

# The Life of Adoniram Judson

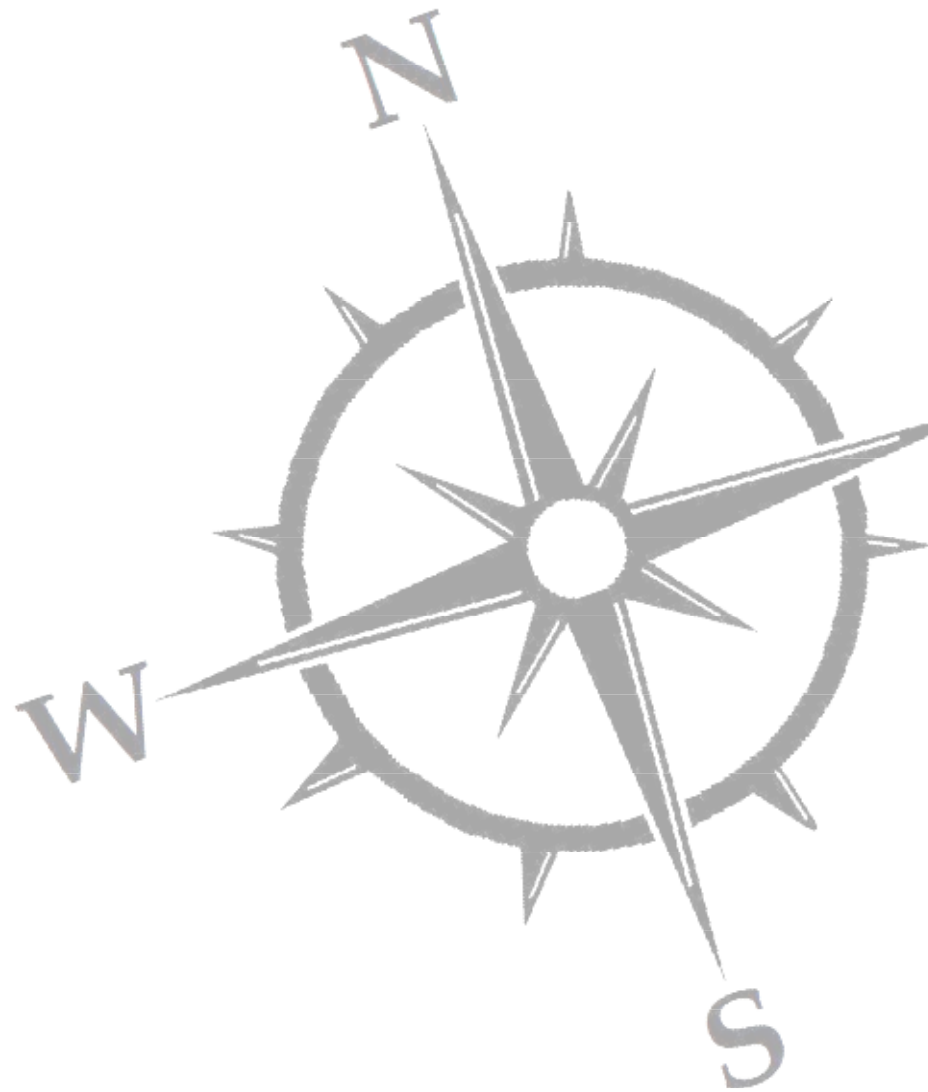
(1788–1850)

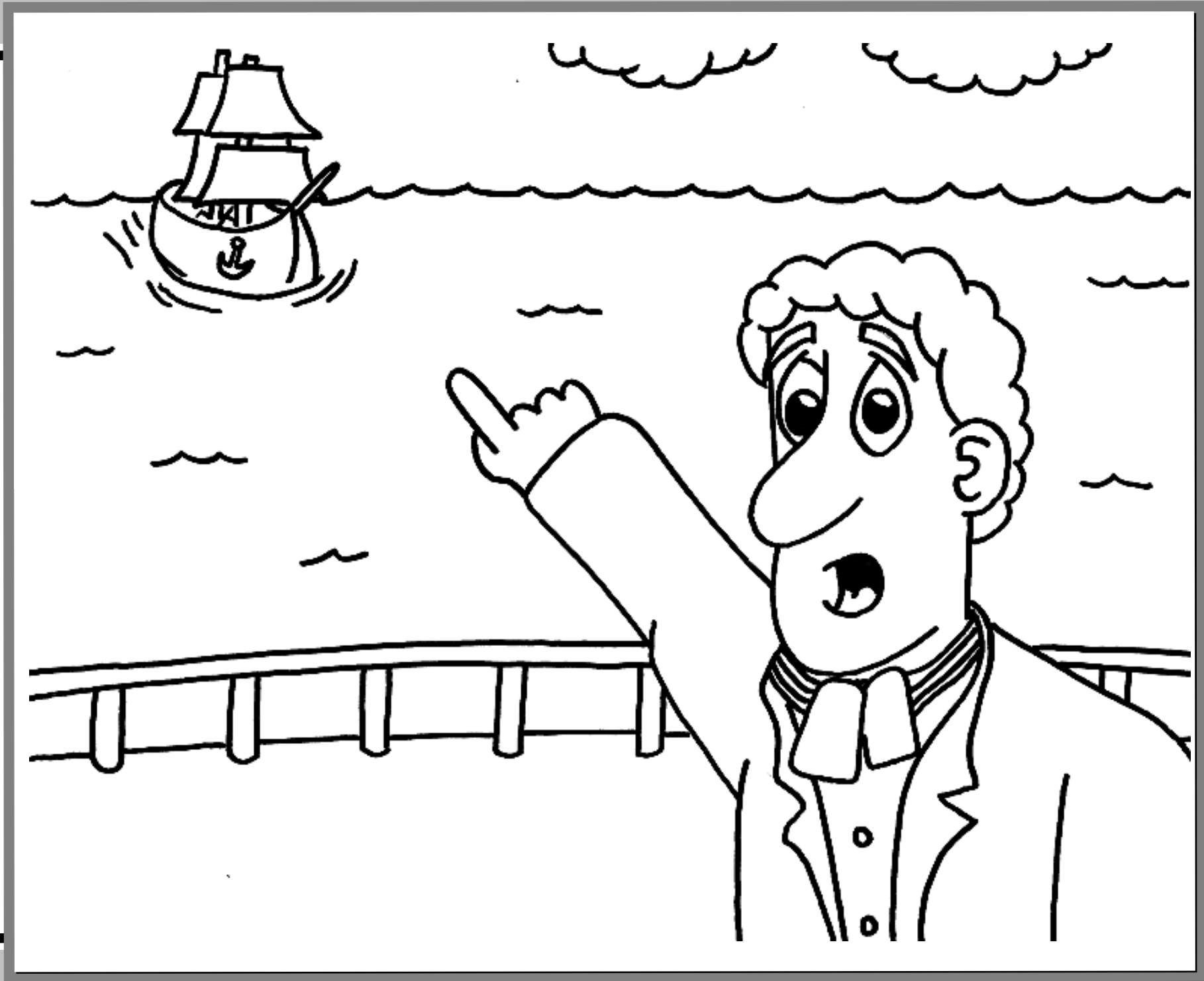
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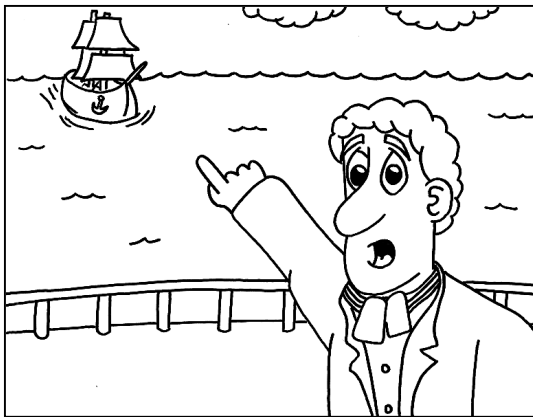
## Lesson: 2.6 – Courage Missionary Spotlight Series

This story encourages us not to be afraid of what is around us. Sometimes we might be afraid, but a Christian must remember that God is with him and must have the courage to do what God has asked. Adoniram Judson could have been scared in the dangerous places he was in, 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).

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It wasn't long before we found ourselves standing right back at the port that we had just sailed away from. I begged the officials one last time not to send us away, and amazingly, this time they gave us a permit to leave and go where we wanted as long as we did not stay in India. I ran out of the office and found a man with a small boat. We were able to catch up with the *Creole* which was still sitting right where we had left it. The captain was waiting for two more crew members to arrive before they set off to the Isle of France.

It was nice to be on board the ship and not have to try to keep ahead of the East India Company. Better still, getting to spend all that time with William Carey helped me to settle the baptism issue that I had spent so much time studying on my trip to India.

Luther Rice, Ann, and I realized that baptizing people like the Baptists did it was the right way to do things. We had each been baptized and planned on doing that with all of our new converts.

It had been almost two months since we had sent Samuel and Harriet on the other ship. By now, they would have surely had their baby. When we arrived at the Isle of France, Samuel was there to meet us, but he was not happy. Their ship had run into some terrible storms. And both Harriet and the new baby had gotten very sick and passed away. This made Ann very nervous because we had just learned that Ann was also going to have a baby. Would the same thing happen to her?

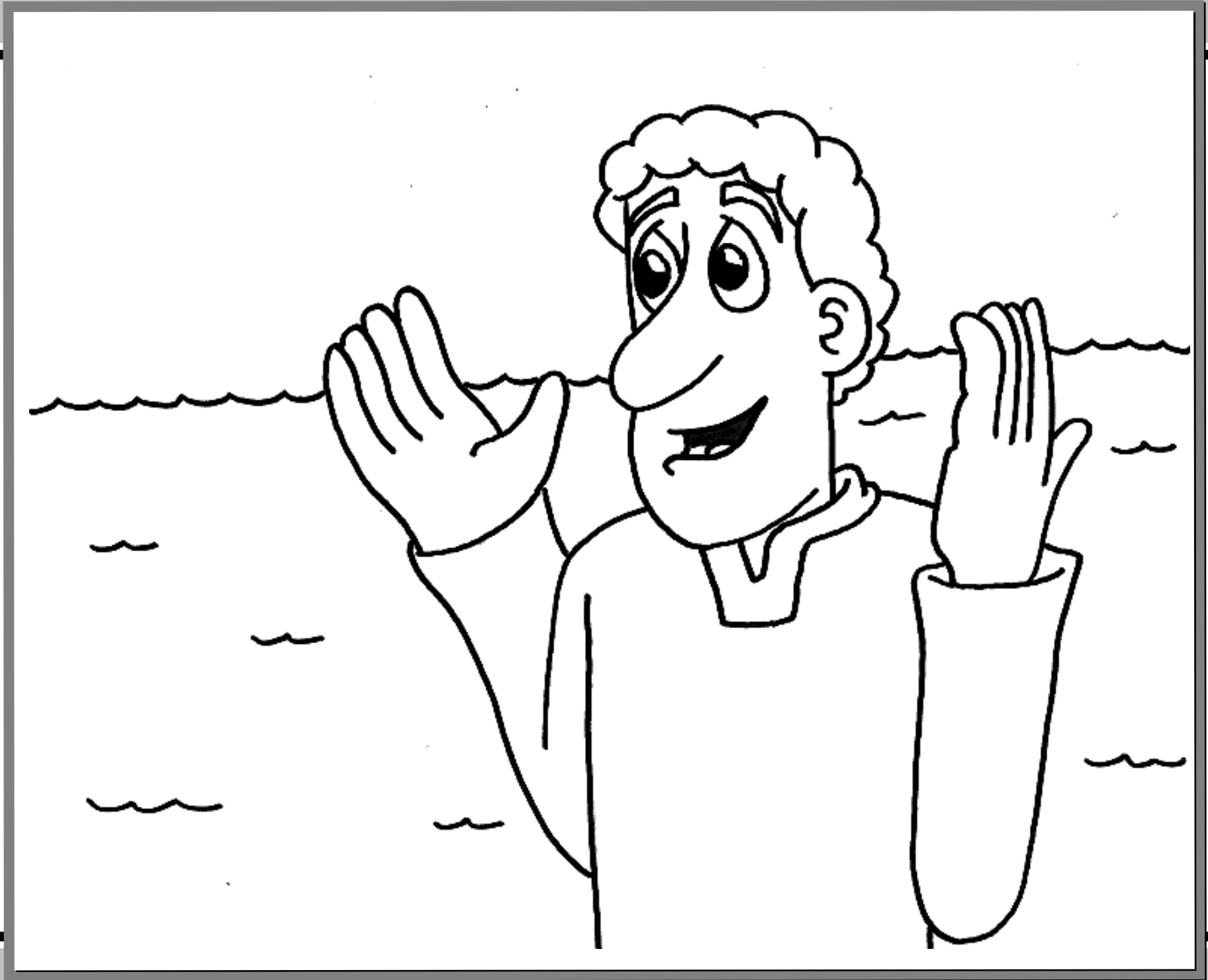
We realized that the Isle of France wasn't going to be a good place to be a missionary either. Almost the entire island was made up of slaves. Their owners refused to let them hear any preaching and the owners did not want to hear it either. We would have to find somewhere else to work. Samuel decided that he would go and join the other missionaries that had arrived in India after we had. Luther Rice had become very sick and he decided to go back to America and try to raise money for us by talking with the Baptist churches in America. Ann and I decided to go back to a different port in India and figure out where to go from there.

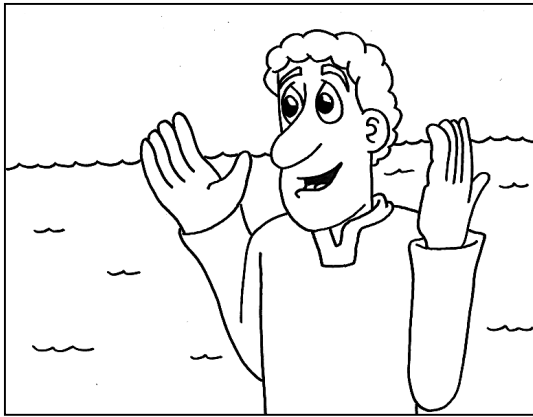
We arrived in a different part of India and stayed with some British missionaries there. It wasn't long before the East India Company found out that we were back though. This time, they were going to send us to England when they caught us for sure. I went to the harbor to see if there were any

ships that could take us away. I found one ship called the *Georgiana*. It wasn't a nice ship at all, but there was something that made me hurry home with excitement to tell Ann. The *Georgiana* said that they could take us on board and that it would be headed to Burma.

I knew that God wanted me in Burma and that we would be sent to England if we didn't leave soon. The missionaries that we were staying with told me that it was foolish to go to Burma. "You won't be able to do any missionary work there and you will be throwing your life away," they said. I knew that God wanted me to go there, so Ann and I trusted God and headed off to Burma.

Not only did the *Georgiana* not look very nice, but it didn't sail very well either. Along the way to Burma, we ran into some storms. Ann had our baby, but it passed away soon after it was born and was buried at sea. Ann was very sad. I was also very sad and went up on the deck to get some fresh air. The captain told me that if I was a person that prayed, now would be a good time. I looked over the side of the ship and saw large black rocks sticking out the water. The captain told me that the wind had blown our ship off course and now we had no other choice but to travel between two islands. The captain went on to tell me that no one in his right mind would ever try and navigate between the islands, but that the wind had forced us to go this way. I asked him why we could not go ashore on one of the islands and ask someone to guide us. He told me that the natives on the island were cannibals. They would eat us long before they would help us.





I could now see why it was such a good time to pray. I prayed that God would keep us safe and help us to make it to Burma. God answered my prayers and guided our ship. We arrived in Burma without a problem. As we got off the ship, the captain led us into a grass hut. Inside, they checked our papers and told us that they would have to take some of our things as a tax. A small crowd had gathered just outside the hut. The captain told me that they were all interested in seeing Ann. They had seen some white sailors and men before, but they had never seen a white woman before. They wanted to touch her hair and skin to see if it was real.

We decided to find and meet the only person that we knew lived there. His name was Felix Carey and he was William Carey's son. Thankfully, he did not live too far from the station that we had checked in at. We arrived at his house a little while later. Felix was not home. He had gone to the king's city of Ava to give vaccinations to the king's children. Felix's wife was home, however, and she let us in. A few days later, Felix came home. He was very excited that we

were there.

"You are just in time," he said to us one morning. "My family and I were just about to leave to visit my father in India for a while and we were worried that there would be no Christian witness in this house while we were gone. Now you can stay at our house." Felix immediately began to show us some of the things that would get us in real trouble. One thing that could get us in real trouble that we never would have thought of had to do with our feet. Felix told us never to show people the bottom of our feet even when we were sitting. He also said to be careful never to point at something with our feet and to always be careful that both feet did not point at the same person. All of these things were great insults and had big punishments if a person did them. This made me even more nervous. What other things could we accidentally do that we didn't even know might offend someone?

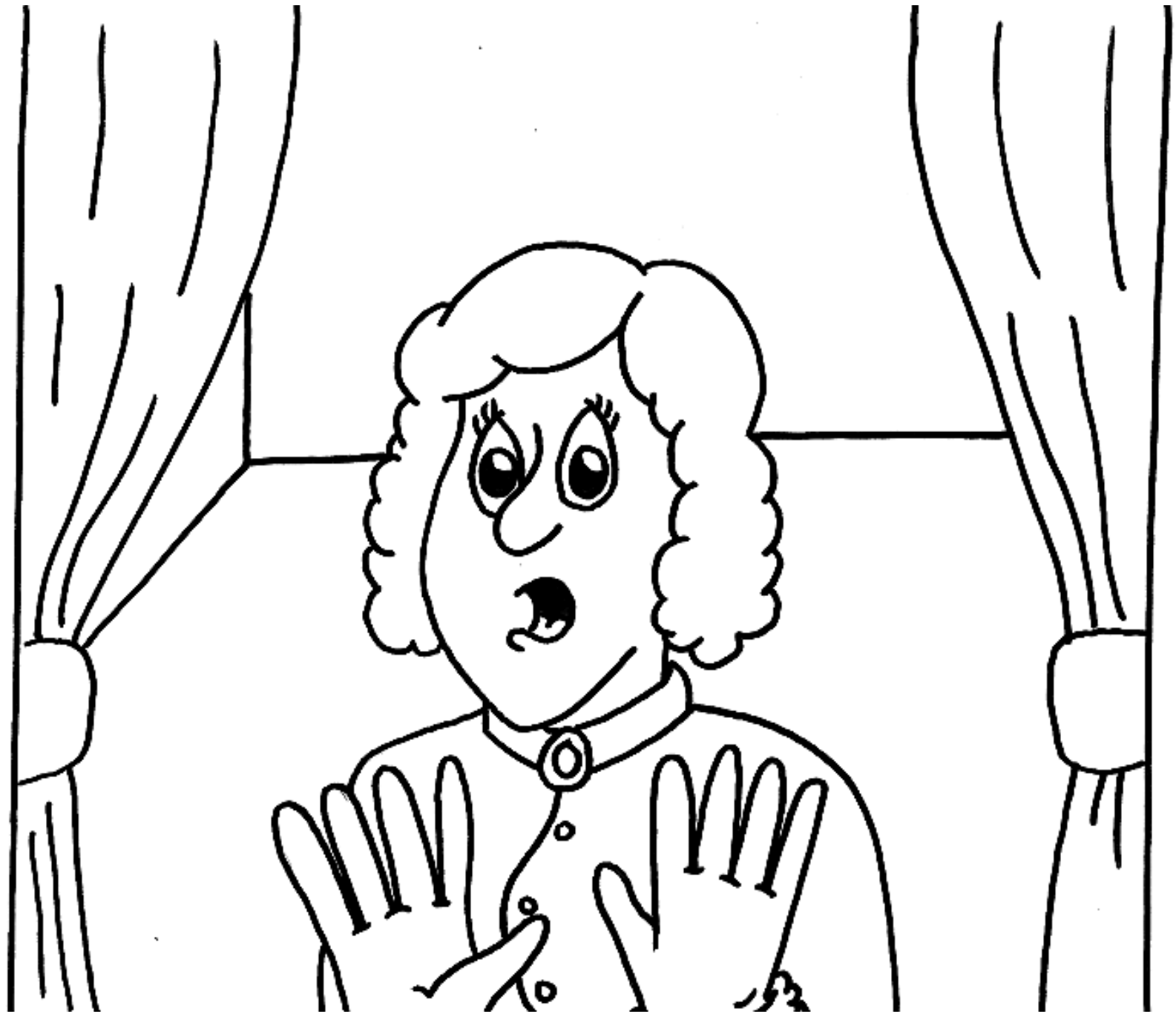
Felix told us that he would leave his cook and other servant with us and he introduced us to a great tutor in the town so that we could learn the Burmese language. With that, Felix and his family packed up and left. We threw ourselves into trying to learn how to speak the Burmese language. The problem that we had was that the tutor did not know English. The way we had to learn the Burmese language was to point to things and have him tell us the word for it. Because of this, things took a lot longer to learn. We also worked hard at learning how to write the Burmese language. The Burmese writing has a lot of letters that looked like circles on the page. Writing ended up being a

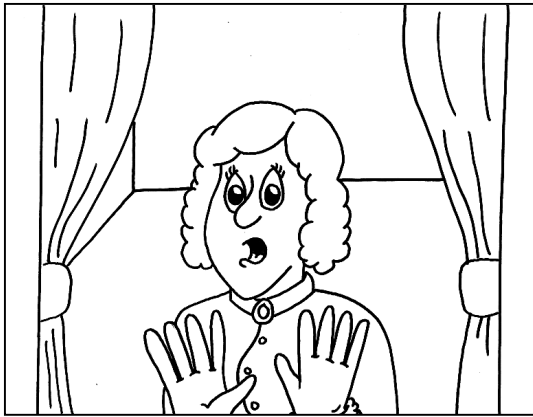
lot easier to learn than speaking had been.

A couple of months later, when we had learned some of the language, I decided that I needed to go and visit the viceroy and vicereine. The viceroy was like a governor of an area. He answered to the king who lived in another city named Ava. The vicereine was his wife. If we were going to do any kind of missionary work here, we would need to be on good terms with the viceroy. I woke up early in the morning and went to his palace. When I got home, I told Ann all about it. It had not gone very well. The viceroy seemed really bored with talking and listening to me. Ann decided that she would try to visit the Vicereine. Thankfully, her visit went much better. Ann said that the vicereine loved her and wanted her to come back again. So now at least we had one friend in the palace.

About the time that we had learned the language pretty well, Felix and his family returned. The king of Burma had asked Felix to come and be a translator for him in Ava. Felix left the house to us and put his family and his belongings on a small boat and headed up river to Ava. On the way up, a bad storm hit and the boat flipped over. Felix was the only one to survive. All his family and belongings were gone. Felix was so upset by this that he did not go to Ava, but instead he wandered all around Burma.

News traveled very slowly in Burma. It was almost two weeks before we heard anything about Felix. It took even longer for us to hear any news from home. Almost three years and six months since we had seen him last, we got a letter from Luther Rice back in





America. Luther had gone back to the churches that had chosen us to be their first missionaries. The letter also said that they had chosen to send George and Phebe Hough to help us out. George was a printer and he was bringing his printing press with him. Now we would have a way to print Bibles and things for the Burmese people...once I had finished translating them that is.

I got to work and Ann and I were able to write a small tract in Burmese that explained some about the Bible, God, and His Son Jesus. When he arrived, George immediately set the type and printed a bunch of copies and we began to hand them out to those we came in contact with. People often took the tract. We kept praying that they would read the tract and have the courage to come and talk with us about it. I also had begun to translate the book of Matthew into Burmese for the people to read. This was much more difficult than the tract had been and it took a great deal longer to do.

About this same time, we had a baby. We named him Roger Judson. Every time that Ann would take Roger out, the people

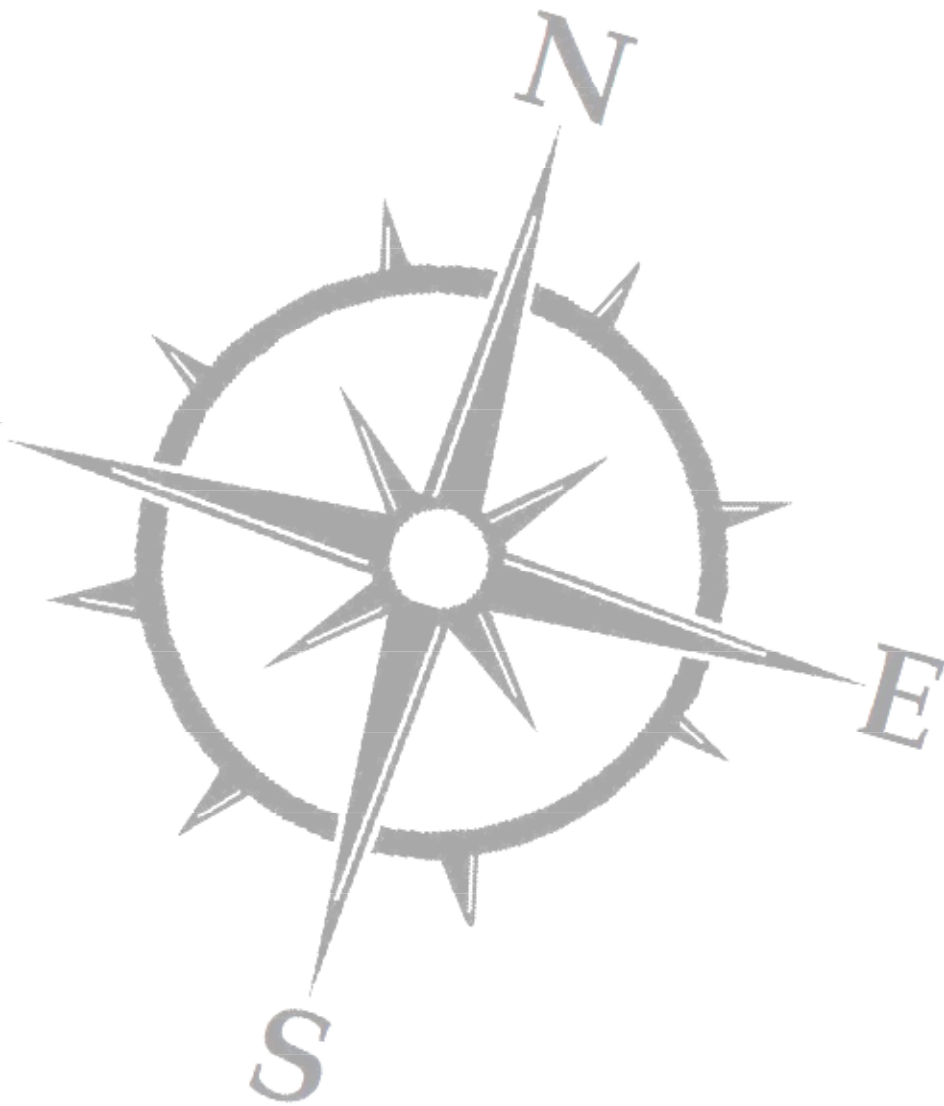
would stop to look at him. They had never seen a white baby before and were excited to see his “eyes the color of the sky” as they called it.

Not to long after he was born, Roger got very sick. He was getting very high fevers at night and coughing and crying all through the night. It was only about two weeks after he started having the cough and fevers that our little baby passed away. Over two hundred Burmese people came to the funeral. Afterwards, Ann and I stayed inside of our house for a couple of days and did not come out. On the fifth day, Ann came rushing into the room where I was at. “There is a whole procession out in front,” she said. We went to the front window and saw a bunch of servants walking by. Behind them were several large elephants with little baskets on their backs to carry people. Only one person had elephants and servants like this...the Viceroy. One elephant stopped in front of our house and a servant helped the vicereine down from it. We went out to greet her. “I only recently heard about what happened to your son, why did you not tell me yourself?”

Ann and I both stood there silently. We were nervous. Had we offended the Viscerience by not telling her? Offending the viceroy and viscerience could carry a terrible punishment. I looked up and noticed some guards standing right behind the Viscerience.

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

*(For additional information, discussion questions and materials on this lesson please refer to lesson 2.6 on **page 136** 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:

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