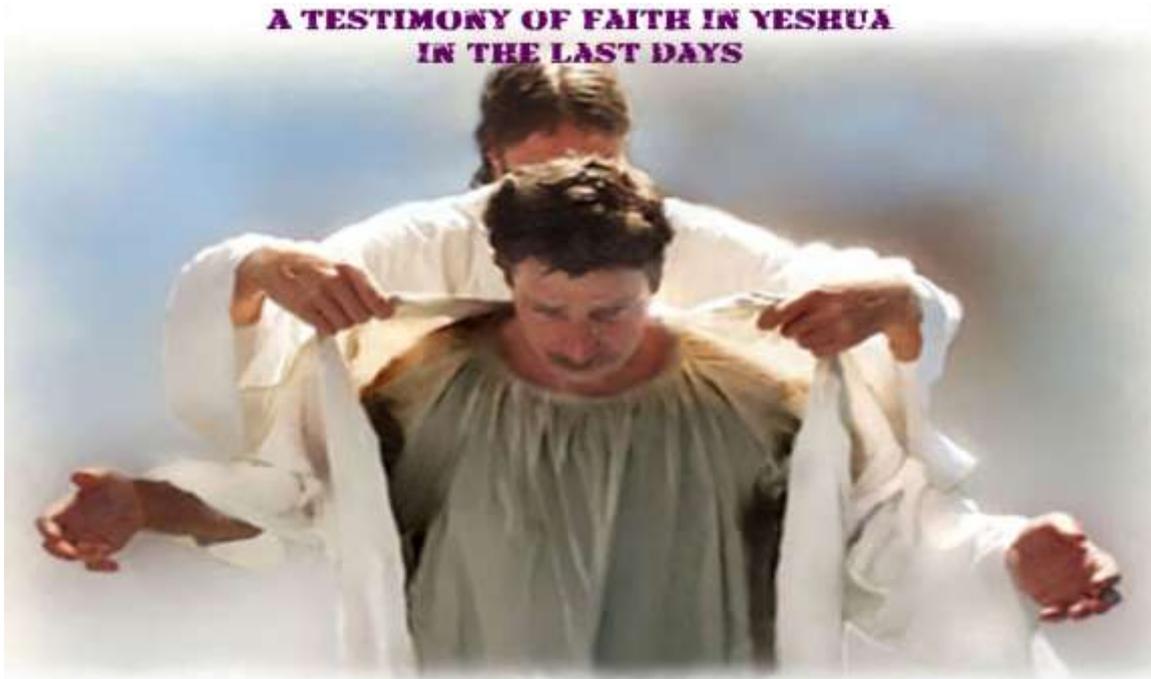


**My Testimony of Faith in Yeshua (Jesus Christ) the Messiah of Israel
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I was born on the 12th of August 19, in Scottsbluff (Gering), Nebraska. I was the first-born of two boys. My brother, Lance, was born in 1971. My parents were not believers in Yeshua (Jesus) at the time that I was born, but came to faith soon after. My mother came from a family of Jews, but as many, they did not practice their faith and I never knew it until much later. As a firstborn son, my mother was not ready to have me nor was I planned, so I was not held much as a baby (this also because people in the church told my mother that it would spoil me if she held me or paid too much attention to me), so this had a bit of a negative impact on my life later, which I will speak about later. My mother did give much more attention to my brother once he was born since by that time she had learned more what it was to be a mother.

My father felt the call to go to Bible college and when I was three years old, we moved to Dallas, Texas where he studied at Dallas Bible College. At this point, even though I was only three years old, I told my father that I wanted to have Jesus in my heart, so I asked him into my heart with my dad's help. Once he was finished with Bible college, we moved to the Rocky Mountains in Colorado where my father was the pastor of a small church for three years and when I was eight years old, I got baptized by my father. We moved from there to Colorado Springs, where my father then felt the call to be a missionary in Italy, so we moved back to Gering, Nebraska where my parents began raising support for Italy. After two years of travelling for support, we then moved to Wheaton, Illinois for another two years before having enough support to move to Italy.

In 1984, at the age of 15 (almost 16), we moved to Florence for two years for language study. It was an incredible time of my life, and my brother and I went to the American International School of Florence. During this time, I discovered alcohol since the drinking age was much lower. From there we were to move to Rome where my father was to work, but he felt he was called to the Roman

Castle area. I had just finished 11th grade of High School. Once we were here we learned that the American school in Rome was too expensive to go to, so my parents had no choice but to send us to a Christian boarding school in Southern Germany. In my life I had seen many miraculous provisions from Hashem (God), but this time he truly showed me who he is and how nothing is impossible for him! My parents did not have the money it would take to send my brother and I to boarding school for the next 2 years, which would have been \$32,000.00. When we went to the mission conference that Summer in Holland, my parents brought the prayer request up, and the everyone prayed for them to have the money. Only 15 minutes later someone called from our mission headquarters in Wheaton to tell my parents that they had just received a check in the mail for \$32,000.00!

My parents spent the next 2 years planting a church in the Roman Castle area while my brother and I went to school in Germany, coming home during Christmas, Spring and Summer breaks. It was a very special time in my life where the students were family and most of us lived in dormitories.

In 1988, I had just finished High School and that Summer we went back to the United States for a year of furlough and I got my first job at a robotics plant. My brother had to finish his last 2 years of High School, so my parents decided to stay an extra year before going back to Italy. In the end, they never went back to Italy and my father decided to work for a mission with international students at Colorado State University. But that didn't work out very long. I remember being disappointed with their decision not to go back to Italy, but I had my life to plan. My brother joined the U.S. Army before he was out of High School as a Chinook helicopter mechanic and he would go to basic training as soon as he graduated, so I decided to join too since it seemed like a good way to have a job. I went to basic training in March of 1990 as a Bradley Fighting Vehicle mechanic and once I finished basic training and mechanic school at Fort Know, Kentucky, I was stationed in Bamberg, Germany with the 7/6th Infantry in September of 1990 and the wall in Berlin came down officially in October. During the Summer of 1990, the United States had begun to occupy Saudi Arabia due to Iraq invading Kuwait. I was worried that I would end up going, but everyone said that I would be safe because we were needed in Germany to fight Communism. That suddenly became obsolete once the wall fell and we received orders to go to Saudi during Thanksgiving week. We flew to Saudi on Christmas Eve.

During this time in the Army, I knew my faith in Jesus, but I was not living exactly the way I should. While not doing many things that most soldiers do, I was drinking very heavily, which on the evening before flying to Saudi, I ended up punching something and breaking a bone in my right hand, but I didn't know about it until the next day. On the flight, I was promoted while sitting shoulder to shoulder and we landed just at about 11:30 at night. Christmas day was a mix of many feelings. I discovered that my hand was broken and had to have a cast put on my hand. This was not good since I discovered later that I could not put on my protective gear in case of a chemical attack, so I had the cast removed before my hand was completely healed.

During this time, many strange things happened to me. I was transferred to another company where I became the driver of an M88 Recovery Vehicle. It was the oldest of 8 in the unit. During the ground war, which only lasted a few days due to the extensive air attacks, I remember never really feeling afraid. I knew that Hashem was with me. There was, however one night when I had to follow my captain in his HUMVEE to get one of our vehicles that had broken down, and the

captain's GPS was broken. There was no light at all, no moon. We ended up getting lost on the enemies' side in the middle of a minefield. At that point, we could hear the enemy soldiers trying to find us and we were getting ready to set up a perimeter and scout. We were worried about a couple of things, getting killed by friendly fire or getting captured. I remember praying: "God, I know who I am and who I belong to. If you want, I am ready to die, whatever you want." Just moments after I prayed, someone found us by sheer miracle, since we were not able to give our position, nor were we visible except with night vision goggles.

Another episode involved crossing back over the Saudi border once Cease Fire was declared. We were all sitting around waiting to move on to our camp destination, when suddenly a General landed in his helicopter and walked over to my vehicle and ordered us to go back into Iraq and recover a down M1 tank. There was only one problem, we had cracked a cylinder and were losing oil by the gallons. When I told the General this and that there were many newer M88 vehicles, he said "I don't care! It's an order!" We made it to the broken down tank and hooked up and drove about 1 mile before losing all of our oil and melting the engine. We had to have two flatbed trucks come and get both vehicles, and when we got back, we ended up burying both vehicles under the sand. We were the last 2 vehicles to leave Iraq out of the whole division!

In all of this time, I just thought about why Hashem was always choosing me to do these things, why did he have me be the one to get lost, to be the last one out of Iraq? Simply, to show me his provision, his protection, his choosing and many years later, after many trials and loss, his calling. Once we got back to Germany, we deactivated the base, and I was sent to Fort Carson, Colorado where I was in a Cavalry unit and became a captain's driver, again, I didn't know why I was chosen, but it ended up being great!

While I was at Fort Carson, in 1993, I received a phone call from Kentucky, where my brother was stationed. He had been in a serious car accident and was on life support, not expected to make it through the night. I was able to get a week's leave and fly the next day. I remember looking at my only close friend that I had growing up and crying. He was in a coma. I was in Tennessee for the next three weeks with my parents until we knew that he was stable, still in a deep coma. It took him over 3 months to slowly come out of the coma and he was eventually medically retired at 100%. My brother could never work again, but he did fight to get better, and prayed for Hashem to heal him.

Also, during this year, my mother began having memories of being abused as a small child and was going through a lot of difficult times, therapy etc. My parents had stopped going to church altogether for about 2 years, but my father still stayed close to Hashem.

After leaving the Army in 1994, I moved back to Fort Collins, Colorado, and in 1995 to Italy, where I was able to miraculously find work at a hotel outside of Rome at nights. I lived there for 3 1/2 years until, in May of 1999, I received another phone call from my father not long after I got to work. My brother had passed away from a self-inflicted gunshot. I returned to the United States for his funeral. From there, I had discovered that my mother had left my father due to the extreme difficulties of her life.

I moved back to the United States so that I could be close to my parents, especially my mother. During this time, my mother had many problems, not just from her past as a child, but with my

brother's accident and death 6 years later. She was the one who found him on his bed. She even stated at one point that he had been her favorite of the two. This hurt a lot, but I pretended that it didn't bother me.

I had many jobs and could not stay stable for very long. I began to go to church and seeking Hashem's will for my life. Around 2004 I was working with developmentally disabled adults and one day one of my coworkers invited me to go to her church with her and her boyfriend. I had no idea what it was, but it was on Friday evenings. It was a Jewish Messianic congregation that was meeting in Greeley, Colorado at the time. I just remember the wonderful dancing and the freedom in the Spirit, things I had never seen in any church, especially the old fashion ones that I grew up in. Later I had discovered the Vineyard church which was much better than the lifeless ones that I was used to. I started going on a regular basis, plus they had services on Sunday too, so I would go to those when I could. I even got baptized for the second time in my life. I just felt it was the right thing to do, as if something had been missing.

As the years passed, I would sometimes move away from Colorado, only to find myself back there. Each time, I would go to the Messianic congregation.

Since I was a disabled veteran, I eventually got diagnosed with PTSD (Post Traumatic Stress Disorder) from the Gulf War, and was put on many medications, antidepressants, anti-anxiety, sleeping pills and medication for ADHD (Attention Deficit Hyperactivity Disorder). On top of all of this, I was still drinking a lot, which is NOT a good combination with the above mentioned medications!

In 2007, I finally decided that I wanted to go to school to get a degree in Architectural Drafting and Design, so with the Veterans Affairs' help, I was able to go to school for free and I loved it! I specialized in an Architectural 3D Program called Revit, which I hated at first, but the Ruach Hakodesh (Holy Spirit) told me to keep going. I figured it would be used to open my own Architectural drafting company. My dream was to design underground and earth berm homes for the end times. Little did I know what it would really be for!

I graduated in May of 2010, and at the same time, I was going through a very difficult time in my life, suffering from depression and the medication was only making things worse, along with the drinking. In the Summer, I had no place to live, so I moved in with my father for the time being. When I asked him what Hashem wanted me to do, he told me what to do, but when I said that I didn't believe him, he said that he knew I would say that and that Hashem was going to have me take the more difficult road. In October of 2010, my father ended up selling his house and moving to another state, so this left me with nowhere to go, so I moved to Denver in hopes of finding work and stability. In December I lost everything I had. I hit rock bottom and had only a backpack and another bag of my things. I wanted to commit suicide. The only thing that kept me from doing it was thinking of my brother and not wanting to put my parents through that again. I knew it would have destroyed them. Also, I heard this voice inside of me that said "I have better plans for you."

At this point, I could no longer get my medications, so I was detoxing and didn't know it. Everything was pinning around and I was very afraid. I cried out to Hashem for help! I ended up finding 2 books that changed my life FOREVER. Both of them were written by a man named Merlin Carothers. One was "Prison to Praise" and the second one was "Power in Praise". These

books showed me the power of praising Hashem for ALL situations, good and bad, and how just by doing this, it could change my situation entirely, or give me the grace and calm to get through. After just about 2 weeks, I was finally off of all of my medications forever! I also realized that I needed to get help for my drinking.

Hashem showed me how I had been using it to try to cover up my pain, especially for my mother's rejection, and how Hashem is my true Father, just like King David said in Psalm 27:10 "Though my father and my mother forsake me, Adonai will take me in." It was incredible! I no longer felt the need to get drunk.

After going through a time of homelessness, in the Summer of 2011, I finally asked Hashem what was happening, what his will was for my life, why was I so in love with Israel and the Jews. He told me so many things. He said that he wanted me to return to Italy, that he had a wife for me and that I was a Jew. I discovered the Jewishness of my mother's side, which had never been spoken of. She even told me years before that the famous architect Frank Lloyd Wright was her uncle, which I also discovered was a Jew. This explained my passion for architecture! (Later on I discovered my Father's Jewish side).

I was visiting a congregation in New York, USA in the Fall of 2011 where I met my wife. It was so wonderful! We both have the same birthday, 2 years apart, I am an Architectural drafter and my wife an Architect, and we are both Jews! Then we got married on the 13th of April, 2012 in Naples, Italy. We also celebrated our wedding in Sydney, Australia at Hillsong Chapel on the 7th of July 2012 and in Jerusalem at the Succat Hallel on the 9th of September 2012, all on the dates and places that Adonai had told my wife.

Since 2013, I joined my wife in the ministry and we are serving Hashem together in Spirit and Truth, and we daily pray for each other, for unity in the marriage in Yeshua, for alignment to the Messianic Ministry. In 2014 we started a Messianic Congregation called Beit Shalom in Pozzuoli, Italy.

We have also been praying for a child since seven and half years, since we are unable to conceive. He will be born in Israel and raised in Israel and serve at the Temple as it was for Shmuel. As it was for Chana, Shmuel's mother, I pray every day for my children to come: he will be called Immanuel, the one who will serve as priest in the Temple, as a Jew among the Jews, who has been chosen from Hashem as His servant in the Temple. Also Tara and Matthew, which will be orphans that we will adopt through the foster home called Malva Italia which we pray to open in Jerusalem, Israel.

We know that all these upcoming events, also the Villages (this is why Hashem had told me to keep going with Revit, so the Villages could be rendered in 3D) to be built in Israel and the nations will be miracles as He has done miracles in our lives to bring us together after all these years and all we have been through, using us for His Glory from Italy to Israel and from Israel to the nations. He is faithful and He always answers our prayers. His Word is true and never fails.

I pray that all women and men, which have lost heart, when reading this testimony of faith in Yeshua, may receive a new hope and future through Yeshua the Messiah. He is our Savior, Deliverer, Counselor and Lord of our lives. I pray your lives may be completely restored in Yeshua's name and fulfilled in His calling. In Yeshua's Mighty name, amen.

Please feel free to contact me anytime via email at beitshalomkehilat@gmail.com to join us in Messianic Bible Studies during the week, Prayer and Shabbat Services, also Special Purim Bible Studies. If you wish to receive Prayer and Counseling please contact us via email, we will be back shortly. Shalom Shalom, Harel (Clint) Frye.