Isaac and Jesus

Narrator: What shall we say to these things? How shall we respond to a love so incredible?

God: Abraham—

Narrator: God called.

Abraham: Yes, Lord? I'm here. I was just about to finish up for the day.

God: In the morning I have a task . . .

Abraham: Certainly, Lord. What do You want me to do? Tomorrow is a full day, but I'll make it my first priority.

God: It is concerning your son, Isaac.

Abraham: Oh, I understand. Your probably wanting me to teach him how to hunt. I'm sorry. I've been putting that off for some time now—

God: No, Abraham.

Abraham: If You are worried about his behavior, let me assure You that he's just going through a stage.

God: Abraham . . .

Abraham: Oh, excuse me. If anyone should know about stages it would be You. You certainly have seen all my stages. By the way, have You heard him sing? He's not only a child of laughter. He's also quite a musician!

God: Abraham, listen!

Abraham: Oh, I almost forgot You had a task for me. Something for Isaac, wasn't it? I will gladly do whatever You ask me to do.

God: Take now your son, your only son . . .

Abraham: Isaac. That's my boy! Who'd have ever imagined that Sarah at such a old age would—

God: Take him to Mount Moriah—

Abraham: So it's time now for him to learn about worship. You want me to—

God: offer him as a sacrifice

Abraham: I'm sorry I don't think I quite heard that last . . .

God: Offer your son as a sacrifice.

Abraham: Offer Isaac.

Narrator: Abraham's mind raced. He stood in the presence of God as a chill ran down his spine.

Abraham: Offer Isaac as a sacrifice? Why? Lord, I have riches. I'll offer a thousand oxen. But my son. Isaac? He's my only son. In truth, he's all I have. The only truly amazing gift that I was given from You. I don't understand. God, please don't make me understand! Not me I can't do that. Lord, I love You with all my life! I would die for You. But to kill my only son? No I will not! I cannot! God! Why?

Narrator: Not sure of himself, Abraham retreated to his house. He didn't sleep. He wouldn't eat. Bargaining through the night with a God whose voice was not heard throughout that night of torture, grief, agony, and despair. I'm sure he cried,

Abraham: "My God. My God! Why have You forsaken me!"

Narrator: He must have begged,

Abraham: "If it be Your will, let this cup pass from me!"

Narrator: But amazingly, he resigned,

Abraham: “Not as I desire but as You desire.”

Narrator : Before dawn, Abraham rose from his pillow which was dampened with tears, hitched his mule, wakened Isaac, and made his way to Mount Moriah.

Abraham: *If He leads me through the darkness*

If He leads me through the darkness

If He leads me through the darkness

I’ll go with Him

With Him

With Him, all the way.

Abraham: Stay here,

Narrator: he said to his servants.

Abraham: The lad and I will go up and worship.

Narrator: So Abraham took the wood that he had split for the alter and laid it on Isaac his only son.

Narrator: “My Father.”

Abraham: Here I am, son.

Narrator: We have the fire and the wood, but where is the lamb?

Abraham: My son, God will provide the lamb—

Narrator: a thousand thoughts must have swept through his mind as he held the knife; thoughts that were crushing, thoughts that dug into the core of his soul.

Abraham: God, why do You demand this? I know that You are real. I’ve heard Your voice. I love my son. God, I love him

so! Please, Lord! This act! Such a horrible shameful act. But, Lord, I heard Your voice. Those words, I can’t escape them. My soul is rotting to the core but I can’t drown out Your words with my deep anguish. Let me die! Let me die instead. Why! Why must I . . .

(He approaches his imaginary son. He lifts the imagined knife as he trembles and weeps. Then as it comes down his arm freezes in air. God catches his hand. Abraham then is transformed into a crucifixion position.)

Narrator: The test was over, but it was only a foreshadowing event of another Child who climbed the hill with the wood for the sacrifice on His back.

© Matt Tullos