

There was once a little lady who lived in the big city of London. Her name was Gladys Aylward. She worked in a posh house as a parlour maid, fetching and carrying, serving food, cleaning clothes and running messages.

Gladys was quite different from the tall elegant ladies who visited the house; she was small, with dark eyes and dark hair. Sometimes she wished she'd been born tall, with blonde hair and blue eyes instead, but that didn't stop Gladys. She trusted in God and knew that he had made her this way.



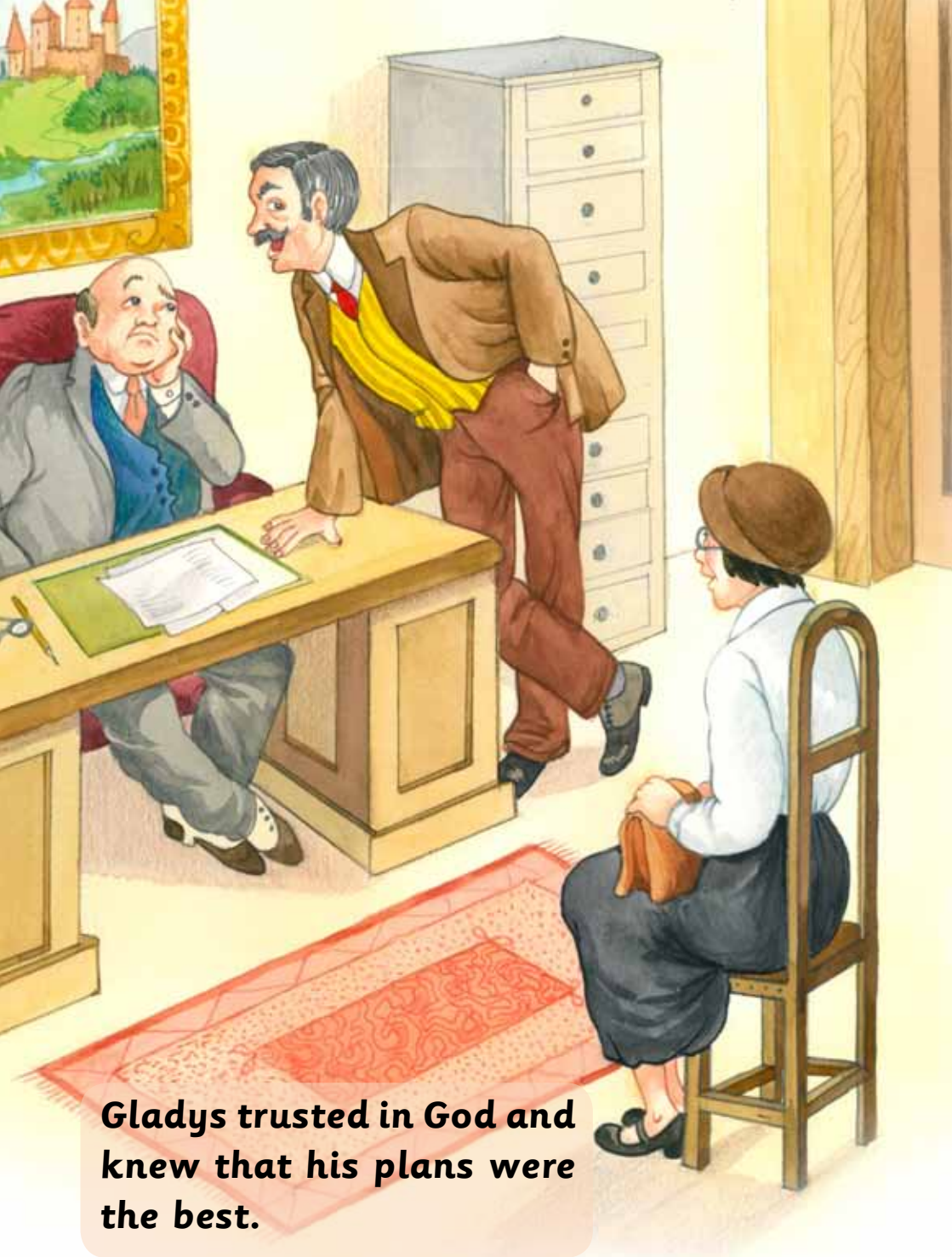
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Ever since she'd been a teenager, Gladys had wanted to go abroad as a missionary. But her family was poor and couldn't afford to give her the money for her ticket. She was from a working class background and hadn't spent much time in school.

The people who ran the missions thought, 'That girl will never be able to learn the language. She's not clever enough.' But that didn't stop Gladys hoping and planning. Gladys trusted in God and knew that his plans were the best.





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‘How will I get to China?’ Gladys wondered. ‘I’m not rich enough. I’m not clever enough. I wonder if I’ll ever get to work as a missionary?’ But Gladys didn’t stop. She saved every penny she could.

Month after month, year after year, Gladys hoped and prayed and saved. One way or another, Gladys was going to China. She trusted in God and knew that nothing stopped him.

