

Lottie Moon

Missionary to China

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Week 1:



Lottie Moon laughed to herself as she stripped her bed, rolled the sheets and tucked them under her arm. Her roommate, Cary Ann, was sound asleep and never moved as Lottie felt her way out of the dark room. Only a bit of daylight was showing in the sky.

Lottie Moon was 14 years old and tiny—only four feet three inches tall—but she knew how to think big. Today was April Fool’s Day and she was planning a trick that would amaze her entire school.

Lottie had been at Hollins Institute, a boarding school where girls lived and studied, ever since her father died. She didn’t have a moment’s freedom there. A bell rang for meals, for classes, and twice a day for chapel services, which Lottie hated. The first bell rang at 6:00 in the morning.

Well, not today, Lottie thought.

She lifted a key from a nail by the attic door and unlocked it. She climbed two ladders to the tower where the huge bell hung. There Lottie tied her sheets around the clapper of the bell! Then she backed down the ladders and returned to her room.

Lottie giggled and waited for 6:00 a.m. No bell! It was 7:00 a.m. before the bell finally clanged. “We’re all an hour late!” she said happily to Cary Ann. Meals and classes were all mixed up that day and chapel was cancelled.

Lottie returned to her room to change her clothes for a late dinner that evening. Cary Ann was waiting for her.

“The principal knew it was you,” she said. “Everybody thought of you first thing. And you’re the only one without sheets on your bed!”

“It was worth it to get out of the chapel meeting,” Lottie replied. “I’m bored with church. And I’m not the least bit interested in being a Christian [a person who believes in Jesus]!”

After Lottie graduated from Hollins Institute, she spent some time at her home near Charlottesville, Virginia. In September she went on to another girl’s school to get more education. She loved to read and study. Her grades were great and she already knew four foreign languages.

One day at dinner a new girl asked, “What’s your name?”

“Lottie D. Moon.”

“What’s the ‘D’ stand for?”

“Devil!” Lottie snapped. “Because I’m not a bit religious! And don’t expect to see me in church—I have better things to do!” She never did tell her real middle name.*

Do you think God could use someone like Lottie? We’ll find out more next week.

* Should the children ask, Lottie’s middle name was Digges.

