



**Worship Illustration: Storybook
King City Chronicles
Kings & Kingdoms Part 2: Judges through Esther
Unit 7, Lesson 33**

Deborah Leads the Israelites

Judges 4:1-16

"Make way! Coming through! Pardon me! I can't be late. It's my first day!" the young woman called as she pushed her way through the crowd. They gathered around the newsstand waiting for the morning papers to arrive. "I'm so excited. I have to find the newspaper office. You see, this is my very first time in the big city—King City!" she explained.

Moments later, she walked through the polished glass doors of the large office building. She stared in awe at the gleaming marble floors and then gazed up at the two story ceiling. Huge silver letters that read, "King City Herald," hung on the lobby wall.

A man in a blue suit and bright yellow tie was standing next to the reception desk. He turned and studied her for a moment. "You here for the reporter's job?"

"That's right! Kasey Carter, journalist! I just got my degree from KCU!"

The blue suited man gave her hand a hefty shake. "Well that's A-ok. A college kid, huh?"

"Yes, sir!" Kasey replied. "I graduated fourth in my class."

The man smiled. "And a smart college kid. I like you...that's why I'm gonna' help you."

Kasey's eyes opened wide. "You are?"

"I am," the man replied. "I've been around this newspaper business for a while. First, I want to introduce you to the editor." He motioned to the large, carved, wood doors. "Only not just yet. He's in a bit of a cranky mood. You don't want to go in there until you're prepared."

"Oh, I'm prepared!" Kasey smiled. "I went to college!"

"Yea, but I ain't talkin' about the kinda' stuff you learn at KCU. I'm talkin' about...the Truth!" the man exclaimed.

"The Truth?" Kasey looked confused. "Where do I find this...Truth?"

"There's only one place to get the Truth," he explained. "You gotta' read the Good News!"

Kasey looked down at the newspaper lying on the lobby counter. "You mean The King City Herald?!"

"No," he replied. "The Herald is a good paper. But the Good News...well that's straight from God."

Kasey quickly whipped out a spiral notebook and a freshly sharpened pencil and looked up at the man. "I'm ready! Where can I find this Good News?"

"In this book, the Bible," he said as he reached behind the reception desk and pulled out a black leather book. "I'll read you today's news. This here report takes place in Israel."

Kasey scribbled away. "Jeepers! Israel, why...that's International news!"

The man nodded and explained, "Yup. You see, the Israelites were God's people, but they had a habit of doing wrong in God's eyes. So, He sent them a judge named Deborah to help them get back on track."

"A lady?" Kasey questioned.

"Not just any lady! She was their leader!" The Bible says, "Deborah, a prophetess, the wife of Lappidoth, was leading Israel at that time. She held court under the Palm of Deborah between Ramah and Bethel in the hill country of Ephraim, and the Israelites came to her to have their disputes decided. One day, Deborah told the Israelite named Barak that the Lord commanded him to lead the army against Commander Sisera and the Canaanites. Barak refused to go unless Deborah came with him."

"She must have been very brave!" Kasey said in awe.

"The bravest!" the man agreed. "She warned Barak that if she went along, the Lord would give the honor of victory to a woman instead of him."

Kasey was listening carefully. "What happened next? Who went?"

"They went together! Deborah told Barak when to begin the attack. Then, Barak sent his army of ten thousand men down the mountain to attack the Canaanite army."

"That's teamwork!" Kasey cheered. "Did they win?"

"What do you think? The Israelite army chased away Sisera, his 900 iron chariots, and his entire army. You see, kid, God always helps His people. It was God who gave Deborah and Barak the victory!" the man said triumphantly.

"Wow, that's one rip-snorting story!" Kasey exclaimed with a quick punch of her fist through the air to add emphasis to her words.

"That's not just a story! That's the Truth!" the man corrected.

Kasey looked down at her new briefcase, pencil, and pad. She sighed and her shoulders sagged. "Gee whiz, I wish I were part of a winning team like Deborah and Barak. I'm new in town and I'm afraid I'm all alone."

"Not anymore, kid. I got a good feeling about you," the man announced with a hardy pat on her back. "Tell you what I'm gonna' do. I'm gonna' team up with you and show you how things work around here."

Kasey looked up with surprise and excitement in her eyes. "You'd do that for me? But I don't even know your name."

The man pointed to the byline of the headline article in the morning newspaper. "It's right there in the paper, Scoop Gibson."

Kasey grabbed the paper, stared up at Scoop, and began to shout, "Scoop Gibson?! The Scoop Gibson?! Why, you're the best reporter ever!"

Scoop chuckled. "Don't believe everything you hear in the press. I get alot of help."

"Wow, Mr. Gibson, I think you're just super!" Kasey gushed. "I was hoping I'd get to meet you!"

"Thanks, kid. Call me Scoop..." he began.

"Call for you, Scoop," the receptionist interrupted, handing him a phone.

"Scoop here!" he answered. "What? Where? Thanks for the tip. We'll be right there!"

Scoop hung up the phone and looked at Kasey. "Okay kid, you wanna' be a reporter?"

"More than anything!" Kasey answered.

Scoop smiled. "I'm gonna' give you your first big headline! Go through those wooden doors and ask for Pepper Rooney; he's the editor. Tell him, 'Scoop sent ya.' Tell him there's a big fire downtown and you're gonna' cover that story! Got that?"

"Got it!" she shouted, in order to be heard over the sirens of fire engines racing down the street. "Thanks, Scoop! I won't let you down!" She waved as she boldly pushed opened the doors and headed into the editor's office.

"Now to put out that fire and save King City from danger!" Scoop slipped out a side door and looked around the corner. When he was sure no one could see him, he jumped into a phone booth. Moments later, he emerged wearing a flowing blue cape, bright red tights and boots, and the letters "SG" displayed in large gold letters across his shirt.

"This is a job for Scripture Guy! I give everything to honor my King!" he announced loudly with a salute to heaven. With that, he flew through the air toward the neighborhood fire.