

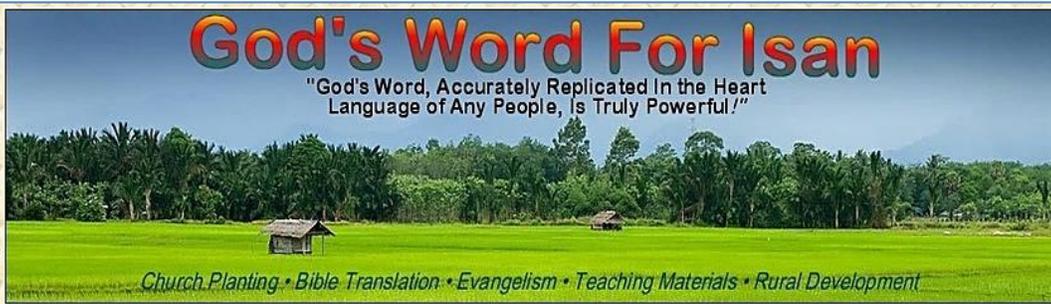
RON & CHERYL MYERS



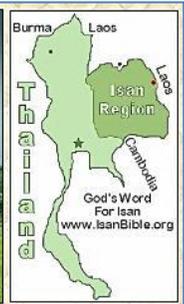
Going Into All the World  
With the Gospel  
of Jesus Christ

# God's Word For Isan

"God's Word, Accurately Replicated In the Heart  
Language of Any People, Is Truly Powerful!"



Church Planting • Bible Translation • Evangelism • Teaching Materials • Rural Development



Ron & Cheryl Myers

GOD'S WORD FOR ISAN NEWSLETTER

November, 2016

## In All Things, Be Thankful!

**"Give thanks unto the LORD, and sing praises unto thy Name" (Psalms 92:1)**

By Ron Myers

Greetings In The Name of The Lord Jesus Christ,

Americans have a significant Christian holiday coming up in a few short days; Thanksgiving Day. Why do I say Christian? Because that's what it originally was; although it has now taken on a definite secular flavor, some even calling it *Turkey Day*. The original celebration was a harvest festival, held by the Pilgrims in 1621, with the *Wampanoag* North American natives joining in. The menu included venison, wild turkey and other small game, along with corn, onions, beans, cranberries, etc. On that day, these European Pilgrims of strong Christian faith celebrated their first successful harvest in their new homeland in a joyous outpouring of gratitude to God after barely surviving their first severe winter. Later becoming a national holiday, we now commemorate that first Thanksgiving event on the 4th Thursday of November in the USA, and the 2nd Monday of October in Canada.

We all have numerous uncounted blessings for which to thank the Lord. No matter how much political upheaval or economic uncertainty there may be; as believers, our future is safe in Christ throughout eternity. I find it's easy to mouth *Praise the Lord* in a somewhat casual manner; yet, when combined with a heartfelt thanks to God from whom all blessings flow, it carries much more meaning... not to mention being more pleasing to the Lord.

Speaking of heartfelt thankfulness, I distinctly recall the life of an elderly lady we knew when Cheryl and I ministered among the Isan peasant farmers in the remote hinterlands of Northeast Thailand. We had recently moved into the house I built in the rural village where we lived. While our children played with the village kids, Cheryl and I were both hard at work studying, seeking to develop our ability to communicate in the difficult Nyaw language (the local vernacular), all in hopes of helping people come to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Although my own language ability was progressing well through interaction with villagers, I hadn't been able to put a lot of desk-time into my studies, which I needed to record on my study sheet in the form of hours spent, by which my progress would be evaluated. Needless to say, I felt a bit *under-the-gun* to do more formal studying, essentially with that worksheet in mind.

It was about 8:00 AM, and I had just nicely gotten started with my studies when someone called out to me from in front of our home; "*Doctor, Doctor, we are not well and need some of your foreign medicine.*" Although my missions training had included a course in field medicine, I was by no means a doctor, nor did I have any "foreign medicine" with me, yet that was the general consensus among villagers. Nonetheless, I kept a rudimentary stock of medical supplies on hand, purchased from a pharmacy in the provincial capital, 25-miles distance, to help treat villagers as the need arose.

"*Great!*" I thought, "*Why can't I have a minute to myself.*" Feeling a bit rebuked, I invited the elderly couple up to our front porch; whereupon, I was bombarded with a litany of symptoms, which included indigestion and numbness in their arms and legs. Stomach ailments were typical there, due to a poor diet. The numbness in their extremities was caused by a lack of Vitamin B, due to their rice having been overly polished, which removed the healthful bran. Both of these were common ailments in the area. Upon giving the elderly couple some Tums, a bottle of Pepto-Bismol, and a course of Vitamin B, I said; "*I also have some medicine that can purify your hearts so you can go to heaven.*"

"*Bring it out so we can look at it,*" the husband said. Retrieving some colored posters and other visual and audio aids, I began to lay out the foundations of the Gospel, from the existence of a Living Creator, and the story of Creation, through to Sin's Curse and Redemption. This couple spoke Isan, not Nyaw, making communication easier. When I named the Lord Jesus Christ as being both their Living Creator and Savior, I referred to Him using a local legendary term; "*The One Who Shows Mercy.*" This piqued their interest. I taught for hours as they listened, inviting them to stay for lunch. Early-afternoon I stopped; saying, "*I've told you all you need to know; now, you must personally ask Jesus to save you.*" They immediately clasped their hands in prayer; calling on the Lord to show them mercy. They returned to their village that afternoon, two new babes in Christ. They told me later that when they left my home that day, they felt like tightly wound chains had been released from around their chests so that they could breathe.

The following day, their eldest son, Mr. Samer, came to visit me where he too accepted Christ. His siblings and their children accepted Christ soon after. This was the beginning of a fledgling church in their village, which is going strong today. Samer shared with me how his parents had been enslaved to the dark arts through ancestral connections. His mother was an unwilling spirit medium that many relied on. Samer's parents had given up on Buddhism years ago. Instead, they had been crying out to the one their legends called "*The One Who Shows Mercy.*" When I told them that His real Name was Jesus, they realized He was the One for whom they had been seeking. Trusting Christ, God immediately freed them from their life-long bondage to the spirits. Samer's parents are now with the Lord, yet I will never forget hearing his elderly mom say, "*Thank You God.*" When she spoke, the words weren't merely casual, but came from deep within her very being in an expression of sincere gratitude for how God had powerfully delivered her from slavery to the demonic spirit world.

May You Have a Happy and Meaningful Thanksgiving and May God Bless You Richly,

Ron & Cheryl Myers

God's Word for Isan – [www.IsanBible.org](http://www.IsanBible.org)