

“It’s All about the Camels”

by John Walsh

Reporter: “uh, Mrs. Isaac, May I have a few minutes of your time?”

Rebekah: “No, I don’t have any time. And whatever you’re selling, we don’t want any.”

Reporter: “Ma’am, I’m not selling anything. I’m from the Canaanite Chronicle. We want to feature you in our upcoming Women’s Edition.”

Rebekah (feeling flattered): “Feature me? Oh, well (ha, ha). (pause) You know, my schedule just cleared up. Please sit under this tree. I think I have a few minutes to talk to you.

Reporter: Thank you ma’am.

Rebekah: Please, call me Rebekah.”

Reporter: Thank you so much. Mrs. Isaac, I just have a few questions.....

Rebekah: Please, call me Rebekah.

Reporter: “Oh, yes, I’m sorry. Uh, Rebekah. Well, we want to do an article – kind of a human-interest story – about how you and Mr. Isaac met. You know, the usual thing. How you were childhood sweethearts, or how you met at high school football game.”

Rebekah: “We didn’t know each other as children. We ...”

Reporter: “Ah, I see. He saw you across a crowded marketplace. Oh, this is going to be a good story.”

Rebekah: “Well ... no ... It didn't happen that way either. You see, I lived in ... Say, you want a story? Well, I’ll give you one. I tell you the key to our happiness.

Reporter: “Keys to happiness! Oh, this is going to be good.”

Rebekah: “It all as to do with camels.”

Reporter: “Camels? Uh, well, OK. Are we talking about you two meeting at a camel race?”

Rebekah: “Oh no. You see, I went to the well to draw water. It was one of my chores. There was a man sitting at the well, and I immediately saw that he had a problem. It was obvious he was too lazy to give his camels any water. You could tell they had taken a long trip, and he was just sitting there while they were dying of thirst.”

“I figured, ‘I need to mind my own business.’ I love animals, but they were his camels, not mine. I said to myself, ‘Get your water and get out of here.’ He then asked me for a drink of water. I was furious! I said to myself, ‘He is even too lazy to get his own water, much less the camels.’ ”

“Well, that was all I could take. Those camels needed water, and they weren’t going to get it from this bum! (*anger turns to sympathy*) Oh, I must tell you. I found out later he was really a nice guy. This was all a part of his plan. But I’m getting ahead of myself. At the time I thought he was a bum.”

Reporter: “Uh, was that Mr. Isaac at the well with the camels?”

Rebekah: “Well no. What would make you think that?”

Reporter: “I thought you were going to tell me about how y’all met.”

Rebekah: “I’m getting to that. Just be patient. As I was saying, I figured I was going to have to save those camels myself. So I offered to draw water for all of them.”

Reporter: “How many camels are we talking about anyway?”

Rebekah: “There were ten camels, and they were all thirsty.

Reporter: “Ten camels! Do you know how much ten camels can drink? Let’s see, I think they can drink up to 25 gallons per camel. That would be ... uh, I’ll just do some figuring here ... That would be ...

Rebekah: “That would be 250 gallons! Yes, I think I know how much water ten camels drink. I drew water for all ten of them, one jug at a time. And did he help? No! He just sat there. Later I found out he was praying. Great time to be having your devotions, while I was carrying all that water.” (*she keeps muttering*)

Reporter: (*interrupts her again*) “What happen then?”

Rebekah: “Well ... when I got all done ... and I must tell you, sweat was just rolling. The man walks up and starts putting jewelry on me. There I stood, sweat mixed with jewelry. Before I thought he was lazy, now I was thinking he is crazy — rich, but still crazy.”

Reporter: “Then what happened?”

Rebekah: “Well, he said to me ...”

From the side: “Rebekah, they’re at it again. You better come quick.”

Rebekah: *(to herself: “Oh those boys.” ... (yelling: “Be right there.” ... (to reporter: “I’m sorry, I’ve got to run. I have twin boys and they are always fighting.” (exit)*

Reporter: “But wait. All I’ve got is camels. I don’t know what happen. How does Mr. Isaac work into all of this? ... Mrs. Isaac, I mean Rebekah ...”

Rebekah: “Mister, if you understand the camels, you understand everything. If I hadn’t watered the camels, you wouldn’t be talking to me right now. I’ve been doing things like watering camels all my life — putting up with my brother Laban, going to an unknown land to marry someone I never met, and now putting up with these two boys. The camels are the key to this whole marriage. Ha, ha, and I wouldn’t trade it for anything.”

CRASH!! ... *(Rebekah yells)* “Boys! What have you done now?!? you come here right now. Do you hear me? *(trailing off as she lectures the boys)* If you have been tormenting the camels again, I promise you ... You come here, and I said right now!”