

CROWN OF CREATION  

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A BIBLE STUDY SERIES

# WOMEN OF DELIVERANCE

CINDY COLLEY



*Books with Class*

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To Daddy:

faithful Christian, loving father, and the funniest man I know!

Lee H. Holder

With special thanks to C.L.U.B. (Collierville Ladies  
Understanding the Bible), a community Bible study that enriched  
the pages of this book and this chapter in my life. Many thanks  
for your rich insights and liberal doses of encouragement.



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# INTRODUCTION

## IN THE BEGINNING . . .

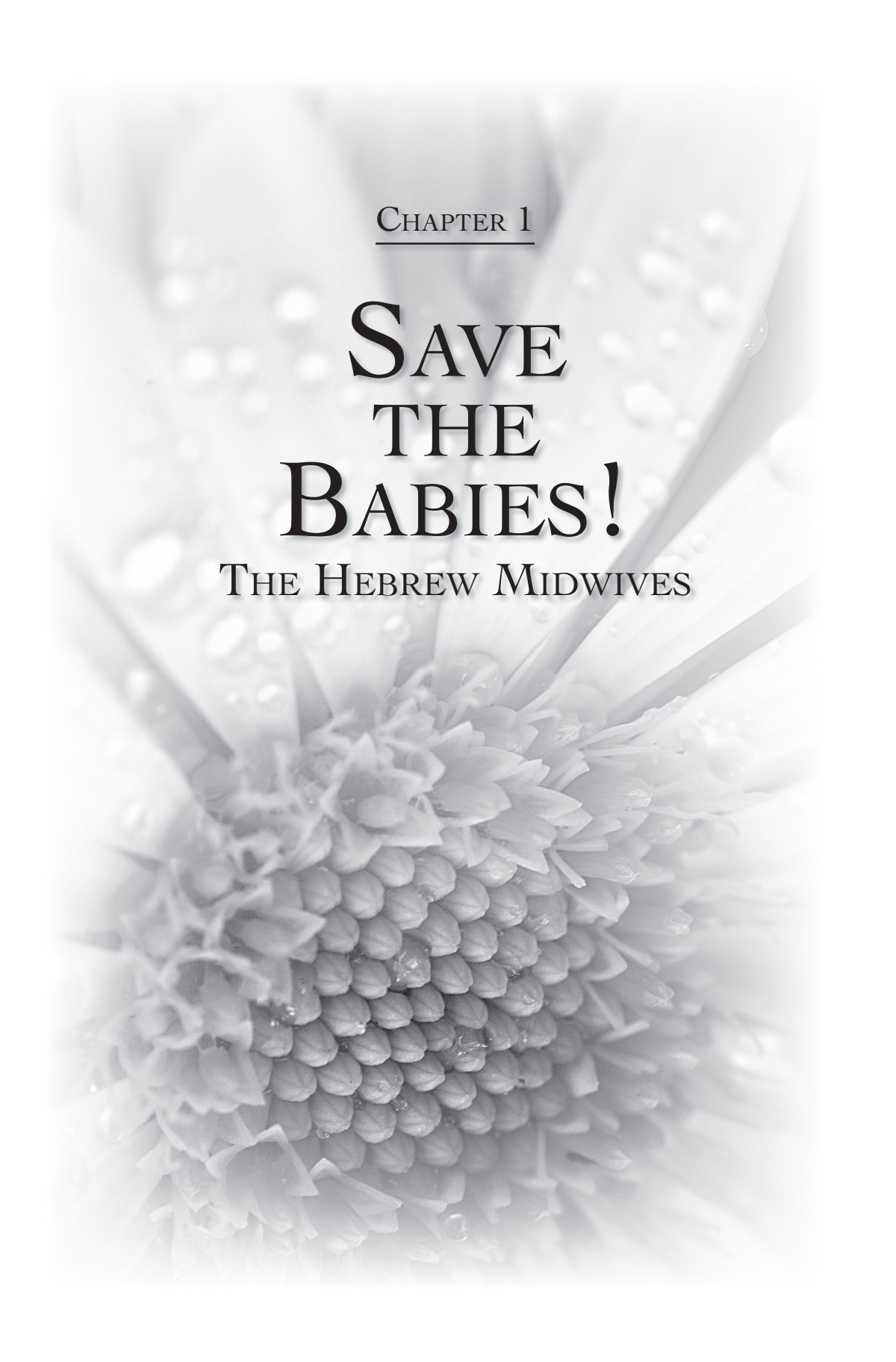
Eve introduced us to the wonders of womanhood: life itself, wifehood, and motherhood. She also ushered sin into the world with its accompanying curses of toil, pain in childbearing, and death. Sarah, in her willing submission to a nomadic life and in her belief that she could give birth even when past the age of childbearing (Hebrews 11:11), began a legacy of separation and faith that God used to grow a nation—a nation whose grandest triumph would be a baby in a manger, a Savior on a cross, and a risen intercessor on God's right hand. The dynamic of women in this eternal scheme of redemption is obvious. We saw in Genesis that God is able to accomplish His purposes by rewarding the obedience of women who are full of faith. But we also saw that He is able to use the deceit of Tamar or the seduction of Potiphar's wife to preserve the royal seed line of His Messiah.

God is able. His purposes will not be thwarted. *Women of Deliverance* begins with a courageous story of two Hebrew midwives who saved newborn babies from a powerful Pharaoh's death decree. One of those babies, saved from slaughter, grew up to be the greatest deliverer of Old Testament times—Moses. Women of deliverance used varying objects from a scarlet thread to a deadly hammer to achieve the purposes of God, but it was always God who put the power in the plan. God's preservation thread runs throughout this intriguing saga of deliverance and finally ties each episode to the cross.

Our lesson is glaring. God's will is a happening thing. We will not interrupt God's plan. We can be willing subjects in His divine scheme and be recipients of all benefits and rewards, or we can be unwittingly and perhaps unwillingly used as catalysts to accomplish His goals, mere pieces in His great puzzle. Either way, His will rules and reigns. Either way, He can use me whenever and however He chooses. In the latter scenario, I'm just His unwitting tool, forfeiting the rewards and the personal deliverance He has provided for me.

It is my prayer that those who study *Women of Deliverance* will be willing subjects of our God who is able. Great is His deliverance! (Genesis 45:7).





CHAPTER 1

# SAVE THE BABIES!

THE HEBREW MIDWIVES

## MIGHTY MIDWIVES

The book of the Exodus opens to find God's Israel in bitter circumstances of trial. Genesis closed with God's providentially placing the infant nation of Israel, consisting of only seventy souls, in the land of Goshen. This new environment isolated them from the idols of Canaan and gave them sustenance to become numerically strong.

The trouble for Israel began when a new king arose, a king who didn't recognize Joseph as the national hero he had been for Egypt as it faced the worst famine of its history.

Four hundred years had multiplied the seventy Israelite souls in Goshen to some two million people. The friendly, protective, pro-Israel kings had been dethroned by oppressive Pharaohs who were afraid that Israel would

ally with some powerful foe in overthrowing the Egyptian dynasty. The solution for this royal insecurity was to crush the spirit of Israel using drastic tactics of oppression.

One of the king's first ideas was to do his oppressive dirty work through the Hebrew midwives, Shiphrah and Puah. These two busy ladies had undoubtedly shared the joy of birth with scores of Hebrew families. They were keenly aware of God's amazing phenomenon of birth. Imagine the terror that struck them as they appeared before the Pharaoh, arguably the most powerful man in the world at the time, and heard him say, "When you do the duties of a midwife for the Hebrew women, and see them on the birthstools, if it is a son, then you shall kill him; but if it is a daughter, then she shall live" (Exodus 1:16).

No doubt they exchanged horrified glances. Perhaps they thought of dear friends who were expecting babies. Perhaps they recalled precious

newborn infants they had washed and wrapped in recent days. Whatever they were thinking, Scriptures give us no reason to believe they were thinking about obeying the king. Notice verse 17: "But the midwives feared God, and did not do as the king of Egypt commanded them, but saved the male children alive."



*But the  
midwives feared  
God, and did  
not do as the  
king of Egypt  
commanded  
them, but saved  
the male  
children alive.*

—Exodus 1:17

Exodus 1:6–8 describes a situation in which a king arose who did not remember the rich heritage of blessing brought to Egypt by Joseph and his trust in God. Write your feelings about leadership in an America that has largely forgotten our country's rich heritage we owe directly to adherence to biblical principles when our nation was born.

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What forms does Christian oppression take in our society?

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## FEAR GOD

There are so many forces that we fear in our volatile society. I fear the force of Satan in the world in which my children will be raising my grandchildren. I fear the influence of my children's peers. I fear in smaller ways when I walk to my car as I leave the mall at night. I fear stock market recessions, tornadoes, and people with raging tempers. Unfortunately, even children have been forced to deal with the fear of terrorism in recent times.

The Pharaoh of Exodus 1 was a terrorist. Shiprah and Puah were human. Of course they feared the power of the ruthless dictator. But they feared God.

The fear of God was not a terrifying sensation of being afraid. It was a deep respect for and awe of His power and majesty. Shiprah and Puah were motivated by faith to preserve the children. There are potent lessons for those today who fear God.

## PRESERVE THE CHILDREN

Abortion has claimed about one-and-a-half million lives per year since its legalization. In 1973, from a room in which several men in black robes debated life itself, a ruling emerged in the *Roe v Wade* case that stripped all rights from pre-born individuals. Since that time, we've learned that within a pre-born baby, all genetic material is complete at conception. We've gained access to technology that allows us to see within the womb. We now know that only twenty-two days after conception a baby's heart beats. At six weeks brain waves can be detected. At eight weeks every organ is in place. At eleven weeks the infant has fingerprints, a skeletal structure, a circulatory system, and nerves. Babies can experience pain at twelve weeks. All this happens in the first trimester!



*For you  
formed my  
inward parts;  
you covered  
me in my  
mother's womb.*

—Psalm 139:13

We know that abortion stops a beating heart. How could any Christian woman, a woman who fears God, get her heart's consent to take human infant life? Shiphrah and Puah could not.

There are several methods of abortion. There is suction abortion, in which the infant is dismembered and then vacuumed from the womb. There is saline poisoning, in which the baby is forced to ingest a salt solution and begins to strangle and then dies over an hour later of acute salt poisoning. Today there are chemical abortions like the RU486 pill.

Consider for a moment the process known as partial birth abortion. Studies show that, as of this writing, only twenty-five percent of Americans are familiar with the process of partial birth abortion.

Take a moment to contemplate this process that, at the time of this writing, occurs daily in America.

A baby has developed almost, or even altogether, completely within a mother's womb. Partial birth abortions are performed only when the pregnancy has progressed past the twentieth week. (Recall how complete the anatomy is within the first twelve weeks.) Generally, all is physically well with both mother and child. The process of birth has actually begun. In many cases, the baby has been positioned so that tiny feet first emerge and little legs start to feel cool air for the first time. Then tiny fingers flex as they exit the canal and feel the cold air outside the womb. Then the doctor grasps

the tiny body and positions the base of the baby's head so that he can insert a sharp instrument into the head at the base of the skull. As the stabbing occurs, the brain deflates, the skull collapses, and the dead baby is pulled from the womb.

As of this writing, this procedure is routinely occurring in our United States every day. Twice in the last few years our legislators have passed legislation banning partial birth abortion only to have that legislation vetoed by a pro-abortion President. At last, the legislation to stop this process has been signed by President George W. Bush. But lawsuits are occurring in all states that are effectively nullifying the ban on this life-saving legislation. It is as if thousands of innocent lives are struggling to make their way silently through the court systems of our lands until finally our Supreme Court will decide their fate. Christian women must be a voice for these lives. Those who fear God know that He is the one who covers life in the womb (Psalm 139:13). He is the one who forms pre-born life (Isaiah 44:2). Our voices can be heard when we write or call our legislators, when we write letters to news editors, and when we support with time and money pro-life organizations such as *National Right to Life* with its local chapters. Our most powerful voice is the one we raise in prayer.

Brainstorm about things you can do in your community to protect unborn life. Are there volunteers to write letters to your newspaper and/or your legislators during the next week?

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## GOD'S PRESERVATIVES

We must also preserve the children in a spiritual sense. Women today save money in their own accounts and time by employing efficiently ever-evolving technology. They fight in the armed forces to save freedom. They are doctors who save lives and executives who save corporations. But, by and large, women in America today are losing their most precious and lasting commodity. We are losing our children. We lose them to materialism. We lose them to feminism. We lose them to immorality. In our materially

driven pursuits we often leave them wandering in a sea of subjectivism and godless values that leave them powerless against a very real foe who is determined to win their souls.

*Women in  
America today  
are losing their  
most precious  
and lasting  
commodity.*



If we as Christian women are to preserve our children for the Lord we must fear Him. This awe and respect for Him must be bigger than all the Pharaohs of societal pressures, materialism, and selfishness that would smother the spiritual life of the next generation. Deuteronomy 6:2 begins with fear and ends with preservation of future generations: “That you may fear the Lord your God, to keep all His statutes and His commandments which I command you, you and your son and your grandson, all the days of your life, and that your days may be prolonged.”

Deuteronomy 6:4–7 gives the keys to this preservation. Time and teaching are God’s preservatives for our children. Whatever the price, we are called as mothers who fear the Lord to give our hearts, souls, and might to this process.

Read Deuteronomy 6. What specific guidelines are given to parents to help insure that our children and grandchildren walk in the ways of the Lord?

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From Deuteronomy 6, make a list of the things God commanded in the accomplishment of this grand purpose.

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## GOD MADE THEM HOUSES.

This phrase from Exodus 1:21 likely means that God blessed the midwives with children and physical blessings. God blesses us today when we commit to preserving the children. Parents who are willing to invest large amounts of quality time living Christianity before their children, and connecting all of the family's activities to Christ, will reap dividends of faith in future generations. But "unless the Lord builds the house, they labor in vain who build it" (Psalm 127:1).

The midwives were indeed women of deliverance in a dual sense. They delivered babies. Tiny, threatened lives were preserved because of their resolve. They also delivered Israel. Did you ever stop to think who would have delivered God's nation from Egyptian bondage if Shiphrah and Puah had destroyed that little baby Moses who later floated the Nile and parted the Red Sea? When I choose to go against the decrees of society around me and fear my God, I may not live to see the power of that decision fully manifested. But my God takes decisions of fear and turns them into His mighty deliverance in His own good time!

List some tangible blessings that I will receive if I successfully raise my children in the Lord. (Start with not having to worry about sexually transmitted diseases and progress to the privilege of praying together at family reunions. There are lots of big ones in between!)

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## *Cindy's Reflections*

### *America at Auction*

It was a bright summer morning and the small talk of the neighborhood could be heard as I meandered through the crowd that had gathered in the yard of the old home on the corner of Fifth and Madison. The old couple had been married for more than fifty years, but all of the laughter and love, trials and tears that were a part of this old home place had been reduced to an echoing memory. The porch was cluttered with the “stuff” of this now vacant house and the people, some who had known its inhabitants, some who were dealers in antiques, and some who were just curious about the goings-on of an auction were milling about and browsing through the musty smelling memorabilia-turned-merchandise. The clock had been ticking at the base of the big staircase for all of the old man’s life and all of his father’s and . . . well, now no one seemed to care. Dealers examined its old Seth Thomas label and tried to determine what it would bring. There were quilts that had been stitched at quilting bees in the old parlor and there was even one that had been a wedding gift to Great Grandmother, but it had been removed from the old rope bed in the guest room and thrown in a big pile of bed linens on the floor of the wooden porch.

At ten o’clock sharp, the gavel came down and the auctioneer began to chant. His call was intriguing and it was easy to become lost in his song and hardly even notice the items as they were sold, one by one, to the highest bidder. Wardrobes, dressers, watches, dishes, tools, washtubs, crocks, and hats with big boxes . . . all with numbers, sold to people with numbers, for dollar values. It all seemed such a thoughtless way for this old place to end. Yet the anxious bidders continued to nod with excitement as they anticipated taking home something that had caught their fancy.

The grandfather clock was different, though. At first, the dealers bid quickly against one another, until one by one they were eliminated. Finally, one of the bidders found himself bidding against an old white-haired lady who stood solemnly on the bottom porch step. As I glanced her way, astonished at her persistence in bidding against the wealthy dealer, I saw a tear

roll down her cheek. Knowing then that the clock was more to her than an investment, I strolled over as she held up her number, relieved that her competitor for the prized clock had finally relinquished it. “You see,” she said, “that’s my father’s clock . . . No price is too high.”

Perhaps there are lessons to be learned from the Saturday morning auction that is a part of Southern Americana. I doubt that the couple who ambitiously worked, played, and raised their children in that old house ever seriously considered that one day the house and all of its contents would be listed on an inventory and sold to strangers. None of the members of this family would have ever considered selling out; not just a few years ago. But now things are different and it’s a little easier, now that the old folks are gone. It’s not so hard to watch the items go one by one, knowing that each one is bringing its fair price. Life is changing and so these remnants of another time are bartered one by one and with them goes the recollection of the way things used to be.

There’s a sense in which we as Americans are witnessing an auction. It’s a grand estate—this home we call America—and many sacrifices were made through the years to maintain it. It has weathered many a storm and has been a haven of freedom and happiness for generations.

Times are changing and those who built the house have long been gone. The “stuff” of this house is on the porch and the auctioneer is chanting to the crowd. One by one the “pieces” of this old home are placed on the auction block. Several of the most valuable and memorable items have already been sold and the prices they have brought have paled in comparison to their true value. Someone can recall a time when purity filled this old home, but alas, it has already been sold out to immorality. Fidelity was a foundational part of the house, but it has been replaced and so the auctioneer sold it cheaply. Hard work and its rewards have stood side by side in the house for generations, but alas, they too have been split into small lots and are being sold a little at the time. The Word of God was the centerpiece of this old dwelling. How many memories emerge from its use in this place! The children were taught daily from its pages and the family gathered around it each night before bed. For years, now, it has been unopened and forsaken on the shelf. Life without it just hasn’t been the same. It was placed in a box and auctioned off as a box lot along with public prayer, the sacredness of marriage, the leadership of fathers, and the value of mothers in the home. Life is changing!

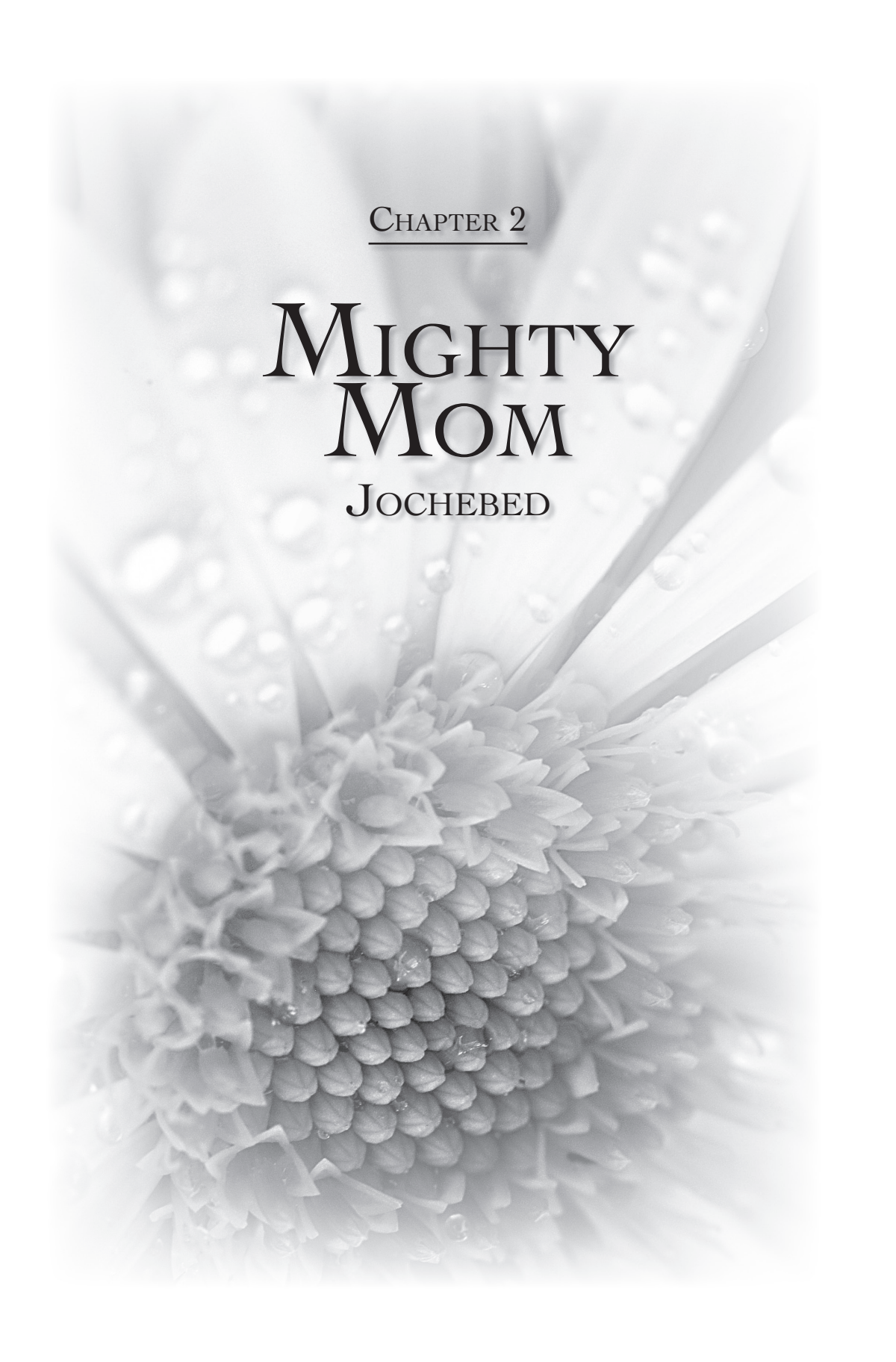
As a matter of fact, it is time for the bartering of life itself. Could it be that the value of life itself could be defined by a mere crowd of bidders gathered around the front porch? They are always there in every auction crowd . . . those who take no thought for the real intrinsic value of an item . . . those whose interest in the piece is merely mercenary. Could it be that no one who remembers where this life came from, the one to whom it belonged in the very beginning, will even enter a bid? Doesn't the thought of the real value of this precious article come to the mind of someone who recalls that it was the Father's gift even before this house was built? Which merchant in this thronging crowd can presume to know the value of this entity called life?

"What am I bid?" calls the auctioneer. As a tear rolls slowly down my cheek, I enter a bid from the steps of the porch. You see, this is my house. That is my Father's. And no price is too high.

*"Thou hast granted me life . . ."*

—Job 10:12 KJV





CHAPTER 2

# MIGHTY MOM

JOCHEBED

THE MOTHER OF THE FIRST HIGH PRIEST

Jochebed, who is mentioned by name in only two passages, owns a place of honor in Israel’s history because she mothered three great leaders in early Hebrew history. Her firstborn, Aaron, the original high priest and a gifted orator, spoke before the Pharaoh (Exodus 4:14–15), held the rod that turned water into blood (Exodus 7:19), and ministered in the Most Holy Place (Leviticus 16:2–3). His leadership abilities were so strong that he was able to guide Israel both in righteousness and rebellion (Exodus 32:3–4).

Jochebed delivered Aaron into a very hostile environment of unbelievable oppression. She likely feared for his young life, for it is probable that Aaron was born during the Pharaoh’s terrorism of infanticide. Aaron survived the terror of the throne. But the throne couldn’t survive the power God was to place in his rod.

So today, we as mothers cannot fathom the mighty works God may accomplish through the tiny babies in our wombs, then in our laps, and always in our prayers.

Since young children cannot read the Bible, drive to worship, or even formulate prayers alone, who is the connection between the small soul and its God?

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THE MOTHER OF THE PROPHETESS

At the time of this writing my daughter, Hannah, is fifteen. She’s growing up in a society gone mad over beauty, career, and money. If she picks up a teen magazine, she sees ads promoting sexuality and articles exonerating impurity. The icons of her peers are, for the most part, cheap and vulgar feminists. She has witnessed, via the media, the legal marriages of lesbian and homosexual couples. She lives in a world in which promiscuity is more common than abstinence among girls her age. One of my greatest joys during these precious teen years is traveling with Hannah and hearing her speak to groups of her peers about abstinence, modesty, and spirituality. I see the amazing power of God’s guiding word reflected in her. It is when I