

Because today is Mothering Sunday, we're going to hear about a Bible story about mothers.

There are lots of mothers in the Bible - all different kinds and ages of mothers.

Isaac's mother, Sarah, was 90 when he was born! She laughed when God said that she would have a child in her old age. Then she laughed with joy when she realised that God always keeps his promises!

Mary, Jesus' mother, was only a young teenager when he was born. She had other children after him - and at the end of Jesus' life, when he was dying on the cross, he asked her to be a mother to his friend John. He wanted them to take care of each other.

John's own mother had always wanted the very best for him and his brother James. She even asked Jesus if he'd make sure they got the best seats in heaven. She didn't really understand what she was asking - all she knew was that she loved them and wanted the very best for them.

Lots of different mothers. None of them perfect. None of them getting everything right. But all of them showing their love by taking care of their children and doing their best to protect and watch over them.

Our story today has some different kinds of mothers in it, too: different people who all did their best to take care of one special baby.

But I'll need your help to tell it. This story needs sound effects!

As I said, it's a story about a special baby. What sound do babies make?

Ok, every time I say "baby", I need you to make that sound.

There's a baddie in this story. His name is Pharaoh. What do we say to baddies?

So every time I say "Pharaoh", I need you to say "Booo!"

Lots of the action in the story takes place by a river. Every time I say "river", I want this half of the room to say "splish" and that half to say "splash".

And finally, a lot of people need to hide in our story. They need to stay very still and quiet. So whenever I say "hide", I need you to say, "Shhhhh!"

Let's practise those again:

Baby... Crying

Pharaoh... Boo

River...splish/splash

Hide... Shhhh

Now we're ready to begin.

The **Pharaoh** of Egypt was very cruel to the Hebrew people, who lived in his country. He made them work as slaves. They were forced to make bricks of mud, and then they had to use the bricks to build pyramids and cities for the people of Egypt.

The Hebrews worked hard every day, from early in the morning until late at night. The Egyptian soldiers guarded them, and beat them if they tried to rest.

There were so many Hebrews in Egypt by this time, that **Pharaoh** was frightened that they would try to turn against him. So he ruled that every time a Hebrew **baby** was born, it must be killed if it was a boy. Otherwise, the **baby** might grow into a strong man and fight against **Pharaoh**.

But when one Hebrew mother had a **baby** boy, she saw that he was a special baby and managed to **hide** him until he was three months old. After that, she couldn't **hide** him any longer. So she hurried down to the **River** Nile and made a basket out of the reeds that grew there. She coated it with tar, to make it waterproof, and put the **baby** into it. She put the basket in the reeds that grew along the **river** bank, because she trusted God to look after him.

The **baby's** older sister was **hiding** in the reeds, too, because she wanted to see what would happen to him. Suddenly she saw a royal princess, the **Pharaoh's** daughter, who had come to bathe in the **river** with her servants.

The princess saw the basket in the reeds and she sent her servant to get it. When she opened the basket, she saw the **baby** and realised that it must be one of the Hebrew boys. But he was crying, and she felt sorry for him.

The baby's sister made a brave choice. She came out from where she was **hiding**. She asked the princess, "Do you want me to go and get one of the Hebrew women? She could look after the **baby** for you."

"Yes. Go," answered the princess, and the baby's sister ran to tell their mother what had happened. Together, they hurried back to the **river** bank.

The princess had no idea that this woman was really the **baby's** mother! She said, "Take this **baby** and look after him for me. I'll pay you well."

So the **baby's** mother very happily took her son home again and looked after him until he was old enough to go back to the princess. Then the princess said, "He is my son now," and she named him Moses, which means "I pulled him out of the water". And Moses grew up in the palace with his new mother.

How many different types of mother did you notice in that story?

There was Moses' birth mother - the woman who gave birth to him. She loved him very much, and she did everything she could to keep him safe. She was even brave enough to trust God with him when she knew he wasn't safe with her.

There was his sister: she behaved like a mother to Moses when she watched over him, made her brave choice and made sure that he was safe.

And there was Pharaoh's daughter - the princess. She adopted Moses, and became another mother to him, loving him dearly.

They all behaved like mothers to Moses, because they all watched over him and made brave choices to take care of him. On Mothering Sunday, we can give thanks for our mums who have shown their love for us by taking care of us and doing all they can to protect us and watch over us.

Let us pray.

Father God,

we thank you for all the love and care that we receive from our mums.

Thank you for all the loving mothers here in Dasset Magna, and for everyone who is like a mother to us.

Please bless and comfort all those whose mothers are ill, or who don't have anyone who acts as a loving mother to them.

We pray that they will know your love and peace this Mothering Sunday.

We ask these things in Jesus' name. Amen.