

We arrived in Warsaw, with all our bags, tired, but in good spirits. Magda and her boss, Waldek, met us there. We had made arrangements to rent Waldek's van for the two weeks. Waldek looked our team over and said to Magda: "Is this the team?" He paused and then spoke again saying, "Well, Jesus had 5 loaves and 2 fish..." We all thought it was pretty funny, after all, we weren't exactly your standard power-evangelism team. Only Randy and I each had an international driver's license. Randy was seriously jetlagged, so I drove most of the way from Warsaw to Koło.

We arrived sometime in the early afternoon at the church, but the roses weren't there. Magda phoned Lukasz, but wasn't able to reach him right away. Eventually we drove to where we were staying, unpacked and had dinner. At 6PM it turned out that Lukasz had a minor accident with his vehicle. By 9 he still hadn't arrived and I was getting angry. He told Magda he had gotten lost. At 11 I went to bed, only to be awakened 5 minutes later because Lukasz had just pulled in with the first 1000 roses.

I got dressed and went out to see Lukasz and the roses with Magda. When I got a good look at the roses I was not happy. They were probably the worst batch of roses I had ever received. The petals were bruised, not just on the outside—but some on the inside. I was horrified. I told Lukasz that I didn't think they were worth the money we had agreed upon. The three of us stood there in the freezing cold as I tried to figure out what to do. Finally, I told him I would pay him 2.40 zloty a stem. He had priced them for me at 2.87 (approx. 90 cents US). He was completely crestfallen, said he would lose money and couldn't afford to do that.

At the same time he admitted the roses were not in the best shape and apologized. Again, I stood off to the side trying to think what to do. It wasn't my fault the roses were bad. But this trip was supposed to be about grace... I asked Lukasz what he had paid for the roses. He checked his receipts—2.82 zloty. I reluctantly agreed to pay him that price, but he was still upset. He said he had no money now, because this was only the cost he had put into the roses. So I paid him a delivery fee on top of the money for the roses.

But I told him that I couldn't promise we would use him as agreed for the rest of the roses (about 4500 more). He humbly asked Magda if he could "rehabilitate" himself—if I would give him another chance. I really didn't know what to do. I didn't trust him. And then he began to tell us what happened that morning, he discovered his wife was being unfaithful and it completely undid him. At some point I asked him if he knew Jesus, and this began a long conversation between the three of us. It was clear Lukasz was really hurting and had been burned by religion.

Magda and I each gave our testimony and shared from the heart with him, as he also shared with us. And then we prayed for him. It was 1:30AM when I gave Lukasz a copy of "Clay" and sent him on his way. saying we would give him one more chance. Kind of amazed, Lukasz said as he was leaving that he felt better—lighter... Grace...

The next morning, after a wonderful breakfast, we had a rich time of devotions, which ran over by an hour or more, yet we lacked nothing time-wise. Pastor Julian came over when we were ready to work on the roses and we all worked through the roses gently—and in detail. And when we were done the roses were beautiful—amazingly—and they were received with much gratitude.

We found a good corner in the afternoon and I propped up the keyboard on some empty buckets and began to worship as the rest of the team handed out the roses. It was cold and windy and kept threatening to rain on the corner where we stood giving out roses, but we were undeterred, and it never let go and actually rained more than maybe 20 drops here and there. It was as if the enemy were saying, "better call it a day before it gets nasty out here..." But it never got nasty. And despite the heavy wind, which wreaked havoc with my music and keyboard--there was worship and roses anyway. People were amazed!!

After dinner we went back to the church with the rest of the roses, cleaned and petaled every last one, thanks to Pastor Julian's wonderful church!!

The next morning Pastor Julian had an idea... He and his wife work at a school for special needs children of all different ages. He asked if we would be willing to come and give roses out to the teachers and administrators at the school. He thought it would really bless them. I asked Julian how many children were in the school—and he said about 100-120. I suggested we also give roses to the children. Randy told me later that he was thinking more along the lines of Pastor Julian, being strategic with the roses—and giving out the roses just to the teachers sounded good to him, because we could give another 100 roses out on the street to people who might come to the concert. But when he actually gave them to the children it was amazing...

**Randy:**

*They were the most special needs people I have ever been around. Being in the school and watching the smiles on these kids, some of them young adults, and the smiles on their faces—the simple joy in their hearts, and I thought that's how God sees us. The joy that they have, that God wants us to have, is more than all the riches of the world. And then, as we went outside and we were leaving, I thought this is like Gideon and his army and makes as much sense—300 men each with trumpets and torches in jars to defeat an army of thousands upon thousands. It's not possible to make even a dent in such a situation—But God...*

**Del & Magda:**

*The children were delighted about the roses, and one little girl in the wheelchair reached out her arms to me and I gave her a hug—and she held on. And then somebody else came up that she knew and gave her a big hug. And when she got through hugging her, she wanted me to hug her again. And what amazed me was that in perfect English she said thank you. I didn't expect her to speak English—but she did, "Thank you."*

**Marlys:**

*I was very touched (with tears) to go into each of the classrooms to give these kids roses, and to see the looks on their faces. They would look at you with such a warm look in their eyes. And these are kids of all ages in a special education facility. And then they were getting out for lunch and walking down the hall. As they were coming down the hall and we were giving out the roses, they were eager to get the roses and had big smiles on their faces. After we would give it to them and they passed us by I would turn around and look at them—and they also turned around to look back at me. It was very touching. The teachers in each class took all the roses and put them in a vase for the kids. They cared about the children and their roses. The children felt loved by their teachers—you could tell.*

**Pamela:**

*The remarkable thing was the joy on the children's faces when they were given the roses. A couple of them didn't want the roses because of the texture, so the teacher took it for them. But they loved the roses and they loved the fact they received a gift. I think some of the children actually came out of their classes into the hallway to get the roses.*

After the school we followed Pastor Julian as he drove out of town to see a dear friend of Magda's, who also attends Pastor Julian's church. Martin is a wood carver who has a very amazing testimony of coming out from the occult and being saved by Jesus in an awesome way. He is Polish and Jewish. We had a lovely visit with him and then drove back to town to pick up the roses and settle on a corner. We started to give roses out, but people weren't so receptive. Then I realized we hadn't prayed—and so I prayed. People began to open up and the atmosphere began to change a little. I began to sing, but it wasn't really worship right at the start. And I realized—and then I began to worship and it felt like there was a real shift. I was able to look into some of the faces of people standing and staring at the roses—and at me—and be a window of His love. I know people could feel it in the music and see it in my face because their faces changed. Praise the Lord!!!

**Marlys:**

*When we first started handing out the roses I felt like everyone was accepting of the roses, hardly anyone refused them. But I noticed that people were dressed very well, they walked very fast, and they did not smile, and when I would give them the rose, some of them would walk real fast. Then I would talk to them and say God loves you and I would give them the flyer with the concert and say "Koncert," and they would stop. Then they would read the card and would get a smile on their face. They seemed very pleased and they walked away slower.*

*When we went on the street today again it was kind of the same reaction as the first day, but more people didn't want to accept the rose at first. Then they would hear Sally sing and they all wanted to stop and listen and they wanted to know what it was all about.*

*There was one lady about my age and I wanted to give her the rose, and she stopped and she really wanted the rose, but she hesitated. I said, "it's a present, God loves you." She kept pointing ahead and talking in Polish and I didn't understand what she was saying. And then she didn't take the rose.*

*And then I went on to pass out more roses. A car had stopped at the light with 2 young girls in it and I was the passenger side and the girl looked at me almost like she wanted a rose. I went over to the car and offered it to her, she rolled her window down a little bit and I said, "it's a present," then she rolled it down a little more and I said it was a present then she took the rose and had to drive on.*

*A little bit later that lady who walked away and refused the rose came up to me, so eager. She looked at me with big eyes and smiles, still talking in Polish, like she wanted the rose. I noticed she had a plastic bag of groceries in her hand and I realized why she didn't want to take the roses the first time. So I gave her the rose and the concert flyer and she walked away very happy, smiling.*

### **Del & Magda:**

*There was a lady Magda and Del met who was walking toward us, very well-dressed with white hair. We gave her a rose and didn't say anything. She asked, "What's the occasion?" And Magda told her about the concert and about Sally and her calling for A Tour of Roses and bringing blessing for Polish people. And she said, "What?" It was like she was asking if this is even possible. And Magda said more about how this was not the first time for A Tour of Roses and it wasn't the first time we had been in Poland to do A Tour of Roses. And Magda said how Sally prays about where to go and when, and the lady was very surprised. And then she told her that this year God showed Sally it was Kolo and Łódź. She was very touched and said something about Jews like, "it's impossible for Jews to come to Poland to bless people." The lady hugged Del and was talking to her in Polish. The lady said to Del, knowing she is a Messianic Jew, "we must honor each other."*

*Del prayed about giving the last rose away to someone who God wanted to have it and who would want to come to the concert. Then they walked a few paces and this older lady came along with her daughter. The daughter had some kind of mental processing problem. Magda and Del tried to give the woman their last rose and the woman didn't want the rose for herself, but wanted Magda and Del to give the rose to her daughter. And then she talked about her daughter and school, and Magda and Del thought it was the school where they had already given out roses. And we told them about giving the roses out at the school. The daughter was very touched and said, "I wasn't there because I was walking with my class." And she took the rose and she hugged Del. Then Magda explained about ATOR and about blessing Poland—showing the love of God to the people of Kolo and the lady spoke about herself and her family. She has cancer and had a double mastectomy and is now doing chemotherapy. And then the old lady started to tell about all her sicknesses. She told how one of her sons died of cancer and the other was diagnosed with cancer. He is going to have an operation. And she is having trouble because the cancer she has moved from front to back. Then Del asked if she could pray for the woman. And the woman wanted to be prayed for—she was surprised anyone would want to pray for her. Del prayed about her body, healing, and family—and then afterward the lady said, "it's so amazing to see things like this—A Tour of Roses—Jewish people blessing Polish people, and wanting to pray for me." She was very touched. She said she felt better afterwards and said, "I know my problems. I have many many problems, but what I saw and after your praying, I feel much better." Del said she would continue praying for her even when she gets back to the states. And the lady said, "I will pray for you too." She hugged Magda and Del and the daughter hugged Del many times throughout the encounter. Alfreda said she is 89 years old. She blessed Magda and Del.*

Magda and I got up around 5AM on Thursday and drove to the wholesale flower market in Łódź, an hour away. The market was larger than I thought but we eventually found Lukasz. He had some exceptionally beautiful Rhodos (African) roses for us and about 6 packages of 80 cm stems, which was far more than he needed to do for us. He asked me if I thought he was "rehabilitated" enough. I said yes. He told me he put my CD (Clay) in his car and was playing it whenever he was driving...

We had an amazing time of worship at Chelmno extermination camp. A beautiful time of worship and prayer and intercession in the places where many people were overtaken by evil. We spoke

blessing and healing over the land and the people of Poland, especially in the area, and over all the Jewish people and families affected by what happened in Chelmno. God is love and life--especially in the places of death--He is not smaller than--but greater than anything or anyone we can imagine...

**Del:**

*I found Chelmno to be very sobering, and it made me realize the enormity of the wickedness of man. It just brings it home. Here they are digging up bodies to re-bury them and it is very heart-breaking. The only thing you can do in a situation like Chelmno is trust God, because the human mind cannot understand the depth of depravity that it would take to bring all this about.*

**Pam:**

*I remember being in that granary and looking at the pictures, reading the stories and really getting touched emotionally. And I remember I could smell ash. I could smell oil and grime. And it just thickened my nose so that I had to cover my nose with my glove so I could breathe. When they showed the short video clip of the Jewish man who had escaped, it brought tears to my eyes. Of all the people sorting through the items of those who were gassed, he was the one who found his mother's purse at the age of 13. Broke my heart. Then we went to the memorial site and I started walking around. First through the gravestones. I couldn't read what they said because they were in Hebrew. I could read a few names and dates, but I just started praying for the families of these people today—just for healing of the pain. I couldn't imagine what it must be like to have lost someone there and to visit these graves. As I was walking I was reading about the mass graveyards and the different methods that were used to kill these Jews. As I read the description of the lime pit it really bothered me how people can do that to other people. Then I heard Sally singing and came back to the worship—and that was healing. And then I continued praying.*

*After that we did the Shemoneh Esrei. That was my first time doing that. All I can say is that it was awesome. Thinking about our prayers and what was written gave me pause for thought. Giving him the praise and glory.*

**Randy :**

*When we were out there, praying at this mass burial site of cremated Jews, it was profoundly compelling. The reality of the living God was profoundly compelling. It was like tasting something that is great that makes me want even more. I can't get enough of the Lord.*

**Marlys:**

*I remember when we pulled up to the memorial and parked. We got out of the car. I walked a few steps and I had a hard time breathing. I started walking a little bit more and I thought should I go back and get my oxygen, my inhaler, because I left it in the car. And I thought no, I'll be OK. I thought that was kind of strange because that never happened before, and I was OK up to them. So I just started praying and we started walking toward the gravestones, and there was something about the gravestones that made me stop and pray for each one. I had to go by and touch each gravestone and pray for healing of the families. That's where Sally was doing worship. And I was going to walk further on, where everyone else was, but I thought, no, I am going to stay there and worship, because that's where I thought I should be. My breathing got better and I just worshiped.*

*I felt after worshiping a peace came over me—even over the whole place, like this was a good place to be. Then the sunshine kept coming through as we were worshiping.*

After a 4 hour trek following Magda in her car through the rain and extreme back roads of the Polish countryside from about 8-12PM we made it to the little town of Dzierżoniów. Pastor Leszek, who had been expecting us at 6PM, met us at midnight at the gas station as we came into town and then led us to our accommodations. They were up 2 flights of beautiful blonde wooden steps that curled around a post. It's a miracle Marlys and Del could get up and down again.

The synagogue was right near the town center. Rafael's father worshiped in this synagogue when he was a young man, and Rafael and Dorin (the owners of the synagogue) have not yet found a rabbi for the synagogue, so for now it functions as a place of special events for the Jewish community from Wroclaw. There are currently no Jews living in Dzierżoniów. When we arrived there were several people who met us and helped out with the roses. They were very excited. Rafael and Dorin were very welcoming, as was Pastor Leszek and his congregation. Rafael ordered pierogis for all of us as we began work on the roses. The work was fast and easy as we only had 500 roses to do. As soon as we were done we walked the buckets from the synagogue along the cobblestone road to the town centre, where I set up the keyboard and everyone began to give out roses...

**Marlys:**

*I noticed the difference in this town. Everyone was very receptive and walked slower and smiled more and seemed happier. When I offered them the rose and said "present" their eyes lit up and they seemed really happy. Only a couple of them tried to offer me money, but I said no, it's a gift because God loves you. A few of them spoke English, but most of them didn't. When I said no their eyes lit up like they had just received gold. And then I told them about the concert and they were very excited about it, and they would shake their heads "yes" like they were already going. When I went into the shops, the shopkeepers would say, "Oh, for me??" (a few of them spoke English) and they were just really excited. And then, toward the end, I was talking with this one lady and Magda was there also. She was talking on and on in Polish even though I said English. And I just smiled at her even though I didn't know what she was saying. And then the other lady started talking in German like I knew what she was talking about and also looked at Magda like she knew what she was talking about. And then Magda told the other lady that she didn't speak German, and then she was talking to Magda in Polish. She was talking about her life and her alcoholic husband who had died. And how she has 3 sons who are alcoholic. And this woman looked like she was in her 80s—maybe more. And she kept looking at me and I said I understand. Magda told her that my husband was also an alcoholic. She said "really?" and Magda told her "yes." And then I noticed her scarf—so silky and lavender—and I said to her she had a beautiful scarf, but she didn't understand me. So Magda told her. She immediately took it off and wanted to give it to me. Magda thinks she was so touched that someone thought anything she had was beautiful. There was a lot of shame in her. Magda translated, and said she wanted me to have it. Then she crumpled it up in her hand and gave it to me and said "just keep it, I want you to have it. I have a lot of them at home."*

**Randy:**

*I went to give a rose to a young man who was sitting on a bench and the young man asked if I would talk with him—which I proceeded to do for the next hour and a half—or more. The young man was depressed—but not suicidal. He wanted to know about God. He had read the Bible and knew quite a bit of it, but didn't believe in God. I shared my testimony and the young man let me pray for him.*

**Pam:**

*I came back for more roses and everybody was gone except Sally. As I got close and was reaching down to the roses, Sally was playing the piano and she nodded over her shoulder, I looked and didn't see anyone. And Sally whispers, "look at the window." I start looking at all the shop windows and she whispers, "higher." So I looked up and there was this woman leaning out the window. I gathered the roses in my arms and took one rose from my stash and started waving it at her. She was not thinking I was waving at her, but she was still looking out the window. So I moved closer, waving the rose and mouthing the words, "it's for you." Pointing the rose right at her and moving closer, I said, "Do you want this?" She pointed at herself, I nodded my head yes, and I pointed the rose at her again and said, "yes, you!" I saw her get down off the windowsill, shaking her head. I turned around and came back toward Sally. And she said, "look behind you." So I turned around and the lady was right there. I looked at her and said, "Present." She looked at me and spouted off in Polish and she had this huge beautiful smile on her face and her eyes were lit up. "Me?" she said. And then I gave her the card and said "concert." I smiled and she smiled.*

**Del:**

*Sophia took hold of my arm so we went off together to the far side of the square. The first place we came to looked like a financial building and Sophia started to open the door but the lady inside opened the door to us. And Sophia started to tell them about the concert at the synagogue and it turned out both ladies knew Rafael. Sophia started to explain we were Messianic Jews and told all about the concert and invited them to come. They started talking about the roses and how beautiful they were, and how surprised they were to receive them. Both of them gave me a hug and said they would be at the concert. Then we went around the corner and all the people who were coming toward us—all the people received a rose. We went in the stores and they were thrilled to receive a rose. They were very excited and it made them feel good. All of a sudden people who were serious looking had smiles all over their faces. And then we ran into two young men. They didn't want to take the rose. But they were standing in front of us and didn't walk away. So I asked them if either of them understood English. One man said, "a little." So I said, "this rose is God's way of telling you how much He loves you. It's a gift from God." And they accepted the roses. As we were doing that several young men were standing around watching the action and they saw these 2 young men, maybe in their 20s receive the roses, so they wanted roses also. Sophia started talking to one of the women Marlys and Magda had talked to, explaining about them being Messianic Jews. And one woman said to Del, "I'm a good German, you're a good Jew."*

**Magda:**

*When we come here and met with Rafael and everyone, it was amazing to be together and doing something for the people. Preparing for the event. It was very warm time, like in my vision, where I saw so much light from the sun... When I start to give the roses to people I was very excited. I would go to the people and was talking with them and most of them were very open. But some of*

*them would take the rose and say they would be at the concert. But I would tell them, “even if you don’t come to the concert, the rose is for you.” And I mostly explained to them what was going on, about Sally being a Messianic Jew and she and her team came here to show people in Poland the love of God. One lady, when I told her this, she asked me, “from where do you get so many roses—and so beautiful—and who pays for them?” And then I explained to her that the roses came from Łódź, and Sally, who would be doing the concert, specially went to Łódź and chose these roses for the people in Dzierżoniów ... because God put it in her heart to show the people in this town His love. And she said, “Really? She did that?” And I said yes. And then she went to where Sally was playing to listen and to watch what was going on. I talked with so many people and gave out the roses, but in one moment I suddenly felt too heavy. I felt like I couldn’t do anything more. When I spoke to them my words began to feel like religion, not sincere and from the heart. And I told them the same things that I had said before, but they didn’t want the roses. I felt like it was because they heard Sally was a Jew, or even if I didn’t say anything about that, the people went by me and didn’t want anything from me. And then I gave the roses to two ladies, and I really tried to be very serious about why we were giving out the roses. They were very touched and they said, “really? The Jewish ladies want to bless us? And God told them to bless the Polish people? When is the concert?” And she said to me again, “it’s like a miracle.” I thought they went to another side and I got 4 more roses to take and give out, but I felt much heavier. I couldn’t give any more roses out and I gave them to David. And then I saw 5 ladies behind Sally sitting on a bench, listening. And I went to them and I asked them, “how do you like Sally’s singing?” They already knew about the concert and that Sally is a Messianic Jew. They start to talk about Jewish people from this town—how they remembered. One lady said, “I was many times in the synagogue before Rafael was there, Jewish people were there, but it was many years ago, and they were preparing food for poor people. And we went many times to the synagogue for the food. And now we will be at the concert. We like when Jewish people sing, because you know they have meeting every Sunday and we hear them singing very beautiful songs (she didn’t know it is the church meeting in the synagogue during their worship time). I will be at the concert. I live opposite the synagogue.” After this I didn’t feel any more heaviness.*

For the concert the synagogue was packed out--standing room only, maybe 250 people and almost everyone stayed and listened as I shared my testimony about God's love through His Son, Yeshua, in my life, and how the Lord taught me how to see--myself and others with His eyes and His heart, starting with my dad. Many people from the Jewish synagogue in Wroclaw came to the concert and were very touched in different ways. Many people came because they received a rose on the street. One man, a florist in town, gave me 3 yellow roses and told me with tears in his eyes he was not sorry I had been bitten by the dog because Jesus used the scar on my face to bring me to Poland to touch people's hearts. The mayor and his wife also thanked me for coming and sharing and told me how much it touched them.

The words I felt the Lord gave me to finish were what He sent us out with. "The only way we can truly love one another is if we receive the love God has for us." I felt the weight of His presence--it was both gentle and direct. I praise God for opening this door, for planting seeds that night in Jews and Poles.

Afterwards the church put on a big supper for lots of us. It was very delicious—many different kinds of food, and then dessert. It was a feast!! I had a moment to say goodbye to Rafael and

Dorin. I thanked them very much, for being open and allowing me to share. And then I asked if they would be OK with me praying briefly for them—and they were. What I felt the most to pray was just that God would reveal all their steps have been ordered by Him. That He would uncover His hand in all this and open their eyes.

**Marlys:**

*It was probably before 4:30 and people were already coming in and already seated. It was just amazing to see that they just kept coming. And their faces were just full of anticipation. The room got so crowded they added more chairs and people were standing up and people went up in the balcony. There were at least 250 people, maybe more. And I just was taking some pictures because it was such a big crowd and I saw the lady that I had met in the square the day before, who had given me the scarf. And she hugged me. Magda was with me. The lady asked if I had something to give her so that she could remember me. I was trying to think, what can I give her, what can I give her?? Someone said to me, “Why don’t you give her a CD ahead of time—and sign it. I ended up giving her 2 CDs, and Annetka helped me sign it. I wrote, “For you,” (in Polish) God bless you.” And I put a little heart and signed my name and put USA. I went up to her and I gave them to her and she had the biggest smile on her face and then put them in her purse right away and gave me a hug. She was sitting right up in front. As Sally was telling her story and giving her concert, I was watching their faces and praying over the people, that their hearts would be open to receive God and Jesus in their hearts. It was touching to see how the people responded—very touching.*

**Del:**

*The concert at the synagogue was a whole different thing. I literally saw the joy of the Lord at work. People were pushing to get in. They were literally sitting on the window ledges inside. They wanted to be close to what was going on, as opposed to going upstairs, they wanted to be in the middle of things. And there was a great sense of expectancy there. When the concert started everyone leaned forward—98%. We were standing in the back, and on the back row on the end on the left there was a young man with a blonde lady. They started to listen, but when Sally started to give her testimony about her face she wanted to leave. And Marlys and Pam both saw she also wanted to leave. I was praying for her. I asked Pam and Marlys if they would also pray for her. We were all aware of the fact that she wanted to leave. Then I felt the Lord saying something to me, to tell her that her beauty was a gift from God, but I couldn’t speak the language. So I took one of the cards and took it to David and he wrote it in Polish and I took it over to her and she read it 3-4 times and then showed it to the young man she was with, looked at it again, and then he took it from her and looked at it. Then she held onto it and stayed for the rest of the concert, choosing to stand with the rest at the end of the concert. When she was leaving she said the Polish word for Thanks.*

**Randy:**

*The honor that was given Sally by the town mayor and the emissary from Warsaw was amazing. Then, afterwards the church fed us again an amazing meal, with the best Polish dishes and pastries you could imagine, which they cooked and baked themselves. David, who was sitting next to me, said “people were really touched. I saw many people crying. Our church is going to be blessed because of this concert. More people will be coming.” After the meal a couple shared*

*their testimony of a dream given to their son-in-law that was about forgiveness between Germans, Jews, and Poles, and salvation in the Lord*

*Rafael, as a boy, grew up in Dzierżoniów. At 10 his family made aliyah (returned to Israel to live as citizens), then many years ago he moved back to Dzierżoniów and was moved to buy this wreck of a synagogue, because his father had worshiped there. Rafael, who is an agnostic, stood up at the end of the meal to thank everyone for coming and stated that he was not religious. I was compelled to go and see if I could talk to him for a couple minutes. And I shared briefly how I came to faith during the time of the Jesus Movement in the 70s, and I told him I completely respect his honesty. And in the course of our conversation Rafael stated that there is evil in all men. And I was able to clearly state how Christ is the solution to that problem. As I was talking to him very personally at this point, both he and his wife were standing there listening. It wasn't forced, it was all organic. I said I would send him a book and he gave me a copy of a special book he had spoken about over lunch the other day. This is crazy, I thought, an agnostic owner of a synagogue searching for God. Today was mind-blowing, like getting my airline ticket. This whole trip...*

**Pamela:**

*The first thing that happened, besides the wonderful food, was when we got to the synagogue—I wasn't there but 5 minutes upstairs in the meeting room and this woman, who is Polish, doesn't speak any English, hears me and Del talking and grabs me by the arm and is talking a mile a minute, dragging me out the door. I see Lukas (Sally's translator) and I grab his arm to translate. We go all the way down the stairs. She stops before this pillar in the hallway downstairs, where there are pictures relating to the Jewish Temple and the Holocaust, and she points to a certificate, and she is talking to me and Lukas starts to interpret. She said this certificate was given to her family who when she was a child saved 14 Jewish families from the Holocaust. Underneath the diploma is a write-up of what her family did. She has the names of the 14 families and she literally begged me to help her try to locate these families in NY and Israel. I explained to her twice that I am not a professional. I will go home. I will email her and she can email me the names and I will Google it. I told her I would give it a shot—I would try, but I couldn't promise anything. And she was happy with that. She just kept thanking me over and over again.*

**Magda:**

*During the concert it was amazing to see so many different people—the mayor, the people from Jewish congregation from Wroclaw because Rafael invited them, the people we gave roses to. I remember these faces when we gave out the roses and I saw the same faces at the synagogue tonight. Then after the concert, we had supper, and so many people were at the table. One lady with red hair, I didn't know who she was. I asked the people from church if they knew who she was and they didn't know her. And no one knew her from the synagogue or the town. So I asked her, where do you come from? She answered, from Wroclaw—from Jewish congregation. She didn't seem to have any peace. She seemed to have anger. I saw anger in every movement of hers. Rafael invited me, she said. Then I understood I must be careful because she is Jewish—and she is a Polish Jew, a Jew who didn't leave Poland. And then I try to ask her about her congregation because I know one guy from this congregation who found out his mother was a Holocaust survivor. But her answer was full of anger, even though I didn't touch her or do anything to her.*

*And I started to talk about the guy who I know and she started to talk about herself, about her father. Then I tried to ask her about herself. And she said, "In 1968 (a very anti-Semitic time in Poland) it was a very hard time for my family. I am second generation of Holocaust survivors. My father killed himself, do you know this?" I was shocked. And she said his name, how he was called by people. The story was in the newspaper. I was shocked because I didn't know why she thought I should know about her father. And then she said you must go to a library of documentation and read about my father, you must look for his name and read about him. And I said, OK. But I thought she was so broken and now she is like a cactus—no one can touch her. Even if I try to talk to her she is like a cactus. I think she didn't understand anything of the concert. So many things were explained during the concert—about forgiveness... But she was so broken and she didn't want to be free. Then I thought this woman represents many Jews in Poland—second generation. I have seen many Jewish people in Poland and they are like her. For many years the Jews in Poland experienced many bad things from Polish people. For many years they couldn't tell anyone that they were Jewish because if they said they were Jewish they would be persecuted. And now, this generation has a lot of anger and they argue with Polish people. I saw how we couldn't change this because it is a very strong spirit. When I see the people who left Poland—like Rafael and Dorin—and live in US or Israel, they experienced some kind of healing because they lived in a land where they could be who they are. No one tells them they have to leave or we don't need you, you are not a good person. And then, when they come to Poland for rest or something, even if they had a bad experience in childhood, they are normal people and we can talk with them. But Polish Jews who stayed are so much harder to talk to for Polish people. And for me, in this situation, I didn't see any way that I could bring freedom to them.*

Our final moment in Dzierżoniów was at the morning service of the little church that meets in the synagogue—the little church with the giant heart for Israel!! I didn't know that they were expecting me to take most of the service to share, and I had not recharged my keyboard. So after two songs it died on me, but there were things the Lord put on my heart. Pastor Leszek's wife, Ela, was in tears as she shared her story with me about the Lord healing her face after a condition she suffered for 11 years. She was still in tears as we left. In fact, it was very hard for them to let us go. There were more gifts and many thanks and prayers for us, and they followed us out to our cars.

We made it back to Koło with a little bit of time to spare. The theatre was old and gorgeous. It was kind of stunning to see the black grand in the middle of the stage under the lights. It felt very special. As I was warming up in the little backroom I could hear the crows—very loud and noisy, and I began to pray. It reminded me of being in Jedwabne. Not a good feeling. I prayed and then we all prayed. It was a good thing!! The translator was very nice and receptive. And it was great to see Beate again!!! We first met up in Berlin in October 2013 during A Tour of Roses. Beate drove all the way from Berlin to be with us for a few days. She ended up staying until the last day of the tour (Sunday). Everything went off without a hitch and the concert was very well-received. Many people were deeply touched, without words.

**Pam:**

*I remember walking in and seeing the grand piano all set up, the fact that Sally was going to be able to play on a grand piano for the Lord's people was just so nice. And I remember thinking that he even considered the interpreter. Because even as an interpreter (sign language) I have run into*

*many situations that ended up causing issues because the interpreter's placement was never considered. That was a really huge blessing, that he (Pastor Julian) took everything into consideration—the placement of the screen behind the piano so that the audience could read the words. And then praying and watching the people come in with smiles and expectancy, and with hope. I don't speak Polish, but I knew God was at work. I knew He did a mighty thing that night, even though we may not have seen the evidence, I believe that these are a very private people and that the Lord was working in their hearts and the revelation will be shown later, because the Spirit was truly present.*

**Beate:**

*So when I came to the concert I was so full of joy, and I really saw the sky open a little bit when I heard the birds sing as Sally was talking. And also as she spoke I really saw God speaking—Yeshua. There was such clarity in Sally's speaking, that Yeshua is our only door—and He is it, the resurrection. He is the One who helps the whole earth, who has done it for all of us. It was wonderful to have this friendship connection to the people I know and the people I don't know on the team, and being together after this wonderful concert. And the next day we had so much help from the Polish people at this congregation (The Pentecostal Church in Łódź) —it was like a storm. I never saw it in this force, that a thousand and fifty roses were cut and stripped and petaled in such a short time. Also, I was soooo happy to meet Magda for one day, because I love her!!*

**Marlys:**

*At the concert I saw a beautiful face come in—and there was Beate. And I felt like my daughter came in, and I was so pleased. It was such a great feeling to see her. I knew she was coming, but I didn't know when or where. We talked awhile and she got to meet everybody. And she found a place to film the concert. The interpreter was Emilia, was a beautiful young lady with a great spirit. She had a headache and we prayed for her. She was nervous about interpreting and she did a great job. And her headache was gone. The auditorium kept filling up and filling up. I would estimate maybe 200 people. There were a lot of people who didn't leave afterward, and they clapped for an encore—and Sally did another song, "Love is Reaching." They couldn't stop clapping. It was just beyond—I don't know, the Holy Spirit was just there. The auditorium was full with the Holy Spirit. That night we went to the Pizza place for the second time (which I think has the most amazing pizza I have ever had in my whole life) to eat after the concert.*

It took a lot longer to get us on our way to Łódź the next day. The "free day" was quickly reduced to a few short hours after we checked in and had lunch with the pastor and received our first 1000 roses. Łódź, a bustling city, reminded me of Warsaw--busy all the time. Pastor Piotr was an awesome and gracious host, making sure we got checked in at the hotel, only a short jaunt across the street from the church, and getting us something for lunch. The first thousand roses for Łódź arrived just before the food did, so Magda and I went with the elder, Andrew, to unload them. They were beautiful Naomi roses, and they even had a little fragrance this time... We all agreed to meet back at 7PM to begin cleaning, but things don't always turn out like one might expect. There was traffic, a little excitement trying to find ribbon to tie the rose cards on to the roses, and miscommunication for most of my team that went to the mall. On the other hand, where I thought only 2 people might come from the church to help us clean 1000 roses--20 people showed up exactly at 7. I only had one rose-scratcher to start us off, but that didn't slow anyone down. People

were using their knives to get the thorns off, their thumbs and fingers--it was quite the scene. One man took a cleaver and a breadboard and began to chop the stems at the bottom like some kind of ginsu knives demonstration. I had never seen anything like it and told him so. Everyone was talking and joking in Polish, and every now and then "owing" loudly when one of the thorns stabbed them. Beate and I were quite amazed at how overwhelmingly helpful everyone was. 1050 roses were cleaned and petaled in about 90 minutes...

**Pam:**

*Pastor Piotr is so on fire for his community. He really wants to reach the hearts of his people. The gleam in his eye as he spoke about the city, his people, and A Tour of Roses—he was very hopeful. And a tremendous force of workers came out. A few of us had gone to the mall looking for souvenirs and when we returned I was amazed at all the work that had already been done. The people that I met who were there preparing the roses were very gracious and kind.*

**Randy:** *When we met Pastor Piotr, he was very warm and welcoming and excited for the Lord—and to have us here. It was a great way to begin our visit in Łódź. And I am again reminded how sweet the fellowship is in the body of Christ. I have conversations multiple times during the year with friends who are Jehovah's Witnesses and one of the things I emphasize to them, trying to explain to them the difference between being a Jehovah's Witness and being a born-again member of the body of Christ, is that our fellowship is organized by the Spirit and not an organization. I was reminded of that difference every time I met new believers who confessed the name of Jesus Christ at every one of these new churches we went to.*

The next day we gave out all 1050 roses in two different locations. It was wonderful. In the first location in the morning, near the Center for Dialogue, I brought my keyboard out and began to worship. We had a great time giving out roses in the shops and to the people at the bus stop. I picked the first location because it was near the Marek-Edelman Dialogue Center, which is on the edge of the Survivor's Park (dedicated to those who survived the ghetto in Łódź.). We were invited to meet with the director at noon. Asha's dad, Andrew, was escorting us. We showed up in our ATOR t-shirts and jeans to talk with the director, Joanna. She was very welcoming and wanted to know more about A Tour of Roses. We stayed for quite awhile. After lunch, at the second location it was drizzling. I was told I'd have to find the priest for permission to sing on the steps of the Catholic church. That seemed a lot of effort so I just started giving out roses instead. I had such an awesome time. I was thinking I enjoy this even more than doing a concert. Watching the shock and surprise when someone is handed something beautiful without charge. They would ask why, and I would point to the sky and say, God loves you. It was so much fun!!

**Beate:**

*At Devotions we dealt with heart issues about Łódź. It was so sweet in the streets because we speak about the hard things in the morning and go through them. In the morning I opened the Bible to where Jesus said in John 15 "if they hate me, they will also hate you." During our time in Devotions we talked very frankly about what was going on among us and around us. When we began giving out roses near the Marek-Edelman Center it was good. Many people were happy to receive the roses. I also went into a library and only a few people worked there, but they were so happy and surprised to receive a rose.*

*At the Dialogue Center they had a very interesting exhibition about Jan Karski, part of the Polish resistance. The head administrator of the center was Asha, and she was a very kind and intelligent woman. She knew a lot about history, was very knowledgeable, and we had a very deep conversation—a little confrontation first, and then a wonderful conversation afterwards. She really opened up, and even had tears in his eyes...*

*And then in the afternoon we gave out the rest of our roses in front of the Catholic church. I have to say the whole day, after our devotions, we had a lot of joy. What I liked very much was to see how happy Sally was to give roses. She gave bus drivers roses, hopping in front of the bus. Also Sally went with this man in construction to give his fellow-workers roses, also people who looked very tired, coming back from work in their cars had a refreshing as they received roses. This was really amazing!!*

**Del:**

*When we first went out with roses into the community nearby the Marek-Edelman Center for Dialogue, the people were very responsive, particularly the older women. They were very touched and surprised by the roses. Several of them cried. One lady was crying very much and Cordion (from the Polish group at church) came over and spoke to her in Polish. She told him her mother had just died one month ago and she needed comfort from someone, and the rose was comforting her. Everybody wanted roses. Then, when we went to the Catholic church, that was incredible. Asha and I went down to the bus stop. One young man, when I handed him a rose, said, I'm not a girl. And I told him, God loves boys as well as girls, and he said OK—and he took the rose. The young people were very open to the roses. Several of the housewives didn't want them, but when I learned to say "dabro" (free), then they said—"Free, for me?" And then they said thank you. That was great!! We kept running out of roses. I was amazed at how many men took the flowers. The men just opened up and said, Yes, and took them. And I am talking men around 30—not young boys. It was a very good day.*

**Randy:**

*That morning I met Kasha on the street who is Polish and she lived in Huntington Beach, and she was excited about the concert. It was a nice encounter and we had a nice talk. And in the afternoon I met Rafa, who was really excited. He had heard about Sally on the radio and we had a very wonderful conversation. I was excited to know that the concerts were being advertised on the radio. I also had a very nice conversation with a young man who believes in God and he said I know there has to be a creator because the universe is so vast and complicated and we are so small. So I asked him if he believed in Christ and he said he spent two years as an altar-boy in the Catholic church, and he wasn't Christian. He didn't narrow the deity to just Christianity, but I continued the conversation, defining who God says He is in the scripture, and he listened with an open heart. While we were talking another woman came up and I offered her a rose and he interpreted and explained to her what the rose was. I am glad it was raining because Sally didn't get out her keyboard, and I got to witness her handing out roses. It made her very happy.*

*At the Marek-Edelman Center, the meeting went really well with the director. Sally boldly shared what A Tour of Roses was all about—and the Gospel of Jesus Christ. The director asked some very pointed questions of Sally. She used to be a journalist and it made Sally articulate very clearly what A Tour of Roses is all about. After she did this, the director became a little less*

*professional and a little more personal and asked each one of us why we were there, and each of us shared why. And she became very soft—and it became very intimate.*

At least twice we went to the mall and handed out roses. It was always a great experience... On Wednesday that week we went to the mid-week service at the church and Randy and I had the opportunity to share a little during it.

**Del:**

*When we were at the mall yesterday, I could hardly keep any roses in hand. People were just swarming over the roses. Quite a few people spoke English. One young man, who I believe was a student, I offered him a rose and he said why? And I said this is God saying I love you. And he said but I'm not sure I love God. And I answered, it doesn't matter God loves you anyway, and he said, I take it, and took the rose. It was amazing. Then, when I went down to where Pam was, this young man was walking along and I offered him a rose and he asked where are you from? I told him, California. He said, that's wonderful, and he grabbed me and hugged me, and said he is from Kurdistan. And we talked about why we were out as a group giving out the roses—and the concert. He said, I will be there. He was happy to meet people who were promoting God—so to speak.*

*The service we went to in the evening was wonderful!! Even though we didn't understand all the words being spoken, the presence of God was heavy!! And one of our group, Randy, got up to give testimony and it was not just a testimony, it was an exhortation and teaching. Brilliant!!*

**Randy:**

*We passed out roses in the morning in the mall near the palace. That was thrilling because there were so many people. And perhaps when people are shopping it puts them in a good mood. In the afternoon we had a short time when we passed out the rest of the roses in front of the Catholic church and again it's a blessing to see Sally so animated when she gets to pass out roses instead of playing the keyboard. It's also exciting to see the local believers, when they go out with us and have never done anything like this—how blessed they are.*

**Marlys:**

*When we gave out roses in the mall there were a lot of people, and they were eager to get the roses. A few spoke English, and those people would ask, what is it for? And I would say, it's because God loves you. And even the ones that didn't speak English, I said the same thing. I noticed their faces as they took the rose, their eyes were just beaming. I think they felt God's love. They would start reading the card on the rose and when most of the roses had been given out and Sally and Randy were taking the empty buckets back to the car to get the rest of the roses, I was there by myself with my last rose. And I gave it to this guy named Mark. He spoke English. And he asked what we were doing there, and I explained to him that the rose was to show God's love. He asked where I was from and I told him, Los Angeles, CA. We talked more and I asked him if he was Catholic—he said yes. I shared that I was raised Catholic, now I go to a Christian fellowship with Sally—the same church, because he read the flyer with the concert. He said that he would be at the concert. He seemed very excited to go to the concert. Mark wanted to keep talking, and I felt it was important to keep talking to him. I explained more about why we were there, and what we were doing, and how we were showing God's love. And we just wanted to let people know how*

*much God loves them. God loves you! He said, I know it. And then, as he left, he asked me are you going to the concert? I said, yes, I will be there. He said, I'll see you at the concert. I felt very good about the encounter with him.*

*Then I went over to where Del and the rest of the team were, and continued to give out the rest of the roses, and swarms of people kept coming at us, with smiles on their faces, accepting the roses. They kept talking to us in Polish and I kept saying, English, and they didn't understand English, but kept talking to me in Polish, as if I understood what they were saying. And I just kept saying, God loves you, and I expressed it by pointing to the sky, and saying God, and putting my hand on my heart for love, and pointing to the person as you. I did that many times and they seemed to understand. And their faces were so lit up with joy. After we finished there we went to the Catholic church. There were quite a few people there that didn't want to accept a rose, and I just said, God loves you. I didn't know if they understood. This one older lady came up on her bike, very eager to get a rose and I gave her a rose and told her God loves you, gave her the flyer for the concert and she rode off on her bike. I continued to give roses—even to the people in the cars. One lady stopped with her car and looked at me, and I gestured with the rose to her and she rolled down her window and I gave her a rose. She was very happy. And she stayed there for a minute, looking at the card, before she left. And then after giving out more roses, 5 minutes later, the lady from the bike came back with so much joy in her face and said, thank you very much—in English. And she stayed there for just a little bit. I just said, God loves you! That was very special, because she must have gone and read the card and then came back. She really received God's love.*

*Then we came back to the church just in time for the service and it was beautiful!! The worship was just full of the Holy Spirit. I knew the songs only by the melodies, but I sang along with it—even though they were singing in Polish, I was singing in English. They asked Randy to get up and speak, and—wow!! We were all maybe supposed to get up and say something, but Randy said it all. He was full of the Holy Spirit and it was just coming out of him everywhere—I could feel it. And Sally sang one song. And she spoke. It was just amazing to be there at this service with them. It was very special. Afterwards, we had a lot of roses to clean and get ready and I don't know how many helpers there were—maybe 20. And the roses were done in about an hour.*

**Pamela:**

*Yesterday was incredible!! As earlier stated, Asha has been delightful and very uplifting and encouraging. We found a space to hand out roses on the very outskirts of the square so we didn't get booted off. There were people handing out coupons next to us and there would be like a busload of people getting off and coming into the mall. And so we would get this barrage of people coming toward us and it was, like Del said, we couldn't get the flowers out fast enough. When I spoke the Polish word for blessing and present, the older Polish women, I think 3 times, gave me hugs and kisses. And I noticed at one point I was bending down to get more roses out of the bucket and I saw this man coming over and he wasn't speaking verbally, but his eyes were speaking a lot, so I spoke to him and gave him a rose and I said present. And he shook his head, no, and pointed to his ear. And I signed to him, are you deaf? His eyes popped wide open and he nodded his head up and down yes. And I signed, this is God's gift for you. And he just beamed. He asked, what for, and I told him about the concert and invited him to come to the concert. The reason this is so amazing is because many countries have a different sign language. I was shocked that we understood each other so clearly. He signed ASL—thank you. And I said you're welcome, and he*

walked away so happy. As we were walking to lunch at the mall we met a young man, Amadeush, and he joined our team—he is a friend of Asha's from the university, and goes to a different church. He was very reserved, very sweet. He went with us to the Catholic church. He wanted to experience giving out roses. He spoke very good English, and we took advantage of him. He came alive when he was handing out the roses. He got so excited. At one point, when the cars were stopped for the light, he went bolting across the square to give a rose to two people in the first car, and then the next car and the next—and then the light changed. At the Catholic church, I was handing roses out to the drivers in the cars, as they lined up for the light. And this man made eye-contact with me, so I waved the rose—gently. He rolled down his window and I put the rose in with the invitation, and I said, a present for you. He spoke in English, what for? And I said, this is God's gift of love to you today. Know that God loves you. Come to the concert and you will hear more about God's love for you. As I was speaking this, his face lit up and he smiled and his jaw dropped, and he didn't say another word. The guy behind him honked his horn, and so did the guy behind him...

At the Wednesday night service at the church, the Holy Spirit was indwelling. The pastor was very gracious, Pastor Piotr, and asked Sally to do at least one song. He tried to get her to do more. The song Sally chose everyone was taking it in. When she finished there were a lot of amens. The Lord was present. Randy was asked to speak and it was so led by the Holy Spirit. God gave Randy the words to share—He spoke about God's love, and God indwelling, about our hope and about Christ coming again—and there were a lot of amens again. The worship was just awesome!! I have no idea what anybody said, since I could not hear the translator, but I will say that my ears did not hear—but God spoke to my heart throughout the service. Our Lord is awesome, mighty in power and authority!! And His Body is one in the Spirit—different languages, yes, but one in the Spirit!! And the people who came afterwards, to help with the roses, truly blessed us, such that we couldn't work until half of them were gone. So we had a blessed time of fellowship!! And thank you so much, Pastor Piotr's congregation!! A few of them stayed until we left with them. It was just so sweet.

It is becoming evident to me that we are making an impact on the city, because a gentleman approached me and said, I have been seeing roses for two days, they are free—why are they free? So I got to explain about the concert and God's love, and he was so happy to get his free rose. Another man came up to us when we were out and demanded his free rose. And Asha told me he is being rude. He insisted we had a rose for him, but we were all out. Asha told him we will be having more roses tomorrow you will just have to look for us. I handed him a concert invitation. Asha said, come to the concert and there may be roses...

### **Randy - Regarding the concert:**

We went to this beautiful place, Poznanski Palace. It wasn't very full and became more beautiful as it filled up, but it reached the peak of beauty when the majority of the people came forward in response to Sally's invitation to open their hearts to the Lord. It was deeply moving. There is always a hesitation in an altar call, and the first person who came forward was a young man who had just been released from prison, Gerard. The Spirit was present in a profound way.

### **Marlys:**

*Tonight we prayed before the concert and I felt the Holy Spirit. And as the concert started the Holy Spirit was just there from beginning to end. Sally's voice was just full of the Holy Spirit. And when she invited people to come up and get a rose, and this young man came up who had been prayed for the night before in the church, me and Randy just started crying because we just knew it was God working. And then everyone came up for a rose.*

**Pam:**

*As I was taking pictures of the crowd, there were very few people in the room scattered, but within 5 minutes the room was overflowing—full. And what touched my heart was when Sally spoke in Polish, and I could sense everyone being so happy that she was trying to speak their language. And as she gave the invitation to come forward, Gerard came first. And then there was literally a flood of people, and as the flood ceased, the hostess came forward and spoke about how much it touched her heart—that Sally explained the gospel so simply. She is a Catholic, and from what I understand, it made sense to her tonight. She was the second person to take a rose.*

**Beate:**

*We prayed a lot today for the concert in the evening. And for me, it was really God's wonder of grace. It began very slowly and then came a wave, and so many people laid down their burdens, and I could see it. And I saw Randy and Marlys crying, and I did too. You could really feel it.*

Unfortunately, Radagast Station (the memorial for the Łódź Ghetto) is closed on Fridays, but Pastor Piotr was able to get the people in charge to allow us in to see most of it. The first place we went was the Railway car. It was one of the original cars. It had the tiny windows with bars and barbed wire. When we went inside I felt immediately like I wanted to pray in this place, but there was more of the exhibit to see. So we went into the tunnel where all the names were. I saw lists of people who had been in and through this place. The lists of names went on and on. Crushing in its quantity. I put my hand on the glass over some of the lists and prayed for those families that remained. Mercy, God, healing and comfort—and hope and redemption... It was very hard in the tunnel. Then I led everyone back to the train car because it was there I wanted to worship. In the darkness and old wood of the railway car. And the first song the Lord put on my heart was, "Praise Awaits You in Zion." To the walls, to the earth, to the sky—to the memories of all those who died—and beyond—there is a hope that never dies. And then we worshiped together and prayed and cried. It was an amazing time!! And I asked Pastor Piotr, along with the other Polish people with us, for forgiveness for the unforgiveness, judgments, and prejudices my family and I, and even friends of mine, maintained—and some still have—toward the Poles for what happened in the Holocaust. It was so deep in me, primal like a scream, who are we to stand in judgment of any other nation for what they have done? All of us have sinned—and fallen short... And then Pastor Piotr also asked forgiveness of all of us who are Jewish, for the sins of his people and what they failed to do—and even what they did. Finally, Beate also shared her heart as a German, and the deep grief over how the Germans oppressed the Poles and killed the Jews. There were many tears and we all embraced as a group and began to pray spontaneously and worship together, our arms around each other. Deep things were said and prayed.

**Del:**

*I had a hard time at the ghetto. I was trying hard to suppress my feelings. Being in the railway cars, just experiencing the possibility of what it was like with hundreds of people in these cars.*

*Seeing all the names in the tunnel, it was heartbreaking. I was overcome with emotion and it made more real the horror of what happened. The worship time turned so much around. The worship was incredible, and particularly what Sally said about life and death—and put it all into perspective, and touched the hearts of everyone including the pastor. We were all reduced to tears. The only thing I can say is that throughout all of this, God knew everything that was happening, and even though the people may not have known it, He was there with them.*

**Marlys:**

*When we parked at the area we saw the train cars and the tunnel and the memorials, I thought, I guess we are just stopping here first. I did not know this was the ghetto. So—we walked through the railway cars and you see these little tiny windows with barbed wire. As I looked out of it I imagined it stuffed with people—prisoners, who couldn't get out. And we went on to look at the exhibit in the tunnel, all the years between 1939 and 1945, and there were the actual papers with the names of the people on the walls—many, many people. That's when I really understood what it was. We went back to one of the railway cars, cause Sally wanted to worship in there. And wow, what a time of worship it was! Sally shared a little bit and she was crying. The pastor shared and he was crying. And then we all got in a circle and prayed, sang, and cried. It was powerful!! I did not want to leave. When I saw the wall with the names and the prints of the hands, and we came around the building there were sayings on the wall about what happened, and Sally was with me, and she said, Marlys, it's OK, you can grieve. And I didn't want to let anyone see me crying, and I just turned to the wall and started crying. This was a camp. This was not a ghetto like I thought it was.*

**Randy:**

*Going there was like going to the concentration camps, and it caused me to think deeply about man's inhumanity to man, and the suffering of life on this earth. We had a close time of prayer and worship with the Lord. At the ghetto memorial I gave a couple of roses to a couple. It turned out he was British and she was from Sacramento, but they were in the U.S. military, stationed in Italy. They received the roses with joy.*

Pastor Piotr said a very telling thing as we left Radagast Station. He said, "I thought I was taking you to see the ghetto—but you showed it to me..." Afterwards we drove over to Freedom Square to hand out roses and get some lunch. It didn't take long for the roses to disappear and then we grabbed a quick lunch and headed back to prepare for the concert at the Dialogue Center.

**Marlys:**

*When we went to Freedom Square to give out the roses, we parked the car and went to the center island. There was a fountain and a big statue, and this is where we gave out roses as Sally was singing. And a lot of people came from all different directions to get to this little island part, because they saw the roses and they wanted to see what was going on. Many people that came to me spoke English, and when I said "present, This is a present for you." They said, "For me?" I said, "Yes, God loves you." Their faces just lit up. And then I told them there is a concert and many of them said, "Oh yes, I know where that is, I am going to go."*

**Pam:**

*Kordian and Gerard were so excited, they couldn't wait to hand out the roses, and within 45 minutes 300 roses were given out. These boys really caught the vision of the rose representing God's love and healing for the people. And they just wanted to tell everybody about it!! It was a wonderful thing, even though I don't speak Polish, to listen to them share in these conversations—and I could hear some words, and I knew they were telling people about God's love and it was very touching because they were both new believers.*

*The concert tonight was filled with God's presence. The people were touched. I have no idea how many were there. And the people came forward when Sally spoke about forgiveness and laying down their bitterness. And a Holocaust survivor, who is 92 years old, came down to speak to Sally. Then another lady, a daughter of a Holocaust survivor also came down—they were both very overwhelmed by the concert. It was a blessing.*

**Del:**

*When we were in the square handing out roses later, there were lots of workmen. And I was handing roses out to the workmen downstairs in the square and different people walking by, and then there were 3 men up on the balcony, and one of them called to me and said, "I have a rose." I said, "yes." So he came down to get a rose, the other two stayed up. So I gave him the rose, and he asked me where I was from, and I told him, California. And he said why are you giving roses? Del said, to let you know that God loves you. And he took the rose and he kind of looked at me a little funny, and said "God loves me?" And he pulled back a little more, "God loves me?" Before I could say anything else, his friends up above were talking to him in Polish. So he said, thank you, thank you, thank you and he went back up to his friends. As I continued to give out roses, I hear him say in English to his 4 other friends, "She came all the way from California to tell me God loves me." Then his friends wanted roses too, but we were all out.*

*All I could think about, when we came into the auditorium for the concert, was that there was something there—an oppression which could be felt. We had a little bit of a problem with the sound, but the people were so caught up in wanting to hear everything Sally was singing and saying, they told us about the sound. And when it was fixed they applauded. Very, very touching evening and heartfelt responses at the end, not only toward Sally and her music, but reaching out to God.*

The second concert in Łódź, took place at the Center for Dialogue. It was a very meaningful night to me, as there were Poles and Jews in the audience, including a 92-year-old survivor of the ghetto, Franka Kon, who spoke with me after the concert. Many people came down to take a rose as a symbol of receiving Jesus' love in their hearts. They called me back for one more song, and I sang accapella "Oseh Shalom," an ancient prayer for peace. To my great surprise, one by one they began to stand and sing--some in Hebrew and others in Polish. It was quite amazing!

Saturday our group split up. Pam, Beate, and Randy drove to Auschwitz. Pastor Piotr was kind enough to lend them his car for the journey. Marlys, Del, and I gave out the last 15 buckets of roses in a very famous part of Łódź, ul. Piotrkowska, the longest pedestrian street in Europe. We were accompanied by many friends from the Pentecostal church, and over 1000 roses were gone in under 2 hours.

Later, we prepared for the final concert at the Catholic church. Everything seemed to be going wrong. Their keyboard was too small and the screen for the words wasn't working. We ended up using my keyboard and projecting the words on the wall. This was a smaller venue than the other two places, and it was completely full. There were some odd moments at the beginning, due to a woman who decided to engage me in conversation during the concert, which was hugely distracting. Finally, I realized I needed to just stop and pray, asking God to bless our time. As soon as I announced I was going to pray, the woman left, slamming the door behind her. I knew for sure then, the enemy had planted her as a distraction. But even after she left my keyboard sustain pedal started working in the opposite way it was supposed to. I eventually stopped to correct it, and from there on out was able to proceed without any further interruption. What was amazing to me was that, though I felt this was the weakest concert in some ways, the most people responded afterwards. Several people came and told me, in tears, that God has delivered them during the concert.

On Sunday morning we went to the Pentecostal Church. We had an awesome time of worship and prayer. People were so beautiful to us!! Pastor Piotr wanted each person from the team to share—even though it went over time. It was precious!! And again we all had a very difficult time saying goodbye to each other... It's awesome how God worked in all of our hearts to knit us together.

None of this would have been possible without all your love and prayers and support!!! Thank you so much for your awesome and generous giving in all these ways to each and all of us. We were the hands and feet, but you were definitely part of the heart of this mission. May all these reports serve to bless and encourage each of you who sowed into this project!!!

Shalom  
Sally Klein O'Connor