

Birth of Moses

(Based on Exodus 1:1-2:15)

Copyright © 2013 Patricia Loranger
Distributed by Rocksolid Bible Story Curriculum
[Www.rocksolidcurriculum.com](http://www.rocksolidcurriculum.com)



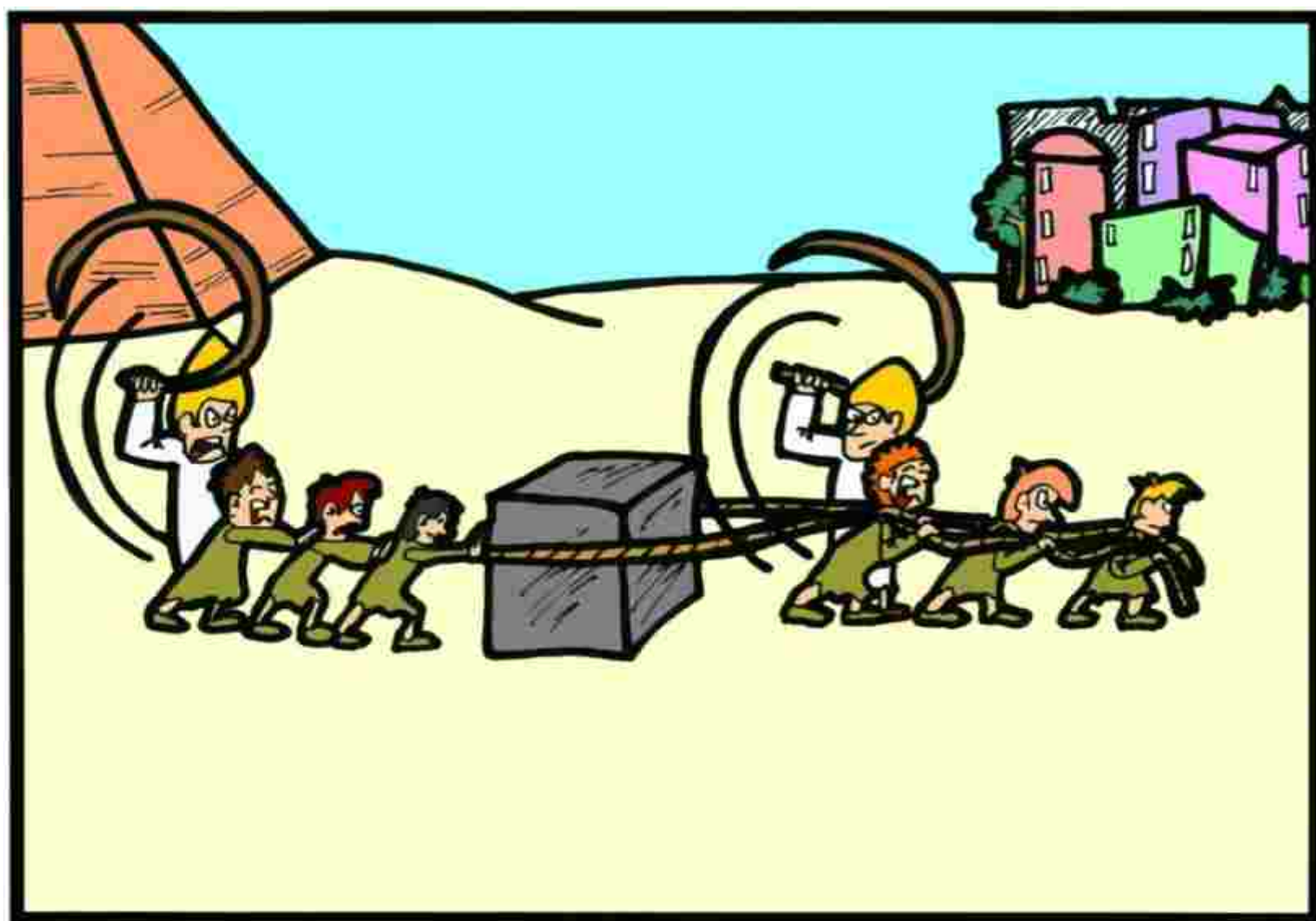
In time Jacob died. He was 147 years old. His son Joseph buried him in Canaan Land, in the cave where grandpa Abraham and his father Isaac were buried.



Joseph said to his family, "God will visit you and you will carry my bones with you to Canaan Land." Then he died. He was 110 years old. The descendants of old Jacob, now named Israel, had lots of kids until the land was filled with them.



"Look," snarled the new Pharaoh. He did not know Joseph. "The children of Israel are more than us! What if a war happens and they join our enemies and fight against us? What if they leave this country?"



Therefore they put slave masters over the people of Israel and made them work hard building cities. But the people of Israel became stronger and they had more children. The Egyptians were afraid of them.



Pharaoh spoke to the midwives (the ladies who helped women have babies.) "Whenever an Israelite woman is having a baby boy, kill it." The midwives did not obey Pharaoh and God took care of them.



Pharoah gave a new command. "People of Israel, when you have baby boys, you must throw them into the river, but the little girls can live."



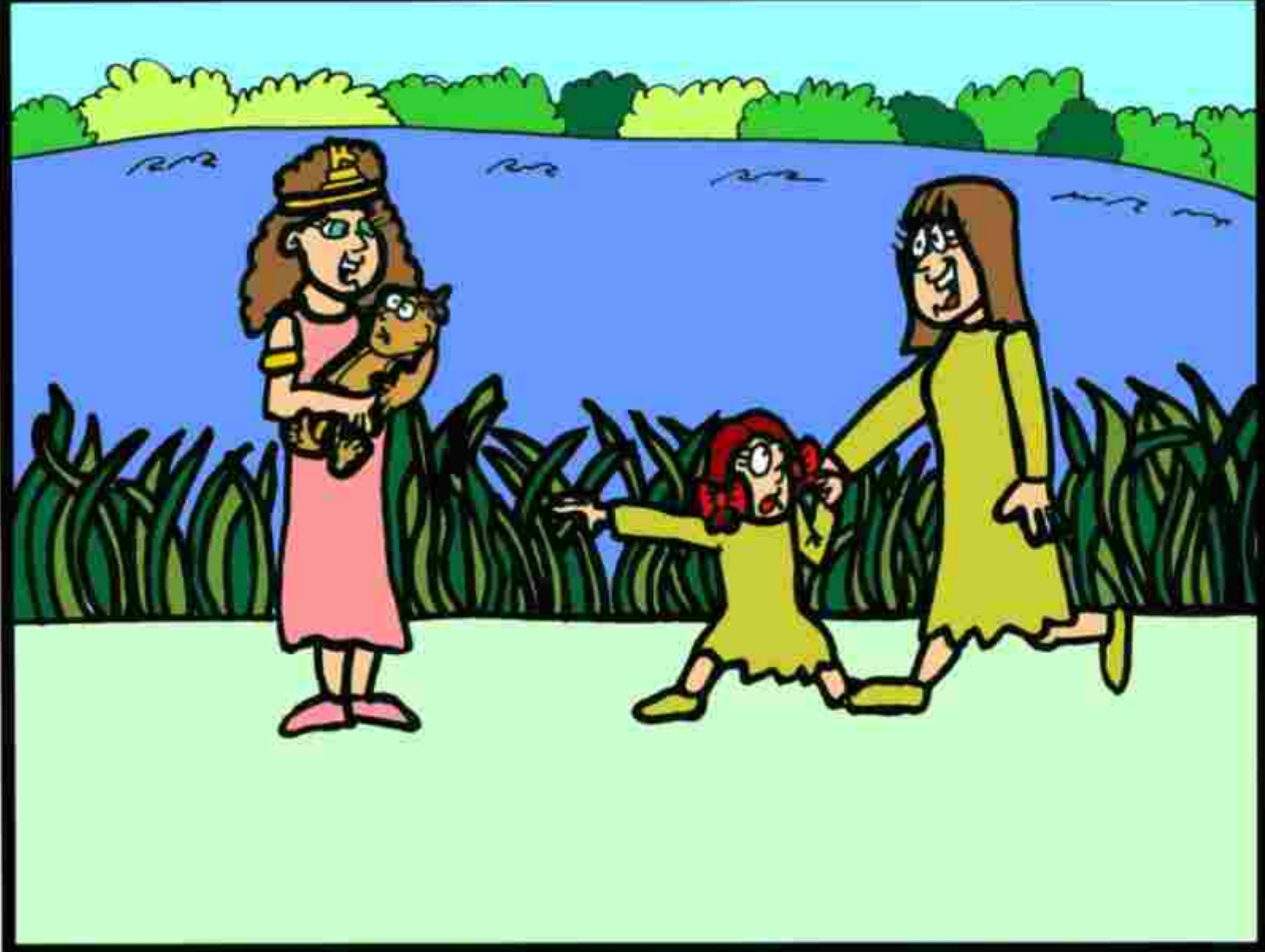
An Israelite man and his wife hid their beautiful baby boy for three months. But when they could no longer hide him, the mommy put him into a basket and set the basket in the river. The baby's older sister stood far off, and watched what would happen to the baby.



Pharoah's daughter came to wash herself in the river and her servant girls walked along the shore. "Hey!" yelled Pharoah's daughter. "Bring me that basket."



Pharoah's daughter opened the basket and looked inside. The baby was crying. "What a beautiful baby!" she exclaimed. "Would you like me to get an Israelite lady to take care of this little baby for you?" asked the baby's older sister.



The princess agreed and so the little girl ran and got the baby's mother. The princess paid the mommy to take care of him until he was big enough to come and live with her. The princess named him Moses.



Lord, help me to be courageous like Moses' parents and the midwives were. Thank you that you help those who choose to be courageous.