

What Kind of Father

A Monologue or Devotional Reading

[NOTE TO THE READER-PERFORMER when done as a monologue:

Do this ANGRILY, especially after the opening scripture. The intent is to let the listener catch the unspoken application to God the Father sacrificing His Son. In the closing three questions, continue to express passionate wonderment, but do not take a sarcastic tone about such a "God...father...love". That might make it harder for the listener to make the application to God and the depths of His loving sacrifice. It's OK to emphasize "God...father...love," but don't sneer.]

The story told in Genesis 22 is so deceptively simple,
so matter-of-fact:

*Now it came about after these things, that God tested Abraham, and said to him, "Abraham!" And he said, "Here I am." He said, "Take now your son, your only son, whom you love, Isaac, and go to the land of Moriah, and offer him there as a burnt offering on one of the mountains of which I will tell you."
(Genesis 22:1-2, NASB)*

To be honest, this story makes me angry.

Think about it:

What kind of God could even *imagine* a father
having to sacrifice his own son?

Does such a God know *anything* about the love of a parent?

Does He have *any idea* how dear that one is?

A man's son is his own life,
his own being.

He has flowed out of his
deepest,
most personal,
most passionate love.

A man's son is more precious than his own life.

He would rather rip out his own heart with his bare hands
than kill him!

Honestly, what kind of a God could even *consider* such a thought?

And what kind of a father could actually do such a thing...
for anyone, under any circumstances?

How could a father thoughtfully plan his son's killing?

How could he think it all through and
calmly calculate exactly what it would take to make it all happen?

How could he patiently pull together the materials,
like he was planning a picnic, then
pack it all up,

take his son, and
travel that long journey with his son right there with him?
How could he smile at him and
talk with him along the way, knowing
where they were headed and
what he would do to him when they got there?

How could he lay all that heavy wood on him and
send him trudging up that hill?
How could he watch him struggle to carry
the instrument of his own death?
How could he tie him up,
lay him on the wood,
look down into his innocent, trusting eyes, and then,
ignoring every impulse of his soul,
drive that cold, sharp iron into his living flesh?

The whole idea of such a sacrifice is absurd anyway!
A sacrifice is a life for a life, right?
What, in all this wide universe,
could ever merit such a sacrifice?
Who is *important* enough or
worthy enough
that *any* father should consider,
even for a moment,
having to murder his own son to save them?
It spits in the face of all that is good and right!
Tell me, who could possibly be that worth saving?
WHO?!?

What kind of *God* is that?
What kind of *father*?
What kind of *love* would ever do such a thing?

Hymn: [Genesis 22](#)

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