

“Hi! I’m Rahab!”

Bonnie Moyers

When our church planned a Bible character pageant, I was asked to portray the harlot Rahab (Joshua 2). Creating my costume was easy. But I wondered how I could best represent her. What would I say?

I reviewed everything about her in the Bible and Bible helps. And I prayed, “Lord, please help me write this script!”

If I were Rahab, what would I be thinking and feeling?

The words flowed, and the following became my speaking part.

“Hi! I’m Rahab. I am a lively, outgoing person. I like to know ‘what’s happening’ and be right in the middle of everything. And there was plenty going on at my house, located on the Jericho wall.

“Yes, I was a prominent bordello owner and well-respected in my community. For as Canaanites we saw nothing morally wrong with my profession. To those around me, I was a sharp business-woman with a lucrative way of supporting my family.

That is, until I learned that the Israelites planned to take Jericho. I quaked from the top of my well-coiffed head to the soles of my gold, jeweled sandals. I had heard how Yahweh worked and fought on Israel’s behalf. I wanted to know more about this powerful God. I sensed that I mustn’t fight him.

“My boarding home wasn’t totally a place of ill-repute.

Respectable people also lodged there. The Israelite spies stayed at my place. And to my great relief, they were willing to negotiate. ‘I’ll hide you from the king’s soldiers, who will be checking for spies,’ I offered, ‘if you’ll spare me and my family when the city is taken.’

“‘Fine!’ They agreed. ‘Hang a scarlet rope from your window that we can see, and you’ll be safe.’

“I had a second business making fine linen. I had enough bundles of flax drying on my roof to hide the spies under them. For the king’s soldiers did come looking for them.

“God forgave me for my lie to the soldiers: ‘Yes, I had some strangers here. As you well know, men come and go from here all the time. But they’re gone now and I don’t know where they went.’

The grateful spies kept their part of the bargain, and my family and I survived.

“Salmon, an Israelite, attracted by my pretty face and friendly ways,



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was also perceptive enough to love me in spite of my checkered past. I stopped moonlighting as a lady of the evening and became a God follower. Salmon and I were married and had a son, Boaz, who grew up and became Ruth, Naomi's daughter-in-law's second husband.

"I am honored to have become one of the ancestors of King David and Jesus Christ and to be mentioned in Hebrews 11, the 'faith chapter' (v. 31). I am living proof that God is no respecter of persons. God's love is for everyone. Even the worst of people, including harlots and their clients, can change when God's grace is allowed to enter their hearts and transform their lives."

Many were moved by my efforts to glorify God in the way I made Rahab come alive.

Through this role play I learned that *first* I need the kind of faith and trust that Rahab had. And *second* I shouldn't judge people by what they seem to be. (The Lord looks on the heart. 1 Samuel 16:7.) Inside them may be hidden longings for God.

Instead of writing off people who seem questionable as hopeless, or not interested in spiritual things, I should treat them kindly and pray for them. The results are amazing when God gets through to them!

Third, but not last, I am still "under construction." God is not yet finished with me. I am glad that Rahab's story is in the Bible for the hope that it offers. I am also pleased that I was able to "walk in her sandals" for a little while and for the new understanding of others that I gained from this experience. 

JUST AN ORDINARY DAY



—Marcia K. Leaser

It was just an ordinary day.
And if it hadn't been
that she needed water so desperately,
she no doubt would have walked past.
But . . . she reasoned—
"He's a stranger and could not know."
How wrong she was.
He told her all things of herself.
In his presence she felt no shame . . .
no need to run and hide.
She drank the living water he offered.
And on that ordinary day . . .
found God's grace.