

## Looking Back

*Based on Genesis 37:1-4, 12-28 (as told by one of Joseph's brothers)*

I know it wasn't right, what we did. Now, seeing my father's pain and anguish, I feel bad. It started off as a practical joke – a joke that very quickly escalated out of control. Next thing we knew, we'd done something horrible.

You see, Joseph always found a way to get the rest of us in trouble. We'd be out in the field shepherding the flocks. Sure, maybe we weren't working as hard as we were supposed to, but we always did our jobs; yet, Joseph still found a way to get us in trouble.

And as much as he made us all jealous – seeing how much our father loved him, compared to the love our father showed the rest of us – we were able to deal with it. However, what really sent things over the edge was when our father bought Joseph that elaborate coat. It was unlike anything any of us had ever seen before – let alone anything our father had ever given any of us. It was very expensive, the kind of coat you wear when you're clearly too important to do manual work. Obviously, it never made any of us happy to see Joseph being treated so differently than the rest of us; but the coat...the coat just took things to a whole new level.

That day when we were all out with the flock and we saw Joseph coming, we just couldn't take it anymore. We'd thought we'd gone far enough away that he wouldn't find us, but he did. In some ways, I wish he hadn't found us that day – then maybe none of this would have happened.

I can't remember who it was that suggested we kill Joseph. The severity of those words sent a shiver down my spine. I was so relieved when Rueben opposed the idea. I don't think I would have had enough integrity to do what Rueben did – to say no. But I am sure glad he did.

Instead, we decided to throw Joseph into a pit. We took his precious robe off him, and threw him into that pit. He yelled a bit – not a lot though. Mostly he just cried. We knew we were hurting him.

Then, that caravan of Ishmaelites came by and Judah had the idea that instead of just leaving Joseph in that pit, we would sell him to the Ishmaelites and make a profit. So that's what we did. Before we knew it, our brother Joseph was gone – on his way to Egypt.

Looking back on it now, I am sure we were often instigators of our own troubles with Joseph. Maybe he wasn't that bad after all...but what good will those feelings do me now? We have to live with what we've done. He's gone and we will never see our brother Joseph again.