

UNSUNG HEROES
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DRIVING NAILS

One man was left of the entire army of Canaanites who invaded Israel. It was Sisera, the captain of that once powerful host. Alone, weary, and in need of a place to hide, this mighty conqueror staggered into the tent of Jael.

She was the epitome of a good hostess. She covered him with a mantle to hide him from his pursuers. He asked for water to drink; she gave him milk to sustain him. She even offered to stand watch and alert him, should any of his adversaries approach. She made him feel so relaxed; he went to sleep in the tent of his enemy.

That was his last mistake. Once he was unconscious, she crept up to his side. In her hand was a nail from the tent and a hammer. In one swift attack, she nailed his head, through his temples, into the ground below the tent. She permanently ended the threat this one man had posed to Israel for twenty years.

Make no mistake about it, her feat would not be easy to duplicate. Had the sharp end of the nail touched his face before the blow, he would most likely have awoken. Even weary, he would have been a formidable foe. In twenty years of warfare, he had to have fought for his life while badly wounded. Had she missed the blow, even wounded, he would most likely have killed her. Her fate, and that of Israel, rested on one blow with a heavy hammer, onto a stake poised in the air somewhere above him. The temple is a relatively small target, especially from any distance away. And she nailed it.

Few people know Jael's name today. She was one obscure woman with one chance to alter the destiny of her land. She was unaware of the prophecy that God would deliver Sisera into the hand of a woman. She only knew if he escaped, he would return with another army. And she had had enough. The most powerful force in history has been when good people decide they have had enough.

It is then that heroes arise.