me from the throne of heaven by the God who knew me and watched all of my searchings and my motions looking for answers unable to live with a German wife I fell out of my seat so to speak whimpering on the floor while physically I remained seated with my arms over my chest so don't be discouraged when you think that your word is not having any effect on us Jews and you don't see any gratifying response you have no idea of the depth of penetration that your word has effected in us if it is not a religious cliché or the cheap employment of John 3.16 but the appointed word the Holy Spirit given word calculated for our penetration which you are able to speak in that crisis moment not because of religious responsibility but because of your covenant union with God who knows the man that he has set before you and knows exactly the word that he needs to hear and he can express it through you because your own categories are out of the way you are in union with him and your thought is his thought your word is his word and it brings the arrogant man down and before I could recover I had no speech this man went on to tell me about the gospel of Jesus Christ went on to tell me the gospel I wanted to protest I said hey that's not for me I'm Jewish it's for the Gentiles but I had no voice and I had to hear him silently and when I left that day that night I didn't walk out of that building I staggered like one drunk day after day meeting after meeting in the wilderness of the nations uprooted from my security my culture, my categories I was being exposed to the God of my fathers by Gentile men and women who knew him or they would not have stopped the very next day I'm walking the woods around Winterthur and there's an American girl on vacation half my age Gentile of the Gentiles that we Jews call a wasp white Anglo-Saxon Protestant the deadliest combination I should have been repelled but I was attracted and drawn drawn by something that exuded out of the innocence of this girl willing to spend time with me walk the woods with me without fear I said, what's your motive? why are you so kind?

I've never seen kindness I've only seen ideologies she answered every question the same way she said, it's the love of God every question, it's the love of God you want to drive a Jewish atheist up the wall? keep telling him the love of God finally my patience was exhausted I said, look kid you're a nice girl I appreciate your kindness but I cannot tolerate this God talk answer me one question that no Christian has ever successfully answered for me for my hobby was to engage Christians in debate and wipe them out so what was this little girl to me? so I brought myself up to my full intimidating stature you've been talking about God answer me one question no Christian has ever been able to answer how do you know he is?

I thought, I got her now there'll be a long silence she'll think of something she learned in Sunday school some little, little thing and I'll roll over with my great steamroller but not a moment's hesitation this little thing looked up at me with her sandy hair and freckles and snub nose and she answered instantly Archie said I know that God is he lives in me down went the ox for a second time and I don't know how long it

took for me to recover the power of that statement I thought to myself where did it get its power? it wasn't theological it wasn't intellectual but it's true and she has the face to prove it and in that moment proud, arrogant, intellectual university educated teacher I realized that I was in darkness and she was in the light and the light that she had could not be found

in any institution I attended or could ever attend I was moved to jealousy for I saw the light that lightens the gentiles is also the glory of the people Israel so when I share my story a man sifted through the nations through such exposures as I'm describing to bring me to a final place of surrender so that Jesus who finally revealed himself to me directly the first reading of a new testament the history teacher who said you need to go to the primary sources I myself had never gone I only heard of Jesus second hand saw those catholic crucifixes and the depiction on velvet hangings of Jesus looking very un-Jewish but to read him in his own book out of his own words for which I had been prepared by all of the previous contacts I've described to you came the revelation of the Lord one

statement out of his own mouth let him who is without sin cast the first stone well I spent months in Egypt representing a Jewish museum from California smuggling out religious and other art treasures the Jewish community that then existed there observing orthodox Judaism and seeing the inadequacy of religion and brought finally to Israel after having suffered hepatitis in Egypt coming with an infected ear that was oozing out of my head staying at the Hebrew University in Jerusalem where a young rabbi wanted to save me for Judaism didn't work the last thing I was to be sent to an orthodox Jewish community never got there put me on the wrong bus lost in Jerusalem going around in circles and too Jewish to do that I got out and went into the first store that I could find a bookstore lovely

Jewish woman at the counter made me a map where I should go but before I could leave I took a closer look at the books New Testaments, Christian Commentaries, Bibles I looked into her Jewish face and I said what is this place oh she said innocently this is our bookstore joining our chapel we are a congregation of Jewish believers in the Messiah Jesus I never heard such a thing when she said that something in my inner man went click and the voice calling me by name commanding me Art you are not to leave I obeyed the voice of him with whom I have to do staying four days and nights with Jewish Pentecostals not able to understand what they are trying to explain to me about the Messiah and the Old Testament prophecy how could God ask me a Jew to be a Christian this will kill my mother actually

it saved her when I saw these people worship God I had been in synagogues and churches over the years that was only religion but when I saw them in worship with their hands stretched over their heads and tears coursing down their faces as they stretched their arms and their sleeves pulled back I saw the tattooed number from concentration camps Jews praising God in the name of Jesus having passed through that overwhelmed me and in the final night bewildered and confused unable by the power of my mind to save myself in my sleep God put an understanding directly in my heart bypassing my mind my Jewish idolatry I woke up on the morning of May 26, 1964 believing I woke up in the shalom of God after a lifetime of agitation and I came to the breakfast table and I said to this lady with whom I'm

still in correspondence Rina, I believe I understand the poor thing fell out of her seat on the floor we think her final prayer was Lord, we've done everything for this woman now you make her understand and she said, now you need to pray and call upon the name of the Lord I should call upon the name of Jesus whose name I only pronounced as blasphemy everything contends against me everything contends against such a call this is not a vocalization that we Jews can perform at will any more than my mother could ten days before her death in her 96th year call on the name of the Lord is a mercy that is given and

with all of the oppressive voices against it you'll become a traitor to your people you're joining the enemy's camp this will kill your mother you'll lose your friends, your esteem but

this one little voice I will not kick out anyone who comes to me and out of my mouth I would not call it a prayer it was a burst by the grace of God to get Jesus out and with it something came out died the evil of a lifetime of ego and lust and in came something new the Ruach HaKodesh I was born of the Spirit of God of the Holy Spirit of new birth I came back to America as a new man oh, then they threw a party for me my colleagues and on the first night I lost every colleague when I told them what had happened to me and some months later I was invited by a local church to give my testimony I just shared with them as I'm sharing with you and a woman came up to me at the end of the meeting you don't know me, brother Katz you had my daughter in your history class she came home from school

every afternoon weeping over you since that day she said both my daughter and I have never ceased to pray for you the Lord gave me an elbow in my ribs he said, she's the one there's nothing to look at gentile woman her prayers have entered you into the kingdom of heaven and being in that heavenly kingdom where have I not been even with Klaus Yugoslavia Germany, many places Israel Indonesia Asia serving the Lord

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