

## “Well done, good and faithful servant”

Family and friends gathered at Bayview Glen Church in Toronto on September 27, 2007 to celebrate the life of Ernst Loewy who, following several months of declining health, passed into the presence of his Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, on Monday, September 17.

Rev. and Mrs. Loewy led the work of The Toronto Jewish Mission from 1966 to 1983. Following retirement from full-time work with TJM, the Loewys moved to Naples, Florida where they continued reaching out to the Jewish community in partnership with AMF International, a sister ministry focused on bringing the gospel to God's ancient covenant people. In Brother Loewy's home-going, the Jewish community lost a true friend and intercessor. Like the Apostle Paul, Brother Loewy could truly say, "Brethren, my heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel is that they may be saved" (Romans 10:1).

Having been born into a comfortably-off Jewish family living in Berlin, Germany, Brother Loewy soon understood the challenge of being Jewish in a Gentile world. The rising antagonism toward Jews in Hitler's Germany necessitated the family leaving most of their earthly possessions behind as they traveled to South Africa via Switzerland and Italy.

In God's providence, he had directed the steps of the Loewy family to South Africa

where Ernst met committed Christians. In 1939, as his son John described in a moving tribute to his father at the memorial service, Ernst "made an irrevocable commitment to the belief that Jesus was indeed the Messiah, and his first passion throughout his life was to touch the face of God."

Ernst and Johanna were married on December 2, 1944, and for 50 years they gave themselves to serving God in South Africa, Canada and the United States.

In a letter of condolence to Mrs. Loewy, Wes Taber, Executive Director of AMF International wrote:

"In truth, however, Brother Ernst is not lost to us. He's not even misplaced! We have the confidence of the promise of God's Word that your life's partner has gone on to the place prepared for him by the very Son of God whom he loved and served so well. Yes, his presence here on earth is mourned, but how joyful the shout in heaven upon his arrival to his eternal

*Rev. Ernst Wolff Loewy  
Born October 8, 1918  
Died September 17, 2007*



home."

I am confident that our brother heard those coveted words, "Well done, good and faithful servant," as he entered into the presence of Jesus, his Messiah and Saviour. 📖

—Rev. David Daniels has been the Director of TJM/New Covenant House since 2002.

*The Toronto Jewish Mission, established in 1894, is a Christian ministry of evangelism and discipleship offered freely to all with priority given to the Jewish community. We also seek to encourage Christian love and interest for Israel and the Jewish people. Our ministry centre, New Covenant House, is located in the heart of Toronto's Jewish community.*

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## Hear and Live!

The Personal Testimony of Rev. Ernst Loewy

“Far better to be blind than deaf!” This was the considered opinion of a dear friend of mine who is hard of hearing. “After all,” he continued, “those to whom sight is denied keep in close touch with the world around them through an intensified sense of hearing. They are able to enjoy music and they can converse with others, whereas we are shut up to ourselves and cannot really communicate. If only we could hear!”

Yet many who have been endowed with the faculty of hearing do not exercise it to receive God’s communication to us. “O earth, earth, earth, hear the word of the Lord,” was the cry of Jeremiah of old. “O that thou hadst hearkened” was the lament of Isaiah to an even earlier generation. Again and again the Bible draws our attention to the importance of listening carefully, “he that hath ears to hear, let him hear.” Any organ of our body which we do not use will atrophy, and it is a solemn fact that if we turn a deaf ear to God, our ear will turn deaf. The following paragraphs will illustrate how God’s promise was fulfilled in the life of the writer: “Incline your ear, and come unto Me; hear and your soul shall live!” (Isaiah 55:3).

### Earliest Days

Born into a Jewish home in Berlin, Germany, I am able to look back on a very happy childhood. My parents were in a position to grant the wishes of their children, so that very little, if anything, remained to be desired. But I remember even in those far off days a longing after deeper things. Unfortunately, neither my father nor my mother had any religious convictions; on the contrary, they were rather inclined toward agnosticism. Consequently, the only way in which I could give vent to my feelings was by uttering a little prayer which one of the children’s maids had taught me.

Another event stands out from my childhood days, namely: An open Air Meeting held

by the Salvation Army on a certain Sunday afternoon in one of the open squares of Berlin. Our family had gone for a walk and as we passed by, the service was in full swing. I cannot remember anything about the message given, for none of us was interested enough to stay and listen, but the last line of a chorus which they sang impressed itself indelibly upon my mind. “Are you washed in the Blood of the Lamb?” Strictly speaking, these words did not convey anything to me, but the challenge they presented could not be evaded. God did not allow me to forget them, but from time to time, they would be on my lips and in my heart, “Are you washed in the Blood of the Lamb?” What about it?

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### Adolescence

Years passed, pleasant, carefree years, yet all the time the storm clouds were gathering. The hydra-headed monster of anti-Semitism was stalking through the land, gaining followers everywhere and eventually unleashing in January, 1933, a wave of persecution which grew in intensity, reaching dimensions hitherto unparalleled in the history of mankind. It did not leave our immediate family unscathed either, although God in His goodness preserved us from irreparable loss.

The inauguration of the “Third Reich” influenced the life of every Jew within its reach and, though only a teenager at the time, I was no exception. My High School education was cut short and, having always been interested in electromechanics, I was apprenticed to become a tradesman. About this time my real soul struggle began.

A legion of questions occupied my mind. Why this sudden outbreak of fury? Why should so many innocent people suffer? Why did God allow all this? Why did He not intervene? why? Why? WHY? The religious instruc-

...Continued on page 4.

## Is There a Jewish Doctor in the House?



Marilyn Duguid

Had you been living in Toronto in the early 1900s the answer to this question would have been a definite no. Sad to say, Toronto hospitals had a policy of not hiring Jewish doctors in those days. So in 1916 four determined Jewish women set about to establish a hospital for the city's fast-growing Jewish community. Securing \$12,000 through fund-raising, they made a down payment on a property at 100 Yorkville Avenue in 1922, the same avenue that was so popular with Canada's hippie generation in the 1960s.

The new 30-bed hospital, albeit a small one, was called the *Toronto Hebrew Maternity and Convalescent Hospital* and was staffed by all 40 of Toronto's Jewish doctors. In 1923 the name of the hospital was changed to *Mount Sinai Hospital* and within ten years, overcrowding necessitated renovation and expansion for the facility. Read a detailed history about the early years of Mount Sinai and you will no doubt conclude as I did that God's blessing rested upon it from the onset.

Excellence abounded among the early Jewish doctors. For example in **1923**: Dr. A Willinsky introduced spinal anesthesia to Toronto and was the first physician to use a cystoscope for transurethral prostate cancer. **1924**: Dr. Maxwell Bochner was regarded as Toronto's top eye doctor and originator of intracapsular cataract surgery. **1934**: Dr. Bernard Manance established the first allergy clinic in Toronto.

Little wonder that in 1942 Mount Sinai was already looking to build a new hospital. They considered land on the east side of University Avenue but soon discovered that the Sick Children's Hospital also sought to expand at that same location. Conflict was finally resolved when Mt. Sinai agreed to give the disputed land to Sick Kids in exchange for property on the west side of University Avenue plus a guarantee from them that Mount Sinai would become a teaching hospital and that

Jewish interns and residents be accepted at Sick Kids. Interestingly, construction began at 550 University Avenue in 1948, the same year that Israel was declared a state. In 1953 the new facility opened and was hailed as one of the most modern in North America. Expansion became necessary again by 1966, but this time Mount Sinai opted to open a new hospital, and in 1974 the doors of their current location at 600 University Avenue were opened.

Today, Mount Sinai is a world-renowned hospital partnering with the Faculty of Medicine at the University of Toronto and Ryerson University of Nursing. More than two hundred scientists and students work at Samuel Lunenfeld Research Institute, the hospital's leading-edge research facility. Mount Sinai remains independently operated although connected by tunnels and bridges to Toronto General and Princess Margaret Hospitals.

Thankfully, I have never had a medical reason to be referred to Mount Sinai, but no doubt those of you who have will attest to their high calling and expertise. Jewish doctors today are held in high esteem in many fields of medicine and research, so one is hard-pressed to imagine that seventy-five years ago they were not welcome in our Toronto hospitals. Thank God that in 1922 four Jewish women had a dream! The fruition of their dream and determination has made it possible today to declare with a definite yes, *there is a Jewish doctor in the house.*

Wishing you blessings and good health from down here at **Kosher Korner**. 📖

—Marilyn Duguid is Secretary-Treasurer of the Board of Directors of TJM.

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*In 1923 the name of the hospital was changed to Mount Sinai Hospital*

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*The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until Shiloh comes; and to Him shall be the obedience of the people. — Genesis 49:10.*

*Continued from page 2...*

tion received at High School could not supply the answer to any of these and many other queries. Not in any way bigoted, my parents had allowed me to learn the Old and New Testaments at school, but the prevailing rational approach to the Bible had robbed us of reverence for it, leaving one rather with a greater void in one's heart. Consequently I turned to the one and only path open before me, the synagogue. I began to study Hebrew, knowing that it would help me to enter more deeply into the services and thinking that it would be a good preparation for going to *Erets Israel* when that way would open up.

However, "My thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways My ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are My ways higher than your ways, and My thoughts than your thoughts." Our family decided to emigrate to South Africa and although left at liberty to stay behind to pursue my plans regarding what was then Palestine, I came to the conclusion that it would be best to leave the circle unbroken and set out with my parents for "Africa's golden shore."

**A New Beginning**

Busy months followed during which every one of us had to shoulder his part of the responsibility of making a new home, and I must pay special tribute to my mother's selfless efforts and unceasing labours which con-

tributed most toward this achievement. But neither this, nor the regained personal freedom in a free country, nor congenial work could end my quest. Regular attendance at the synagogue services, keeping of the dietary laws as far as possible, trying to learn more about the oral law, none of these could satisfy the inner longings of my heart. Friends told me that I was far too serious. Enjoy life while you are young and leave deeper things to the old people; there is plenty of time later on! Were they right after all? So far I had not succeeded in my search for truth and for God; was I perhaps chasing a will-o'-the-wisp?

*So far I had not  
succeeded in my search  
for truth and for God*

Following their advice I took part in the pleasures of the world, not heeding the solemn warning of the prophet Jeremiah. "For My people have committed two evils; they have forsaken Me the fountain of living waters, and have hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns, that can hold no water." For a time there seemed to be real enjoyment in this mad rush, but not for long. The pomp and dazzle of the world can only intoxicate for a little while; when seen in their true light they are, according to the words of the Psalmist, "altogether lighter than vanity."

**Crisis**

During this critical period I made the acquaintance of a Christian who was on the office staff of the firm where I was employed as a scientific instrument maker. The difference

*...Continued on page 5.*

**Contributing to The Toronto Jewish Mission**

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*Continued from page 4...*

between her and the other members of the personnel was so marked that it could not go unnoticed. In the course of our numerous conversations I realized that this was the first person I had met who knew God as a living reality. At last one who had not only sought, but found. So there was a way back to God, but, oh, how disappointing it was to hear that Jesus Christ was that way. As He said, "I am the way, the truth, and the life: no man cometh unto the Father, but by Me." Christians accept this, but how could a Jew believe in the One, whose followers have persecuted us throughout the centuries? (I had yet to learn the difference between Gentiles and Christians. While the former may participate in acts of violence and hatred, the latter love our people.)

The very idea seemed so absurd that I tried to put it out of my mind once and for all; but in vain. Judaism had been "weighed in the balances, and found wanting"! If there is no other way besides Jesus Christ, what then? Pride and prejudice barred the road to further inquiry, but God dealt with them in His all-wise manner. He suddenly took away a very good friend of mine in the prime of life, and this proved a great shock to me. Where would I have gone if the call had come to me instead? But that is quite impossible, argued the adversary of our souls, you are even younger than he was, healthy and strong; don't worry about it. Yet God showed me that

such a possibility was not nearly as remote as we may think. An accident on a plateau of Table Mountain, which might have been fatal under different circumstances, was a further warning not to delay. "Prepare to meet thy God, O Israel" was the message of the prophet of old. "Seek ye the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near."

**Hear and Live**

Remembering that my father had sought comfort and consolation in the Bible at a time of crisis, I also turned to this precious book.

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Following the counsel of that Christian friend, I began reading in the Old Testament, namely, the prophecy of Isaiah. Nobody, except perhaps one who is utterly indifferent, can read the messages of this zealot and

remain untouched; they did not fail to make a profound impression upon me. "Behold, a virgin shall conceive, and bear a Son, and shall call His name Immanuel." Who else could this be, but the Prophet of Nazareth? "For unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given: and the government shall be upon His shoulder: and His name shall be called Wonderful, Counsellor, The Mighty God, The Everlasting Father, The Prince of Peace." What son or child would dare call himself *El Gibbor*? Only Yeshua, who claimed to be one with the Father. "Behold a king shall reign in righteousness,...and a man shall be as an hiding

*...Continued on page 6.*

**☪ Stewardship Policy ☪**

Spending of funds is confined to board-approved programs and purchases. Each gift designated toward an approved program will be used as designated with the understanding that when the need has been met, designated gifts will be used where needed most. Gifts are acknowledged and receipted with an official receipt for income tax purposes.

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*Continued from page 5...*


place...as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." Again, no one fitted into this beautiful picture but "the man born to be king"; the Anointed, the Rock of Ages.

Thus the light became brighter day by day and my conviction deepened. "Ye have sold yourselves for nought; and ye shall be redeemed without money." What balm to a troubled spirit! But the reading of the following chapter, the 53rd of Isaiah, brought the peace so keenly sought. In it the sufferings of the Messiah on behalf of Israel and the world at large are depicted in sublime language. "Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem Him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted." This was the superficial view once held by myself and by multitudes of my Jewish brethren all over the globe. Now, however, the eye of faith looked beyond the external. "But He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all." These solemn verses led me to the knowledge of the truth of God, and in Him, who is the true centre of Israel, I found the answer to my every problem. Confessing my sin and unworthiness, I looked away to Jesus Christ, my *Corban*, suffering anguish, dying in my place, and I received Him into my heart by faith. That night another one of the wandering, "lost sheep of the house of Israel" returned into the fold of the redeemed; home at last!

The newly-found joy in the Messiah, the peace of heart, the assurance of the forgiveness of sins and of eternal life were exceedingly precious in the difficult days that followed. Severe tests of faith were encountered, but nothing could undo God's work of grace in my heart. It was my earnest desire to make this blessed salvation known to others, and some months later I heard God's call to my present sphere of service. It came through the words which commissioned Ezekiel, the prophet, to his life task. "So thou, O son of man, I have set thee a watchman unto the

house of Israel; therefore thou shalt hear the word at My mouth, and warn them from Me."

### **Epilogue**

That was years ago. But throughout all this time it has been a great joy to serve the Master, in spite of multitudinous difficulties and trials. As long as life shall last it will be my privilege to invite my Jewish brothers and sisters with the words of that great Jew on the shore of the Galilean lake centuries ago: "Matsanu et hammashiach!" "We have found the Messiah." "Hear, and live!" 

—*This and other of Rev. Loewy's writings are available at [www.messianicforum.org](http://www.messianicforum.org).*

### **In Memoriam**

The following individuals made a donation to the work of TJM in memory of a loved one:

#### **In memory of Rev. Ernst Loewy**

Miss Mabel Baker  
Marjorie E. Barnes  
Mr. Daniel Bruneau  
Rev. & Mrs. David Daniels  
Rev. & Mrs. Barry Duguid  
Pauline Gillies  
Rev. & Mrs. Paul Havercroft  
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Mrs. Hua (Helen) Lin  
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Jan Raymond  
Gertrude Smith  
Miss Shirley Steckley  
Shirley Welch  
Willowdale Baptist Church

#### **In memory of Mr. Robert Pfeiffer**

Rev. & Mrs. Barry Duguid

*We would like to wish all our faithful volunteers and supporters a joyous and blessed Christmas!*