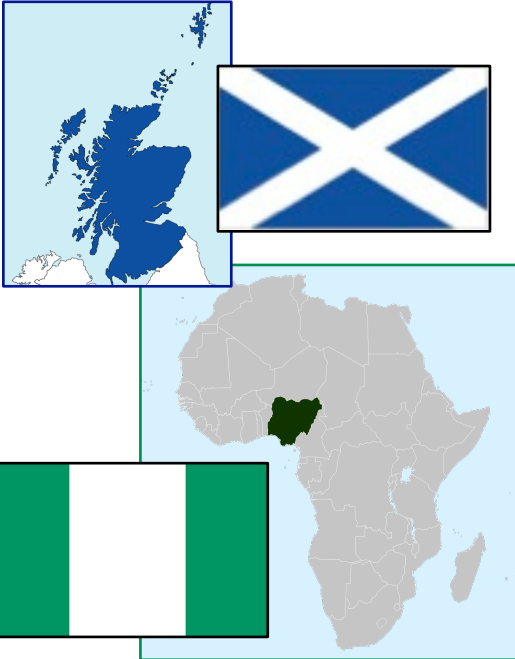


Born 2 December, 1848
in Aberdeen, Scotland



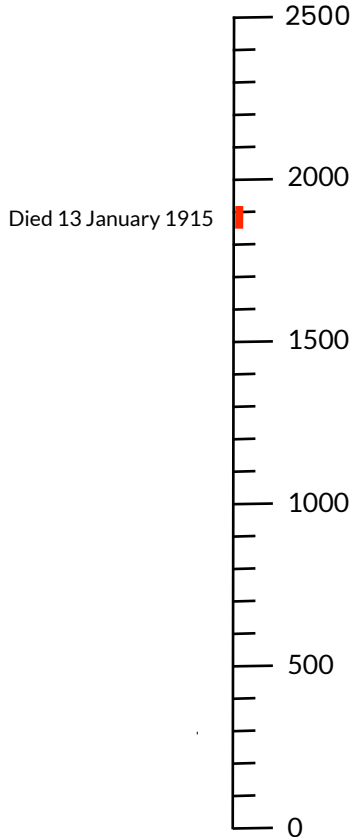
Died 13 January, 1915
in Nigeria

Mary Slessor



The Mother of All Nations

Mary Slessor



"Lord, the task is
impossible for me but
not for Thee.
Lead the way
and
I will follow."

"Christ never was in a hurry.
There was no rushing
forward, no anticipating, no
fretting over what might be.
Each day's duties were done
as each day brought them,
and the rest was left to God."

"Why should I have
fear? I am on a
Royal Mission.
I am in the service of the
King of Kings."

"When you think of
the woman's power,
you forget the power
of the woman's God.
I shall go on."

The tribal leaders saw how kind, fair and wise Mary was. She was so wise that they asked her to settle their disputes. So, Mary became a magistrate and was the only woman judge in the whole of the British Empire.

Even when Mary was frightened, she knew that God was with her.



Once, when she was travelling on the river, a hippopotamus attacked her boat.

They are so fierce, people are often frightened of them.

Mary hit the hippopotamus with her handbag.

Even though Mary did all this, she was often sick. Sometimes she came home to Scotland to get better. She would bring her children with her, and they would tell people about Nigeria, Africa and Mary's work for God.

Eventually Mary became too sick to come back to Scotland and she died in Nigeria.

The people loved Mary so much that they gave her a state funeral.

And they still call Mary ...

“the mother of all nations”

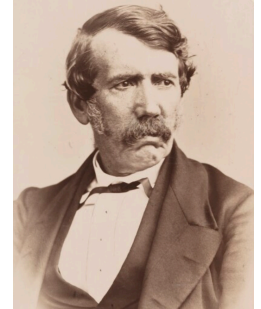
This is the story of Mary Slessor. Sometimes we remember Mary in the time of the colour green, other times we might use white or blue.

I wonder why we remember Mary? Let's see.

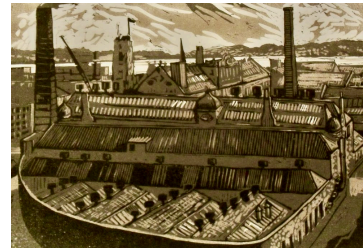
Mary Slessor was born in Aberdeen, and she was the second oldest of seven children.

When Mary was a little girl her favourite stories were about the Scottish missionary, David Livingstone, and his travels in Africa.

Mary hoped that when her older brother grew up he would become a missionary so she could go to Africa with him, as his assistant. But her older brother died and, soon after, the family had to move to Dundee, so her father could find work.



Now Mary hoped that her younger brother would become a missionary and then Mary could go to Africa with him, as his assistant. But Mary's younger brother and two of her sisters died. It was a terrible time.



Soon Mary had to go to work in one of the factories. She worked on a weaving loom. The mill owners had a school for the young people who worked in

the mills and now Mary could go to school. Mary was glad to do this.

Once Mary could read and write, she began to help out at her local church. She helped to run a youth club.

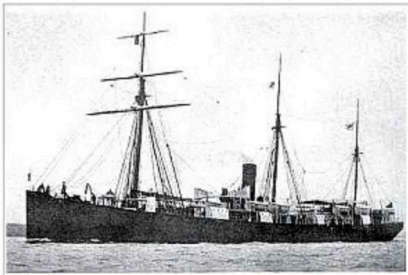
One night, Mary went out to try and get people to come to the church.

She met a gang of boys. They made fun of her and the gang leader swung a piece of lead on a string at Mary's head. He swung it closer and closer until it hit Mary.

Mary knew that God was with her, so she didn't move. She was so brave and the gang agreed to go to Mary's church youth club.

Eventually, Mary realised that she needed to be a missionary.

Mary travelled to Africa by ship, she got off at a place called Calabar, in a country that we now call Nigeria.



At first, Mary lived with all the other missionaries, but she knew that God really wanted her to work with the people of Calabar. Mary got onto another boat and went up the river to the villages where the Efik and Ibibio people lived.

Mary lived in a hut, like the people, she ate the food they ate, she learned their language and their ways.

In those days, missionaries wore elaborate Victorian clothes which were impractical in a hot country. Mary wore simple clothes and cut her red hair short.

She showed the people how to weave, to work wood and, she helped them learn to trade.

All the time she told them of God's love.

As Mary knew more about the people, she discovered that they had many superstitions. They believed that when twins were born, one was a good spirit, but the other was evil. They didn't know which was good, so they left both babies in the bush to die.

When Mary discovered this, she went out looking for the babies. She brought them back to her hut and took care of them.



Soon people began to leave twins on her doorstep. And her home was alive with babies and children.