

Where is our voice of hope?

As you read this story, I draw your attention to the voice of Moses' sister. A voice that can easily be overlooked. Yet a voice that played a vital role in Moses' story with God.

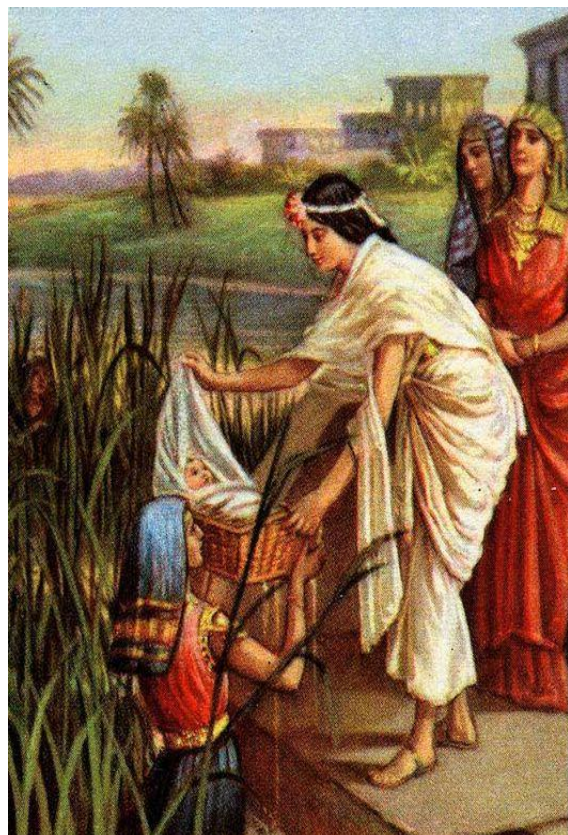
A man of the tribe of Levi married a Levite woman, and she became pregnant and gave birth to a son. When she saw that he was a fine child, she hid him for three months. But when she could hide him no longer, she got a papyrus basket for him and coated it with tar and pitch. Then she placed the child in it and put it among the reeds along the bank of the Nile.

His sister stood at a distance to see what would happen to him.

Then Pharaoh's daughter went down to the Nile to bathe, and her attendants were walking along the riverbank. She saw the basket among the reeds and sent her female slave to get it. She opened it and saw the baby. He was crying, and she felt sorry for him. "This is one of the Hebrew babies," she said.

Then his sister asked Pharaoh's daughter, "Shall I go and get one of the Hebrew women to nurse the baby for you?"

"Yes, go," she answered. So the girl went and got the baby's mother. Pharaoh's daughter said to her, "Take this baby and nurse him for me, and I will pay you." So the woman took the baby and nursed him. When the child grew older, she took him to Pharaoh's daughter and he became her son. She named him Moses, saying, "I drew him out of the water." [Exodus 2:1-10]



We do not know how many cycles of days she spent in silence. Watching and waiting. At first it is as though she had no intention to do anything. She just wanted to find out what would happen.



In her patient waiting she hid in the shadows. Then came the heightened awareness to seize an opportunity. Now she can go further than just a curious waiting.

Springing from the wings of darkness she intervened.

If it was not for his sister Moses may well not have survived to climb God's mountain.

There is something tremendous to grasp here.

Where God is concerned there is nowhere to hide. We have nothing to fear.

For as faltering yet loving followers and friends; struggle becomes hope.

Solitude and devotion fixed in a given moment; changes the course of events.

This story is a reminder that our own situations are truly in God's hands.

Are you someone waiting in the wings of life?

Watching. Waiting.

*Don't miss the opportunity to be the voice of
God.*

Give thanks that together we can enhance each other's lives.

Together we can bring hope from darkness.

right here today in the mix of everything.

We can discover more of Christ.



God's Word works in the darkness.

It is frequently through our voices that His light can appear in the cracks.

Cling to God. He waits and watches in the shadows of life.

Then with the hope Jesus brings;

We will find a brighter light.

Amen