

# Glorious Hope Slavná naděje

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Ročník 43, číslo 1, 2017

IESUS  
NAZARENUS  
REX  
IUDAEORUM

**Surely this man  
was the Son of God!**

Mark 5: 39

**Ten člověk byl opravdu  
Boží Syn!**

Marek 5; 39

**Tento člověk bol určite  
Boží Syn!**

Marek 5; 39

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## Convention Mission Statement

The Czechoslovak Baptist Convention of USA and Canada exists 1) to assist in extending the gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ in lands of central and eastern Europe, particularly the Czech and Slovak Republics; 2) to support the work of Baptists and other evangelical churches in North America that minister to persons of Czech and Slovak descent, and 3) to provide a Christian context for worship, fellowship, teaching, and appreciation of heritage among those in the United States and Canada who bear interest in the nationalities we represent.

## Misijní poslání konvence

Československá baptistická konvence Spojených států a Kanady byla ustanovena za účelem: 1) napomáhat v šíření evangelia našeho Pána Ježíše Krista v zemích střední a východní Evropy, zvláště v České a Slovenské republice; 2) podporovat práci baptistů a jiných evangelikálních církví v severní Americe, které slouží českým a slovenským potomkům; 3) předkládat formu bohoslužby, obecnství a učení, vážit si dědictví těch, ve Spojených státech a v Kanadě, kterým leží na srdci národy, které reprezentujeme.

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## He Is Risen Indeed

The Passover that Jesus and his disciples celebrated was originally a very joyful holiday. People commemorated a time when God freed them from slavery. The beginning of the first millennium was known as a cruel time, and the crucified Christ solidified this view. The authorities of the day were disturbed by the work of the Lord Jesus, who was introduced by John the Baptist: *"Behold, the Lamb of God, He is God's Son!"* (John 1:34 and 36)

The unusual events of Easter led to the development of a customary greeting between Christians. On Resurrection Day, Christians say to one another, *"Christ is risen!"*

*"He is risen indeed!"* Also known as the Easter Acclamation, this custom is practiced among the Eastern Orthodox, Oriental Orthodox, and Eastern Catholic Christians. Gradually, this custom spread to the whole world.

This greeting radiates enthusiasm and joy. It's a miracle! Jesus died, and now he's alive! It was hard to believe. It happened without any witnesses. Even Jesus' disciples didn't believe it. (John 20: 24–29). This is why Jesus said to Thomas: *"Blessed are those who have not seen Me but still have believed."*

Faith in the resurrected Jesus Christ brings joy, overwhelming joy and hope. It confirms the truth of Christ's words: *"I am the resurrection and the life. Anyone who believes in Me will live, even if he dies. And those who believe in Me will never die. Do you believe this?"* (John 11: 25–26)

*There are some sciences that can be learned by the head, but the science of Christ crucified can only be learned by the heart. — Spurgeon*

Christ is risen! He is risen indeed!

Editor-in-Chief *Natasha Laurinc*  
Translated by *Elizabeth Jane Fields*

□

## Opravdu vstal z mrtvých

**Z**idovský svátek Velikonoc byl původně radostným svátkem. Lidé si připomínali dobu, kdy je Bůh zbavil otroctví. Počátkem prvního tisíciletí se však ukřižováním Krista zapsal do historie svou krutostí. Tehdejší autoritám pohodu totiž narušovalo působení Pána Ježíše, kterého Jan Křtitel představil slovy: *"Hle, Beránek Boží, On je Boží Syn!"* (Jan 1;34 a 36)

Neobvyklé události během Velikonoc vedly k ustálenému pozdravu mezi křesťany. V den Zmrtvýchvstání se křesťané zdraví slovy: *"Kristus vstal z mrtvých!"* Odpověď je: *"Opravdu vstal z mrtvých!"* Tento velikonoční pozdrav má svůj původ ve východních církvích (pravoslavné církve, starobylé východní církve a východní katolické církve). Později se rozšířil do celého světa.

Ze samotného pozdravu číší radost a nadšení. Stal se zázrak! Ježíš nezemřel, žije! Bylo tomu těžké uvěřit. Stalo se to bez svědků. Nevěřili tomu ani učedníci Pána Ježíše. (Jan 20; 24–29) Proto Tomášovi Pán Ježíš říká: *"Blaze těm, kteří neviděli, a uvěřili."*

Víra ve vzkříšeného Ježíše Krista přináší radost. Mnohonásobnou radost a také naději. Potvrzuje pravdu Kristových slov: *"Já jsem vzkříšení i život. Kdo věří ve mě, i kdyby zemřel, bude žít. A každý, kdo žije a věří ve mě, nezemře navěky. Věříš tomu?"* (Jan 11; 25–26)

*"Existují vědní obory, které je možné pochopit hlavou, avšak skutečnost o ukřižovaném Kristu může být pochopena pouze srdcem."* Spurgeon

Kristus vstal z mrtvých! Opravdu vstal z mrtvých!

*Nataša Laurincová, šéfredaktorka*

□

# From the Executive Secretary



**O**n February 5<sup>th</sup>, President Stan Mantle, former President Robert Dvorak, former Executive Secretary George Sommer and I, Darko Siracki, met at the home of George and Maria Sommer in beautiful Naples, Florida.

The objective of the meeting was to review and propose necessary changes to the convention bylaws. We are pleased to report that the meeting was very fruitful and has resulted in proposed revisions to the bylaws that will be presented to the General Board at the next Annual Meeting. In the name of the convention, I would like to thank Marija and George Sommer for opening

their home, and to the Mantle, Dvorak and Siracki families for their time and travel commitments and sacrifices.

We are looking forward to our 108<sup>th</sup> annual gathering, scheduled for July 6–9, and hope you will find time to join us. Scheduled guests of the convention are Darko Kraljik, president of the Slovak Baptist Union, and his wife Zuska, as well as Wil and Shay Lane, (Wil Lane Ministries). Both were guests of the convention in the past, in 2009 and 2014 respectively.

The theme chosen for the convention is:

**THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD** ( John 8:12)

**The Light of God's Word** (II Peter 1:19–21)

**The Light in the Face of Christ** (II Corinthians 4:4–6)

**The Armor of Light** (Romans 13:12–14)

**The Light of God's People** (Matthew 5:14–16)



More info on the guests, a tentative program and registration forms will be available in the June issue of *Glorious Hope*.

Please mark your calendars, book the time off and, Lord willing, we will see you July 6–9, 2017, in Meadville, PA.

In His Service

*Darko Siracki*

Executive Secretary

Czechoslovak Baptist Convention

[www.czskbc.org](http://www.czskbc.org)



The 108<sup>th</sup> Czechoslovak Baptist Convention

**July 6–9, 2017**

Allegheny College, Meadville, Pennsylvania



# THE EASTER EARTHQUAKE

Rev. Stan Mantle

*Matthew 27:62 – 28:10*

**E**ASTER MORNING begins with the delicious irony of a detail of men posted on guard outside Jesus' tomb. When the world had done its worst, when Christ, having been battered, beaten and hung up to die, was finally dead and buried, there remained an uneasy feeling in the perpetrators that maybe it was not enough, that even now something might go drastically wrong. A saying of the recently deceased disturber and blasphemer, as they reckoned him, and kept reminding themselves—a saying of His suddenly came to mind. They had dismissed it as monstrous grandiosity before but now that the deed of killing Him was done, it rose as a conceivable collapse and disastrous ruin of their plans. Jesus had said while he was still alive they recalled:

***"After three days I will rise again."***

It is really quite interesting how those who reject God's Word know in some respects at least what it says. It shows that even against their will they have been listening and the Word crept in and lodged in their minds. This Word is a constant threat. Any moment its truth can burst open to convict and convert. Rejected it will speak in judgment on the Last Day.

Thus prompted by the echoing of His words in their minds, Jesus' enemies, as a crossing of the t's and a dotting of the i's of His murder, dispatched a detail of men to guard the garden

tomb. It must have been an eerie assignment standing there through the long night hours. Supposedly they were guarding against grave robbers, a strange precaution at the grave of one whose earthly fortune had amounted to four pieces of outer clothing and a seamless undergarment or tunic. But if not to prevent the theft of gold, silver or jewels, then what in the cold and damp of a black night turning to dawn were they guarding; the Body?

To guard a body once the life has fled from it is a futile task. Death and decay were ready at hand within the stone enclosure and in the course of time would surely dispose of the body though a thousand men were posted outside. When King David's infant son had died, the sorrowing father rightly perceived the perpetual order of things as he lamented:

***"Can I bring him back again? I will go to him, but he will not return to me."*** II Samuel 12:23

So in their night-time musings the soldiers at Jesus' crypt well might have pondered that they would be obliged at last to enter the room it was their peculiar duty this night to stand guard outside of, but that no one would be coming out.

***"Go make the tomb as secure as you can,"***

had been their assignment. Funny, in the history of humankind, the security of the vault of death has shown an uncanny efficiency. In this regard it hadn't seemed to need any help—until now.



Standing on guard with backs to the stone, peering into the burgeoning dawn, the guards waited. If they could have seen inside the cave whose entrance was blocked by the great stone, they would have discovered to their horror and fear that it was empty. Sometime in the early hours of morning the dead body lying in the tomb's black interior had sat up and begun to take off the grave clothes. Then freed of these stained entanglements, Christ simply got up and went out. To Him whom death could not hold mere stone walls provided no pause. Guarding an empty cell the soldiers stood stalwartly at their post, depicting the absolute futility of human effort to effect or prevent what God had decided to do.

And then the earthquake came. Uneasy until now, the rumble and shaking of the ground set the guard's hearts racing with fear. When the dull gray of dawn was shattered by a sudden close lightning strike which, instead of disappearing, remained in the form of an angel whose clothes were white as snow, the guards were gripped with terror. Transfixed, they watched as the angel approached the tomb and with one deft move broke the seal and cast the stone from its track. Turning to face them the angel then sat upon it.

**The great stone block was now an angel's chair.**

Shaken beyond endurance, the human guards of man's presuming fell in a heap on the ground.

This is the earthquake which is Easter and which it is ours to marvel and wonder at. Tremors of the powerful cataclysm which shook the world that fateful morning resound yet, and reach out to bless and take us up in what has happened.

An earthquake in the Indian Ocean on Dec. 26, 2004 produced a devastating tsunami which brought sudden death and destruction to thousands upon thousands. Devastation and destruction, heartache and loss followed its path. The Easter Earthquake of almost two thousand years ago, however, is of an altogether different kind. The wave radiating outward from its epicentre at the garden tomb brings celebration not catastrophe, delight not despair, and hope not horror. Viewing ground zero as another Happy Easter has come around we may note the lasting effects of this divine convulsion in terms of:

the **OPEN TOMB**,  
the **DISCARDED GRAVE CLOTHES** and  
the **NEW BEING**.

Like a second BIG BANG, the Easter Earthquake remade the world. It looks the same as the old one, but some things are crucially changed,

the **OPEN TOMB**,  
the **DISCARDED GRAVE CLOTHES** and  
the **NEW BEING**

being exciting and glorious cases in point.

When an earthquake occurs, the ground, usually so solid and unmoveable, shifts under our feet. What is always the same is suddenly changed. The earth shudders and cracks. The

Easter earthquake left a gaping crack in the bedrock of death. When it stopped, the tomb where Jesus' body had so recently been laid was open.

An open tomb is an unnatural thing. Once a deceased person is buried in it the honourable and decent thing is to leave a tomb undisturbed. To open a tomb is to uncover death and behold its grim work of dissolution and decay. When Jesus at Lazarus' grave-side directed that his tomb be opened, Martha objected. The KJV expresses the concern in plain vivid language.

***"... Lord by this time he stinketh"  
for he hath been dead four days."***

The open tomb of the Easter Earthquake, however, reveals something else. As light spills into the fearful repository of death, it is found empty.

**The prisoner is gone, escaped, free.**

Now, it is important that we not allow Easter to become just a nice metaphor that death is an illusion. No, death is very real. Open the tombs of other men and you will see more than you wish to, sure enough. But this tomb and this captive of death are different. This tomb has been broken out of and its former occupant is alive, free and at large. The crack which the Easter Earthquake made here has never been repaired and never shall be. The open tomb remains open. It is not a dead end as other tombs are but a thoroughfare, and a passageway.

We remark sometimes on the fact that Jesus' tomb was a borrowed one as though this was a sad and terrible thing, another example of his poverty and humility. To the contrary, the Easter Earthquake reveals it as a shining achievement.

**Jesus didn't need His own tomb. As He was only staying three days, a borrowed one would do fine.**

The grave lies before us all, dark and full of dread. For the Believer, the open tomb of Christ, however, presents a startlingly different prospect. Paul's words to first century believers in Rome ring especially loud at Easter time.

***"Don't you know that all of us who were baptized into Christ Jesus were baptized into his death? We were therefore buried with him through baptism into death in order that, just as Christ was raised from the dead, through the glory of the Father, we too may lead a new life. If we have been united with him like this in his death, we will certainly also be united with him in his resurrection."*** Romans 6:3-5

The mountain of death ahead is strewn with countless markers. Closed graves bedeck her slopes; from top to bottom a vast expanse of bruises & blemishes, but

**One burial site stands apart.**

**Open and empty, it shouts defiance to finality.**

**The One who first was laid here**

**Invites those who wish,**

**To trade their dreary tombs for His  
Resurrection Room.**

The angel astride the unhinged tomb door beckoned the

woman who had ventured forth in the early morn upon a sad mission of mourning

**"Come and see the place where he lay."**

The same Word of Hope is extended to us:

**"Come inside His death vault and look around."**

Taking our place in line we join the angel's tour. "*Watch you head!*" our shining guide suggests, as across the dreaded threshold we go. There is the place He lay but, there is no body here, no decaying corpse, no grisly skeleton nor dust of bones, just some soiled rags cast off and left behind. Left to mould and disintegrate, left as finished and done with forever are the grave clothes of shame and sorrow, corruption, defeat and death. No final resting place this, but a Change room for Eternity's shining shore. Here, disability, distress, weakness and tears are put off. Death can have the rags; the Champion and Ultimate Survivor has gone forth.

But to what kind of life, we wonder, hesitant to be disrobed of mortality, afraid the air and water of eternity may be too thin and unsubstantial. The angel's words and what followed answer our question.

***"... go quickly and tell his disciples"***

the angel told the women after their eyes had looked upon the vacated apartment of death.

*... "He has risen from the dead and is going ahead of you into Galilee. There you will see him." Mat.28:7*

It was while, "afraid yet filled with joy", they were hurrying away upon their errand that Jesus met them. How significant that He met them along the way.

The promise to see and meet Him alive is not for those who guard empty tombs, even revered ones, where Christ in times past has been. The thing about a Risen and Living Christ is—He is out and about. He is on the move. We cannot confine Him to Jerusalem's Holy precincts. No, back to the fresh and uncivilized country of Galilee He is headed, in search of more adventurers. **"Go to Galilee!"** beloved and long-time followers are directed. **"There you will see me."**

The Risen Christ the women met along the way was not just a spiritual vision. Easter is about something more solid and hard than a ghost or a phantom. The Jesus they met on the way exhibited continuity of personality and form with the one they had known and loved and served. They recognized Him, and He them. They were able to clasp His feet. Later, on Easter evening when the Risen Christ appeared to the eleven and others behind closed doors, he said to them:

*... "Why are you troubled, and why do doubts arise in your minds? Look at my hands and my feet. It is I myself! Touch me and see; a ghost does not have flesh and bones as you see I have."* Luke 24:38-39

Yet, He was changed from the one they had known before.

**The New Being** the Resurrection Earthquake revealed is not less real but more. He has flesh and bones but He can suddenly appear and disappear. Solid walls of stone or wood



are no obstacle to His presence. He comes to His friends in triumphant demonstration that death is the shadow, and all He taught them not a dream but true, more true than they ever imagined. He truly is the Son of God who died for the sins of the world.

Moreover, in receipt of this earth-shaking knowledge that even death is no obstacle, He commits to them His grand purpose of spreading the GOOD NEWS to the ends of the earth.

The place of the Resurrection in the Good News is as Guarantor and Assurance. The resurrection is not proclaimed in isolation from Jesus' death on Calvary. It is God's mighty answer to the sacrifice Jesus offered for our sins. For those joined to Christ in his death by faith—those who, repenting of their sins have received Him as their Saviour and Lord, the resurrection is rightly a source of matchless hope and peace.

The famed British journalist Malcolm Muggeridge was a late convert to Christianity. In a short piece, **Impending Resurrection** he shares his thoughts on the subject.

*“As I approach my own end, which cannot be now long delayed, I find Jesus’ outrageous claim to be, himself, the resurrection and the life, ever more captivating and meaningful.*

*Quite often, waking up in the night as the old do, and feeling myself to be half out of my body, so that it is a mere chance whether I go back into it to live through another day, or fully disengage and make off; hovering thus between life and death...*

*recalling the golden hours of human love and human work, at the same time vouchsafed a glimpse of what lies ahead, Eternity rising in the distance, a great expanse of ineffable light—so placed, I hear Jesus’ words ring triumphantly through the universe, spanning my two existences, the one in Time drawing to a close and the one in Eternity at its glorious beginning... I hear those words:*

*“I am the resurrection and the life”,*

*and feel myself to be carried along on a great tide of joy and peace.”*

The tide of joy and peace of which Muggeridge writes stems from the Easter Earthquake. The swelling cataclysm of God's power carries the open tomb, the discarded grave clothes and the new being to us today with the same emboldening and reassuring promise.

*... “I am the resurrection and the life. He who believes in me will live, even though he dies; and whoever lives and believes in me will never die.”*

John 11:25–26

These words would ring hollow if Jesus' body remained in the grave. Deeply resonating down the centuries, The Easter Earthquake triumphantly exclaims otherwise. **Hallelujah! Amen.**



## Grace Vera (Hulka) Niswonger

Sep 26, 1934 – Oct 4, 2016



Grace Vera (Hulka) Niswonger was born September 26, 1934, in Chicago, Illinois. She passed peacefully into Christ's presence October 4, 2016. She was happily married to Dr. Richard (Dick) L. Niswonger for 51 years.

Together they raised their five children in Siloam Springs, Arkansas. Grace worked in the early years of her marriage at Walmart and was acquainted with Sam Walton, who knew her well enough to ask what Dick had purchased that week to help in the construction of their home in Siloam Springs. Later she worked in

the campus bookstore of John Brown University, where Dick was a professor of history.

Grace always greeted people with a sparkling smile. Never complained about anything. Her philosophy about pain was that if you were in pain, you did not have to be a pain.

Grace was preceded in death by her sister Marie Ferrett of Portland TN; her son Joe Mesko, of Fayetteville AR and her granddaughter Emily Niswonger-Scott of La Mirada CA.

Grace is survived by her husband Dick of Tahlequah OK, son Rick (Janet) Niswonger of La Mirada CA, son Allan (Kathy) Mesko of Hot Springs AR, son John (Sarah) Mesko of Mena AR, and daughter Kathy (Bob) of Plano TX. She had eleven grandchildren and seven great-grandchildren as well as a multitude of friends.

□

## Charles Spurgeon's Devotion

*At that moment the curtain of the temple was torn in two from top to bottom* Matthew 27:5

No minor miracle was accomplished in the tearing of such a strong and thick curtain. Yet it was not intended to be merely a display of God's power, but was meant to teach us a number of truths. The old law was being put away like a worn-out priestly garment, torn and laid aside. When Jesus died, the sacrificial system was completely finished, finding its fulfillment in Him. Therefore, the very place those sacrifices were presented to God was marked with the evidence of the system's demise.

The tearing of the curtain also revealed the hidden things of the old system. The "mercy seat" (Exod. 25:17 KJV) could now be seen and the glory of God shone above it. Through the death of our Lord Jesus we have a clear revelation of God, for He was "not like Moses, who would put a veil over his face" (2 Cor. 3:13). Life and immortality are now brought to light and things that have been hidden since the foundation of the world have been uncovered.

The annual ceremony of the Day of Atonement was thereby abolished. The blood of atonement, which had each year been sprinkled within the curtain, had now been offered once

for all by the great High Priest. Thus, the place of the symbolic ritual was no longer needed. Now the blood of bulls and lambs was of no importance, for Jesus has entered "behind the curtain" (Heb. 6:19) with "his own blood" (Heb. 9:12). Consequently, direct access to God is permitted and has become the great privilege of every believer in Christ Jesus. He did not simply poke a small hole into the curtain whereby we could catch a mere glimpse of the "mercy seat," but He completely tore it "from top to bottom." We may approach the heavenly throne of grace with boldness.

It is no error to think of His opening the way into the Holy of Holies in this miraculous manner with His last dying breath as a symbol of the opening of the gates of paradise for all the saints by virtue of His passion and death. Our bleeding Lord holds the keys to heaven, and what He opens no one can shut. Thus, may we enter with Him into heavenly places and sit with Him until our common enemies will be made His footstool. (See Ps. 110:1.)

Taken from "Look Unto Me"

*The Devotions of Charles Spurgeon* by Jim Reimann

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# When Your Life Turns Upside Down

## Based on a true life story

### Part Four

#### 3 – Lydie's Story

When my dad came up with the idea of making an appointment with Dr. Rovensky at the children's hospital, I wasn't sure.

"Dad, I promised God that I wouldn't rely on people anymore or try to look for other experts, but that I would really rely on Jesus."

"I know, Lydie. But that's just it. We weren't looking for Dr. Rovensky, otherwise we would have already come across him. But it was God who led us to Dr. Nevyjel in the train. It was God who prepared the way for our conversation to develop as it did and I believe that it is also God who is offering us this possibility," my dad explained in his calm manner.

I still wasn't sure what to think. I knew that my parents had been serving God all their lives. They had given Him everything they had, and Jesus' words had come true in their lives: And everyone who has left houses or brothers or sisters or father or mother or wife or children or fields for my sake will receive a hundred times as much and will inherit eternal life.

(Matthew 19:29)

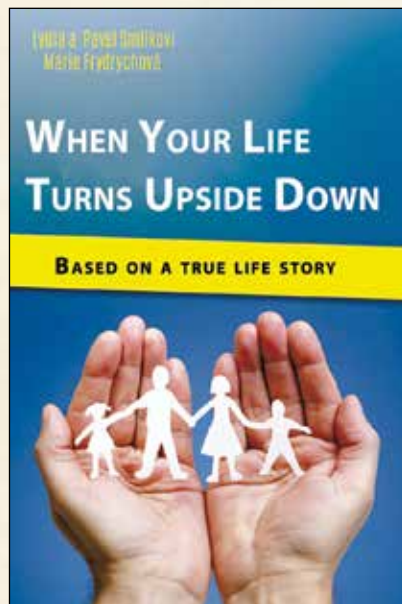
I had no doubt that God was leading my dad. But I needed assurance that he was leading me too.

"OK, but let me pray about it first."

"Of course."

So sitting at the table, we bowed our heads.

"Lord, what is man, that you are mindful of him? Who are we, that you are mindful of us? Thank you for that special meeting in the train, thank you that you will be with us until the



end of the ages and thank you that we can know if we are acting according to your will or not. In the name of Jesus. Amen," my dad prayed, and I added, "Lord Jesus, I really want to rely on you. Please lead our steps, so that we don't make the same mistake as before. The Lord is our refuge and our strength, a very present help in trouble. (Psalm 46:1) Amen."

My dad phoned Dr. Rovensky and he agreed to see us. I don't know if Dr. Nevyjel kept the promise to phone his friend that he had given to a fellow traveller he hardly knew, but he may well have. We walked up to the children's hospital, as it wasn't far from the church and from our home. It was a lovely autumn day.

In Lužánky Park and in the gardens of the villas, red and yellow leaves were falling from the trees, making what looked like a carpet in front of us. When we got to Černopolní Street, we went through the main gate of the

Faculty Children's Hospital and my dad bent down and spoke through the little window to ask the doorman which way we should go. The doorman, a scary-looking man in uniform with a pistol in his belt, pointed to the right building.

My dad looked at me and whispered, "See, Lydie, when God opens a door, no-one can close it (Revelation 3:8), not even an important-looking person in a uniform."

Dr. Rovenský was a kind elderly man.

"Before we start, I have to say that I am a paediatrician, and I don't have any practical experience in treating adult patients. In fact, I don't even have a licence to do it. But as your illness is so rare, I can have a look at you. We'll see if the symptoms are similar to those of my young patients."

He took a look at the file where I had gathered all the information about my illness and treatment and he smiled at me.

It was the sweet smile of a person who had been working with young, scared children all his life. He obviously liked them and wanted to help them. All my anxiety began to melt away.

"Could you please take off your clothes down to your waist?" he asked, pointing at a plastic curtain, and accompanying my dad back out to the waiting room.

He checked me all over, but not for too long. As I was getting dressed again, he called my dad back in and sat us down at his desk.

"From what I can see on this young lady's skin and from her medical records, I can see that the symptoms are exactly the same as in young

children. This disease usually occurs in young children between the ages of two and four or five. It is very rare for it to occur after that. I started off using strong chemotherapy just as you have been having. But it didn't help and the children were dying. And I couldn't just continue like that. So I tried different things, and eventually I found out that vinblastine worked the best. It is also an antineoplastic agent; it is a periwinkle extract, but it has some undesirable effects too. I apply it in small doses and it works. I know of about fifty children whose cancer has gone into permanent remission due to this treatment. Localising the disease is very important—finding out which organ it is attacking.”

He looked at me again and smiled encouragingly.

“I can't guarantee you anything. I have no idea if the dosage which works for children will be enough for an adult. But I think it is worth a try.”

“We think it is as well,” my dad answered, speaking for me too. “We've tried everything else, so we don't have anything to lose.”

The doctor smiled again.

“I'm afraid I can't treat you, Mrs Smilková. But I'll give you the details of my treatment and you can take it to the Žlutý Kopec Hospital. You'll have to explain to your own doctor why you came to see me. She might be a bit sensitive about it – maybe it would be better to take your dad with you to help explain. Then you'll have to wait and see what she says. If the doctors there are willing to try out this treatment, they will go on treating you there.”

We walked back home through the area of the city known as Černa Pole. My dad was running alongside me like a young man.

“Isn't God's sense of humour wonderful, Lydie? We've been looking for help all over Europe, even sending you to a quack doctor, and the only expert who can actually help works just

around the corner from us! We can get there on foot!”

I didn't feel as optimistic as my dad. The thought of going through yet another round of chemo didn't really appeal, but I kept quiet. It was true that I trusted this doctor and I wanted to try out what he had suggested. Lord Jesus, you are my refuge and my strength.

Dr. Rovenský was right about the fact that no-one at the Žlutý Kopec Hospital would be very pleased by his suggestion. I don't want to go into it too much – after almost forty years of being in and out of doctors' surgeries, I know that doctors are only human. But to start with, it seemed like it wouldn't work out at all.

I wasn't intending to complain, but the next time Mrs. Švejsová came to her English lesson, she asked me what was wrong, and I told her the whole story.

“I've got a good idea. Why don't you come to see us this evening and we can talk about it with my husband,” she whispered, as if we were friends planning a secret. So I did.

The treatment of seriously ill cases like mine wasn't the responsibility of just one doctor,

but a whole group of doctors consulted together on it. This advisory body of doctors is chaired by the head of the institution. He or she doesn't have to be there every time, but in the case of decision-making, his or her opinion will be at least influential, if not decisive.

I don't know what Professor Švejda said about my case at the next meeting of the advisory body, but I assume he used his common sense. It might have been something like this:

“Let's admit that we don't know how to go on. Our treatment was definitely stronger, but if vinblastine works on children, then why shouldn't we try it on her too? It can't harm her more than just doing nothing would. After all, we've already tried everything...”



with daughter Dagmar

I will never know exactly what was said at that meeting, but shortly after that, Dr. Ptáčková started to treat me with vinblastine chemotherapy as Dr. Rovensky had recommended. I had ten milligrams of chemo injected into my veins once a week.

At first I went to the hospital for my treatment, but when there had been a slight improvement in my health, my husband spoke to my doctor and suggested that he could inject me with the vinblastine himself. As an ordinary doctor, Pavel did not have access to cytostatic drugs, but the doctor finally agreed to write us a prescription for vinblastine and Pavel started injecting me once a week in the evening before we went to sleep. Before each injection we prayed together, and I always slept all through the night without feeling the worst effects of the drug. Within two weeks there had been a slight change for the better. And by the summer of 1981 both the doctors at the hospital and my family had noticed a big improvement.

#### 4 – Lydie's story

In the spring of 1981, I was given a permanent, full rate disability allowance dating back to the start of my illness, when I had been given my

diagnosis. They sent me the backdated payments as well, which meant that I received thirteen thousand crowns. That was a lot of money for us at the time.

“Pavel, let’s buy a car!” I suggested.

“We won’t be able to buy a new one for that money, but we might be able to find a second hand one,” was his reply.

Pastor Šolc (senior) knew quite a bit about cars and his friend, a racing driver, was just selling his old Skoda for eight thousand crowns. We didn’t really consider how much a car for eight thousand crowns had already been through if he had used it in races. We bought the beige car and in July 1981 we set off on a holiday to Rugen in East Germany. Only rich people went on holiday to the warm sea in the south, but families with young children and older people could at least visit the cold Baltic Sea.

My cousin had given me the details of a Christian family in Sassnitz who rented out a room to summer guests. So we filled up the Skoda with all the things we needed and as little money as possible and set off on holiday, which we hadn’t done for a long time. We didn’t bother about insurance. Pavel wanted to drive the whole way in one go, but I had a lot of friends in East Germany, so we stopped off a few times on the way.

I sat in the back of the car with three-year-old Dagmar (there weren’t any child car seats at the time) and tried to keep up a conversation with Pavel so that he wouldn’t fall asleep.

“Do you know how I managed to learn those languages and get my state exams in them?”

“Tell me about it.”

“Well, as I lived in the church building on Smetanova Street, I started attending the local school on Antonínska Street, which specialised in languages. I started learning Russian in the third year. My mum, who was studying German at the time and wanted to take the state exam in it,

noticed that learning a new language didn’t seem to cause me any difficulties. In the fifth year we started learning German as well, and my parents took it really seriously. My dad had a friend in East Berlin who was a pastor and this friend sent my dad the name of a girl called Doris, who wanted a penfriend. Of course, we wrote in German, not in Czech.”

“Did you manage to write to her in German?”

“Yes, I think so. Maybe my mum helped me now and then, but it obviously wasn’t too hard for me, as my parents planned for me to go and meet Doris in the summer at the end of the fifth year. The thing was, my parents stayed with their pastor friends, while Doris and I went off to a Christian camp for girls in Herrnhut.”

“So you had to speak German all the time there?”

“Yes. The first three days were awful, and I think I fell asleep crying. But on the fourth day I started to get used to it, and after two weeks when my parents came to pick me up, it was hard for me to answer them in Czech. I just wanted to speak German to them. From that time on, my parents sent me to various Christian camps in Germany every summer. So my German obviously improved a lot and I made a lot of friends too. You’ll meet some of them now.”

“What about English?”

“I learned that at secondary school. I was really lucky because at that time more and more guests were coming to visit us from the West. They spoke either German or English. My parents could speak German but their English wasn’t that great. My mum managed to learn English later, but in the church there was hardly anyone who could speak it. So when we had guests from Great Britain or the USA, my dad used to say to me, “Lydie, our guests are attending the Bible study this evening – can you interpret for them?” or, “Lydie, could you take our guests

into the city and show them around?” And I loved going with them. I really enjoyed it!”

I smiled as I remembered those good times and I looked down at Dagmar, who was leaning half on me and half on her favourite pillow as she slept.

“Having all that contact with native speakers of English and German must have been a huge advantage for you compared to what your schoolmates at secondary school and then your colleagues at work had,” Pavel commented.

“Yes, definitely. That’s why I managed to do three state exams in two years, even though I hadn’t studied at university. I’m so grateful to God for everything and to the church where I grew up. And for my parents’ foresight.”

I looked out the window. We drove past Děčín and all around all was the picturesque landscape of Czech-Saxon Switzerland. As we drove alongside the River Labe we got closer to the border crossing at Hřensko, where there was both customs and passport control. It was always an unpleasant part of the journey. Even though we never smuggled anything, in our subconscious we were all scared at the border. It all depended on the customs officers. Some of them were nice and just let us through when they saw tourists with a child in the back seat, but others wanted to show off their power and would happily stack all the contents of our suitcases up on the pavement.

“We’re going to be at the crossing soon. I think I should pray,” I decided.

“Yes, good idea. Can you pray out loud?” Pavel answered, joining the long queue of cars which always formed in the summer on the Czechoslovak western border with East Germany.

## 5- Pavel's story

We had all sorts of adventures on our way to and back from Rugen. Even the place we were heading to

added some spice to the whole trip – we were going to Sassnitz and would be staying at the cemetery. Seriously! We were staying with the family of the local undertaker, Mr Harm, who was a Christian.

The Harms welcomed us as if we were old friends. They were lovely people. We had only just arrived in Sassnitz when the front windscreen of our car fell out, but Mrs. Harm was really helpful – she came with us to Stralsund, where there was a garage for Czech cars, and bought us a new windscreen. When I got out my wallet with my strictly limited amount of East German marks, she just waved her hand. Speaking to Lydie, she pointed at me, and said, “When he becomes a professor, he can help out someone else.” With that, the discussion was over.

The weather was beautiful. The Baltic Sea is never warm like the sea in the south is, but its pale green colour and the white tips of the waves reflect impressively on the grey and white cliffs. And there were swans everywhere.

We jumped in the water with Dagmar, played in the sand, and sunbathed in the big windbreakers which are supposed to protect tourists from the cold wind.

Until the day when I had to inject Lydie with vinblastine again. She didn’t take it all the time, but had a set schedule for it and because she hadn’t had any major side-effects, I didn’t even think about changing our holiday plans because of it. As I look back, I’m not sure it was really sensible to inject cytostatic drugs into Lydie by myself at home, but I was young at the time and I knew that I wanted to let Lydie have as comfortable a life as possible and that as a doctor I could provide it. I am still persuaded of the need to provide cancer patients with as normal a life as possible.

In the evening I injected the vinblastine into her vein (maybe we

didn’t pray much as we had got used to everything going smoothly) and the next day we set off to the beach again. Lydie made sandcastles with Dagmar on the beach for a while and suddenly I looked over at them and couldn’t believe my eyes – Lydie was all red. She wasn’t sunburnt, but she was bright red.

I felt so stupid. How could I have forgotten that cytostatic drugs and corticosteroids increase photosensitivity- they make the skin more sensitive and reactive to the sun?

“Lydie, you’re not supposed to be in the sun!”

“Why? I’m fine,” she answered, looking surprised. She hadn’t noticed anything. But when she saw my worried expression, she suddenly looked down at her arms and legs.

“What’s going on?”

“It’s a reaction to the sun caused by the chemo.”

“But we don’t have to go home, do we?”

“No, we don’t.”

We turned round the windbreaker to make some shade and we started going for walks in the early morning or late evening, when the sun wasn’t so strong. But we stayed at the beach for the whole fortnight, as we had planned to.

We drove home without any stops. I thought I would manage it. I remember the exact date –19<sup>th</sup> July 1981. It’s a date I will never forget. I was driving down the motorway at 95 km per hour. On the D1 motorway, 183.5 km from Kyvalka, close to Brno, I suddenly noticed that one of the wheels was rolling in front of our car, as if it wanted to play chase.

Then we started skidding, as it was a back wheel, and before I could do anything, our car started turning over and ended up in a ditch at the side of the road. The windscreen which Mrs Harm had kindly bought us went flying through the boot of the car. But because there was a grassy bank next

to the ditch, the car didn’t continue turning over, which it would otherwise have done according to the laws of physics, but landed with all four, or rather three, wheels on the slope. I was still holding desperately onto the steering wheel, as if I was in some kind of weird comedy show.

“Are you OK?” I shouted, turning around to see Lydie.

At that moment I saw Lydie’s bald head disappearing down behind the front seat as if her body had been broken in two, but then her head surfaced again above the seats with her hands. Her hand was clutching a dishevelled wig, which she placed back onto her bald head, and said, “Yes!”

Lord, what a wonderful woman you have given me, I thought, but instead of saying it I shouted out, “Everyone out of the car!” and I wrenched open the front door with all my strength.

The door opened quite easily, so I managed to get out onto the grass sooner than I had expected, and I tried to pull open the back door, which was a bit stuck. I noticed that there was an ambulance and a car next to us. The man in the car was faster than the ambulance driver, and he jumped out and shouted,


“Don’t move anyone, I’m a doctor. Don’t move anyone.”

I managed to open the door and Lydie and Dagmar wriggled out of the car. Dagmar, who had slept through all of it in Lydie’s arms, suddenly woke up and started crying at the top of her voice, which at least confirmed to us that she was alive.

I let the doctor check on my wife and daughter, while the ambulance driver and I called the police.

“I think your wife and daughter are ok,” pronounced the doctor, after we finally introduced ourselves. “If they have any concussion, you’ll notice it. Where can I take you to?”

I sent them back home, while I waited for the police and then the ambulance driver, who had seen every-

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# Když se život obrátí na ruby

## Skutečný životní příběh

### Část čtvrtá

#### 3 – Vypráví Lydie

**K**dyž přišel tatínek s návrhem, že se objednáme k docentu Rovenskému do dětské nemocnice, znejistěla jsem.

„Tatínku, já jsem slíbila Pánu Bohu, že už se nebudu spoléhat na člověka a nebudu hledat žádné kapacity, ale začnu doopravdy spoléhat jen na Pána Ježíše.“

„Ano, Lydinko! Vždyť to je ono. My jsme se přece nedozvěděli o Rovenském, protože bych ho hledal mezi lidmi. Byl to Bůh, kdo nás v rychlíku seznámil s doktorem Nevyjelem. Byl to Bůh, který připravil rozhovor, aby se vyvíjel tak, jak se vyvíjel, a věřím, že je to také Pán Bůh, který nám tuto možnost nabízí,“ vysvětloval mi klidně tatínek.

Pokrčila jsem rameny. Věděla jsem, že tatínek a maminka slouží Bohu celý život. Dali mu všechno, co měli, a on v jejich životě naplňoval Ježíšova slova: „Každý, kdo pro mé jméno opustil domy nebo bratry nebo sestry nebo otce a matku nebo děti nebo pole, získá stokrát víc a obdrží za dědictví věčný život...“ (Matouš 19;29)

Vůbec jsem nepochybovala o tom, že Bůh mého tatínka vede. Ale potřebovala jsem mít jistotu, že vede i mě.

„Dobře, ale chci se za to modlit.“

„Samozřejmě.“

Tak, jak jsme seděli u stolu, jsme sklonili hlavu.

„Pane Bože, co je člověk, že se s ním zaobíráš? Co jsme my, že se tak zaobíráš s námi? Děkuji ti za to zvláštní setkání ve vlaku, děkuji ti, že jsi s námi po všechny dny až do skonání světa a děkuji, že rozpoznáme,

jestli jednáme podle Tvé svaté vůle nebo ne. Ve jménu Ježíše

Krista. Amen!“ pomodlil se tatínek, zatímco já dodala: „Pane Ježíši, chci opravdu spoléhat jen na Tebe. Prosím, veď každý náš krok, ať neděláme stejné chyby jako předtím. Bůh je naše útočiště a síla, ve všelikém soužení pomoc vždycky hotová. (Žalm 46;2) Amen.“

Tatínek docentu Rovenskému zatelefonoval a ten nás neodmítl. Nevím jistě, jestli doktor Nevyjel splnil slib, daný náhodným spolucestujícím, a svému příteli se o nás zmínil, ale je to možné. Do dětské nemocnice jsme šli pěšky, neměli jsme to totiž do Černých Polí daleko. Byl krásný podzimní den. V parku v Lužánkách a v zahradách středostavovských vilek se z korun stromů snášely k zemi rudé a žluté listy, jakoby před námi prostíraly koberec. Na Černopolní ulici jsme prošli hlavní bránou s oficiálním nápisem Fakultní dětská nemocnice v Brně a tatínek se naklonil do okénka vrátnice, aby se zeptal, kudy máme jít dál. Vrátný v uniformě s pistolí za pasem nás s neosobním, nasupeným výrazem ve tváři nasměroval do správného pavilonu.

Tatínek se na mě významně podíval a zašeptal: „Vidíš, Lydinko, když Bůh otevře dveře, nikdo je nezavře, ani tady ten důležitý v uniformě.“

Pan docent Rovenský byl přivětivý starší pán.

„Hned na začátku vám musím říci, že jsem dětský lékař a nemám žádnou praktickou zkušenost s léčbou dospělých. Vlastně k tomu nemám ani oprávnění. Ale protože jde o nemoc

tak neobvyklou, mohu se na mladou paní podívat. Uvidíme, jestli jsou příznaky podobné jako u dětí.“

Vzal do ruky složku, ve které jsem soustřeďovala svůj chorobopis a všechna vyšetření, a usmál se na mě. Byl to laskavý úsměv člověka, který celý život pracuje s malými, vyděšenými dětmi, má je rád a chce jim pomoci. Mé zábrany tály jako sníh na jarním slunci.

„Můžete si odložit do půl těla?“ pokynul směrem k úzkému igelitovému závěsu, zatímco tatínka vyprovodil zpět do čekárny.

Prohlížel mě pozorně, ale ne příliš dlouho. Když jsem se znovu oblékla, pozval pan docent tatínka zpět a posadil nás naproti svému stolu.

„Podle toho, co na kůži mladé paní vidím a co čtu v chorobopise, jsou příznaky naprosto stejné jako u dětí. Děti bývají touto nemocí postižené už jako kojenci a vyskytuje se u nich tak do čtyř nebo pěti let. Potom se histiocytóza X (tak se tehdy označovalo mé onemocnění) vyskytuje zřídka. Začínal jsem s chemoterapií stejně silnými látkami, které jste brala teď vy. Ale ono to nepomáhalo a děti umíraly. A to člověka nenechá lhostejným. Tak jsem hledal a zkoušel. Nakonec jsem přišel na to, že nejvíce zabírá Vinblastin v kombinaci s kortikosteroidem Prednisonem. Vinblastin je cytostatikum, jde o výtažek z barvínku, má ale jiné nežádoucí toxické účinky než cytostatika, která jste užívala dosud. Aplikuji ho v poměrně malých dávkách a v kombinaci s Prednisonem zabírá. Dnes vím prokazatelně o padesáti dětech, u kterých se na základě této léčby dosta-

vila trvalá remise. U téhle choroby je nejdůležitější, kolik a jakých orgánů a v jakém věku jedince je postiženo.“

Znovu se na mě podíval a povzbudivě se usmál.

„Nic vám nezaručuji. Nemám tušení, jestli dávkování, které stačí dětem, bude stačit i dospělé ženě. To všechno je mezi nebem a zemí. Ale myslím si, že za zkoušku by to stálo.“

„I my si to myslíme,“ promluvil tatínek za mě. „My jsme totiž vyzkoušeli už kdeco, takže vlastně nemáme co ztratit.“

Docent se opět usmál a pokrčil rameny.

„Já vás, paní Smilková, léčit nemohu. Ale dám vám rozpis mé terapie a ten vezměte na Žlutý kopec. Musíte svému ošetřujícímu lékaři vysvětlit, proč jste byla u mě. To bude dost citlivé, možná to svedíte na tatínka. A uvidíte. Budou-li kolegové ochotni na tuto terapii přistoupit, budou vás samozřejmě dál léčit a sledovat oni.“

Vraceli jsme se po Černých Polích zpět domů. Tatínek vedle mě běžel jako mladík.

„Vidíš ten Boží humor, Lydinko? Hledám pomoc po celé Evropě, táhnu tě až do Německa, pošlu na tebe šarlatána, a on odborník, jediný, který má s léčbou úspěch, je za humny. Tady za kopcem. Dá se k němu dojít pěšky.“

Neměla jsem tolik optimismu jako tatínek. Představa další rozvleklé chemoterapie mě příliš nelákala, ale mlčela jsem. Ten lékař ve mně vzbudil důvěru. Udělám, co říká. A ty, Pane Ježíši, jsi moje útočiště a síla.

Pan docent Rovenský se nemýlil, když mě upozornil, že na Žlutém kopci nebude nikdo z jeho návrhu nadšen. Nemíním to příliš rozebírat; za těch téměř čtyřicet let, co se jako pacientka pohybuji v lékařských ordinacích, vím, že i lékaři jsou jenom lidé.

Ze začátku to vypadalo beznadějně.

Neměla jsem v úmyslu si stěžovat, ale jakmile se mě paní Švejdová při příští anglické konverzaci ptala, proč jsem tak smutná, neudržela jsem se a všechno jsem jí vykloupila.

Víte co? Přijďte večer k nám a promluvíme o tom s manželem,“ usmála se na mě spiklenecky.

Stalo se.

Terapii vážných ba přímo beznadějných případů, jako byl ten můj, nikdy neurčuje jen jeden lékař, ale celé konzilium. Konziliu předsedá přednosta



Lydie s Darmarkou před léčbou a potom po léčbě s parukou

složek na chemoterapii Vinblastinem s Prednisonem podle doporučení docent Rovenského. Vinblastin jsem brala jednou týdně v dávce deseti miligramů vstříknutých do žíly, Prednison se užíval v tabletkách denně v určitých cyklech.

Zpočátku jsem na tuto léčbu docházela na Žlutý kopec, ale později, když se ukázalo mírné zlepšení, navrhl můj manžel lékařce, že by mi aplikoval Vinblastin přímo doma. Jako řadový lékař samozřejmě neměl k cytostatikům přístup, ale paní doktorka posléze souhlasila, Vinblastin nám předepisovala a Pavel mi týdenní dávku píchal vždy večer před spaním. Pravda je, že jsme se před každou aplikací oba modlili. A pravda také je, že jsem vždycky usnula a do rána jsem nejhorší pocity zaspala.

Už během čtrnácti dnů začalo být patrné zlepšení. A před létem v roce 1981 jsme již všichni, jak lékaři na Žlutém kopci, tak my rozpoznávali výrazný pokrok.

#### 4 – Vypráví Lydie

Na jaře 1981 mi přidělila Státní správa sociálního zabezpečení trvalý a úplný invalidní důchod, a to zpětně od počátku nemoci, tedy od stanovení diagnózy. Poštou mi poslali doplatek třináct tisíc korun. Třináct tisíc korun — to nebylo málo.

„Pavle, koupíme si auto!“

„Za třináct tisíc nové neseženeme, ale ojetina by se možná našla.“

Bratr kazatel Šolc (starší) měl přes auta přehled a jeho známý — automobilový závodník — právě prodával embéčko za osm tisíc. Nepřemýšleli jsme nad tím, jak unavené může být auto za osm tisíc, když ho používal automobilový závodník. Embéčko béžové barvy jsme koupili a v červenci 1981 jsme se vydali na dovolenou do východního Německa na Rujanu. Teplá moře na jihu byla dostupná jen

bohatším, ale k chladnému Baltickému moři jezdily jak rodiny s dětmi, tak i důchodci.

Sestřenice mi dala kontakt na věřící rodinu v Sassnitzu, která pronajímala pokoj letním hostům. Nacpali jsme embéčko potřebnými věcmi a s minimem peněz, bez jakéhokoliv pojištění, jsme vyrazili po dlouhé době na prázdniny. Pavel měl v úmyslu ujet celou cestu naráz, ale já měla v NDR hodně přátel, takže jsme tu a tam někde zastavili.

V autě jsem seděla vzadu s tříletou Dagmarkou (tehdy ještě neexistovaly sedačky pro děti) a snažila jsem se s Pavlem vést čilou konverzaci, aby po cestě neusnul.

„Víš, jak já jsem vlastně přišla k těm svým jazykům a státnicím?“ „Povídej, povídej, to mě zajímá.“

„Takhle: tím, že jsem od malička žila na Smetance, jsem přirozeně nastoupila do první třídy na nejbližší Základní školu na Antonínské, která měla jazykové zaměření. Od třetí třídy jsem se učila ruštinu. Maminka, která se v té době sama připravovala na státnici němčiny, si všimla, že mi nová řeč nedělá žádné potíže. V páté třídě přibyla němčina a s tou už moji rodiče vážně počítali. Tatínek měl přítele kazatele ve východním Berlíně a ten mu poslal adresu na dívku Doris, která si chtěla dopisovat. Samozřejmě, že ne česky, ale německy.“

„Zvládala jsi to?“

„Myslím, že docela jo. Možná mi maminka sem tam pomohla, ale asi to nebylo tak zlé, protože už na prázdniny po páté třídě naši naplánovali dovolenou do Berlína, kde jsem se s Doris osobně seznámila. Ale co... oni zůstali v té kazatelské rodině, kdežto Doris a já jsme odjely na dívčí křesťanský mládežnický tábor do Herrnhutu — do Ochranova.“

„A tam se určitě mluvilo jen německy, co?“

„Jo. První tři dny to bylo strašné a chvílemi jsem si i poplakala. Ale čtvrtý den jsem se začala chytat, a když za

čtrnáct dnů přijeli nějací manželé z Prahy a mluvili česky, já jsem měla problém jim česky odpovídat. Nejrady bych mluvila jen německy. Od té doby mě naši posílali na kratší prázdninový pobyt do východního Německa každý rok. No a tak se pochopitelně moje němčina lepšila a já získala spoustu přátel. Některé z nich teď uvidíš.“

„A jak to bylo s angličtinou?“

„Tu jsem přibrala na gymnáziu. Měla jsem štěstí, že právě v té době do Brna víc a víc přijížděli hosté ze Západu. Mluvili buď německy nebo anglicky. Rodiče si s němčinou vystačili, ale s angličtinou to bylo horší. Maminka se sice rychle anglicky učila, ale ve sboru anglicky neuměl skoro nikdo. A tak když přijela návštěva z Velké Británie nebo dokonce z USA, tatínek říkával: ‚Lydinko, hosté mají připravené studium Bible, budeš překládat, vid‘?‘ a nebo: ‚Lydinko, s těmi hosty je potřeba zajít do města a ukázat jim Brno. Půjdeš s nimi, vid‘?‘ a Lydinka šla a ráda. Bavilo mě to, opravdu mě to bavilo,“ usmála jsem se a podívala jsem se na Dagmarku, kterou monotónní cesta v autě uspala, takže si hověla napůl na mně a napůl na svém oblíbeném polštářku.

„Myslím, že tohle byla tvoje největší výhoda oproti spolužákům na gymplu i potom kolegům v práci na OKVS. Ten častý styk s rodilými mluvčími,“ prohodil Pavel.

„Přesně tak. Proto jsem mohla udělat tři státnice během dvou let, přestože jsem nestudovala na vysoké. Za všechno, Pavle, za všechno vděčím Pánu Bohu — Pánu Ježíši, a církvi, ve které jsem vyrůstala. A také prozíravosti rodičů.“

Zadívala jsem se z okna. Projeli jsme Děčínem a kolem nás ubíhala malebná krajina Českosaského Švýcarska. Podél Labe jsme se blížili k hraničnímu přechodu v Hřensku a čekala nás celní i pasová kontrola. To byla vždycky nejnepríjemnější část cesty. Přestože jsme nic nepašovali, někde v podvědomí jsme všichni měli

na hranicích strach. Hodně záleželo na celnících. Někteří byli slušní, a když viděli turisty s dítětem v autě, nedělali velké potíže, ale jiní si dokazovali svou moc a nechali klidně vyskládat obsah kufrů na dlažbu.

„Brzy budeme na čáře. Myslím, že bych se měla modlit,“ usoudila jsem.

„Ano, modli se, prosím tě, nahlas,“ řekl Pavel a zařadil se do dlouhé fronty aut, která se na naší západní hranici s východním Německem v létě pravidelně vytvářela.

## 5 – Vypráví Pavel

Naši cestu na Rujanu i zpět provázela celá řada dobrodružných situací. Už samo místo, kam jsme mířili, provokovalo jakousi pikanterii. Jeli jsme do Sassnitzu a bydlení jsme měli domluvené u hřbitova. Vážně. Bydleli jsme v rodině místního hrobníka, pana Harma, který byl věřícím křesťanem.

Manželé Harmovi nás přivítali, jako by nás odedávna znali. Byli to nádherní, laskaví a moc hodní lidé. Sotva jsme se dostali do Sassnitzu vysypalo se nám z embéčka přední sklo, ale paní Harmová nelenila, dojela s námi do Stralsundu, kde byl servis pro škodovky, a sklo zakoupila. Když jsem vytahoval peněženku se svou přísně omezenou dávkou východoněmeckých marek, mávla rukou. Podívala se na Lydii, ukázala na mě a řekla: „Až bude profesorem, zaplatí zase on někomu jinému.“ Tím pokládala debatu za ukončenou.

Počásí jsme měli překrásné. Baltické moře není nikdy tak teplé jako moře na jihu, ale jeho světle zelená, jakoby lahvová barva, na níž se čeří bělostné hřbety vln, se odráží od bílých a šedých útesů impozantní velebností.

Dováděli jsme s Dagmarkou ve vodě, hráli jsme si v písku a slunili se ve velkých plážových koších, které mají turisty chránit od chladného větru.

Až přišel den, kdy bylo znovu zapotřebí píchnout Lydii Vinblastin. Nebrala ho neustále, ale v určitých předepsaných cyklech, a protože ho

snášela velmi dobře, ani mě nenapadlo kvůli tomu nějak omezovat dovolenou. Dnes, po tolika letech, si nejsem jistý, jestli bylo rozumné aplikovat cytostatikum takhle podomácku, ale tehdy jsem byl mladý a měl jsem jasnou představu, že chci Lydii zajistit veškerý komfort normálního života a jako lékař že ho zajistit mohu. A co se toho týká — zajistit pro onkologicky se léčící pacienty pokud možno co nejnormálnější život — o tom jsem přesvědčen dodnes.

Večer jsem jí tedy píchl do žíly Vinblastin (možná už jsme se za dobrý průběh aplikace ani moc nemodlili, protože jsme to brali jako samozřejmost) a druhý den dopoledne jsme vyrazili jako jindy opět k moři. Lydie si nějakou dobu hrála na pláži s Dagmarkou s bábovičkami a já se na ni najednou podívám a ztuhnu překvapením. Lydie byla celá rudá. Ne zčervenala opálením, ale skutečně rudá.

Já hlupák! Jak jsem mohl zapomenout, že některá cytostatika mají fotosenzibilizující účinek, zcitlivují pokožku a na slunci reagují?

„Lydie, ty nemůžeš být na sluníčku!“

„Proč? Mně je dobře,“ podívala se na mě překvapeně.

Ona sama si snad ještě něčeho nevšimla. Teprve když uviděla můj znepokojený výraz, pořádně si prohlédla ruce a nohy.

„Co to je?“

„To je solární reakce na chemoterapii.“

„Ale nepojedeme domů, že ne?“

„Ne, nepojedeme.“

Koš proti větru jsme otočili tak, aby v něm byl stín, a na procházky jsme začali chodit brzy ráno nebo později večer, když už slunce tolik nepražilo. Ale u moře jsme zůstali celých čtrnáct dnů, jak bylo v plánu.

Domů jsme jeli na jeden zátah. Věřil jsem, že to zvládnou. Bylo to přesně 19. 7. 1981. To datum nikdy nezapomenu. Jel jsem pětadevadesátikilometrovou rychlostí. Na dálnici D1 na 183,5 km za Kývalkou, už téměř u Brna, jsem si

všiml, že mě předbíhá kolo, jakoby se mnou hrálo káču. Ale to už jsme dostali smyk, protože to bylo naše zadní kolo, a než jsem se nadál, auto se převážilo v jakémsi divokém veletoci na střechu a pokračovalo do příkopu vedle vozovky. Přední sklo, zakoupené laskavou paní Harmovou, se vyvalilo ven na kufr. Ale protože příkop nekončil rovinkou, nýbrž travnatým svahem, vůz nepokračoval v dalším veletoci, ke kterému měl podle všech fyzikálních zákonitostí předpoklady, ale zapíchl se do svahu na všechna čtyři, tedy vlastně tři kola, zatímco já se stále držel volantu, jako bych byl pouze v jakémsi panoptikálním varieté.

„Jste v pořádku?“ vykřikl jsem a otočil jsem se dozadu na Lydii.

A v té chvíli jsem uviděl Lydiinu holou hlavu, jak zmizela za předním sedadlem, jakoby se jí tělo zlomilo vpůli, ale vzápětí se hlava opět vynořila nad sedadly i s rukou. Ruka třímala rozčuchanou paruku, narazila ji zpět na holou hlavu a Lydie řekla:

„Ano!“

Pane Bože, jak skvělou ženu jsi mi dal, napadlo mě v tom okamžiku, ale místo toho jsem zařval: „Všichni okamžitě ven,“ a rozrazil jsem vši silou přední dveře. Povolily docela snadno, takže jsem byl venku na trávě dřív, než jsem čekal, a lomcoval jsem zadnímu dveřmi, které se trochu vzpřičily. Ale v tom jsem si všiml, že proti nám zastavuje sanitka a za námi osobní auto. Z auta vyskočil muž, který byl rychlejší než řidič sanitky, a křičel:

„S nikým nehýbejte, jsem lékař, s nikým nehýbejte.“

To už se mi podařilo vyvrátit dveře a Lydie se i s Dagmarkou soukala ven. Dagmarka, která celý veletoc prospala v Lydiině náručí, se probudila a parádně se rozkřičela, čímž nás všechny radostně ujistila, že žije.

Nechal jsem ženu i dítě prohlédnout neznámým lékařem, zatímco jsme s řidičem sanitky zavolali vysílačkou Veřejnou bezpečnost (tedy policii).

„Myslím, že vaše paní i dcerka jsou

v pořádku,“ řekl lékař poté, co jsme se konečně vzájemně představili. „Pokud nastal otřes mozku, poznáte to. Kam vám je mohu odvést?“

Poslal jsem je domů, zatímco jsme s příslušníky VB a řidičem sanitky, který všechno dobře viděl a popsal do protokolu, sepisovali hlášení.

Závěr byl jasný. Praskla zadní polosa a utrhlo se kolo. Později jsem se dozvěděl, že tomuto typu embéček se to stává, ale v poměrně nižší rychlosti. Auto vypadalo na odpis. Posléze se tu objevila Žeňa, výborná řidička z našeho sboru, už ani nevím, jak se to dozvěděla. Zavolali jsme odtahovou službu, ta auto naložila a já se Žeňou jsme jeli za nimi do Ivanovic ke Konvalinkovým, dalším věřícím z církve. Konvalinkovi nebyli doma, ale prostorný dvorek nechali otevřený, takže jsme rozbité, pomačkané auto složili u nich, a Žeňa mě odvezla domů. Možná se čtenář diví, jak volně jsme si počínali, ale v naší církvi to tak prostě je. My všichni jsme bratři a sestry — a jeden pro druhého uděláme cokoliv.

Seděli jsme u rodičů Titěrových v obývacím pokoji, pili kávu a vyprávěli čerstvé zážitky, když se rozletěly dveře a v nich stál můj táta. Byl tak bledý v obličejí, že úsloví „krve by se v něm nedořezal“ se mi zdálo pro tu chvíli příliš slabé.

Podíval se po nás, vystřelil ruku s nataženým ukazovákem a vyhrkl:

„Jeden, dva, tři... díky, Pane Bože, díky, díky...“ a dopadl na nejbližší židli, zatímco maminka Titěrová se vzdálila do kuchyně, aby mu uvařila čaj, protože můj táta kávu zásadně nepil.

„Jel jsem z Křidel a nevím, co mě to napadlo. Stavil jsem se ještě u Konvalinků.“

„Byli už doma?“ zeptal jsem se.

„Nebyli, ale bylo tam to tvoje auto. Teda jestli se to ještě dá autem nazvat.“

Vděčně sáhl po šálku s čajem, který maminka přinesla do pokoje, a lokl si. Pak šálek odložil a řekl:

„Nejdřív musíme poděkovat.

Nejdřív ze všeho musíme Pánu Bohu

## Když se život obrátí na ruby... Pokračování ze strany 17

poděkovat.“

Děkovali jsme. Za to, že žijeme, za to, že se havárka stala až u Brna, za svah, který nás udržel na kolech, za lékaře i sanitku, kteří byli okamžitě po ruce, i za to, že jsme nepotřebovali žádné ošetření, ale jen svědky.

„Opravdu jsi na sobě nenašla ani bouli nebo modřinu?“ zeptal jsem se večer Lydie, když se vrátila z naší maličké koupelny a v župánku dosedla na rozestlanou manželskou postel.

„Ne, jen pod parukou jsem měla

na lebce hlínu. Dala se umýt.“ Zasmáli jsme se, ale Lydie se mi vážně podívala do očí.

„To byla už druhá automobilová havárka, kterou jsem přežila. Jednou nás s tatínkem smetl motorový vlak na nechráněném přejezdu. Naštěstí jel pomalu. Víš, Pavle, mám dojem, že mě satan vážně nemá rád a dělá všechno proto, aby mě zničil.“

„Ale Pán Ježíš tě má velice rád a zřejmě tě tu naopak chce. A já taky,“ odušil jsem tiše.

A auto? Odborně posouzená škoda, vymahatelná od pojišťovny, činila deset tisíc korun. Na to, že jsme ten bourák koupili za osm tisíc, to nebylo zlé. Známy automechanik mi sehnal náhradní blatníky, které byly dražší než celé auto, a ve Vyškově mi dali káru natolik dohromady, že jsme v ní jezdili dál. O nějakou dobu později v zimě jsem se na ledovce smykem dostal pod nákladní auto, to mi utrhlo střechu, a tím jsme embéčko už definitivně odepšali. □

## When Your Life Turns Upside Down... Continues from page 13

thing, and I gave a statement about what had happened.

It was quite clear what had happened. The rear driveshaft had broken and torn off the wheel. Later I found out that it happened quite a bit to this type of Skoda car, but usually at a lower speed. The car was a write-off.

After a while Žeňa, an excellent driver from our church, turned up. I don't even know how she found out about it. We phoned the breakdown service, which arrived shortly and loaded up the car, while Žeňa and I drove behind them to Ivanovice to the home of the Konvalinkas, other Christians from our church. They weren't at home, but they always left their yard open, so we put what was left of our car there and Žeňa drove me home. The reader might be surprised how much we did for each other, but that's what it is like in our church. We are all brothers and sisters and we would do anything for each other.

We were sitting in the living room of Lydie's parents, drinking coffee and talking about our recent experiences, when the door opened and there stood my dad. I had never seen him looking so pale. He looked at us, and stretched

out his index finger to count us,

“One, two, three... Lord, thank you, thank you,” and he fell into the nearest chair. My mother-in-law went into the kitchen to make him a cup of tea, as he never drank coffee.

“I was driving back from Křídla and for some reason I stopped off to see the Konvalinkas.”

“Were they at home?” I asked.

“No, but your car was there. If you can still call it a car.”

Gratefully, he took the cup of tea which Mrs Titerova gave him, and took a sip. Then he put down the cup and said,

“We have to give thanks. We have to thank God for everything.”

We gave thanks. For being alive, for the accident happening so close to Brno, for the slope on the side of the road, for the doctor and the ambulance who had been there immediately, and that we hadn't needed them to give us medical attention, only to be witnesses.

“Did you really not find even a bruise or a bump anywhere on you?” I asked Lydie in the evening, as she came back from our little bathroom in her dressing gown and sat on the bed.

“No, nothing. There was just a bit

of dirt on my head under the wig. I washed it off.”

We laughed, but then Lydie looked at me seriously.

“That's the second car accident that I have survived. Once when I was in the car with my dad, a freight train crashed into us at a road crossing where there was no barrier. Fortunately it had been going slowly. You know, Pavel, I feel like Satan really doesn't like me and wants to do everything he can to get rid of me.”

“But Jesus really loves you and it seems like he wants you to be here. And so do I,” I told her gently.

And what about the car? The expert assessment of the damages which we could recover from our insurance was ten thousand crowns. Considering we had paid eight thousand for the car in the first place, it wasn't bad. A car mechanic I knew found me some spare fenders which were worth more than the whole car and in Vyškov they put the car back together again so well that we were able to keep driving it. A few months later, in the winter, we skidded on some ice under a truck, ripping off the roof of the car, and at that point we had to write off the car for good.

□

## Living with Anticipation FAITH+TRUST=HOPE

Deb Mulder



**D**oes it sometimes seem to you that you're getting overloaded with "bad news"? So many of us are spending lots of time meeting with doctors; we're juggling budgets that are already stretched so thin that it's impossible to pay everyone that needs to be paid; we're waiting for those dreaded letters telling us that our position has been declared

redundant. So many people anchor their hope in luck, positive thoughts, karma, but there's never any assurance for them that things will work out in the end — there is nothing on which they can stand firm and declare that they have hope. Like a boat without an anchor, their lives will meander here and there, but eventually they'll become battered and sink in the storms of bad news.

How amazing that we don't have to live hopelessly! We can live in anticipation of God's promises. Anticipation is defined as looking forward with expectation to something good. God wants us to live in anticipation that He will keep and fulfill His promises. He saved us to give us hope. That's how He

wants us to live — with the attitude of hope. In 1 Corinthians 2:9 we're promised of the amazing riches that God has in store for those who love and trust in Him:

*"No eye has seen, no ear has heard, no mind has conceived what God has prepared for those who love him."*

The world is watching—they want to see how we're going to brave our storms, they're looking to see how strong our anchor is during those storms. When we have lives that are fully trusting Jesus we can know:

1. That our past has been dealt with because our sins have been forgiven,
2. That our present is in His hands because Jesus knows where we are at this very moment and He cares,
3. That our future is certain: Jesus will sustain us because He's gone to prepare a place for us.

We have HOPE. We have a spirit of God in us to be overcomers and live a life of victory and the promise that God will meet us in our need.

Easter is the fulfillment of God's promise of hope. He wants to be the hope for all the world — he wants to be your personal hope. He and only He can be your true anchor. Let him be that steady anchor in your storms. □

### Czech and Slovak Sisters

The Ladies' Conference of the Czech Baptist Union and Slovak Baptist Union will be held in Karlovy Vary, Czech Republic from May 5 to 7, 2017.

**Theme: Wisdom of the faithful woman in the family, community and church.**

*"Who is wise and understanding among you? Let them show it by their good life, by deeds done in the humility that comes from wisdom". James 3:13*

### Společná konference sester BJB SR

a ČR se bude konat ve dnech  
5. – 7. 5. 2017 v Karlových Varech

**Téma: Moudrost věřící ženy v rodině, ve společnosti, ve sboru**

*„Kdo je mezi vámi moudrý a rozumný? Ať ukáže své skutky dobrým způsobem života v tichosti, kterou dává moudrost.“ Jakub 3:13*

## The Great Reward

Petar Vlasic



**F**or faith is the assurance of things hoped for, the conviction of things not seen. For by it the people of old received their commendation." Hebrews 11:1-2

Abel. Enoch. Noah. Abraham. Sarah. Isaac. Jacob. Joseph. Moses. Rahab. Gideon. Samson. David. All a sample of men and women who stepped out in faith and did things that to many would make no sense! Just think about it: "What? Pack up and leave the place where I've spent much of my life and go where?" "Hold on a sec: a big boat, huh? And yooouuuu want meeee to get two of every animal in it." "Wait wait wait: you want me to do what now? Go to THE Pharaoh and tell him he has to let Your people go... over 600,000 of us?" Asked to do magnificent things they might not have understood, they let their faith speak through actions, and for that were rewarded and God commended them. How great of a thought it is for God, who is above all, to applaud us for our faith!

Just like these heroes of faith and the ones you have undoubtedly come across in your own lives, God WILL ask you and me to show our faith. Maybe we won't have to build a boat or lead a multitude of people on a 40-year trek through the desert, but He will have us complete a task that seems insurmountable or doesn't even make sense to our human mind. Maybe we will be asked to pick up and move to a new place for a reason unknown to us; maybe we will need to stand up for Jesus in our school, college campus, or work; perhaps we will need to be missionaries in a place not ready to receive Jesus; maybe He will ask us to trust Him to carry us through an insanely difficult situation; or still, some

of us might be asked to cut old and dear friendships as they are distracting us from focusing on our Lord, or we might need to let go of our dreams and pursue a career or life He has in store for us. It won't be easy; in fact we will only have the hope we find in knowing that God's got our back to push us through those times... BUT in the end, God will cheer and applaud and tell us "Well done, well done!"

And just as all the men and women above, though perhaps not at the level of Abraham or Noah, our life of faith will leave a legacy. Here we are now, thousands of years since Joseph was tossed in the hole by his brothers, but his story of faith is still regaled and used to encourage one another. Sarah, barren and in her 90s, had Isaac a long time ago, and yet today we still talk of her faith and God's way of making "impossible" possible. And of course, a mere mention of Job still makes us go "Ahhh, God is in control and rewards faithfulness."

Finally, let's not forget that our faithful life will create blessings to generations after us. Moses did not make it to the Promised Land, but thanks to his faithful leadership, Israelites did. Just like Moses, we might not always get to witness our impact, but we can know that the faithful things we do today will be a blessing to those around us.

So when God asks us to accomplish something big, unknown, discomfoting, say "Yes!" Live in faith and trust that if God asked us to do it, He has already committed to provide a path for us; He has already committed to be with us throughout the entire trek; at the end, He will reward us; and He will make our life more impactful than we could ever have imagined.

How's that for a Great Reward?



## WHAT IS EASTER?

Author Unknown

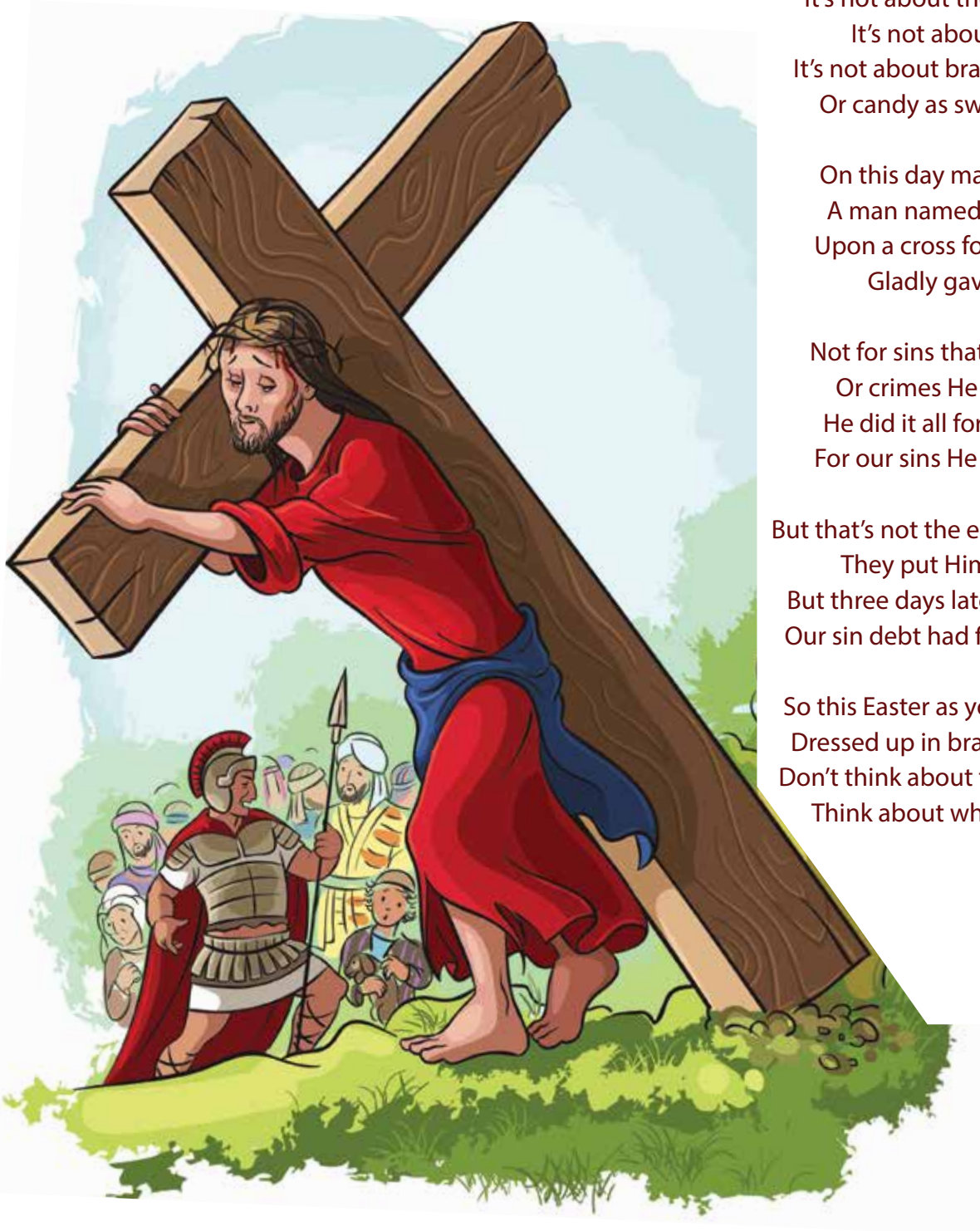
It's not about the eggs to hunt  
It's not about a bunny  
It's not about brand new clothes  
Or candy as sweet as honey

On this day many years ago  
A man named Jesus Christ  
Upon a cross for you and me  
Gladly gave His life

Not for sins that He had done  
Or crimes He must repay  
He did it all for you and me  
For our sins He died that day

But that's not the end of Jesus Christ  
They put Him in a grave  
But three days later He rose again  
Our sin debt had finally been paid

So this Easter as you hunt for eggs  
Dressed up in brand new clothes  
Don't think about the Easter Bunny  
Think about why Christ arose



## TEAM Czech is 25 years old!

In October 1991, Mark arrived in Prague as the first TEAM missionary to serve in the former Czechoslovakia. Since that time, more than 60 missionaries have served with TEAM Czech, and TEAM has been involved in more than 20 church plants and outreaches over the past 25 years. Praise God for His grace and goodness!



## The Šeberov church is 20 years old!

In the fall of 1996 we arrived in Prague as a couple, expecting our first child. Just three weeks later we joined the new church which began meeting at the Hotel Opatov, until the new church building was completed in 2001. In 2003, the church (now known as the Šeberov church) birthed South City Church, which has since helped start the work at Skalka,



20<sup>th</sup> anniversary service of the Šeberov church

Ládví, Network Praha, Bohnice and Prosek, and has also enfolded the Mongolian church into its extended family of “one church in many locations”. We were invited to the 20<sup>th</sup> anniversary celebration service on January 22 at Šeberov. We were encouraged to see the sanctuary filled with many familiar faces from our early years in Prague, who are still faithfully serving there, and to also see many faces unfamiliar to us—and lots of children! Praise God for his faithfulness!

## Establishing a local body of believers

Bohnice is the newest neighborhood in which we have begun outreach ministry, with the goal of one day seeing a new church established in this community. Bohnice is in the 8th district of Prague, on the western end of “North City”, close to where we currently live. Bohnice is home to 30,000 people with no evangelical or Protestant churches – only one small Roman Catholic church on the edge of this sprawling complex of high-rise apartment buildings.

## Communicating the gospel of Jesus

As part of our newly-launched outreach at Bohnice in the 8th district of Prague, we are now hosting a practical financial literacy class entitled “Money and Me”, based on solid biblical principles with an emphasis on outreach to unbelievers.

We are getting to know people in the Bohnice community, meeting a felt need, sharing Christ’s love

and message, and at the same time helping some of our own church members in getting their financial houses in order.

On the same evening at Ládví, three engaged couples are attending a marriage preparation course sponsored by the Ládví church and led by one of our elders and his wife. The three couples are not from our church and are hearing the gospel and are being challenged with Christian principles of marriage which are woven into the course.

## Helping others follow Jesus

Through small groups and courses on Monday and Wednesday evenings at Ládví, we are providing an atmosphere in which discipleship can happen in a comfortable setting. Also through gatherings such as the Monday morning Mothers’ Club at Ládví, Gretchen has opportunities to invest in the lives of the mothers who attend. Mark also continues to prepare new believers for baptism and encourage believers in their spiritual growth. Believers at South City, Skalka, Ládví, the Mongolian church, and Network Praha are studying God’s



Outreach at Bohnice

Word and applying it to their lives. At the various locations, discipleship is taking place in the context of small groups, missional communities, triads, and one-on-one.

## Equipping God’s people for service

With our church doubling in size in the last four years and growing at all locations, leadership development is more important than ever. In 2016 alone, we increased from seven elders to thirteen, and from one pastoral intern to two. Mark is very grateful for the opportunity to “lead the leaders” at the various locations of our church.

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## RESOLUTIONS

Written shortly before January 2017

**A**s we approach another New Year, it is time to think about new starts and fresh beginnings. I also like to think of it as an adventure of the unknown. I suppose some of you will say I am an optimist.

Those of you who are not, might struggle with my enthusiasm. Maybe you don't want to feel or anticipate with wonder and amazement. But I like adventures and besides, the future of 2017 can be exciting and full of anticipation about what is ahead! Why? Because 2017 is **unknown to us but known to God**.

As we approach a new year, many of us also think about goals or at least have some intentions or resolutions for a new year. As we end the year it is good to reflect back on the year, but also to begin thinking about goals for the New Year and what the future might have for us!

A few days ago, as I was reading my notes from Bible Study Fellowship, I was so humbled by the Spirit suggesting something I needed to work

on. (Like waiting to speak instead of reacting). It prompted a desire/goal to be more patient and understanding when I am interacting with others.

This year, I will finally officially retire. This morning as I was reading Ephesians 3:14–20, especially verse 20, I thought, "Lord, I do not want to survive or just get by these next 10 months before I retire. I don't want these next months to be drudgery waiting for October to come so I can retire."

Instead I want them to be more than all I could ask or think. I desire to be enthralled with what God will do! I want the hours and days to be full of anticipation, excitement and wonder at how the Lord will work in and through me!!

So my challenge to you today is to consider these verses in Ephesians as you think about another New Year. My prayer is that you too will be excited about all you could ask or think and be surprised by God as He works in and through you to fulfill His plan for you in 2017!

*Ruby Mikulencak, My thoughts*

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### The Potmas... Continues from page 22



TEAM Czech in 1991 (Mark is 2<sup>nd</sup> from right)

Mark continues to mentor three church-planting leaders through the M4 church-planter training, and gives support and encouragement where needed to our TEAM missionaries in various initiatives and on the leadership team. Meanwhile, Gretchen continues to coach new TEAM missionaries in their Czech language studies



TEAM Czech in 2017

Church planting where Christ was not known

*Mark, Gretchen,  
Luke, Noemi, Ben, Elise*

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It is finished! John 19: 30

Surely he took up our pain  
and bore our suffering. Isaiah 53: 4

He was delivered over to death for our sins  
and was raised to life for our justification. Romans 4: 25

...he has appeared once and for all  
to remove sin through the sacrifice of himself. Hebrews 9: 26b

Je dokonáno! Jan 19; 30

Bolesti, jež nesl, však byly naše,  
naše utrpení vzal na sebe! Izaiáš 53; 4

On byl vydán pro naše provinění  
a vzkříšen pro naše ospravedlnění. Římanům 4; 25

...svou obětí jednou provždy smazal hřích. Židům 9; 26b

Je dokonané! Ján 19; 30

Naozaj, on niesol naše choroby  
a naše bolesti ho obťažili. Izaiáš 53; 4

On bol vydaný za naše priestupky  
a vzkriesený pre naše ospravedlnenie. Rimanom 4; 25

...raz a navždy obetovaním seba zničil hriech. Židom 9; 26b