

The Sad but True Account of A Loving Mother and Her Sick Little Girl

Of all the moms in the world, this young mom was average in every way, and of all the little girls in the world, her daughter was also quite average. It was evident that Mom loved her little girl with a deep, deep love, and the little girl loved her mom in return. Like all children, the little girl's waking hours were filled with fun, playing games with older siblings and playmates, interrupted only by an occasional household chore. One day, the little girl began to develop a slight cough. Her mom didn't pay too much attention at first, because getting sick was something children do. The cough slowly worsened, until she was no longer able to laugh and play.

You might be thinking, if this mom truly loved her little daughter, why then didn't she seek professional help? She did. In fact, from every specialist and source she knew of. Yet, the little girl's health continued to decline. Her cough increased, consuming the little girl's waking hours as she grew weaker and weaker. Now racked with fever, she slept only fitfully.

The mom was greatly troubled, but what else could she do? Her little girl was now on the verge of... well... death. More local "doctors" were called in, but to no avail. Finally, the inevitable happened. One morning, the mom awoke only to discover that her beloved little girl's form was now cold and still. She had slipped away into eternity during the night. The mother, beside herself with fear and grief, reached over and picked up the cold, frail little body and held it close to her bosom as she wept uncontrollably. *"Why-oh-why did my precious little girl have to die,"* she cried out in her own heart language of Nyaw.

With numbed hearts, the grieving mom and dad went about the motions of making funeral arrangements for their newly-departed little girl. Family and friends came to do what they could to help comfort the grieving family, but the pain remained. Words of warmth and solace were offered, but nothing anyone could do or say could bring the little girl back, or salve the grieving hearts of the little girl's heavy-hearted parents and siblings.

The funeral was a simple one, with only the bare essentials. Just before the little girl's corpse was wrapped up in a grass mat, the heartsick mom, staring down into her little girl's face, and in a moment of blind desperation, took a piece of charcoal and made a small mark on the dead child's arm. Through her tears, the mom whispered, *"goodbye little one; mommy loves you so much... maybe I'll see you again someday."* The frail little body was then gently taken from the grieving mother's arms, placed in a roughly-hewn box, the lid was closed, and the little girl's earthly remains were taken to their final resting-place by friends and relatives.

Have you ever seen a heartsick parent mark the body of a deceased child like this? I watched this event take place when we lived and ministered among the Nyaw villagers of Northeast Thailand. Not knowing their Creator and Savior, what possible hope did this grieving mother have that she would ever see her daughter again? According to the popular beliefs in the world in which this family lived, the only hope they had was by marking a deceased loved one's body. Then, later on, if they happened to see someone with a similar birthmark, this would be proof that their beloved child had reincarnated to live again.

Why did this little girl die? The help this family sought came not from God, or modern medicine, but from praying to evil spirits, making merit at the local Buddhist temple, and enlisting the divination services of witch doctors, who tied charms and amulets on the sick child's body, all the while mouthing magical incantations, along with concocting strange herbal folk remedies.

How many more moms and dads will mark their deceased children in empty hope as these did, And, how many more children will perish needlessly like this little girl, because their parents ignorantly passed up prayer and modern medicine, in favor of old heathen beliefs and practices? What about the Gospel message of salvation and eternal hope in Christ? Haven't they heard the truth yet? Don't they know the freedom-giving power of God's Word? Most Isan people have never heard a clear Gospel presentation, nor do they have the Bible in their own heart language... but it's on the way.

The good news is, the Isan New Testament we are working on is now 80% finished at this writing, and, if all goes well, will be completed soon. I presently reside in San Diego, CA, but return to Thailand regularly to check and print more newly-translated Isan scripture books. These are then distributed throughout Thailand's vast northeastern region, where they are placed into the hands of Isan families there, like the family described above.

Then, for the very first time, Isan moms and dads will be able to read God's great and precious promises in their own heart language. Promises like: *"For we do not have a High Priest who cannot be touched with the feelings of our infirmities (or frailties), but was in all points tempted as we are, yet without sin. Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace that we may obtain mercy and find grace to help in time of need."* (Hebrews 4:15-16)

This urgently-needed project is made possible through the love gifts of God's people. If you would like to have a part in taking God's life-giving Word to the Isan people of rural Northeast Thailand, please seek God's direction as to what He would have you do, designate your check for "Isan Scriptures," and send it to the address of our mission sending agency's headquarters below. What a wonderful privilege to serve God in this way.

Thank you in advance for your prayers and your sacrificial help on behalf of all the Isan moms, dads and children.

By God's Grace and For His Glory,

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