THE VOICE OF THY BROTHER’S BLOOD

GENESIS 4:10; HEBREWS 12:24

It may seem odd to speak of blood having a voice but God speaks of this very thing in Genesis 4:10. Cain had killed his brother, Abel. You see, Cain was not happy because God wasn’t happy with him. God wasn’t happy with Cain because he had not offered a proper sacrifice to God. The root of the whole problem lay in lap of Cain. Instead of repenting and doing the right thing he harbored his sin and it festered to the point of jealousy and turned into a murderous act against Abel. Abel had done nothing except offer a good, acceptable sacrifice to God. Therefore, his blood that was spilled was righteous blood and God said that blood spoke to him.

Abel’s blood spoke to God because Abel’s offering had been offered voluntarily out of Abel’s love for God. You see there were no tables of stone with commandments written on them. Moses had not been born much less gone up into Mount Sinai at this time. The Book of Leviticus had not been written. They had no instructions on preparing and making an offering. Still in the hearts of man was an unwritten law that led them into a loving relationship with God. Before God ever spoke a word to Cain, Cain knew that his offering was not accepted. Abel loved God and wanted God to have his very best. It cost him the life of one of the best of his flock but what was that to Abel? In his mind, he probably didn’t think it was good enough for God but it was the best he had to offer. This act of love cried out through the blood of Abel.

His righteousness spoke to God through his blood. Abel loved God and had the character of God. He was known as Righteous Abel in Matthew 23:35. He set an example to all generations to follow of the relationship that can be had with God. The fact that his blood speaks from the ground unto God shows us today Abel continues to speak.

In some way a man or woman whose life is wrapped up in the righteousness of Christ will always speak. I was looking through some pictures that my mother had made and collected over the years. She had a pictured of my Grandfather Sanders. The picture had been taken around Nineteen Twenty-Five (I am guessing), in fact it was before my mother was born. As we compared his picture with a grandson’s picture, my sister said that as long as that grandson lived our grandfather would live. We spoke of physical characteristics. The old-timers that knew my grandfather (for he died in Nineteen Sixty-Five) spoke of his good Godly character. I pray that part of my grandfather will live on in me and in my children and my grandchildren, etc. My grandfather had no idea that though he would die in Nineteen Sixty-Five, his blood would still speak in Two Thousand Eighteen.

Yours in Christ,

Brother Randy Burtram