

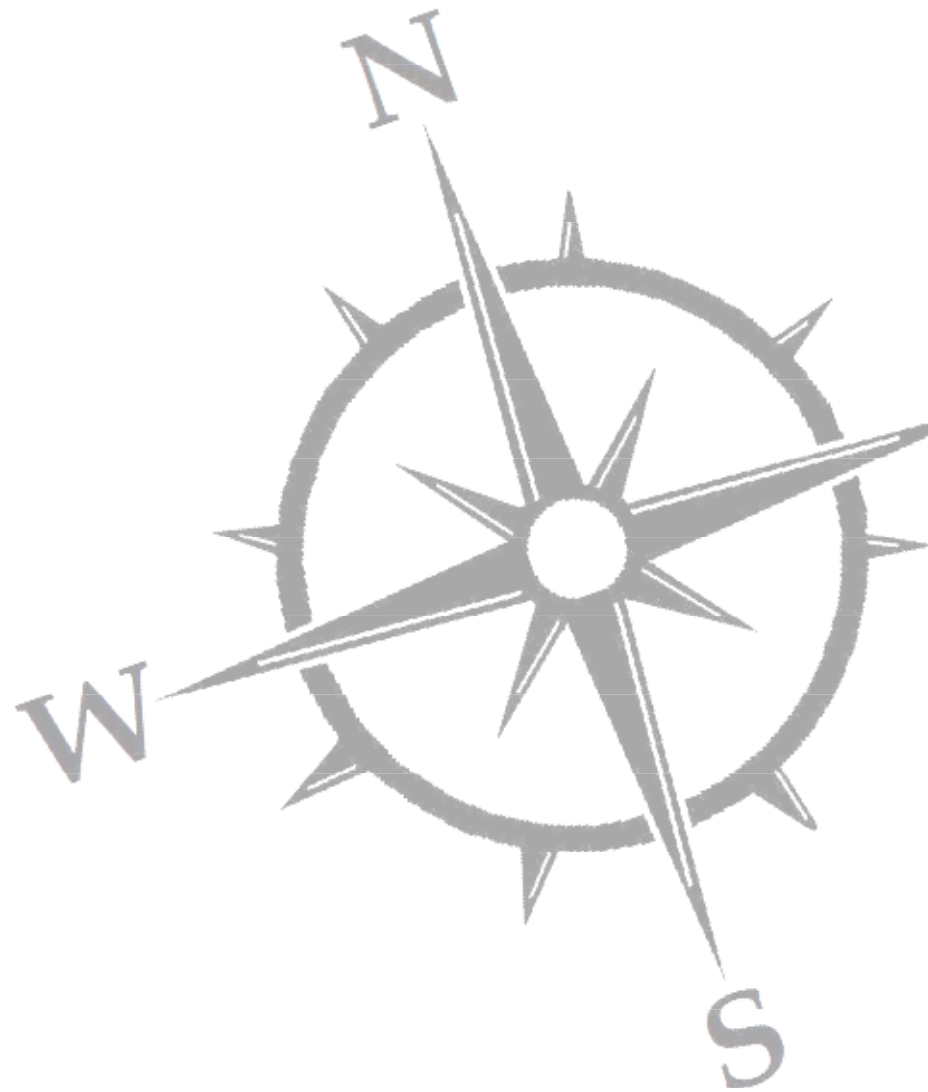
The Life of Gladys Aylward

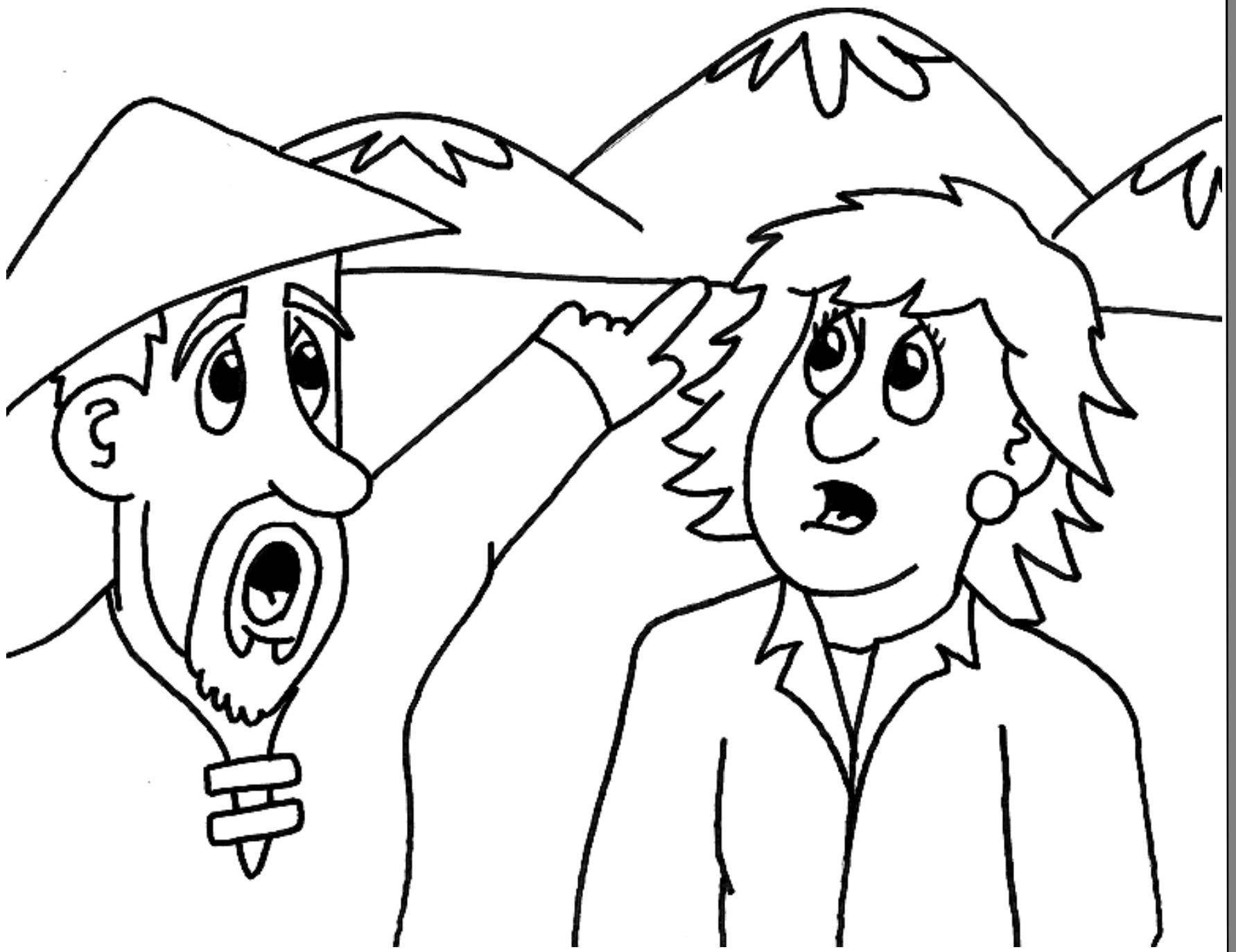
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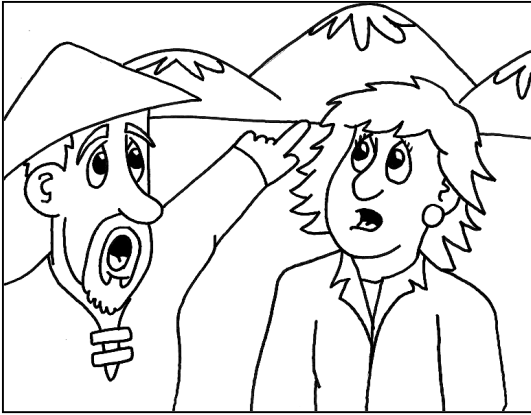
Lesson: 6.27 – Witnessing Missionary Snapshot Series

This story reminds us of the importance of witnessing to the unsaved. Salvation is free to all, but many have never understood its message. Go and tell the good news to all creatures. The Bible tells us that we should be warning others of what will happen if they die without accepting Jesus. Gladys Aylward learned how important it is to be sharing the good news of salvation with everyone that we can.

"But if our gospel be hid, it is hid to them that are lost..." - 2 Corinthians 4:3







Introduction:

Imagine driving at night with your mom and dad. Imagine coming around a corner and seeing that the bridge that went between two cliffs had fallen. If other people did not know that the bridge was out, they might drive off and be badly hurt or even killed. It would be best to drive back down the road and wave your hands and stop the other cars and warn them that the bridge was out ahead. Our story today is about a missionary to China. This missionary was trying to warn people to accept Jesus before it was too late. Let's listen and see what happens in this story to Gladys Aylward...

Missionary Story:

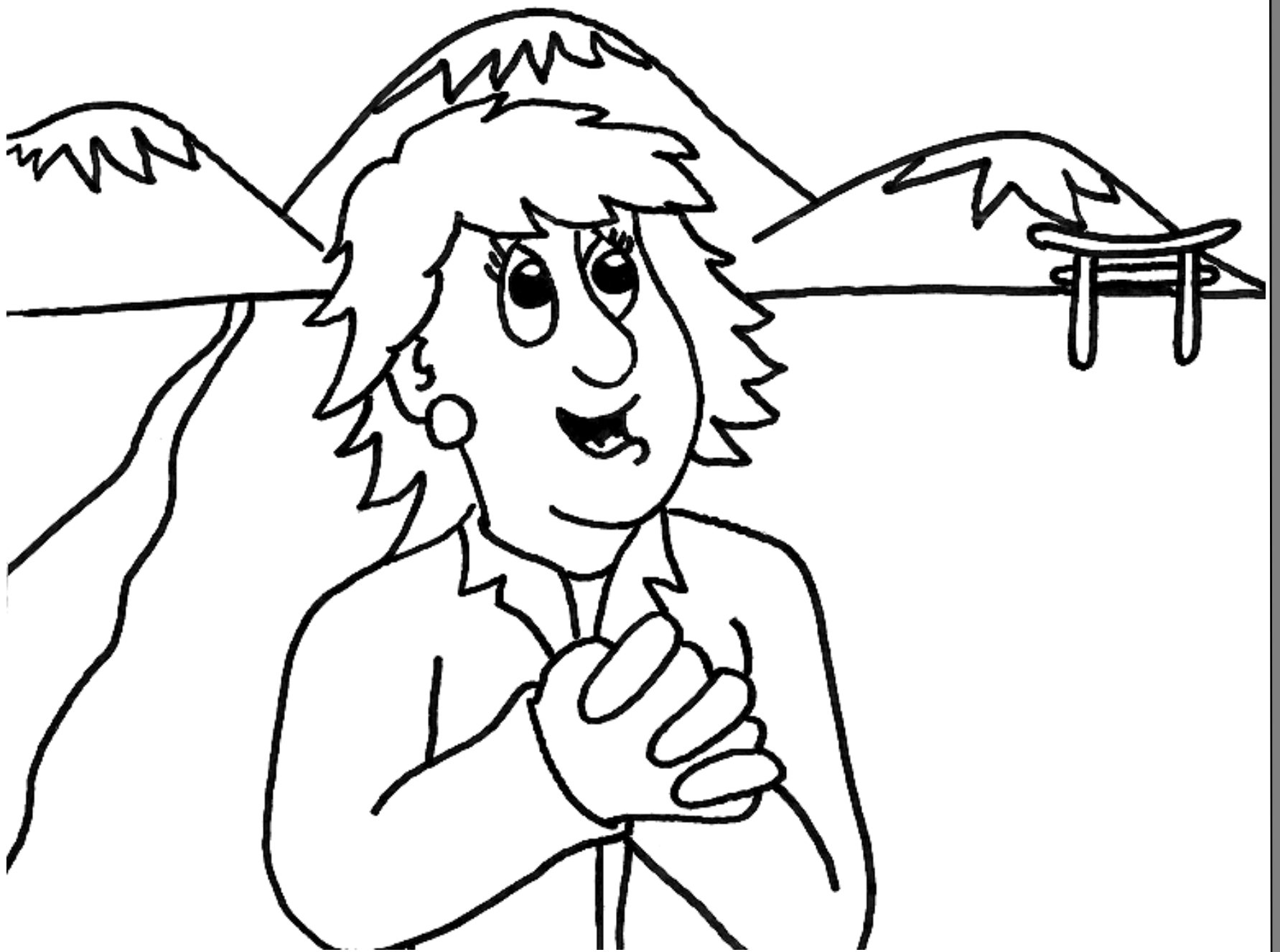
“Look! There he is!” Dr. Huang shouted and took off running up the mountain path. “He who?” I wondered as I struggled to get back up on my feet and lift my bag up. Only a few weeks ago, I passed by a room where several Chinese students sat in a circle around a map of China praying. I stopped and stood there quietly listening as each of the students prayed for a different

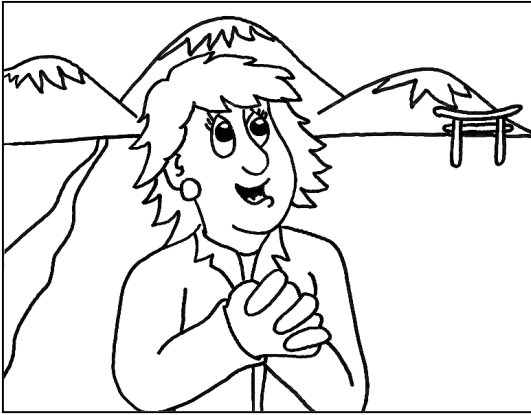
place on that map. When they were done, I asked them if they were praying for the places that they came from. “No,” one of the students answered, “that is somewhere that none of us have ever been, but we are praying that God will send someone there to tell those people about Jesus. We cannot go yet because we have only begun our studies.” Over the next few weeks, I couldn't seem to forget the image of those students sitting around the map praying, nor could I forget about the people who they had prayed for. “I will go and tell those people about Jesus,” I announced one afternoon. A few days later, with some supplies tucked into a small bag, I set off on my journey.

At first, I traveled to several villages that I had been to before. Christians in these villages invited me into their homes and gave me a place to stay for the night. After several days of travel though, I arrived in places that I had never been before. When I reached the village of Tsin Tsui, the villagers there begged me not to go any farther. “There is nothing else out there,” an older man said pointing to the west beyond his village. “The world doesn't end there I am sure,” I said with a smile. Just then, a doctor came up to me. “I will go with you. I have often wondered what is on the other side of those mountains. I will go with you for a few days.” It was settled. The next morning, Dr. Huang and I set out on the dusty trail that headed toward the mountains. Dr. Huang and I began to talk about the Bible and I soon learned that Dr. Huang was a Christian. Dr. Huang had many questions and I was happy to talk with him.

The first few days, we passed several other travelers on the trail. We stopped and shared God's word with those who we passed. By the ninth and tenth days, we did not pass a single person. Ahead of us stretched mountain after mountain. “Dr. Huang, we must stop and pray,” I said sitting down next to the path. I began to pray, “Lord, we are very tired and thirsty, please provide for us and help us to find a safe place to rest.” Dr. Huang then said, “Dear Lord, we have not passed one person today. Please send someone down the path for us to tell about Jesus.” I was embarrassed. I had only been thinking about the things I needed. Dr. Huang and I decided to sing while we rested for a little bit. We had only sung one song when Dr. Huang shouted, “Look! There he is!” and took off running up the path. Dr. Huang had just prayed for someone and God had sent him to us. As he got closer, I noticed that the man was a Tibetan lama (also called a monk). “He has invited us back to his lamasery!” Dr. Huang said as we met on the path. “Women are not allowed in a lamasery?” I thought as I began to follow the lama and Dr. Huang. Suddenly the lama turned and spoke. He had a strange accent, but I could still understand what he was saying. “We have waited a very long time to find out about the God who loves,” he said and then turned back and continued.

As we walked, I thought about Dr. Huang's prayer and how God had answered it so quickly. We not only had a person to tell about Jesus but a place to stay and water to drink. God was indeed a good God. I remembered another time recently when God





rooms that had been prepared and we were given delicious food. Later, Dr. Huang and I were taken to a large room where over 500 lamas were sitting. Dr. Huang and I began teaching and singing for the lamas and answering their questions. This went on late into the night. Over the next few days, we stayed with these lamas answering their questions. They were amazed to hear about the God who loved and sent His Son.

The head lama called us in and told us a story. “For many years, the monks have picked a special herb that grows here in the mountains and taken and sold it in the villages. In one village, the monks passed a man waving a piece of paper. They took the paper and brought it back here to the lamasery.” The lama paused and pointed to a worn piece of paper on the wall. It had John 3:16 written on it in Chinese. “The paper talked of the God who loved,” the lama continued. “When the lamas went to the village the next year, they were told to find out more about the God who loved. For five years they found nothing, each year they traveled to other villages in search of the God who loved. Then one year, they came to the village of Len Chow and found someone who gave them a copy of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. They hurried back and eagerly read what they had found. We read one verse over and over again... ‘Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel.’ And so we waited for God to send that messenger to tell us about Jesus. It has been three years, but last week when the lama heard you singing on the mountain path, we knew God’s messengers had arrived.” Tears welled

up in my eyes. My mind remembered those fifteen students praying around that map. The God who loved had heard those fifteen Chinese students...the God who loved had heard Dr. Huang... and the God who loved had answered.

Application:

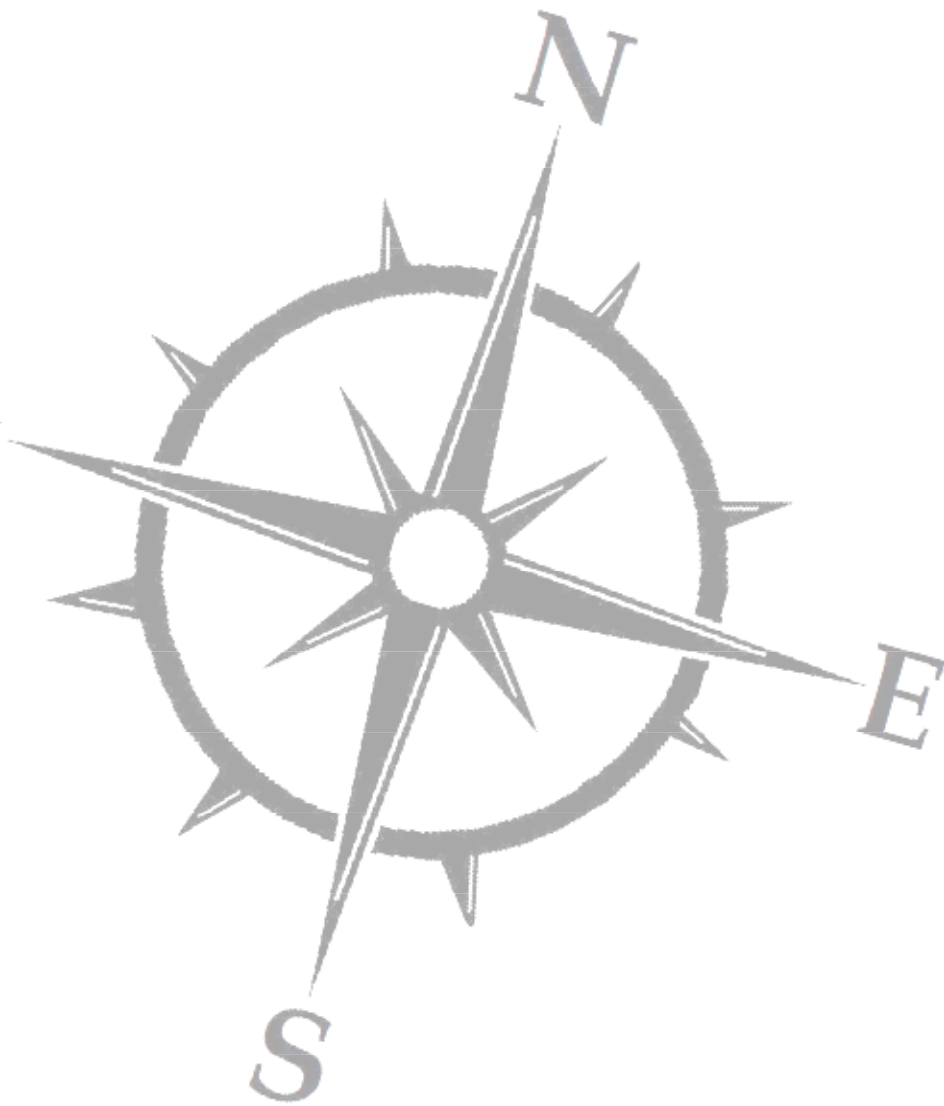
You know, boys and girls, 2 Corinthians 4:3-4 tells us that we must be sharing the good news of the gospel with all men and not keep it hidden. God wants all men to be saved. Gladys Aylward was willing to go to a place that people had never gone to in China to tell them about Jesus. Some Chinese people even thought that nobody lived out there.

Gladys Aylward worked in China for over forty years. Over one thousand people attended the funeral to say one last goodbye to their Ai-weh-deh (virtuous one). Memorial services were held all over the world for her. She was told she was too old and too frail to be a missionary in China. Yet over those forty years, she took care of hundreds of orphans, traveled hundreds of miles throughout China, and faced many very scary situations without ever shying away from them. In 1966, a movie was made about her life called the *Inn of Sixth Happiness*. Some said she’d never make it in China, but she persevered and watched God do amazing things in her life because of it.

(For additional information, discussion questions, and materials on this lesson please refer to lesson 6.27 on page 90 in your China Expedition - Leader's Guide.)

had quickly answered our prayers. One night, back in Tsechow, fifty Japanese soldiers broke into the women’s dormitory one night. David Davis, another missionary, and I heard the screams and shouts and both arrived at the dormitory at the same time. David knew there was no way he could fight fifty soldiers, so he fell to his knees and yelled to the woman to start praying for God’s help. “Be quiet,” one of the soldiers shouted putting a gun at the side of David’s head, but he continued to tell the woman to pray. One by one they kneeled and began to pray. “I warned you,” said the soldier and pulled the trigger... CLICK... his gun didn’t fire... CLICK, CLICK, CLICK... three more times his gun did not fire. The soldiers did not know what to do. This was something they had never seen before. Their captain arrived and ordered all of his men to leave. God had heard and answered our prayers!

As Dr. Huang and I walked through the large hand-carved gates of the lamasery, we found ourselves in a large open courtyard with golden statues around the edges. Two lamas dressed in yellow robes took us to



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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