



# One Page Sermon

## By Pastor Robb McCoy

### September 18, 2022

**Worship Every Sunday at 9:30 AM**

#### Moses: The Sea and the Dry Land (Exodus 14:10-29)

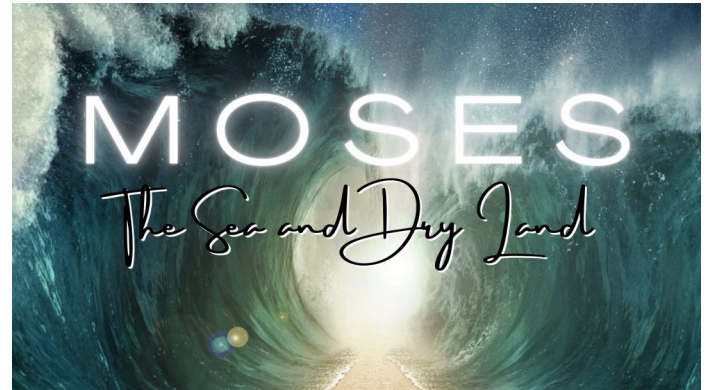
Can you imagine for a moment what was going through their minds in this moment? Picture yourself in this story. You have left home. Yes, home was tough. Yes, you had to toil long hard hours and there was little hope for improving your lot in life, but it was still home. You had friends, family, a routine.

A man you had never met or heard of and didn't know was gone—was back. There were whispers that he was a fugitive, maybe even a murderer. People seemed to think he was a Hebrew, but that he grew up in Pharaoh's palace somehow. Inexplicably, he had survived the dark days (days you don't even remember. You just remember your parents were very sad for quite some time). Whoever he was, he was agitating. He was demanding from Pharaoh that your people go free.

He claimed that YAHWEH wanted the people to go into the wilderness to worship. You had not heard that much about YAHWEH in your life. There was no Temple. There was no Synagogue. There was no Torah. There were stories of your forefathers who lived in Canaan—wherever that was. There were stories of God and promises to a family that might have been your great, great, great, great grandparents or something.

Then over the course of a few weeks a series of incredible things started to happen. It was the most incredible series of disasters you had ever seen. Some were calling them signs that YAHWEH was still active. You can't help but wonder where this YAHWEH had been your entire lifetime. Regardless, it worked. Finally Pharaoh told you to go. You had to bake all your flour. You couldn't let it rise. You just had to mix it, bake it, and pack all your things and go.

So you went. Everyone went. Everyone you knew did the same. You fled in the night and didn't look back. There were more whispers of Canaan. There were rumors of a land that could be yours. Whispers of milk and honey. You had never left your community. Never ventured beyond the work camp. At least never before now. Now you were father away from home than you had ever been, but it didn't seem like anyone new what was going on or where you were supposed to be going.



Instead of taking the regular trade roads, you took this strange route that has led your people to the shore. Tired, unrested, and desperate the rumors have taken a dark turn. Pharaoh, hearing that the people were stupidly led into a dead end, has decided to come collect his work force.

The cavalry is coming. You've never fought. You have no weapons. There is no army. You're a group of laborers with no training and no support, and you are in a trap. With the sea on one side and Pharaoh's army on the other, there is nowhere to go. Nothing to do. Then Moses says, "God will deliver us."

This God has done a lot of incredible things over the last few weeks. Your whole world has been turned upside down. The people are saying up and down the shore that you have to just start walking. Most are unsure. Few know how to swim at all, and none could hope to survive in the water for long.

The chariots are coming quickly. There seems to be confusion coming from that direction. Something has slowed them. So you wonder. You look out over the sea and nothing looks strange. You look back and there is chaos, but surely the Egyptians will figure it out. There is nothing left to do but trust.

The fear is great. Your heart is racing. The water is cold on your foot. It takes your breath away as it reaches up your leg. You take another step, but the splash isn't as high. You look to your left and right and others have followed. Their feet move. The water pulls back. Slowly. The splashing stops. The land is dry. This God has done something you cannot understand.

Moses was right. Impossibly, he was right. Cautiously. Courageously. Impossibly. Faithfully, you walk.