

Blood above the Door

It was a dark night in old Egypt. The merciful Jehovah had instructed each captive family to take a lamb in its prime, shed its blood, and place the blood upon the lintels and the side post of their houses, that they might be spared when the avenging angel Passed over the land. Out of this background comes this beautiful traditional story.

She was a little crippled, Israelitish maiden, lying upon her pallet that Passover night. As the hours passed under the cloak of darkness, the little girl called to her father, “Father, is the blood on the doorposts of our house?” “Yes dear, the blood is on the doorposts of our house.” A short time later the little girl again asked, “Father, are you sure that the blood is on our house?” The father replied, “Certainly dear, I sent one of my faithful servants to place the blood on our house.” A short time later, the little maiden said, “Father, would pick me up and carry me out so I can see the blood on the doorposts of our house?” Gently, the father picked up his crippled daughter and carried her just outside the door. Much to his shock and amazement, there was no blood on the doorposts. Quickly he took her back inside then returned . . . secured the necessary blood from a lamb . . . and just at the last moment of grace . . . sprinkled the blood on the doorposts.