

In the fall of 2006, at the end of a three-month language course in Jerusalem, an Orthodox Jew with curls at his temples suddenly addressed me in a commanding tone: "You must become a Jew!" When I asked him full of amazement "Why? I am a Christian!" he replied: "For that very reason. Jesus was a Jew." There was nothing I could say against this. In retrospect, this Orthodox Jew, although smoking a cigarette, appeared to me like an angel of God and preoccupied me intensely. Two events came to my mind that I had experienced in April 2005, also in Jerusalem. One event was a fan heater in the shower, which I could not start up on the Sabbath despite my best efforts. But the very next day, the machine was running again without any problems. The second event concerned a dinner. I had invited a visitor and prepared meat with a cream sauce. The following night I developed stomach pains that were so severe I had to seek a pharmacy and get medicine. I thought the meat had been rotten, but I later learned that my visitor had not had any complaints like mine. The whole thing felt like a divine invitation to become Jewish.