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Abraham
...a passionate man who talked with God
a soliloquy based on Genesis 22:1-18
by Ralph Milton
from [Is This Your Idea of a Good Time, God?](#)
Wood Lake Books

God, you never said it would be easy.

You promised Sarah and me a new land to live in. You promised we'd be the forebears of a great people. You never promised it would be easy. And it all takes time, I know, I know. And you sent us Isaac – oh what a son he is, God, what a son he is; fine boy, my Isaac.

And you said it was through Isaac that Sarah and me would be the ancestors of a race of people. "Look at the stars," you said. Do you remember you said that? Of course you remember.

So I looked at the stars, but I can't count that far. Still, that would be a lot of folks, God. Can you handle that many? I mean, just with Sarah and me and our little tribe, you've had your hands full, right? If you make as many people as there are stars, can you pay attention to them all?

Or are you going to be a little easier on them? Because it's not an easy thing, you know, God. Maybe you don't understand how tough it is. You're God, so for you such things are easy. I'm just a human being. You made me out of dust, remember. Aren't you expecting just a bit much from a walking lump of dust, God?

All right, I know. You've always delivered on your promises. Well, except for that promise about as many people as there are stars. I guess I won't be around to see that.

But God, why this? It makes no sense – no sense at all. It made sense when you told me to pack up and leave home and go to a country that you'd show us. Fine, I can understand that.

And granted, we had to wait a long time before you delivered on the child you promised. Such a child. Oy! A beautiful boy, with his mother's dark eyes. And they say he has my nose. A good nose for a man. And we laughed when we heard he was coming, oh Sarah and me we laughed so hard. And so we named the boy Isaac, which means "laughter." Did you know that God? Of course you know.

So now, why this? Why this? On the one hand, you told us we would become a great nation through Isaac. On the other hand, here I am walking up the mountainside with my son Isaac beside me, under your orders to make a sacrifice of him. You have told me to put my own son on an altar and to kill him there for a sacrifice to you.

"If you really love me, you will do it." I heard you say that God. You came through loud and clear. "Take the boy up the mountain and make a human sacrifice out of him?" I know, I know, that's what you said.

But he's my boy, God. Have you any idea what it might be like to watch your own child die. Especially when he's innocent. He hasn't done anything wrong. I've done wrong. I mean, you know how often I've messed up. So is my son going to die for my sins? Yes, I believe you God. I trust you. But I don't understand. And I wonder if you understand what it's like to be a parent. Maybe you should try it sometime, God. Then you might know what it was like to love a child more than anything in the world, and then to have your child taken from you.

All right, already. I'm sorry. You're God. You know what you are doing. You told me to go and sacrifice my son and so here I am.

"Isaac, my son. I love you with my whole life. I know you will not understand what I am going to do. I don't understand it myself. I only know that God has told me I must do this, and so I must. God has a plan. I have no idea what it is, but I know that God has a plan and that somehow all these things work together for good, if we believe.

"No, son. Please don't look at me with those big, dark Sarah eyes. Close your eyes my son, and know that God loves you and that I love you. Trust, my son. Trust."

So this is the moment, God. It has come down to this moment. This is the test, and I will meet it. But if I am wrong, if it's not your voice, God, that I heard, please be merciful and take my life.

One deep breath, one deep breath to breathe your strength into my soul, and then, O God, it will be done. One deep breath and....

A ram. A ram bleating there in the bush. A ram. God be praised, a ram, an offering in place of Isaac. Thank you God.

Yes, of course, I understand. You test us God, and if we are faithful, you provide. You asked of us our lives, our total faithful lives, and promise us the hope, the beauty and the truth. You walk us into death, and offer us resurrection!

Ralph Milton has written a number of books, all of them available through Wood Lake Publishing. [Click here to see them all.](#)