

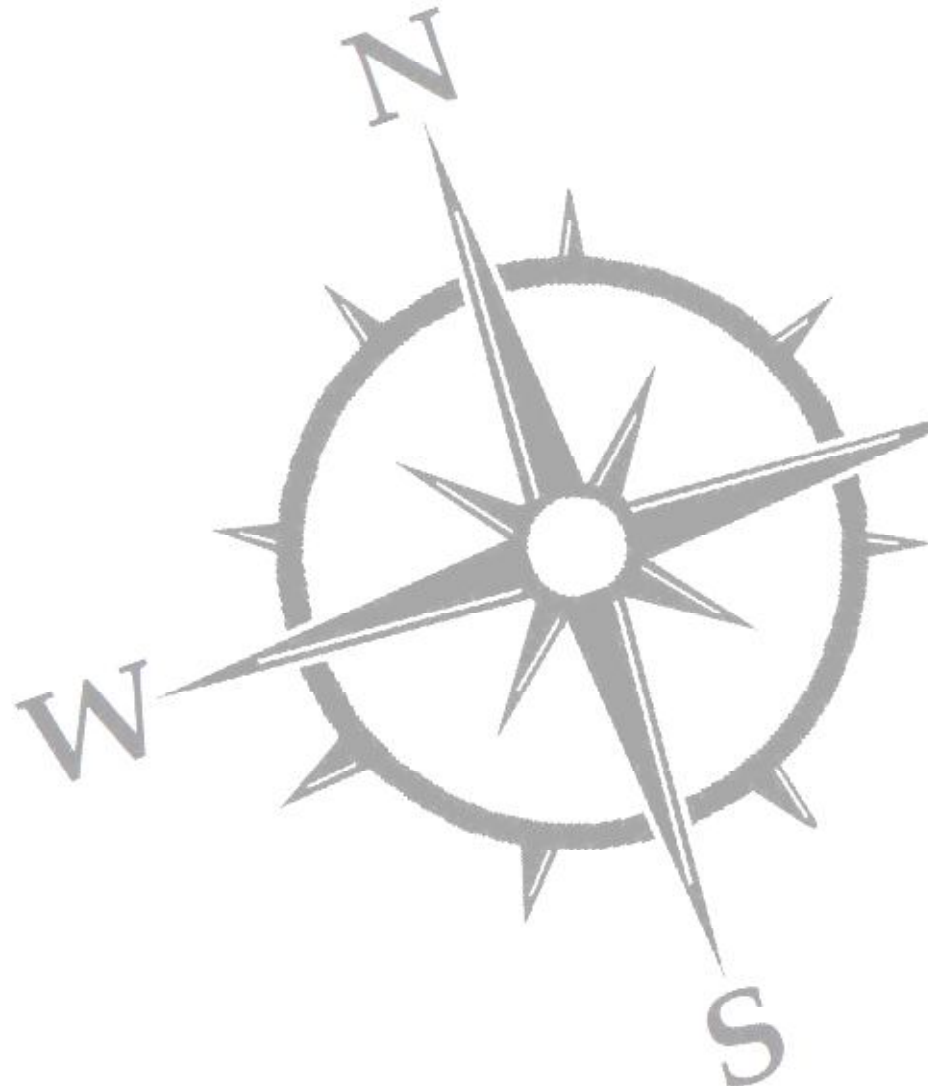
The Life of Adoniram Judson

(1788-1850)

Lesson: 2.7 – Patience Missionary Spotlight Series

This story reminds us to be patient for God to work in our lives. We are tempted to run ahead of God's timing and try to work things out on our own. We must be patient and wait for God. Sometimes it is hard to be patient, especially when bad things happen to us. Adoniram Judson needed to learn to patiently wait to see what God was going to do.

"My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations; Knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." - James 1:2-4







Who remembers where we left off last week?

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

The vicereine threw her arms around Ann and told her that she would have come to the funeral had she known. Ann shyly said that she had been so upset by the whole thing that she had forgotten to let others know. The vicereine then invited us to go on a kind of Burmese picnic with her. She had brought some extra elephants for us to ride on. This was the first time my wife and I had ever ridden on an elephant. The servants helped us to climb up into the basket high on the elephant's back and then off we went into the forests of trees. At one spot, the path was very narrow. One of the servants had an elephant wrap his large trunk around the trunk of the tree and pull the tree out of the ground. It was amazing to see how strong these creatures were. The picnic with the vicereine helped us to deal with our son's

passing and to begin to focus more on starting our mission work again.

Very soon after this, a large festival took place in Rangoon. Each year around March, thousands of people would travel to Rangoon to the pagoda in our village. A pagoda is a temple that the Burmese built to hold and worship the things that they consider sacred. The Pagoda in our town was where they kept some hairs from the head of Buddha. Most of the Burmese are Buddhists. The Burmese people believe that if a person lived a good life they would come back again as a prince or king after they died. If they lived a bad life, they would come back as an animal or a bug. They would keep coming back as something else until they finally reached perfection.

During this festival time, a man came up to me named Maung Yah. He asked me how long it would take to learn the Christian religion. In all my time in Burma, no one had once asked me that question. I tried to explain to him that if he wanted to learn it, God would help him to understand it. He asked me for more things to read. I gave him a new track that Ann had just finished writing. By this time, I had finished translating the book of Matthew into Burmese, but we had only finished some rough draft copies. They still had a bunch of errors, but I gave a copy to him anyway. I wondered if he would read the materials or not. I had already been in Burma for several years and had not had anyone accept Jesus as their Savior yet.

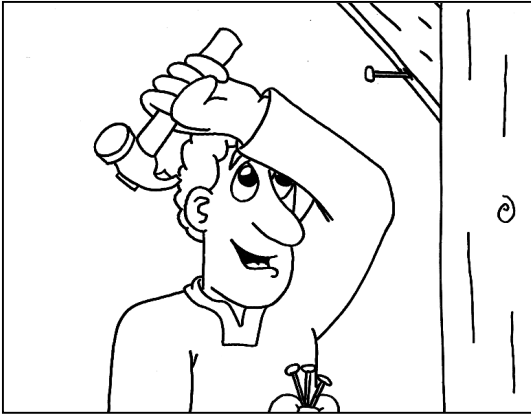
As I was talking with the translator a few days later, he said something to me.

"Your religion is good for you, but you must understand that all Burmese are Buddhists and you won't change that." I thought about this over the next couple of days. The Burmese thought that they couldn't become a Christian and be Burmese at the same time. The only way that people would change their mind on this is if I could show them a Burmese person who had become a Christian. I told Ann about a plan that I had. I would go to Chittagong where I knew that there was a small group of Burmese Christians living there. I would bring a couple of them back and show the Burmese people that you could be both Burmese and a Christian as well.

I found a ship called the *Two Brothers* that was going to Chittagong. The captain said that the trip should only take a couple of weeks. I was excited to get on board and even more excited to bring some Burmese Christians back with me. Only a couple of days into the trip though, I got very sick. I lay in my cabin with very high fevers and I tossed and turned in my bed feeling sick all the time. A storm hit and the winds pushed us back. The captain kept trying to head into the storm. Days turned into weeks and weeks into months and we still had not reached the harbor at Chittagong. As our food and water supply began to run out, the captain decided to travel to another port at Madras. Again, we ran into storms. I became so sick that I just knew I wasn't going to make it. Our food was nearly gone and we were given one cup of water a day. I could hardly even stand up.

It had been almost three months





before we finally arrived at a port. I wrote a note addressed to any English-speaking person about what I would like done with my body after I died and that I wanted them to notify Ann. Instead, some British soldiers from the East India Company came on board and carried me off on a stretcher. I was surprised by how fast I recovered after getting some good food and fresh air. The East India Company was now much more helpful to foreign missionaries than they had been. It had been several years since I had dealt with them and I secretly wished they had been this nice when I dealt with them before. When I regained my strength, I immediately worked on trying to find a boat to return to Rangoon on.

I finally found another ship. It had been almost seven months since I left Rangoon. Surprisingly, the voyage back went well. We did not run into any storms and arrived on time. Ann was there to meet me and she told me that George and Phebe were leaving Rangoon. They had already loaded their things on board the ship and would not change their mind. George said that he would

still print anything I wanted, but he would do it a safe distance away from Rangoon.

You see, while I had been away, our viceroy had been promoted and a new viceroy had taken over in Rangoon. A letter had arrived at our house one day saying that someone needed to come before the new viceroy. Ann could not go because she was a woman. So George was pulled in by the officials. The officials asked why George was in Rangoon and what he was trying to teach. Because George could not speak Burmese very well, he had a very difficult time trying to explain things. They would not let him leave and for a time George thought that they were probably going to kill him. A translator came and told Ann to write a letter to the new viceroy. Ann wrote a letter to the viceroy explaining what George was doing and why he was there.

The viceroy took one look at the letter and gave orders to his men to release George and allow him to return home to his family. George and Phebe had decided to leave Burma because of this. Even though they were leaving, Ann had just received word that two more couples were coming from America to help us. We were losing one couple, but gaining two. The couple's names were the Wheelocks and the Colemans.

Because mail traveled so slowly, the missionaries arrived not long after the letter had. The couples were both excited to begin working. With the help of the Burmese dictionary that I had finished, they were able to quickly learn the Burmese language. Not long after they had arrived though, both of the husbands became very sick and began

running fevers. It was soon clear that they had a dreaded disease called tuberculosis. We cared for them as best we could. Mr. Coleman started to get a little better, but Mr. Wheelock continued to get worse. Mr. Wheelock's wife started acting funny as well. She started saying that someone was trying to poison her husband and make him sick. She finally took him on board a ship to get him away from Burma and everyone in it. They left as quickly as they had arrived.

Though I had not been able to bring any Burmese Christians back with me, I soon had a new idea. The land behind our house went up for sale. It was located along one of the busiest streets in Rangoon. The people of Rangoon had many *zayats* set up. A *zayat* was a small covered area where people would gather and talk about Buddhism. We bought the property and built our own *zayat*. People had stopped simply stopping by our house to talk with us a long time ago. We hoped our new *zayat* would help people to stop in, get some tea, and talk with us.

For a while, the only thing we had was some of the Buddhists making fun of us or coming over just to insult us. After a while though, some people started coming and talking. I was excited when I saw a man named Maung Nah come several days in a row and sit and listen. Maung Nah did not have a steady job, but after several days of listening and asking questions, Maung Nah decided to become a Christian. I had tried to go to Chittagong to find a Burmese Christian, but now I had one. He was very excited to grow as a Christian and wanted to read everything he could from the Bible. He soon





told me that he wanted to be baptized.

About this time, we had noticed some of the officials coming through and collecting a lot of extra taxes in our town. Something was going on in Burma, but we couldn't figure out what. For several days we traveled around to other people's *zayats* to see if anyone had heard anything of what was going on.

A few days later, an announcement was made that there would be a reading in the center of town. We all hurried to find out what was going on. The reading told us that the king of Burma had died and that one of his descendants had taken over. Often when something like this occurred, one of the descendants would kill all the other relatives so that he could be the only one who could take over the throne. The new king had taken his place and had killed all the other relatives who might have tried at the throne. That was why the officials had come around to collect extra taxes. They were trying to make some extra money while no one was watching what they were doing.

Soon, two other Burmese men

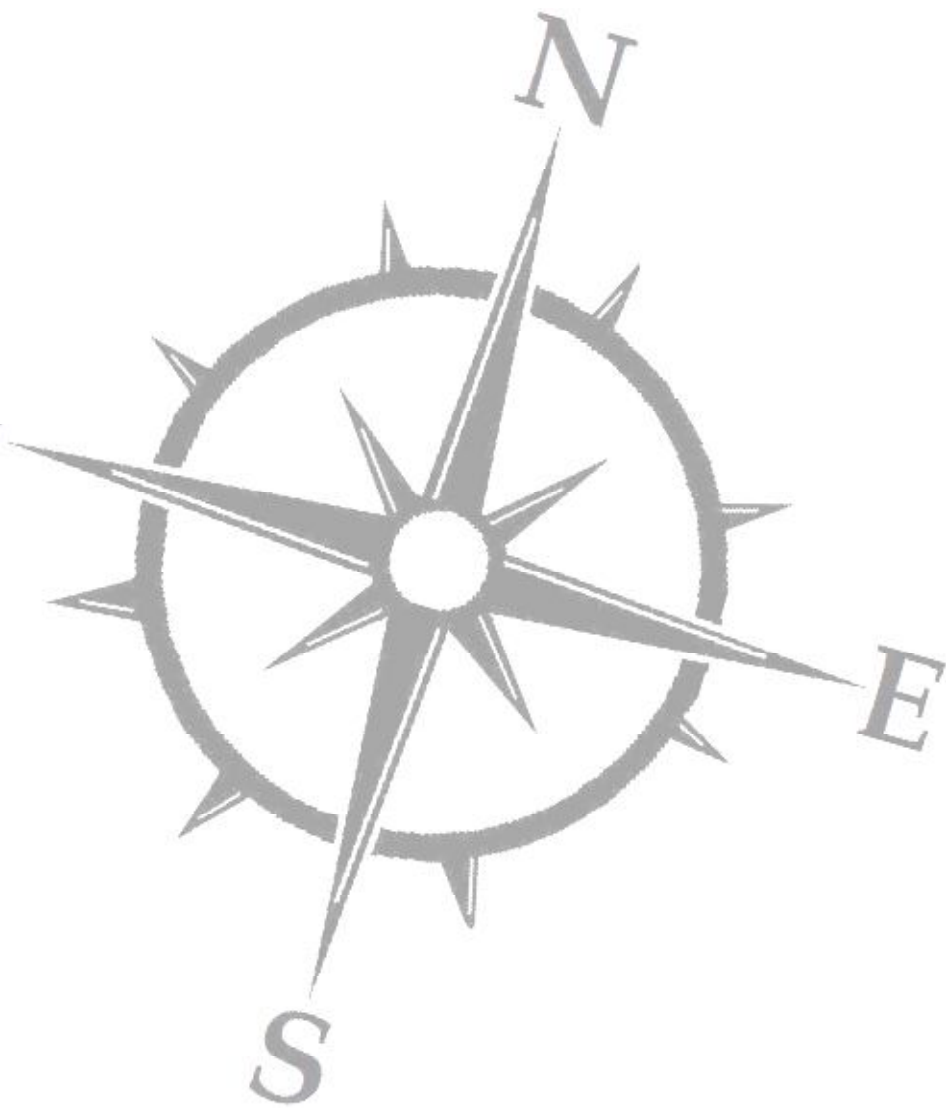
became Christians. Their names were Maung Thahlah and Maung Byaay. With these people now starting to accept Jesus as their Savior, we felt that we should probably go and meet the new king and introduce who we were before he heard about us and what was taking place in Rangoon. James Coleman and I found a boat headed to Ava. We took a long trip up the river to the Golden City. Each king that came into power had a new city built for himself. It always had to be larger and better than the last king's city. We arrived and found it difficult to get in to see the king. Thankfully, we knew someone who could get us in to see the king. The viceroy, who used to be in Rangoon and whose wife had taken Ann and me on a picnic and been good friends with Ann, was now living in Ava helping the king. He was able to get us in to see the king. We brought with us some Bibles with gold covers as gifts for the king.

We were taken into a room where everything was made of gold. Not long after we got there, a little man came running in telling us that the king was coming. Everyone around us bowed down. We knelt out of respect for the king. He came in and asked us why we were there. After I told him, he was amazed at how well I could speak Burmese. He asked what religion we were trying to teach the people and wanted to see something about it. I handed him one of the tracts that we had printed. He looked it over and then told us that he did not want this foreigner's religion taught here and left the room. The servant told us that the king was not pleased with us and we had better leave. Were we in trouble? Would the king

track us down in Rangoon? Should we pack our bags and leave Burma altogether? There were some big questions that I needed to answer, and I needed to answer them fast.

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

*(For additional information, discussion questions, and materials on this lesson please refer to lesson 2.7 on **page 136** in your *Burma Expedition - Leader's Guide*).*



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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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