

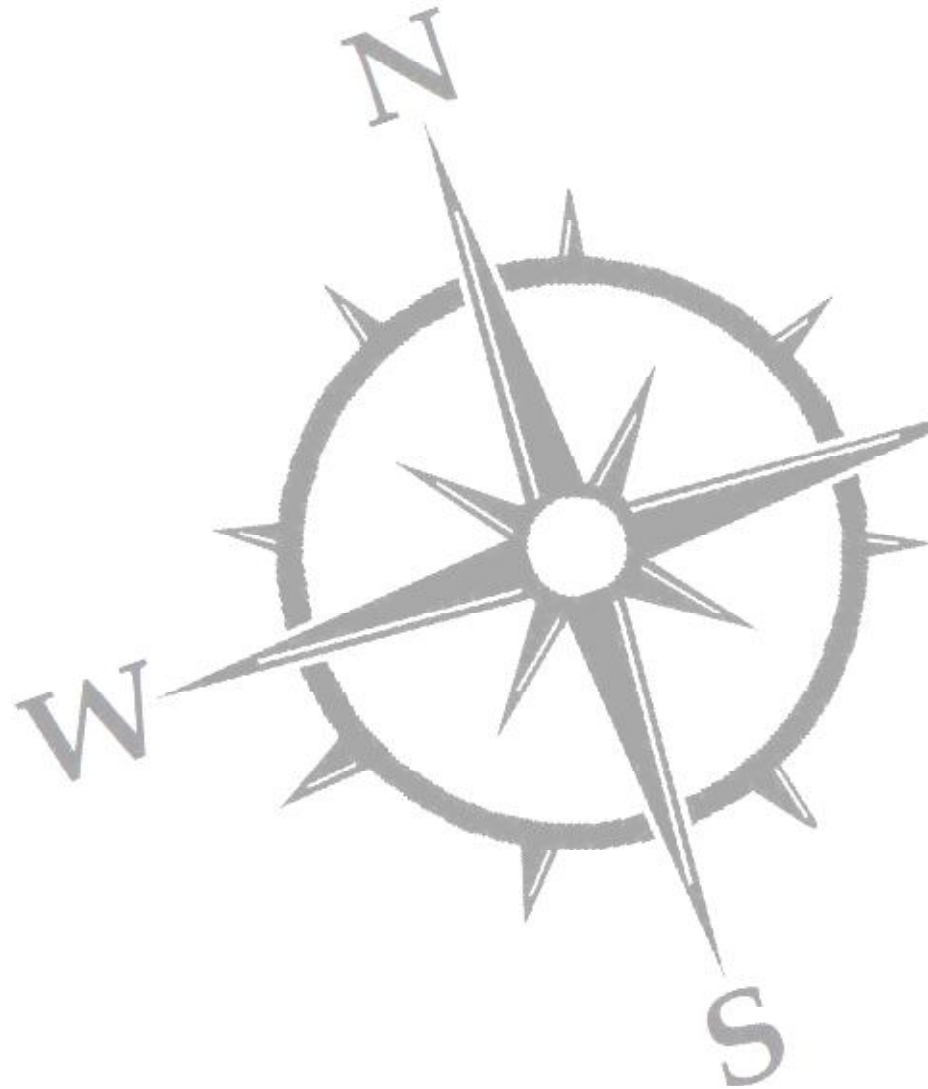
The Life of Mary Slessor

(1848-1915)

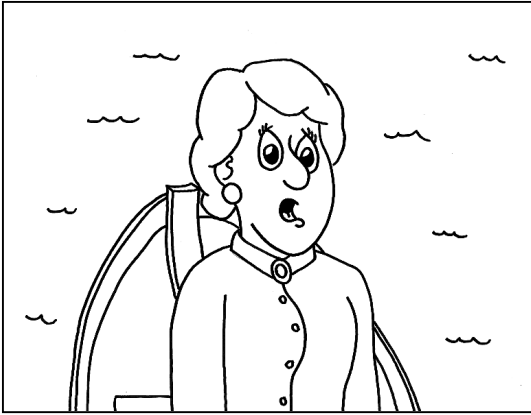
Lesson: 4.25 – Rescue Missionary Snapshot Series

This lesson reminds us of how important the soul of each sinner is to God. God loves the world and desires everyone to be saved. The angels rejoice over every person who is saved. God doesn't leave us in the muck of our sin, He kindly offers to rescue anyone who wishes to be rescued. Mary Slessor saw those who needed her help to live and also needed to know about Jesus who could rescue their soul from sin.

"As a shepherd seeketh out his flock...so will I seek out my sheep, and will deliver them out of all places where they have been scattered in the cloudy and dark day." - Ezekial 34:12







Introduction:

Have you ever seen a picture or video of a building or house on fire? Imagine how terrible it would be to be trapped in a place like that.. seeing flames all around you and shouting for someone to help but hearing no one. Imagine how good it would feel to look up and see a fireman there to rescue you. Our story today is about a missionary to the jungles of Africa. This missionary learned about someone that was in a great deal of danger. That someone would die if the missionary could not get there in time? Will our missionary make it before it is too late? Let's listen carefully to what happens to Mary Slessor...

Missionary Story:

SPLASH! The paddles of the canoe splashed gently in the waters of the Cross River. "You must stay seated in the canoe," I said to all of my adopted children who had come along with me that day. Even though I spotted enormous alligators laying on the banks of the river, the river seemed quite calm today. "We should be there shortly,"

one of the men I hired to paddle our canoe said. I nodded and smiled back at him.

Suddenly, one of the men let out a scream and I looked at the water just in time to see a large hippopotamus charging our canoe with its jaws wide open. "Lay down children!" I shouted at the top of my lungs. I knew that a hippo that size could easily crush our canoe and kill several of us with its powerful jaws. The men jammed their paddles in the beast's mouth and then hit it over the head with them, but this didn't seem to keep the hippo from ramming the canoe with its nose and trying to chomp down on it. Its enormous jaws were snapping, the canoe was rocking, and the men and the children were screaming. Just then, I spotted our large cooking pot in the bottom of the canoe. I grabbed it and threw it into the hippo's open mouth. The hippo tried to crush the steel pot in its jaws but was unable to do it. As the hippo fought with the pot, the men were able to quickly paddle our canoe swiftly away to safety.

"You saved us Ma!" one of the children said as we reached the shore. I looked around the canoe at each little face and I remembered how each child had come to live with me. Most of these children had been rescued from certain death because of a terrible thing that many of the people of Africa believed. Many Africans believed in a "twin curse." The people thought that if a woman had twin babies that one of them was a devil. Since they did not know which one was the devil, both babies would be taken into the jungle and left to die.

I remembered sitting on the porch of

my bamboo and mud hut one afternoon when a boy from the village came running up to the house. "Run, Ma! Run!" The boy had said pointing toward the jungle. I knew what that meant. Twins had been born and if I did not get there in time, they would be killed. I quickly wrote some letters and shapes on a piece of paper and gave it to the boy and told him to take it to the villagers who were with the twins. I knew that the boy could run through the jungle much faster than I could. My message didn't say anything, but that was okay, most of the people could not read anyway. I knew that they would probably stop what they were doing and try to figure out what my message meant, which many times would give me just enough time to get there and hopefully rescue the twins before it was too late.

I ran barefoot through the jungle and came up to a large, angry crowd of people. "Iye!" I shouted when I saw who the crowd was spitting at and shouting insults at. Iye had a wooden box on her head. I grabbed the wooden box and saw that it was filled with pots and pans... and then I saw it... a tiny hand reaching up between the pots. I threw the pots and pans out of the box and found a sweet baby girl. She was still alive! I grabbed the baby and Iye's hand and ran back through the jungle. When we reached the main road of the village, I stopped. I knew that if I took the cursed baby down the main road that no one would ever use it again. I asked some men to cut a path through the bushes back to my house. It wasn't long before both the baby and mother were safe inside my house. I remembered another time overhearing two





nearby village woke me up to tell me that twins were about to be born. Seconds later, I was running through the jungle hoping and praying that I would get there in time. I arrived just as a hole was being cut into the back of the hut. You see, the people would never take the cursed twins through the front door of the hut because they could never use it again after that. So they would cut a hole in the back and then cover it with mud later on. The twins were still alive and I quickly ran up to the hut yelling like a crazy woman. The villagers were surprised and stepped back.

I grabbed the two babies and ran back through the jungle, leaving the shocked group of villagers who had come to witness the babies being killed just standing there with their mouths open. The relatives did not dare follow me. It was too dangerous to travel through the jungle at night in the darkness. Many wild animals hunted at night. But I didn't care. I kept the two babies tucked safely under each arm and sang and quoted Bible verses as I ran. Hopefully, my singing would keep the animals away from me.

When I got back to my hut, I lit my reed lamp and took a look at the two babies... a boy and a girl! I crushed up some fruits and mixed them in boiled water and fed them. Then I wrapped them up again and put them in my bed next to me. They were safe!

One of the children grabbed my hand bringing me back to the river and the hippo. I looked and saw the hippo was now gone. As I looked at each little smiling face on the shore, I thanked God for allowing me to rescue them and tell each one of them about

Jesus!

Application:

You know, boys and girls, Ezekial 34:11-12 tells us that God is like a wonderful shepherd who is always looking to rescue His sheep from trouble. Just like Mary Slessor saved and rescued all those babies from a terrible end, God like a loving shepherd wants to rescue and save each person from having to go to a terrible place called Hell after they die!

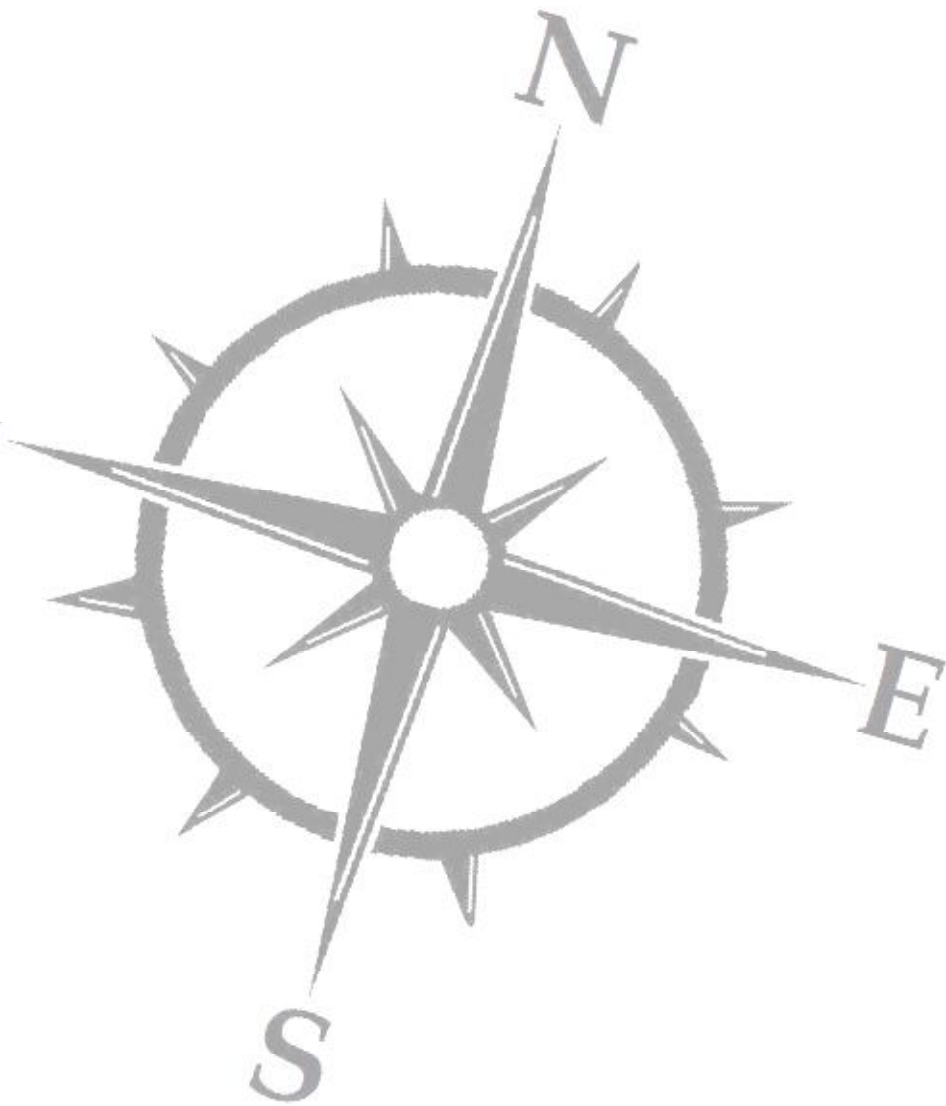
Mary Slessor was later known as the Queen of Calabar. For nearly 40 years she worked in Calabar, Africa rescuing hundreds of twin babies who were left to die in the forests. She stood against warriors and witch doctors. She stopped wars and helped do away with many evil practices that the people had. She treated the sick and taught people to live peaceably with each other. As her coffin was brought to be buried, people lined the roads to get one last look at their "Ma"...this tiny woman who made a giant difference in the hearts and lives of the people of Africa.

*(For additional information, discussion questions, and materials on this lesson please refer to **lesson 4.26 on page 90** in your India Expedition - Leader's Guide.)*

women who had just got back to the village say that they heard a baby crying in the jungle. I heard them say how surprised they were that the baby was still alive after five days and nights in the jungle. I grabbed one of the women's arms and asked her to tell me exactly where they had heard the crying baby and then ran off as fast as I could to rescue it. It wasn't long before I heard the weak cries of a baby and found her next to a tree. I was amazed that she was still alive after being out here for five days with no food and also because she was laying near an ant colony and the white ants had come out and bitten her all over. I was shocked that no wild animals had come and killed her either. I rushed her back home and fed her and she grew into a happy, healthy child.

Many of the people thought I possessed magical powers. They wondered how I always seemed to know about their plans. The truth was that some of the people in the village often told me when things like this were happening.

I remembered another time when in the middle of the night, a woman from a



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:

Bach, T.J. (1955) *Mary Slessor, Among the Cannibals of Calabar*. Retrieved from <https://www.wholesomewords.org/missions/bioslessor14.html>

Benge, J., & Benge, G. (1999). *Mary Slessor: forward into Calabar*. Seattle, WA: YWAM Pub.

Evans, A.R. (1953). *Mary Slessor: The White Queen of Calabar*. London: Oliphants Ltd.

Harrison, E.M. (1949) *Mary Slessor: The White Queen of Calabar* Retrieved from <https://www.wholesomewords.org/missions/bioslessor2.html>

Howat, I. (2004). *Ten girls who changed the world*. Fearn, Scotland: Christian Focus Publications.

Jackson, D., & Jackson, N. (1996). *Hero tales: Volume 1*. Minneapolis, MN: Bethany House.

Swinford, B. (2009). *Missionary stories: from around the world*. Fearn: CF4K.

