

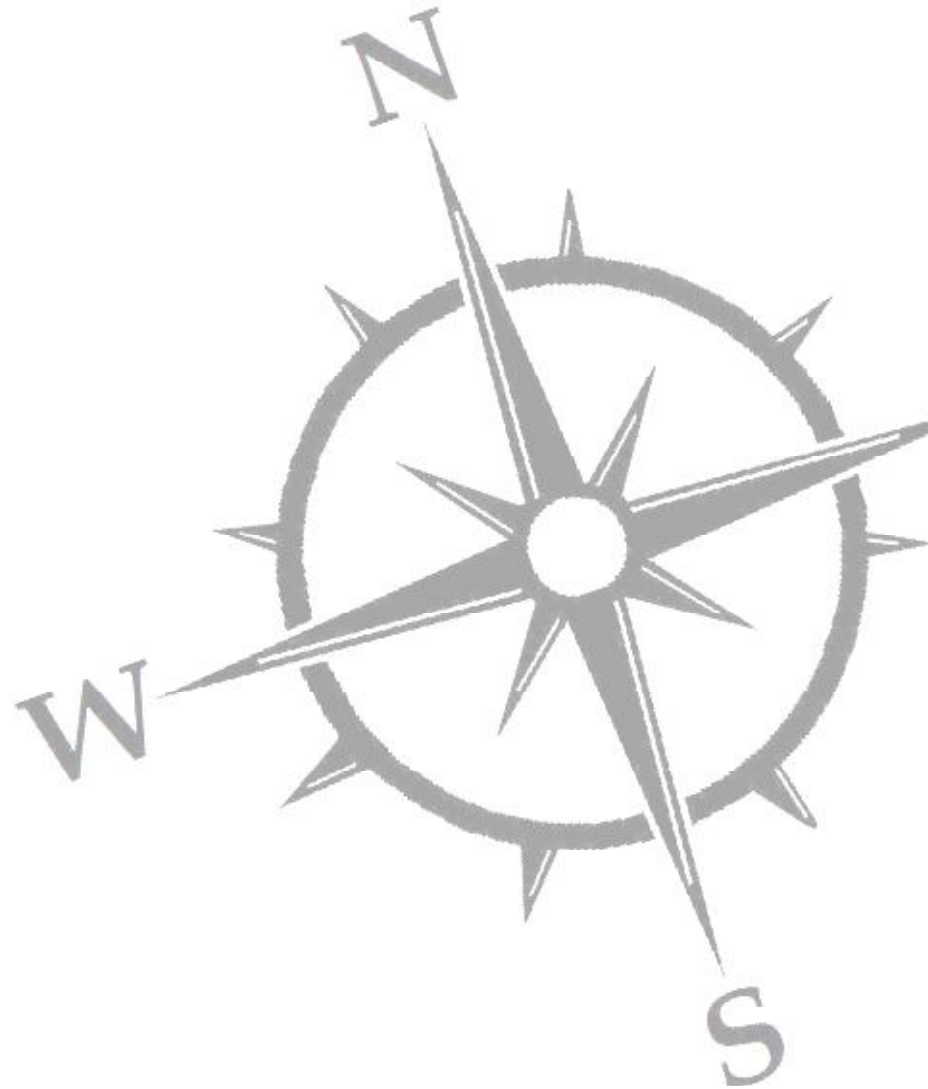
The Life of Adoniram Judson

(1788-1850)

Lesson: 2.5 – Preparation Missionary Spotlight Series

This story shows how God prepares a missionary by first saving him and then opening doors of opportunity for him. God has a plan for each person who trusts Christ as his Savior. God prepares missionaries for their mission work long before they are on the field. He gives them opportunities and gifts to develop so that He might better use them on the field. God had some things that He wanted to do in Adoniram Judson's life to prepare him for what lay ahead of him.

"Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." - 2 Timothy 2:3







Who remembers where we left off last week?

(Read the last paragraph from last week's lesson to begin this lesson as a review).

The crew from *the Packet* and I were taken to a dungeon located inside of the French prison. It smelled even worse than below deck on the *L'invincible Napoleon* had smelled. I sat wondering what was going to happen. Would I ever get to London to ask for missionary support? Would the others find another way and leave without me? The whole day passed by. Late in the evening, I heard someone talking quietly with the guard.

The guard stood at the top of the stairs and handed the man a lantern. The man was wearing a soldier's uniform and a long soldier's coat. As he got to the bottom of the dungeon stairs, he walked around the room and held the lantern in front of each man's face. He would look and then loudly say "No" and walk on to the next face. As he did

this, I could see that this was the American who said he could help me in the crowd. When he came to me, he looked me in the face and again said "No." Then he turned around to walk back out. As he did, he lifted his long coat and draped it over me. Now I saw how he was going to help me. He wanted to sneak me out of the prison under his coat. It was very dark, so no one else had seen what he had done. I wrapped my arms around his waist and carefully took every step at the same time that he did. I could hear him give some money to the guard at the top of the stairs and then to another guard as we kept walking. When we got out into the street, he pulled his coat off of me and told me where I would find a ship waiting. The captain would sneak me away from there. A few minutes later, I found myself on the deck of a ship pulling out of the harbor. France was now behind me.

It had taken me about four months since the time that I left America and I had been on several ships, but at last, I finally found myself in London. I was just in time for the London Missionary Society's yearly meeting to decide what missionaries to send out. They let me share my idea with everyone, but as I read it to them, I began to realize how silly it probably sounded. We asked the London Missionary Society to give us the money to go but said that we would only take orders and directions from the American Missionary Board. As I expected, they said that they could not support that. I knew God wanted me in Burma, and I did not care who sent me. I thought about it and later came back and asked the London

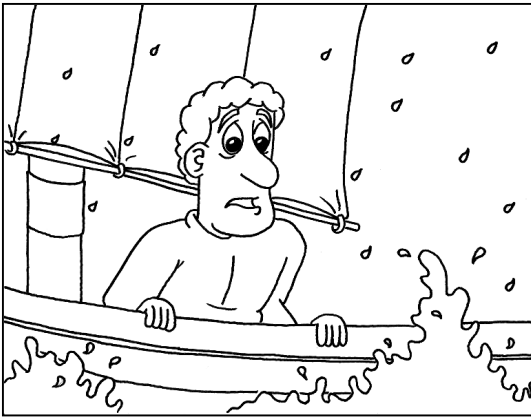
Missionary Society if they would consider sending my three friends and me as their missionaries and we would forget about the American Mission board. They talked it over and said that they would. I booked the next ship home to America eager to tell Ann and my friends the good news.

The ship landed in New York and I wanted to hurry and rush home, but not before I took care of something first. I very well couldn't go and be a missionary if I had some unsettled things back in America. Ever since I had cheated those hotel owners in New York, I could not forget about it. Though it took me a while, I tracked them all down and paid what I owed them. Now that my conscience was clear, it was time to tell everyone the good news from London. When I got back to Massachusetts, I learned some even better news.

Mr. Norris was a wealthy man who had taken great interest in our idea of starting a mission board. He was the one actually who had paid for me to go to London and back. While I was away, he had died and had left 30,000 dollars to go toward our mission work. Now we had all the money we needed and could have the American Mission Board send us after all. I was so excited to leave for Burma.

Before I could leave, however, Ann and I were married. A few days later, we learned of a ship called the *Caravan* that had docked in our port and would be heading for India. A few days later, another ship called the *Harmony* came to port and would also be heading to India. There were now several missionaries that would be going to India.





Ann and I decided to take Samuel Newell and his new wife, Harriet, and sail on the *Caravan*. We told Samuel Nott and his wife Roxana, to go with Luther Rice and Gordon Hall on the *Harmony*. This way, if one of the ships crashed or was overtaken like the *Packet* had been, at least some missionaries would reach India.

Five days after we had set sail, I found myself walking back and forth across the deck of the ship. Harriet and Ann were both very seasick in their cabins. Because they were in their cabins, they had not heard about the real trouble we had. The ship had sprung a leak and unless the crew could find it, the ship would surely sink by the end of the day. I followed the crew as they rushed below the deck. They moved cargo all over trying to find where the water was coming in. "I've found it," shouted one crewman, "Bring me some pitch." Though it took some time, the hole was fixed, and all of the water was pumped out of the inside of the ship.

After that, the voyage settled down a bit. We sailed on for months. During this time, I got to do something that I loved

to do...Bible translation. I enjoyed talking with Samuel about what certain words in the Bible meant. On this voyage, I came across a word that bothered me. It was the word "baptism." I had been raised and taught that babies should be sprinkled with water when they were born. As I studied the word in the Bible, I learned that to baptize meant that a person was to be immersed or dunked in the water after they had become a Christian. Making a change like this would mean a lot and I would have to give this some more thought before I did anything.

Finally, after one hundred and fourteen days of being at sea, we arrived in India. As the ship came in toward the docks, all four of us were on the deck. We saw Indian women carrying large baskets on their heads and several banana trees all along the shore with large bunches of bananas. Bananas were something that only the rich people were able to eat in America. None of the four of us had ever tasted one.

As the ship pulled up to the dock, I looked around to see if the *Harmony* had arrived. There was no sign of the ship anywhere. "Perhaps they hit some bad weather," I thought to myself. I soon learned that we needed to check in with the police station or we would find ourselves in a lot of trouble. Samuel and I went back to the ship and found our wives in their cabins eating bananas and pineapples. I was excited to finally be here in India.

The clerk at the police station was not very nice and he couldn't believe that we had traveled to India without getting permission from the East India Company.

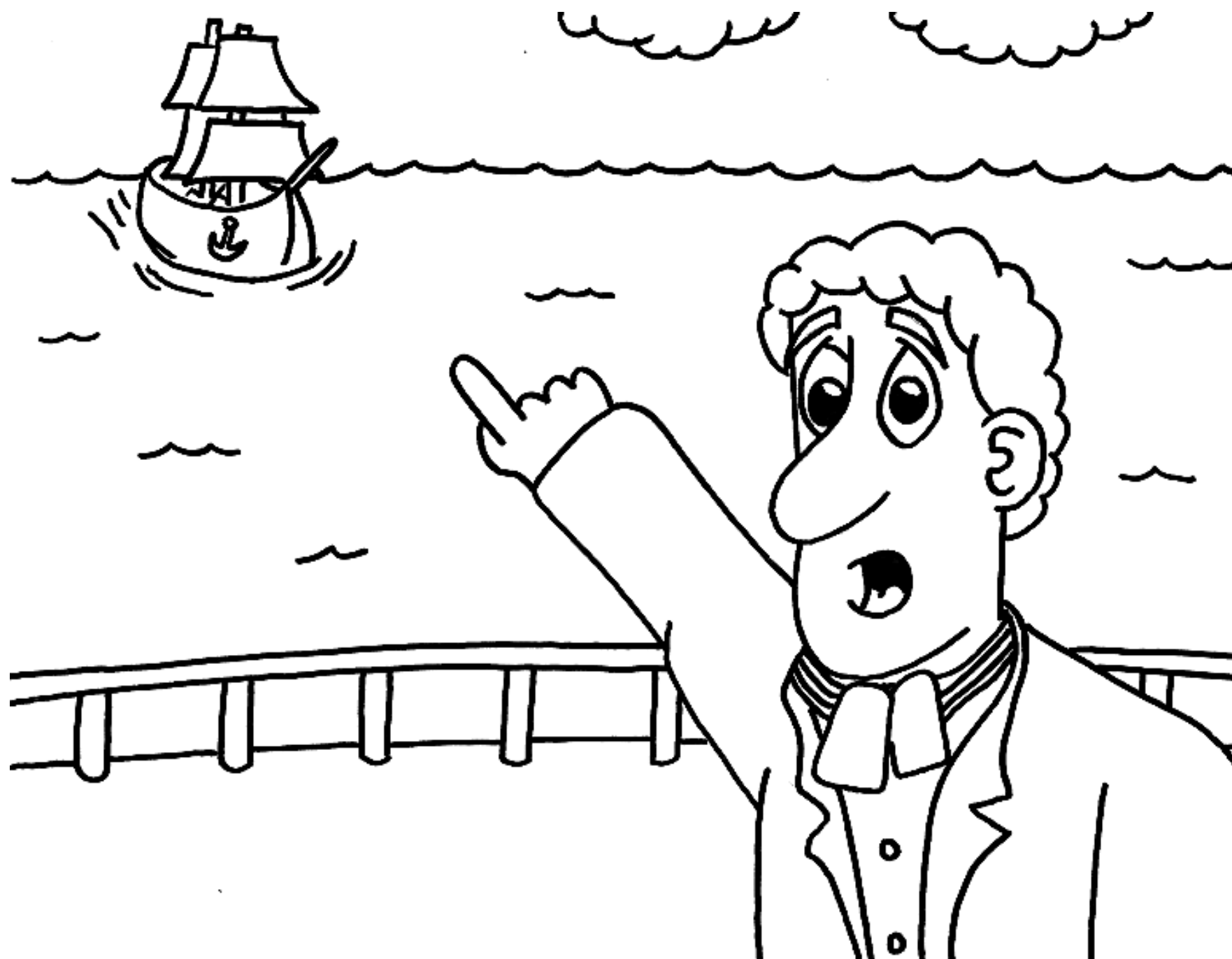
The East India Company was set up by the British and they kind of ran things in the ports of India in regards to foreigners coming to India. The clerk told us that we would have to go and talk to them, but that he was almost sure that they would send us back to America.

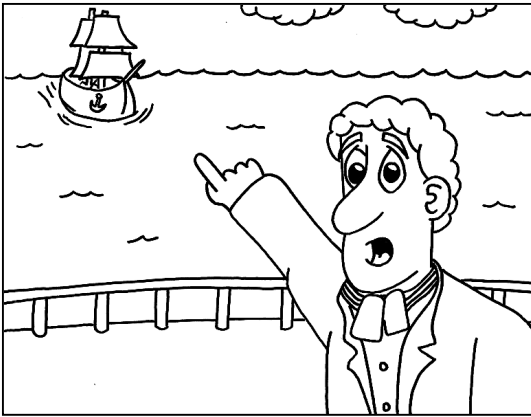
Samuel and I left the police station. We couldn't just go back to America. Before we went over to the East India Company, I told Samuel that I would like to go and visit Fort William College. There I was hoping to find the famous missionary William Carey.

After walking around a bit, we found the college and not too much longer found William Carey. I had read about how he had started as a shoemaker in England and had opened the eyes of the people of England to missions, had raised support, and was now running a large mission work in India.

William Carey told us how a fire had destroyed their printing room and had destroyed many translations of the Bible that had taken years to put together. But William Carey wasn't going to let that stop him. He had already begun building a new printing press room and starting work on some of the translations again.

Finally, I got a chance to talk to William about something really interesting to me. "What kind of missionary work is going on in Burma?" I asked William. He replied by telling me that not much was going on at all. He told me that his son Felix was living there, but only because he had married a woman from Burma. The king of Burma did not like missionaries. Anyone found doing mission work would be put to death. The





found a ship heading there, but it only had room for two people. We sent Samuel and his wife on the ship because Samuel's wife was going to have a baby soon.

Only a couple of days after Samuel and Harriet left, the *Harmony* arrived with the rest of the missionaries from America. They had run into terrible weather but had finally arrived. The East India Company was mad about Samuel and I coming, but they were now furious that more missionaries had arrived. They ordered that we all be sent to England. It seemed like everywhere we went the East India Company was following and watching closely. Finally, we managed to sneak onto a ship called the *Creole*. I breathed a sigh of relief as we pulled out of the harbor. Finally, we had snuck away. Everything was going smoothly until a few hours into the trip when suddenly the crew dropped the anchor. I could not figure out why we were stopping. I looked around for the captain to ask what was going on. As I came up on deck, I froze in my tracks. A ship was a little ways behind our ship and was coming fast towards us. Now we had a real problem on our hands. It was the police! It must have been them that told our captain to drop the anchor. They must have got wind of plans to escape on the *Creole*. What would happen to us if they found us on board this ship? We needed a plan and we needed it now.

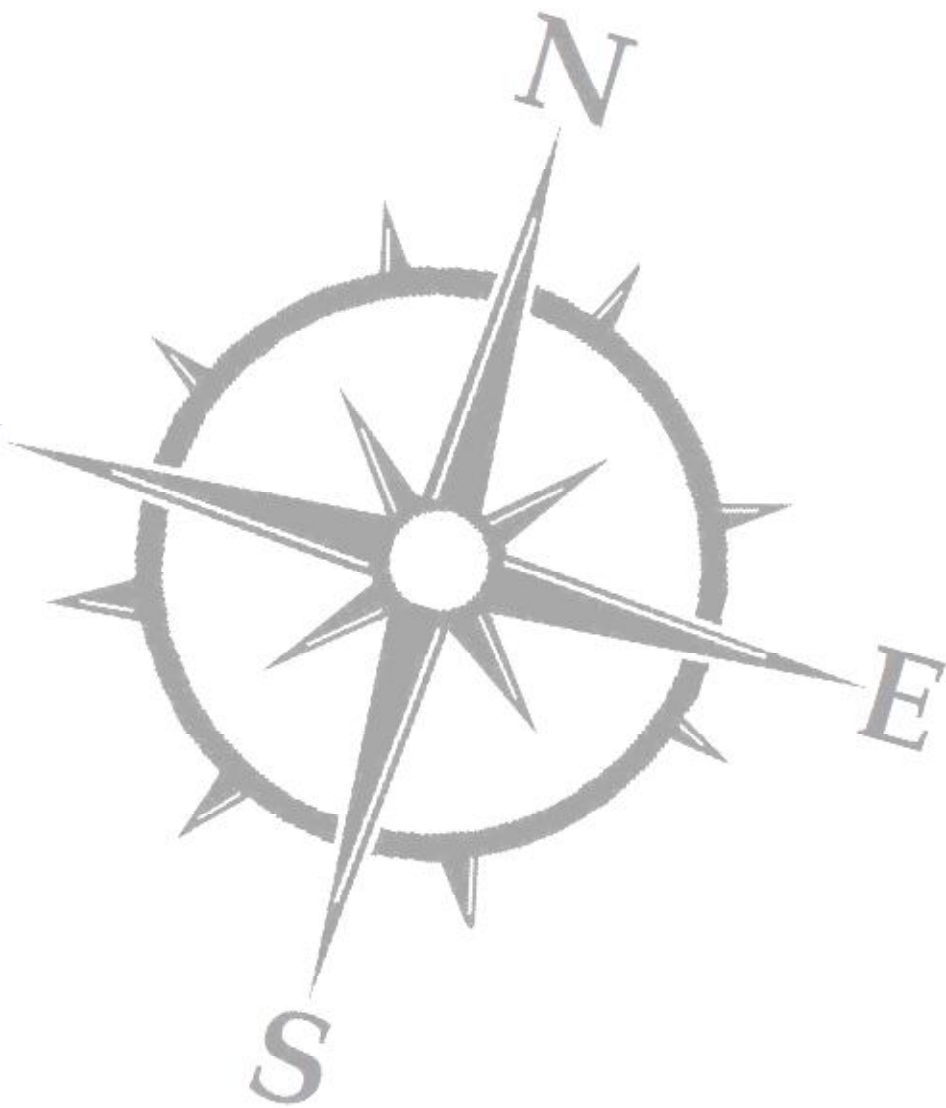
What do think is going to happen? To find out, come back next time.

*(For additional information, discussion questions, and materials on this lesson please refer to lesson 2.5 on **page 136** in your Burma Expedition - Leader's Guide).*

people of Burma lived every day in fear. Even little things carried terrible consequences. I learned that only recently an army commander had buried five hundred of his soldiers alive because they did not know some of the new rules for soldiers. Many people in Burma needed to hear the gospel, but how would I be able to tell them if those kinds of punishments were happening there?

William Carey helped us to get some papers that allowed us to stay in India for the time being. After only a couple of weeks, the police called us back to the station. The East India Company had decided that we could not stay and said that we must return to America on the *Caravan*. I knew that if we arrived back home on the same ship that had taken us, we would probably be the last missionaries that America would send out for a long time. Somehow we had to think of a way to stay, but the East India Company was watching our every move.

We learned about an island called the Isle of France. It was not too far from India and better yet, it was a place that the East India Company had no control over. We



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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:

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