

THE BIRTH OF MOSES

(Excerpts from a Script of a Moses Story Tape)

Lessons: Exodus 1 & 2

How old do you think you were when you learned how to sing? Were you two years old? Or perhaps three? Tiny babies can't sing, can they? They gurgle and talk in their own special way. You know what *that* sounds like. And we all love to hear those happy sounds, don't we? And sometimes, when babies are hungry, they tell us another way. How do they tell us? Right! They cry! And then we want to help the baby all we can.

Here is a story about a little baby boy, just three months old. This little baby lived a long, long time ago, in a land called Egypt, far away from where you live.

He was a little *Hebrew* baby. Now in Egypt, there was a wicked king called Pharaoh, who didn't want Hebrew baby boys in his country. So the baby's mother was afraid. Listen to what she did. The Lord's Word tells us,

“And when she saw that he was a beautiful child, she hid him three months. But when she could no longer hide him, she took an ark of bulrushes for him, daubed it with asphalt and pitch, put the child in it, and laid it in the reeds by the river's bank.”

(Exodus 2:2,3)

The mother made an ark of bulrushes. That's like a basket made of long pieces of grass. And she put sticky pitch on it, like tar, to make it strong and to stop water getting in. She put the baby in it. And she put it in the water at the edge of the river, hoping someone would find him. His sister waited there to see what would become of her baby brother. Listen to the Word, and we'll hear what happened to the baby.

“And his sister stood afar off to know what would be done to him. Then the daughter of Pharaoh came down to wash herself at the river. And her maidens walked along the river's side. And when she saw the ark among the reeds, she sent her maid to get it. And when she opened it, she saw the child, and behold, the baby wept. So she had compassion on him, and said, ‘This is one of the Hebrew's children.’”

(Exodus 2:4-6)

Who found the baby in the ark? Yes, Pharaoh's daughter and her maid. And when the baby cried, Pharaoh's daughter was sad, and wanted to help the baby, didn't she? And what about the baby's sister? How happy she was to see the baby safe! And do you know what she did? Listen.

“Then his sister said to Pharaoh's daughter, ‘Shall I go and call a nurse for you from the Hebrew women, that she may nurse the child for you?’ And Pharaoh's daughter said to her, ‘Go.’ So the maiden went and called the child's mother. Then Pharaoh's daughter said to her, ‘Take this child away and nurse him for me, and I will give you your wages.’ So the woman took the child and nursed him. And the child grew, and she brought him to Pharaoh's daughter, and he became her son. So she called his name Moses, saying, ‘Because I drew him out of the water.’”

(Exodus 2:10)

Imagine, the baby's very own mother took care of him until he grew bigger. Then she took him back to Pharaoh's daughter and he became her son. Can you say this part of the story from the Word with me?

RECITATION:

“So she called his name Moses, saying,
‘Because I drew him out of the water.’”

(Exodus 2:10)

Sometimes our names have special meanings. Maybe yours does. Moses' name means “drawn out,” or “lifted out” of the water. Let's say it again:

“So she called his name Moses, saying,
‘Because I drew him out of the water.’”