

LOT

Shalom! Do you not recognize me? I am Lot. Lot!! Perhaps, you know my uncle Abraham? I have always lived in the shadow of my uncle Abraham. But I am my own man and I believe I have nothing to be ashamed of.... Not everyone would agree with that statement, of course.

Many said I was greedy to take the Jordan plain as my inheritance when Abraham offered me a choice. But I do not believe he would have accepted any other arrangement. The clearly superior region from every perspective is the plain. Yet I do not think Abraham wanted to live there. I took what I wanted and what he did not. It was a logical arrangement, not just greed.

Oh, he began to warn me of the dangers of the cities as soon as we prepared to leave. I do not understand his perspective. He feels that if he sacrifices now, God will somehow reward him, in some way, in the future. I do not see God as being so interested in individuals and minor details.

Oh, but I do have to thank my uncle. When we got caught in the middle of a small war and were all carried off by hostile forces, he came to our rescue. It just taught me to be more careful and observant. In fact, I have become quite the politician since that time, always keeping my options open.

We were not originally intending to live in the city, but we also did not have any idea what it would be like. The cities of the plain are cultural wonderlands. The art, the music, the theater and the architecture are unbelievable. The markets are matchless. You must come visit us sometime.

Oh, I think I personally could have stayed in our nomad tents and moved with the herds as we had always done. But my wife... once she saw it, she could not give up the convenience, the excitement, the magic of the city. And, I completely concur with that decision.

Oh, I know the talk about some of the goings on, the... well... unusual behavior of some... yes, most men in the city. I admit it startled me to begin with and I had to firmly make it known that I was not interested in... well, you know what I mean. In addition, I learned it was not prudent to be on the streets after dark.

But you see, I soon realized that this is the way they are. It is their nature and their culture and who am I as an outsider to tell them what to do? I pride myself on being tolerant, and to tell you the truth, after a while, it did not really bother me any more.

I suppose I have begun to drink a bit more than I used to. But you cannot begrudge me a bit of relaxation after all the stress of a typical business day -- keeping an ear to the ground for political changes, being careful to not offend those with different lifestyles and trying to keep up with my wife's growingly expensive taste in the latest style of amenities. A man has a right to relax, does he not?

I do worry about my daughters, though. There are not many worthy young men to choose for husbands. If God is as Abraham says He is, why has he given me no sons?

The girls will go off and join their husbands' families and we will be left alone. Really, they are essentially worthless to me. Abraham at least has Ishmael.

But there I go, life has not been altogether unpleasant. I think that if the world goes on 10,000 years, and countless cities are built all across the face of the earth, mankind can never match the glories of this great city of Sodom. I am privileged to live here in its day of great human achievement. As a part of this city, perhaps I too, with my wife and even my daughters, will be remembered for our contributions to that magnificent story. Remember Lot! Remember Lot's wife! Shalom.

