

POLISHED ARROWS

© DEBORAH GALILEY,
2007

- **Visit Capstone Fiction at www.capstonefiction.com.**
- **Available through national retail outlets such as: amazon.com, barnesandnoble.com, booksamillion.com, and others.**

\$15.95

F1C042030 **FICTION / Christian / Historical**

ISBN: 978-1-60290-005-9

Published in the U.S. by:

Capstone Publishing Group LLC

P.O. Box 8, Waterford, VA 20197

What Readers Are Saying About *Polished Arrows...*

“I couldn’t put it down!”

—David Teitelbaum, electrical contractor

“It’s a cross between *Woman, Thou Art Loosed* meets *Desperate Housewives*.”

—Danielle Greenberg, Rebbetzin, New Beth Israel

“I have brought so many books home from the library in the last several months. This is the first one I have found interesting enough to finish.”

—Peg Kowalski, M.D.

“Simply amazing. You describe everything so perfectly!”

—Lea Rimon, Ginot Shomron, Israeli settler

“After reading the Devorah sections, I really felt encouraged to get closer to God.”

—Pat Groff, NY

“This book is fantastic!”

—Margaret Lowinger, Rebbetzin, Congregation Brit Hadashah

“That’s it? I want to keep reading! When is book two coming out?”

Sharon Grubner, wife and mother, after reading the final page of *Polished Arrows*

PROLOGUE

Jericho, 1308 BC

Sweat ran down the back of the young man as he waited in the king's antechamber. Nervously, he raked his fingers through thick, black hair and pushed it out of his eyes. To him had fallen the thankless and dangerous task of bringing this year's tribute to the greedy and dreaded conqueror of Israel. For eighteen years Israel had been plundered by the loathsome Moavite king, Eglon. All over the land, people cried out to God for deliverance from the onerous burden exacted on them by the required tribute. The young man had cried out to God as well, and now he had a plan.

The door to the antechamber swung open, and the captain of the king's guard emerged. Perhaps this man had been a warrior to be reckoned with years ago, but now he was merely another overfed, indulged middle-aged man. He snapped his fingers, and several guards deliberately walked forward. They patted down each of the men in the delegation in a sloppy and routine check for weapons. The young man prayed silently to Adonai when the guard assigned to search him pushed him against the wall. The guard felt under his arms, front, back, and then ran his hands up only the left leg, skipping the right. He didn't consider that the young man might be left-handed.

After the security check ended, the young man and his caravan were escorted into the king's presence. The sight of the king shocked the young man. Once a fit and formidable military man, Eglon had indulged his every carnal appetite until, at well over 300 pounds, he had become a mountain of flesh. Impatiently, his labored breathing audible to all, his small, sharp eyes greedily watched as the Israelites set up the piles of gold and silver.

The young man cleared his throat. Hiding his disgust, he knelt before the king. "There is also the sheep and grain, Your Majesty. They are outside."

The king scowled. Standing up, shaking with rage, he screamed,

“It’s not enough! Not enough, do you hear me? I know there’s more gold to be had. You have one week to double this amount or Israel will pay in blood!” The delegation was dismissed by the king in a fury.

It was time to follow the plan. The young man quickly led the caravan out of Jericho and into the countryside so they could safely get away. He then said to his second-in-command, “Release the runners and send the message.” Turning on his heels, the young man headed back into the city and toward the great room. Passing through the same sloppy security as before, the young man stepped into the king’s presence declaring: “I have a secret message for you, O King!”

Eglon broke into a broad and crafty smile. Expecting a bribe, he dismissed his court and led the young man into an upper room that had access to his hidden personal safe. The walk had winded Eglon, so he sat down.

“I have a message from Elohim for you,” the young man said.

Eglon stood up.

The young man reached left-handed to his right thigh and drew a double-edged sword. He thrust it upward through Eglon’s stomach, cutting through intestines and lungs. In order to be certain the sword had done its job, the young man drove it even deeper until the handle was covered by fat. Looking into the shocked eyes of the king already glazing over with death, he whispered, “Elohim has ended your reign of terror.”

Moving quickly, the young man escaped out the porch and locked the doors of the upper room. Then he ran. And ran. Making it to safety in Seirah, he blew the shofar with a battle cry! The yoke of bondage was broken.

So a new chapter of freedom started. . . .

PART I

DEVORAH

1232 BC

*Celebrate the Feast of Tabernacles
for seven days
after you have gathered
the produce of your threshing floor
and your winepress.
Be joyful at your Feast—
you, your sons and daughters,
your menservants and maidservants,
and the Levites, the aliens, the fatherless and the widows
who live in your towns.
For seven days
celebrate the Feast
to the Lord your God
at the place the Lord will choose.
For the Lord your God will bless you
in all your harvest and in all the work of your hands,
and your joy will be complete.*

—Deuteronomy 16:13-15

ONE

“**B**ut I just can’t miss Sukkot!” The little girl hopped restlessly from foot to foot. “I’ve been looking forward to it all summer. Please, Ema. Let me go this year!”

Her mother didn’t even pause as she busily swept the clay floor of their little home. “Devorah, you know I can’t travel this year. And I don’t think it’s a good idea for you to go without me.”

The naturally high-pitched voice of the seven-year-old went up an octave. “Oh, please, please! I’ll be with Abba.” The hopping accelerated.

Before her mother could answer, the front door opened and Avraham ben Yosef strode cheerfully into the house. “Did I hear my name?”

“Abba!” Devorah squealed and ran to her father. “Tell Ema that I can go with you to Shiloh for the Feast. Can I, please?”

Avraham looked over the top of their daughter’s head at his wife.

“What do you think?” she said.

“Go outside so Ema and I can talk about this,” he told the child.

“And here.” Her mother handed her a hand-sewn bag. “Go into the garden and pick some beans for dinner while you’re waiting.”

Devorah took the bag from her mother and walked outside slowly, reluctant to miss this important conversation. Once the door closed behind her, the parents discussed in earnest what to do.

“Why don’t you want Devorah to go to Shiloh?” Avraham asked.

“I’m worried.” She stroked her swollen belly unconsciously. “We’ve lost so many babies, I couldn’t bear it if anything happened to her. Or to you.”

“Miryam.” Avraham took his wife in his arms and held her close, breathing in the familiar earthy smell of her. “To go to Shiloh for Sukkot is an act of obedience to the Lord. God will protect us.”

“I’m sure you’re right. But Devorah’s not a baby anymore.” Miryam put her arms around Avraham’s neck and looked up at him. “You would

have to make sure you keep her with you and away from anyone we can't trust. Like the lovers of Canaan."

Avraham frowned. "I don't think we'll see too many of them on this trip. Most of them don't even pretend to worship the one true God as they did when Ehud was in his full strength." He pulled thoughtfully at his beard. "To tell you the truth, I'm very concerned about the direction Israel is taking. I think it's important for Devorah to come with me so she can worship the Lord with her fellow Israelites."

After fifteen years of marriage and seven stillbirths, both Avraham and Miryam doted on Devorah, their only child. Mature and joyful, Devorah reflected the best of both her parents. On the outside, Devorah was unmistakably Miryam's. Her curly, red-blond hair, carelessly pulled back from her face, fell in loose tendrils that framed wide-set green eyes and a face covered with freckles, while sturdy brown legs carried her on endless explorations of the fields and pastures on Avraham's farm. From her father, she had gained an intelligent curiosity and an exceptional understanding of Torah that amazed many.

"Miryam, you're right—Devorah's not a baby anymore, which is why she should come to Sukkot," Avraham said. "I believe God has great things in store for our daughter."

Miryam sighed. "All right. Take her with you. But come home safely."

"Always," promised Avraham.

* * *

It was early fall, and all over Israel people prepared to travel to the Feast of Sukkot—the Israelites' annual pilgrimage to the Tent of Meeting in Shiloh. There the Israelites would build small booths, or huts, called *sukkot*, which served as a reminder of the flimsy desert huts that had provided shelter for the Israelites when the Lord brought them out of slavery in the days of Moshe. Once they reached the Tent of Meeting, the pilgrims would offer the firstfruits of their crops and animal sacrifices to the Lord in celebration of the way He had protected their ancestors in the harsh desert so many years ago. Throughout Ramah, men, women, and children worked hard to bring in the harvest and the new wine in time to bring their gift offerings to the feast.

When the day finally arrived, Avraham and Devorah joined a group of fellow pilgrims from Ramah for the twenty-mile journey to Shiloh. At the end of a long, tiring day, they stopped to make camp for the night.

Men fed the animals and tethered them for the night, children gathered kindling, and the women prepared meals over open campfires. Once supper had been cleared, the pilgrims wrapped themselves in warm goatskin blankets, settled around a fire, and listened in fascination as their elders recounted tales of Israel's heroes.

"Tell us the story of Ehud," Avraham said to Kenaz, the oldest of their company. "The children need to know about the hero they are going to meet at Sukkot."

"Who is Ehud?" Devorah said.

Kenaz smiled at her. "Ehud is the judge of Israel, little one. He led us to victory against our enemies, the Moavites."

Devorah sat mesmerized as the old man's voice carried through the dark night, while firelight reflected off the faces of his audience. "The story begins almost eighty years ago, when Ehud, the son of Gera the Benjamite, went to pay tribute to Eglon, king of Moav."

"What's tribute?" a small boy said.

"Tribute is what the Moavites stole from our hard labors," one of the men said.

"That's correct," Kenaz said. "Now Ehud, who is left-handed, had made himself a special sword—a double-edged sword about a foot and a half long—and he had strapped this to his right thigh under his clothing." Kenaz stopped briefly and took a drink of water from the leather pouch at his side. "He brought the tribute to Eglon, king of Moav at Jericho. Eglon was a very fat man." Kenaz stood up and stretched his cloak as far as possible away from his narrow frame. "So fat, in fact, that two grown men could stand next to each other behind him and you couldn't see either one of them."

The children giggled.

Kenaz grew serious. "Everyone was afraid of King Eglon because he was as mean as he was fat. He would send his men to raid the Israelite villages—to kill, loot, and destroy. And Eglon would give extra plunder to the men who killed the most Israelites in the raids. Those were terrible times."

"Ehud must have been brave to go visit the king," Devorah said.

"Indeed. Very brave. After Ehud had presented the tribute to the king, he dismissed the men who had carried it for him and sent them to their homes. But at the idols near Gilgal"—Kenaz spat at the mention of idols—"Ehud himself turned back toward the palace. He returned to the king and said, 'I have a secret message for you, O king.'"

“The greedy king thought that Ehud had a special bribe for him, so he snapped his fingers and shouted, ‘Quiet!’ And his frightened attendants ran out as fast as they could. No one wanted to cross old King Eglon.

“Ehud approached the king where he sat alone in the upper room of his summer palace. He walked right up to him and said, ‘I have a message from God for you.’ As the king rose from his seat, Ehud reached with his left hand, drew the sword from his right thigh, and plunged it into the king’s belly.

“Even the handle sank in after the blade, which came out of the king’s back. Ehud did not pull the sword out, and the fat closed in over it.” Kenaz paused dramatically and allowed the image of the fat-covered sword to sink in, much as the sword itself had sunk into the unfortunate king years before.

“*Yofee!*” a boy shouted.

Devorah sat bright-eyed and silent.

Kenaz went on. “Now Ehud was a remarkable man with nerves as strong as iron. After he killed Eglon, he calmly walked out of the upper room, shut the doors behind him and locked them, and left the palace. A little later, the servants came and found the doors of the upper room locked. They said, ‘The king must be relieving himself in his inner chamber.’ They waited to the point of embarrassment, but when the king did not open the doors of the room, they took a key and unlocked them. And what do you think they found?”

Devorah’s little voice spoke up. “They found the uncircumcised body of one who dared to defy the Living God!”

The crowd erupted in cheers and shouts of laughter.

“This little maiden is a warrior!” Kenaz said.

Avraham nodded. *This daughter of mine is in the hand of God Himself*, he thought.

“You are right!” Kenaz said to Devorah. “The servants saw their king fallen to the floor, dead. And while they waited, Ehud got away.”

More cheers went up around the fire.

“He passed by the idols”—here Kenaz spat again—“and escaped to Seirah. When he arrived, he blew a shofar here, in the hill country of Ephraim. ‘Follow me!’ he ordered, ‘for the Lord has given Moav, your enemy, into your hands!’ So we followed him down and took possession of the fords of the Jordan that led to Moav. We allowed no one to cross over. I was twenty years old that day, and it was the most momentous day of my life.”

Kenaz paused, suddenly lost in thought as he stared into the fire.

“How many Moavites did Israel kill that day?” someone asked.

“Ten thousand,” Kenaz said. “Ten thousand, all vigorous and strong. Not one man escaped! And I”—the old man stood up and his voice quivered as he looked around at all the faces—“I struck down five of them myself, and I would do it again today to free Israel!”

Staring at the fire, he recalled the decisive battle of almost seventy-five years ago—a day of fury, blood, and vengeance. Kenaz had been plowing his father’s field when he heard the blast of the shofar echoing through the hills. Excitement had surged through him, for he knew immediately what was happening. “This is the day,” he had shouted to the startled oxen. “This is the day we will lose the stench of the Moavites from our land!” He had run with all his strength to the house, where his parents waited. They had heard the shofar as well, and they knew where he was going. He hugged them good-bye, pulled his sword from its hiding place, kissed the tears on his mother’s cheeks, and laughed aloud. “Ema, Ema,” he had said, “don’t cry. Today is the day the Lord has given our enemies into our hands!”

He’d had just enough time to pack a loaf of bread, a cake of raisins, and a skin of water before racing to meet up with Ehud. Along the way, he was joined by men from his village, then others from neighboring villages. More and more men ran toward the sound of the shofar. The very air pulsated with the promise of the victory of God. By nightfall, the first of them had reached the banks of the Jordan River, which led into Moav. Clan after clan took up position, allowing no one to cross over...

“Kenaz?” The voice of Avraham broke in on the flood of memories. “Kenaz, why don’t you lie down now? It’s very late.”

Kenaz shook himself out of his reverie as he turned to look at Avraham. At first glance, there was nothing very compelling about Avraham. He was of average stature, and had pleasant, though not extraordinary, features. He shared the olive skin, brown hair, and brown eyes that characterized so many of his countrymen. But even the briefest interaction with Avraham revealed a godliness and humility that set him apart and brought him great respect in the village. Indeed, many people came to him instead of their local Levite with questions about the Torah. Many found it odd that a man so beloved by the Lord should be married to a woman who had stillborn after stillborn baby. Yet Avraham steadfastly refused to take a second wife. He claimed that his love for Miryam did not allow for him to lie with another. His patience had been

rewarded seven years ago, when Miryam had at last given birth to Devorah.

Kenaz looked at little Devorah's sleeping form. *Ah*. He smiled to himself. *Here is a daughter equal to any son!*

"All right, Avraham," he said. "You're right. It is very late. But I'm glad I was able to tell the children who Ehud is and how the Lord God used him. When we get to Shiloh and they see a frail, blind, old man, they need to realize that he was not always this way. That once"—Kenaz grew misty-eyed—"he was a powerful warrior filled with the Spirit of God!"

Avraham shook his head. "I'm concerned that as Ehud ages, faith among the Israelites gets weaker. So many of our people have fallen into the way of the Canaanites. I fear for our nation, Kenaz."

"We must pray, Avraham. We must ask the Lord to raise up a judge after Ehud."

Avraham clasped Kenaz's hands. Together they prayed fervently to the Lord for the salvation of Israel.

* * *

Two days later, the company of pilgrims from Ramah wearily climbed the last little hill to the west of Shiloh. When they reached the top, they stopped to look down into the town.

"Ohhh," Devorah gasped. "Abba, look!"

Sukkot dotted the valley below as far as the eye could see. Wooden poles laced together with cords of flax formed tiny, temporary dwellings. Palm fronds, leafy branches, and poplars decorated the sides and occasionally the roofs, according to the owner's tribe. Clusters of grapes and pomegranates hung from doorways and side poles. Women cooked over makeshift stone ovens while young children ran around, yelled, and explored from booth to booth. Men ate and talked in small groups. Even the sheep and goats socialized, bleating and *maaahing* among themselves. It was a scene fraught with energy, color, and excitement. Devorah smiled widely.

Avraham nodded with satisfaction. "Look, my daughter. Look carefully and remember this sight all of your life. Here are the Children of Israel, obeying the word of the Lord and coming together to worship Him at the Festival of Sukkot."

Father and daughter stood together in silence. Avraham serenely watched the crowds, his eyes half-closed in prayer. Devorah's eyes

scanned the valley, not wanting to miss a single detail. Suddenly she observed a sukkah that stood alone in the middle of all the others, but with much more space around it. As she squinted, she could just barely see a man sitting in front of the doorway, with long lines of people in front of him.

“Abba!” Devorah tugged at her father’s sleeve.

“Yes?”

“Look! Is that Ehud’s sukkah?”

Avraham squinted. “Ah! Yes, my little one. That is the sukkah of the judge of Israel. That is Ehud, and the people are lining up to speak with him about different things.”

A voice interrupted. “Come on, let’s go!”

Avraham and Devorah turned to see Moshe, the scout of their group, waving them on. One would never know from looking at Moshe’s round, friendly face that here was a man who could find his way through every ravine and crevice in the hill country of Ephraim. He often joked and played with the younger children, who all adored him. Now, however, he spoke brusquely.

“Let’s get going, you two!” he shouted. “We need to stake out a place and build our sukkot before evening prayers.”

Avraham and Devorah turned and dutifully followed Moshe and their fellow townspeople down the hill to Shiloh.

* * *

Three hours later, their sukkah built and decorated, Avraham and Devorah went with Kenaz to wait for their chance to meet Ehud.

Avraham mopped sweat from his brow as they stood in the late afternoon sun. He had offered to share their sukkah with Kenaz, and the older man had gratefully accepted and tried to help with the construction. But as Avraham ruefully contemplated, no matter how strong and energetic, a ninety-five-year-old is not a newborn lamb. Devorah’s high spirits, though charming at first, had become more and more annoying until Kenaz had sent her off to find decorations for the walls. She had returned with an armload of wildflowers and, in complete concentration, had woven the flowers throughout the palm branches, turning their simple sukkah into a vibrant masterpiece. Now all three of them stood in line to pay their respects to Ehud before they assembled for evening prayers.

Suddenly, out of the corner of his eye, Avraham caught sight of a boy moving toward them so quickly it looked like a blur. Before Avraham had time to react, the boy crashed into Devorah, who fell to the ground with a thump.

“Hey!” Avraham shouted.

A man’s voice in the background yelled angrily. “Lappidot!”

Avraham bent down to Devorah. “Are you okay, *motek*?”

Devorah’s eyes filled with tears, but she nodded bravely. “I...I think so, Abba.”

“I’m really sorry—I didn’t see her!” the boy exclaimed as he struggled to stand.

“Lappidot!” A tall man strode forward angrily and grabbed the boy by the shoulder. “What are you doing?”

“I’m sorry, Abba,” Lappidot said. He shook himself free of his father’s grasp. “Yehudah was chasing me and I didn’t look where I was going.” He peered sheepishly at Devorah who, hurts already forgotten, stared in wonderment at him.

Avraham stepped in. “No harm done. My little girl seems to be fine and the boy was just being a boy. Don’t worry about it.” He put his hand out. “My name is Avraham ben Yosef, and this is my daughter, Devorah.”

The man shook hands stiffly. “Ammon ben Binyamin. From Beit El.”

“Ah!” Avraham exclaimed. “Then we’re neighbors! We live in Ramah.”

Ammon’s face loosened into a smile. “Fellow Ephraimites! It’s good to meet up with a brother. Are you here with your whole family?”

“This is my family.” Avraham gestured toward Devorah, who had begun chatting with Lappidot. “My wife is expecting a baby next month and stayed behind. Devorah is our only child. How about you?”

“I am the opposite,” Ammon said. “I am here with two wives, eight children, assorted relatives, and several goats. They’re all making me *meshugga*, but he”—and here he pointed to Lappidot—“is ahead of all the others!”

“Is he the oldest?”

“Yes, yes, the oldest. He is bursting with energy. I am glad that your daughter was not harmed by his poor behavior.”

Avraham studied his new acquaintance. *Eight children*, he thought. *Eight children and he understands nothing! Perhaps Adonai wants me to teach this fellow.* “You know, Ammon, I see from his eyes that your boy is a good

boy at heart. If you would like, I would be honored to pray with you and seek the Lord's guidance on the best way to train him up into manhood."

Ammon raised his eyebrows at this suggestion. "Uh, thank you. Let me think about that." His eyes strayed to Devorah and Lappidot sitting on the dusty ground. "They seem to be getting along just fine now, don't they?"

They certainly did. Devorah giggled as Lappidot entertained her with wild stories accompanied by exaggerated gestures. Feeling his father's eyes on him, Lappidot stopped talking and stood up. "Is everything okay, Abba?"

"Yes, son. Come! Say shalom to our new friends so we can return to the sukkah before we miss dinner."

Lappidot turned to Avraham and Devorah. "Shalom!" he said enthusiastically. "I hope to see you again."

Avraham shook the boy's hand warmly. "I hope so, too. Shalom, Ammon. Good to have met you."

"Bye, bye, bye!" Devorah waved happily to her new friend. "We'll see you later!"

"Good-bye." Ammon stopped and looked Avraham in the eye. "I will consider your offer of prayer. Come on, son." He put his arm on Lappidot's young shoulders, and they headed off into the crowd.

"Abba, where's Kenaz?" Devorah asked. Avraham spun around, remembering the long line to meet Ehud. To his great relief, the line had moved rapidly, and Kenaz had doggedly held their place. Now he gestured to Avraham and Devorah. "Let's go!" he yelled. "We're next!"

* * *

Avraham and Devorah stood by quietly while Kenaz and Ehud hugged each other.

"It is always good to see you, Kenaz." Ehud spoke softly and with difficulty. He was an extremely old man, well over a hundred years. Deep lines crisscrossed his brown face. Judging the pain and suffering of an entire nation for more than seventy-five years had weighed heavily on him. Devorah stared intensely at him and attempted in her young mind to imagine how the strong hero who killed King Eglon could be the same person as the old man before her now.

"You know, of course, Avraham ben Yosef of Ramah." Kenaz drew his friend into the conversation. "And this," he said as he put his arm around Devorah, "is his daughter, Devorah."

“The Lord’s blessings on you both, Avraham and Devorah.” Ehud smiled.

Devorah shyly spoke up. “May I ask you something, sir?”

“But of course, *yaldah*.”

“Was God in the room with you when you stabbed Eglon and saved Israel?”

Kenaz and Avraham stared at Devorah, surprised.

Ehud broke out in laughter. “Here’s a true Israelite maiden!”

“But was He?” Devorah said.

Ehud grew serious. “The Hand of the Lord came upon me heavily that day, child. It was His Spirit that drove me and prepared me and made it possible to accomplish His purposes. Yes, He was in the room with me when I subdued Eglon.” He turned his head in the direction of Devorah, his unseeing eyes still shrewd. “Now tell me why such a tiny thing is asking this question.”

Avraham interrupted. “Please excuse my daughter, sir. She can be outspoken.”

Ehud waved him away. “Let her answer me. Why the question, little one?”

Devorah eyed her father tentatively, a little frightened now at all of this attention. But Ehud’s kind voice gave her courage to respond. “I know I’m just a girl, sir,” she said in a voice barely above a whisper, “but I love the Lord God with all of my heart, like Moshe said to do, and I want to lead Israel to victory one day just like you did.”

Ehud reached out and felt Avraham’s arm. “I would like to pray for your daughter,” he said.

“Of course, sir.”

Ehud put his hand on Devorah’s head. “*Baruch Atah Adonai Eloheinu Melech ha olam*,” he boomed, his voice strengthened by the power of the Spirit of God. “Blessed are You, O Lord our God, King of the Universe, who sustains us and has allowed us to reach this season of Sukkot. O Lord! We ask that Your hand would be on this child of Yours. You have taken a young girl, O Lord our God, and have put in her the heart of a warrior! I ask that You mold her and mature her and bring to bear all that You have desired to accomplish through this, Your maidservant, Devorah. In the blessed Name of Adonai, Amen.”

“Amen,” Avraham and Kenaz echoed.

“Amen,” Devorah said, her eyes shining.

* * *

Many hours later, Devorah slept soundly in one corner of the sukkah, wrapped in a goatskin.

Avraham, too excited to sleep, lay on his back, arms behind his head, and gazed through the palm fronds up into the clear, starry night. “What a day!”

“Amen to that!” Kenaz said. “What did you think of the conversation between Devorah and Ehud?”

Avraham remained silent for several moments before he answered. “On the one hand, I’ve been noticing a special anointing on Devorah more and more as she gets older.” He sighed heavily. “On the other hand, I want to be very careful before I encourage her to move in a direction that could cause her to be prideful, or to make choices that could harm her.”

“Do not take Ehud’s words lightly,” Kenaz said. “I am absolutely confident that he hears clearly from the Lord.”

“Well, my friend, I trust that you will give Miryam and me good counsel as we raise this child.”

“Pray for me to have a long life, Avraham. I am very curious to see what happens to our little Devorah, and I want to be around when it does.”

“You have my prayers.”

“Thank you. And now I’m going to sleep. *Lilah tov.*”

“*Lilah tov.*”

Soon Avraham heard the labored sounds of Kenaz’s breathing mingled with the soft breaths of Devorah. He alone lay sleepless in their temporary shelter. Dimly, by the light of the moon, he could discern some of the flower decorations Devorah had made earlier that day. Sweet, tender love for his daughter flooded his heart. “O Lord,” he entreated. “Keep her safe, protect her. I know that she’s Yours, but her mother and I love her so....” Words failed him as he struggled to release ownership of his daughter into the hands of the One who created her.

For more of the story, read...

POLISHED ARROWS

DEBORAH GALILEY

*Visit Capstone Fiction at www.capstonefiction.com.
Available through national retail outlets such as:
amazon.com, barnesandnoble.com, booksamillion.com,
and others.*

About the Author



DEBORAH GALILEY grew up in a conservative Jewish home on Long Island. After graduating from college, she moved to Los Angeles. There she became a believer in Yeshua (Jesus). Deborah and her husband, Steve, moved from L.A. to Central New York in the late 1980s and have been leading messianic Jewish congregations ever since. They have five children: Josh, Shimon, Yael, Noa, and Ellie.

“The Devorah in *Polished Arrows* is loosely based on myself,” Deborah says. “My husband says that he is not surprised by the vitality of the Devorah character. Her willingness to take on new challenges and infuse energy into her roles of wife, mother, and an exhorter of God’s people reminds him of me. But I assure you that the Yael in the book is quite different from Yael, my daughter! After choosing Yael’s name when she was born, we soon realized that it was prophetically important as she would someday complete what I, the mother, had begun. In the same way, Yael in *Polished Arrows* completed what Devorah the prophetess began.”

Over the years, Deborah has enjoyed her participation in activities as varied as bread baking, worship dance, playing clarinet, youth ministry, percussion, and teaching Hebrew. She has experienced the miraculous power of God in healing her of cancer three times!

How did *Polished Arrows* come about? “One day, while I was on a walk, the Lord gave me the concept for *Polished Arrows* and said, ‘Start writing!’ How can you say no to the Lord? So I plunged in.” Since that time, she has completed a second novel, *Yohana*, and is currently at work on a third.

Deborah and Steve have also founded a messianic Jewish internet radio station: **www.soundsofshalom.com**.

For more information on Deborah, go to [www. capstonefiction.com](http://www.capstonefiction.com). You can contact her by writing to: Deborah Galiley, PO Box 1019, Utica, NY 13503.

Coming Soon...

Yohana

DEBORAH GALILEY

In A.D. 25, living in close proximity to the tempestuous Herod Antipas meant continually skirting the edge of danger. Rumors abounded of an uneducated carpenter's son from the Galil—Yeshua ben Yosef, of Nazaret—who supposedly healed the sick. Yohana had never put much stock in so-called miracle workers. So many charlatans plied their trade in and around Jerusalem, making fantastic sums off a gullible and desperate populace. Yohana was determined not to be one of those drawn in, yet there was something different about this new miracle worker....