

cell outlines | week two

These Cell Outlines are written by ALOVE UK. They are available each week from our web site. For more information and other cell resources, visit www.salvationarmy.org.uk/alove/resources

AMY CARMICHAEL**You will need**

Bibles

Pens / paper

Copies of the story of Amy Carmichael (end of this document)

Access to the 'Amy Carmichael is my Hero!' facebook page

<http://www.facebook.com/group.php?v=wall&gid=2228200950>

WELCOME

Ask the group 'What does a hero look like?'

Ask each person to sketch what they think a hero looks like... stick men will be fine if you can't draw!

Then each write three words to describe a hero.

WORD

There is a Facebook group called 'Amy Carmichael is my Hero!'

<http://www.facebook.com/group.php?v=wall&gid=2228200950>

The group members have all been inspired by the story and writings of this Irish missionary who lived from 1867 to 1951. Take a look!

Here are a few quotes:

'Amy Carmichael really is one of my heroes of the faith.'

'I am reading "A chance to die" right now and am moved beyond belief.... How I wish I had lived my life as Amy lived hers.... Only one life, 'twill soon be past, only what's done for Christ will last!'

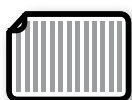
'I was moved, encouraged and challenged by the life of a woman so focused on doing God's will and of her love for her Lord and for others in need.'

Read the story of Amy Carmichael together to find out more about this amazing lady! (story attached at the end).

I can say that she has truly impacted my Christian life in many ways, and I thank God for her testimony, her writings, and I love her poetry!

Questions for discussion

- As a group, brainstorm on a large piece of paper words that you would use to describe Amy Carmichael.
- In what ways do you think Amy Carmichael is a hero?





cell outlines | week two (continued...)

- Are any of the words that you wrote to describe Amy Carmichael the same as those you used to describe a hero at the start?
- Which of those words/qualities have you seen in the lives of Christian friends / leaders that you respect and admire?
- Which of those words/qualities would you like to see in your own lives and why?
- What inspired you the most about Amy Carmichael's story?
- How would you like to be like Amy?
- What decisions might have been hard for Amy to make?
- How do Amy's decisions make you think of your own life?

Read Joshua 1:9. This is what God told Joshua after he gave him a very big job to do! Amy Carmichael also had a lot of reasons she could have been afraid or discouraged as she did the jobs that God gave her.

- Where did Amy find the courage to do all the amazing things she did?
- Where can you find courage to follow God's call on your life now and in the future?

WORSHIP

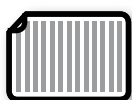
Below are three of Amy Carmichael's poems of worship. Choose one, two or even all of them and read them together. They are written in old-fashioned style so you will need to take your time to ensure the group really understand what Amy is writing.

Make Me Thy Fuel

*From prayer that asks that I may be
Sheltered from winds that beat on Thee,
From fearing when I should aspire,
From faltering when I should climb higher,
From silken self, O Captain, free
Thy soldier who would follow Thee.*

*From subtle love of softening things,
From easy choices, weakenings,
(Not thus are spirits fortified,
Not this way went the Crucified),
From all that dims Thy Calvary,
O Lamb of God, deliver me.*

*Give me the love that leads the way,
The faith that nothing can dismay,
The hope no disappointments tire,
The passion that will burn like fire;
Let me not sink to be a clod;
Make me Thy fuel, Flame of God.*





cell outlines | week two (continued...)

Surprising Love

*How often, Lord, our grateful eyes
Have seen what Thou hast done;
How often does Thy love surprise,
From dawn to set of sun.*

*How often has a gracious rain
On Thine inheritance,
When it was weary, wrought again
An inward radiance.*

*Thou who upon the heavens dost ride,
What miracle of love
Brings Thee more swiftly to our side
Than even thought can move?*

*Our love is like a little pool;
Thy love is like the sea;
O beautiful, O wonderful
How noble Love can be.*

Brooding Blue

*Lord of the brooding blue
Of pleasant summer skies,
Lord of each little bird
That through the clear air flies;
'Tis wonderful to me
That I am loved by Thee.*

*Lord of the blinding heat
Of mighty wind and rain,
The city's crowded street,
Desert and peopled plain;
'Tis wonderful to me
That I am loved by Thee.*

*Lord of night's jewelled roof,
Day's various tapestry,
Lord of the warp and woof
Of all that yet shall be;
'Tis wonderful to me
That I am loved by Thee.*

*Lord of my merry cheers,
My grey that turns to gold,
And my most private tears
And comforts manifold;
'Tis wonderful to me
That I am loved by Thee.*

Use the prayer you have chosen as an inspiration for the group to write their own individual prayers / poems of worship along a similar theme. Use the group's poems in a time of prayer together.

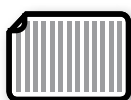
WITNESS

Near the end of her life, Amy wrote this message to future leaders of her work in Dohnavur: '...don't look back and wonder what I would have done. Look up and light will come to show what our Lord and Master would have you do.'

Write down one or two ways that you feel that God is calling you to serve him right here and now... get on and do it this week!

Write down one or two ways that you feel that God is calling you to serve him in the future. Share these thoughts with a respected Christian friend / leader this week and discuss any steps you can take now towards this vision.

If you want to (and have the necessary permission) join the 'Amy Carmichael is my Hero!' Facebook group and post some comments as to how you have been inspired and encouraged by Amy Carmichael.



continued over >>>



celloutlines | week two (continued...)

Further Resources

Amy Carmichael of Dohnavur by Frank L. Houghton

A Chance to Die: the Life and Legacy of Amy Carmichael by Elizabeth Elliot

Mountain Breezes: The Collected Poems of Amy Carmichael by Amy Carmichael

Amy Carmichael : Rescuing the Children: A Hero for Young Readers by Renee Taft Meloche

The Dohnavur Fellowship <http://www.dohnavurfellowship.org/>

Other websites telling the story of Amy Carmichael

<http://quazen.com/reference/biography/amy-carmichael/#ixzz0qvWSy0en>

http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Amy_Carmichael

<http://www.tlogical.net/biocarmichael.htm>

<http://www.hyperhistory.net/apwh/bios/b3carmichaelAmy.htm>

http://www.myhero.com/go/hero.asp?hero=carmichael_fredericksburg_05_ul

Amy Carmichael Facts | eHow.com http://www.ehow.com/facts_5529650_amy-carmichael.html#ixzz0qpldiCAO

The Story of Amy Carmichael

‘Amma! Amma!’ 83-year-old Amy Carmichael awoke with a start from her peaceful sleep to her many children crying ‘Mother!’ in the native Tamil language outside her window. ‘Amma, wake up!’ Slowly, but surely, Amy forced her old crippled body into an upright sitting position. Soon she could hear Jewel hushing the children and telling them to leave their Amma alone. Amy couldn’t help but smile at the rude awakening, thinking she wouldn’t want her life to be any different. As was her usual routine she pulled out her Bible and prayed, thanking God for not forgetting her and her children and for blessing them as much as he was.

Amy Carmichael was born on 16 December 1867 in Millisle, Ireland, to her parents, David and Catherine Carmichael, who were devout Presbyterians. She was the oldest sibling of three sisters and four brothers. As a child she famously prayed for brown eyes instead of blue. When her prayers weren’t answered her mother explained that God meant Amy to have brown eyes for a reason. Just what the reason was, she might never know.

There was a bit of rebel in Amy. If trouble developed at the Carmichael house, she was almost sure to be a ringleader in it. One time she led her brothers and sisters in a challenge to see how many poisonous laburnum pods they could eat before they died. Fortunately they emerged with little more than upset stomachs.

When Amy’s father, a mill owner, died in 1885 the family moved to Belfast where Amy became involved

continued over >>>



cell outlines | week two (continued...)

in the city mission work that awakened in her a desire for missionary service. In 1887, she heard an inspiring message by Hudson Taylor, at the Keswick Convention, which sparked her call to missions.

Amy suffered from neuralgia, a disease of the nerves that made her whole body weak and achy and often put her in bed for weeks on end. Friends thought she was foolish when she announced she was going to be a missionary. They predicted that she would soon be back in Britain. But Amy was sure God had called her to go overseas.

Initially Amy travelled to Japan where she spent 15 months. Then after a brief period of service in Sri Lanka, she found her lifelong vocation in India in 1895. Here she served in for 56 years. During this time she wrote many books about missionary work.

Once in India Amy learned about the temple children who were young girls dedicated to Hindu gods and forced into prostitution to earn money for the priests and for use in sexual temple rituals. Rescuing these children soon became her main focus. Even Christians were against Amy when she stepped into the struggle to end the wicked service required of the little girls. They thought she exaggerated the situation. Indeed, the truth of what went on behind the scenes was so hard to get at, that Amy had to pretend to be an Indian and visit the temples herself. Dressed in a sari with her skin stained, she could pass as a Hindu. Now she understood why God had given her brown eyes. Blue eyes would have been a dead giveaway!

In 1901, Amy sheltered her first temple runaway. Over the years, Amy rescued many children, often at the cost of extreme exhaustion and personal danger. Soon families were giving Amy their newborn girls, because girls were not of any value to them. After just a few short years the Carmichael 'family' grew, and grew. Property was then purchased, and a small village was created to accommodate Amy, her girls and her growing band of women Christians, which became known as the Dohnavur Fellowship. The fellowship became a sanctuary for over one thousand children who would otherwise have faced a bleak future.

In 1918 the first boy arrived in Dohnvur, and became just the first of hundreds of boys who would fill a similar village next door to the girls. Amy loved every minute of working with all the children, and called them all her precious Gems. Although she never married, the hundreds of children became her children, and she was a loving Amma to them all.

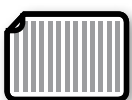
In an effort to respect Indian culture, members of the organisation wore Indian dress and the children were given Indian names. She herself dressed in Indian clothes, dyed her skin with coffee, and often travelled long distances on India's hot, dusty roads to save just one child from suffering.

While serving in India, Amy received a letter from a young lady who was considering life as a missionary. She asked Amy, 'What is missionary life like?' Amy wrote back saying simply, 'Missionary life is simply a chance to die.'

In 1931 she prayed, 'God, please do with me whatever you want. Do anything that will help me to serve you better.' That same day, she fell, suffering fractures that would cripple her for the rest of her life and kept her virtually bedridden. While her growing children had continual freedom to enter her bedroom and share their hearts with their beloved 'mother', Amy now had the quiet times that allowed her to write books, poems and letters that were translated and shared around the world.

Amy Wilson Carmichael went to be with God whom she had spent her whole life serving on 18 January

continued over >>>



celloutlines | week two (continued...)

1951. She was buried in her garden along with many of her children that had died over the years. Although she clearly asked before her death for no gravestone to be put over her grave, her children put a bird bath over it with one word written on it: 'Amma'.

'Amma?'

Amy put her pen down and looked up from her writings. 'Yes?' she said.

A very small, thin girl entered Amy's room, and tiptoed her way into Amy's lap. The girl was six years old, though she appeared to be only a toddler because of her small frame. 'Tell me again how I became your little girl, Amma,' asked the little girl as she put her arms around her Amma's neck in a loving embrace.

Amy sighed, put her biography away, and started: 'Well, my precious Gem, you were only just short of two months old when your real Amma died of a jungle fever. Your Papa, although he loved you dearly, was going to give you to a local temple, to make the gods of his religion happy.'

The small girl's eyes became wide with horror, 'What would I do there, Amma?'

Amy continued, wishing her daughter wouldn't have to know such things so early. 'Well, the temple priests would never let you play in the sunshine like you do here, and they would teach you dreadful things. Then you would eventually be "married" to the false gods, and would become a prostitute in "honour" of the gods. God was watching over you though, my dear Gem, he knew you needed to become my daughter. So through your aunt, he brought you to me, and now I am your Amma, and you are my precious daughter.' Satisfied with the story, the little girl bounced off to go play with one of Amy's 100 other 'daughters'.

The tired Amy sighed, but thanked God repeatedly for how he was using her. Amy thought of all her other 'daughters' and 'sons' who had the same story as Gem, and how God was working in the lives of the people to bring to Amy children who needed a loving Amma.

