

In nineteen forty-one, a tall  
young woman, Betty Greene,  
became a pilot—something that  
had been her childhood dream.

She'd tried to study nursing—  
a wonderful career—  
but Betty longed instead to fly  
high through the atmosphere.

She spent long hours learning how  
to fly a large float plane  
that sat upon the surface of  
a lake where Betty trained.

She loved to see the forceful jets  
of water that would spray  
behind her as she pulled back on  
the joystick. Right away  
the plane would lift off from the lake;  
before long she could see  
her home along Lake Washington.  
The view was heavenly.

She also had another dream:  
she loved God, and she prayed  
that He would use her to do Christian  
mission work someday.



The year was nineteen thirty.  
A woman, short and plain,  
with coal black hair and dark brown eyes  
stepped on a London train.

Her name was Gladys Aylward. She  
was traveling on her own  
from England to a far-off land  
called China. Old. Unknown.

She'd failed at Bible college and  
did not speak much Chinese,  
but still she knew God called her there  
and so she felt at ease.

She stayed at Chinese mountain inns  
yet wasn't quite prepared  
for sleeping in one long hard bed  
that everybody shared.



A twelve-year-old named David was  
excited as he hiked,  
for when he reached the hilltop he  
could do just what he liked.

His precious book was hidden well,  
a science book on plants.  
He felt it tied against his leg  
inside his trouser pants.

He looked down at his Scottish town  
once he had reached the top—  
its crumbling houses made of brick  
and old and gloomy shops.

He saw the cotton mill where he  
worked long and hard each day.  
His books helped him escape and dream  
of places far away.



George Müller was a minister  
in eighteen thirty-three.  
One day he strolled the streets of England  
feeling fancy-free.

He jumped over the puddles from  
the rain the night before.  
He whistled as he walked and wondered  
what the future bore.

A carriage passed and water splashed  
his face, which made it gritty.  
George did not care, for soon, he knew,  
he'd leave this crowded city.

Though George had come from Prussia  
(it's called Germany today),  
he'd tired of tea and visiting  
and did not want to stay.

