



# **The Search for Rebekah**

**Genesis 2:34-51**

**"Matey, Matey!" Ripply called out from the galley door. "Where are you?"**

**Matey looked up from the stream of water he was pushing across the deck with his mop. "On deck, sir."**

**Ripply slammed the door behind him and walked across the deck of the Caribbean Queen. The big ship rolled slightly as a large wave smacked the ship on the port side and a spray of sea foam washed across the wooden deck timbers. "Ah! There you are." Ripply said as stopped next to Matey; not even noticing the ship's movement. He had lived on seafaring boats for years and could walk a straight line in the stormiest weather. "The Captain said to give you this list of chores that need to be done," he announced as he unrolled a large scroll. The end of the long yellowing paper hit the floor with a thunk. The other end was tightly grasped in Ripply's hand.**

**Matey squinted at the hundreds of chores written in neat, small print and shook his head. "Is that all?" he joked.**

**Ripply wasn't paying attention to Matey's reaction. "Finish that list and we'll find you some more work," he added as he handed the list to Matey.**

**"Aye, aye, Sir!" Matey saluted Ripply and then looked at the list. "Chore number one: swab deck. Dear Lord, please let me swab this deck cleaner than it's ever been before. Amen!" he prayed. Then he picked up the mop and continued to push it across the deck; singing cheerfully as he worked. "Yo ho, yo ho, a sailor's life for me."**

**Ripply sat down on a nearby crate to supervise Matey's work while he formed the supply list for the next time they were in port. Soon Matey was finished. "Good job. Next, batten the hatches." Sandy called out; only partially looking up from his writing task.**

**"Aye, aye, Sir!" Matey said with another salute. Then he prayed. "Dear Lord, please let me batten these hatches tighter than they've ever been battened before. Amen!" A few minutes later, all of the doors and hatches had been carefully sealed against the storm that they expected to hit latter that night. "What's next?" he asked Ripply.**

**Ripply called out the next chore. "Number three: polish the traysure chest."**

**"Aye, aye, Sir!" he replied and then prayed. "Dear Lord, please let me polish this traysure chest shinier than it's ever been polished before, Amen!" Matey picked up a soft cloth and went to work shining the metal chest where the ship's crew stored their treasures.**

**Ripply had been growing a bit annoyed by Matey's manner of starting his work. "Must you do that?"**

**Matey glanced up, a look of confusion spreading across his tanned face. "Oh yes, I must. If the captain says polish the treasure chest, I have to obey the captain's orders."**

**"No," Ripply snapped. "I meant that other thing you do; that prayer thing. Do you have to pray before every chore?"**

**"Oh yes. The Bible says we should pray without ceasing." Matey replied very seriously.**

**"Well, you've got that part down." Ripply muttered as he went back to figuring out how many coconuts they would need to pick up at the next port.**

**"Besides, I want to be just like the chief servant." Matey continued.**

**"Who?" Ripply asked, only half listening.**

**"Abraham's chief servant." Matey reached into the treasure chest and pulled out the Bible that Captain Billy kept inside it. He turned to Genesis 24. "Here, I'll read it to ya. Abraham sent his chief servant to find a wife for his son, Isaac."**

**"Why didn't he just sign up on e-harmony.com?" Ripply asked with a smirk.**

**"God doesn't need a dating service. He's got faithful servants who pray! And that's just what this fella did. He went to Abraham's homeland so that he could find a nice Hebrew girl for Isaac to marry." Matey explained.**

**"What did he do when he got there?" Ripply questioned.**

**"The first thing he did was pray this prayer," Matey continued to read. "'O Lord, God of my master Abraham, if you will, please grant success to the journey on which I have come. See, I am standing beside this spring; if a maiden comes out to draw water and I say to her, 'Please let me drink a little water from your jar,' and if she says to me, 'Drink, and I'll draw water for your camels too,' let her be the one the Lord has chosen for my master's son.'"**

**Ripply tucked his pencil behind his ear and leaned forward. "That's kind of like a secret password!"**

**"Aye, he asked God to send him a lassie who would say the secret password!"**

**"Let me guess," Ripply said. "A girl came along with a water jar and gave him and his camels a drink."**

**Matey grinned. "Aye! You sure know your Bible! He no sooner finished praying than that beautiful lassie strolled along and her name was Rebekah!"**

**"So, did he force her to come with him?" Ripply asked.**

**Matey shook his head. "He didn't have to force anything. God had promised Abraham that he would find a wife for Isaac. And the servant had prayed that God would send a lassie! Rebekah was the one that God chose. God answered his prayer! When he asked if she would come and marry Isaac, Rebekah and her family agreed to the marriage. God always keeps His promises, and the servant was part of that when he was faithful to pray and obey!"**

**"I like that, pray and obey." Ripply said thoughtfully.**

**"It's the only way!" Matey agreed and then continued the story. "So then the servant put a ring in her nose and bracelets on her arms."**

**"Why? Was she a punk rocker?!" Ripply asked about the strange behavior.**

**"I think it was some kind of Bible times custom. Like a fancy thank you gift." Matey replied.**

**"That makes sense." Ripply nodded. "And then he took her home?"**

**"Not yet! The Bible says: 'and I bowed down and worshiped the Lord. I praised the Lord, the God of my master Abraham, who had led me on the right road...'"**

**"He stopped to pray again?!" Ripply interrupted.**

**"It's a wise servant who takes the time to worship the One who helps him do his job," replied Matey.**

**Ripply thought for a moment and then asked. "So, praying is a way to worship?"**

**"It's my favorite way!" Matey exclaimed. "And you know what, sir? When you pray your way through every chore, you are able to give your very best!"**

**"So we can do our work and honor God at the same time!" Ripply smiled broadly as he finally understood what Matey had been trying to tell him.**

**"Aye. So you do every job as though you were doing it for God!" Matey added.**

**"Obey, pray and give yourself away!" Ripply cheered. Then he looked at his watch. Okay, it's getting late and almost time for dinner. So chore number four: help Cook fix dinner for the crew."**

**"I hear we are having clam chowder, tonight." Matey replied.**

**"I love clam chowder! Can I help you and Cook make it?" Ripply asked as he stood up and stuffed his shopping list into his pocket.**

**"Sure, but first we have to pray before we go to work!" Matey answered as he and Ripply walked across the rolling deck towards the galley kitchen.**