

CAIN

A Monologue

I can't believe this has happened to me. I'm angry. I'm confused. I've never felt so bad. And I don't know what I'm going to do.

At first it seemed so easy. The Lord asked my brother Abel and me to bring him something as an offering—a gift that would express our relationship with him. Well that seemed pretty easy to me.

You see, I have become a farmer—and a very good one at that! I decided to bring some of my crops and offer them to the Lord. He would see what a hard worker I am and how good I am at producing beautiful fruits and vegetables from the ground.

Being a farmer is hard work but I have never been afraid of work because God created work as a way for us to find meaning in our lives. I knew that when God saw my crops he would be proud of me and what a good worker I am.

On the other hand, my brother, Abel, raises animals. Well, anyone could do that. They pretty much take care of themselves and, besides, where would they be without my crops to eat?

I've never been as angry as I was on that day—the day Abel and I arrived with our gifts. I was so proud of what I had brought to the Lord! I couldn't wait for him to say what a good worker I was. I couldn't believe my ears when the Lord accepted Abel's animals and refused my crops! I was seething with anger!! And I told the Lord how angry I was.

He said, "Cain, it's not about the gift you bring it's about the condition of your heart. You are proud and think you should be accepted for your good works." Those words still ring in my ears today.

Well, yes I am proud of what I do. Shouldn't I be? And what is he saying? That Abel has a better heart than me? I don't think so! I am a good, hard-working person!

Abel has a better heart than mine? I decided right then that I would take care of that. The next day I invited Abel out into the field to see some of the crops I had grown that he could have for feeding his herds. I was burning up inside, but I hid it until I had him alone. Then he was mine! One blow to the back of his head with a boulder and my problem was solved. I would never be compared to him again and even God would not be able to bring him back. I thought I had silenced him forever.

When it was over I was no longer angry. But it didn't make me feel better, either. There was an emptiness in my gut that I can't explain. Then God spoke to me.

He asked where Abel was. Well, I wasn't about to take the blame. If God had not been so unfair to me and if Abel had not been such a Mr. Perfect, this would not have happened! I admitted

nothing. God already knew anyway. Why was he asking something he already knew? Abel wasn't my problem. God had caused this, not me!

I thought I had silenced Abel, but God said his blood was crying out from the ground pointing the blame on me. Even when he's dead, he makes my life miserable.

And then God said the worse thing I could possibly hear. He said the ground would no longer produce crops for me, but I would become a wanderer. How could he do that? Being a good farmer is what I live for! That's my life and that's all that's important to me! How could he take away from me the one thing that mattered most to me?

My life is over. Now I must leave and never see my parents again. How will I ever survive?
And what reason do I have to live now that this has happened?