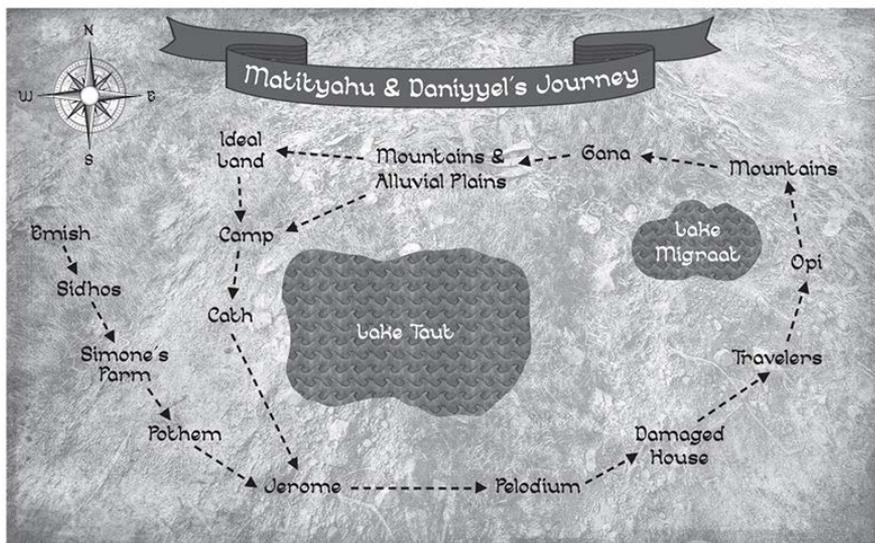


A *Journey* with
MATITYAHU

Book 1
Awakening

LYNNE COCKRUM-MURPHY Ed.D.



Was That a Miracle?

Day Two

Matiyahu and I passed farms as we walked, and we now watched donkeys wandering outside Sidhos – small, quiet and walled – the first town we came to on our journey. We entered the nearest gate and headed towards the communal well to add to our water supply when we overheard an angry man berating a boy, whom I assumed to be his son. Before I could think further about this scene, the man raised his hand to strike the boy – and at the same moment, Matiyahu appeared at the man’s side. The man’s eyes widened as he looked at Matiyahu in surprise and dropped his arm in slow motion.

Matiyahu greeted him as if there were no tension present, as if we had been standing alongside him all along. The boy, however, kept cowering. Matiyahu kept his eyes on the man and smiled easily. Matiyahu asked, “Is there a market in your village that you might direct us to” We are just passing through and longing for more meats and cheeses for our dinner.”

As if the conflict between father and son had not occurred,

¹ Footnote: Daniyyel pronounced Daniel, Matiyahu pronounced Mathew, Timotheos pronounced Timothy.

the man directed us towards the market and the boy set to work at the task I suspected his father had expected of him in the first place. The boy's face relaxed as his anguish melted.

Matityahu and I both expressed our gratitude and told the man what a pleasant village he had. Matityahu added how fortunate he was to have such a mindful son, who now looked engrossed in the tanning of a hide. The man smiled, as if he knew all along what a wonderful life he had. The boy continued his work, peeked briefly at his father in amazement, then shared a quick smile with Matityahu.

Had I just seen this boy's father transform from formidable to peaceful? We all shook hands as Matityahu and I took our leave and headed to the well and, of course, the market.

Later when I asked Matityahu what shifted so quickly within that man, he simply said, "Daniyyel, you saw God's grace." I nodded in agreement. I took the small miracle in stride, just as I had taken the others over our years of friendship. We got water and provisions and walked on.

Let me back up to Day One and show you how I know that Matityahu is responsible for these amazing events – and why I study him so closely.

Day One

At sunrise yesterday in my family home, I gathered my gear and moved towards the front door – only to see my mother standing there, blocking my exit. With tears welling in her eyes, she complained, “Daniyyel, I will not know where you are. What if I need you? How will I know you are safe?”

I leaned down, wrapped my arms around her little body and reminded her, “I love you, Mother. And it helps *you* when you think of me as a grown man.” Then I told her, as I had several times before, that she must trust both God and me. On top of that, she could count on me to send her messages whenever the opportunity arose. I slipped out the door as quickly and quietly as possible.

Matityahu and I left that morning a bit earlier than necessary; truthfully, in an effort to avoid lengthy goodbyes. We enjoyed the early-morning chill as we walked pulling our clothing tight around us, knowing there would be days ahead with too much heat and no chill at all.

We took the east road out of our village, Emish, towards the many towns and villages we had only heard of in stories. We would soon encounter new places, people and customs that were different from our own. We anticipated

fascinating discoveries. We fell into an easy silence – observing the morning sky, the growing fields, rounded hills, and the birds zipping by – while trusting that all would reveal itself in time.

We invited the road to show us the way. How far will we go? Who will we meet? Will it be wild or fun? Or will it be dull enough to send us right back home?

With enough funds to not worry, I had bought travel clothes and bags sufficient to carry the kitchen gear and Habib (which means beloved), a small, gray Abeyan horse with white markings and a longer back than a typical Arabian, just over fourteen hands tall.

Matityahu said he did not know what to buy for our journey, but he would take care of our needs as they arose. That sounded good to me. I always found him trustworthy.