

Ron & Cheryl Myers

GOD'S WORD FOR ISAN NEWSLETTER

May 2022

A Faith-based Ministry Sustained Through the Prayers and Partnership of God's People

Returning To Northeast Thailand (Part IV)

"How Big is God? – How Great is His Love?"

by Ron Myers

THE INFAMOUS THAI PASS – THE SAGA CONTINUES:

I began my April newsletter with, "By now, you may have heard I was denied entry into Thailand." That was on April 13. It wasn't a wasted trip, though, since some good things did happen. I led a fellow passenger seated beside me to Christ on my journey there and witnessed to a Thai Buddhist priest sitting across from me. I also befriended and witnessed to Mr. Anirat, senior manager of the Japan Airlines division in the Bangkok airport. I had all the Covid-related documentation in order, or so I thought. A simple little checkoff sheet called a *Thai Pass* for the convenience of airport immigration was a mandatory one I wasn't aware of until I had arrived. According to the sketchy information on their website – which hadn't been updated – the wording said nothing about being mandatory at that juncture. Nevertheless, I had applied for it before leaving, but their website kept freezing up and crashing.

Upon arrival, I was told the unfortunate news that I must not be allowed in without the *Thai Pass* – crazy! A Ms. Chatkamon – assistant manager to Mr. Anirat and the lady who assisted me in arranging my return flight – said she was due for a vacation but was hesitant because even Thai citizens were having trouble returning home due to *Thai Pass* confusion. The airport personnel around me even felt I should be allowed in. The *Thai Pass* had become so controversial that Thai immigration dropped its most stringent requirements on June first. I have my ticket in hand and leave for Bangkok on June 15. And yes, I'm getting the new and improved Thai Pass; yet, I'm still uncertain. **Please pray I won't encounter any entry-related problems.**

HOW BIG IS GOD?

In my Bible studies, I recently watched a program about the beauty and immensity of our universe and its innumerable galaxies beyond ours, seemingly stretched out *beyond* infinity. As a farm boy, I grew up around fences and recall trying to picture where the universe ended, imagining a fence at its furthest end. As I was gazing into God's Grand Cathedral of starry skies, the hymn "How Big is God?" came to mind – coined by Stuart Hamblen (1908–1989), who had Psalm 89:5 and Isaiah 57:15 in mind when he wrote and composed it, published in 1980.

The first verse is: "*Though men may strive to go beyond the reach of space...beyond the distant shining stars; This world's a small room within my Master's house; The skies are but a portion of his yard. (Chorus) How big is God? How big and wide is His vast domain? To try to tell these lips can only start. He's big enough to rule His mighty universe, yet small enough to live within my heart.*"

The vastness of our Heavenly Father's universe is unfathomable; beyond anything our human minds can comprehend. It's a beautiful representation of God's unfathomable Mercy, Grace, and Love, surrounding us in every dimension. Like God's universe, it's without end. The Apostle Paul got a glimpse when he penned the inspired words, "*That Christ may dwell in your hearts by faith; that you, having been rooted and grounded in [God's] love, may be able to comprehend, with all saints, the breadth, length, depth, and height; and know the love of Christ, which passes knowledge, that you might be filled with all the fulness of God*" (Ephesians 3:17-19). **Note:** Compare *having been rooted* (*rhizoō*) with Colossians 2:7 – perfect tense, passive voice – done for you forever by God).

Paul also wrote, "*That in the [endless] ages to come, He might show the exceeding riches of His grace in His kindness toward us through Christ Jesus*" (Ephesians 2:7). The two above underlined English words (*passes* and *exceeding*) come from one Greek word (*hyperballo*), which gives the sense of infinitely beyond our finite ability to comprehend.

HOW GREAT IS HIS LOVE?

With that in mind, I want to share with you the miracles of God's exceedingly great Love in action that I've witnessed. Experiences I would not trade for anything – revealed in the lives of formerly lost heathen, saved by His Son, the Lord Jesus Christ. I've seen powerful witch doctors who call down demons to possess them transformed into Saints, praising God by His indwelling Holy Spirit upon receiving Christ. I've heard their exclamations of wonderment as they hear God's Living Word read for the first time.

I've watched as a second *witch doctor* believed upon hearing the Gospel. She and her husband carried their spirit paraphernalia out of their home post-haste and burnt it on the roadway, including idols. Another *witch doctor* interested in the Gospel was about to believe when she noticeably drew back in fear, asking me to leave. I learned later the spirits had lied to her, saying they'd kill her family if she believed. Later that night, she tore off all her clothes and ran screaming across the rice paddies and into the forest, demon-possessed. These poor lost souls like her know the power of the evil spirits, but not the exceedingly great power of our God, who made Heaven and Earth.

Most precious is the account of our village neighbor, Aunt Joom – to whom I had witnessed for years. Stricken with Tuberculosis, her emaciated frame lay semi-conscious on her death bed. Meanwhile, villagers were outside sawing wood for her soon-to-be-occupied casket. She abruptly sat up to everyone's fright, thinking it was her disembodied spirit. She yanked off the protective amulets strung around her wrists and waist to ward off spirits as she exclaimed, *"I've been under the spirits all my life, but now I'm going to be with God."* She lived another two months with words of Jesus constantly on her lips as she strode back and forth to their rice fields before succumbing. This account was told to me by Aunt Joom's younger sister when I attended her funeral. I was invited to speak over the loudspeaker. Presenting the Gospel again, I told all there the meaning of the silence that night and explained the vision of Joom (*see next paragraph*).

Joom's sister went on to say how, according to tradition, family and friends gather in the home of the deceased throughout the night, huddling together in fear as they wait for the disembodied spirit to knock on a house post – it's usually a water buffalo rubbing its horns on one of the posts. Yet to relatives, any abnormal sound that goes clunk in the night is the person's spirit knocking. A sign that it's hungry and wants to be fed a little morsel. Food would typically be a dab of sticky rice with some chicken or fish on top. This, along with some water to quench the spirit's thirst. Joom's sister said all was silent – no odd sounds whatsoever. A signal that Aunt Joom had really gone on. What she then added blessed my heart. She saw her sister Joom in a unique dream, young and beautiful again, suspended up high wearing a glimmering white gown. I believe God gave her that vision. He does extraordinary things like that where the Gospel is just entering into a formerly-unreached region as a sign for the unsaved – which stops once the Gospel becomes established.

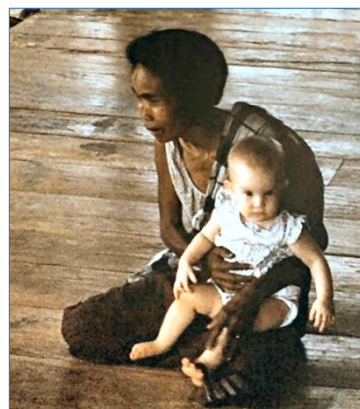
We are grateful for your prayers and how you pitch in to help defray our expenses. My first return trip wasn't a lost cause. Nor will my upcoming trip to Thailand be. I'll be working alongside my friend and coworker, Baaw Ter, who has long awaited my return – two and a half years caused by the worldwide Covid pandemic and all the fallout and turmoil it has caused.

God is Great ~ That's Why We Serve Him,



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"Oh, the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments and His ways past finding out! For who has known the mind of the Lord? ...For of Him and through Him and to Him are all things, to whom be glory forever. Amen" (Romans 11:33–36)



Top: Aunt Joom holding our daughter while listening to the Gospel.
Bottom: Me speaking, sitting beside a visiting villager. I built our 24'x36' remote village home (3-BR, Shower, Toilet, running water) in 6 weeks using only hand tools. No electricity in the whole area.