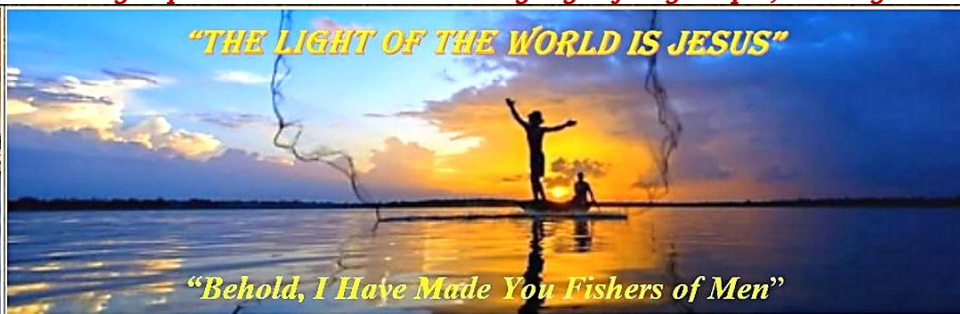
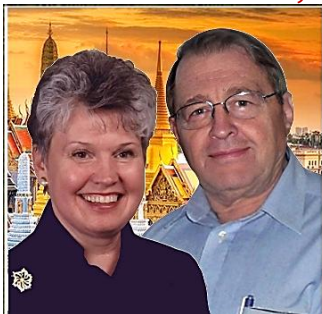


**"God's Word, Accurately Replicated into the Heart Language of Any People, Is Truly Powerful!"**



**Ron & Cheryl Myers**

**GOD'S LIVING WORD FOR ALL PEOPLE**

**February 2026**

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

## **Count it all Joy When Trials Befall You**

*God-given Opportunities to Exercise Faith and Patience*

by Ron Myers

Dear Friends and Supporters,

I sense it's time to provide you with an informative sketch of our lives and events as life-long career Missionaries to Thailand and beyond. We grew up in separate rural towns, twelve miles apart, in Upstate NY. Yet, we had never met. Cheryl, a recent degree in Education, was a grade schoolteacher at her hometown *alma mater*. I was in professional sales. Having heard about this gorgeous young Christian lady, I set about to meet her. I finally did at a Wednesday evening service at her dad's church.

We soon fell in love. After marriage, performed by both of our pastors—both having sensed God's call to missions—we entered missionary training under the auspices of New Tribes Mission (now Ethnos 360). Upon training and my ordination, we raised what support we could and followed God's leading to serve among the Buddhist people of Thailand.

During our year in Bangkok, we learned the complicated Thai language and writing system and adapted to their culture. We then moved 540 miles (870 km) up to Thailand's furthest under-developed Northeastern (Isan) region where we settled in a remote ethnic Nyaw village. There, I built our comfy 24' by 36' home with a wide porch, all elevated on vertical beams as is the custom.



After settling in and getting acquainted, Cheryl did language and linguistic analysis of the 7-tone Nyaw language, and helped other missionaries with language-learning, and spent quality time with local ladies. In turn, I spent with the men, mastered the Nyaw language, learned local customs, and did Creation evangelism (they had no concept of a Creator God). I even tried my hand at the slippery ordeal of plowing flooded rice paddies drawn behind a Water Buffalo. (*Nothing akin to pulling a plow while riding on a tractor on our 500-acre family dairy farm where I grew up.*) With many trusting Christ and a new church started, I realized the need for a Bible translation in their heart language, which had never previously been done. With a potential 25-plus million readership, the Isanians love it.

With another missionary assuming responsibilities there among the Nyaw people, we moved into the provincial Capital of Nakhon Phanom (NKP) to begin the Isan translation. NKP is situated alongside the Mekong River's western banks, with Communist Laos on the opposite banks—note the red ● dot on the above Thai map, 540 miles (870 km) northeast of Bangkok★. There, we greatly expanded our ministry outreach, Cheryl with linguistic analysis and me with Bible translation and evangelism. When we moved into NKP, the local city church was dying in the vine, with only one small family remaining.

This was a bad situation, spiritually, since church stealers with unbiblical beliefs were eying a takeover of the city church. Believers in the villages where we had ministered, unwittingly viewed the weakened city church as their elder sister in the faith. Something had to be done. I contacted the field director, whom I knew, of the mission organization with which the city church was affiliated. Due to its remote location, no one was interested in filling the pulpit with its meager remuneration. The field director gave me the okay to step and fill the pulpit, which I promised to do on an interim basis until it was back on its feet.

I set aside all the typical periphery and majored on grounding believers by teaching the fundamentals of the faith. Soon, once empty pews were brimming with new believers as we witnessed a grassroots movement take place. It was God's doing as people responded the teaching of the Word. I mentored Jarat, my translation assistant, who assisted me by preaching every other Sunday. Both Cheryl and I teared up listening to Jarat expound the grace he had just learned about. He assumed the pastorship as the church grew. He has now started churches in other provinces and has become highly regarded among other churches. Another new pastor, a former thief with a price on his head, personally planted two new vibrant churches.

Due to Cheryl's steadfast language and linguistic work, many new missionaries were able to successfully learn difficult ethnic tonal languages. Now in San Diego, Cheryl taught English composition and linguistics at San Diego Christian College, where she was department chair, and later at Southern California Seminary, where she now serves on the board of trustees. She also teaches a ladies Precepts Class every Tuesday with an ever-growing number of ladies' participation, some viewing online both locally and out of state. All things considered, I believe I *married up* to be sure.

When we left our Thai home and all of our Thai friends after two six-year terms on the field, we also left many new baptized believers, new trained leadership, four new churches and cell groups, with pastors. We also provided an Isan New Testament translation. It's now in print, distributed, professionally narrated—available online in Thai script for Isan believers and in Laotian script for Laotian believers, both in Communist Laos and around the world for Laotian refugees. (*Note: Isan is similar Laotian.*)

Time has passed, yet by God's grace, we are still going strong, fully committed to the same goals of advancing the Gospel of Grace among unreached Thai. Also challenging others to help complete the unreached task until Christ appears and takes us all home. Upon returning to the States after our second six-year term, we were asked to come to San Diego, to work among Asian refugees here. I taught Lao refugee believers and later pastored a Cambodian refugee fellowship intermittently, between bi-yearly trips to Thailand to finish the Isan New Testament.

God works in wonderful ways. Contrary to what others said, that Thai printshops were not capable of printing Bibles. Yet I sensed God was directing me to do just that. I asked around. A Thai Christian lady I knew said her Aunt Kit owns a shop that prints Gideon Bibles exclusively, using high-quality imported Bible paper. Kit was elated to help, giving a reduced price and even chipped in. Total cost, \$1.72 each. The Isan New Testament is available as a book, online in both digital and audio formats, and in both Thai and Laotian scripts. (*Isan and Laotian languages are similar.*)

**A New Thai translation:** I'm now working on one of the most important projects I've done so far, a much-needed accurate Thai translation, with a 75 million readership potential. My assistants are spiritually mature Thai Christian men. We plan to print a John-Romans booklet first, then the entire Spoken Thai New Testament. Everything was progressing well. I returned to Thailand for three months in early 2025 to mentor new believers and continue evangelizing. I planned to return in early October, returning home a week before Christmas.

Then, the unthinkable happened that brought things to an abrupt halt. We have a wicked enemy who is alive and well, along with his evil demonic minions. These enemies of God hate the truth. They are powerful to a degree as they try to hinder the advancement of the Gospel and destroy all of those who are dedicated to spreading the truth to the unreached masses. That usually means dedicated missionaries. For instance, I was almost killed at various times, but for God's divine intervention.

In early October, a week before my return trip to Thailand, I tripped and fell in our home, which I mentioned in an earlier newsletter. I got up, brushed myself off and went about my day. That was a week before my scheduled return flight to Thailand.

A couple days later, just before dawn, I recall dreaming when my thoughts started racing out of control. I couldn't stop. I stood up shouting, Stop! Stop! Stop! then slumped to the floor and passed out. When I awoke, Cheryl was sitting beside me, asking what's wrong? I asked her to call 911. I was vaguely conscious, but recall being hoisted onto the stretcher by the EMT.

When I awoke, I was in a hospital bed with Cheryl and daughter Angela sitting alongside. I was at Sharp Grossmont Hospital's Neurological building. Two days had passed as numerous scans and tests were being taken. I had suffered a brain bleed (Hematoma), a ruptured brain artery, which happened when I stumbled and fell. I had turned my head to my side to protect my face. My temple took the impact. I could have easily died but God protected me. I had asked Him for enough time to finish the much-needed accurate Thai New Testament. I believe He honored my prayer, like King Hezekiah's plea (Isaiah 38).

I was released after two weeks in the hospital. Further scans revealed that the burst artery in my brain was healed and my brain's large blood spot in was residing. My attending physicians assured me that I would eventually return to my normal lifestyle. I sense God's still small voice that He had literally spared my life. After three months I could drive again, which had been hard for me since I could usually hop in my car and go wherever at will. Now, I had opportunity to practice patience and rely on others.

**Deja Vu All Over Again:** While homebound, I was to be under constant watch care. Therefore, Cheryl had to forgo her normal schedule to be with me. She also kept track of my meds and appointment dates. Three months later, after finishing all seizure-related meds, I was cleared to drive again, and return to Thailand, I managed to trip again. I stumbled and pitched headfirst against the corner wall of our hallway, causing another seizure. Again, I believe my stumble was due to the extra-soft spongy rubber soles on Sketcher shoes catching while walking across our living room floor. I've now stopped wearing them.

This put me in Sharp Hospital's Trauma Center for a day. I praise God that, after EEGs, MRIs, CT scans, and ultrasounds, they found no damage! Yet I'm now back on seizure prevention meds, twice daily, until further notice. I've never had seizure or balance problems before. It's quite discouraging, as you can imagine. And yet, when I am doing Bible translation, I forget my woes and am at perfect peace. We are *more than conquerors* through Him who loved us (Romans 8:37). **Please pray for my full recovery**, that Satan will not get the victory, and for our declining support. I have an important job to finish; the translation of an accurate Spoken Thai New Testament, with a potential readership nearing 80 million Thai souls!

**What have I learned?** More about patience, kindness, love and compassion (1 Corinthians 13:4-7). Love in Christ: *Ron Myers*