

THE BABY MOSES

(Ephesians 2:10)

Purpose: To show that God prepares our lives for the work He has chosen for us.

Many hundreds of years ago the Pharaoh of Egypt was a rich and powerful king, so rich that he had his slaves build great treasure cities where he could store away his vast wealth.

This Pharaoh had made slaves of the whole nation of Israel, the people of God, and made them serve him with hard labor.

But there came a time when Pharaoh began to worry about something. Everywhere the king went he could see that a dangerous situation was developing.

The Israelites were growing in number so rapidly that the land was filled with them, and that made the king afraid.

Because of his fear, the king became more cruel than ever to his slaves. He made their lives so bitter that they cried to God to deliver them from their cruel master. And then an amazing thing happened!

The harder the king made them work, the more the Lord blessed them, and the Israelites multiplied and grew in number more than before for the Lord was making His people strong.

At last this evil-hearted king decided to do something about the situation, something that would weaken Israel as a nation. And so he made up his mind to do a terrible thing.

Pharaoh issued a command that every baby boy that was born to the Israelite people be thrown into the river to die!

But in one of the slave families of Israel, God was working out a plan of His own, and God chose that very time to send a tiny baby to Amram, the father and Jochebed, the mother.

There were already in the family a daughter named Miriam and a son whose name was Aaron.

And then there was the baby, a baby so dear and tender, so innocent and sweet that some of heaven's glory seemed tangled in his tiny curls, a baby that filled their hearts with joy! But Pharaoh's order had said that all boy babies should die . . .

. . . and this baby was a boy! Whenever the parents looked at him, their joy was turned to sorrow, because the sentence of death hung over this precious child!

How could they hide this dear little baby from the eyes of a king whose guards and servants were everywhere? The grief-stricken family knew of only one possible way to keep the baby safe.

They would ask God to do it for them for they believed in a God who was greater than any pharaoh, and they knew that God's ear is always open to the prayers of His people.

Because of her faith in God, the mother was not afraid to disobey the king's command. And as she looked with tender love at her son, the slave-mother thanked God again and again for the gift of this wonderful baby.

For three months the Israelite woman managed to keep her baby hidden, going as usual about her daily tasks. But every day the little boy grew bigger and bigger, and every day the hope of keeping him hidden grew smaller and smaller.

Just like all babies, the child would cry once in a while and if one of Pharaoh's guards should ever hear the child ...

. . . the mother realized that her son would be torn from her arms and thrown into the river to die! She could not hide the boy any longer.

Something had to be done! For the whole family was in danger if the child were discovered. Then just at the right time, God in His wisdom gave the mother a most amazing plan.

From the banks of the river Nile the Israelite woman gathered some plants called bulrushes, and in the mother's work to save her son God was working out a plan to save all the people from their life of slavery . . .

... for the mother and her baby and the whole nation of Israel, were together in the circle of God's care. And so all that the mother did was part of God's plan.

First the mother took the reeds and she wove what appeared to be a simple basket, and with each reed she wove a prayer of faith.

But soon the basket changed into a very strange looking object, for over the basket the mother put some mud from the river, and over the mud she spread some pitch. Actually what the mother made was a small boat, and she called it an ark.

No one looking at that queer little ark would have guessed that God had anything to do with it, but God was directing the mother every step of the way.

Inside the ark the mother made a nice soft, bed. Then came the hardest part of all!

Into the carefully prepared little bed the mother put her beloved son.

She tucked him in tenderly, and with a prayer in her heart closed the basket over his rosy little face.

Then with Miriam by her side, the mother carried her precious bundle to a place that she knew along the edge of the river Nile . . .

... and she left the ark there in the reeds at the river's brink, a lonely little speck beside the great river.

Only the sister Miriam was stationed near enough to see the ark. She would watch what happened to her baby brother.

All at once, Miriam leaned forward and listened. By the sound of voices, she knew someone was coming, and when she saw that everything was happening just as they expected Miriam's heart began to pound with excitement!

Walking slowly down toward the banks of the river was one of the most important people in all of Egypt . . .

... the Princess of Egypt herself! Pharaoh's daughter had come down to the river to bathe!

For a while neither the Princess nor the maidens noticed anything unusual, but when the Princess came down to the edge of the water ...

. . . she saw the strange object almost hidden among the reeds. Right away the Princess was curious. Whatever could be inside such an odd looking thing?

A baby? In a kind of a boat! . . . But the baby . . . oh! . . . the baby was a perfectly lovely child!

. . . The most beautiful baby the Princess had ever seen ... fit to belong to a king!

And when the dear little baby started to cry, the daughter of Pharaoh found her heart melting with pity and love just as God had planned.

She knew this was one of the Hebrew babies her father had tried to destroy, but the Princess longed to save it and since she had found this precious child she decided to keep it for her own!

When Miriam saw the Princess take the baby up so gently and begin to comfort him, she knew her brother's life was spared. But God's plans for the baby didn't end here.

And so God encouraged Miriam to do something few slaves would dare to do. She went to the Princess to ask a very bold question.

Miriam trembled with eagerness as she spoke to Pharaoh's daughter. "Shall I go and call a nurse for you?"

And when the Princess of Egypt said "Go!

... Miriam ran to call the child's own mother to be the nurse. Not only was their baby going to be safe, he would be watched over and cared for by his very own mother! But God, in His infinite wisdom and love, had wrought a far more wonderful thing than they knew!

Here was a baby born into slavery but God had given him two mothers! One, the Princess of Egypt . . . with the power and wealth of a kingdom to offer him, the other his real mother who knew the Lord and would teach the child to love and obey Him. In this way, God was preparing this child to do a great work . . .

. . . for this little child was the baby Moses sent by God to His people Israel.

And this same Moses would one day lead them out of the land of Egypt, out of their life of slavery, to a promised land of plenty that flowed with milk and honey.