

SO THERE THEY all were. Grannies, granddads, babies, uncles, aunts, children, moms, and dads. Out there in the middle of the desert. They had blisters from all the walking. They were hungry. And thirsty. And much, much too hot.

"We don't like it!" they said. "It stinks!" (And so did they, for that matter, because no one had taken a bath in weeks.)

But God's people still weren't happy. They didn't care about being free — wasn't it better when they were slaves? At least they'd had lots of nice food to eat.

"God doesn't want us to be happy," they said. It was the same lie that Adam and Eve had heard all those years before. "God has brought us out here to kill us. God doesn't love us!" But they didn't know God very well, did they?







