

Have You Heard the Story of My Life?

Part 4: Moses

Dora Beck

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70007 Stuttgart Germany <[e-mail: info@call-of-hope.com](mailto:info@call-of-hope.com)> <http://www.call-of-hope.com> .

Moses



My parents lived in a small house near the Nile River. I had a sister and a brother. My sister, Miriam, was the oldest child in the family. My brother, Aaron, was three years older than I. My parents were happy with the births of Miriam and Aaron. But they were sad over my birth, because Pharaoh, the king, had commanded that all baby Hebrew boys should be thrown into the Nile River.

The Hebrew people of the Old Testament were living in Egypt at that time. Pharaoh made this new law, so that the Hebrews would not increase and become a big and powerful nation.

My father and mother did not follow Pharaoh's evil law. They obeyed God and trusted Him with all their hearts. They hid me in the house, and Pharaoh's soldiers could not find me.

My mother could not hide me longer than three months, because my voice grew stronger and could be heard outside on the streets. She thought of a way to save me. She made a wide basket out of papyrus and coated it with asphalt and pitch so that no water could get in. Then she gently lowered me into the basket, took the basket to the riverside, and placed it between the reeds.



My mother looked up, crying: Lord, I entrust my son to You! Keep him safe! I cannot take care of him myself anymore. She told my sister to stay near me. So Miriam hid among the reeds to see what would happen.

At first, everything was quiet. But after a while, Miriam heard voices coming closer and closer. There was a beautiful lady walking along the river bank. She was Pharaoh's daughter, a princess. Her attendants were with her.

As they were walking, the princess saw my basket and said: Look at what is floating there. Go and get it for me.



When she opened my basket, I was crying. She had compassion on me and told her attendants: This child seems to be one of the Hebrew children, but I will not let him drown. I will take care of him myself. Look how beautiful he is. I have found him, and he will become my son. I will call him Moses, for I drew him out of the water!



The princess asked, Who could nurse this child? It was then that my sister came out of hiding. Overhearing their talk, she said, I know a woman who could nurse the child. Shall I call her? The princess answered, Yes, go and get her.

Miriam ran home and returned quickly with my mother. Then the princess told my mother, Take this child with you to your home and nurse him and I will pay you. When he is older, bring him back to me.

Our Lord answered my mother's prayer and took care of me. That is how I stayed alive.



That day became a day of joy and remembrance in our family. Hearts were filled with happiness and thanksgiving to our Lord and God. I was now able to live with my family without fear or danger, because I was under the protection of the princess.

My mother told me many things about God. She also told me that Egypt was not our real country; Joseph had brought us to this place during the great famine so that our tribe would not perish. At that time, Joseph was the first man after Pharaoh. But now God wanted to bring us back to our land, the land of milk and honey. I also wanted to go there.

The day came when my mother took me to the palace of Pharaoh. There I became a prince. I wore beautiful, costly clothing and was taught the newest sciences. I was honoured by all the people. This was possible because my new mother was the princess in the land. But I knew that she was not my real mother.



I could not forget my people and the true God. All of the riches of Egypt did not mean that much to me, because I suffered with my people who worked as slaves and were treated harshly. I wondered why God did not help my people and guide them to freedom.

One day, while I was taking a walk, I heard a cry. It was the voice of a Hebrew man. An Egyptian slave master was beating him, because he did not work hard enough. When I saw this, I became very angry. I looked around me, and when I saw that no one was watching, I jumped on the slave master

and hit him so hard that he fell dead to the ground. I buried him in the sand.



I was very uneasy, because God saw my murder. My conscience convicted me, even though my action was prompted out of concern for my people.

Soon, Pharaoh heard about my crime. So he sent soldiers to seize and punish me. Before they could catch me, I fled to the wilderness and ran to Midian, a desolate place in the desert. It was there that I finally stopped running.

One day, some young Bedouin girls came to a nearby well to water their flocks. I helped them with their work and defended them from other intruders. They introduced me to their father, a priest, who convinced me to stay.



This place became my new home, and I married Zipporah, one of the priest's seven daughters. Every day, I took the flocks out to the fields in search of good pastures for them, and I watered them at the well.

My whole way of life changed completely. In the past, I used to get angry quickly, and I wanted to help my people all by myself. Now, I learned to have patience while caring for my flocks. I still hoped that God would help my people, but I had to wait a long time, 40 years, until God sent salvation to them.



I went out every day with my flocks to the fields. One day, while I was grazing my sheep near Mount Horeb, I saw something strange in the distance: a burning bush that was never consumed. That is strange, I said to myself, I must go closer to see it.

Suddenly I heard a voice calling me from within the fire: Moses! Moses! Fearfully, I answered, Here I am.



The voice then said: Do not come any closer. Take off your sandals, for the place where you are standing is holy ground. I am the God of your father, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob.

I fell on my face with fear, for I did not dare look up. Then I listened to what the Lord God told me. He explained to me that He had seen my people's suffering and had heard their cries. He wanted to help them and save them from slavery.

These words from the Lord were good news, and they made me very happy.

Then God continued, I will send you to Pharaoh to bring my people out of Egypt.

This message frightened me, because my people were stubborn. I did not think that I would be able to do this.



I had changed during the past years. Earlier, I would have been willing to lead my people, but now I wanted God to send somebody else in my place. I would have preferred to remain a shepherd and not become a leader of my people.

But all my excuses were useless, for the Almighty God commanded me: Go! And I will be with you.

So I became the leader of my people. God had set before me a great and awesome task, but He promised to be with me, go before me, and help me.



With this assurance, I knew I would be able to carry out the command which God had given to me – not because of my strength or intelligence, but because of God who had changed me and enabled me

to carry out His will. I was confident, because I could trust God and did not need to depend upon myself in the future.

Have you experienced something similar in your life? God puts a load on us, but he also helps us to carry it.

Quiz

We hope you have enjoyed reading this story. Below are some questions about it. When you have answered them, mail them to us. We will send you the next booklet from this series as a gift.

1. In which country was Moses born?
2. What was the plan of Moses' mother in saving the life of her son?
3. Who found the child in the river?
4. How did God answer the prayers of Moses' mother?
5. Did Moses love the riches in the palace of Pharaoh?
6. What was the intention of Moses when he struck the Egyptian slavemaster?
7. Where did Moses flee to?
8. What did Moses learn while staying in the wilderness for 40 years?
9. What was the responsibility which God put on Moses?
10. Why did God wait so long to prepare Moses as leader of the Old Testament people?

Send your answers to us. Do not forget to print your full name and address clearly on your answer sheet as well as on the envelope. Our address is:

Call of Hope,
P.O.Box 100827,
D-70007,
Stuttgart,
Germany

<[E-Mail: info@call-of-hope.com](mailto:info@call-of-hope.com)>