

# The Life of Ann Judson

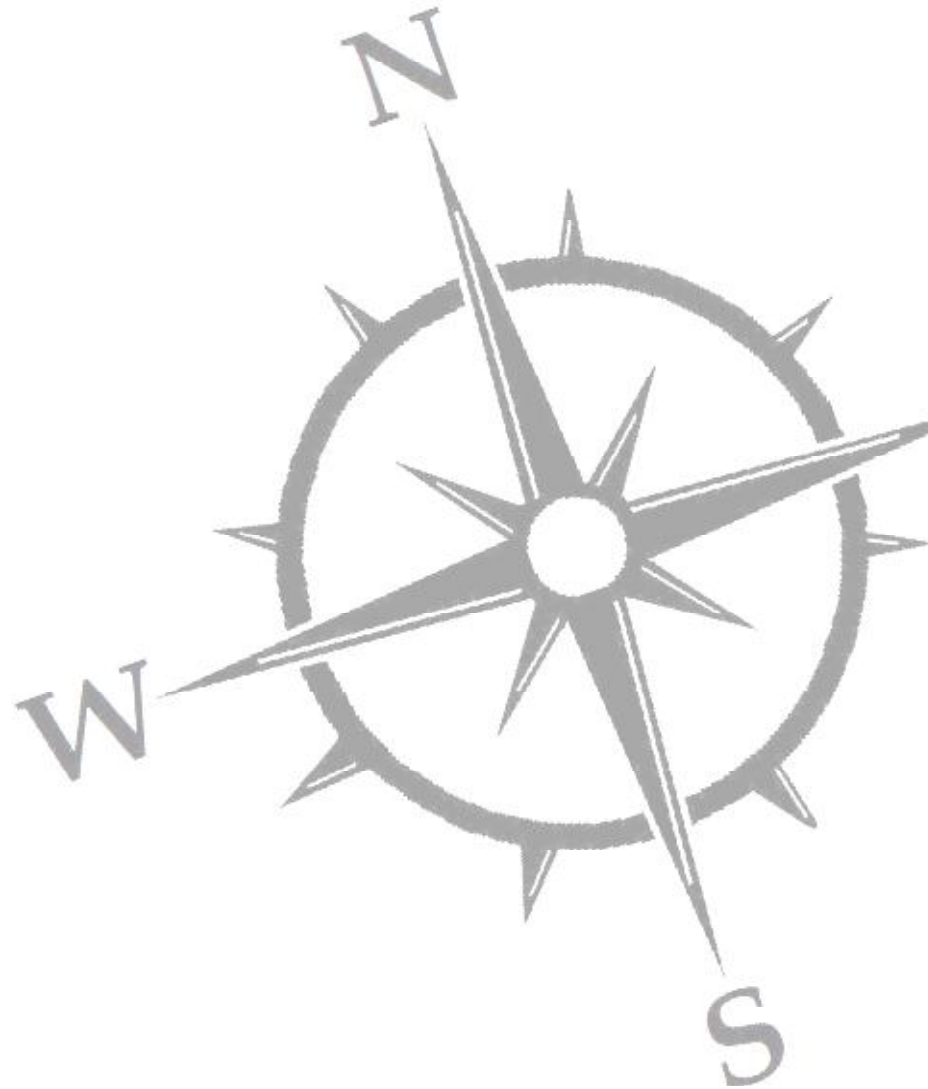
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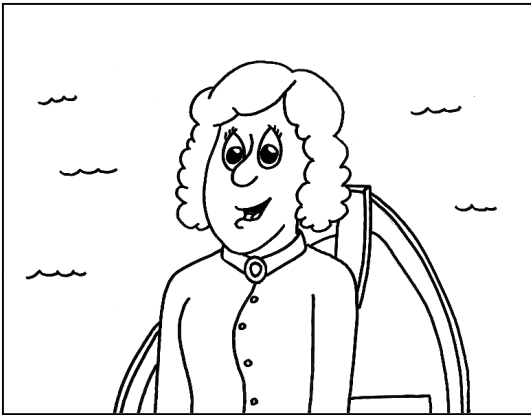
## Lesson: 5.27 – Forgiveness Missionary Snapshot Series

This story reminds us of how to respond when we have been wronged and spoken badly of. Jesus instructed us to forgive others just as we ourselves have been forgiven by Him. We have done many sins against God, but God has chosen to forgive us. Ann Judson could have been angry and held a grudge, but she decided to forgive those who had wronged her and God used that to do something wonderful. What happened?

*“And be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ’s sake hath forgiven you.” – Ephesians 4:32*







### **Introduction:**

In some places, hunters use a wooden box filled with food to catch monkeys. They cut a little hole in the side just big enough for the monkey's hand to fit through, but not big enough to pull its hand out when it has a handful of goodies. The monkey stays trapped because it will not let go of the goodies. Anger and revenge are just like that trap. Unless we choose to forgive and let it go, we will be trapped in a terrible place. Our story today is about a missionary in Burma. Let's listen carefully and see what happens in this story about Ann Judson...

### **Missionary Story:**

"Push off!" yelled one of the Burmese men. My husband and I held on as the small boat pulled away from the dock taking us away from the king's city. The war between Burma and England was finally over. Adoniram and I were finally on our way back down the Irrawaddy River to see our friends in Rangoon. "I wonder if our little church survived the war?" Adoniram said. So much had changed in the past two

years, we were not sure what we would find when we got back down to Rangoon.

Partway down the river, our boat pulled ashore near a British army camp. I looked around and saw that many things were being packed up as the army was getting ready to leave Burma in the next day or two. "Welcome!" General Archibald Campbell yelled as we stepped off of the boat. "I am having a special dinner for the Burmese officials who signed the peace treaty to attend. You will both be my guests of honor!" he said.

It had been such a long time since we were treated as guests of honor. I remembered back to the horrible night that Adoniram and I had just sat down to dinner. The door suddenly crashed open and a bunch of men came rushing into our home. Each of the men had a black circle the size of a silver dollar tattooed on both of their cheeks. I knew these were the dreaded Spotted Faces. The Spotted Faces were a group of criminals who instead of being killed for their crimes were forced to run the Burmese prisons instead. "We want the teacher," said the one who looked like the leader holding up a large book. They tied him up and carried him out of the house. I was left alone and scared. I wondered where they had taken my husband and if they would come back for me as well.

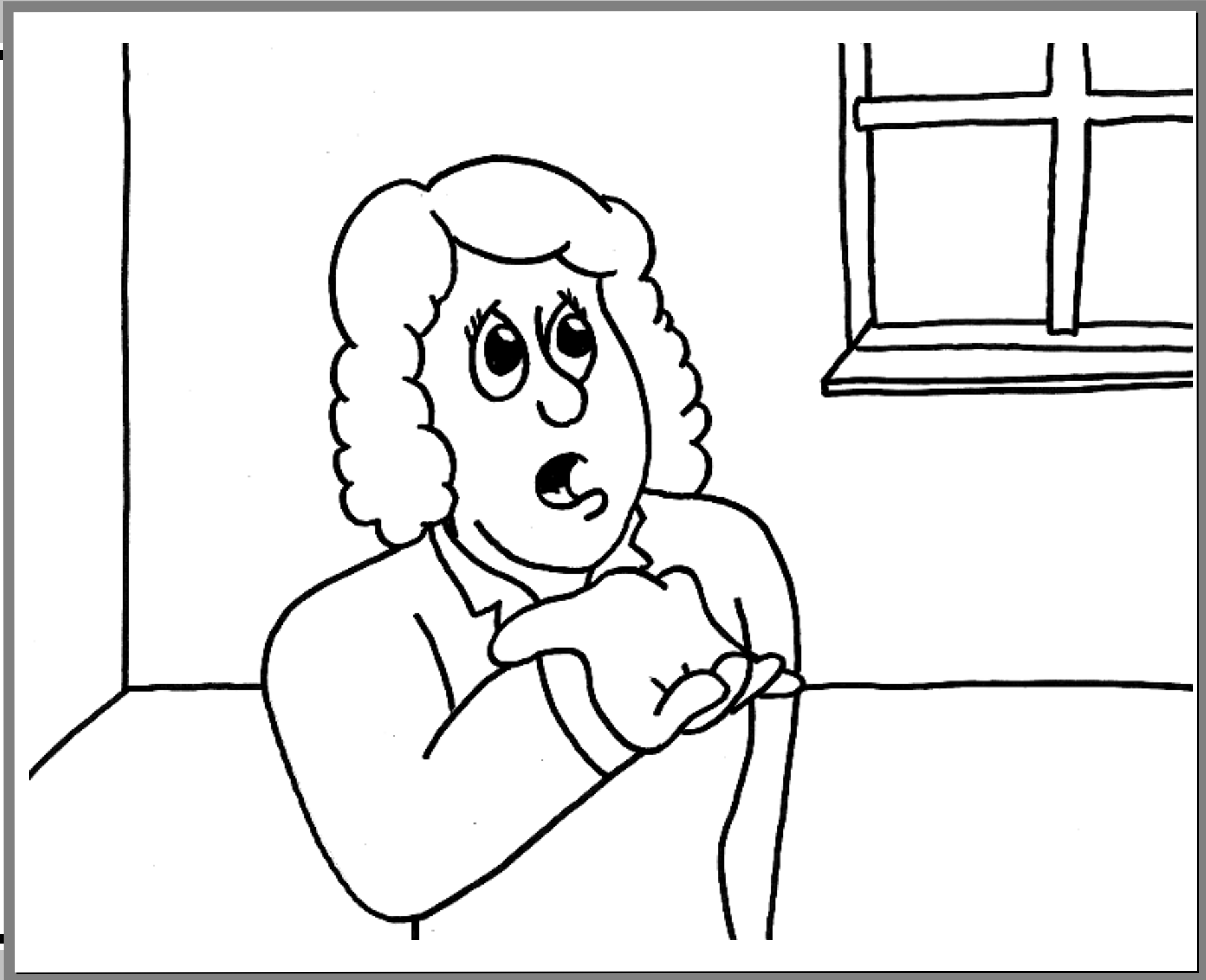
Over the next several hours, I learned that the British had attacked a Burmese city. They had captured Adoniram along with other foreigners because they thought he was a spy for England. Adoniram was sent off to a terrible prison known as the death prison, a place that few people left alive. I remember

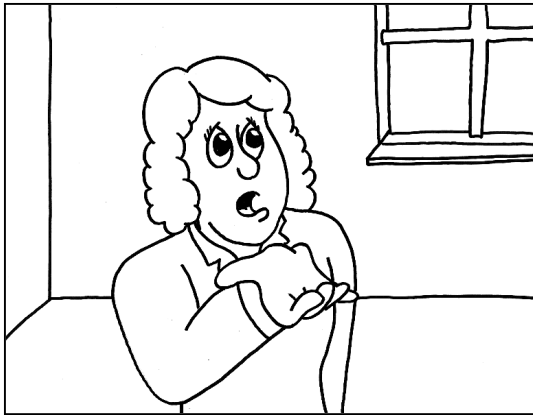
visiting him the first time. It was a two-hour walk to get there. The prison hut smelled awful. Adoniram pointed to a large bamboo pole in the ceiling and told me that each night to keep the prisoners from escaping, their legs were chained to a pole and it was raised into the air so only their shoulders and neck touched the ground. "You must leave!" the guards said as they grabbed me and pushed me towards the gate.

I made the two-hour trip from my home to the prison nearly every day to bring food and water to my husband and some others. Sometimes the spotted faces would let me see them and other times they would send me away. Each day, I also tried to speak with government officials and beg them to release my husband.

On one of my visits, I told Adoniram that I had buried most of our gold in the garden behind the house and I had also buried Adoniram's translation of the New Testament. Adoniram knew the paper would rot if it was left in the wet soil for very long, so he told me a plan. He asked me to make him a pillow. A dirty, nasty pillow and put the copy of the New Testament inside of it. That way he would always have it with him.

As the war continued, the guards one day announced that Adoniram would be moved to a different place. The guards forced the prisoners to walk to the new place with no shoes for their feet. Something much worse waited for them at this new prison. This new prison was surrounded by rice fields. With rice fields comes mosquitoes! Because they had no roof or door on their prison hut, the bugs quickly came in.





translate. The British had won the war, but Adoniram was one of the only people who spoke both English and Burmese. Over the next three months, I joined Adoniram as he worked with the British and the King of Burma to draw up terms of surrender.

And here we were nearly three months later, finally heading home. I listened to the band playing and looked around at all of the flags. What a festive party this was! As General Archibald Campbell led us to the table, one of the Burmese officials suddenly sunk low in his chair and looked as though he wished the ground would open up and he would disappear. “Is this gentleman an old friend of yours, Mrs. Judson?” the general asked. I recognized the Burmese official immediately and my mind went back to standing outside of his door waiting for hours and hours to speak with him about letting my husband go. When he did allow me in to speak, I had begged him to take off the five leg irons which chained up my sick husband. “I will not do it,” was his reply. When I had turned to leave he said, “wait...before you leave, give me your silk umbrella. My wife will think that it is lovely.” “Please, don’t take it,” I had begged him, “I need it to keep the hot sun off of my head on my long walk home.” I had not brought any money and had no way to buy something to keep the sun’s scorching heat away. I then begged him to at least give me a paper umbrella. He laughed as he grabbed the umbrella out of my hands and again refused, telling me that I was not his concern.

I was not his concern then, but now that I was the honored guest of the British

general who had just won the war, it was a big concern to him. The Burmese official looked horrified at what I might tell the British soldiers. I looked at the man and in Burmese said “Do not be afraid, I do not hold a grudge against you. Please, relax and enjoy this special dinner.” But the man couldn’t seem to relax. All through the dinner, he fidgeted, wondering when the soldiers would drag him out and shoot him. As they stood up to leave the dinner, I heard him tell another Burmese official, “I do not understand these Christians... they forgive their enemies?!”

### **Application:**

You know, boys and girls, Ephesians 4:31-32 tells us that we should forgive others just like God has forgiven us. Ann Judson had every reason to be angry with the Burmese official. He had been very mean to her. But Ann knew that just like God had forgiven her, she should also forgive others.

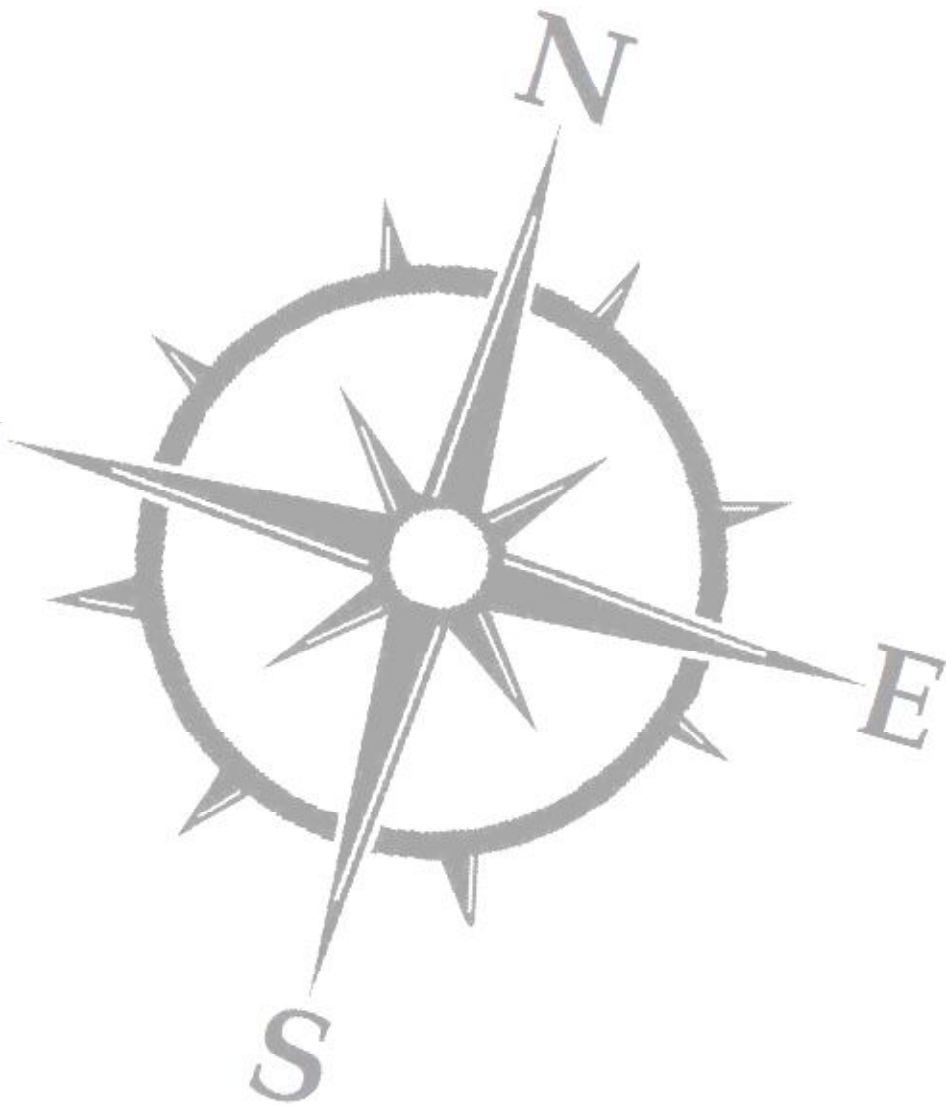
Ann worked as a missionary for 14 years. She spent most of those years living and working with the Burmese people of Rangoon. During her life, Ann worked tirelessly to push for education for girls in Burma and worked with her husband Adoniram to establish a Burmese church. Ann’s writings have inspired multiple generations to become missionaries themselves and take the gospel to unreached peoples.

*(For additional information, discussion questions, and materials on this lesson please refer to **lesson 5.27 on page 86 in your Africa Expedition - Leader's Guide.**)*

Adoniram said the mosquitoes feasted all night on their feet up in the air because they had no way to swat at them.

One day when I arrived at the prison I heard the roar of a lion! The guards had somehow caught a lion and had brought it into the camp. Over the next several days, they did not feed the lion at all. The next night, Adoniram told me that the hungry lion roared and growled all night. “The guards will surely turn it loose on all of us tomorrow now that he is good and hungry!” one of the other prisoners had said. Finally, late in the night, the lion quieted down and they were able to fall asleep. The next morning, they looked through the crack in the wall and saw the guards dragging the lion away. It had starved to death during the night. The Lord had protected them.

Not long after the lion died, Adoniram was moved to a town called Amarpura. I was very afraid that this was the end for him. But then, Adoniram was brought before the king of Burma. As he began to speak, Adoniram realized that he had been brought here...not to die, but 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 our information:

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