

This Is My Son

This is an attempt to reflect on the madness and horror of the story of Isaac's near sacrifice at the hands of Abraham from a mother's perspective, that of Sarah. It is intertwined with another story of a mother who watches her son lay down his life out of love for others.

This is my son.
My only son.
My long awaited, hope-abandoned, age-defying son.
This is my son
In whom I am well-pleased
This is my son
Firstborn of my dreams
This is my son
who contradicts all my bitterness,
takes away all my anger
and restores my faith.
This is my son
In whom I am well-pleased.

This is my son
My only son
Fulfilment of God's promise
This is my son
Firstborn of many nations
This is my son
God's reward for my faithfulness
This is my son
My vindication
proof that I was not mad
to uproot and walk out into the desert of my nightmares
This is my son
My reward.

Sir, if you have carried him away, tell me where you have laid him, and I will take him away.

For on the night when madness and delusion reigned
When nations believed their fate controlled by the hand of God
When evil doers claimed God's name for their actions
One man stayed calm.

The fire and the wood are here, but where is the lamb for a burnt offering?

Take, eat
This is my body. Sacrificed willingly in love.

In the same way after supper, the Lord provided.
Provided wine.
Provided new life
Provided a new way of living

No madness

No sacrifice
No bloodshed.

This wine is all the blood I need
This wine is my new covenant
This wine is my promise forever

So eat and drink
Not because I demand sacrifices
But because I offer love

[Share bread and wine]

We have been tempted by madness and certainty
We have tasted doubt and fear
In bread and wine
We have received a new way of living
Faith, love and hope.

Go now
and take my faith, love and hope
into all the world.

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