



The Tower of Babel

Genesis 11:1-9

"Yodel-ay-he-hoo!" GranMammy yodeled as climbed the steps up to the Bible Barn stage, "Howdy boys and girls! Glad you could make it back to the Bible Barn! Let's start right off by reciting our Camper's Code."

The campers stood quickly as GranMammy reminded them, "Now raise your right hand."

"I will love God with all my heart. I will love my neighbor as myself. I will be a light wherever I go," the Campers and GranMammy recited the code together.

The campers were just taking their seats when the Bible Barn door flung open and a breathless Wyoming blurted out, "GranMammy! GranMammy! I need your help! He's trying to take my trophies!"

"Calm down, Wyoming! Tell GranMammy what's the problem."

"It's Uncle Polecat, he...he...he..." Wyoming began to cry. "Blahbady blah, blah, blah," he mumbled.

"Speak up, boy!" she said impatiently. "I can't understand a word when you're blubbering like a little diaper baby!"

"I'm not blahblee blah, blah-blah blah-blah blayblee," Wyoming whimpered.

"Yes you is," GranMammy gently corrected. "You is whimpering like a hound dog with a thorn in its paw. Look here, whenever I get sad and confused I turn to the Bible! I think I gots just the Bible story for you.

Wyoming continued to whimper as GranMammy focused her gaze on the top shelf lined with tin cans.

That's right, just for you. I'm gonna spit some bubble gum and knock that can down. Campers, you get yer pretend slingshots. Ready? Aim? Fire!" With that, GranMammy spit a wad of chewing gum at the center can. The campers took aim at the barn rafters and fired at the same time. The gum hit the can with a thwack, knocking it to the ground.

Wyoming pulled the crumpled paper from the can and whimpered something no one could understand, except GranMammy.

"That's right, GranMammy confirmed as she opened her Bible, "the Tower of Babel. The Bible says: *Now the whole world had one language and a common speech.* Must've been nice. Everyone in the world could understand and communicate with each other."

"I knows how to communicatate," Wyoming said proudly.

"Oh, sounds like you finally got the marbles out your mouth and stopped your cryin'?" GranMammy teased.

"I wasn't cryin', I was waterin' my eyes," he insisted. "I'm upset 'cuz Uncle Polecat is tryin' to take all my trophies and melt them down and make 'em into a barbecue grill," he said with a whimper.

"Aw hush, diaper baby. That Uncle Polecat, he do love his barbecue." GranMammy asked, "What trophies is you talkin' 'bout?"

Wyoming displayed his trophies and pointed to each one. "Well, I got this one for bird callin' and this one for being kind to animules and this one for winnin' a pie eatin' contest and this one for kissin' a pig!"

GranMammy was impressed. "You kissed a pig?"

"Yes and she was a very good kisser, and I gots a beautiful statue to celebrate that glorious moment," he boasted.

"I don't see why they gived you a trophy for that. I'd throw that one out if'n I was you," GranMammy suggested firmly.

"NOOO!! I loves all my trophies, Wyoming grinned widely. "I'm very proud of them! They remind me of the great things I have done!"

GranMammy thought for a moment. "Maybe you is a might too proud like these here folks in Babel. Listen here. *Then they said, 'Come, let us build ourselves a city, with a tower that reaches to the heavens, so that we may make a name for ourselves and not be scattered over the face of the whole earth.'*"

"So them Babelers, Babelotions... them peoples from Babel wanted to build a tower to reach the heavens so everyone would think that they were as high as God?" Wyoming scratched his head thoughtfully. "That does not sound like a good idea!"

"No it's not, GranMammy agreed. "Thems people was full of pride. They was showin' off so that people would think that they was as powerful as God.

"Uh-oh, that ain't gonna make God happy!" Wyoming shook his head.

"You right, look what God done did." GranMammy turned the page in her Bible and read, "The Lord said, *'Come, let us go down and confuse their language so they will not understand each other.'* So the Lord scattered them from there over all the earth, and they stopped building the city."

"Wow, so God made it so they could not understand each other?" Wyoming asked.

"And God scattered them all over -seein' as how that was his plan all along," GranMammy added. "He'd been spreading everybody out ever since Noah stepped out of that ark."

"Well, Wyoming announced, "I think I learned an important lesson, never build towers in Babel!"

GranMammy shook her head, "That ain't the right lesson. Listen here, why don't we try a little contest called 'The Tower Game.' It's gonna remind us all who is the greatest and most important One in the whole world."

"Me! Oh me! Me!" Wyoming shouted desperately, "Pick me!"

"Now in your box you've got all of your awards and trophies," GranMammy explained. "In this box, we have the Word of God. When I say go, I want you to pile those trophies as high as you can and I'll pile the Bibles up and see which tower is the tallest. Ready? On your mark, get set, go!"

GranMammy and Wyoming quickly built their towers while the campers counted to twenty. Then the campers shouted, "Times up!"

"Okay, let's take a gander at our towers. The tower built on the Word of God is tall and steady," she pointed to the neat stack of Bibles.

"The tower made out of my stuff is just a big ole mess," Wyoming pouted. "GranMammy, I wanted to win, but I got pounded!"

"The important thing is not the winning," GranMammy reminded, "it's the lesson we learned. When we build things out of pride or just to serve ourselves we are bound to fail."

"You right GranMammy," Wyoming confessed. "I was winnin' all them trophies for my own pride like those Babel builders! That ain't right, we should spend our energy building the kingdom of God because He is the most important one in the whole world!"

GranMammy picks up stuffed ferret. "Smart boy, now you're puttin' God first!" GranMammy stroked the fur of a pet ferret as it nuzzled in the arms of a young camper. "Well, today's animal is the ferret and that makes sense because ferrets seem pretty selfish."

"Yeah, they is," Wyoming agreed heartily. "Them ferrets go into other animals dens and take things for themselves!"

"That reminds us not to be selfish like the men of Babel but to always point to God 'cuz He's the greatest!" GranMammy smiled.

"Wyoming, do you think you can lead the campers in today's verse of our Camp Critter song?" GranMammy asked.

"Sure, GranMammy we'd love to. Jump up campers, let's sing out for God's glory!" Wyoming strummed the banjo as he led the campers in a rousing verse of their favorite camp song:

**I spied the FERRET overhead.
Here is what that FERRET said,
"If you build it for yourself,
things won't go well."
Whew! I spied the FERRET
who followed the DOVE
who followed the COYOTE
who followed the OTTER
who followed the OWL
who followed the LOVEBIRDS
who followed a HOUND DOG
who followed a CATFISH
who followed an EAGLE,
And the EAGLE hollered,
"Yippee-kigh-yay!
At Camp Venture today!"**