

Isaac's Testimony (by Noel Morris)

Hi. My name is Isaac. I want to tell you about something that happened to me when I was about 12.

I come from a very religious family. In fact my Dad is kind of a religious fanatic. My mom and Dad were told by an angel that I would be born when Mom was 90 and Dad was 100. My mom laughed at the idea but here I am, living proof that the angel was right.

One day my Dad came home from praying in the fields and told Mom that God wanted him to go to a mountain to make a sacrifice, and he wanted to take me with him.

I was a regular kid, into playstations and skateboards and rock music, but definitely not prayers and sacrifices. but Dad said I had to go with him, and Mom said OK. I couldn't get out of it.

So early the next morning we cut some firewood, saddled the donkeys, and with some servants we set off on our journey to the mountain. It took a couple of days, then on the third day we saw Mt Moriah looming before us.

At the foot of the mountain we set up camp and Dad told the servants to wait there with the donkeys while he and I went up to the top. He told them that we would be back later.

He loaded the firewood on my shoulders and he took the knife and the small container with a smoldering fire in it. As we trudged up the mountain path, I was thinking there was something missing. I didn't know too much about what happened at a sacrifice, but it dawned on me that there should be a lamb or some animal to sacrifice.

So I asked Dad "where is the Lamb?" and he kind of choked and spluttered as he answered: "God will provide."

We got to the top and began gathering rocks and built an altar. We laid the firewood on top of the rocks. The my Dad did something crazy.

He took a piece of rope and tied up my hands and feet. I tried to struggle but it was too late. He picked me up and laid me on top of the altar.

Suddenly it began to hit me: I was to be the sacrifice!

I closed my eyes.

All my past flashed before my eyelids. I remembered all the sins I'd ever done.

I opened my eyes again.

I saw Dad pick up the knife. This is serious!

I knew he loved me, so why did he want to kill me?

I closed my eyes again.

I told God I was sorry for all my sins, I would never sin again.

But God, please HELP me. Save me!

I looked up.

Dad was raising the knife. I shut my eyes again!

Two things happened:

1. A great peace came over me, and
2. We heard a booming voice telling Dad to stop, and not to kill me.

At first I thought it must be an angel, but then I realised that it was God Himself. He told Dad that He had seen his obedience.

Now I knew why Dad had done what he did, it was a test of his obedience to God.

We heard another sound, and looked over and saw a ram caught in a bush nearby.

With tears in his eyes, Dad untied me and hugged me. It was more like we were brothers than father and son now.

And in that moment I knew that his God was my God.

Together we knelt down by that altar and sacrificed the ram to God. My heart was so full of thankfulness to God.

I was thankful that I was alive. It was like I had begun a new life.

I realised what kind of faith my Dad had when he told my Mom and the servants "We will be back." It was like I was resurrected.

I was thankful for the ram too. It became a substitute for me, it died in my place.

I was thankful that I could now know the Living God and walk with Him like my Dad did.

As we knelt and talked to God, He again spoke and pronounced a wonderful blessing on Dad, commending his obedience, and promising us many descendants.

I hope when I have sons, they will come to know the Living God like this for themselves.