

Ishshah – Jephthah’s Daughter 1

Dear Arthur,

I want to share with you something that I shared last night in Breaking of Bread. Yesterday morning Zechariah and Elisheba expressed the name of their newborn daughter to us. They desired to call her the Hebrew name of Esther, which is Hadassah, and the name of Jephthah’s daughter. This name is not recorded in the Bible, but yesterday our Father revealed that name to us through Zachariah. He said that he was sad that he didn’t know this name because he desired for his daughter to be a submissive woman, a burnt offering like Jephthah’s daughter was. Then one day he found the Hebrew word that expressed this exactly — Ishshah.

Yoneq had asked me to speak about this story of Jephthah’s daughter in Breaking of Bread so I read the story a few times and it really blessed my day because it caused me to think about Yahshua, how He was a living sacrifice, a burnt offering to open the way for us back to be in fellowship with our Father in heaven.

I pictured Ishshah to be a girl who was raised up by her father the way that YHWH had commanded Abraham to raise up his children. Jephthah was of Abraham’s seed and I guess that is why he was chosen by YHWH to lead the Gileadites against the enemy of Israel. I believe that Jephthah’s daughter as she grew up was disobedient like any other child, but her father was faithful to bring discipline to her in love. So when she got older her heart was connected, one with her father’s heart. Her life wasn’t independent from her father, but she lived for him. Ishshah’s heart was to please her father and to be the woman that he wanted her to be.

Jephthah only had this one child; he had no other daughter and no son. She must have been so precious to him. He probably pitied and petted her and knew her intimately.

I can see them taking walks together and the girl Ishshah listening intently to her father as he speaks about his God, the God of Israel. The older she became she got to understand more and more about what he wanted to communicate to her. A desire must have grown in her heart to come to know this God, the One of whom her father told her that He was the Creator of everything she saw around her. Even the One who created her and who had a purpose for her, who had commandments about how she should live her life.

I imagine her marveling at the beauty of the flowers, how carefully and thoughtfully each one was made, so perfect and unique that she was in awe about the One who made all of them. The petals were arrayed in so many various ways and every single one had a particular smell of their own. She must have sensed the love that has been put into them and the love this Creator had towards her, too. It was like the love her father had towards her, through him she existed, through him she learned her purpose for her existence, for him she wanted to live.

I believe that she received her discipline because she loved her father. She didn’t want to stray away from what her father willed for her to do, and when she did, she desired to be back in peace with him, which was so precious to her.

When Jephthah went to war against the enemy of Israel he made a vow to his God because he knew that He was the only One who could give him the victory that he desired. Jephthah was willing to give his Sovereign this sacrifice, which was whatever was going to come out of his door to meet him when he would return victoriously from the battle.

I thought Ishshah was worried about her father as he was out on the battlefield, thinking about the possibility of him being defeated by the enemy. When she thought of it she probably prayed to the God of her father in whom she had learned to trust in. In her thoughts she was with him and that is why she was so full of joy and thankfulness when she heard of his victory. Maybe she started preparing the house for his return, going out to get flowers to decorate. She carefully picked out the most beautiful ones with the sweetest smell. In her heart she might have hesitated for some seconds thinking about this beautifully created flower and that it would not last very long after she picked it but because of the great joy of her

father coming home she knew: he is worthy. The flower was going to wither away as soon as summer was over, but how much more worth was it that this flower could communicate her love to her father.

In her virginity she must have been like those flowers, expressing the beauty of the Creator. I can see her running around joyfully singing as she arranged the flowers. The victory of her father filled her heart that she was overflowing with thanksgiving.

When he finally did come back she had to be the first one meeting him because she was so anticipating his return, she couldn't help but run out the door singing and dancing with tambourines in her hand.

Because of her love towards her father and the joy over his return she couldn't hold back anything but rejoiced with her whole being.