

280 Words

A Family in Crisis

by

John W. Nichols

John W. Nichols  
11825 N Exeter Way  
Raleigh, NC 27613  
(919) 847-7968  
[john@nicholsnotes.com](mailto:john@nicholsnotes.com)

Miriam dodged splashes as her father washed brick dust from his face.

“Miriam, give thanks you are not a boy. Pharaoh has demanded another city. My future lies in the kilns baking bricks under the hot Egyptian sun!”

As the family ate their scrumptious meal of bread, beans, and melon slices Mother announced, “We’re going to have another baby!”

Miriam jumped with excitement. “A new sister?”

Father smiled, “Miriam, God will decide.”

Miriam began each morning wondering when the baby would come. One evening Father returned from the kilns with tears streaking his cheeks. “Pharaoh decreed that all boy babies must be cast into the Nile River.”

They cried together and Father prayed, “God, please help us know what to do.”

Miriam hoped even more for a sister, but Mother gave birth to a son. Miriam adored him and prayed, “Please, God. Protect my brother.”

For three months the family hid the baby until Mother announced, “We can keep him

hidden no longer. The soldiers will hear him cry.”

Mother covered a basket with sticky tar. “Now, Miriam, the basket will float.”

Together they carried the basket and baby to the shallows beside the river. Mother prayed, “God, please watch over our baby.”

Miriam hid in the bushes nearby. The princess came to the river and saw the basket. Her maid waded to fetch it and giggled, “It’s a baby!”

The princess wanted a child of her own. Miriam knelt and asked, “Princess, my mother can care for the baby.”

The princess commanded Miriam’s mother, “Care for my child, and I will pay you. His name is Moses.”

Miriam held her brother’s hand and whispered, “Mother, God answered our prayers!”