



The Best is yet to Come



Now, where did we leave off yesterday? Right. The final plague on Egypt. Moses and Aaron stood boldly before the Pharaoh. The Pharaoh and all his men were worn out by the plagues that had befallen them over the previous weeks. Many Egyptians were ready to set the Hebrew people free. They shouted to the Pharaoh. "We are ruined, our country is ruined, our crops are gone, our animals are dead. Let them all go so that we won't die too."

And Moses said to the king, "God says, 'Let my people go, or I'll kill all your children like you tried to kill mine.'"

But Pharaoh hardened his heart against God. He hated God. He hated the people of God. And so once again, he refused to believe the word of God.

God appointed a day of judgment for the entire land of Egypt. In just a few days, God would come through Egypt and kill the firstborn in every household, from Pharaoh on the throne to the prisoner in the deepest darkest dungeon. This plague would come on **EVERYONE**, Egyptian and Hebrew alike.

But God made a way for people to be saved. God **ALWAYS** makes a way for salvation. God told Moses, and Moses told the people, "Take a lamb, one year old, and kill it right at twilight. Take the blood of the lamb and paint your doorposts with it. Then get your family into the house, roast the lamb over the fire, and eat it in silence. About midnight, I'll come through the land and kill the firstborn in every home. But when I see the blood on a door, I will **PASSOVER** that house and my judgment won't fall there."

The Hebrew people hurried to obey. Fathers in every household killed the lamb and painted the doorposts with shaking hands. Mothers in every household roasted the lamb. And everyone in every household ate the supper, waiting to see if the blood of the lamb was enough to save them from slavery, to deliver them from cruel oppression, or if they were still going to die.

Not a single person slept. They waited to see what God would do.

Then midnight came! Not a single Hebrew died, and no one made a peep. But throughout all the households of Egypt, someone had died. The Egyptians began to sob and weep and moan and wail. The entire nation cried in sorrow and rushed to the cities of the Hebrews, running through the streets shouting, "Leave us! Get out!"

And so they did. The people of God had been spared God's judgment, but had also been set free from slavery. Parents scooped up the children too small to run; older kids helped carry all the belongings; they hurried their sheep and goats ahead of them and grabbed whatever they could carry. Their possessions were few as slaves, but God had given his people one other instruction.

"When you leave Egypt, ask them to give you all their silver, gold, and clothing."

And so they did. The Egyptians were happy to give away all their treasures if it meant the plagues would stop. And that dark night, the midnight hour, God's people who had been facing God's judgment, under years of slavery, and steeped in poverty, had been saved by the precious blood of the lamb, set free from that which had held them captive, and made rich all in a single moment.

Oh, man, it is about to get so good, but that will have to wait for next time.

Don't worry.

The best is yet to come.