

Hiding Baby Moses

Judith L. Roth

Illustrated by
Melanie Cataldo



flyaway
books



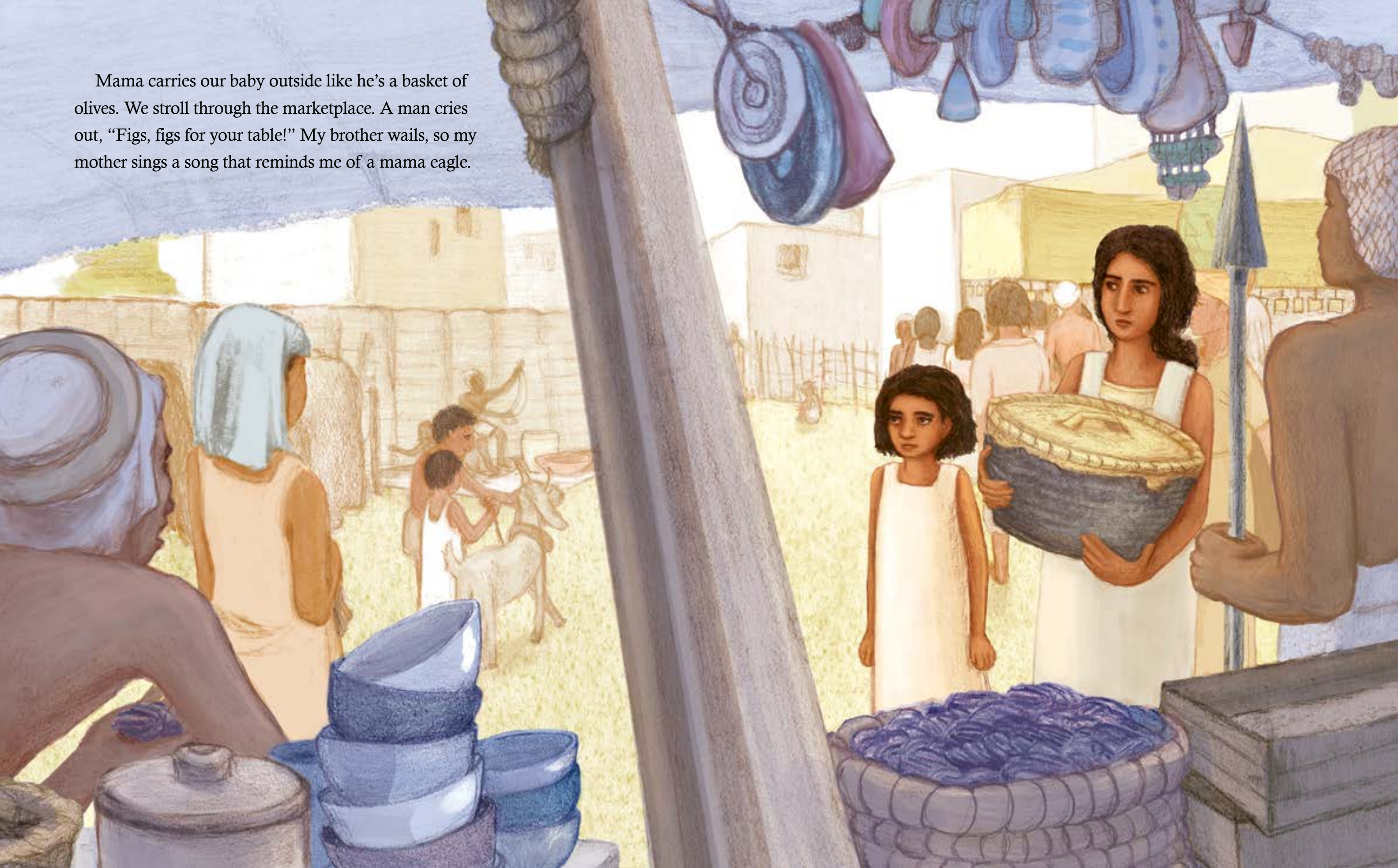
Last night, Mama plastered tar all over a baby-sized basket. Now she checks to see if the tar is dry, and she cries.

We've hidden my brother inside for three long and short months—long for keeping a baby secret, short for enjoying his sweetness. If he's found, they'll take him.

But Mama says, "God will hide him in the shelter of a rock." She dries her tears, swaddles my brother, and places him in the basket. One last kiss, then on with the lid.



Mama carries our baby outside like he's a basket of olives. We stroll through the marketplace. A man cries out, "Figs, figs for your table!" My brother wails, so my mother sings a song that reminds me of a mama eagle.





God will hide us in the shelter of a rock.

*God will shield with holy feathers,
hide us 'neath strong wings.*

*A refuge from the storm,
a shadow from the heat,*

*God will hide us
in the shelter of strong wings.*

I sing along as if we're enjoying the beautiful day,
walking with our basket of olives. But danger feels near.