

The Life of

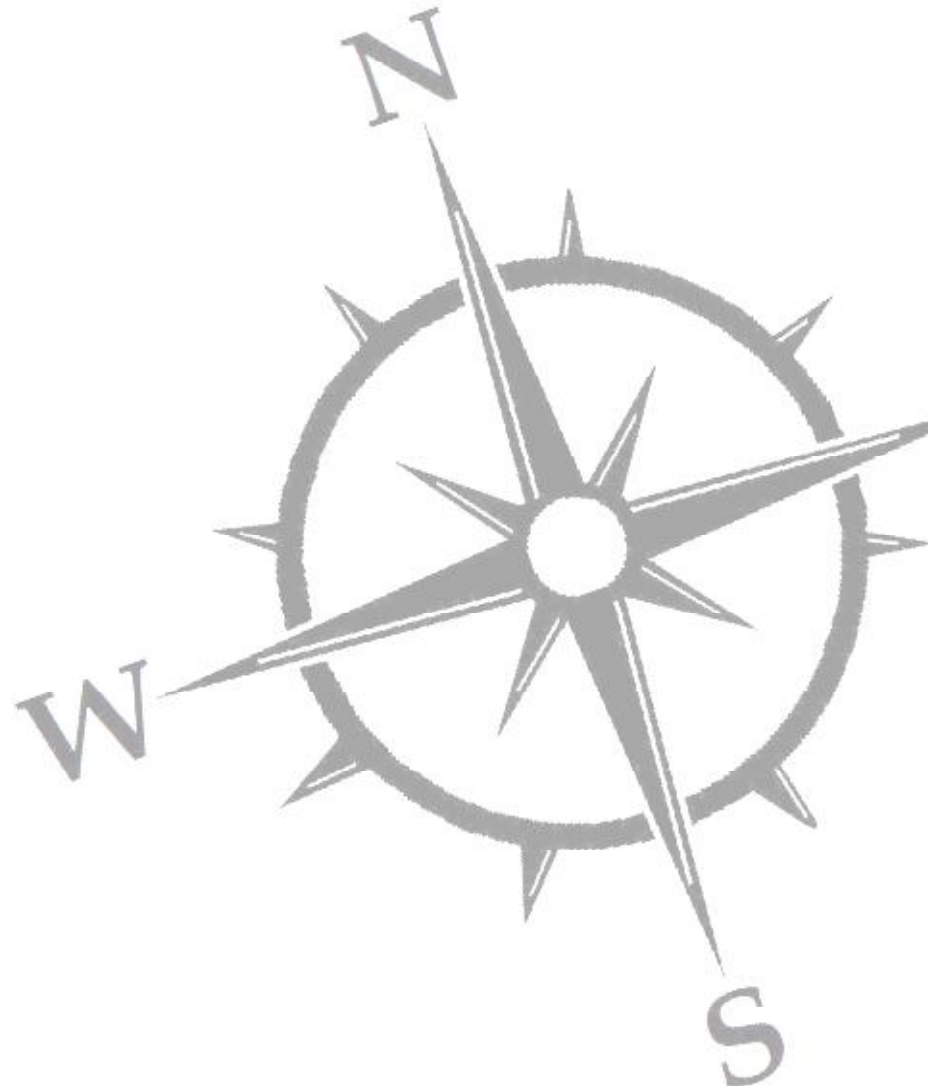
Amy Carmichael

(1867-1951)

Lesson: 5.24 – Content Missionary Snapshot Series

This lesson reminds Christians to be happy and satisfied with the things that God has given us. Instead of complaining about what you don't have, use what you do have for the Lord. God will always give us the things that we need. Amy Carmichael had prayed since she was a little girl for God to give her something, but God had a reason for not giving it to her and wanted her to be content.

*"Not that I speak in respect of want: for I have learned, in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." -
Philippians 4:11*







Introduction:

Did you know that there is a competition each year to see who can eat the most hot dogs in a couple of minutes? The winners have eaten over 60 hot dogs at one time. The world acts a lot like the people in that hot dog competition. They use their life trying to frantically grab at all the money, toys, gadgets, and other things they can get their hands on hoping it will make them happy. Our story today is about a missionary to India. This missionary rescued many children from terrible places. She had prayed for something since she was a little girl. Would God give it to her? Let's listen carefully and see what happens in this story about Amy Carmichael...

Missionary Story:

"Give her back to us...she belongs to the temple gods!" the crowd of angry people standing in front of the house shouted. I looked down at the young Indian girl who was now tightly holding on to my waist. "I don't want to be a slave of the gods... I want the Lord Jesus Christ," the little girl said as

she looked up with a scared look on her face. "She is ours... we paid fifty rupees for her...give her back now!" three temple women shouted as they pushed through the crowd towards the house. I looked down at her again. Her big brown eyes told me how afraid she was and how much she wanted to be free from the temple.

I had only recently learned about temple girls like this one. In India, a girl's parents would set up for her to get married to a boy later on. If the girl's parents could not set up a good marriage (which was done when they were still young), then the parents might marry the girl "to the gods" and sell her to the temple. Or if a mother was very poor and needed money, or if the parents wanted to please the gods, they might sell their daughter to the temple. No matter how they got to the temple, it was a terrible life for any child. The girls were made to do terrible, terrible things in those evil temples.

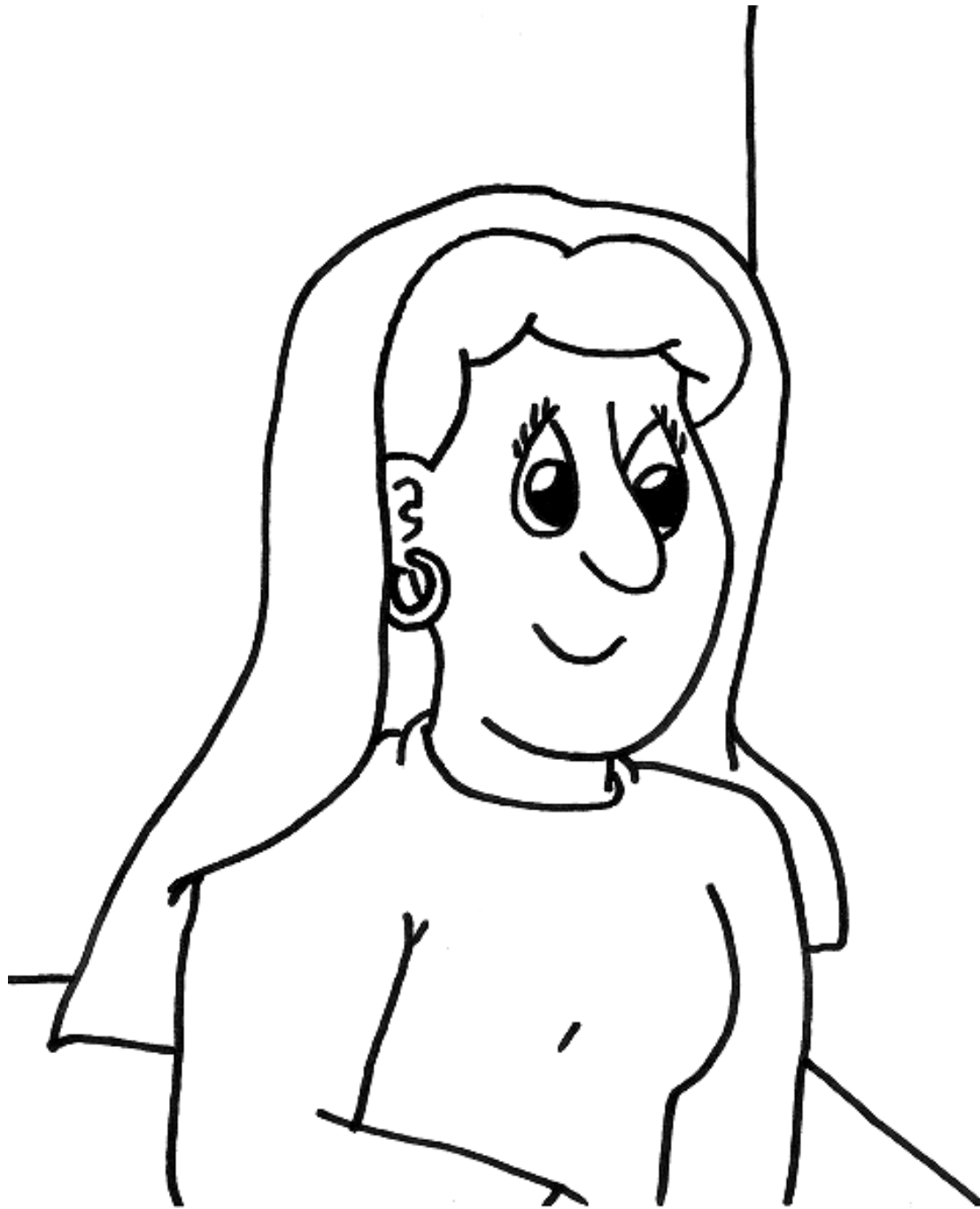
"How different my childhood had been," I thought. Looking at this little girl's big brown eyes reminded me of my own brown eyes. My mother always had us in church. I remembered as a young girl my mother said many times that we must pray to God for the things we needed. I always hated my brown eyes. My mother had such beautiful blue eyes. I remember praying many nights for God to change my brown eyes into a beautiful blue color while I slept. The next morning, I would jump out of bed and run to the mirror to see if God had answered my prayer. Sadly, every day they were still brown.

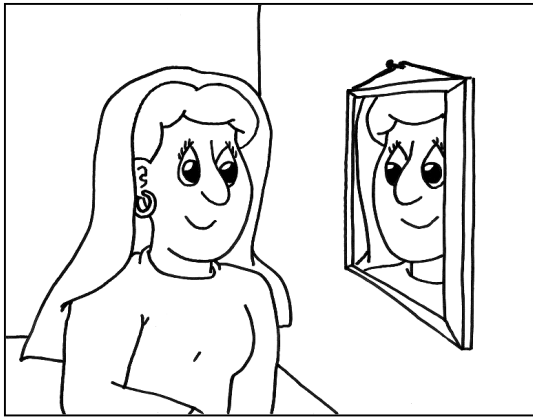
"Give her back!" one woman in the

crowd growled reaching her hand out for the girl. I wrapped my arms tighter around the little girl. "I will pay you the fifty rupees, but you will never take this girl back with you," I said sternly to the crowd. A policeman arrived and watched as I handed the money to one of the temple women. "Everyone go home," the policeman yelled to the crowd.

"What is your name?" I asked the girl once we were inside the house. "My name is Preena," she said, "thank you for saving me from that terrible place," Preena told me how she had been married to the gods when she was just two years old. Her father had died and her mother needed money, so she had been sold to the temple. Every day she worked all day long carrying firewood, lights, and practicing to do the devilish dances. She was watched all the time, day and night. One time, when she was about five years old, she was able to sneak out and escaped late one night. Once out in the street, she knew just what to do, she would go home to her mother. She walked twenty miles home, but her mother was not happy to see her. Her mother worried that the gods would put a curse on her if she let Preena stay with her. When the temple women came for her the next morning she was sent back to the temple. The evil women of the temple branded her hands with a hot metal pole for running away.

A couple of years later, Preena overheard two temple women talking. "Have you heard about the terrible child stealer?" one temple woman asked. "She is a white woman... she comes into our temples and steals children. She gets powers from her





food. With her heart racing, she crossed the street and looked back one last time at the house. She turned and began to run silently off into the night. She went down one street and up another and soon found herself at the edge of the village. She had never really been outside of the temple. Where would she go? “Anywhere is better than here,” she said. The sun was beginning to come up and she saw some signs pointing to another nearby village. “I’ll try there,” she whispered.

When she arrived at the next village, an old woman carrying a jar saw her and said, “where are you going, child?” Another person said, “look at her clothes... she belongs to the temple... grab her!” People everywhere stood up, reached out to grab her, and then began to chase her. Preena ran as fast as she could. Suddenly, ahead of her, she saw a woman with white skin step out of a house. “That must be the child stealer,” she thought. She ran as fast as she could and grabbed tightly around the woman’s waist.

“God had it all planned perfectly little Preena,” I said with a smile. “You see we only just arrived back into town last night.” I knew that if Preena had escaped a few days ago, I would not have been home. If anyone else had found poor Preena, she would have been taken back to the temple. “Yes, only God could have planned it so well,” I said again.

A few months later, Preena saw me using teabags to dye my skin a darker color. “Are you going to rescue more children like me tonight?” she asked. I nodded my head. “Tea bags make my skin look brown like the other women of India. This way I can sneak

near the temples without being noticed,” I said. I looked in the mirror once more to make sure that the color of my skin was dark enough to fool people. It was then that I noticed my brown eyes. Suddenly, I realized that God had not changed my eyes to blue when I was little because He knew that I would need brown eyes to fool people and rescue so many temple children. Blue eyes would give me away for sure. “Yes, only God could have planned it so well,” I said with a smile and headed out of the door.

Application:

You know, boys and girls, Phil. 4:11 tells us to be content with the things God has given us. Amy Carmichael wished that God would give her blue eyes, but God knew that He needed her to have brown eyes for the great things she would later do. We may wonder why God gave us the nose, ears, or brains that He gave us. We may wonder why He let something happen in our lives. We must be content, because like with Amy, God has a perfect reason and plan for making you just the way you are.

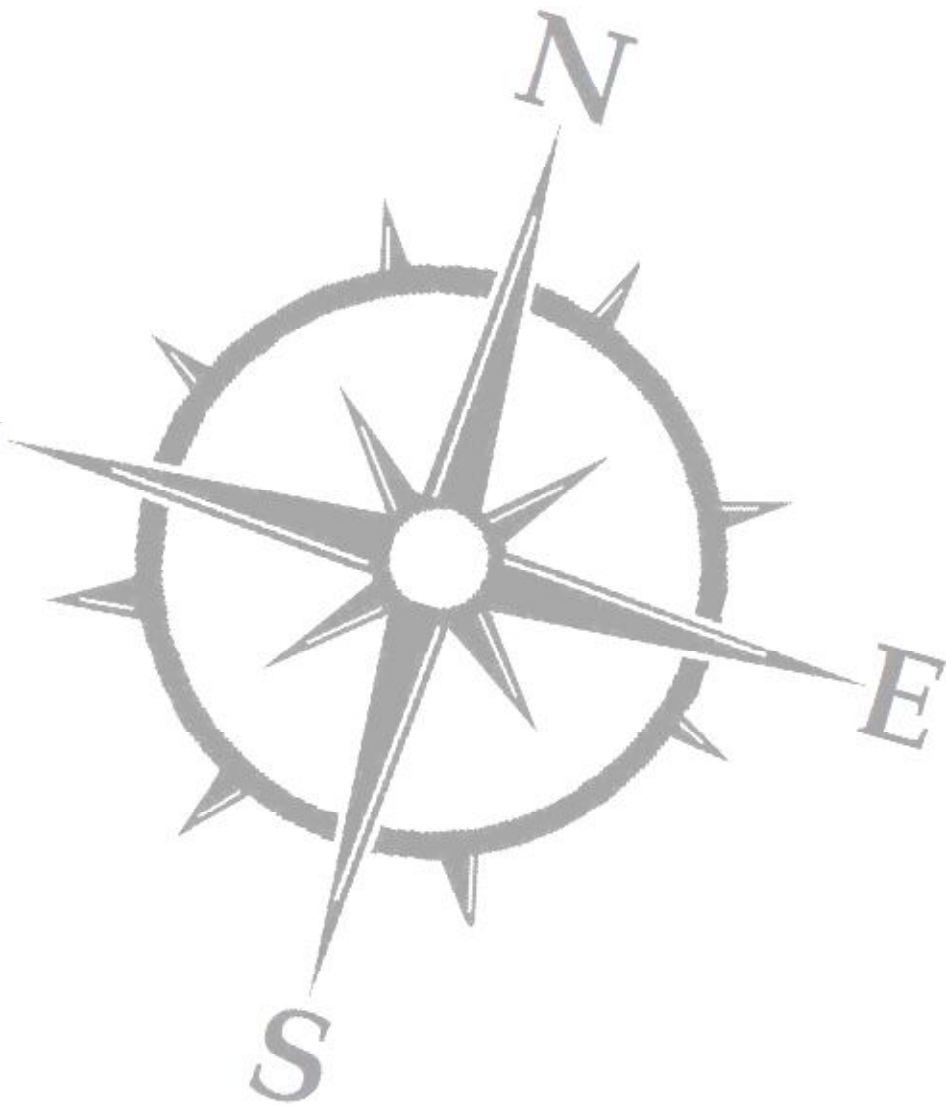
Amy Carmichael worked in India for over 53 years. During that time she rescued nearly 1000 children just like Preena from the temples of India. She started the Dohnavur Fellowship where these children could be cared for and taught all about Jesus’ love for them.

(For additional information, discussion questions, and materials on this lesson please refer to lesson 5.24 on page 90 in your Africa Expedition - Leader’s Guide.)

God, the one she calls the Lord Jesus Christ.” “Filthy Christians,” the other woman said, “if she ever comes here, the priests will surely kill her.” Preena lay and wondered about this “child stealer” with white skin. “Maybe she will steal me,” Preena wondered, “it has to be better with her than in here.”

The following morning she overheard the priest talking with the temple women. “Preena is seven years old now, she must be married to the gods right away!” he said. Preena did not know what exactly that meant would happen, but she knew that it meant something terrible was about to take place.

That night, she suddenly awoke in the middle of the night. Everything was dark. Everything was quiet. What had woke her up she did not know, but she quietly tiptoed over to the door and tried the lock. It was open! “The guards never leave this door unlocked,” she thought. Even if this was a trap, even if her hands got burned again, she had to try to get away. She came to the door which led into the street. It too was unlocked. She crept out into the street. The street was empty except for a cow and a dog looking for



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 information from:

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