Pharoah and the Army of Babies

Mike Southern
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All of us think we know the story of Moses: Pharoah ordered the death of all the Hebrew baby boys, but Moses was placed in a basket and set afloat on the Nile. That's where he was found by Pharoah's daughter, and she adopted him. But there's a lot more to the story than that. How did one little baby escape Pharoah's army? You might say he had some unexpected help!

This story comes from the book of Exodus, chapters 1 and 2.

The story started many years before.
　　A young Hebrew named Joseph was brought to Egypt as a slave and,
　　　　　after many years in prison for a crime he didn't commit,
　　　God brought him to Pharoah's attention
　　　　　　　　at a time when all of Egypt was in great danger.

　　Joseph's wisdom saved Pharoah and all the people in his kingdom.
　　　　To thank him, Pharoah made Joseph a ruler in Egypt
　　　　　　　and brought his entire family—
　　　　　the entire Hebrew nation, only 70 people in all—
　　　　　　　　to Egypt, and God blessed them there.

But all good things come to an end.
　　In time Joseph grew old and died,
　　　　as did the Egyptians who knew all that he had done
　　　　　　and even the Pharoah himself.

　　A new Pharoah came to power,
　　　　a young ruler who didn't remember
　　　　　　　the good things Joseph had done and didn't care to learn,
　　　　　an insecure ruler who feared
　　　　　　the growing nation of Joseph's people
　　　　　　　　would one day take over Egypt…
　　　　　　　　　　HIS Egypt.

So the new Pharoah decided
　　　　to end this imagined challenge to his power
　　　　　　　by having every newborn Hebrew boy killed.
　　The girls he allowed to live;
　　　　　when they grew up, with no Hebrew boys to marry,
　　　　　　　　they would become wives for the Egyptians.
　　Then they would no longer be a threat to the Egyptians.

Back in those days
         women didn't have their babies in hospitals.
    Instead, women called *midwives* would come to a woman's house
         and help her give birth.
     So Pharoah commanded the midwives,
        "Kill every Hebrew boy that you deliver. You may let the girls live."

But the midwives knew this was an evil thing to do.
        They feared God more than they feared Pharoah,
         so they let EVERY child live.

    When Pharoah called them in and demanded an explanation,
       they said, "Forgive us, O great Pharoah,
        but there's nothing we can do about it!

    The Hebrew women are strong and, unlike our Egyptian women,
        they give birth very quickly.
     By the time we get to their houses, the babies are already born!
     We can't stop this army of babies!"

   And because the midwives obeyed God instead of Pharoah,
      God blessed them with healthy families of their own.

And in the meantime, the army of Hebrew babies kept coming!

Finally, Pharoah was so frustrated
    that he ordered ALL of the Egyptian people
      to throw any Hebrew baby boys they found
        into the Nile River
          and drown them.

It was during this time that Moses was born.
   But there were so many baby boys born to the Hebrews
      that his mother was able to hide him for three full months.

    After all, what was one more tiny baby among ten,
        among a hundred,
         among a thousand?

But Moses grew, as babies will,
   and when she could hide him no longer,
   she made a little boat from a basket
     and set him afloat on the Nile,
       where Pharoah's daughter found him
        and his helpless cries won her heart.

Then God, in His mercy,
        sent Pharoah's daughter to his home
                and she asked Moses's very own mother to raise him
                        She promised to protect both Moses and his mother
                                until he was old enough for her to adopt him.

But many, many of the Hebrew baby boys were killed
        simply because the Pharoah was afraid
                that he might lose his power someday.

      Perhaps this is why, so many years later,
        when Moses demanded that the Hebrews be freed
                but Pharoah refused to let them go,
                        that God sent ten plagues on Egypt
                                to make Pharoah do what He commanded…

      and the last plague was the death of every firstborn son of the Egyptians.

We should never forget
        that God loves all His children,
                        especially the littlest, most helpless ones...
                and that He *never* forgets any of His little warriors.