



Attempt Great Things

By: Kristen Joy Miller

Somewhere between wakefulness and dreamland, I found myself in a garden- a garden, in India, owned by William Carey. Everywhere I looked I saw flowers and bushes, bursting in colorful blooms. Neatly trimmed hedges lined the stone path I stood on. Ducking to miss a tree limb, I started walking down the path, hoping to find somebody who could help me.

“Are you looking for someone?” came a startling voice.

I jumped as I whirled around, looking to see where that voice came from. My darting eyes stopped on an elderly man that was lying on a bench.


“Ah, ah yes,” I stammered out. “I am looking for Mr. William Carey.”

The almost-bald man smiled. “I’m William Carey,” he said. “What can I do for you?”

I smile spread across my face as I replied, “Mr. Carey, I’m so glad to meet you. I’ve heard about your missionary work here in India and was wondering if I could visit with you.”

“Of course,” Mr. Carey reassuringly said. “I’d love that.”

I eagerly began to ask questions, anxious to learn more. “Mr. Carey,” I asked, “why did you come to India as one of the first missionaries?”



Mr. Carey adjusted his lap robe before replying. “Well, God had placed a desire within my heart to tell people in other countries about God’s love. The conviction to go was so strong that I couldn’t ignore it, even when it seemed that I was going to have to leave my family behind.”

“Leave your family behind?” I questioned.

“Yes,” answered Mr. Carey, taking a deep breath. “My wife Dolly refused to come along and was at the time expecting a baby.


“What happened?” I breathlessly wondered.

“As we started the trip, our ship was delayed, making enough time for me to go back and ask Dolly again to reconsider.” said Mr. Carey. “This time Dolly consented to go since her sister also agreed to come.”

A gentle breeze played with a wisp of my hair as I asked Mr. Carey another question. “So, you sailed off to India, arrived, and lived here happily after that telling the Indians of God’s love and plan of salvation for them?” I teasingly asked.

A soft chuckle rose from Mr. Carey’s chest. “Ah, if only it had been that easy,” he smiled. “When we arrived here, we had to sneak into this country because it was illegal for missionaries to be here at that time. After we arrived, we discovered that our money was gone. We traveled to many different towns, trying to find a place where we could settle and I could have a job to support my family, all while we dealt with the language barrier and sickness.

I sat there amazed at this man who had gone through so much. “Mr. Carey,” I said, “was there ever a time that you wanted to give up and go home?”



“Yes, of course there was. There were times I didn’t think I could go on, like when my son and wife died. And the time a fire broke out in our printing press room, destroying years of translation work.”

Mr. Carey turned toward me and I saw a tear slip from his eye and cascade down his cheek at those memories.

“But you know,” Mr. Carey went on, “the tough times just made the victories all the sweeter- our first convert, the first printed bible, and so many more. God slowly started opening doors here in India through which His Word could travel.”

I could see that Mr. Carey was tiring, so I stood up and said, “Mr. Carey, thank you so much for taking the time to visit with me. God has used you in mighty ways and he used you again just now to challenge me.”

Mr. Carey just smiled then said, “If you remember nothing else remember this- if you expect great things from God; then attempt great things for God.”

As I walked away, I thought about how true that was of Mr. Carey’s life- he attempted great things for God. Now I wonder what things does God want *me* to attempt for Him?