

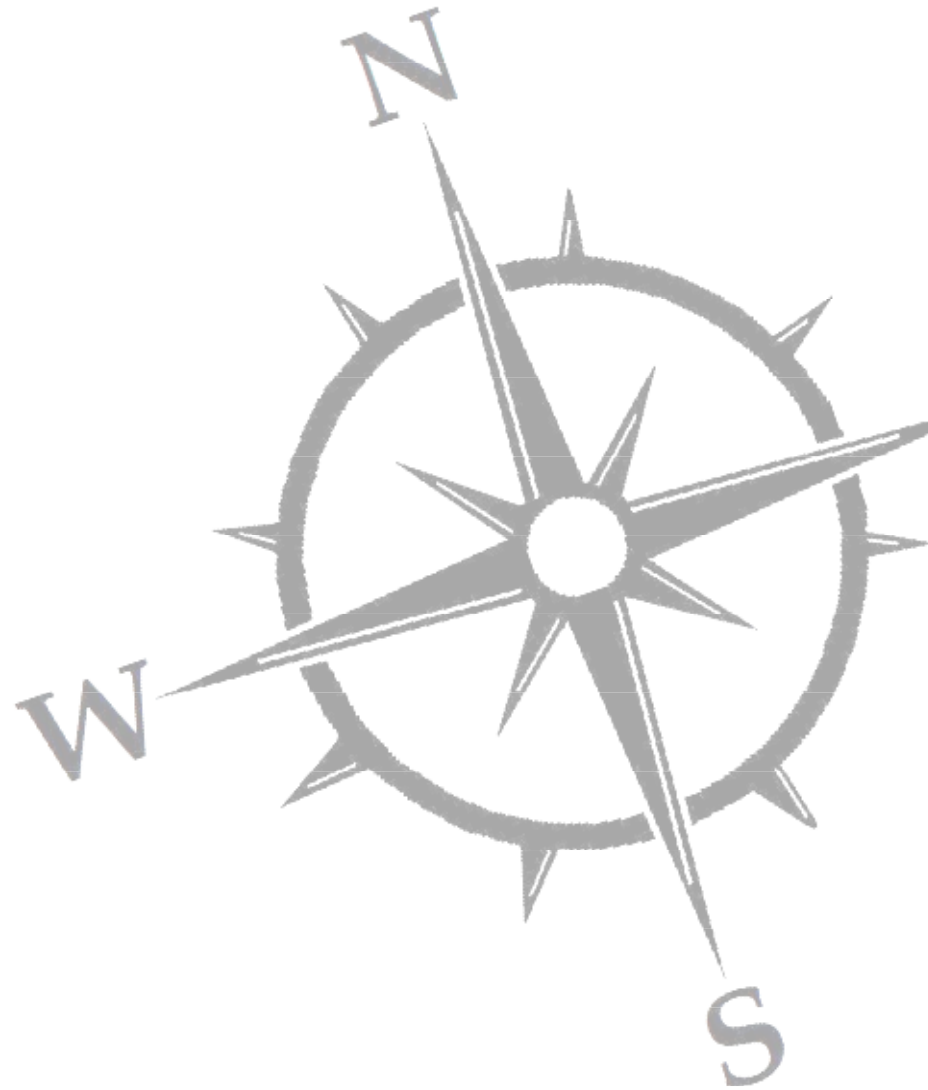
The Life of C.T. Studd

(1860–1931)

Lesson: 2.28 – Safety Missionary Snapshot Series

This lesson reminds us that the Lord is ever present to protect and care for His children. When God is on our side, regardless of the opposition, we are never outnumbered. Having Jesus in our heart is like wrapping us up in the biggest and strongest football pad in the world. Nothing can harm us! C.T. Studd was about to face some very scary things. He would have to trust in the Lord to protect him and keep him safe.

"The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, and my deliverer; my God, my strength, in whom I will trust; my buckler, and the horn of my salvation, and my high tower." – Psalm 18:2







Introduction:

Have you ever seen a picture of TV show where someone climbs up a steep cliff? Even though people in movies do not always do it, a wise climber will have some gear with them to make sure they are safe. A wise climber uses a belay rope that is held by a friend or tied up at the top of the cliff as they climb. They do not climb the rope, they simply have it there to catch them if they were to slip or fall. Today's story is about a missionary who comes across something very dangerous in the jungle. Will God keep him safe and protect him? Let's listen carefully and see what happens in this story about C.T. Studd...

Missionary Story:

SCREEEECH! Somewhere off in the jungle, a monkey's scream echoed off of the trees. I stopped, climbed off of my bicycle, and looked around. "I hate to say this, but I'm pretty sure we are lost," I said to my friend Alfred Buxton. "I'm hungry as well," Alfred said. "Let's walk our bicycles a bit further and see if we can find the trail again,"

I said to Alfred.

As we walked, I thought back on the last couple of days. This missionary trip had not gone exactly like I was expecting. Only about four nights before, one of our porters, who were men we hired to travel with us and carry our belongings, was helping us to get our camp set up for the night. He lit a candle, but a gust of wind blew the flame onto our canvas tent, which immediately caught on fire. The porter jumped to his feet and shouted to all of us, but it was no use and we all watched helplessly as our tent and a lot of our belongings went up in flames. We could have turned around and gone back, but retreat was not in my vocabulary. We would use the smaller tents and supplies we still had and press on. God would take care of us.

The following day, we had packed up our remaining supplies and traveled west to the edge of Lake Albert. I looked across the lake into the hazy distance and slowly took off my hat. "There it is," I said to Alfred, "do you see it? ...the Belgium Congo." I felt like Joshua about to enter the Promised Land in the Bible. Suddenly, a feeling of gratefulness came over me. I was thankful that God had saved me, that He had led me here, and that so many people back home had prayed and given so that I could be here. Alfred and I got down on our knees. "Father, we are yours," I began. "Please show us where to go and direct our steps. Help us to reach these people with the light of the gospel." When we finished praying we made some porridge for dinner, since most of our other food had burned up with our tent the night before, and sat by a camp fire near the beach.

Not long afterwards, a trader paddled up in his canoe. "Hello there," he called, "are you British?" I told him that we were and invited him to sit by the fire with us. "I only camp on the British side of the lake," he said later, "only a fool would go on the other side of the lake." "Why do you say that?" I asked. The trader laughed, "only last month another trader like me was caught and beaten and sent across the lake more dead than alive. He got better though, not like the elephant hunter who was shot with a poison arrow and never heard from again. If you go into the Congo, you won't come out alive." "I'm guessing they will be too interested in our bicycles to do anything to us," I said. "You can't be serious, you are going to ride bicycles through the jungle?" the trader chuckled, "now I've heard everything..."

The next morning, Alfred, the porters and I, climbed onto a steamer and went across Lake Albert. The next stop on our journey was the town of Kilo, which was about 80 miles away. The bicycles proved to be a great way to travel through the jungle. They were faster than walking and didn't make our feet quite as sore. However, Alfred and I were only two days into our journey to Kilo, when we found ourselves far ahead of the porters and our food and supplies. When we came to a fork in the road, one path seemed to continue to go west, while the other one seemed to head north. We took the path that headed west, but it wasn't long until the road disappeared.

We were lost in the jungle. "If we could just find the road again, we could go back and wait for the porters," I thought.





We walked a little further and came to a small clearing in the jungle. I studied the sky and the clouds hoping for something that would help me figure out where we were. “You know, this is the area where the elephant hunter was shot with a poison dart,” Alfred said. A shiver ran up my spine. “I know,” I said, “and I have a strange feeling that we are being watched right now.” As I looked around at the trees, the words of the trader came to my mind again... “if you go into the Congo, you won’t come out alive.” “Lord, please help us,” I prayed silently.

Then suddenly, the bushes behind us began to rustle. We turned to see an African man step through. My eyes immediately saw the bow and arrows he held in his left hand. The man smiled showing that all of his teeth had been filed to sharp points. “Do you see his teeth?” Alfred whispered, “that’s a sure sign he is a cannibal.” I then noticed that he had a basket of sweet potatoes in his other hand. I pointed to the basket and then patted my stomach to show him that we were hungry. The man seemed to understand and handed each of us a sweet potato. I wanted to

give this man something in return, but what could I give him? Then suddenly, I had an idea. “Why do pants have so many buttons?” I asked Alfred. Alfred must have thought I was crazy to ask such a goofy question like that in this situation. “...to give them to cannibals as a gift,” I continued tearing six buttons off of my pants and handing them to the African man. The man smiled again, once again showing his pointy teeth. Then he motioned for us to follow him and walked off into the jungle. As we followed him, Alfred whispered, “do you think this might be a trap and that we are going to be eaten?” “I do not know,” I replied, “but what else can we do? Hopefully we are too skinny to make a very good meal for anyone anyways.”

About an hour later, we came to a clearing with several grass huts. Smoke rose from a large fire and children ran around chasing each other. When they saw Alfred and I, the children gathered around us smiling and showing their sharp, pointy teeth. The man pointed for us to sit near the fire and disappeared into a grass hut. Several of the villagers gathered all around us and now stood staring at us. “What were they going to do to us?” I wondered. The man reappeared from the hut carrying other vegetables and some meat. Soon the food was cooked on the fire and we were given some. Everything was very tasty. After we ate, we tore off some more buttons and gave them to the people. Then we got up to leave. The African man seemed to realize that we were lost and pointed in a direction we should go. We shook his hand and as we left, the people gathered around us and clapped

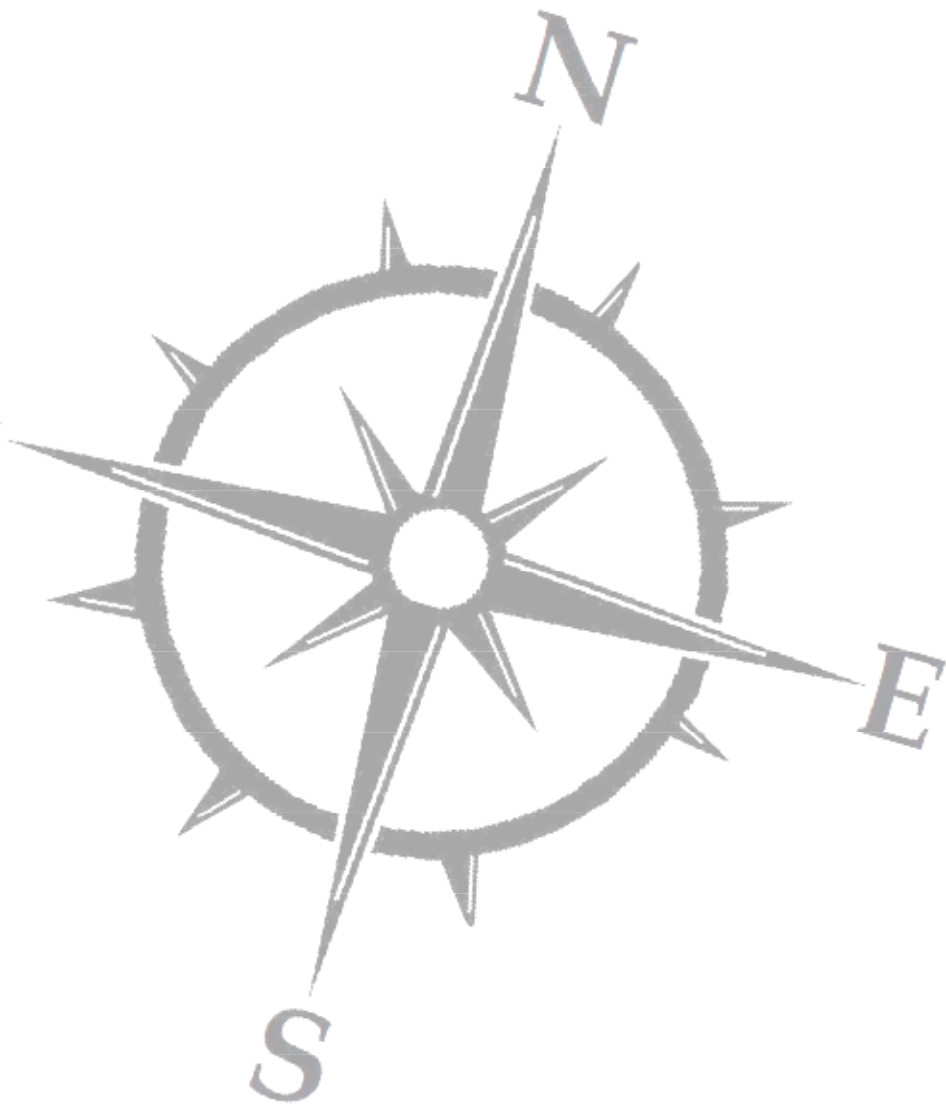
their hands. “Well, we survived our first cannibals,” I said to Alfred, “and what’s more, I think that we are leaving here as friends.”

Application:

You know, boys and girls, Proverbs 18:10 tells us that God is like a strong castle that we can run to for protection. The safest place that we can be is right where God wants us to be. God protected C.T. Studd as he worked with many the dangerous tribes in Africa. God kept C.T. safe from the many animals, warriors, and situations that could have easily taken his life. C.T. trusted God to protect him.

C.T. Studd was once a famous cricket player in England, but the Lord reached down and saved him from his sins, changed him, and he became a zealous missionary all over the world. For over 45 years, he worked in China, India, and Africa rescuing thousands of souls from Hell. He set up many missions stations. He stopped wars and helped do away with many evil practices that the people had. Beating drums carried the news of C.T.’s death hundreds of miles in all directions in Africa. Nearly two thousand Africans came to get one last look at the man who had given his life to tell them about Jesus. C.T. said himself that “...there is no greater honor, after living for Christ, than to die for Him.” He was a true soldier of the cross to the very end.

*(For additional information, discussion questions and materials on this lesson please refer to **lesson 2.28 on page 90 in your Burma Expedition - Leader's Guide.**)*



References

For further reading or to obtain more information on this portion of the life of this missionary, please consult the following sources from which we obtained our information:

Bach, T. (1955) *Charles T. Studd, Who Gave Wealth and Health for Christ*. Retrieved from <https://www.wholesomewords.org/missions/biostudd5.html>

Benge, J., & Benge, G. (2005). *C.T. Studd: No Retreat*. Seattle, Wa.: YWAM Pub.

Enock, E.E. (1936) *Charles T Studd, Africa*. Retrieved from <https://www.wholesomewords.org/missions/biostudd6.html>

Graves, D. (2007) *C. T. Studd Gave Huge Inheritance Away*. Retrieved from <https://www.christianity.com/church/church-history/timeline/1801-1900/c-t-studd-gave-huge-inheritance-away-11630616.html>

Ross, S. (n.d.) *Charles Thomas (C.T.) Studd*. Retrieved from <https://www.wholesomewords.org/missions/biostudd.html>

