

## Balak's flight to the Jordan

His feet pounding on the road, Balak ran, terror filling him. What had happened? He had won, and suddenly the king had turned against him. How had the hassar found that shrine? Judith must have done this. Bitterness filled him. He ran until he was exhausted and then pushed himself on. He had to find safety while it was still dark. Why hadn't Kemosh protected him? He must get to the Jordan and cross it tonight. Then he'd be safe in Moab.

He bent down, holding his side, gasping for breath. How had he miscalculated? What about hiding in Jebus? The hassar couldn't reach him there, but he'd be forever confined to the walls, not daring to step out of them. And who knew when some assassin might kill him in his bed? No, he must cross the Jordan into Moab.

Of course! Moab! Somehow, Yahweh had become too strong for Kemosh in Israel, and the god was sending him to Moab where he would be protected. That was what had happened. Heartened, Balak started to jog again. He'd learned a lot here, and it would be easier to climb in Moab. Maybe he'd misunderstood Kemosh again. Maybe he was destined to become the king of Moab, and not of Israel. His name was Balak, after all.