



A delightfull readable yet profound survey of the way stories inform our faith and values, and are essential to our Christian witness. Ralph Milton at his best.

[Click here for more information.](#)

Resurrection

**Joseph and his brothers reconciled
based on Genesis 42 & 45
©Ralph Milton**

Note: Another version of this same story is found in the file "Joseph-brothers."

The sobs heaved out of his body. One after another, his large, muscular frame was wracked with grief and pain he'd never known himself to feel. Until this moment.

Joseph had never known how to cry. His life had been a struggle to survive, to prevail, to prosper, to overcome. Joseph survived on his wits. He was the only Hebrew in the Egyptian court, and his very life depended on his ability to be one jump ahead of everyone else. There was no time, no room for weakness, ever. Certainly no time for tears.

But now he was weak. Curled up like a small boy on the edge of his ornate official chair, Joseph wept the tears he should have wept through all his troubled life.

Joseph wept the tears of anger. Anger at his abusive brothers, who years before had beat him and stripped him of his long-sleeved cloak, thrown him in a pit and sold him into slavery. Anger at the Egyptians for whom he had slaved, whom he had outwitted, and over whom he now ruled. Anger at himself, for the spoiled-brat younger brother he had been, for the lies and the cheating and the manipulation he had used to get his way.

And Joseph wept the tears of loneliness and fear. Torn from his family, thrown into slavery, no love, no affection, no affirmation, nothing but his own wits and studied determination to carry him into each terrifying day.

And now his brothers stood before him. His brothers. These were his own flesh and blood. But they were also the ones who had abused and betrayed him. He should hate and punish them for what they had done, but he couldn't. Because in spite of himself, Joseph wanted nothing in the world more than to be loved once more by his brothers. And his father. Oh, how he yearned for the affection of his father.

His brothers stood before him. Confused. Afraid. They had no idea this Egyptian official was the brother they had betrayed.

"Get out of here," Joseph shouted through his tears to all the Egyptians in the room. "Get out. I want to be alone with these men."

Then he turned on his brothers. "I am Joseph. I am your brother. Do you remember me? Is father still alive?"

The men dropped to the ground, terrified. Only Judah managed to raise his head enough to nod a yes to Joseph's plea about his father.

Again the tears. Joseph knew how much he wanted to be loved, to be accepted by these men, his brothers, and yet his anger at them boiled inside.

"It's all right, my brothers." In his need, Joseph covered up his anger. "God arranged it all," he said, knowing that he really didn't believe this. "God knew there'd be a famine in the land, and God put me here in the Egyptian court so I could take care of you and my father and our whole tribe. So it wasn't your fault, you see!" Out of his desperate need, Joseph denied his anger and told the pious lie.

Joseph walked up to Benjamin, his youngest brother and embraced him. "Ben, Ben. It is so good to see you. How is Dad? Tell me how my father is?"

Benjamin swallowed hard. "He's fine. Just fine."

"Tell Dad that I'm alive. I'm OK. And tell him that I've done OK. Tell him I'm in charge of just about everything here, that I'm second-in-command to Pharaoh. Tell him that, will you Ben?"

Ben nodded, still dazed. Joseph wondered why he'd said that. Why was it so important to have his Dad know of his success?

It took days before Joseph and his brothers cut through years of fear and anger and repression to really talk with each other. And one day, Joseph found again the anger he had hidden, enough that he could shout his rage. "Why would you do such a terrible thing?" For which there was, of course, no longer any answer.

Then one day there was confession. One by one the brothers, Joseph too, found words to name their sins. One by one they asked forgiveness from each other and from God. One by one they vowed to purge their lives of jealousy and greed that brought them to such deeds.

Now the tears flowed freely. And sometimes laughter too, as brothers saw each other now as fragile, lonely men who needed more than anything the care and love that only they could give each other.

"The God of our ancestors did not lead us to abuse and to betray you, Joseph," Judah said one day. "Our God is a just and loving God, and would never will such things. But God has used our weakness and our sin and through it has brought life to the land of Egypt and to our father's clan. Thanks be to God."

"Thanks be to God," repeated Joseph and his brothers.

**Ralph Milton has written a number of books,
all of them available through Wood Lake Publishing.**

[Click here to see them all.](#)