

Deborah's Story

By Caleb Yoder

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Wow! That was one heck of a battle! Truly the Lord our God is with us! We've got to give God the credit.

Now, I need to help the people celebrate! Maybe we need a cheer...

*Drive that tent peg in his head,
Don't miss! Don't miss!
Jael duped that Sisera!
A win! A win!*

Hmmm... maybe that's too cheesy. I think I'll just stick with the song I was composing.

*But **honor** Jael,
the **wife** of Heber
from the **Kenite** clan.
Give **her** more honor
than **any** other
woman living in **tents**.
Yes, **give** more honor to **her**
than to **any** other **woman**.
²⁵ **Sisera** asked for **water**,*

*but **Jael** gave him **milk**—
cream in a fancy **cup**.
²⁶ She **reached** for a tent-peg
and **held** a hammer
in her right hand.
And **with** a blow to the **head**,
she crushed his **skull**.
²⁷ **Sisera** sank to his **knees**
-- fell **dead** at her **feet**.*

I don't know how to fix that irregular meter, but we'll work on it. Definitely needs upbeat C major kind melody. I got to find me a good harpist.

(Pause) I would never have guessed how this would all turn out – the way we'd defeat King Jabin and his general Sisera. And I would never have guessed Jael. She's not exactly the warrior type. And her husband's clan are even *friends* of Jabin and his whole ilk.

I guess I don't like all of the company my husband keeps either.

Well, I'll tell you what. I *did* have this inkling. I felt something in my spirit telling me, (whispering) "God's going to defeat that Jabin by the hands of a woman!"

This is why they call me a prophet. I get inklings. I feel premonitions deep in my spirit, in my bones.

Sometimes it's hard even for me to know when it's legit and when it's something I ate.

At first, I *always* kept these inklings to myself. “People will think I’m crazy if I say this out loud.”

Even this prophecy I told only to Barak. I like to mess with him anyway, so if it hadn’t come true, I would have passed it off as a joke.

But I’ve learned that when you have a gift, you’ve got to use it. No keeping it to yourself.

Long story short, it’s how I went from spending all my time nursing babies and baking barley loaves to hearing disputes as a judge.

And I’m amazed at what God has done.

People say to me all the time, “Deborah, women can’t be judges.”

“What do you mean they can’t?? You’re looking at one!”

After Judge Ehud died, it was pure chaos. Yahweh our God just got fed up and sold us back into slavery!

I don’t blame Yahweh, really. Ever since I became a judge, hearing case after case of dysfunctional screwed up people, I wouldn’t want to be our patron deity either.

But I just couldn’t stand this oppression under Jabin. Seeing so many peasants severely taxed to the point they have nothing to feed their children. It ain’t right.

And since no man was stepping up to the plate and doing something about it, it had to be me.

Of course, we did have Barak. Barak is a very capable general. He had been leading a contingent of rebels, and he was just the person I was looking for.

Two days after I sent for Barak, I felt this inkling like I do when I think I may have received a prophetic word. I stayed awake all night to meditate and discern what God was saying.

Barak arrived that morning. I told him I was confident God would now deliver us from Jabin if Barak would recruit 10,000 men to face off with Jabin’s army, and make an assault from Mount Tabor. Barak agreed, but only if I would go along as the chief commanding officer!

(Whispering) He’s a little insecure.

But, hey, if I could be judge and prophet, why not also general!

So that’s where I told Barak that second inkling I had: “Fine, then. I’ll go, but the honor of killing that Sisera will go to a woman.”

It’s a pretty big insult to tell a general he’ll need the aid of a woman – and a *foreign* woman at that.

Funny thing was, Barak just shrugged. The biggest insult a man can receive, and he just shrugged. Now, this is a guy I can work with.