

Amy Carmichael chant/play

The row comes up on the stage chanting and clapping softly repeatedly until everyone is up: Amy Carmichael, Amy Carmichael, Amy Carmichael

(Girls) (Arms in baby sign) Born in Ireland, Ireland (snap fingers) in 1867, 1867

(Walking) Went to India, India as a (praying hands) missionary, missionary

(Boys) India? That's a long ways from Ireland!

(fingers to mouths) Shh! (walking) Walked from (circled hands to show village) village to village with her Starry Cluster (hands to mouth) preaching Jesus Christ-- Jesus Christ

(Starry Cluster, what's that?)

(Individual speaking) That was a group of Christian Indian ladies --but you're messing up our chant

(motion from under chin) Learned to speak Tamil, Tamil --(in normal voice) that's a language in India, in case you didn't know. (motion for dress) Wore a sari, a sari —

WORE a sorry? You mean a sad look on her face?

Noooooooooooo! A sari is a typical Indian dress! (motion for a house) Opened Dohnavur House, Dohnavur House (motion for snatched) Rescued temple girls, rescued temple girls, (hands out) hundreds of temple girls (motion for snatched) rescued from a horrible life, horrible life

(Boys raise hands in hopeless questioning) Who are the temple girls?

(Individual speaking) Temple girls were little girls married to the Hindu temple gods. They lived in the temple and worked like slaves. Now, may we go on? We're almost done.

Sure!

Girls called her Amma, Amma (stay in chant with significant look at boys)--that means mother in the Tamil language. Amy called them little jewels, God's little jewels

Were they brown-eyed little jewels?!

Yes, but God has blue-eyed little jewels too!

Sing: Little children, little children who love their Redeemer are the jewels, precious jewels...

AMY CARMICHAEL *recitation*

More than a hundred years ago a little Irish lass
Was sitting in a pretty little room next to a looking glass.
Her name was Amy Carmichael and she was having fun
Enjoying tea and tiny cakes so tasty on her tongue,

When through the tearoom windowpane she noticed, in surprise
A homeless girl gazing in with hollow, hungry eyes.
She pressed against the window and peered at the plate
Still filled with sweet desserts that little Amy ate.

Since Amy's memory of that girl just would not go away,
She wondered if God had planned for her to help some day.
Young Amy felt such deep concern she scribbled out a note,
A promise to help children like this girl, and so she wrote:
"When I am older, all grown up, I know what I will do;
I'll build a safe and loving place for little girls like you."

The years passed by and Amy grew, and often walked the streets,
Inviting local children to her house so that they could meet
To hear the Bible stories that she always loved to read,
And then she'd have them sing and clap to songs that she would lead.

Sing: Little children, little children who love their Redeemer . . . (stop before the chorus)

Finding poor young mothers on the street, Amy knew something must be done
So it wasn't long before she hatched a plan and soon she'd begun
To offer prayer and Bible study in her own church hall.

But many members of her church did not like this at all.
These poor folks, they told Amy, came with dirt and lice and fleas,
So bringing them inside their church house made many feel displeased.

Yet, Amy did not care what others thought that she should do.
She'd love and care for the poor folks just as God would want her to.
The years passed by and Amy heard God calling her to go
To a distant land of people and languages she didn't know
When she arrived in India, that country far away,
Amy learned that Hindus worshiped idols every day.
So she told them of God and the blessings He would send
If they would burn their idols and let Jesus be their friend.

The Starry Cluster walked with her from one town to the next
Preaching Jesus all the way, with the Bible as their text.

Now Hindu temple priests kept little girls locked up night and day
They made the girls work just like slaves with no time to play.
Right after one small girl's father died, her weary mother said,
"You must go live at the temple now. There at least you will be fed."

The young girl's name was Preena; she was only five years old.
At night inside the temple she felt fearful, sad, and cold.

She never saw her mother and she could not play outside.
Since Preena wasn't loved at all she often hid and cried.
Two years dragged on, and then one day she chanced to overhear
Some talk about a woman who was said to live quite near:

Her name was Amy and she traveled all throughout their land
To talk about the Son of God and offer helping hands.
She heard how kind this woman was and that she loved to give
Her time, her very self to children with no good place to live.

So Preena thought, "If only I could manage to get out...
Would Amy help me afterward?" There was no time for doubt.
At night, so very quietly, she sneaked out of her bed.
She tried the door. It was unlocked! So through the streets she fled.
She found a woman at a church and asked if she knew where
The Christian lady, Amy, lived and if she'd take her there.

Despite the danger, they set out and came to Amy's place.
They found her sipping English tea, a smile upon her face.
So kind and warm that Preena felt at home and very safe.
She climbed right up in Amy's lap and into her embrace.

Now Amy kept this little child, who needed her a lot,
And Preena soon loved Jesus too and all the things He taught.
Some other temple children, then, were rescued, kept, and hidden,
Though keeping even one of them was totally forbidden.

As Amy's family grew in size there wasn't room inside
The little house for all of them to live, and sleep, and hide.
She moved them to the country, to a village far away,
With houses and a nursery and land where they could play.

And Amy loved her children, she loved each and every one,
Just as she once had promised when she was so very young.

*Still people all around the world are waiting everywhere;
The hungry, homeless, hurting ones who hope someone will care.*

*God's looking still today for those who'll follow where He leads
To reach out—just as Amy did—to those who are in need.*

Sing while walking out: Little children, little children who love their Redeemer