

**THE CALL OF MOSES**  
**(EXODUS 3 – 6)**

Moses: What's that crackling sound?.....What's that smell?.....Where's all the smoke coming from? Oh it's that bush over there. That's funny, it keeps on burning...  
....when's it going to stop? ((Noses towards it, sniffing, with a curious look))

God: Oi!

Moses: Eh?

God: Yes, you...Moses!

Moses: Who? Me?

God: Just stop right where you are! Don't move! You are standing on Holy Ground!

Moses: Phew, that's a relief! I thought it was landmines or something dangerous!

God: Take off your sandals....show some respect!

Moses: Okay! Okay! If I must. ((Takes off shoes))  
.....I must be getting daft in my old age. I'm out here in the wilderness on my own, surrounded by silly sheep, getting excited over a bush, and now taking my sandals off because I'm starting to hear a voice in my head!

God: I'm not in your head.

Moses: I shall ignore that remark. They say you are not really going crazy just because you hear voices in your head. It's only when you start replying back to them that you are going loopy!

God: You are not going doo lally, son. And, as I said, I am not in your head!

Moses: So, to whom do I owe the pleasure, then?

God: I am the God of your ancestors, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob."

Moses: Aye, right!

God: No kidding.

Moses: Seriously?

God: Right on man, the very one.

Moses: Gulp!

God: Don't panic, Mr. Moses. But, see here.....  
I have seen my people's predicament and pain.  
I have heard their cries of agony.  
I know how they are suffering.  
And enough is enough.  
I have decided to sort it out.  
I'm going to bash a few heads together, kick some butt and save their skin.

Moses: Good on ye! Sock it to them! You sort them out!

God: So, I am sending you, Moses, to the Pharaoh of Egypt, so that you can lead my people out of slavery into freedom and the promised land...for I have a dream....

Moses: Holdey on a minute! Me? What's it got to do with me?  
I thought YOU had a dream.  
I don't like the sound of this. Your dream is starting to sound like my nightmare!

God: I want....I need somebody.....namely you, my boy, to speak to Pharaoh face to face, man to man, as they say. So, come on! Are you a man or a mouse?

Moses: Hmm...Well, that's a tricky question really. At the moment, all things considered, on balance, I am sort of coming down more on the side of....."mouse"  
Well, get real! Who am I? I am nobody – just a guy minding his own sheep (not even mine...my father-in-law Jethro's sheep actually)....but just your regular, run of the mill, Joe Bloggs, Mr.Average, man in the street (or wilderness in this case)  
....an average punter, without a scoobey.

God: So I've noticed.

Moses: So how on earth could I go to the Pharaoh and say:

“Excuse me, O great one, would you mind awfully if I take away all your Hebrew slaves. It’ll just be forever. I’m sure you’ll manage to make your own bricks without straw and get by without all your mod cons.”  
My life wouldn’t be worth living! No chance! No way, Josey!

God: Dear drooper, what a party pooper! Have you no faith at all?  
I’ll be with you.  
It is Pharaoh who is up the creek without a paddle.  
He’s no match for me. The game’s a foregone conclusion.  
All you have to do is turn up!  
And after the final whistle, I’ll meet you all back here for the post match hospitality and analysis....and you will be free to sing my praises and admit : I was right and I told you so.

Moses: But...But...Wait a minute! If I go to the Israelites and say to them:  
“By the way, the God of your ancestors sent me to you  
....you know, the guy your granny goes to church to pray to”  
they are going to say to me:  
“Who’s that then? What’s his name again?”  
What can I tell them?

God: Just say: “I am.....I am.....I am who I am”

Moses: Eh?

God: Just tell them that I AM has sent you.

Moses: I don’t quite follow....

God: I am who I am. I will be who I will be.  
I don’t describe myself nor define myself by human terms.  
I am Him, the Big Yin, God, No.1, Chief, Gaffer, He who must be obeyed,  
Yahweh, Jehovah, Lord, Boss....take your pick! See what I mean?  
It’s too hard to explain.....but I AM and YOU GO! So go! Now!

Moses: Ah but...suppose Pharaoh doesn’t accept that you sent me?  
What if the Hebrews don’t believe it either?

I’ll look a right twit!

God: Trust me. I’ll bale you out with a miracle or two. I’ll think of something or else a plague on all their houses!

Moses: No Lord, don’t send me, please, I beg you.  
I’ve never been a good public speaker. I don’t have the gift of the gab, you see.  
Not like Aaron, my brother, for instance. Why don’t you pick him instead?  
I’m sure he would make a much better spokesman – He could speak for Scotland that guy, so he could!

God: Hey, it’s me who gives the gift when someone has the gift of the gab!  
I will make you as eloquent as you need to be.  
Anyway, I can’t stand the way that Aaron rabbits on and on!  
But, I’ll tell you what I’ll do. You take brother Aaron along with you, if it makes you happy. There now, I can’t say fairer than that now, can I?

Moses: Aw God....gaes a brek! Gonnae no dae this tae me?

God: Right! That’s it! Stop your whinning! You’re a right moaning minnie!  
I am not asking you, I’m telling you...

Moses: Your not asking?

God: No, I’m telling!

Moses: Okay...I’m going! I’m going!

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