

A Tour Of Roses Final Report Munich 2014

by
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We certainly got off to a rocky start, at least on the American side. The 405 South (a primary route to LAX) was completely shut down at one point and traffic was backed up and we had to get off and drive the surface streets for a stretch. Meanwhile I received a text from Heather and Sam who were already at the airport that one of our team forgot his passport and his friend who brought him had to drive all the way back to Riverside to fetch it. After the rest of us got to the airport, it became very apparent that Gayle wouldn't make it on the same plane with the rest of us and we had to figure out an alternate plan. Thankfully, everything worked out (it helps when over 100 people are—and have been—praying for everyone and everything concerning the trip) and Gayle boarded a direct flight to Philadelphia and proceeded to wait for us. For this change of ticket there was no extra charge whatsoever. That's what I call grace!!! The baggage people for American also insisted on checking my keyboard, promising they would handle it "gently." I was not thrilled but accepted it as graciously as I could. They also were kind enough to waive any extra baggage fees. Thanks, God!!!

From there on out everything proceeded fairly smoothly. Generally Dusty pre-boarded all the flights, along with Hannah and Marlys. We arrived on time in Munich and all our bags landed with us, thankfully!! Jurgen and Beate met us at the baggage claim and we walked our luggage over to Beate's car and proceeded to jam as much as we could into her patient, road-weary station wagon until every nook and cranny was full. Dusty and Hannah drove with Beate and the rest of us took the train over to the YMCA.

We arrived just after the 3000 roses were delivered and the driver was waiting for me. Great timing!! We were given a lower-level room where we could keep the roses and work on them. It was just what we needed. Joachim Schmutz (Joe), Jurgen's brother, who had worked out all the arrangements welcomed us and showed us around—especially the kitchens. The YMCA has 2 full kitchens—one is massive and state-of-the-art with a convection oven. We were given full run of the smaller kitchen with some use of the larger facility for the Passover. We put our bags away, grabbed some lunch, and began working on the roses right away. As the afternoon wore on some of us had to go up to our rooms and grab a nap. But most of us kept working on the roses.

That evening we joined Tanja and her husband, Klaus for their Passover seder at the Baptist church nearby. The seder took place in a very beautiful room with windows looking out on a garden. It was very refreshing just to sit there. Sam immediately connected with Klaus and Tanja who are part of the leadership for Beit Sar Shalom in

Munich, and was invited to participate in some of the liturgy. Klaus had been a Catholic priest but fell in love with Tanja and left the priesthood. In the process of connecting with Tanja Klaus found out he was actually born Jewish. Sam was able to encourage him as a leader in the Messianic community. The people were so warm and receiving as the team passed out roses during my last song...

Marlys: *Tonight at the seder when I was handing out the roses, I felt the people were looking at me and could feel God's love as I was handing out the roses.*

Dusty: *Tonight at the seder I was confined to my chair, but I could twist around and give roses to the table behind me. I handed out each roses to each person, smiling and looking in their eyes. It felt different, it felt right. And the couple closest to me thanked me profusely for coming over and giving them roses. I felt a bit of healing in my heart and I thought, this is how it should be. Even if I am afraid with all my prejudices, if I still act in love instead of fear, I give healing and receive healing, and this is how reconciliation starts.*

Former Berlin ATOR teammate, Mallory Gish commented: *I was so touched by the Love of God being shared I started weeping. Especially when Dusty was saying she felt healing going on in her heart. The thing is that, even though they stepped out available to God to convey His love they were being healed, touched by God, impacted by what God is doing, the list goes on and on. This is why "ATOR" is so powerful – everyone connected to it is impacted by God.*

The YMCA is situated in the largest Muslim neighborhood in Munich. As we contemplated where to give out the roses Sam had a strong word about going through the city gates. But we ended up instead giving out roses in the nearby neighborhood the first day. I took out my keyboard and worshiped as the rest of the team reached out to people. Dusty had a hard time that first outreach because she was stuck in one place, sitting on a chair we brought with us for her. Reaching out her arm as far as she could offering the rose and saying, "Geschenke."

Sam: *There was some resistance and surprise over the roses and our presence but there were many who were receptive. Both ethnic Germans and muslims (even in hajib/burkaks). Please pray that these roses given in love will soften the hard ground and that the gospel will bear fruit. It was encouraging to see some who initially were skeptical when they heard why we were here, open up at least to hear the message of Messiah's love.*

Heather: *Yesterday a German woman named Sybil helped us prepare roses. She asked each of us how we came to be a part of A Tour of Roses. By the end of her time with us, She was crying and sobbing for forgiveness from us for what Germany had done to the Jews. We were able to hold her as she cried and tell her that the reason we were here is because we love Germany. Some need to hear that they are forgiven so we did express that as well, but let her know that it was a spiritual battle that was at the core of the Holocaust.*

Wednesday was extremely busy because of the roses and preparing for the Passover seder that night. We handed out roses in two sessions in the morning and early afternoon near Sendlinger gate in Munich...

Sam: *As we began to give out roses at one of those gates called Sendlinger Tor, we noticed a lady selling flowers on the other side of the gate... She made it very clear that we could not be there. She even threatened to call the police if we didn't leave. I asked her, if we moved how far away would be acceptable. She indicated that we should move at least 100 yards or more away. We moved all the roses to where she had indicated and began to hand out roses. Sally began to worship and sing with her keyboard and we began to pass out roses. This new spot was much busier and we had a lot of opportunity to share with people the love of Jesus. We also had several meaningful conversations with those that received a rose. After talking with one man we encouraged him to pray and ask Jesus to be his savior. He was not quite ready but said that he would pray after he got home. After we were done the Lord impressed on my heart to go back to the flower lady and buy flowers from her. She saw me coming and at first frowned but became quite friendly and even laughed when I said I wanted to buy some flowers for "mine frau"(my wife) but NOT ROSES!! As we were picking out flowers I was able to share with her why we had come to Munich. I told her that some of us were Jews who believed in Jesus, and that we were there to say to the people of Munich that because of what Jesus had done for us and his love that we could love each other. I invited her to the concert that Sally was giving that Friday. We said goodbye with smiles and good wishes and as I walked away the Lord impressed on my heart that we had just been invited through the gate and that this was His doing. Over and over again on this trip we came under spiritual attack, and the Lord would fight for us. He would tell us to lift up a standard against the enemy represented by a Red Rose, a standard of Love, forgiveness and reconciliation that He had purchased by his death on the cross and completed the work by his resurrection.*

Jurgen: *We were able to hand out many roses. I got to talk to a wonderful 75 year old man by the name of Dieter. He was not interested in a rose. He told me his sister was five years old when she was killed in a bombing in WWII right beside him. He has night terrors about this still. He also told me that he saw people in a ditch and Germans shooting them. Later on he found out they were Jews. His father was trying to cover Dieter's eyes so he wouldn't see it... I was able to pray with him and encourage him to receive the love of Jesus. Sally and Sam came and joined us. And they prayed for him as well, and he was soaking it up. He told us that he would talk to God at home and we hugged at the end...*

Gayle: *There was a middle-aged man, probably in his late fifties. I really didn't think he was gonna receive, y'know when I offered him the rose. I was surprised where he stopped. But I got talking to him and found out he was already a Christian. And he was very warm and open and receptive to what we were doing and why we were here... He was very inspiring and encouraging. He was a single man, which was surprising to me that he was as open and receptive as he was. He was very kind and open to the word of God. We had a good conversation. The saying is, you can't judge a book by its cover. He was one I wasn't expecting to receive, but he did.*

The Passover dinner was a miracle!! There were over 100 people who came and they were very open. We had put together special Haggadahs (the printed order of service) in German and English, and roses and CDs for everyone. Heather was truly amazing, and Hannah, Marlys, Karin and Bruno—and everyone else who pitched in were awesome!! The food was wonderful—everyone said so—even though Heather never had a chance to taste it in advance. The whole thing went off without a hitch, although we ran over by almost an hour, mostly because of the foot washing...

Heather: *Karin and her husband Bruno came to help in the kitchen, and they were talking about how much they love Israel, and that every year they had hoped to go to Israel for the Passover but were unable to do it. And when they heard we were coming to Munich to do a Passover Seder, they were filled with joy, and thought how very good God was to give them what they didn't even know to pray for... they never thought it would be possible to have a Seder here. Another woman who helped in the kitchen whose name was Hannah (not from our team) was at Sally's concert the first year (for A Tour of Roses—2009). She became a believer three years ago and said, "What blessing it is to have been at Dachau, to now be a believer and get to celebrate the Seder with Sally" The Turkish butcher gave us a great deal and sold us the chicken in bulk even though it went against his policies. They also gave us all the lamb shankbones for free. At home they cost \$5 each. After several days of shopping at the Turkish market for dinner, the woman who was our cashier finally asked why we were buying so much food. Beate told her that it was for a Jewish Passover Seder dinner. When the woman heard the word Jewish the reaction showed in her face, which saddened Beate...*

When they came back to the YMCA and told me I thought we should take her a rose. When we all walked in to her store she immediately recognized Heather and Beate and I gave her the rose and Beate translated for me that we just wanted to thank her for all of her kindness and help over the last few days. She was very touched by the rose and later on told us that it made her day. She was beaming and there was joy in her face.

Dusty: *God gave me grace for the foot washing. Mom said I didn't have to feel pressure, to take what time I felt was needed. I washed four peoples' feet and the ceremony went on for 45 minutes. I was able to treat each person's foot as if I was washing Jesus' feet. It was really wonderful. Also, I connected for the first time to the hurt in Germany. We were praying with the German volunteers before the Seder, and they started asking for forgiveness on behalf of the Germans, and they were crying. Sam embraced them, both Sam and Mom were releasing them and Sam turned around and asked them to forgive him for his own unforgiveness. It was the first time I'd really seen the hurt myself in people I didn't know, and getting a glimpse of how deep the wound was is a little sobering.*

Marlys: *At the foot washing, there was first a lady with nylons on who came to me. She asked if I could wash her feet like this, but then went to the restroom to take them off. And then there were a lot of men in line, about five of them. So when she came back I was already washing somebody's feet. It was quite an experience, it was my first time doing it, and there's a feeling you can't express because you're just praying for these people and*

washing their feet, and it's amazing what God does and how He gives you the prayers to pray for them... I was just sitting there and this young woman came, I thought she was in her twenties, very young.

She said, "I only came to get my feet washed because my feet are cold and I want to warm them up." So I helped her put her other foot in the water cause she was only putting one in, and she seemed to be happy about that. And so I just started praying for her, and something came over me, like the Lord was telling me something in her life was troubling her. And I just prayed over her, if she was going through any trials that God would be there to carry her through, and she just leaned down and was like, "Thank you, thank you."

So I knew something was going on and kept praying for her. And then she asked if I had any grandchildren, and then I said, yes. I said, "You could be one of my grandchildren. You're a really young woman." And she said she was almost forty. And I said, "Well I'm 75, and I've been through a lot, and God's brought me through a lot. So if there's anything you're going through, he will bring you through it." By that time I'd finished and was drying her feet off. And she just hugged me and thanked me. And she was so pleased and happy, and she couldn't stop hugging me, so I knew God was working in her life. And she was the only woman whose feet I washed.

There were 7 foot washing stations in all. Sam handled one, Dusty another, Marlys, Gayle, and Beate. There were also two unmanned stations for anyone who felt a desire to wash someone's feet as an act of forgiveness, or to bless and encourage a friend. All during this time I sat at the piano and led worship songs. At least two pairs of people went to the unmanned station to conduct their own foot washing. Toward the end of the seder I sang "Nothing But The Blood of Jesus" and invited people to come forward and take a rose if they were willing to lay down their unforgiveness, bitterness, hurt and hate—and make room for more of the love of Jesus in their lives. At first no one responded but then almost everyone in the room came forward to take a rose. It was so beautiful!!!

We had to move from the YMCA to the Euro Youth Hostel on Thursday and it was overwhelming because we had another 1000 roses delivered in the morning and we had not given out nearly as many roses as I originally thought we would. So, at the end of the day we had to move 32 buckets of roses, along with our luggage. It was pretty insane. I had put on the itinerary for that day that we would do an outreach but I soon realized that would be crazy. Well, between Beate's car and two van taxis, along with walking some of the luggage over, we managed to move everything just before 4:30. It took 20 minutes to go 5 blocks to the Euro Youth Hostel. Traffic was very backed up and stalled at this time. People were getting off of work. So, as we waited I had a bucket of roses on my lap and I pulled one out and began to wave it gently outside the window... fishing. And wouldn't you know it, someone came forward and tentatively took it as I nodded OK. Then several more—pretty soon they were "biting" faster than I could get them out of the bucket. By the time we got to our destination I had emptied half the bucket.

Everyone was fried from the move and the Passover the night before so I told the team

they were not required to attend the evening service, but Heather, Sam, Beate, and I went. Rita Humm (from our church, Valley Vineyard) was there ahead of us, helping the people at the church set up for the evening ahead. It was such a treat to see Rita!!! We were so exhausted, I didn't even know if I would be able to sing. It was a bit embarrassing that Sam and I kept dozing off at different points—but God is so faithful!! The Lord poured in and through us in such a wonderful way!! Sam spoke the blessings and shared about the 3rd cup and bread. Jurgen wasn't with us, and I needed some translation for what I was sharing, so a woman who had attended the concert I gave in Dachau during the first ATOR in 2009 stepped forward. Her name was Gaby. She gave it her best shot and we did very well together. It was a beautiful service and many people came up to speak with Sam and me—a lot of deep feelings were expressed as we gave out the roses toward the end.

There was a young woman, Julia, and she was beaming when she came up to me. She used to attend the church, and she couldn't stop saying how meaningful what we were doing is. There were several people who came up and made a point of saying how amazing what we were doing was, and how touched they were by the testimony. Two young men from Rwanda and Uganda asked to take pictures with me and shared how much my testimony spoke to them.

Rita: The Thursday dinner at the Lutheran church, which was the night I arrived, was ministering to believers who you might think wouldn't be so moved by the ceremony. Let me tell you Oh my Jesus! The powerful impact of these precious German believers hearing a message from a messianic Jew about grace, forgiveness, love ... (In their country). Then handing them a rose which they embraced with teary eyes and moved hearts was..... Seriously indescribable. Tremendous. Impactful. Beautiful.....

While we were at the dinner, to my great surprise the rest of the team that stayed behind decided to give out roses...

Hannah: *The first day I went out giving out roses (Sendlinger Gate), it was very discouraging. One person in twenty was willing to stop and accept the roses. Yesterday afternoon, just a half block from our hotel, we were giving out roses to people who were absolutely filled with joy to receive them. They were absolutely standing around, waiting for me to give them a rose, and listening to what we said. It was remarkable to me how many Muslim women, children, and husbands received the roses, and all the smiles and thank-you's I received. There was joy there.*

Dusty: *Marlys said she needed to hang back and rest. The rest of us went down to hand out roses. We waited a little for Hannah, and while we did we handed out roses from the front of the hotel. Marlys passed out a few roses, and she turned to me and smiled and said she'd forgotten how much she missed doing this. Once Hannah came down, Marlys went back upstairs, and the rest of us went a block down to the busy street. Gayle and Hannah went across the street, and Jurgen and I stayed on our side. We decided to see how fast the roses would go, to decide if we went back for more. I sat on an overturned rose bucket, and we started*

Because the team prayed for me, there was grace for me, I did not take any rejection personally. Jurgen and I were out of roses, maybe within ten or fifteen minutes. Many more people wanted roses this time. It was funny to me how the adults didn't always believe the roses were free, but the children would believe us and take one.

One woman rounded the corner, and I handed a rose to her, and she said, "No." I smiled and said "Ok." She said, "Welcome to Germany." I blinked, taken aback, and thanked her. Then she said, "I'm Dagmar." And I laughed, because Dagmar is a good friend my Mom made in Germany, who sometimes came on the trips and had been planning to meet us. But I had never met her in person, only heard her voice over Skype. She said she had found us by following the trail of people with roses.

We all handed out maybe five or six buckets of roses in an hour... When we were almost done, two police officers walked up to Jurgen, Dagmar and I. I was told later what happened, which is that they had received calls complaining about us, so they had to check it out. It is illegal, we found out, to use the sidewalk for something other than walking (like sitting or passing out roses).

But they softened when they heard what we were doing, and Dagmar said they softened even more when they saw my foot was broken. They suggested we move back into a little inlet in a building (an inset arch that didn't lead anywhere, but was back away from the sidewalk). They also said, "We never saw you." Favor, yeah?

On Good Friday we gave out roses in Marienplatz, which is a very famous area in Munich. I stationed my keyboard in front of the Rauthaus (the new city hall to worship in this particular place. Many people stopped to listen. Marienplatz was where Joseph Goebbels gave his speech in November of 1938 that launched the Kristallnacht pogroms all across Germany.

As I worshiped there was one young woman who locked eyes on me as I was singing "Lay Me Down". She was really moved and stayed for another song after that, then she looked at me and said she would be at the concert that night—and she was. Her name was Susana. At the concert she came forward, among many others, to take a rose, which signified the laying down of bitterness to receive the love of Jesus in their hearts.

Jurgen: *We went to downtown Munich, in the old City Hall today. Marien Platz. We handed out roses in front of it, and Sally was playing songs and worshipping. There was a big festival going on, "How to be more like Jesus."*

We went as a group handing out roses, and as soon as we unloaded and set them down, people surrounded us by the curb, to receive roses.

I noticed one young man, who had already received a rose and invitation to the concert from another member of the team, and he kept enjoying listening to the worship Sally was playing, intently listening. So I started talking to him. I asked him his name, he said his name was Matthias.

But there are some things you can't describe, some connections that don't fit into words

(this was one of those). I shared with him about the blood of Jesus, and Germans and Jews forgiving each other, and letting Christ drop the walls we have in between.

Heather: *When we were at the Marion Platz, Dagmar brought a woman over to speak with me. She knew a family of Jews, both before and after the war. They were doctors, they lived in a cellar when things were really bad. And they would feed them bread through the grates in the basement windows. Eventually, the town ran the Jews from the basement out through the town square and beat them with sticks. Some of them died during the Holocaust. One is now a doctor in Canada.*

The woman said she was never able to forget the images of them being beaten through the town, and said she didn't think Germany could ever be forgiven for the Holocaust. So I talked with her about God's forgiveness, and how He brought us to Germany to tell them that, as Jews, we love them and we forgive them, and that God loves Germany.

She was so focused on all the bad stories of what Germany had done to the Jews, so I told her stories I knew over the last 20 years of how Germany helped save the Jews, and that God wanted us to be friends, and her face lit up and she said, "Yes, we must be friends, we must!" So she hugged and kissed me and she took a rose, and she walked around the corner and left.

Beate: *I like very much to give the roses, and speak with the people. And very often they will ask from whom it is. I like the astonishment of the people, asking "For what is it? From whom it comes?" And asking if they can pay for it. And you say, "Oh, it is a present from God," or "A present from Jesus Christ, Yeshua Hamashiach."*

Often their eyes lighten a little bit, and they go, "Oh, this is nice." And often when there is only a man or a woman, and they say, "Oh can I have something for my child?" or for their wife or husband, or if I ask if they have somebody to give it to, very often the hearts go opened all of a sudden. There was a man, I give him a rose, and he says, "I go to the hotel for my wife." And I give him another one for him also, and in this moment his heart opened. And also I love so much the eyes of the children, because they are not so used to getting roses or flowers, and if you give them a flower really from the heart, they are so happy and so loving and they really understand what it means.

Saturday we spent our day in Dachau—at the camp and then in the town. Rita and Dagmar joined us for our time there. Dusty and Hannah were each able to use a wheelchair during our time there. Dachau is an immense place, rife with significance, being one of the first concentration camps—if not the first. It was mainly used for dissidents and political prisoners, but many Jews and others died there as well. Jurgen was born in the area near Dachau, and our time in the camp that day was especially meaningful to him. But it is Dusty's recounting of our time in Dachau that I will reprint here—in abridged form—from her blog on Tumblr, which you can read in its full version at: <http://hecallsmehischild.tumblr.com/post/83238416544/a-tour-of-roses-dachau>

Dusty: *Mom let us know to meet back at the far corner of the camp near the crematorium for worship. She'd brought her keyboard, and intended to lead us in quiet singing and*

prayer. In the meantime, we split into two groups. Sam, Heather, Dagmar and I passed through the museum briefly. Honestly, nothing moved me, but perhaps I shouldn't be surprised at that. With how much I pored over the books and obsessed over the museums, there really wasn't anything there that could have surprised me...

We wheeled out and over to the metal sculpture, one of the memorials in the camp. Sitting there, staring at that sculpture was the first time I fully clicked into reality. I didn't connect with where I was, but I connected fully to all my senses and the current moment in a way I usually have trouble with, and with a clarity I often lack ([click here for long post about why](#)).

We turned and wheeled out into the area where the prisoners were made to stand for hours during roll call. We were all bundled up in jackets and scarves against the chill breeze, and Dagmar reminded us the prisoners had very little protection against the cold. Sam pulled us to a stop, and asked for us to pray. We gathered in a small circle in the center of the huge graveled area, and prayed. During the prayer I noticed an odd rock on the ground that looked like it had the image of a butterfly on it. I picked it up and put it in my bag as a remembrance.

The next place we went was the recreated barracks, where we could see what the beds and living space in one barrack would have looked like, and after that we went out and faced the long row of gravel beds, surrounded by heavy cement blocks to mark out every barrack. It stretched out quite a ways. I noticed a sign near the beginning that said blocks 1, 3, and 5 were the medical blocks, where patients were used in medical experimentation.

Understand something. I struggle a lot with God. I do not often feel or hear God. But let me tell you, I felt a very strong impression that I needed to get up and kneel down, and touch the stones of one of the medical barracks, coupled by a peace and—dare I say it—joy, that I am personally incapable of producing within myself because of all my anxieties and personal insecurities. So I got up, hobbling carefully over, and laid hands on the stones. I began to pray, and it wasn't a struggle. It flowed out of me, as it really never has like this before. And as I prayed, I heard God. I did not hear an audible voice, but thoughts were impressed on my mind, thoughts that I would not think myself, especially with all the ways I had already psyched myself out to react to this whole location.

And the impression was this. "You do not have to grieve. Death is not here anymore, and you do not have to grieve."

And a joy, one completely out of place with my surroundings, filled me. I was reluctant to leave the barracks, but I was beginning to be besieged by rather large black ants, and I was not interested in being their new crawling ground, so I retreated to my wheelchair. Sam wheeled me down past the barracks ground, and I continued to feel extremely light...

I was amazed at how much greenery was growing all around. And directly to my right was a pathway leading into what looked like a miniature forest. I could not believe my eyes. Guys, at the edge of Dachau concentration camp, there is a fairy forest. I am not trying to be trite, or disrespectful to what happened there, but there is a miniature fairy forest. I could not get over how beautiful the area around the path was, and how

incongruent it was to what had happened. But at that point, I could no longer focus on the fact that this had been a place of death, because all I saw was rampant LIFE.

At the far corner, by a couple of much smaller memorials, my Mom had set up her keyboard on the ground. Sam parked me nearby and we began to sing and pray together. One girl about my age stopped nearby, and sat with us. She began crying.

I don't reach out to strangers. I don't reach out to strangers. I don't—I reached out to her. I asked if I could pray for her. She said yes and held my hands, and I prayed silently for her. Then I looked up and told her, "He (God) thinks you are so amazing... He thinks you are so, so very amazing." She smiled, wiping her eyes and said, "I know." I introduced myself, and she gave me her name, and she left a few minutes later.

A staff member came along, and told Mom she couldn't be playing her keyboard on the grounds. Mom obliged, packing up the keyboard, and gathered us around to pray. She said she felt we needed to pray over the land, the very ground of the place we were standing. Heather informed us we were standing in the area known as the blood trenches. This was the place where prisoners were lined up and shot against the wall.

You know that whole I-don't-really-hear-from-God-that-often thing I mentioned earlier? I carry around a small vial of [anointing oil](#), to use in praying for people. I felt I was supposed to pour it out on the ground. I wondered if I should hold some back, because we're also visiting a camp in Mauthausen, but another person in the camp mentioned that Dachau stands for so many camps like it, because it was one of the first (it opened three months after Hitler took power). So I poured it out completely, and laid my hands on the ground and prayed, along with the others, that there would be healing in Dachau.

Mom felt we needed to, as Jews, forgive the ground we stood on. Understood, we know that the ground is not conscious, but the symbolism stands as we laid our hands on the ground and forgave the place where so much blood was spilled. And make of this what you will, but the sky was cloud-locked with heavy rainclouds from the point in time when we arrived. However, when Mom was singing, and as we prayed, the clouds split wide apart and the sun shone down on the camp.

We prayed that the three Germans with us on our team—one who had grown up in the city of Dachau and moved to Canada—would receive the forgiveness, because all three of them had trouble receiving and believing forgiveness. In all this, I could still feel a lightness and joy, but something even more rolled off, like there was even more freedom after the prayer that I can't fully describe.

When the prayer broke up, I climbed back up into the wheelchair with the help of Sam and Jurgen. Sam and I left via the last part of the fairy forest path, and went into the crematoriums before we left. I went into the gas chamber, the corpse room, and the oven room. I did feel some heaviness while there, and even almost a sense of, "This couldn't have really happened." And even the thought, "This was where there was no God."

But what came to mind was that, although God was not in the designs of the evil that happened here, He is in the aftermath. Honestly, I do not know where He was during the Holocaust, I have no trite answer for that. But I had only to wheel out down the ramp and outside to see life overgrowing the barbed wire, the stream flowing under the bridge, and flowers dotting the overgrown grasses to know that out of the most horrific ashes, beauty can be called forth and life reclaimed, in spite of the evil. And that is the God I serve.

Jurgen: *I spent time with Hannah, going through the museum as she was praying. We went on to the different memorial places until we got to the shooting wall where Sally was worshipping already. Sally encouraged us to take time to forgive the land, and Dusty poured oil on the ground, and some people put their hands on the soil and prayed and blessed and forgave the land, and its people. Dusty was forming a heart on the soil (clearing gravel away to touch the soil formed a heart). After people prayed with their hands on the soil, Dusty asked me to kneel down (so she could talk to me), and she took my hand and had a stone for me, saying “Remember the day Dachau was freed, and the land began to heal.”*

I started to weep, and took her rock, and asked her to touch my hand, and I drew a line around the heart with her hand on top of mine, following the outside shape of the heart. At the very end I engraved a cross in the center of the heart. The presence and the holiness of God was so near, I wept as we did this.

Sally anointed us Germans (Dagmar, Beate, myself) and spoke freedom to us, and that all the shame was washed away. Then Hannah started to sing a song for this place and for us as Germans. “Rise up my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds has come, and the song of the turtle(dove) is heard in the land.”

On the way back, as we came close to the original entrance gate,

Hannah and I stopped and overlooked the open yard between the barracks and the museum. And we were standing in awe before it, seeing what the Lord wants to do. I felt the same about what Hannah said, about seeing people praising and glorifying God in this place. As I pushed Hannah on her wheelchair close to the entrance of the camp, with the inscription, I started reading the inscription, “Arbeit Macht Frei.” I felt compelled by the Spirit to declare aloud as I pushed Hannah through the gate, “Arbeit macht nicht frei, (Work does not set you free). Jesus Christus macht uns frei! (Jesus Christ will set us free)”

*We have a redemptive God, and in Christ, and his shed Blood forgiveness and everlasting life has come, even to the people on this place and to this very nation. The beauty will be so great, that man cannot take credit, but all the glory will go to the **True Morning Star** who has come to save his people in his world, which he created for his glory.*

Marlys: *In Dachau God's light shined up through the ground on a cloudy day ~ it was AMAZING !!! In another area I started crying even before I went into a section with green trees and a pathway. When I went down the path and saw the first plaque, it was the area of the " Wall of the Firing Range ". I started crying more and touched the wall and prayed (Years ago Marlys was shot through the heart by her ex-husband and wasn't expected to live. As of this trip she is 75—and still kicking). Later we did worship further on down the path. This was a very emotional time for all of us.*

Hannah: *Last week was my second time visiting the concentration camp in Dachau. The first time in 2009 was an overwhelming experience. Back then, I was praying and crying*

out to God. This time it was much more quiet. I prayed through the whole camp and never stopped.

And there were places where God said, "Go here, do this. Don't go here, don't do this." As I went down the ramp and walked through the gates of the Jewish Memorial, instead of grief, I looked up at the marble slab that went up to the menorah at the top, and I felt hope, as if hope was coming into the Jewish nation, and I felt very very pleased.

And once again, God did not allow me to go near the crematorium. But as I stood and sat and listened to Sally worshipping, I felt profound peace. I was so conscious of the singing of the birds, and the Lord prompted me to sing from the Song of Solomon 2:10 and on. I looked around and saw the flowers, and heard the birds singing so loudly I knew they had to be directed by God. I revisited the museum, where five years ago God had allowed me to hear the screams of the prisoners when I touched the wall. But I heard nothing of that.

I knew that things were different, better. As we were leaving, I looked at the guard towers, and I just prayed for them to be demolished forever, and in their places would become watchtowers. Instead of looking into the camp with guns, they would be looking out and protecting the camp. And I could see a time when that entire area would be filled with praise and prayers 24/7.

We had between 1200-1300 roses left in about 18 buckets of water. For Easter we decided to go to Marionplatz again, although Dagmar and Heather wanted to go to the main Jewish synagogue in Munich. It was very difficult to get in there because there had been some bomb threats. Heather actually had to "prove" she was Jewish. Once she did, both she and Dagmar were allowed to enter and to pray in the synagogue. The rest of us took taxis with the roses to Marionplatz and we had an awesome time!!! Many tourists, but also many Germans were out and about. And the roses went very fast.

Marlys: *When we were passing out the roses, it was such a great feeling to see the delight on people's faces when they received the roses. There were very few who refused the roses, and even if they refused them, they were very gentle about refusing them, not harsh. And I just blessed them anyway.*

Gayle: *I was handing out roses yesterday, and this lady came walking up to me with a rose, and said she found it laid on the floor, and she wanted to know if she could give it to her neighbor. I said yes, absolutely, and so I gave her one so she would have one, and so she could give one to her neighbor. She'd just come from a Catholic church, and she was thrilled with what we were doing.*

Sam: *We initially thought we would not have very many people to give roses to, but there were tons of people there, and they were very receptive. I talked to one lady from Hungary, where they are debating about making Jews fill out papers again. I made sure she knew who we were after she told me she was from Hungary, and that we were telling the people of Munich and anyone else there that we love them, because Jesus loves them. She was very excited that we, as Jewish believers, were doing this, and said it was a very*

good thing that we were doing.

A group came up and asked me what we were doing and why we were giving out roses. So I told them that we were Jews and Germans and others who believed in Jesus. So they said, "Oh that's very nice. We're with the Jehovahs Witnesses." And they tried to give me some of their literature. I said that I didn't really need any of their literature, but that I would be happy to give them a rose. And they asked me how much. I said they were for free. They weren't going to take it until I said, "But you guys are always giving us free stuff, so let me give you a rose." And they laughed and took the roses.

The impossible happened in 90 minutes. At one point toward the end a little boy, just barely walking, made his way over near my keyboard as I was singing and all these people were snapping and filming. The little boy really liked the music--you could see it in his face. I was singing a worship song about God being good... At the end of the song, as all the roses were gone by then, I pointed up and said God is good! Happy Easter! People clapped and we handed out some CDs to everyone.

What I thought was awesome was the way people began to smile as they saw the roses and even more when they realized they were really really free. And how beautiful it was to see roses scattered all through the crowds as they walked around. Even on the way back in the taxi, Dusty and I spotted people carrying roses until we were almost back to the hotel. And when I brought in all the buckets from our time on the streets the people at the front desk were very surprised. They had seen us load all those buckets of roses and were amazed that we were back so soon. They smiled. I think everyone had heard rumors about roses in the hotel...

One more thing...

Easter night we had dinner with Pastor Michael and his wife, Audrey who lead the church we did the concert at on Friday night. Pastor Michael is from Nigeria, a country still struggling with issues of genocide. He and his wife provided a wonderful meal for all the team and other friends--Philip Budden was there with his wife, Catherine, who helped me put together the concert in Dachau in 2009.

I was able to encourage Philip by telling him that I ran into 3 different women who were deeply touched by the concert and had found me at one of the seders/concerts and told me so. Philip had no idea that anything good had come from it and was very encouraged to hear the good reports.

One of the women who "found" me had not been a believer when she came to that concert in 2009 but had since become a Christian. Philip was very encouraged by this. We were all able to bless and encourage Pastor Michael and Audrey through our stories and prayers for them. They have struggled a lot because their church is Pentecostal and the Germans are very intellectual about their faith. If you think of it, pray for Michael and Audrey as they remain faithful to God's calling in their lives!!!

We got up early on Monday to meet the final installment of roses in Munich—700 of them—and pack them carefully into Beate's car, along with as much luggage as we could

cram in there. Dusty, Beate and Hannah drove to Mauthausen while the rest of us took the train to Linz. Thankfully, we all managed to arrive at the right place, a beautiful bed and breakfast guesthouse in the surrounding countryside of Mauthausen. Gardens, treehouses, every color of tulip you can imagine, blossom-trees as Shannon used to call them, a little chapel and nice patio for us to work on the roses. A kind but careful welcome from our hostess, Barbara, who had only heard about us from Micah's mom, Karyn, who had only just met us as she picked us up from the train station. No one was quite sure what we were planning to do, but they were trying to be open.

Once we settled into the house and found our rooms—which were lovely—we began working on the roses, preparing them for Tuesday. We had a lively time of fellowship. I think we were all encouraged and refreshed by the beautiful surroundings.

Dusty: *Our hostess is amazing, hats off to her. Everything was fresh. The boiled eggs were from her own free-range grass-fed chickens (I can testify to the free range part, they're currently running around the grounds), The ham slices were from their own pigs. We had milk and butter that I can only assume are from their own cows. We had rose-hip and apricot jam. Home. Made. We had cocoa and the hostess steamed a mug full of milk and ground our cocoa which we spooned into the milk and stirred for the most fabulous hot cocoa... She served us a small fruit cup with a mint sprig and just... I don't even... Some of us had apple-and-aloe juice, and there was homemade haymilk cheese with actual hay around the edge... that one I tried and didn't like so much but STILL the breakfast was mind-blowingly wonderful... not to mention the bread which, at this point I can only assume was home made as well.*

The next day we set out around 11AM for the center of town to hand out roses. It was pretty quiet. We found out later that most of the people and shops kind of take a break around 11:30 and come back around 1 or 2PM.

Hannah: *I was with Beate. We were going in a little narrow path between two buildings, and a man started talking to Beate. He ended up leaning out of his window as far as he could to take a rose.*

Beate: *The man said hello, he didn't seem very awake. He looked out of the window from above, and we asked him, "Do you want a rose, can I give you a rose?" And then because you can't go upstairs because there are no doors on the side, he didn't know how we would manage, but she reached up as hard as she could, and he really leaned as hard as he could down, and we were able to give him two roses, one for him one for his wife.*

Hannah: *We had two ladies who were together, one might have been the mother of the other. When we spoke to them, they turned down the roses, then Beate realized they spoke Italian, not German. When she said it was a gift in Italian, they both took one and were very happy.*

Also we went into a bar and the bartender who was a woman and one female patron received the roses and let us talk to them about why we were giving them. The female

patron said that she had received no flowers for Easter and she was so happy to have me give her a rose.

Heather: *Jurgen and I were just standing on the side of the road, a little discouraged because the streets were so quiet. All of a sudden from behind us came two people on bicycles. The man's name was Robert, he was very excited that we were Jewish and ministering in Mauthausen. His grandfather was Dutch and was held at the Mauthausen concentration camp, and his mother was German. He spent a year in America working with the Lakota Native Americans. I informed him that I am 1/16th Lakota, and he was so excited he got off his bicycle and threw his arms around me and said, "Hello sister!" He is hoping very much to make it to the service at Mauthausen on the 27th and gave me a rock that he happened to have in his pocket from the Cheyenne River. And he was so touched that we would be ministering in Mauthausen and that it was such a small world that God would bring us here.*

A day or two after we arrived in Mauthausen Barbara, who is on the town council, arranged for us to meet the burgemeister (mayor) of Mauthausen. By all accounts he is a kind man but also an atheist, yet he seemed interested in what we were doing. He was very welcoming and we gave him a rose and a CD. Sam impressed him with his German rendition of "Squirrel Tail". How you pronounce it is the proving point as to whether you're an Austrian or a German. Sam proved to be irrevocably American.

The next day we were invited to share with a group of adult English students at Barbara's neighbor's house. Cecilia was very warm and welcoming. She wanted us to engage in conversation with her students. They had laid out an elaborate dessert table which was a bit overwhelming, since we had a pretty full breakfast each morning, thanks to Barbara.

Heather: *Sam taught them slang. He said we were Sally's roadies. He then had to explain the etymology of "Roadie" and how it was not "Groupie". He also taught the woman sitting next to him, whose name was Margarita, the word "Salvation" in reference to Jews believing in Jesus for their salvation. Being a pastor, he also explained that in Hebrew, the word Salvation is Yeshua, which is also the name of Jesus who is salvation. When the room was asked if they had learned any new words, Margarita yelled out, "Salvation, and Yeshua!" and that she had learned both English and Hebrew. Turns out she is the reporter for the county newspaper.*

I shared some of my songs and testimony—and why we were there in Mauthausen, giving out roses in the street... People were very moved and receptive. And the team gave everyone a rose during the course of my sharing.

Marlys: *This young woman sat next to me, and her name was Sabina, and she was very nice. I ended up taking a picture with her. She said her English wasn't very good, but she talked really well. I said, "If there's anything you don't understand that I'm saying, tell me, I'll explain it in a simpler way." But she understood almost everything I said.*

So as Sally was giving her testimony, and I was in tears even though I've heard it many

times, the way she said it this time had to be condensed because of the class, I was in tears, and there was a lady sitting across from me, and she looked like she could have been my age, but she was in tears and she kept looking at me, and I kept looking at her. And I felt a bond, and I didn't talk with her.

Then I ended up talking to the lady on the other side of me, her name was Anna, and she spoke really good English, and that was really nice. At the end we got to visit longer than the class was supposed to go on. I got to share my story with Sabina. And she just had her mouth open, and she couldn't believe it. I got to share with her how I'd forgiven him (her husband) and I wanted her to know how there could be forgiveness, even with a tragedy that I'd been through.

Beate: *So this man, Franz, he was on my side of the room. He was very deeply touched from the story of Sally. And he said "This is so necessary that the people speak about this, because most of the people don't deal with the history of Mauthausen and push it away." He himself sang us a song at the end about Grandma, that we treat her right and listen to her. It was a beautiful song.*

Heather: *One of the things that I noticed yesterday was that when I'm on a Tour of Roses, and I tell someone I'm Jewish, I wait for their reaction, and then allow God to direct me which way to go with the conversation. With the women I was speaking with, I noticed the same, almost flinching reaction when they say Mauthausen and realize I'm Jewish. I'm waiting to see how they react with I say I'm Jewish, and they're waiting to see how I react when they say they're from Mauthausen. In the conversation, we both had to let our guard down. As we discussed why I was there, all three of the women I was speaking with were moved to tears, and said "Thank you for coming and finding something good about Mauthausen."*

Back on the street again...

Gayle: *I had a couple of people give the roses back after they read 'em. One I gave the rose and the card (invitation) and when he read 'em he handed 'em both back. Most of 'em just grabbed the rose and kept on walkin', took off. Told 'em we were having a service, some would stop and take the card. Most people were open to receive. I got a kick outta one lady. She comes out, I have my back to her, she walks behind me, crosses the street, and she gets a rose from Sam.*

Dusty: *I went with Beate and helped hand out roses and invitation cards. She did most of the talking. We stopped by and gave a female clothes shop worker a rose, and then I turned to hand a rose to a rather stressed looking woman walking through the doors. She turned it down, explaining as she walked off. Beate relayed that she had to get to work (presumably somewhere in the mall). But the woman turned around, and had some exchange with the first woman (the clothes shop worker) which ended in the first woman taking a second rose to hold for the second woman, and the both of them hugging and smiling. That was pretty awesome.*

After a couple days of seeing what we were doing Barbara encouraged us to give roses to

her neighbors. Now her neighbors were a bit of a walk in different directions but Sam and Jurgen set out one evening, just before dark, to honor Barbara's request...

Sam: *We talked to this guy who was 3 when the Nazis came. Lived here for 72 years in this area. He said that he was very very very sad and upset by what the Nazis did to the Jews. Jurgen ran into a friend from his school on top of everything else, who was the son of one of his teachers. *passes story off to Jurgen**

Jurgen: *So we went to the door and knocked and the gentleman opened the door and wanted to know who we are and as soon as they found out we're with Barbara and Norbert there was already a connection. He talked about how he saw when he was 3 the Jews arrived at the train station here and they were already starving.*

Some people right beside the train had a bag of potatoes and gave it to the Jews, and the SS grabbed that guy and took him along too. He said it was a very terrible thing what happened. I really connected to the lady too. I was sharing about Dachau and the guilt feeling I have being from there, and she said the same thing about Mauthausen, people hear you're from Mauthausen, and that's it. It's all about the camp

On Friday we were given the opportunity to minister in a retirement home in Mauthausen. Originally, when Melia had suggested this idea it was turned down. But Cecilia intervened on our behalf and Rupert, her brother who is part of the administrative staff there, agreed that we could come. But we were warned that there were people in the facility that did not have a love for Jewish people. It turned out to be very important that we were given this head's up...

Heather: *Today was a bit hard. We were given entrance to the elder home. Sally gave a small service in the chapel. One man was just soaking it in. As we handed out roses however, a man spat in my face....and still took a rose. The hardest part of it was I saw my grandfather in him, and my grandfather's anger, hate and rage.*

*AND I had to deal with my own reaction. Being the girl who came out swinging and gave the boys the black eyes, I am SO glad His Holy Spirit controls us. But as much as he seemed to say "dirty Jew" I wanted to say "***** Nazi" and that was the struggle of my heart this afternoon. I hate that prejudice in me. Acting in love needs to become thinking on love right now. I was able to pray with Sally, Dusty and Sam. And by the end of praying I was able to pray for his salvation. One of those C S Lewis moments, prayer changes me.*

It is interesting to me that none of us really saw this incident happen except Beate, because she came over to Heather and washed her face and kissed her and prayed over her. Beate, who herself is German with some Jewish heritage, came to Heather's aid and ministered to her in a very primal way with the mercy of God. Later on Jurgen went with Heather into one woman's room who was dying. She had vomited all over herself and Jurgen knelt down by her side and gave her a rose. Her whole face lit up. He told her how much Jesus loves her. The expression of humility, love, and beauty in our German friends, Jurgen and Beate, was so apparent that day.

That night we returned to Cecilia's house to share with her prayer group. Almost everyone was Catholic. I arrived with mixed feelings because of what happened to Heather. I have said all along, ever since we started A Tour of Roses, that we must not respond to anger or hatred with our own emotion, but with the Lord's love. But up until that moment we had never encountered overt hatred. I felt on my guard and kind of withdrawn. But there wasn't much time to process my feelings. I told Melia what happened in the retirement home and how I felt and she immediately prayed for me. The rest of the evening was quite amazing...

First I shared some of our songs, my testimony, and what A Tour of Roses is about. Then, one by one, every person on my team shared their thoughts and feelings about being in Mauthausen. Some of us shared about being Jewish and the negative feelings we grew up with as a result of the Holocaust, which I am sure was not easy for the Austrians to hear. But we also told them how much we appreciated their tremendous hospitality and kindness and openness.—and the beauty of their town. This meant a lot to them. It seemed to me that after each person would say something there would be a long pause. It didn't seem awkward to me, more like people were actually digesting what had just been shared. But it was so different than any other exchange I've ever had like this. People were listening deeply—and processing what they heard, and God was there in the stillness. It was like we were all breathing together in the same room—with God in the midst. And it seemed to me that just the fact we were all in the same room with open hearts toward each other and God was huge.

Heather: *Friday night as we walked to Cecilia's house, Jurgen and I had a good time talking and just him checking up on me from the events that happened at the elder home. And we were talking about the promises of God and right at that moment 4 amazing deer just leaped through the meadow. That was just a really nice picture God gave us before the evening started.*

When we arrived at Cecilia's there were so many people there and we got to meet a whole new group of people who were believers (from Cecilia's prayer group). Sally was able to share her story and songs and afterwards Cecilia opened it up for questions. At first, there wasn't much discussion, but soon everyone started opening their hearts and sharing their feelings about the town they live in, their own wounds and their dreams for the future of the town.

Throughout the evening we were able to have some really great interaction on both sides. I shared about my feelings about the town being open and friendly and eager to receive roses. They seemed really surprised but I think it blessed them to hear that their town was receptive and more open than some of the places we have journeyed.

At the close of the evening Sally invited some of them to come and worship at Mauthausen with us in the morning. I was skeptical about anyone showing up, or remembering, or coming unhindered.

Marlys: *Yesterday at the English meeting--Last night it was a prayer meeting, and there was about 20 people not counting us. After Sally sang and gave her testimony, we prayed*

and she asked if anybody else wanted to pray or sing. Several people prayed and sang and the group would sing, and the prayers were so amazing how each person would say a prayer that was very meaningful.

And Jurgen would translate if they spoke to us in German. Even the prayers in German that weren't translated, you could feel the Holy Spirit as they were praying. The room just filled up with so much joy, and the Holy Spirit just filled in there. It was amazing to see the warmth that was there and how the people just came together as a family, brothers and sisters in the Lord. And here we're from the United States across the world, and we come here and we feel like we're sitting together like family. And I sat next to Maria and Gabby.

Because I invited those who were at Cecilia's the night before to join us as we worshiped inside KZ Mauthausen, several people came. We ended up stationing ourselves in a corner of the camp called the "wailing wall." There were many plaques on the walls memorializing different people groups who ended up at Mauthausen during the Holocaust. It was cool and overcast when everyone picked a spot against the wall. As I pulled out my keyboard and began to play I could feel the air become lighter. It may have been spiritual but it felt physical—and soon enough it was. As we worshiped the clouds began to clear and the blue of the sky cut through and the sun began to warm us...

Sam: *It was a real blessing that so many of the Austrian believers showed up to pray with us. We were looking for a good place to worship and we decided that because of some of the people on our team for whom it was hard to get around that we would sit just inside the gate.*

I looked at one of the plaques that was on the wall, and it had my Grandmother's last name on it, which made this all the more meaningful that we were here at this camp. After we had spent a very precious time worshipping the Lord and praying together with the Austrian believers, I looked at the name of the area we were at on our guide map, and it said that we were at the Wailing Wall. I thought that was really very significant, and a good place to pray and worship the Lord.

Jurgen: *Today we went to meet at the Mauthausen camp with other local believers from the Catholic prayer group. It was so nice to be united with the local Christians worshipping at the camp and praising the name of Jesus...*

The fellowship and unity was very special, and they were very encouraged and had a lot of hope. They've never worshipped at a camp I think. And nobody stopped us from worshipping this time. And one lady (a local tour guide) came up to me and asked what we were doing, and wanted to know what our reactions were to being in the camp. I introduced her to Sally, and she was very encouraged to hear what Sally was sharing. It was nice to see Sam and Heather dancing during worship. The presence of Jesus was beautiful and the unity in the Spirit was beautiful. Jesus put hope in our hearts and He will do something beautiful in this place.

Dusty: *So, Mom would worship in English and Hebrew, and invited our Austrian friends*

to break in when they felt like it in German worship, since most of them wouldn't understand the songs we were singing. And so Mom would sing a song or two, and then the Austrians would raise their voices in a beautiful chorus, and back and forth like that.

It was really interesting to me to watch. I mean, we're Jews and Germans, Americans and Austrians who are Catholic and Protestant speaking Hebrew, English, and German (say that out loud slowly and just realize what you're saying, please, it is pretty amazing), but we were all together, worshipping and embracing each other in unity. I must still not be fully connected, because my Mom was crying over it while I say "interesting". But I recognize it is a very good thing.

Toward the end, the Austrian group told us how they had started an initiative called Perspective Mauthausen, whose goal was to make it so that visitors to the camp took away something hopeful when they left. Interesting side note, their symbol is a rose bud... And they gave each of us a rock from the nearby stone quarry that the camp had labored on.

The label on the rock says, "A stone in my hand. A stone of death? A stone of life? A stone out of my hand." It means, we all come into life with a stone. Do we use it for death or life? And then it leaves our hands. They noted to us that these stones had all been part of one piece at one time. I now have a stone from Dachau and one from Mauthausen.

Afterward I walked around the plaques mentioned above, and I thought of all the people I knew from the various plaques. I picked up two versions of remembering and honoring for each one: A stone, which is the Jewish way of remembering (it doesn't wilt, and is forever) and a flower (dandelions and purple and white blossoms were all over, and even if it wilts, it is a sign of hope).

I left one of each on the following memorial plaques: American, Russian, Jewish, Homosexual, Jehovahs Witness. I did this for the people groups in my life that I know or have had an impact on me, or I am a part of. I went with Mom toward the back of the camp, and we visited the quarantine and death block areas, where she sang the Shema. I also knelt down by the death block, which was now a peaceful green field with marble crosses and marble slabs with Jewish stars. I felt to pray, "No longer cursed. You will be called blessed and beautiful and a refuge."

We went over to the museum and crematorium, and I realized how much Perspective Mauthausen was needed because there was no hope and total condemnation in the downstairs of this museum. It was literally set up as a crime scene and evidence exhibits. People need to be able to take some hope away from this place.

Hannah: *One of the ladies came up to me at Mauthausen and said to me, "I'd been to the camp many times, but I never thought to worship there. Now when we go back, we will worship there."*

At one point after our worship I asked Sam to say the Kaddish, which is the Jewish prayer that is said when people die. It is not a prayer to—or even about—the dead, but a declaration of God's greatness and sovereignty and a petition for His peace for Israel and

all the world. Afterwards we all hugged and the Austrians took their leave as the team and I dispersed through the camp, having agreed to meet a little while later at the Jewish memorial. There we sat for an hour or more praying the 19 blessings of the Shemoneh Esrei and interceding with our own words for the people and the land.

Afterwards we drove back into town and had the opportunity to hear Melia rehearsing her 60+ people for her Gospel Choir. That was awesome!!!! But all of us were so wiped out from the day that we soon faded and had to retreat back to the guesthouse.

On Sunday morning we arrived at the little Catholic church in town. The priest reminded us of the order of service we had discussed earlier that week. He invited me to sing 6 songs and also share for about 10 minutes. Knowing that I can talk quite a bit I really prayed for God's grace to be concise and to speak what was most important. And this turned out to be about scars and how they heal. Jurgen was kind enough to translate for me. He and Sam also had a part in the morning mass. I couldn't help but be amazed that it was OK to sing the Kaddish as the opening song for the mass in this little Catholic church. We were made welcome in every way, including sharing communion. At the end everyone on the team handed out roses to everyone in the church. What a precious time we had there. What a gracious open heart among the believers in Mauthausen.

After the service we spilled out of the church and talked with many people, including another group from Rwanda. They wanted to take pictures with me and so appreciated everything that we shared about ATOR. Jurgen met up with a friend of his he hadn't seen in years and years. He and his wife and another couple came to the service and then joined us back at the guesthouse for lunch—which Cecilia was kind enough to provide. We only had a short respite before the final concert at the chapel inside KZ Mauthausen. Only a few people came—most of them were the core of Austrians from Cecilia's prayer group, along with Micah and Melia. Melia led the group in worship songs and then I shared for quite awhile. Even while I was doing the concert, people filtered in and out. Sam and Jurgen were giving out roses just outside the chapel.

Dusty: *This time, it was an official concert. We set up in the chapel on the grounds. I wasn't sure what to do, and it was suggested that I pray over the building. So I walked around (carefully), and prayed. And among things that don't-happen-very-often-if-ever, the words coming out of my mouth almost didn't sound like mine. Not that it wasn't my voice, but I know I don't talk like this... and who's stringing these words together? Surreal to me. So I manned the powerpoint with the German translation of the songs, and the last concert happened. After Sam prayed the Aaronic Benediction (traditional Jewish blessing) over the gathering, the audience spontaneously broke into some worshipful songs in German. It was beautiful.*

I had a very sweet moment with another woman. She looked to be a bit older than my Mom also, and had beautiful orange-red hair in a braid. She didn't speak much English, but I had been able to tell her the night before "Schon" about her hair, "Beautiful". She walked up to me today (twice she did this) and kissed me on the forehead, then made the sign of the cross on my forehead, chin, and chest. I think she was giving me a blessing.

She said she loved me, and gave me a very long hug. I don't know what I did that moved her to do that, I had very little interaction with her. But I am grateful. It was a very beautiful thing she did, even if I did not fully understand it.

We had quite a few roses left over, and I was still set on trying to find the Hungarian memorial plaque on the Wailing Wall. So Beate and I loaded our arms full of roses and stepped into the courtyard. We began setting roses on or under each plaque, although other people had already had this idea and roses were laid everywhere. Heather later told us that someone (not us) had even put roses in the crematorium oven. Beate and I could not find the Hungarian plaque to save our lives, and for good reason—they didn't have a plaque, they had one of the larger memorials outside. Mom had, at this point, resigned herself to that fact that I had my heart set on laying roses on the Hungarian memorial, so she and Beate and myself went down. It was on a large stone base, about seven or eight metal men standing with hands raised over their heads. I noticed several fist-sized decorated memorial stones had already been placed there. The three of us laid out several roses around the feet of the statues.

On the way home we stopped into a pub for dinner. There I finally had Weinerschnitzel, although I was informed repeatedly by Beate that it wasn't "correct" weinerschnitzel because the correctly made weinerschnitzel would be made with calf, not pork as this place offered. At that point, I didn't care, because it was my last chance to grab something on the list that I remembered the name of. And I loved it, by the way.

Sam handed out roses to the pub patrons on the way in, including the female bartender. She was ecstatic, and asked for one more for her mother. The look on her face was pure delight, it was really wonderful to see.

The shift in thinking: *For as long as I can remember, German was a terrible, horribly, snarling language to me. It was synonymous with anger and violent temper, and I couldn't conceive of using it. But after being in Germany and Austria, and hearing it not only spoken kindly, but sung quite wonderfully, I can't help but think that any language can sound terrible in anger, but any language can also have its own distinct beauty... I have heard it in a new light, and I think that it is a beautiful sounding language.*

Dusty asked the question when we began our adventure, what does it all mean? Will people's lives be changed because we came? Only God knows. I know my life was deeply impacted by many of the moments on this tour. And from their reports I know that is true for other team members as well. But all of it belongs to God. He called and we responded. He invited us to participate in something He is doing in a particular way—and many of those who responded to that invitation have seen and experienced moments that have impacted them in profound ways—and I include the people who were praying all along for this project.

Whenever we choose to love and live His life in us in places where hatred and death reigned, the Kingdom of God is expanded and increased. We may not see it with our natural eyes, but just like the skies cleared over Dachau and Mauthausen—there is a shift and the Kingdom of God enters in. Below are just a few of the responses people had

toward this project...

Dear Sally,

thank you so much for your kind e-mail and again I want to express how much you and the ATOR was a blessing not only to me but to the whole YMCA and I would even say to the whole city of Munich.

Sally... your desire (and also the teams) to give love and bless us was so strong and it was perceived and also received. For me this has opened a window into heaven and I can see that what you did weighs for eternity.

The Passover dinner was a highlight and I had a number of people give me a feedback that they were really touched. Afterwards I wished that a lot more would have had the chance to experience it. A couple of comments were like they had the experience of a passover dinner before but this one was very special since we celebrated it with messianic-jewish Brothers and Sisters and the presence of God was there.

If there is a chance for you or even another Tour of Roses to come back to Munich, you are more than welcome. Please extend my greetings to everyone of the Tour and may God continue to bless you,

Joe

(One of the administrative staff and our connection at the YMCA)

Dear Sally, Heather, Samuel, Juergen and team,

We would like to thank you again for the great job you did here in Munich. We are sure it will make an impact on the city. There was so much love flowing from your part towards us. You made us feel being part of your family. All the guests we spoke to were very impressed and told others about what they had experienced that very special night.

We hope you had a good time at all the other places you went to. If you write a report about your trip to Europe, please could you pass on one to us as well.

The Lord bless you, your families and your ministry,

Shalom,

Karin and Bruno
(Volunteers for the Passover at the YMCA)

Hello Jürgen!

The rose, which I have received from you, is still blooming!
Our soul blossoms on the love that has put Christ in our hearts, and become the aroma for this world.
Thank you very much for coming. Your existence in Christ is a treasure, with which you will make everyone rich in Christ.
Very kind regards to Sally!

Rupert Aschauer
(One of the directors of the Retirement home in Mauthausen)

Dear Sally,

It's just wonderful to hear from you! Saw your email only yesterday, although you had sent it on 5th May. It was a great pleasure and blessing to have you here in my house as "very special guests" – let's say "sisters and brothers in the Lord". The roses have been lasting for a long time- they can still be found in some houses keeping the message of love alive.

We believe that God has a plan with Mauthausen. You know, the liberation ceremony in the KZ took place on the 11th May. Maybe you've heard the shocking news: The night before a wall outside the camp was sprayed with graffiti saying the Turkish people should be gased. It couldn't be whitewashed and so it had to be covered. Another terrible act was the desecration of a Turkish tomb in the cemetery of our town. The parish council of Mauthausen expressed their sympathy with the affected family and the ethnic group of Turkish people. Thomas, our pastoral assistant, has asked for prayer. So, my dear Sally, I ask you and your friends to continue your prayer for Mauthausen – for those who stir up hatred and for those who make efforts for a life in peace and love.

Thank you for being a missionary of God's everlasting love! May the Lord keep you in His arms to protect you and guide you.

Shalom!

Cilli

(Cecilia)

Jurgen wrote: When we go out in His Name, we go all together in the Spirit of the most High, regardless if we all make it physically to these places or not, but in the Spirit we can go to all the places in this world to beseech our great intercessor Jesus Christ, and His and our Father, asking to let the rain of mercy come down. Thank you so much for joining with us in these wonderful mission spreading the aroma and beauty of Christ.

One flower at a time, one heart at a time, touched by the love of God.

Come Lord Jesus, even today, yes Jesus come, even to Dachau and Munich, yes even to Germany. Come Lord Jesus, please come, even to Mauthausen, yes even to the people of Mauthausen, yes even to Austria. Come Lord Jesus, please come. Come Lord Jesus, even to all the places ATOR has been touching ground and people in the past, and for the grounds and people and places yet to be touched.

Yes Lord Jesus please come!