
**EDITED AND
ABRIDGED
DRAMATIZED
STORY**

**FROM A SERMON
OF
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MOSES



PICTURE CREDIT: SWEET PUBLISHING

Teaching on Moses

Now we're going to start our little story. You read a lot of stories that aren't true, but this story is true, absolutely the Truth, every Word of it. It's in God's Bible, so it has to be the Truth, because It's God's Word. God's Word is the Truth.

"Now, you know," said the man, "I'm so tired. I'm tired enough to die."

"Well," said his sweet wife, "why don't you go upstairs and go to bed? Lay down on the cot, the sofa up there, and go to bed."

He said, "But, oh, I'm too tired. Oh, honey, if you'd have seen what I saw today! Oh, I don't

even want any supper! Oh, it's terrible, the sight that I saw today!"

"Well, what was it that you saw?"

"I can't tell you before the children, oh, it's too terrible! My, it was bad!"

"Well, what was it that you saw?"

"Well, I think I'll go upstairs and lie down just a little while, and then after supper when we put the kiddies all to bed, then I'll tell you what happened today."

"All right," she said, and upstairs he went. He laid down.

"Oh, I'm so tired! Oh, my!" he exclaimed.

You know how Daddy is when he gets tired, just really tired!

After a while, his little bright-eyed girl started running around on the floor, and talking a little loudly.

“Sh-sh-sh, sh-sh-sh, don’t do that. You’ll wake up Daddy. And, oh, he is so tired till he wanted to die. He didn’t want to live anymore. And if Daddy gets that tired, well, we should let him sleep a little while. Don’t wake him up,” her mummy said.

So little Miriam, she goes over and sits down, to be real quiet.

After a while supper was ready, so Miriam’s mummy slips up the stairs and calls, “Amram?”

He said, “Yes, Jochebed, here. I’m coming down.”

They came down the steps and had their nice supper. After they had eaten supper, and the little boy and little girl had eaten all their supper, their mother put the things away and tucked them into the bed.

Then off she goes into the room, her and her husband, and they sit down.

Jochebed said, “Well now, what was it that you saw today, Amram, that made you so upset tonight, that you didn’t even want to live?”

“Oh,” he said, “Darling, I—I just can’t understand it. I saw...Well, we see it every day, but today was especially. Oh, I—I saw the most awful sight I’ve ever seen. Our poor boys, some of them not over twelve years old, pulling that big old wagon, with ropes around their neck like that, and those poor kids had pulled till they could pull no more, up that great big incline, those big stones back there, and they couldn’t go no farther. After a while the wagon began to creak and go real slow, and after a while it stopped. Down the road come a man, oh, he was a maniac! He roared out, ‘Why are you stopping this wagon?’ ‘Wham!’ with those great big old snake whips, and whipping it across the back, and the blood run out of their back, and run down like that. And those poor kids just hung onto this rope and cried.

Oh, Jochebed! What can we do, Mother? We're the people of God. God blessed us. We're the children of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. And why will we have to be slaves down here to these things? Oh, it's terrible how those poor boys cried. Oh, and I pray and I pray and I pray, Jochebed, and it seems like that God just doesn't even hear me. I pray and I pray, and He seems like He turns a deaf ear, He doesn't hear me at all. He seems like He doesn't care anymore."

"Now," she said, "Look, Amram, that doesn't sound like you. You're a real daddy and doesn't sound like you, because you are always encouraging us, telling us to have faith in God."

"Oh, but, dear, when I pray so much, and still God don't hear me, and seems like it just gets worse all the time. The more I pray, the worse it gets."

But, little boys and girls, does God hear prayer? He hears prayer. Does God answer

prayer? Yes. Does He answer real quick? Not all the time. Does He? No. Sometimes He makes us wait. Is that right? But, God answers prayer, doesn't He? And just because everything is going wrong, that's no sign we should quit praying. We just pray on, anyhow, don't we? That's right. God answers prayer. Yes. No matter what the circumstances are, He answers, anyhow.

“Well, are you going up to pray again?” asked Jochebed.

“Yes.”

Now that daddy had a secret room way up in the attic where he went to pray. So he gets up there that night, he kneels down by the side, and he said, “Jochebed, now you go on and go to bed, and you and the kiddies. Because, don't bother me, I'm going to pray maybe all night tonight.”

So he gets down on his knees, and he prays and he prays. I see him lift up his hands, and

say, “O God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Jacob, remember Your promise to Your people! Here we are way down here in Egypt, and we’re under bondage. And, oh, our cruel taskmasters are driving us to do things, beating us around, and our poor people are stripped off naked, and they’re whipping us with whips. And we’re Your people. O God, surely You’ll hear prayer! Surely You’ll answer prayer! And I pray and I pray and I pray, and You seem like You don’t even answer me. But, God, I believe that You are God, and You will finally answer prayer.” And he prayed on like that, almost all night.

The next morning, about three or four o’clock, he comes down the little steps and he looks over there, and there was his lovely little wife, little Jochebed. She was there in the bed asleep. Little Aaron and little Miriam had already been tucked in the bed, so they were just as sleepy as they could be, and sleeping away.

She stirs and says, “It’s getting late, and you’re just getting...”

“Yeah, I’ve prayed all night.” His eyes were strained with tears, because he cried for the people.

And she said, “Looky, Amram, you shouldn’t go too hard at it.”

“Now,” he said, “listen, dear. That’s good. But now look, you’ve got two kiddies to raise here and the burden is mine. If somebody doesn’t pray for our poor people, what will become of them? What’s going to happen if somebody doesn’t have the people at heart? Somebody has got to pray.”

“Well,” she says, “Amram, the burden is not all yours.”

“Well, it seems to be. And anyhow, I’ll pray, anyhow, all the time!”

Amram goes to work that day. Each day he comes and goes, and it’s the same old toil. He

had a hard job. They poured mortar into great big moulds, and he had to stand there by that big furnace. When they would open it up, oh, my, it'd almost break his hide, that horrible heat! He'd push those bricks back in there and bake them, bring them out; to build great big roads, and great big high towers, to idol gods and everything. This really Christian man down there, working like that for the enemy. But he was a slave, he was in bondage and he had to do it.

Every night when he would come home, he would pray. He'd go up the steps again, and pray and pray and pray, and come back down. Things got no better they just kept getting worse.

One day over at the work he heard a rumour.

“What's that? What is that? Tell me!” somebody whispered to another.

After a while, before the day was gone, it was all over the whole country, what was going to

happen. What was it? A council was going to meet that night. Old King Pharaoh, the old wicked king was going to call all of his people together, and have another big council.

So that night he went in, oh, he was just all down.

He goes in, and his wife says, “Amram, dear.” She met him at the door and kissed him, and said, “I have your supper real good and warm. But,” she said, “Dear, you look so pale. What’s the matter?”

“Oh, Jochebed,” he said, “if you only knew what’s going on! Oh, it’s worse than ever!”

“What?”

“Sh-sh, can’t tell it, the children are around. Wait till after supper, and I’ll tell you about it.”

“Okay.”

So, she had supper ready, got supper up, and took all the kiddies and put them in bed. So, they went in.

He said, “Jochebed, I want to tell you something. One of the most horrible things is happening.”

“What?”

“They’re going to have another council tonight and when they do, they’re going to set some other burden upon us people.”

So, then, let’s go over to the king’s palace.

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King Pharaoh brings them all out there, and said, “All right, all you generals! What’s the matter with you around here? I give my orders around here! This people is increasing all the time! What’s the matter? Can’t we stop this? Someday there will come another army in here and all these enemies of ours, out of Goshen over there, these Israelites,

will join themselves with this army, and they'll overcome us. Our great economy will be torn down. Our great kingdom will be destroyed. They'll take us. What's the matter with you? Speak up, somebody! Don't you know something to say?"

Oh, he was mean - very mean. All the generals were shaking, but one of them rose up and said,

"Long live King Pharaoh."

"Well, say what you're going to!"

"Long live the king. Your Highness, sir," he said, "I would desire that you would put more burdens upon the people."

"You numb-skull! You've already put plenty of burdens on the people, and yet they increase. Why, you, if that's all the ideas you got, just keep it to yourself!" Oh, he was rough.

After a while one raised up, a great big smile on his face, like the devil, and he said, “Long live King Pharaoh. I’ve got the idea.”

“Well, speak up! Don’t stand there like that!”

He said, “I’ll tell you what we could do. You know, these people are increasing so quickly.”

“Yes, that’s right!”

“Some of them, some of their people even have as many as fourteen children, sometimes they have twenty children, and our people don’t even have maybe one. They’re increasing so fast, they’re just covering the whole land.”

See, God was doing something. God always pulls the wool over the devil’s eyes, you see. He knows what He’s doing. All these Hebrew women were having lots of children.

“Why,” he said, “Long live the king! Well, I’ll tell you what. Every time a woman gives birth

to a little boy baby, go out in the land here and get some women, and that's not mothers. You see, women that never had children, women that don't want children and don't love children, old long-nosed witches. See, longer the nose, the better! Old long fingers, painted-up faces, and get them. They don't know what a mother's love is. So then when a little boy baby is being born, why, let them go and get that little boy baby, and bring him out and kill him, then throw it back in the house to the mother like that. Throw him down in a big well. Oh, better than that, take him out and tie his hands and feet, and throw him out, and fatten up the crocodiles. That's the way to get rid of it. Then they won't increase very much, because there'll be no men left once you've killed all the little boy babies."

"Oh," Pharaoh says, "that's good! That's a good idea!"

See what the devil is? He's wicked, isn't he?

“So that’s the thing to do!” said Pharoah.
“Now, being that you had the idea, I’ll just make you overseer of that. You go out and get all the old women that you know of, that’s never been mothers, and that don’t love children. Make them police, and give them orders that they can go in any house they want to, and take every little baby out and kill it, and give it to the crocodiles to eat. Every little baby! All right, that’s good!”

Oh, how cruel!

* * * * *

The next day when Amram was down there working, he heard the decree that had been issued. Oh, he goes home. He said,

“Oh, Jochebed! Oh, darling, let me tell you something. You know what the order was, that was issued? To kill all the little boy babies.” And he told her. “Oh, I just can’t stand it.”

Upstairs he went again, to pray. That night he prayed like he never before.

Are we supposed to keep on praying? Oh, pray on! Is that right? Just keep on praying, no matter what goes on. Keep on praying! Now, the first thing you know, he prayed all night, “O God, be merciful! Help, God! We pray that You will help us in some way.” Back down he came, around daylight.

Day after day, and, oh, what a howl around the country! Every day they’d hear mothers screaming, up and down the streets. They’d take their little babies out of their arms, their little boy babies. Those old witches would go in there and, take their little feet, and kill them, and throw them into the crocodiles. The poor mother would get on her knees, and she would cry, “Oh, don’t take my baby! Don’t take my baby!” What a time they were having!

You know how a mother loves a little baby, and how she butts them on the chin.

Remember how mother would take you and wash you, and kiss you, and would say how pretty you were, and how she put you to bed at night. If a little door was open, little draft coming through, something like that, oh, my, she'd run real quick and shut the door, cover up the little baby. She loved you. See? She loved you. Oh, she loved that poor little thing that God had given her that was helpless and couldn't help itself. She just kissed her little babies and played with them, because she was a real mother.

But these old women that killed the babies, they didn't know what motherly love was. They weren't mothers. All they thought about, they just had big time on their mind, things of the world, so they'd go in and kill those little babies. It kept getting worse and worse.

Then one day there come another rumour, they're going to have another meeting. Pharaoh called all of his counsellors together,

“All right, they’re still increasing! What will we do about it now?”

This same old sly, slick devil-faced guy raised up. He said, “Long live King Pharaoh. I have the idea. Look, you’ve got the men working. You make them have a kiln of bricks, so many each day, make them make them out of stubble. You’ve killed the little children and things, but they’re still increasing. The thing you ought to do, is put the women to work, too.”

So they said, “You put the women to work, and put them out there, and let them make brick, too. Then they’ll be so tired when they come in, they can’t cook their husband’s supper, they can’t be a good mama, see. And so if they’re going to work they won’t be able to do it. So, you put them to work, too.” “

“That’s good!” says Pharaoh. “My, you’re a wise man.” So he puts all the women to work.

Here comes poor old Amram home that night, and said, “Oh, Jochebed, I don’t know what we’re going to do. Now they’re putting all the women to work. I—I tell you, oh, I just don’t know what to do! We’re just slaves, and we’re getting worse and worse. I’ll predict this: if God ever does anything for us, it’ll be after we’re all dead.”

Now, God doesn’t wait like that, does He? No. God just watches us sometimes, doesn’t He?

So then that night, he said, “I’m going up and pray like I never prayed before!”

Now, that’s the way to pray, isn’t it? Pray like you never prayed before, really get to business! See, if you just go up and say, “Lord, bless So-and-so-and-so,” God doesn’t take interest much to that. But when you really get down to business! When you little boys and girls pray, get down to business! Do you do that in school? Do you ask God to help you in school? When you’re going to go

to school, and you don't make very good grades, you go in and say, "God, I want You to help me." Now when you really get in need, you better pray sincerely, hadn't you?

So, little Amram, upstairs he goes. Oh, my! He didn't want supper. He said, "It's too bad. My!"

"Oh," she said, "you must eat supper, Dad."

"Just can't do it, Jochebed. I just can't do it. I—I..."

"Oh," she said, "but you're losing weight, and you're nervous, and you're pale in your face. You're vomiting up your food, and things."

"Oh, I don't know what to do! But," he said, "dear, if somebody doesn't take the people to heart, if somebody doesn't pray for the people, what will we do? We're getting worse. Surely, some time, God will hear!"

Yes, that's right. God will hear. You get down to business and just stay there!

Oh, this time he goes upstairs different. When he goes upstairs this time, he kneels down, he puts his hands up in the air, and hollers, “God, I’m speaking to You now! God, Thou hast ears, and You can hear. Thou hast eyes, and You can see. Thou hast a memory; You know Your Word. You know Your promise. I plead to You, God, look down here, You’re the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, that Your people are in distress, and they’re dying. Do something for us, God! We’ve got to have You at once! We just got to have You, or we’ll perish. We must have You. We just got to, if we live.” Oh, he prayed!

You know, sometime people when they pray, they get tired. That’s no time to give up. Keep on! God will answer. Yes, sir. Keep holding on!

So he goes up the little, old creaky steps. I can see Jochebed come by, and say, “Oh, Amram, don’t. Honey, I—I believe...”

“Now, Jochebed, look, you’re a fine, lovely...”

She was beautiful, pretty little mother. He kissed her on the cheek and patted her.

“Now, Mother, you go back and put Aaron and little Miriam to bed. I’m going up to pray. If you hear me weeping, don’t you come up.”

“Well, but, Amram, what’re you going to do, honey? You - you’re about dead.”

“Yes, but I got the burden of the people on my heart. I’ve got to do something about it. I’ve got to stay on my knees. Today, only today, down at the brick hill, I was down there, and kept saying, ‘Well, surely, God will hear!’ And one big old man come up, put his hands on his hips, and said, ‘When will He hear? When will He hear?’ See how people are even getting bitter? They’re getting against God, because they pray and pray and pray, and nothing happens and this one prays and prays and prays, and nothing happened. And all the priests say, ‘The days of miracles is past, and only thing we can do is just duck

right down to these old taskmasters who worship heathens, or heathen gods, and so forth. And what can we do?” But he said, “But I believe in Jehovah! Amen! I believe He still answers prayer.”

His little old frail body, he'd lost a lot of weight, but up the creaky steps he goes. He goes over there and kneels down.

“O Jehovah.”

Oh, he prayed like he had never prayed before!

“Jehovah, looky here! You're a real God. We believe that You've got ears. We believe You've got eyes and You know all things. We believe You're the God of the Hebrews, and we're the people of the promise. We believe You keep Your Word. Look at these heathens out here, how they're taking our cheap labour, and building great big roads and idols, and everything. You, Jehovah,

would You sit in Heaven and let the heathens rule over You? I don't believe You'll do it."

God still reigns and He is still God! Right! What we need is somebody like Amram, who's got the burden on their heart, who will stay there and pray it through, until the Heavens split open yonder, and God comes down and answers prayer.

"Now looky here," he said, "God, do You let the heathens mock at Your people like this? Weeks and months and years have passed. We pray constantly, with tears, but O God, will You permit such a thing?"

Hold on, just keep holding on! Jehovah will answer. Don't worry.

He gets so tired, he lies down. He just prays till he falls on the floor. He can't go any farther, and he took a little nap. He woke up. "What's the matter? Look around here! Where is that Light coming from? Oh, look, standing there in the corner." There stood an

Angel, His sword hanging there on His side. Oh, he looked again, and he rubbed his eyes. He pulled up on his knee, he said, “Lord, oh, oh, what—what would You want of me?”

He said, “Amram, I am the Angel of God. I have been sent from Heaven, to tell you God heard your prayer and I’ve come to tell you that He’s going to send a deliverer. He remembers all of His promises.” I see the Angel now; look at Him, He is pulling out this sword. He points it to the north. Amram looked.

He said, “Just the point of this sword lays the Promised Land and I promised Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, your fathers, that you people would inherit that land. I have heard the groaning of the people, I’ve heard the crying of the children, and I’m come down. I want you to know that you’re going to play a great part in this, Amram, because you were faithful in prayer. You were faithful in your house. About this time next year, Jochebed,

your lovely little wife, is going to embrace a little baby boy and that little baby boy is going to be a deliverer.”

He said, “Oh, yes. Yes. Oh, yes. Yes. Oh, He is so beautiful.” He looked, and the Angel began to lift up. Just seemed like the whole heavens opened up, and He went out of the room. He waited a little bit. He said, “Oh, I’m not beside myself.”

Down the stairs he went, real quick, and said, “Jochebed! Jochebed! Right quick!”

“Yes, what’s the matter, dear?”

“Sit up!” The moonlight was shining in the window. She looked beautiful. He said, “I have just seen an Angel of God, and He told me all these things.”

“Oh, how did He look?” said the mother.
“How did He look?”

“Oh, He was beautiful. He had on shining robe. His eyes sparkled. And He had a sword

in His hand, and He pointed it to the north. He said that we were going to have a baby about this time next year, and this little baby is going to come forth and be a conqueror, and going to deliver His people. Oh, hallelujah, Jochebed!”

He noticed she was white. Her face, her eyes were staring, her great eyes were looking.

“Jochebed, what’s the matter?”

“Oh, Amram! No, no, no! We have a boy baby?”

“Yes.”

“Oh, you...It can’t be. You know what? Oh, if you’d have never had this vision. You know what, Pharaoh, he’s killing all the little babies.”

“Yes. But, you know, if God gives us this baby, God will take care of the baby. Amen! God promised. God will take care of him.”

Well, the next day when he goes out to work, all the fellows up there, they notice Amram. Instead of coming all stooped down and weary, he had his shoulders up, and said, "Pass some more bricks. Come on, let's go!"

"What's the matter?"

"Glory to God! God is going to answer prayer."

"All right, Amram, what's the matter with you?"

"God is going to answer prayer! God is going to answer prayer!"

"Well, how is He going to answer prayer?"

"That doesn't make any difference."

One old guy walked up, and said, "Now when do you think He'll ever answer?"

"Well, I ain't going to tell you, 'cause you're an unbeliever, anyhow. Pass me some more bricks."

He threw in those bricks.

“Pass me some more bricks. Hallelujah! God’s going to answer prayer!”

That’s the way you feel when you know it’s going to happen. Isn’t it? Yes, sir.

“Well, how is He going to do it?”

“You don’t know, anyhow, so just keep on passing brick.”

That night he went home, said, “Oh, Jochebed, think of it, we’re going to have a baby! Oh, he’s going to be the deliverer! God is going to send him. Oh, it’s going to be wonderful.”

“Oh, but I’m so...”

“Oh, quit worrying! Quit worrying! My! God is on the hearing end now. God has got ears; God can hear. God has got hands; He can deliver.” Oh, he had a lot of faith.

You know, when you pray through, you get an answer, you really get a lot of faith then. Oh! Did you ever pray for anything, and you know God was going to do it for you? Do you little girls do that, and you little boys? That's when you know it's going to happen.

A whole year passes, and the first thing you know, here comes Amram in from work one day. And what had happened? The cutest little baby, oh, he was a little darling, about this long. Jochebed picks him up, hands him over to Amram, and he kisses him. He loves him, see. Mother was holding him. Oh, what a treasure!

She said, "Oh, I'm so scared, though, you know. This little baby, he's such a sweet little thing."

Do you know what? The Bible said that baby was the prettiest little baby ever born. Your mother thought you were the prettiest little baby, didn't she? She has a right to think that, the Bible said this was a pretty little

baby. Oh, he was a jewel. God had His hands on him, you know. Oh, he was the cutest little thing! He would lie there, and he'd just make a little bitty grin, with no teeth.

But then the first thing you know, "Wah!"

"Oh, my goodness! Whew! I know, let's just hide him."

"What's the matter? What're you doing?"

"Take him downstairs. You know what the order is. See, if those old long-nosed witches comes by here, they'll take our baby and kill it. That's right. We can't let it cry."

The baby just needed some breakfast or supper. Mother takes it over in the corner, she nurses it, and so he was all right then. A couple of nights after that, they were playing with him, and "Wah!"

Away he went again, crying. Away mother went real quick, and hid him real quick. Downstairs, way down in back, in a wall,

Amram had fixed a little place where he could hide the baby. Then the first thing you know, they heard something upstairs knocking.

“Whew! Gone!”

Everybody scattered over to one place, said, “That’s them. That’s them old witches, them old long-fingered, painted fingernails!” The old witches looked down there.

The family looked out the window, said, “Yeah, that’s them. They’re standing there.”

Knock - knock - knock

“Open up!”

Old Amram walked out, opened the door, and said,

“What do you want?”

“You got a baby in here, and we know it. And we’re going to take it.”

“We ain’t got no baby to give to you.”

They didn't.

“We're coming in and look, anyhow. We are police women. See our badges? We got our rights from the authority!”

They go in and turn over the sofa, open up all the drawers, throw everything out on the floor, and take all the bedclothes and shake them out. They go up the stairs to find if daddy had a little secret place. They looked everywhere, but they couldn't find the baby.

They couldn't find the baby, so they walked up to the woman and asked her. Well, poor Jochebed was standing there, her face was white.

Those ladies walked up and said, “Look here! We know that you're a mother. We can tell by the looks of you. We know you're a nursing woman, and we know that baby is here. We'll be back. We'll get it!”

Out the door they went, slammed the door, and off they went.

Jochebed said, “Oh, oh, what can we do? What can we do?”

So Amram said, “Pray. Pray! Let’s pray.”

“Oh, oh, oh! I don’t know what—what to do. Oh!”

He said, “Now, look, you quieten down, and you go nurse the baby again. I’m going upstairs and pray.”

So off he goes upstairs to pray. He said, “Jehovah, You got ears. Jehovah, You got eyes. Jehovah, You can hear. You can answer prayer. You gave us this baby. You gave us Your promise and You will keep Your promise, and You will keep that baby. And I’m confident!”

After praying, he gets real tired, and just fell over like this and went to sleep. He was so tired! Working all day, and praying all night. Then do you know what happened? He went to sleep, and he dreamed a dream. You know, God speaks in dreams, too.

When he woke up, he said, “That’s it! I ought to have thought about that. That’s what I ought to do. I just won’t say nothing about it.”

Down the stairs he goes.

“Jochebed!”

“Yes, dear? Oh, I’m so weary. I can’t sleep.”

“Oh, go to sleep. Go to sleep. It’s all over.”

“How you know?”

“Oh, I just know. I just have confidence!”

Instead of Dad that night going upstairs to pray, he went down in the basement. He was busy down there. I wonder what he was doing. Let’s slip down and see him. I see him down there, humming and pounding, building something.

“Slam, slam, slam.”

Take this reed, and look it over, twist it and see if it’s good. Amram’s still humming.

Little Aaron had been out that day, gathered a whole arm-load of them, and laid them down in the basement.

Amram is still humming, “God takes care of you... Old-time religion, it’s all got to be true!” He ties them around.

Jochebed says, “Amram, what’s the matter with you?”

“Hallelujah! Nothing, dear. Go on.” Amram keeps humming and pounding, “It’s the old-time religion, it’s the old-time religion.” He brings this over here.

“Shhhhhhh.”

He seals it all up.

“And it’s good enough for me! Give me this old...”

He was doing something. You know, after a week or two passed, the first thing you know, they wondered what he was doing. So one night when they were all asleep, Amram slips

upstairs and brings this little thing up, you know. He gets it up like this. He raises up the cover where Jochebed his wife is sleeping, and he slips it under the cover. Little Aaron and little Miriam was asleep, you know; oh, she was a sweet little thing, that little girl was, and so was little Aaron. So, he put it under there.

He said, “Jochebed, dear.”

She said, “Have you been in the basement praying this time of night, Amram?”

“No. I’ve been in the basement, praising God.”

“What you been doing?”

“I want to tell you. Now, you know those old witches are coming back.”

“Yeah.”

“And I want to tell you what we’re going to do. We’ve had the baby now for three months, and we’ve got to get rid of it.”

“Oh, Amram! You got to do what?”

“We’ve got to get rid of the baby.”

“Get rid of the baby?”

“Yeah.”

“Oh, you’re cruel!”

“No, I’m not cruel. No, no, no. I know what I’m doing.”

“What do you mean? Why, you’ll be as bad as Pharaoh. Going to get rid of our baby?”

“Yeah, going to get rid of the baby.”

“Oh, we can’t!”

“Now listen. If we keep it, we’re going to lose it. And if we give it to the One Who gave it to us, He’ll find it. Now, if you keep it, we’re going to lose it.”

“How are you going to lose it?”

“Why, them old witches are going to come by and get it.”

So children, if you keep that soul and go ahead and live like the world, you're going to lose it. The witches of hell are after you. All this old folly of the world and things out there, it's right after you. If you keep it, you'll lose it; but if you give it back to the One Who gave it to you, you'll keep it to everlasting Life.

Now he said, "Jochebed, we're going to lose it if we keep it. So if we turn it back to the One Who gave it to us, then we'll keep it."

Oh, she began weeping.

She said, "Oh, what are you going to do with it?"

"Look here, I want to show you something."

"What you got under my bed there?"

"Let me show you," and he pulled it out.

"Oh, it's a little reed basket!"

It was a little ship, that's what it was. It had no rudder, it had no sail, had no cannons on it, and yet it was going to pack the most precious cargo that was ever packed by a ship, to that time. It had no captain or crew.

"Oh," she said, "Let me look at it, Amram, let me see." She goes over there.

Amram said, "Look here, got a little lid on it. See?" He picks the little lid up.

She said, "Whew! Stinks! Uh! Whew! My!"

"Yes, it stinks."

"Why?"

"I poured it full of tar. It's all pitched, all over."

Pitch is tar, you know, so they put pitch all over it. That's what he had been boiling down here, and had poured it on top of these reeds. He had pitched it.

“See,” Amram said. “The water can’t get into it then. See, it’s sealed all over, and it just can’t get into it, the water can’t. I pitched it.”

“Whew!” said Jochebed. “It smells bad!”

You children know what tar is, when they’re fixing the street, “Oh, that awful smell!” But it shuts out all the cracks on the street. That was the way this did too, it shut out all the water. That’s what prayer does for the believer. That’s what daily keeps the world out of you, is when you pitch yourself on your knees, and say, “Lord Jesus!” The Blood comes down, and It seals you all up so the devil can’t get you. People may say you’re old fashioned but, that doesn’t matter, it keeps you safe.

“Well,” said Jochebed, “what’re we going to do?”

“All right,” said Amram, “I’ll tell you what we’re going to do. We’re going to take the baby, and we’re going to have a little parting.

We're going to take the baby and put him in here, and put him out in the Nile River."

"Oh! No! No! No! Amram, you can't put our baby out in the river."

"Yep! Yep! I know what I'm doing."

You see, he had had a dream - he knew what to do. God had instructed him. He built this, and he had seen it was the very type of the ark that saved Noah back there in his time.

So he said, "Look here, I got a little hole cut right in the top of it, so he can breathe. See, he can get sunshine through there."

You know, the ark in the Old Bible, way back there, it was made the same way. It had a hole right in the top of it.

So then this poor little baby that didn't even have any name - a little, nameless baby, and yet the cutest little baby in the world. The next night, they waited till about three o'clock in the morning. When Amram had

got through praying, he goes over, and he says, “Now come on, Jochebed, get up!” So they woke up little Aaron and little Miriam. Little Miriam comes over and puts her arms, she said, “Daddy! You’re not going to take our little brother, baby, are you, and put him in the Nile where all those old crocodiles are?”

He pushed her little hair back like that. She had pretty eyes, and pretty little hair. And so he kissed her on the side of the cheek. He said, “Honey, it hurts me, too. It hurts me, too, but we must do this.”

You see, little girls and boys, sometimes we have to do things that kind of hurts us, but we must do it, anyhow.

When the girls say, “Hey, did you ever smoke a cigarette?”

You’ll say, “No.”

“Well, try one! Oh, I’m your buddy, you know. Yeah, you try it.”

But you, it might hurt a little bit, but say, “No. I don’t want it.” See? “I don’t want it.”

They’ll say, “Will you come, go at the show with me this evening?”

“No, no. Huh-uh. I don’t go to shows.” See? It might hurt just a little. See?

“Oh, you’re just an old fogey.” Don’t you believe that. It might hurt just a little bit. Just turn your head from it; it’s the right thing to do, you see. Always do that, do the right thing. When the girls are learning this little old toe dancing stuff like that, and want you to do it; you tell them, “No, no.” You don’t do it, see.

“Oh, well, it’s a lot of fun.”

You can’t care how much fun it is. You want to do what’s right, so you always do what’s right. Now, you just remember that now. You won’t forget it, will you?

Now, what did they do? They took the little baby then, got up there, and little Aaron comes up, he said, “Daddy, what are you going to do with our baby?”

“Aaron,” said his daddy, “Set up here on my lap, honey. Look Aaron, if we keep the baby, what are we going to do? Lose it. But if we give the baby back in the hands of Him that gave it to us, what will we do? We’ll keep it.”

“But how are you going to do it, Daddy?”

“I don’t know. I don’t know how it’s going to be done, but God is going to do it.”

So they put the little baby in the wee ark, and here they go now, they’re going to the door. He looks this a-way down the street, and that-a way down the street. There’s nowhere, nobody coming.

“Come on, Jochebed. Come on, Aaron. Come, come on, Miriam. Let’s go.”

They take the little ark and go down to the flags on the river. Oh, it's a long time before daylight. Here comes little Aaron, back there holding little Miriam. The little brother and sister, they were crying, and poor little Jochebed, she is going along weeping.

“Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh! They're watching the street. Be careful. Sh! Be careful.”

They're going on down the street.

“Sh-sh-sh! Be careful.”

Mother was packing the baby, and daddy is packing the ark. They get down to the river. Oh, it's a great big river - about the second biggest in the world. And that great big river, is swift, and just full of great big crocodiles and alligators. Oh, they were fat. Whew! They had fed them all those little children.

Jochebed says to Amram, her husband, “Oh, what if the alligators get a hold of it? What if the crocodiles in here touch it?”

“Don’t worry. If they ever stick their nose in that tar, they’ll get plumb away, see. That’s the reason it stinks, see. He’ll stick his nose up. He couldn’t smell human flesh, so he’ll get away. That tar will stink so bad till they’ll run away. It’ll be all right. Don’t you worry.”

So there they put it down, the little ark.

“Now you nurse the baby.”

So the mother takes the baby and nurses it, and she nurses the baby until it gets its breakfast early in the morning. Then she kisses it and says, “Now, Aaron, you can kiss it.” So Aaron kisses it and then she takes it over to Miriam, and she kisses it.

And Mother kisses it, and, “Oh,” she said, “I just...”

“Now, sh-sh-sh! Now listen, we got to be soldiers. See? We got to be soldiers. Now you all want to kiss it again?” All of them kiss it, around, again. Then they put him in there,

and mother made the little blanket, and put on it, and the little pillow.

She said, “My darling little baby, God bless you.”

“Sh-sh-sh! Now, God will take care of that. Don’t you worry.”

Daddy closed the little lid down and the first thing you know, father begins to pull off his coat, take off his shirt, and here he goes, wading out into the water.

What do you think is going on in Heaven, about this time? You know, when things go on down here, there is something going on up There, too.

I can see God rise from His Throne, walk over, say, “Gabriel! Gabriel! Where are you?”

Gabriel says, “Here I am, Lord.”

“Come here! I’m going to show you something! All you Angels come around here, a minute, I want to show you

something. I've got people that believe Me. Yes, I've got people who trust Me. Come here, a minute! It's good for all you Angels, take a look at this. Look!"

"Where is it at?"

"Right down there. Look out."

"Yeah, yeah. Yeah, I see it."

"Look right down there. See the edge of those bulrushes there, those flags and things?"

"Yeah."

"See there!"

"What is it?"

"There's a man with his hands up in the air, on his knees, calling on Me. There is a crying mother, and two little crying children. They're trusting Me to the very end. Gabriel, you remember when you went in? You remember that man?"

“Yes, I met in the room that night and talked to him. Uh-huh.”

“He still trusts Me. I got people that believe Me! I got people that will trust Me to the end! See him? Look at him.”

“Yes, oh, isn’t that gallant!”

The father is walking in the water. He starts to push the little boat out.

I can hear God say, “Gabriel!”

“Yes, Lord?”

“Call ten thousand angels to the scene. Give them marching orders right away. Call the hosts of Heaven out. Send them all up-and-down, along the banisters of Heaven, and put them all up-and-down the Nile. I command that no crocodile will touch that cargo! Nothing will touch it! Don’t even let a chunk of wood come near it.”

Gabriel said, “It shall be done.” My! He sounded a trumpet! Ten thousand Angels come in arm!

“The Pilot. Where are You going to be, Lord?”

“I’ll be at the other end.” He’s always on the receiving end. “I’ll wait down at the other end. I’ve got a purpose. When people will trust Me, I have something, a purpose; it’ll be all right with them.” So He goes down at the other end.

I see little Aaron and the family, going back up the street, weeping.

“Sh-sh-sh-sh-sh! Watch it.”

And little Miriam, she is still standing, watching. She said, “Oh! Oh!”

“Come on, Miriam, it’s getting daylight. Come on, the roosters are crowing day. Come on, it’s getting daylight. Come on, honey, let’s go!”

“Oh, Daddy, Daddy! Please, one more time. Let me just stand, just let me watch it and let me see what happens. I’ll be back home after a while.”

“Oh,” says Amram, “That’s a good idea, Miriam. It might be all right. You just stand and watch what takes place.”

“All right, I’ll—I’ll watch it.”

“Now, you hurry home after a while. You just see what takes place. And you come, bring us news, what goes on.”

“All right, Daddy.”

And away they went on. They had to hurry. Little Miriam, she stands and she watches. First thing you know, it gets light.

“Oh, oh, oh, what is that coming up there? It’s—it’s a chunk. No. Is that an alligator? Oh, he turned.”

Ha-ha! What did he see? He saw what a lot of people don’t see. That little cargo was going,

floating through there. They thought it didn't have any pilot; they thought it didn't have any captain. It did. They were gathered all around.

Here comes a little crocodile, say, "Oh, looky there!" Here he comes, floating up like that. Oh, no, no, no. He can't come close to that cargo. In there stood the emancipator, the deliverer, three million Jews that needed emancipating. All the devils in hell couldn't touch him. Floating down, this little old tar-made ark, on down the river.

The first thing you know, it gets into a whirlpool.

"Oh!" Miriam said, "Oh, no! Oh, look there! That whirlpool, look at it! Look at it like that!" The first thing you know, all at once it just moved out.

That's the way it goes. We get in a whirlpool, sometime, in our little bark. Don't worry. There is Somebody watching over you. "The

Angels of God are encamped about those who fear Him.”

Little Miriam, she goes down, she climbs up over this big rock, she scoots over it like this, and she runs down watching the ark. It goes on down through here, and goes through this bunch of flags. After a while it gets stuck out there.

Now, her daddy had told her, “Now don’t you let anybody see you watching that. If somebody comes up, just act like you’re not even looking at it, just go on some other way. Don’t—don’t act like that you’re even watching at all, just keep on going.”

“All right,” she said.

She goes on down the bank. It gets stuck. First thing you know, there’s a big bunch of fishermen, so she just acts like she’s just a little girl walking down. It’s about ten o’clock in the day now, you know, so she just walked on down the river keeping her eye looking

back, sideways, to see where it's going. After a while she passes by another group, but she just keeps watching and goes on a little farther.

After a while she comes to a great big wall. "Oh, my, it's going in behind this wall!" What can she do? She doesn't know what to do. She can't get over the wall, so she just wades out in the water, steps over it, and crawls over the top. She gets over there, and she keeps walking. The first thing you know, she's in a beautiful garden. Flowers are blooming everywhere, and it's so pretty. Pretty flowers, and, oh, the trees are all trimmed. It looked so pretty! It's a park.

"Oh," she said, "look at that! Oh, my! I'm in the palace park, Pharaoh's palace, in the park. What am I going to do here? If they'd ever catch me in here, oh, my, what would they do to me?"

She watches. There goes the little ark, it kind of stops out there in the water, and begins to

float around out in the water. I wonder why. She hears somebody talking, so she slips back under the bushes. Little Miriam sits and begins to look out to see it. First thing you know, here comes some great big strong dark men packing a canopy up like this. Maids are following along, and they are singing. Here comes a woman, and she's got a big gold band around her head, with a big snake with its mouth open out in front of it. She's a nice looking woman, and she comes down. She has real pretty robes on.

I hear one of the maids say, "Your Majesty, do you think the water will be warm this morning?"

Miriam says to herself, "Majesty"? Oh, that must be royalty, so I must be in the park. And if they catch me in here, what will they do to me?"

The princess comes on down with these big dark men packing the pole, walking down to the edge of the water. One maid had the

towels, and others had the soap. She was going down for her morning bath. So down she goes and she starts to make ready for her bath. She slips off her shoes.

She said, "I'll stick my toes in the water and see if it's warm yet. Oh, it's just nice, just...What is that out there?"

"Oh!" Little Miriam said, "Oh! Uh-oh, she's done spied that ark."

"Oh," said the princess, "Is that a crocodile?"

One of those big strong men said, "Just a minute, I'll find out."

Splash, splash, splash - he walks out into the water. He picks it up and walks in.

"Your Majesty!" he says and gives it to the maid. The maid takes it over and gives it to her like that, and she sets it down.

She said, "What is it? Whew, stinks! Got tar all over it. Look here, it's got a hole in the top of it."

Miriam thinks, “Oh! Oh, there goes my little brother! There goes my little brother!”

They open it up.

“Oh, it was a baby!”

The prettiest little baby in the world! All the love that God could put in a human’s heart, a mother for a child, He put in that princess’s heart.

“It’s one of the Hebrew children...I know what it is. It’s that ill father of mine! He’s so mean! He called for all those little Hebrew children to be killed and one of those mothers has just thrown their baby out, expecting it to land wherever it may. Oh, he’s wicked! Well, he’ll not kill this one, because this one is mine.”

She picked him up, and she kissed him. And the baby cried. And when it cried, it just warmed her heart.

“Poor little thing,” she said, “I’ll take him and I’m going to call him...I’m going to give him a name,” and there’s where he got his name. What was his name? Moses. Moses means, “Taken out of the water.”

She said, “Now I’ll call him Moses, and he’ll be my own baby. I’ll keep him, but I’m a maid, I can’t nurse him. I—I—I don’t have no way of feeding him.” They didn’t have these bottles and things then. “What—what will I do?”

One of them said, “I’ll tell you, your majesty, I’ll find a wet nurse for your baby.”

“Oh,” she said, “that’s very good.”

Something spoke, an Angel standing there at the bush, said, “Miriam, there’s your chance! There’s your chance!”

Little Miriam ran out. It said, “Don’t you say a thing now, don’t you let on. You go out and say you’ll ‘find a nurse,’ and go get your mother.”

So she said that. She said, “Your Majesty!”

Now, ordinarily, she’d have said, “What are you doing in here?” But, see, God was covering it all over. Why? He had ten thousand Angels on the march. His program is going to work out. He had ten thousand Angels standing there. So the first thing you know, the princess said, “Yes, little dear, what are you doing here?”

She said, “I just seen you with the baby. I know where there’s a nice mother that would take care of your baby for you.”

“Go, get her, and tell her that I’ll give her three hundred dollars a week to take care of this baby, and I’ll give her a whole suite of rooms over in the palace. If you know where there’s a Hebrew woman that can nurse this baby - this is my baby.”

“Yes, Your Majesty. I’ll get you one.”

“Now, wait a minute!” said the princess. “Before you go into the castle, you’ve got to

have a password. See, you don't know the password. Each day we have a password. Now, the password today..."

Do you know what it was?

"A pitchfork and a load of hay.' That's what you have to say to get through the gate."

So little Miriam struts off down home, as hard as she can go, jumps over the wall, down the street, down this way, and down that way as hard as she can go. She runs into the house. Amram had just come home, and Jochebed, oh, they were sad, wondering what was going on.

She said, "My poor baby! My poor baby!"

He said, "Now just listen. I just came by a while ago down there on the street, and that poor mother has kept everybody up all day. They came right through this neighbourhood this morning, and they killed every baby there was in the neighbourhood. How they were screaming and crying! Now, we don't

know where our baby is, but wherever our baby is, God will take care of it.”

Just then something went - *knock knock knock*.

“Oh! Oh! There they are, at the door now.”

They went and looked. No, it wasn't. It was Miriam.

Mother said, “Oh! Oh, Miriam! Come in, dear! What happened to the baby?”

She said, “Mother, I'm so hungry.”

“But what happened to the baby?”

“I'm about starved, mother.”

“But what happened to the baby?”

“Mother, I'm so hungry I could eat everything in the house.”

“We'll get you something to eat, but what happened to the baby?”

“Oh, the baby is all right, mother. Give me something to eat. Oh, I’m so happy!”

“But what happened to it?”

“Well, give me something to eat, I’m just about starved.”

Could you imagine that?

She said, “Miriam! This is your mother and dad. Where is the baby?”

She said, “Mother, I told you. The baby, I saw it, and it’s all right. Now, mother, get me something to eat; I’m starving. You know, I— I’m just about starved.” Like you are when you come home from school, you know; oh, you’ve just got to have something.

So, she went and got her a sandwich.

“Now tell me.”

And Miriam is going, “Yum, yum, yum,” eating.

“Mother?”

“Yes, what happened to the baby?”

“Why,” she said, “Mother...” She told her the story.

“Mother, you go get out your best clothes, and get your suitcase packed, ’cause you’re going to take care of the baby.”

“What?”

If you lose it, you’ll find it again. If you keep it, you’ll lose it. If you give it, lose it, you’ll find it. Is that right?

Little Miriam is just eating away.

“Yes,” said Miriam. “You’re going to the palace today. And not only that, but you’re going to be given three hundred dollars a week, and the best rooms in the nation, to take care of your own baby.” The first time in all the world’s history where a mother was ever paid to nurse her own baby. See how God does it? God does things, doesn’t He?

So, she got her little suitcase ready, and down the road she went, just as hard as she could go. The first thing you know, she arrived at the castle; a big old guard standing there with his great big spear, says, “Who goes there?”

She said, “A pitchfork and a load of hay.”

“Pass on.”

See how God does things? She went to the next guard. There he drew his sword and said, “Who are you? Who goes there?”

“A pitchfork and a load of hay.”

“Pass on.” My! See how God does things? Then up through the palace; all the royalty comes out, pulls their swords.

“Who goes there?”

“A pitchfork and a load of hay.”

“Pass on in.”

First thing you know, a man walked out and said, “Are you the little lady that Her Majesty is waiting for?”

“Yes.”

“And is this the nurse for the baby that was found this morning?”

“Yes.”

“Well, bring her in.”

So she brings the mother in. The little princess walked out, and she said, “Do you know anything about babies?”

She said, “Yes, Your Majesty.”

“Look at this baby. Isn’t he beautiful?”

“Yes, your majesty. Yes.”

“Do you know how to nurse a baby?”

“Yes, Your Majesty. Sure.”

“Well,” she said, “I’ll give you your wages of three hundred dollars a week.” Wasn’t God

good? “And you’ve got the best rooms in the palace, and your meals will be sent to you. You won’t even have to come out and cook your own meals. Now, here’s the baby, be careful. Don’t drop it.”

“Oh, don’t worry, I won’t. Don’t worry, I won’t drop it.”

“You take the best of care of it.”

“Don’t you worry, I will. It’ll have the very best care.” Sure, it was her own, you see. “I’ll give it the very best care.”

“You see it’s a beautiful baby?”

“Very beautiful,” she said.

“All right.” And the door closed on Miriam, and mother, and little Moses. When the door was closed, she looked all around.

She said, “Tsk-tsk-tsk! And she thought you were her baby. Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha!” Oh, my! She petted it.

What had she done? She gave it back to the One who gave it to her, and she found it, and she can keep it.

Would you like for Jesus to take care of you like He did them, little baby? Let's all, little children, gather around the altar here now.

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Rev. William Marrion Branham

