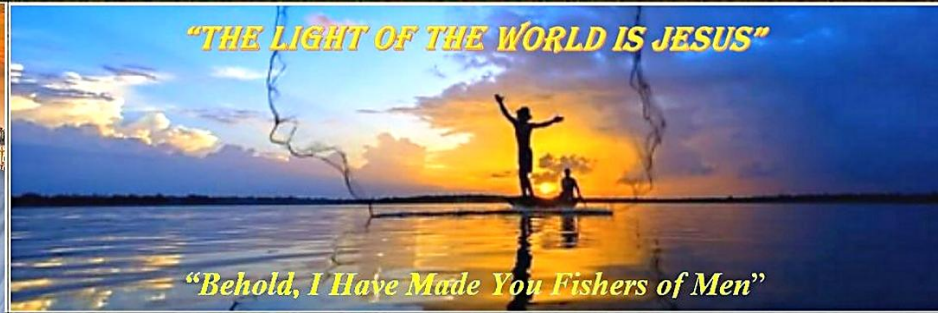


"God's Word, Accurately Replicated into the Heart Language of Any People, Is Truly Powerful!"



A Faith-based Ministry to Unreached Peoples, Sustained Through the Partnership of God's People

Ron & Cheryl Myers

GOD'S LIVING WORD FOR ALL PEOPLE

May-June 2026

Mom, Dad! Michelle Just Fell Out of a Tree

She's Lying on the Ground and Can't Get Up!

(Below are a series of miraculous[†] events that saved our daughter's life.)

Our son Danny shouted out as he burst into our bedroom where Cheryl and I lay resting. It was 9:00AM and I had just dozed off, recovering from a grueling all-night express bus ride from Bangkok to Nakhon Phanom Province where our ministry's headquarters are located, situated alongside the Mekong River's western banks, one mile wide at that location with Communist Laos on the opposite side. We sprang to our feet and followed Danny into our small dining nook area where Michelle (ae.7) lay whimpering, sprawled out on our rattan settee.

Dan (ae. 5) explained that, "We were climbing in the old crabapple tree in the rice paddy behind our house when Michelle lost her grip and fell to the ground," a five-meter (16 ft.) drop. The fall, bad as it was, wasn't the major problem. Being cold season, the field was dry, interspersed with large mounds of grass. Michelle had landed on her side, atop a large mound of grass directly beneath. She appeared to be fine as she lay there on our settee, apart from her obviously painful whimpering.

I then asked Dan, "If she couldn't get up, how then did she get into our house?" He explained that a kind pedicab driver was coming by and saw what had happened. He ran over, picked Michelle up, placed her on his pedicab's seat, then brought her here and laid her on our settee, then left."[†] I immediately went out to thank him and offer a monetary gift for his kindness—pedicab drivers are typically poor. Only a short while had passed but the man was nowhere to be seen, nor his pedicab.[†]

I then walked to the end of our driveway and peered up and down the lane. Pedicabs are slow-moving vehicles, and the laneway was fairly long, but I saw neither him or his pedicab. It seemed he had simply disappeared. Could he have been an "Angels Unawares" (Hebrews 13:2)?[†] It certainly seemed so, all things considered. I've come to realize that occurrences of that nature are not-uncommon on the mission field among little-reached people groups, like where we served.

We were blessed that the huge provincial hospital was only a few short blocks distance. Dan went back out and hailed a three-wheeled motorized taxi, by which Cheryl took Michelle to the hospital's emergency room. Meanwhile, I went back to catch up on my sleep. I rose around 4:00 pm and went directly to the hospital. An inexperienced emergency room intern had decided to send Michelle to the large women's ward and check on her the following morning. She would have been dead before then, we learned later, due to profuse internal bleeding. Meanwhile, she lay there with all the old grannies caressing and pinching her lilywhite skin, which bothered Michelle to no end. Yet, it helped keep her mind off of her very serious condition.[†]

Cheryl was sick with a mother's concern about our daughter, as was I; so, she asked that I go contact the emergency room's intern. He came, pressed lightly on Michelle's stomach. Upon releasing the pressure, she yelped out with pain. The intern rightly concluded that Michelle needed emergency surgery. Right, yet not by an intern, I thought. But by whom? I went to a confer with Ms. Orapin, herself an RN and Christian friend who owns a large pharmacy in town, along with her pharmacist husband. Orapin suggested I contact Dr. Wichit, a prominent member of the Thai Board of Surgeons who was presently here in town at his private clinic.[†] "It's just around the corner," she added. I went right over and sat, waiting my turn. The receptionist informed me that Dr. Wichit was out—as it turned out he'd been called to the hospital to look at Michelle.[†]



When my turn came, Dr. Wichit listened patiently as I explained the dire situation with our daughter. He responded, saying that he'd just come from diagnosing her condition, a badly ruptured Kidney. He then glanced at his wristwatch, saying, "I'll be operating on your daughter in about 45 minutes. However, we are out of her Type AB Positive blood. She likely needs at least three pints; so, you will need to go find some." Midday would be one thing, but by then it was evening. Who could I ask for help? Jarat, my Bible translation assistant's parents, came to mind. I went to their place and explained the situation. They were glad to give

blood if theirs was the right type. I got back on my motorcycle and rounded up four pedicabs to take them to the hospital and home again.

As it turned out, Mr. Boon (Jarat's dad), was also Type AB Positive and was happy to help. † A poor rice farmer, Mr. Boon had never been ill a day in his life, and had never had any vaccinations. So, it was a challenge for him to watch as they slide that "giant" needle into his forearm, he explained afterwards. Yet he was pleased, knowing that his blood was helping to save Michelle's life. † With only one pint of AB Positive blood at that juncture, and having exhausted all possibilities, I reluctantly headed back to the hospital.

On my way back to the hospital, I noticed that Mr. Krajai (my Chinese businessman friend) still had his shop doors partially open†, likely hoping for that one last sale before closing. I parked my motorcycle and walked in. Krajai greeted me warmly as he told their housemaid to fix us some coffee. Upon Krajai asking what I was doing out at night, I explained Michelle's dire situation, and that she needed at least one more pint of blood. "What type," Krajai asked? "AB Positive," I said. He immediately jumped up and headed out the door, saying "Why didn't you say so? I'm AB Positive!"† We returned to the hospital together. Upon arriving I, was told that two pints of blood would be sufficient. †

I then noticed some saffron-robed Buddhist Priests sitting there, waiting to greet me. Michelle's dire situation had been broadcast over the local radio station. Whereupon, the Buddhist Priests in their temple residence on the other end of town, having heard the plea for help, walked to the hospital to get their blood type checked. Although none had Michelle's blood type, I thanked them for their selfless effort on her behalf before they headed back. I believe someone took them back as I recall.

Meanwhile, as Dr. Wichit was in the operating room saving Michelle's life, a private room had become available; so, Michelle was moved there through the duration of her stay where she recovered quickly. † Dr. Wichit later explained that he decided to remove her damaged kidney completely rather than deal with the possibility of infection. (Being a hyperactive type, I later forbade her from doing any climbing.) Michelle is now an attractive married woman with a daughter, a scar, and one less kidney. It reminds her of why she chose a career in nursing and public health. She's even a *First Responder*. We're reminded again how God is able, no matter what the seemingly impossible situation, since there's nothing too hard for our Lord (Jeremiah 32:17).



By God's Grace and For His Glory,



Ron and Cheryl Myers
Your Missionaries to Thailand