

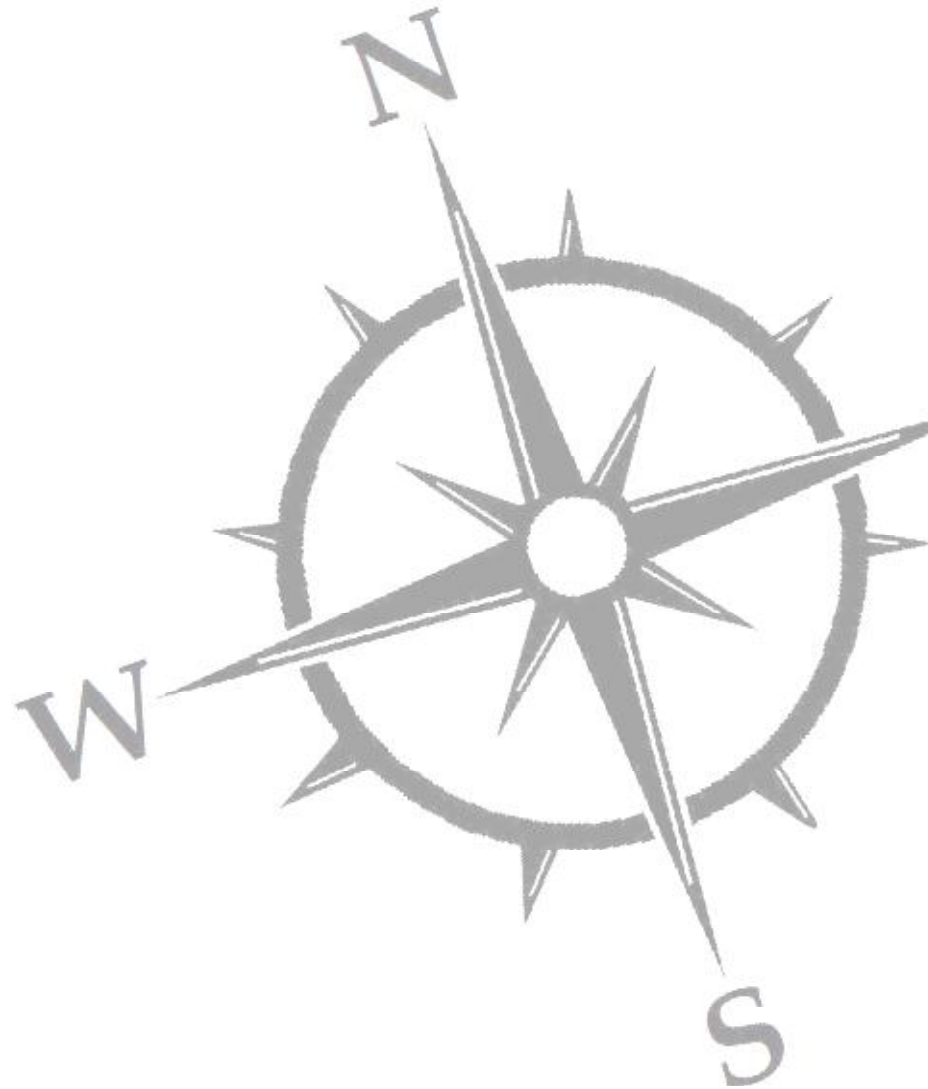
The Life of David Livingstone

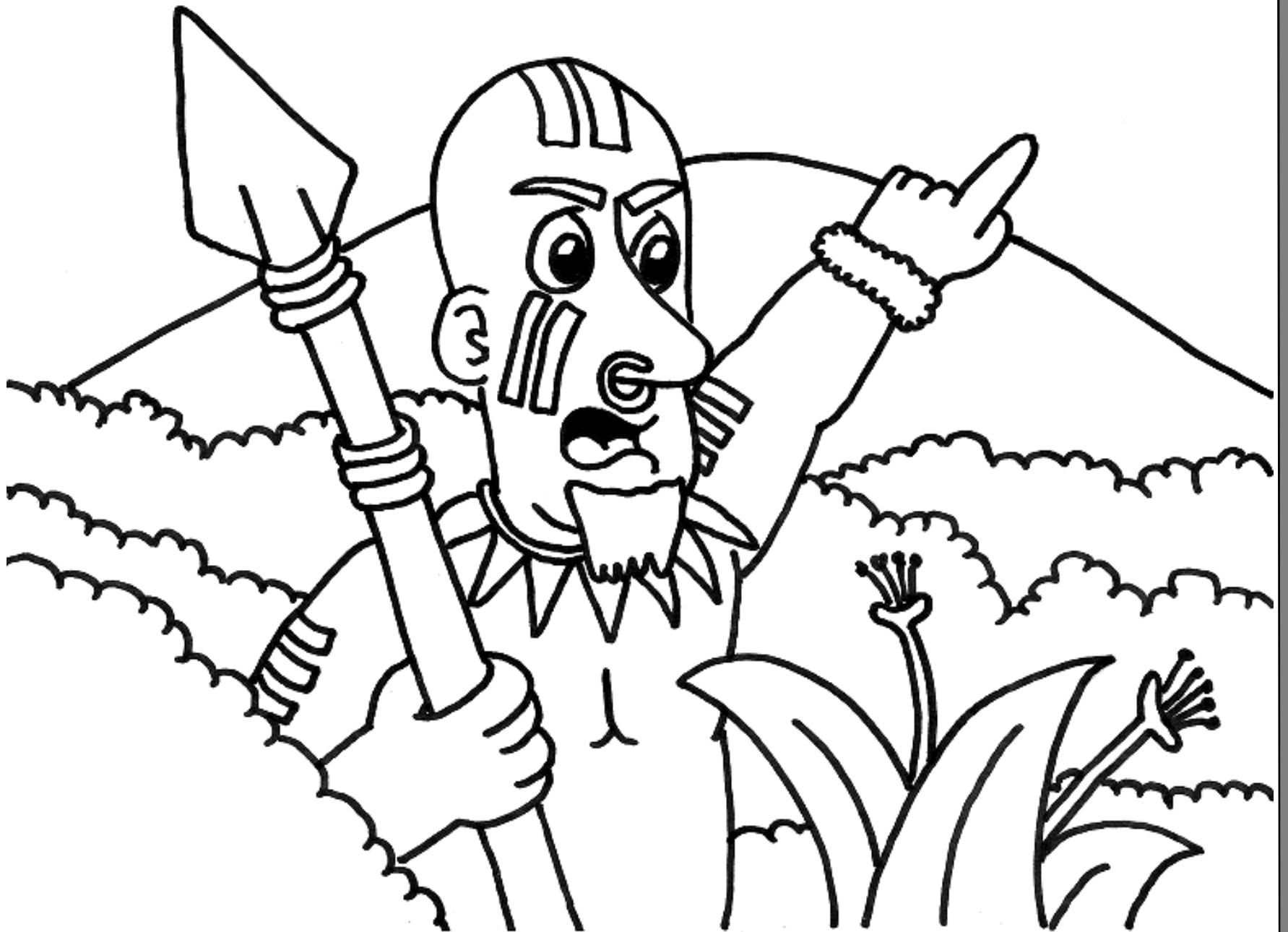
(1813-1873)

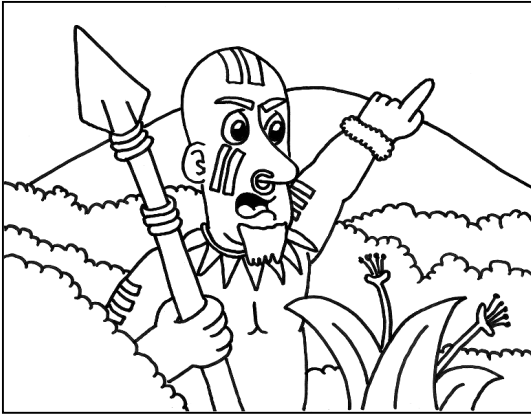
Lesson: 5.6 – Courage Missionary Spotlight Series

This story encourages us not to be afraid what is around us. Sometimes we might be afraid, but a Christian must remember that God is with him and have the courage to do what God has asked. David Livingstone could have been scared in the dangerous places in Africa, but he remembered that with the Lord on his side, he had nothing to fear.

“The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear? the Lord is the strength of my life; of whom shall I be afraid?” - Psalm 27:1







Who remembers where we left off last week?

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

I had not gone very far when I received some terrible news. Chief Bubi was dead. I found out that after I had left, the chief thought that someone in his tribe had put an evil spell on him. The village witch doctor told him to stand next to a tree. The witch doctor was going to blow up the tree with gunpowder to try to scare away the evil spirits. The witch doctor accidentally told the chief to stand too close to the tree, and he passed away from the injuries he got from the explosion. I had told the chief many times that Jesus could give him the peace that he was looking for, but he did not listen and now he had died a senseless death.

We headed further north. The map I had with me said this area was "unexplored Kalahari Desert." It wasn't long before we were all walking in the hot desert sand. The

sand made the wagon wheels stick, and we had to leave it behind and put all of our stuff on the back of the oxen. Even though we were only on the edge of the desert, we still were having a really hard time finding water. Thankfully, the other men I had brought with me knew which plants we could get some water from.

After two weeks of traveling, we came across the Bamangwato tribe and Chief Sekomi. This tribe had over three thousand people. I began right away treating the sick and preaching to the people. These people had a hard time understanding what the word "God" meant. Their word for "God" meant "very important person." Because of my ability to help them, they even considered me a god. I think that they did understand a little bit of what I was trying to say because Chief Sekomi came into my tent late one night and asked if I had medicine that would change his heart. He said that he was proud and angry. I told him that the only medicine for that was found in the Bible. The chief did not get saved, but at least he saw that he needed something.

Soon, I again packed my things up to go further north to the Bakaa people. When Chief Sekomi heard this, his eyes opened wide and he said, "Those people are vicious; they will surely kill you just like they killed the white man and his group who just went there." I was determined to go further north, and I knew that God would protect me. The chief gave me four of his bravest warriors even though he thought we all would surely be killed.

We arrived in the Bakaa tribe. The

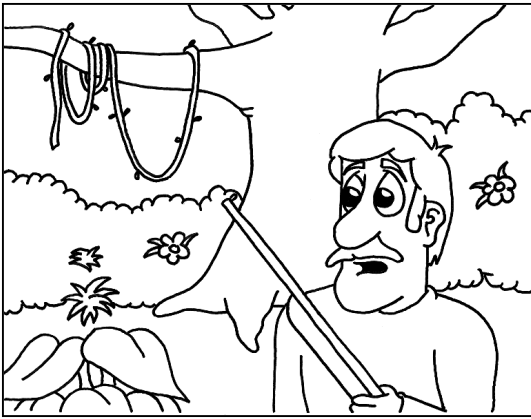
chief there thought we were coming for revenge on what he had done to the white man before. The tribe had killed the other men by giving them poisoned water. The chief told us to go away. To show that I came in peace, I put some cornmeal in a bowl and asked the chief for some water. The tribe brought me some water. I mixed it into the cornmeal, heated it over the fire, and ate it. Then I lay down by the fire and told the chief that I hoped we could be friends after my nap.

An hour later, Pomare woke me up. The tribe had accepted us, and they were now preparing food for us. I thanked the Lord and then said, "They see that they do not have to be afraid of us, and because we trust in God, we do not have to be afraid of them." During the meal, the chief asked why I had come to visit him. I told him that I had some good news to tell them after the meal. Afterward, I climbed onto a pile of rocks and preached to the people. As I was getting down, I fell and broke my finger. I didn't want to show pain because these tribes thought it was a sign of weakness. I set it in a splint and then went and talked with the people one on one about the gospel.

I stayed a few more weeks. The chief told me that his people lived in great fear. To the north was the powerful Chief Sebitoane of the Makalolo tribe and to the east was the Zulu chief, Mosilikatze. The people lived in constant fear that these tribes would attack them.

Soon I headed back to Kuruman. The chief and I had become good friends, and he had his son travel with me to the south.





Moffat was not back. I had been here two years and still had not been given directions on what I should be doing. There were, however, two letters for me when I got back. One letter was from the London Missionary Society. They had given Roger and me permission to start a new mission station to the north of Kuruman. I knew just the place for it...Mabotsa. The second letter came from a pastor's wife in Scotland. She had sent some money to hire a native person to be a pastor at our new mission station. Again I knew just the person...Mebalwe.

Roger, Mebalwe, and I along with some others traveled to Mabotsa. Chief Moseealele welcomed us back. After some discussion, he sold us some land right where two rivers connected. It was a great spot for a new mission station. Roger and I began building some buildings and very soon things were coming together. I hated building and would have rather spent my time getting to know the people. I loved the African people, but three things made work difficult here. Fevers and diseases were the first things. Many diseases in Africa could easily kill a missionary if he caught them. The second thing was the tsetse fly whose bite could kill a horse or an ox which would leave the traveling missionary stranded. The third difficult thing to deal with was located around Mabotsa...it was the African lions.

A couple of weeks later, Mebalwe and I were talking on the front porch of a new house that we had recently finished building. Suddenly, a warrior came running up and told us that a lion was attacking the sheep on a hill outside the village.

Mebalwe and I went into the house and grabbed our guns. A minute later, we reached the hillside and saw nine dead sheep. "Where is the lion?" I wondered. Everyone was thinking the same thing, and then one villager saw it. The lion was hiding behind a boaboa tree. He looked to be over four hundred pounds. The villagers held their spears and made a big circle around him. In a moment, the lion lunged at the men, and everyone scattered in all directions. The lion managed to escape. We all figured that the lion would be gone to the hills by now, and we all started back to the mission station. I chuckled and told Mebalwe that we would probably be having mutton stew for dinner from all of those sheep.

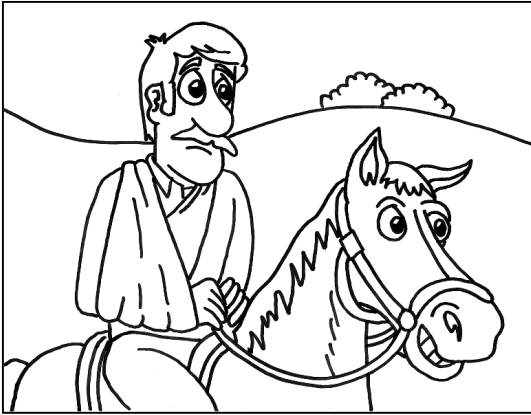
Suddenly, I saw something move in the bush in front of me. The lion had not run off...there it was right in front of me. He was crouched low, but I could see his terrible eyes in the bushes. I slowly and calmly brought my rifle to my shoulder and fired a shot right into the lion's neck. But to my amazement, instead of falling over dead, the lion leaned back, roared, and sprang out of the bushes on top of me. My gun was knocked out of my hand as the lion bit down on my shoulder breaking my arm just like a twig. The lion picked me up by my arm and shook me around like a rag doll. As the lion dropped me on the ground again, I wondered if this was the end for me. I could feel his warm breath on my cheek.

Another gunshot rang out. Mebalwe had fired a second shot into the lion, but this one also did not kill the lion. The lion let go of me and turned and pounced on Mebalwe,

When I got back to Kuruman, the mission was buzzing with activity. Robert Moffat had still not returned, but the other missionaries had been working very hard, and I was impressed with their results. I jumped right back into helping out again. Some fighting had broken out between the tribes up north, so I decided to work around the mission for a while until the fighting had stopped. About eight months later, I headed out on my third trip up to see Chief Sechele. The Chief had been mad that I went and visited his enemy, Chief Bubi, and said that I would not be welcome if I ever came back. However, when I arrived, he welcomed me there and asked me to help his sick son. I gave his son some medicine, and he got better. Chief Sechele began to ask me many questions about the gospel. He also asked me why, if it was so important that he hear about this God, why had it taken the white men so long to come and tell them about Him? I did not have an answer for the chief.

Soon I left and visited other tribes again. Four hundred miles and four months later, I arrived back in Kuruman. Still, Robert





biting him in the leg. I lay there praying and wondering if anything would kill this lion. The villagers who had been in shock up to this point suddenly began throwing their spears at the lion. Finally, the bullets and the spears did their work, and the lion fell dead.

The next thing I knew, I was waking up on the porch of the mission house. Roger was there and asked if I was okay. I nodded and asked Roger what had happened to Mebalwe. He told me both of us had survived the attack. I tried to sit up, but the pain forced me to lie back down. I remembered that the lion had broken my arm with his teeth. I asked Roger if it was still bleeding. He said that the bleeding had stopped. I then asked Roger to clean the blood off of my arm and talked him through putting a splint on my arm. Now if I could only keep it from getting infected. I knew that an infection could kill me out here just as easily as the lion could have.

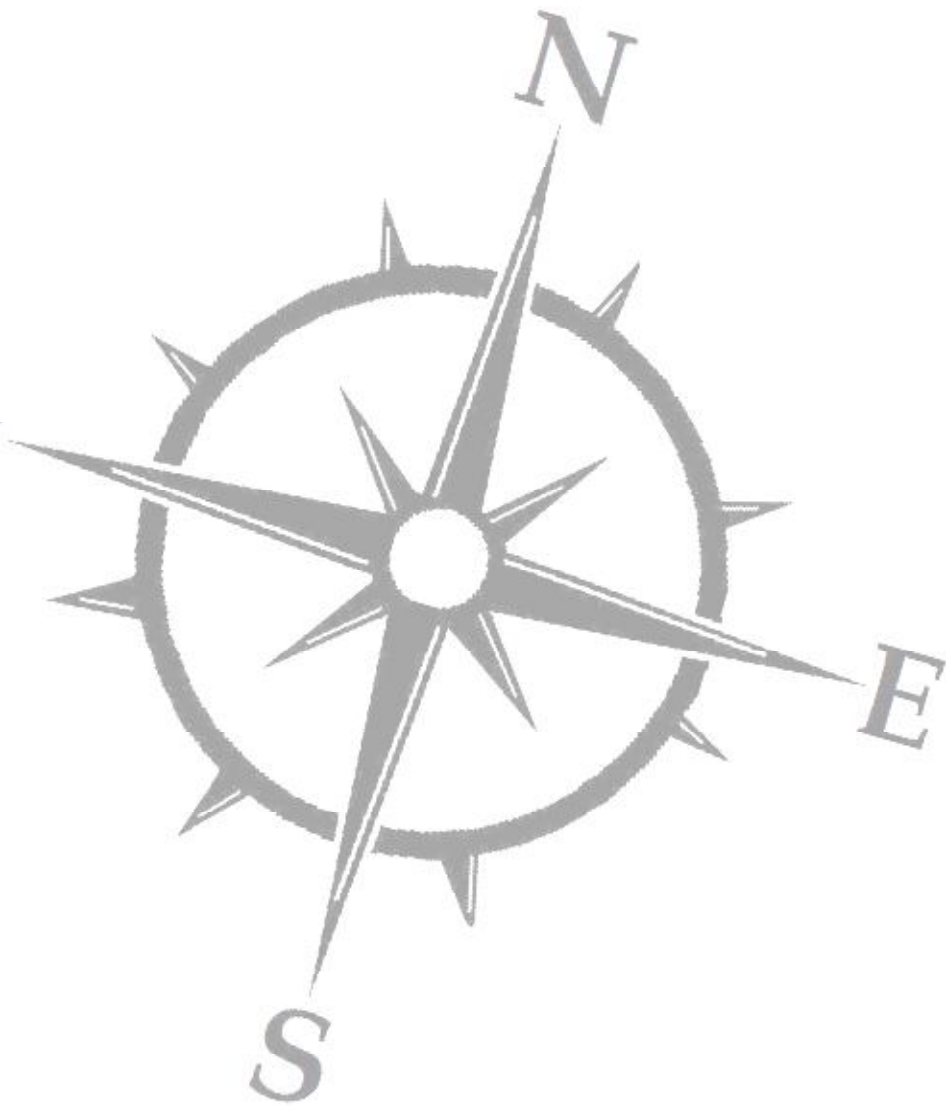
For several days I lay in the mission house, and my arm began to heal. Thankfully, it never did get infected, though it has never been the same since the lion's

attack. While I was recovering, I wrote a letter to my family back home. I told them about the lion and how God had protected me. I also told them not to worry, because, by the time my letter reached them, my arm would be as good as new.

Two months after the attack, Roger came out and found me putting my saddle on my horse. "You're not planning on riding that horse, are you? Your arm is still in the sling." I told him that I had been doing some thinking, and I realized something that had to be taken care of back in Kuruman. It was something that couldn't wait another moment. Roger said that he expected me to be up walking around, but that I was crazy to try to ride all that way with only one good arm. Roger did end up helping me onto my horse, and with that, I raced off toward Kuruman. There was no time to waste; I had to get back to Kuruman and fast.

**What do you think David needed to do?
Do you think he'll make it back to
Kuruman in his condition? To find out,
come back next time.**

*(For additional information, discussion questions, and materials on this lesson please refer to lesson 5.6 on **page 136** in your Africa 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:

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