

SID: I need to provide some important background information before presenting the next question that I asked Awan. Last spring, I was surfing the internet, when I discovered a Web site of another person who was comparing specific Bible verses in many different versions. As I thoroughly studied his list of Bibles, I was amazed to discover 19 versions of the Bible, that were unfamiliar to me.

I waited until my summer vacation to research these additional Bibles. Again, I used the internet to locate the libraries that had these “new” Bibles. As I was staying in Connecticut, I spent a couple of days at Yale’s Divinity School’s Library, which had several of them. I then returned to the American Bible Society, in New York City to work with several others on the list.

Finally, I had just one Bible remaining—The Aramaic Bible. I had discovered that Seton Hall University’s library, in East Orange, New Jersey had it. I knew that it was only a forty minutes drive from my home. I even had a vague idea where it was because when I was a boy, my father visited a doctor in East Orange. I had accompanied my father on these trips. On the day I decided to go, however, my mind went blank, and I could not remember how to get there. I called a friend of mine who gave me directions, and I took my laptop computer and drove to Seton Hall.

I had never been to this university before, although I knew two people who had graduated from there. As I made my way to the campus, in late August, I noticed many banners had been posted, which welcomed the new students to an orientation. There was also a sign in front of a guardhouse stating that you needed to get a pass before entering the campus. I drove up to the guardhouse and lowered the car’s window.

Good afternoon,” I said, “I came here to use the library. May I have a pass?”

The guard smiled at me and said, “Oh that’s OK. You do not need a pass. *We have been expecting you!*”

A jolt ran through my body, because I could not process what the guard had just told me. What did he mean: “We have been expecting you?” No one at the university knew I was coming to look at one of their Bibles. As my mind began racing for a logical answer, I thought of Carl’s “southern charm” with statements like “this sandwich has your name on it.” This man must be from the south, I reasoned. Then, I said to him, “Can you tell me where the library is, and where I can park my car?”

The guard gave me all the directions, and I was on my way.

It always takes a bit of time for me to get settled in a new library. I have to find a comfortable place to type that is close enough to an electric outlet, so I can plug in my laptop. It took

longer than usual for me to locate the *Aramaic Bible*, and to begin typing.

For some reason, I felt rushed. I really was not ready to spend all afternoon typing verses from still another Bible. Hadn't I collected enough? Would this Bible be that different from the other 159 Bibles that I had examined? It would only take a few more minutes for me to discover the answer to that question was a booming, reverberating **YES!!!!**