

This Mothering Sunday in partnership with The Children's Society we explore *Round the clock care*. In the following monologue based on Exodus 2.1-10 we hear the story of Miriam's care for her brother, Moses.

## Through Miriam's eyes

I remember it as if it was yesterday. Moses was just a baby then, not the big strong leader he is today. And we were still living in Egypt then ... wow, it's a long time ago, but it feels like yesterday.

The Egyptians were mean to all of us Israelites, we were God's people but we were trapped there, living as slaves who had to work around the clock for the Egyptians. They called us names, worked us too hard, and sometimes hit us to make us work even harder.

I was just a little girl then so I didn't have to work, but I saw the way my people, the Israelites, were treated and I was very sad. We prayed for God to help us, to look after us and set us free, but still we were trapped.

For a while I still managed to be happy, Mum had just had a brand new baby boy and I loved him. I followed Mum round the house, watching how she cared for the baby, and then doing the same for my doll. But Mum was still sad. One day she explained it to me. My beautiful new little brother wasn't safe. The Egyptians wanted to take away all our little boys, to stop us from getting powerful as a people, in case that meant we would fight back or run away. Mum said she was frightened. And then I was sad and frightened again, too. But the next day Mum was smiling again. She had been praying, and she had a plan. And she needed my help!

Together, we found a basket big enough for a baby, and made sure the water couldn't get in. And then Mum said it was all down to me. If she left the house people would see, but I was small enough to hide in the plants along the river and follow the basket to make sure our baby was safe, and found by someone who could help look after him.

I cried so much when I put the basket in the water. That was my brother. We wanted to keep him with us, but the best way to look after him was to let him go. Now it was down to me, and whoever God would send, to keep him safe for us.

I was so scared! The river was big, fast and full of animals, but somehow God kept that baby safe. But after what seemed like the whole day, it reached a part of the river where the King of Egypt's daughter was swimming. My whole stomach turned over. My heart was in my mouth. An Egyptian had seen the basket with my brother in it!

But it turned out God had sent her ... she was kind and took the baby home, even though she knew what type of boy he was. She gave him the name he still has today, Moses, which means 'pulled out of the water' or 'saved', because he was!

And although I was very frightened, I stepped forward – as if I had just been passing – and said I knew someone who could feed the baby if she needed help. Mum! So, Mum got her baby again, and she looked after him until he was old enough to become part of the King of Egypt's family. Imagine that – my brother – in the palace! God was watching over him, and of course, helping me, Mum and the King's daughter.

Now you might have heard of my brother Moses, he's very, very famous now! He's had books written about him because he went on to save my people! God kept him safe because he had important things to do. Just imagine if we hadn't been there to help God look after him... the story would have turned out very differently.