

## *An Egyptian Perspective*

By Rebecca Phillips

**Summary:** *An Egyptian tells of God's wrath coming down on Egypt during the 10 plagues and what that says about the nature of God.*

My glass of water turned to blood. I should have known then that something was terribly wrong.

First the blood—a week of blood. The river, blood. The wells, blood. Bowls of water in our home—blood. We couldn't bathe for a week. We had to dig wells along the riverbanks to get water to drink. Our children were filthy and thirsty and frightened. It was a disaster.

I heard that the water in Goshen, where the Israelites lived, was untouched. Clean. Strange.

Then the frogs... frogs on our doorstep. Frogs in the wells that—just a week ago—were blood. Frogs in the bloody water bowls in our homes—frogs in our closets, our beds, our bread baskets. And when the frogs died, the stench was thick and paralyzing. There were piles and mounds of dead frogs every where we looked—absolutely unbearable. I refused to go outside for days—and when I finally did, we were bombarded with gnats... little tiny aggravating gnats that hissed around my ears—nesting in the corners of my eyes—in my nose—even my hair... covering our animals—covering every part of my body...

No frogs in Goshen. Or gnats. Not one. What was going on?

And the flies...we thought the gnats were bad—but the flies were worse. Far worse. And would you believe that the flies covered the ground? Every step I took—my feet were surrounded with black, biting flies. Under my feet. On my feet. In between my toes. I'm telling you—this really happened. The skies above me were blanketed with hovering flies. Storm clouds of flies were ripping through Egypt like tornados. Every one was wrapped in a cloak of flies. It felt as though it would never end—but then, in a single moment, the flies were gone. Not one to be seen. Honest. They disappeared.

I was beginning to think that there was a greater force behind all of this. One of Pharaoh's servants said that the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob was demanding through the prophet Moses that Pharaoh release the Israelites from slavery—and if he didn't, these plagues would continue. How could Pharaoh not listen? We knew that Pharaoh was a hard man, but we were quickly learning that his stubbornness was impenetrable. And it was getting costly.

When the flies left, we all took a deep, clean breath of fresh air and relaxed. Life was normal again. Children played outside. We went to the well. We baked bread. We slept sweetly. The sheep baa-ed and the horses neighed. It seemed as though peace had broken through the walls of blood, gnats, and flies. And then it happened. It was subtle at first. One sheep fell ill. Then a camel died. Then the horses started to drop dead. The cattle—everywhere—dying. Every bit of the livestock—died.

The Israelite's livestock was spared.

The next day, boils attacked people and animals alike. People were hiding in their homes, under blankets, in corners—mothers hid their babies in cool ovens to try and somehow escape this strange affliction. When night fell, a pounding on the rooftops began, and became thunderous. Hail pulverized Egypt—some as big as boulders—the skies were white with constant blazing streaks of lightening. What was left of our crops was destroyed. For hours on end, all of Egypt was attacked. And then, it was as though the hailstones turned to locusts—and the land was plastered with these horrifying creatures. Darkness never turned to day. The land was black—there was no light—anywhere.

God was angry. And Pharaoh was unrelenting.

And again, Goshen, where the sun continued to shine, remained untouched. Not a single hailstone. Not a single boil. And yes, not a single locust.

Pharaoh's unwillingness to free the Israelites had cost the entire land of Egypt our safety, our homes, our livestock, our crops—everything. I was certain that there could be nothing worse—

Until that final night. All across Egypt—screaming cries of mothers and fathers—aunts and uncles—grandparents—children—mourning the deaths of every firstborn son of

every Egyptian family—from the heights of Pharaohs palace to the lowliest huts of servants—young babies, boys, and men were dead. It was the absolute worst night of our lives. But, not a single Israelite child was touched.

This God—this protective God of His people—stopped at nothing to free his own. To take care of His own. To love and protect His own. But I ask you—what kind of God would sacrifice a child for the sake of His people?

*(Breaking character)* "For God so loved the world that He gave His only Son, that who ever believes in Him will not perish, but have everlasting life."

*Lights.*