

If we leave Abraham, Isaac, and a slain ram behind. If we rush ahead, skipping a few pages and about 520 years more, we find ourselves in Egypt. God's people, the Jews, have lived in Egypt for about 333 years, and for a pretty big chunk of that time, they have been slaves to the Pharaoh. Pharaoh is like a king, and whatever he wants to do, he does.

Pharaoh was worried that there were too many Jews. He worried that if their population kept growing, they might one day no longer want to be slaves and try to defeat Pharaoh and his army. So he hatched a murderous plan. (Does that sound like anyone we've met in this story so far? Someone who hates God and hates God's people and wants to destroy them?)

Pharaoh gave a command. Every male child born to the people of the Jews should be put to death by throwing them into the Nile River. I don't even want you to imagine how wicked that command was. I don't want you to even consider how grotesque and sad it must have been. The Jewish women had their sons ripped right out of their arms by the Egyptians, and they took those baby boys and threw them into the river to die a terrible death.

Now there was a woman named Jochebed. She had a son. She knew what the soldiers would do if they found him. So she hid him. For three months, she concealed him out of sight. For three months, she watched as other babies were stolen and killed. For three months, she hardly slept as she kept a diligent eye. But she knew she couldn't hide him forever.

When the child was just three months old, she fashioned a basket of reeds, coated it with tar so it would float, and pushed it into the Nile. Think of it, the very river that had swallowed up countless male children over the previous months and years was now where she placed her son in the hopes of sparing his life. She had no idea what would come to her little child, what dangers lay in store, what currents would carry him away, what great river beast might swallow him up.

Jochebed just trusted God.

She gave the basket a push. She instructed her daughter to watch carefully to see what would happen. She went home, probably praying and crying.

But she trusted God.

The little basket made its way down the river and stuck alongside the bank. Pharaoh's daughter was in the river bathing. She instructed her servant to bring her the basket, then she peeked inside. A MALE JEWISH CHILD! Pharaoh's daughter knew what her father had commanded. She knew this child should be put to death, but God had a plan.

Meanwhile, Jochebed trusted God.

The sister watched from nearby. She saw the princess pick up her brother and embrace him. She came from her hiding place and spoke. "Would you like me to find a Jewish woman who could care for this child?" What a smart little girl! They didn't have bottles back then. They didn't have baby formula. This little three-month-old baby needed a mother who could nurse him, feed him, and help him grow. The princess gave the baby boy back to his sister, never even knowing they were related. And the sweet and faithful sister took the baby back to his mother to nurse and care for.

And Jochebed trusted God.

The story gets better, but I've gone on too long, and I feel it's time for me to curl up in bed.

But don't worry.

The best is yet to come.

# The Best is yet to Come



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