Prayers Among Buddhists

January 6, 2011

We have a special story to share with you that culminated Christmas day, a little more than a week ago written by my 17-year-old daughter Joelle. We would ask you to pray that our friend Muy will be a strong witness for God.

God bless you with a wonderful new year serving Him,
Scott Griswold

Sabbath morning, December 25, 2010, the sun shone brightly as Khun Muy, a lady from our community in Thailand stepped into the water for baptism. As she rose from the cool water her tear-streaked face shone brighter than the sun. She knew she was a daughter of God.

My mind ran back to her incredible story.

About 30 years ago in the country of Thailand, a girl named Muy was watching the cows. She saw someone walk by and throw something into a gutter. She skipped over to see it and there lay a pamphlet. She picked it up and sat back down where the buffalo were grazing and began to read. The pamphlet was all about Jesus and it offered free Bible studies and a free Bible at completion. Muy loved to read, but her family was too poor to buy any books. She filled out the sheet and sent it in. After about 3 years she finished the requirements and received her Bible.

Before she could even begin reading it, her mother, a devout Buddhist, yanked it away and threw it into the fire. Muy was devastated.
A few years went by and Muy got married. Eventually she had 2 children. Because she saw potential in her daughter at a very young age, she sent her to school by the age of 2. Around this time, she had a son that was born with severe disabilities. But when her daughter turned 7 she began to shake and cry. Muy began to get worried and took her to a hospital. She got worse instead of better, becoming like an autistic child.

She was discouraged. The hospital bills were growing and her husband refused to pay a cent for his children's care. He told her that his hard earned money wasn't going to be "wasted". She was crushed.

Her husband left her for a younger woman and she was left with the house and hospital debts. Daily she began to get unwanted guests yelling at her to give them the money that her husband so foolishly borrowed. With ugly death threats and no place to turn, she gathered her children together and fled away from their village.

Khun Muy settled in with her sister and tried to make a living selling produce from her meager garden. Weeks and months went by and one day at the market she saw some foreigners. Curiosity over-took her, and she ventured to meet them.

As time went on, she began to get close to her new found friends. They began to share with her the truths of the Bible. As she studied, she became excited. Her relatives however were upset. They made sure whenever Sabbath rolled around Muy was busy working in her garden or selling her produce.

Khun Muy's first brush with an all-loving, caring God happened one day while she was burning a pile of leaves and wood. Soon the fire grew out of control. To Muy's horror she watched as the flames leaped higher and higher, almost jumping across her fence into the Buddhist temple grounds.

Muy frantically knelt down and prayed her first simple prayer. She knew that if the fire crossed into temple grounds, she'd be in great trouble. As she arose from her knees she was shocked to see that the fire had completely stopped. God had answered her prayer.

Muy's garden was doing poorly. Her whole life depended on what she grew. And now that she wasn't growing much, her family started to complain. Finally she asked her new Christian friends for help. They came and prayed over her garden, asking God to bless it and cause things to grow so she could support her family. Over the next few weeks her garden grew rapidly until she couldn't sell all her produce. She happily started giving it away to her needy neighbors.

Her sister had been giving Muy the worst time about associating with the Christians. She once even threatened to kick Muy out of the house she was renting to her.

"You like the foreigners so much why not go live with them?" she had said sneeringly.

Now she was shocked by the growth of her sister's garden. She begged that her sister's "foreign friends" come and pray for her garden as well. Muy gladly agreed.

Muy's children were doing poorly. Their health had not improved with the move and they were now twelve and fourteen and still unable to communicate to others their simple needs. The Christians went over to pray for the children,
and before they could start Khun Muy said,

"The charms have to come off, don't they," and began to cut them from the children's necks.

Soon afterwards the children began to improve.

One Friday evening Muy was giving her daughter a shower, when all of a sudden her girl became excited and jumped up. She slipped and fell, landing on her head on the hard cement. She was knocked out cold. Muy was terrified. She knelt beside her daughter and cradled her head in her lap. As she looked down into the pale face of her daughter who she thought was dying, she cried out to her Heavenly Father for help.

"This is Your daughter, God, please keep her safe."

She held her girl in her lap for about 45 minutes. Suddenly she opened her eyes and smiled. God had answered another heartfelt prayer of His newly found child.

The Christians helped Muy start a mushroom business to help support her family more. They had to be picked every morning and afternoon or else they'd spoil. God blessed her and they were producing large, healthy mushrooms. But one day when she learned about the commandments she grew worried what would happen to her mushrooms if she did not pick them. As she struggled with it, she realized that God needed to come first before mushrooms. That Sabbath she went to church without picking them. When she came home to her surprise she found no mushrooms. The very next day though they were again drooping with big, juicy mushrooms. Muy was confused. The next Sabbath the same thing happened. They stopped producing but started again Sunday morning. God proved faithful again to His now faithful child.

Muy decided she would like to be baptized on Christmas morning, to give herself as a present to God. Now that she was asking to be baptized my Dad needed to interview her to see if she was ready. He asked me to join him and record her story.

We arrived at her house and sat down for an exciting interview with Khun
Muy. Her shining face gave me a certain thrill. This is what she said in reply to my father’s question on who is God.

"God is the owner of everything and He has a love that can reach everyone in this world. All that people need to do is to accept that love. Those who do will be changed and have a wonderful peace within. But those who go blindly on will experience a darkness and loneliness that nothing will take away but God’s love. I can’t say that He’s our father, because He’s bigger then the word “Father” because a dad will take care of his kids only until they can support and take care of themselves. But God the Father will always be there to love and care for us no matter how self-sufficient we are or how helpless we are.” I nodded with a smile remembering that her father had left her to fend for herself when she was only 15 years old.

We left them confident that God had her heart, and that she was ready to make her commitment.

So it was on that Sabbath Khun Muy was baptized into a new life. I think there will be more baptisms before long, because of what I heard her say:

"I’m so excited to share God's Holy Word to my neighbors, they’re so thirsty for His unconditional love. I do not even need to go and look for people to witness to; they’re all coming to me. Some of them I’ve never see or met before. I ask them how did they come to find me. This is one answer that I’ve heard a number of times: ‘I was peddling my bicycle and a voice inside me said to stop at your gate. So I stopped. As I look on your face I want to know and experience the peace you have.’ "

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