

Rahab

I am an adopted daughter of Israel, coming out of not only a dysfunctional family but a corrupt culture. Rahab is my name. In case the term “prostitute” puts you off, let me remind you that I was miraculously saved from the fate of my city by the LORD God Jehovah himself.

Let me go back to the beginning. Jericho’s religion included sexual perversion and violence. There was ritual prostitution, both heterosexual and homosexual as well as bestiality with bloodshed mixed in, all performed in homage to Baal. Children were sacrificed to Moloch by throwing them into a ritual fire. There was merit for the city and for the parents who thus gave up their offspring. I was not burned, but I was made a temple prostitute. After that I had no other choice than to continue the life that I hated.

But I did not accept as permanent the trap in which I was caught. I knew that the way of our gods was wrong. And I heard of the great events in Egypt when the people of Israel came out with a demonstration of the great power of Jehovah. And those people were coming our way. Some said that we must sacrifice more to our gods to please them and gain more power. I knew that I had to change sides.

The LORD arranged that the spies came to my home. I was given knowledge of who they were and that I must protect them. I also knew that they were my only hope. They agreed to preserve all my family if they were in my room, built right into the massive city wall, when the city fell. I misled the king’s messengers telling them that the men had returned to their own camp near the Jordan. Then I secretly released the spies on ropes out of the window, giving me a red cord to hang out the window identifying the place. I told them to go away from their camp into the hills for three days.

The people of Israel did an amazing thing – they began to march around the city. It was an exact parallel of our Legend of Keret, the king who sought a wife with a procession of soldiers followed by musicians for 6 days of silence and ending with great noise on the seventh day. We had just completed our annual performance. The Israelites performance was without question a mockery of our ceremony and demonstration of the superior power of Jehovah. The priests and musicians marched with soldiers before and after them. When the wall fell, my part stood and the spies were able to walk right up the inclined pile of debris to my room to rescue me, my parents and siblings.

But that is not the end of the miracles. Instead of being shunned as an outsider of questionable morals, I was accepted as a convert to Judaism. I even married a Jewish man of good reputation, Salmon of the tribe of Judah.

I had assurance in my heart that the LORD God of Israel forgave my sins because of his grace and my act of faith, which was used by him to carry out the plan to destroy my wicked city. And I knew in my heart that he was going to use my spoiled and broken life for his own purposes in the future.

Have you even thought that you were beyond hope? Do you think that your life cannot be of any good to anyone? Think of me. When Boaz was born, Salmon received a revelation that this child would be the ancestor of a king whose kingdom would last forever.

Praise the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, the God of Israel. The God of Salmon. The God of Rahab.

Joshua 2 – 6, Matthew 1, Hebrews 11, James 2, “The Fall of the Moon City” by Dr. David Livingston