

From the Golden Shore

March 9, 2024

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Dear Pastor and praying friends,

The last couple of months have been full of ups and downs. But one thing remains constant; we have a great and wonderful God Who is always faithful. *“And God said unto Moses, **I AM THAT I AM:** and he said, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, **I AM** hath sent me unto you. And God said moreover unto Moses, Thus shalt thou say unto the children of Israel, The LORD God of your fathers, the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob, hath sent me unto you: **this is my name for ever, and this is my memorial to all generations.**”* (Ex. 3:14-15) God is even **I AM** in this generation also.

On the first Sunday of the year, our attendance was a little low. Annie normally has about ten kids in her class, but that day there were only three. She was a little disappointed that none of the other kids showed up, but our **I AM** God was on it. Usually, she teaches the class in Burmese, but, with only our kids, she had the opportunity to teach in English and give a more detailed description of the lesson. The girls listened intently about how Adam and Eve disobeyed God in the garden. When the realization of sin and the need of a Saviour hit them, they both had tears in their eyes. So right there, in the middle of the Sunday school lesson, our youngest two prayed and asked the Lord to take them to heaven. Even though our attendance was low, God knew they needed that one-on-one talk. Many times after we had read the Bible, Sophia, as only she could do, would pray for the twins to get saved. And while they would play together, she would tell the twins how Jesus came and died for them. It never clicked for them until that Sunday school class. All our children now have a home in heaven.

At the beginning of the year, the Lord put on our pastor's heart to switch some things up. Instead of everyone going door to door, some of us would do some follow-up visits. I took a small group to do follow-ups. At one of our truck riders houses, we met the kid's grandma. I had never met her before, so I asked her if she was sure about heaven. She said that she wasn't. I went through the gospel with her, and she sweetly trusted Christ to save her.

Last month, Jasmine had some sharp pains in her stomach. So we took her to the same hospital where Annie had her appendectomy three years ago and found out that her appendix was inflamed, leaking fluid, and needed to be taken out. The surgery went very well. We are thankful for having good doctors in our city. Some of our church folks visited her in the hospital. And within a few days she was back home recovering.

While on furlough, we collected Bibles and books to send to Burma for some churches and schools. We are still trying to work out the details of shipping the container. We recently found that our shipment needs to be rerouted through two shipping companies, which basically doubled the estimated cost. On top of that, we are trying to sell our Ford Expedition that we purchased for furlough. We have had people interested then back out. Because of these things, the shipment is being delayed.

One of my pastor friends up north contacted me last month to ask if the Bibles from the States had arrived yet. I told him what had happened with our shipment and asked him how many Bibles he needed. He told me he needed thirty Bibles. Because I felt bad for the container being delayed, I contacted the Myanmar Bible Society to see how many Bibles I could purchase. I bought forty Bibles and sent them up to his city. He then sent me pictures of everyone with their new Bibles. They were so excited! One of the church members rides his bicycle twenty-five miles one way to go to a Bible-believing church. After my wife made a Facebook post about it, I received a message from Bro. Curtis Hall of BEST Missions, asking if they could help get us some more Bibles. Within minutes, they sent \$3,000 USD to purchase over 500 Burmese Judson Bibles. Our **I AM** God used the container delay to get us more Bibles. What a God!

Later in the month a man by the name of Paul arrived to help us with our new building. We met him in Portland, ME at one of our supporting churches on deputation. He told me then, “I'm a construction guy, and I've gone to other countries helping missionaries build. If you ever need help with a building, let me know. I'd love to come help.” Over the last two weeks, he has helped us lay brick for the walls of the church and helped pour the concrete for the new platform. I had recently found that we could fly to Mawlamyine from Yangon instead of taking a bus. It's much faster and safer than driving, especially as the civil war continues raging. But the flight schedule had us waiting in Yangon a couple of days, so Bro. Paul helped me distribute Bibles to three churches in the Yangon area before going on to Mawlamyine.

The Burmese Army started conscripting young people. They go around town looking for people to pick up. Last week, while we were taking a break from bricklaying, one of our church ladies called. Her fifteen-year-old nephew had disappeared the night before, and nobody knew where he was. After making a missing persons report, she found out that the army had taken him. He is one of the faithful kids. Although we do not know what will happen to him, we believe our **I AM THAT I AM** God has a plan.

Please pray that the Lord will bring Saing (pronounced with a long “I”) Naung Shin back safely and that he will be stronger in his faith. Please pray that our truck will sell and that we will be able to get the container shipped soon. Please pray also for our new building to be finished and that God would use it to see many more people come to Christ. It is a great privilege to serve an **I AM** God.

Until He comes,

The Davis Family

Matthew 4:16

GLBM

Sending Church: Grace Baptist Church of Troy, NY
Missions Agency: Golden Land Baptist Missions Horseheads, NY