

December, 2025

Special Chanukah Testimony

by Rebbetzin Janet Forman
... to build, to encourage, to inspire



Chanukah ("dedication" in Hebrew) was initiated after an epic victory by the Jewish Maccabees against the Syrian Greeks who had tried to destroy Jewish life. After an unexpected military triumph, the Jewish people cleansed the desecrated Temple and re-dedicated it to the Lord.

To highlight this beautiful season of dedication, I've asked my wife Janet to share her testimony with you. She describes her journey coming to know Yeshua as her Messiah and dedicating her life to the Lord.

"I was raised in a secular Jewish home in Philadelphia. Although my family celebrated only some of the Jewish holidays, I always had a strong Jewish identity. Almost all my friends were Jewish, and I attended many Bar and Bat Mitzvahs. The Torah services were always followed by a big party, with disco dancing and alcohol. Internally, I was disturbed at the hypocrisy of these events.

At 17 years of age, I fled my east coast Jewish culture, to study at the University of Montana - cowboy country! As I walked into my dorm on the first day, there on the wall was a big picture of Yeshua. My first thought was, "I'm out of here!"

My roommate Molly turned out to be a born-again believer who loved the Jewish people. Molly invited me to Bible studies, but I was sure that what she believed was for people with problems... and I didn't have any! Thankfully, Molly continued to pray for me.

Two years later, I felt it was time to find out what being Jewish was really about. So, I went to Israel.

It was February 1976, and I was 19 years old volunteering at a kibbutz in the Galilee. At this tender age, I was oblivious to the lingering tension of the 1973 Yom Kippur War and the accompanying acts of terrorism.

What was evident to me was God's strong presence as I worked in the fields on the kibbutz, and in the mornings as the sun streamed down through the clouds over the Jordanian hills.

Months later, I found myself walking in the Sinai desert, alone in the stunning silence of the stark, desert mountains. I had a distinct sense of God's omnipotent presence. I knew, somehow, that the Moses from my childhood storybooks had really been here. This was a revelation for me, as I had never particularly thought about God or the Bible.

Eventually my time in Israel came to an end. While booking my ticket at the Lod airport, there was a sudden, deafening boom. A bomb had detonated near where I was sitting, completely collapsing the ceiling a short distance away. I was unharmed, but unfortunately two people nearby died... it could easily have been me.

In that moment, I realized that I had no idea what life was about, and that God wasn't happy with my selfish, self-centred ways.

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Happy Chanukah!





I went on to The University of New Mexico in Albuquerque where I would finish college. My chief goal was not just a degree, but to prove to myself that I was strong and self-sufficient, able to navigate this unpredictable world.

However, the exact opposite happened. Albuquerque, at that time, was the drug and rape capital of the USA. The atmosphere of the city was intense, and hostile. I lived in constant fear.

During this desperate time, I read my father's Tanach (Old Testament) that I had brought with me. I saw that 'I should love the Lord my God with all my heart, soul, and mind, and that I should fear Him'. I believed in God, but how could I love a God I didn't know? I knew I didn't fear God and, ironically, that frightened me. I read in the Bible that God actually talked to people, but when I tried to pray, the result was a flat, empty silence.

In this challenging season, someone began preaching to me about Yeshua... a lot... non-stop. I wasn't interested. I intended to sort things out about God 'the Jewish way'.

That year, on Yom Kippur, I attended an orthodox Jewish synagogue. I prayed and fasted all day. While walking home, a disappointing reality struck me - I knew that NOTHING had changed. I was still selfish and self-centered.

Finally, at the end of myself, alone in a room, with my face on the carpet, I prayed "Yeshua, if you are real, prove it to me. I am Jewish, and I don't believe in You (nor did I want to believe in Him)."

Immediately, something changed within me; there was a glimmer of hope that God had heard me! I understood that I had to give my life to Yeshua, but I was afraid. I didn't know one Jewish person who believed this way. As I tried to ignore this new revelation, life became more miserable.

Six months later I attended a Bible study for Jewish people who believed in Yeshua. There was an elderly Jewish man - a Holocaust survivor - who was filled with the love of God. That night, because of his gentle, genuine manner, I was able to give over my life to Yeshua, the Messiah of Israel.

*I began by seeking Judaism, but in the end, found the **God** of Judaism."*

Janet's testimony is an example of what God is doing today among our Jewish people. Sometimes it is a long and arduous process. Many like Janet are seeking Judaism, but God in His mercy and grace reveals Yeshua, the Messiah of Judaism; the true and living God!

"And you will seek Me and find Me, when you search for Me with all your heart. I will be found by you, says the Lord".

Jeremiah 29:13-14a



~2~

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