

GLOBAL DAY OF PRAYER FOR
BURMA
— 2026 —



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PRAYER FOR BURMA

God of mercy, help, save, comfort, and defend all who are oppressed in Burma. Grant true peace and bring an end to fighting and violence. Protect and strengthen those who help the displaced, the wounded, and the oppressed—give them courage, wisdom, and strength. Bring justice and healing for those who suffer trauma, loss, and homelessness. Stir the hearts of all people, no matter who they are, to pray and to stand for freedom, justice, and peace in Burma. We pray this in the name of your Son and our Lord, Jesus Christ. Amen.

AS YOU READ

Throughout this year's Day of Prayer for Burma are individual prayer points, placed as guides and reminders for the different and specific ways to pray for Burma and its people.



THE GLOBAL DAY OF PRAYER FOR BURMA HAPPENS EVERY YEAR ON THE SECOND SUNDAY OF MARCH. PLEASE JOIN US IN PRAYING FOR BURMA.

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YOUR WILL BE DONE A POEM FROM THE BATTLE OF PASAUNG

"Not Satan's will, nor my will, but God's will alone be done,"
 was my prayer on each evacuation run.
 Running into battle, mortars all around.
 Jets diving fast, you can tell it by the sound.
 Bombs released and exploding, sometimes only yards away,
 wondering how you lived through it, knowing someone
 prayed.
 Getting up again and going forward, bullets now snapping
 by your face,
 getting to the wounded is a life-or-death race.
 You find them, pick them up, there's moaning and thrashing
 around.
 Medics are gathered over, the bambulance is coming down.
 My son Pete beside me, calm and cool,
 helping carry the wounded, he's just out of school.
 We pick them up and run back, the same gauntlet of steel,
 moving so fast we're not really sure how we feel.
 We race out of the direct fire but indirect is still on us,
 the jets come again and now they're upon us.
 We dive down once more, while, as gently as we can,
 lowering the patient to the rocks, ground, or sand.
 Up again we go when the plane's afterburners flare by.
 In all these actions in the front, I still haven't seen anyone
 cry.
 We get down to the CCP, the forward one that is,

in a trench, a hole in the jungle, or under a bridge.
 More medics are waiting there with loving, strong, and able
 hands,
 to staunch the blood-flow, bind the wounds, and hold a heal-
 ing hand.
 From there, our radiomen call back to the main CCP and sur-
 gery,
 saying, "We've got a red, and a green, and a yellow, on our
 way as fast as we can be."
 A vehicle comes up from hiding, camo nets torn off the roof.
 More Rangers jump down and pick up the wounded as the
 ground is shook
 by another jet fighter's bombs landing close to us.
 I remember seeing the glow of the cockpit as he lined up for
 his final thrust.
 The rockets came in low and fast, screaming into the ground.
 More shrapnel hit around us as we lay there, deafened by
 the sound.
 Up again we lift the wounded and slam the tailgate home.
 The driver takes off quickly, and now here come the drones.
 The drive goes down a long and winding road, getting shot at
 sometimes on the way, around, and from above.
 To our hiding place that we carefully prayed and selected for.
 Here are more Rangers waiting by the doors.
 The casualties are put down into more willing, loving hands.
 A prayer is prayed over each victim as they are carried by
 our men.



Now into the CCP, which can be tarps on the jungle floor,
 or maybe a building that survived on the edge of a town, or
 the house next door.
 Our medics and senior doctors are there to help as they can,
 to keep the patients in the living land.
 My wife, Karen, and daughters, Sahale and Suu,
 are helping the wounded at the CCP too.
 This choreography of healing hands, medicine, and steel,
 is provided by people who deeply feel.
 It takes a lot of work and care and teamwork too, you see,
 to run a helpful, healing, and life-saving CCP.
 Stop the bleeding, restore the breathing, giving of whole
 blood,

needle decompressions, and IV lines, and more blood.
 Here another radio call is made for a different vehicle set,
 to take the casualties back, crossing a major river to get bet-
 ter care yet.
 Sometimes that means one or two days driving to a hospital
 in hiding,
 where eager CDM surgeons are waiting and are abiding.
 Sometimes it means you can cross the border to Thailand,
 where highly professional, loving, doctors again keep the liv-
 ing in this land.
 We are grateful for all the people, from the frontlines to the
 back,
 and for those of you all who pray that we would have no lack.
 No lack of medicine, no lack of care, no lack of expertise,
 no lack of God's presence, and His calming peace.
 On each day of this battle, on each run by foot or truck,
 it was prayer that we relied on - not effort, skill, or luck.
 Through gunfire of all kinds, onto the wounded cries,
 "Lord Jesus, please, not Satan's will or mine, but only yours."

Dave and family

*Opposite: The Eubank family together in Burma on
 a mission earlier this year.
 Top Left: Peter Eubank helps carry wounded.
 Top Right: Suuzanne and Karen Eubank help treat
 an infant villager.
 Bottom: Sahale Eubank treats a resistance soldier.*

BURMA ON THE BRINK

COUNTRY OVERVIEW BY ASHLEY SOUTH

At the end of 2025, Burma is on the brink. Five years after the February 2021 coup, ethnic and pro-democracy resistance forces continue to struggle against the illegal and illegitimate Myanmar junta. In 2025 they controlled half the country and were developing new models of self-determination ('bottom-up' federalism). Meanwhile, losing grip on power, the Myanmar Army has launched multiple vicious attacks against civilians, including airstrikes, drone, and artillery attacks (as documented by FBR and other groups including the UN). Up to five million people have been forcibly displaced and are in desperate need of protection from the Myanmar Army.

The most effective way to protect civilians, and end the civil war in Burma, would be to supply anti-junta forces with air-defense capabilities. Emergency humanitarian aid is urgently needed too. Following recent funding cuts (particularly USA), civilians are struggling with massive shortages of food and basic services like health and education. Civilian protection programs have wound down due to lack of funds, together with support to vulnerable communities across the country. Nevertheless, communities, civil society organisations and ethnic resistance organisations struggle on. Anti-junta forces have justice, righteousness, and political legitimacy on their side.

The junta may have regained some territory in 2025, but much less than it lost over the previous four years. In the meantime, the dictator Min Aung Hlaing is pushing ahead with elections scheduled for Decem-

ber 28th, 2025. Although at the time of writing polling has yet to start, these fake elections will likely be won by the military-backed USDP, with the National League for Democracy and other democratic political parties boycotting the process. The risk nevertheless remains of the international community endorsing a 'new' military-backed regime - although, thankfully, most governments have refused to recognize the polls, including those in the ASEAN regional bloc.

Regardless of outside actors, reconciliation with the military remains unlikely absent a deep process of transitional justice. But there are other possibilities for peace.

Since the coup, trust has deepened between different ethnic nationality groups and representatives of the Burman majority. The cosmopolitan makeup of the National Unity Government and many allied Peoples Defence Forces shows the 'intersectional' nature of the Spring Revolution, with growing bonds of solidarity between different groups fighting for freedom in Burma. This new politics is reflected in emergent local governance arrangements under ethnic armed organisations (EAOs) such as the KNU, PSLF-TNLA, KIO, KNPP and KNDF - expanding freedom and rights through bottom-up federalism.

The best prospects for peace therefore lie in reconciliation between and within different ethnic groups in Burma, and between minority and majority communities. In liberated areas across the country, EAOs have provided basic health and education services to highly marginalised communities for decades, often in part-

Opposite: A man participates in a pro-democracy vigil in the capital city of Burma.
Right: A woman from Kachin State protests at a rally.

nership with local civil society groups. They urgently need support and prayers.

It seems unlikely, after the collapse of a ten-year peace process (2011-20) and five years of brutal war directed at civilians, that conflict-affected communities (victims of atrocities) and ethnic self-determination movements can easily trust the militarized central state again. That was tried in good faith through the 2015 Nationwide Ceasefire Agreement - but the previous peace process proved the Myanmar government and military to be committed centralists, unable and/or unwilling to address the grievances and aspirations of ethnic nationality stakeholders.

A post-election scenario in which a military-backed ruling party manages some kind of transition would repeat the mistakes of the past. The years since 2021 have seen a resurgence of ethnic sovereignty through bottom-up federalism. Prior to the coup, the main challenge for ethnic self-determination movements was to 'federalise' a highly centralised state, through a deeply contested and political reform and peace process. Following the coup, the challenge is to build new union-level structures, growing out of and based on the realities of 'state units' administered by ethnic resistance organizations (EROs) and state-based bodies.

The junta elections may become a smokescreen, or cheap pretext donors and diplomats use to not support the struggle for freedom in Burma. However, with justice and momentum on their side, ethnic and pro-democracy forces are likely to continue driving the transformation of Burma.



THE MARCH EARTHQUAKE

On March 28, 2025, a 7.7 magnitude earthquake struck the Sagaing Region of Burma. The effects were devastating, and the collapse of buildings made it the second deadliest in Burma's history.

Many of the ethnic resistance forces instituted ceasefires in order for relief to proceed without threat of combat. The military dictatorship offered the same publicly, but failed to honor their word. In fact, in many parts of Burma, instead of sending aid they instead sent artillery strikes, bombs, and suicide drones.

While much of the work to recover from this disaster is well underway, the event comes as a reminder that this junta administration has little interest in serving the people they claim to lead.

This home in southern Shan State was hit by a Burma airstrike less than a week after the earthquake, even after the junta pledged to a ceasefire.



LIFE AMONG LANDMINES

BY JONATHAN MOSS

When dawn comes in Burma, many families start the day with a small act of courage.

They step out of the house.

In one village in Karenni State, Naw Hser wakes before sunrise. Her youngest son likes to run ahead on the path to the fields. She grips his hand tight. There is no clear line between safe ground and death. Mines have been laid in the fields, along jungle paths, and on church grounds and around homes and streams where children used to play.

Defensive mines were laid by the Burma Army, then forgotten. They no longer protect anything. They keep you from fields, water, from working and from worship.

Stories like hers are now common across the country. Landmines and explosive remnants of war are no longer limited to a few remote battlefields. They are spread across almost all of Burma. Suspected contamination has been reported in 211 townships, which is about 64 percent of all townships in the country.

Since 2020 the crisis has grown fast. That year only 48 townships were recorded as contaminated. By 2021 the number had more than doubled to 100. New contaminated townships have been added every year since then. In total, 163 townships have been newly recorded as contaminated between 2020 and 2025.

Most victims are not soldiers. They are people doing normal tasks. Between 2007 and 2024, most recorded incidents happened while people were working in fields, travelling on village paths, or gathering wood and food.

A farmer steps into his paddy to plant rice.

A mother walks to the next village to buy salt.

A child follows friends to look for firewood.

These simple activities can end with an explosion, followed by shouting, blood, and a desperate rush to find transport to the nearest clinic. Many do not make it in time.

The numbers keep rising. In 2023, recorders tracked 1,002 civilian mine casualties in Burma, the highest civilian total in the world. In 2024, they recorded 1,646, nearly 5 per day. These are major undercounts. Many incidents go unreported, and tracking is limited in active conflict areas. These totals do not even include Burma Army or resistance fighters.

The majority of victims are adult men, often the main income earners for their families. Yet children and women are increasingly affected. Children now make up a growing share of casualties, especially from explosive remnants of war that they find and pick up.

There are boys with missing hands after playing with small metal objects they thought were toys. There are girls who lost legs while helping parents in the fields. An apprentice monk injured on his way to the temple told me, "I only went to pray. Now I cannot play football. I cannot walk to school."

No part of Burma is untouched. All states and regions now report both contamination and casualties. Shan State has the highest number of contaminated townships and the highest share of casualties since 2021.

Kachin, Sagaing, Kayin, Bago, and Rakhine also carry heavy burdens.

In 2024 alone, casualties were recorded in 153 different townships. Some townships, such as Dawei, Lashio, and Kanbalu, have suffered especially high casualty totals in recent years.

Behind every number is a family that must now live with loss.

A father who can no longer farm.

A mother who must carry water for a son who has lost both legs.

A sister who grieves a brother killed on the path to market.

Hospitals and clinics are far away or already full. Prosthetic services are limited and may require long journeys and high costs that many families cannot afford. For those who survive, pain, disability, and trauma are daily companions.

In this growing crisis, small local demining teams are trying to clear safe ground. They are farmers, teachers, medics, and Rangers who choose to kneel in minefields so that others do not have to.

The work is slow. Using rakes and farm tools to look for mines, every scrape through the soil is a prayer. Many of the mines are small, plastic anti-personnel mines that are hard to detect. Others are improvised devices or old unexploded shells. The teams work in heat, mud, and fear, yet they press on so that families can farm again and children can walk to school.

International organizations find it hard to operate in these active war zones. Much of the work is carried instead by local churches, civil groups, and small humanitarian teams with limited resources.

On the Day of Prayer for Burma you may feel far from these villages. Yet your prayers and your concern can reach where you cannot go.



Opposite: Two M14 survivors wait for prosthetics after losing their legs. Both are fathers trying to rebuild their lives.

Top Left: A sixteen-year old-monk who stepped on an M14 while hiking to pray. Beside him, a twenty-year-old survivor who also stepped on an M14 and now fights to work and provide for his family.

Top Right: A villager used his own track hoe to clear mines for his community. The machine broke down and now they dig by hand with no equipment.

Bottom Left: Teaching villagers how to probe for mines so they can keep their communities safe when no trained teams can reach them.



PRAYER
POINTS

ASK GOD TO PROTECT CHILDREN ON THEIR WAY TO SCHOOL, FARMERS IN THEIR FIELDS, AND PARENTS WHO MUST MOVE THROUGH MINED AREAS FOR FOOD AND WATER. PRAY THAT GOD WILL COMFORT THOSE WHO HAVE LOST LOVED ONES OR LIMBS.



"NEVER UNDERESTIMATE JESUS"

BY DANIEL MORGENSTERN

How do we have hope when the world around us is hopeless?

For me, this is not a hypothetical question in Burma. The country has not seen peace since 1948: that's over 77 years of war. The Department of Homeland Security in the USA recently declared that it was "safe for Burmese citizens to return home" even as North Korea and Iran lend industrial and military support to Russia, who, in turn, lends support to the dictators of Burma. Seeing these things happening, meeting people firsthand who have suffered, it makes me angry, it makes me sad, and it's just hard to hope for anything different. I'm not confident the current leaders and groups can resolve these conflicts well. I'm not even sure they want to resolve them.

So I often find myself thinking, "how can we have hope?" On a recent mission in Karen State I heard an answer I had heard before but had lost sight of.

"Never underestimate Jesus," said Reverend Saw Lerr Moo, the leader of a Karen Baptist church made up of about 200 IDPs now living in Ma Pi Lay, Karen State. We met the reverend at a Good Life Club (GLC) program we were running for his congregation and people from several other surrounding villages. As the kids enjoyed dances, songs, and skits, some of our team met with various leaders from the villages to encour-

age and pray with them. I decided to sit in with the chaplains as they met with local church leaders. As the designated field reporter, I have to admit I wasn't thinking about how to encourage the church leaders in the meeting; I was too busy looking for a good story. But God is good; even with my distraction, He helped us encourage them well, and I heard a story that encouraged me. I hope this story encourages you when you are feeling hopeless.

Reverend Saw Lerr Moo and his congregation were forced to flee their homes because of Burma military air and artillery attacks. They live in simple shelters spread out through the fields around Ma Pi Lay, thankful for the hospitality of the villagers. The reverend has served his congregation for 44 years and has suffered many hardships in that time. His church started in Glaw Mu, Karen State, where he lived with his wife, four sons, and daughter in a large house. Because his home was large, armed men from both the Burma Army and Karen National Liberation Army (KNLA) would stay there as they passed through. The Burma Army did not appreciate him allowing KNLA men into his home and jailed him for two years, from 1992 to 1993.

While in jail, his 12-year-old son died from malaria, his church was bombed and forced to relocate, and, af-

ter he was released from jail, his daughter died from the flu. It was devastating but the hardships were not over. They settled in a new village, Ma Pi Gyi, and built a new church; it was peaceful until the coup. Not long after the military took over, his home was hit by Burma Army 81mm mortars and destroyed. He moved again, but his next home was bombed by a Burma military jet fighter two years later. With all these hardships and attacks, you would think that Saw Lerr Moo felt hopeless but he had other stories to tell.

When the congregation first had relocated they paid a local armed group to transport them and protect them along the way. But the group had enemies. Another armed group saw the group's markings on the truck and opened fire with machine guns. The rounds easily cut through the unarmored truck where the reverend and 18 of his people were huddled. He called out to God for protection and, though the bullets kept punching holes in the truck, not a single person was injured.

On a different trip, the reverend and 10 of his congregants were traveling late into the night. They had not gotten a chance to stop to sleep and the driver nodded off. The truck veered off the road and, there being no shortage of mountains in Karen State, tumbled down a cliff face. Miraculously no one was hurt.

On two other occasions, he and his congregants accidentally passed through minefields laid by the same group that had fired the machine guns. No one was injured, even though the first time they drove over a mine twice with their car. The second time it happened, some of the group's soldiers were nearby and asked some of his congregation who they were. The congregation members called him on the phone and he talked with the leader of the soldiers. The leader said, "You must be very special, we keep almost killing you but you keep surviving."

After telling us these stories, the reverend said, "That is why I tell everyone, never underestimate Jesus! He is not just the king of Judah, he is the whole world's king, the king of everything. Praise Jesus and trust in Him."

What a powerful reminder! Who am I trusting? When I'm feeling hopeless, it's because the problem is too big for me or my imagination to solve. I too often default to thinking "What would I or could I do?" Which, if I'm honest with myself, is not much.

But when I put my trust in Jesus, when I refuse to underestimate His power in me, the sky is the limit. Jesus

can do anything! He can stop bullets and silence landmines. He can take our little contribution, a desperate prayer in a storm of machine gun fire, and make a miracle. I have hope because He is able "...to accomplish infinitely more than we might ask or think." (Eph 3:20)

I'm so thankful for Reverend Saw Lerr Moo and his powerful reminder. I have a thick skull so it takes repetition for a message to get through. I hope his story was as encouraging to you as it was to me. I'm thankful for you and your interest in and support for Burma. Most importantly, I'm thankful to Jesus that we can put our hope in Him. He takes our little contribution, our loaves and fishes, and makes a miracle.



PRAYER
POINTS

ASK GOD TO DEFEND THE WEAK AND UPHOLD THOSE WHO HAVE NO ONE TO SPEAK FOR THEM. PROVIDE SAFETY WHERE THERE IS DANGER, SUPPLY WHAT IS LACKING, AND LET YOUR TRUTH STAND FIRM WHERE LIES AND FEAR HAVE TAKEN HOLD.

JOURNEY OF A PATIENT ON THE FRONT LINES

BY ANDRE HUEGEL

These pictures follow a young soldier's journey through the different stages of medical care after being wounded in the chest and legs.

Due to the situation in Burma, access to healthcare is extremely limited. Hospitals must hide from air attacks and are isolated and under constant threat of bombardment. Surgical care for traumatic injuries is scarce. Many Burma Army attacks happen far from definitive care, leading to prolonged evacuation times which are often deadly due to the delay of needed interventions. Medical providers are in high demand but in short supply. Sourcing the right medical supplies to perform interventions is difficult, leaving providers with no choice but to improvise.

Caring for the injured is complex and not easy in Burma. It's a great reminder to pray for the wounded and those who mend the wounds. The medical system in Burma needs more resources at every turn. Please pray that God would protect the people and places caring for the sick and wounded. Pray that the wounded, sick and lame would receive healing.



- 1: Patient receives care at a casualty collection point.
- 2: Patient is carried to vehicle for evacuation to mobile surgical care.
- 3: Mobile surgical team inserts a chest tube which helps reinflate a collapsed lung.
- 4: Patient recovers while being monitored by a nurse and an anesthesia provider.
- 5: Patient is fully bandaged and ready for transport to hospital for long-term recovery.



WHAT'S IT ALL FOR? BY SKY BARKLEY

I've seen mortars incoming and blood soak the ground.
When hope feels frail and tears run out,
I ask myself, "Where is God? Why isn't he around?"

Kids learn man's fallen nature, the sound of war,
And though I don't like to admit this,
I sometimes wonder what this is all for.

While I rage and question all of this tribulation,
I discover a certain beauty in our faith,
And in that moment find continued sanctification.

When I ask Jesus, "Why, Lord, aren't you near?"
He flings the question back to me
And queries, "What are YOU doing here?"

"Will you be my hands and feet, bring me to the battleground?
So you might witness miracles
While I teach more than tactics, a lesson more profound?"

"In the midst of worship, you sing 'I surrender all,'
But have you given me this second?
The past? The future? Even this day's brawl?"

Humbled, I pierce the fog of war and see tomorrow.
I notice not wakes and funerals,
Not shame, misery, or a mother's sorrow.

In sharp relief, I once again see God given glory
When ragged Rangers go forth once more,
A testament to love and faith; this is no mere war story.

Battle weary, I see not one call for surrender.
A children's program calls us out,
And I watch strong hands become more tender.

I give no pity to these men and women who love so well;
That goes to those who lack the courage,
For the coward's destination is a special kind of hell.

So, now, when others dare to ask, "What's it all for?"
I smile and look them in the eye.
I tell them, "I know our God cares about war..."





MOVEMENTS OF HOPE

BY RACHEL MOSS

Rachel works in a patient care program, serving people who require more advanced medical care than is available in their homes in Burma and have traveled to a neighboring country to receive more definitive care. Some of these are war-wounded, and many are suffering from advanced disease processes or congenital conditions. Almost all are accompanied by a family member.

We are all gathered together for another art therapy session. They come from Karen State, Burma—each one impacted by the war and seeking better medical care than they can get at home. Young and old, women and men, children and babies. Some are soldiers, some mothers, some farmers. Some are here with their child; others have come for themselves—separated from their families and displaced from their homes.

There are limbs gone, eyes lost to bombs and injuries. Some cannot walk, and some cannot see. Others suffer from illnesses that cannot be detected on the surface, yet are chronic, severe, and in need of attention.

I present a different kind of healing—healing for the soul. A chance to be uplifted, encouraged, and spurred on. Something we can only do together.

We begin in a circle—some standing, some sitting. I try to break the ice. We start moving, introducing ourselves through gestures. Slowly the space shifts from a group gathered in a vacant area into a lively therapy session full of expression, movement, and fun. Together, we try to bring our emotions and experiences before the Lord and before each other.

We attune to one another's movements—mirroring, exaggerating, playfully warming up different parts of the body. Even for those who have lost limbs and cannot stand, we focus on what can move—the remaining arm, the hands, the eyes. Our brains begin to fire, and we realize we are creating this moment together.

After movement, we take a seat or grow still. Now we try to access verbally how we feel. For some, sadness arises—the feeling of loss, helplessness, or confusion.

Left: In the Japanese art of kintsugi, participants purposely shatter mugs to rebuild and paint them.

Top: Painting mugs.



For others, it's gratitude: "I look forward to this group because we can talk together... otherwise I don't know what to do."

Some cannot speak at all. One man—almost certainly suffering from an undiagnosed brain injury—sits silently, unable to make eye contact or form words.

In one group, participants wrote down all their worries and fears. Then they turned that list into a prayer, bringing every burden before the Lord.

Some spoke of homesickness, worry, confusion, or the ache of feeling useless because their injuries prevent them from doing what they once could. They worry about friends, about family—

"Pray for my friend."

"Pray for my village."

Their selflessness always amazes me.

In a group centered on grieving and hope, a woman shares about airstrikes, her separation from family, and her longing to one day raise her children in a safe home.

In another group, we draw landscapes and place ourselves within them. One woman drew a garden and said she can no longer grow rice because of the war, but dreams one day of growing food again. A man drew the hillside where he used to watch the sunset. A young girl draws her home—airstrikes, bombs, and people fleeing filling the page. "I wish we could be together," she whispers about her family.



Left: Some paintings from the participants.

Above: Healing and childcare can happen at the same time.

Everything feels tethered by war—everything is different than it was before the war.

In another, we explore our values—individuals share: "family," "freedom," "beauty."

While painting rocks and leaves in another session, a woman says, "I remembered how close God is to me, and that He loves me so much."

A young girl adds, "The Lord is the one I can lean on, and I will lean on Him for the future too."

During a kintsugi activity, laughter erupts as cups shatter and are re-created with color. The anonymous reflections afterward read simply: "Happy!"

The joy is palpable—unexpected and holy.

During narrative therapy, a man writes about a beautiful bird that keeps flying into the storm to gather food—never giving up. Another describes a valiant soldier on horseback who vowed to remain steadfast. A young girl writes about a rabbit carrying peace. Another man writes a poem:

"New hope arises each day.

Each day is a gift."

They carry grief and gratitude together so well.



PRAYER
POINTS

JESUS, BRING HEALING TO SOLDIERS, SURVIVORS, AND FAMILIES WHO CARRY DEEP WOUNDS. CALM THEIR FEARS, STEADY THEIR THOUGHTS, AND RESTORE WHAT VIOLENCE HAS TAKEN FROM THEIR HEARTS AND MINDS. GIVE THEM STRENGTH TO SEEK HELP AND THE COURAGE TO KEEP GOING.



A WAY TO JESUS BY DAVID EUBANK

"I did not believe in Jesus or God or anything when I first came here. But I began to feel something during the training. This camp is kinda a way to Jesus."

These were the words of a young new Ranger named Poe Aung. "So even though I didn't believe at all, I felt there was something here. During morning devotions I listened and I tried to pray, even though I did not believe in Jesus. And during the training something began to grow inside me. At the end of the training, 16 of my fellow Rangers were baptized and I really began to think about it more. So now, just after the first mission was completed, I decided I was ready. I don't have all the answers, I still don't know exactly who Jesus is, but I want to follow him. I want to be baptized."

During our basic FBR training, we had 16 new Rangers ask to be baptized, the most we have ever had at training. It was a wonderful day of celebration and joy. After graduation, all the new Rangers went on their first relief mission. There, they met and helped Naw Delma.

Naw Delma is a woman who had to flee her home because of Burma Army attacks and needed an operation on her neck. She was brought to camp by our team after the first mission and, while there, she also decided she wanted to be baptized. So she and a young Ranger, Poe Aung, were baptized in the beautiful stream that runs through our camp. What an unexpected blessing and joy! First, we baptized 16 of our team and now two more had waded into the water. Praise God!

After this baptism, we went on a second mission up into Karenni State, Burma. After two Good Life Club programs and medical outreaches, another three of our team asked to be baptized. This was more than we had hoped for: 21 baptisms! Praise God!

One is a Karenni driver, named Tho Reh, who came with us. One of our Ranger team members shared the Gospel of Jesus with him on the way to Karenni. Tho Reh said he wanted to follow Jesus and to be baptized. The second, Myint Oo, is a young Ranger who said he had been thinking about it during all of training and



Tho Reh (opposite), Naw Delma (top), and Poe Aung (middle) are baptized by Dave Eubank and Free Burma Ranger chaplains.

Bottom: Tho Reh, Myint Oo, and Victor celebrate new life in Jesus.

during the first mission and now finally decided he was ready.

The third was an American medic named Victor. He had served as an 18 Delta medic in the Second Ranger Battalion of the United States Army and when he got out, wanted to try something different. He joined us last year on a relief mission. On the first day of that mission we were shelled heavily and on the second day he helped save the lives of over 52 seriously wounded people. In that particular action, 18 were killed by the Burma Army and 52 wounded. Victor was instrumental in keeping the wounded alive. Right after that first mission, we continued north and there was another engagement where we had 10 more wounded Karenni as well as over 20 wounded Burma Army soldiers. Resistance forces captured the Burma Army soldiers and some of them were badly wounded. Victor again was instrumental in saving lives. The mission continued, and the team had more people to treat and help.

In the past, he said, he did not believe in God. He told us, "I lived a very wicked, sinful, and selfish life. But as I was getting ready to fly back home, the thought came to me, God is real. I began to say to myself 'God is real, God is real.' I sent a message to Dave and after we prayed together I decided to give my life to Jesus. After that, God showed me how he protected us during multiple airstrikes. I had the same dream three nights in a row. I realized it was not trauma-induced, but it was God showing me his care for me even when I did not believe. I'm so happy and thank God for all the friends here." What a blessing to have such an outstanding U.S. Ranger with us. I (Dave) also served in Second Ranger Battalion so it's like someone in my own family coming to Jesus.

Dear friends, thank you for celebrating with us these five people from different walks of life deciding to follow Jesus. We were already overjoyed to have 16 new members of our family but Jesus gave us five more. Thank you for all your love, prayers, and help. We are so thankful for you all.

And we thank God for giving us more than we ask for, letting us help in His work, and for sending us His Son to help us all the time.

THE LAUGHING LADIES

BY KAREN EUBANK

The laughter at our Good Life Club (GLC) children's program caught my attention. It was more than the usual laughter and antics of the children - the women were also laughing, so hard they were wiping tears from their eyes.

In Karenni State, people have been living in a state of emotional siege since the coup in 2021 that displaced thousands from stable lives to a perpetually precarious existence. After four years, the arduous toil for basic necessities has become routine, and the truncation of educational, vocational and retirement opportunities has short-circuited previous future plans. Recent floods, crop failures, and lack of funding add to a mental and emotional burden that is already bending the heart under the weight of the constant air attacks on schools, churches, clinics, and markets. Living among these friends and FBR family on mission to Karenni State, I feel, at best, the fatigue of a life that continues to use up days without seeming to gain any purposeful ground. And at worst, I feel a chronic chest constriction from the only two choices available: literally, fight or flight.

I'm in the "flight" category, as are most of the women and children who have sought refuge in an Internally Displaced Persons (IDP) camp. These sites offer temporary and relative safety from the frontline fighting, though always under threat from air attacks. With children of my own, I can only imagine how torn the mothers must feel, trying to simply provide for their families' survival in the current chaos with one hand, while trying not to let go of the goals for their children that should be normal with the other.

Shoulders bent bearing anxiety, chest tight with fear and anger, and the pull of tension in opposite directions, were my physical reactions to life in a war zone and were sympathetic responses that I hadn't even identified until I heard the laughter that day.

When I first saw the ladies laughing, I, who brought them the program, ironically thought, "How can you be laughing like this? Don't you know your life is miserable? This situation is unbearable and unsustainable." But, mesmerized by their joy in the face of their reality, I was quickly infected, and, surprisingly, found myself straightening up, taking deep breaths, and relaxing. I thought, "I'm just visiting here on this mission. Have I been that tight, to also find this comedy a healing balm?" Yes, these women were truly healthy. They were open-hearted to joy, willing to abandon the many anxieties they bore, and committed to participating in fellowship with each other. While operating in a lifestyle that requires constant physical labor for water,



fuel, and food, they had prioritized spiritual nourishment over that day's work.

Laughing light-heartedly is truly a needed prescription. It requires relaxed shoulders and deep breathing. It breaks the siege. The audible sighs from the ladies were evidence of a sense of calmness, a break in the action, a time-out. I felt it as well, and then, unexpectedly, I felt stronger again - as if humor and joy had brought about a chain reaction, refreshing me from my inward spirit outwards to my physical body. Better than a mere muscle rub, laughing had also released the knots in my mind and heart.

I was thankful for so many things. I told the young, goofy Rangers how special they were to bring such joy to the adults as well as the children. I thanked the moms for bringing their kids to our program. And I thanked them for staying to be refreshed, and for being an example of that for me. I thanked God for opening the way for us to know and share His love and joy in so many ways.



I WANT TO GO HOME

BY DAVID EUBANK



"I want to go home," lamented one of our Burman FBR team leaders, Yar Su. Normally, he is a cheerful comedian leading our Good Life Club (GLC) programs among displaced people. Even when there is fighting, he's at the front lines with a smile on his face, saving people. No matter where he is, he's smiling.

But this time there was no smile on his face, just a deep sadness.

This is the fourth year he has been away from home. When the coup first started on February 1, 2021, he and other students rose up in the streets and asked for democracy to be restored. Even though it was not much of a democracy, it was better than a full dictatorship. However, the dictators only answered with bullets, gunning down Yar Su's friends, and many others, all around him. Yar Su managed to escape to the

jungle, where he realized that only unity between the Burmans and the ethnics could bring democracy and peace to Burma.

He committed himself fully to this idea and, when he heard about FBR, he joined us. He quickly became one of the stars of our GLC programs and unexpectedly one of the great heroes in combat, saving many people under direct fire. He was wounded twice.

One of the times he was wounded was from a mortar round that dropped near him as he helped carry out the wounded. It exploded, knocking him to the ground and leaving him unable to move. The rest of the team didn't see him fall and kept moving as quickly as possible. As Yar Su watched his teammates leaving him behind, he heard something tell him to, 'call out to God for help.' Three times in a row he heard this and so he finally called out, "God help me."

At that very moment, in the early morning in America, my daughter Suuzanne woke up. She, like our other children, Sahale and Peter, has known Yar Su since the coup and they all are close to him. Suu said God's voice woke her up, saying, "Pray for Yar Su." So Suu began to pray and at that moment in Burma, Yar Su said the people running ahead of him suddenly stopped, turned around and saw that he was lying on the ground unable to move. If they hadn't, he would have been left behind to bleed to death or be captured and finished off by the Burma Army.

Yar Su recovered, and when he shared his story with me, I was deeply moved. He is one of the bravest, most positive, and cheerful team members we have. Yet now he simply hung his head and said, "I really want to go home."

We help the people of Burma because that is what we would want if we were in trouble. We are all loved by God regardless of our faiths, opinions, or political views. Jesus told the story of the Good Samaritan when a religious leader asked him who his neighbor was. Meeting peoples' needs and bridging the gap between strangers and enemies changes the world for good; it is in everyone's interest. So, as we pray for the dictators' hearts to change, for freedom, justice, and reconciliation, we stand with the people in need in whatever way we can.

Please pray with us that Yar Su and his friends will one day be able to go home.

PRAYER
POINTS

LORD, GIVE PEOPLE OF BURMA STRENGTH TO FORGIVE, EVEN IN THE FACE OF PAIN AND INJUSTICE. HELP THEM RECOGNIZE FORGIVENESS AS THE ANSWER, AND GRANT THEM SUPERNATURAL ABILITY TO LET GO OF HURT AND CHOOSE LOVE. MAY LOVE AND FORGIVENESS SPREAD RAPIDLY, OVERWHELMING HATRED AND BRINGING HEALING.



DETERMINATION AND RESILIENCE

RAISING LEADERS IN A WAR-TORN COUNTRY

BY AIMEE W

Her due date was approaching. As a mother, there are the normal feelings of anticipation, but for Naw Plaw Htoo, her situation was far more unstable than most. Her husband, a soldier with the Karen National Liberation Army (KNLA), was stationed away from home, and the presence of the oppressive Burma Army constantly threatened her family's safety. One night, with her two- and three-year-old children in tow, she fled her village under the cover of darkness. As the Burma Army began burning homes behind them, she felt the first pains of labor. Only about a 40-minute walk from her village, deep in the jungle, she gave birth to a son; she named him Saw Sun. It would be three years before she was reunited with her husband again. Ten years later, she welcomed another son, Toh.

Sitting with Naw Plaw Htoo and her son Toh, I am struck by her humble confidence and quiet grace. For her, the story of giving birth while fleeing for her life is simply one chapter in a long journey of survival and I sit in amazement at her strength. Now 80 years old, she has lived nearly her entire life in the midst of civil war. Surrounded by oppression and hardship, she has remained resilient—raising children, educating youth, and guiding the next generation toward hope.

I first learned of Naw Plaw Htoo in the 2014 Day of Prayer magazine, which featured two of our FBR leaders. Saw Sun, nicknamed “Koala Bear,” was the baby born in the jungle—now a respected leader in Karen State. Toh serves as the director of the Jungle School of Medicine—Kawthoolei. From the moment I read their story, I was struck by the faith and perseverance of the woman they call “Mom.” Her courage stayed with me for many years, and in May 2025, I was honored to meet her for the first time.

Born in Hsaw Hti Township in Karen State, Naw Plaw Htoo was the middle of three children. When she was three years old, her father, who had joined the Karen resistance at the start of the Kawthoolei revolution, died in battle. She attended school in her village until grade 4, when the Burma Army burned the entire village down. For years, she and her family moved from place to place, hiding from conflict. At age 15, she was finally able to continue her ed-

Below: Naw Plaw Htoo and her son Toh who serves as the director of the Jungle School of Medicine Kawthoolei.



ucation and completed grade 9. She dreamed of further schooling, but experienced many setbacks. She pursued Bible school and midwifery training, but after several disappointments, she eventually joined her mother as a village teacher. She taught for three years before marrying—unaware that this path would shape the futures of countless young people.

As her children grew and instability continued, Naw Plaw Htoo realized that educational opportunities in their area were scarce. Following God's calling, she returned to teaching. “Everywhere I went, I taught,” she said, “because if I did not teach, the children—and my children—would not have the chance to go to school. In the class, they were students and not my children. At home, they were my children.” She mostly taught in jungle classrooms, sometimes in simple shelters during rainy seasons. Supplies were scarce; students used slates because paper was unavailable. Occasionally, pens and books were smuggled from Burma Army-controlled areas. With no textbooks, she relied on a simple syllabus and created lessons from scratch. God strengthened her through every season.

Many older villagers would say, “If we are educated or not educated, we both eat rice.” But Naw Plaw Htoo remained steadfast: “I want the children to be educated!” She said, “I wanted to go to college, but I didn't have a chance, so I tried my best for my children so they could go to college, work with other people, and do their work well.” She doesn't know the number of students she taught—and shaped. She continued teaching well into her 70s. Through every hardship, she saw God's grace, witnessing miracles and provision.

The educational foundation she laid for her own children led them into lives of influence and service. Three graduated from Bible school and became ministers. Saw Sun and Toh continue to serve their people faithfully, using their skills and compassion to help their people in profound ways.

As I look at Naw Plaw Htoo, I am reminded that one woman's faith, determination, and sacrifice can change generations—and that God often begins His greatest works through quiet lives surrendered to Him.

Please pray for:

- Teachers in Burma—that they will have the training, passion, and strength to pour into the next generation.
- “For the dictators—that they will have peace and love in their hearts, and especially that they will know God.” — Naw Plaw Htoo
- “For peace, so that everyone can be free and peaceful.” — Naw Plaw Htoo



RANGERS WITH THE ROHINGYA

BY DANTE

To see any community pull together to strengthen and care for one another is an inspiring thing. But to see this happen in a place like the Rohingya refugee camp in Ukhia, Bangladesh (one of the largest refugee camps on the planet) is humbling, to say the least.

The Rohingya in Bangladesh are caught between a rock and a hard place: in their homeland, Burma, they face violence and discrimination based on religious-nationalist arguments that the Muslim minority has no place in Burma and should just migrate to Bangladesh. While the Rohingya have been fleeing violence in Burma for generations, it culminated in 2016 and 2017, when more than a million people fled for their lives as the Burma Army unleashed a genocidal onslaught that saw thousands of Rohingya killed as their villages were burned.

Bangladesh provided refuge to the masses of fleeing people in the wake of those atrocities but does not acknowledge the Rohingya as citizens of their country either, and has struggled to manage such a large and desperate population, who are essentially living in limbo. The Rohingya have been allowed to exist within the camps, but are restricted from accessing many things that could improve their situation, including

education. Bangladesh does not want these refugees to get the idea that they can make a new life for themselves there. The refugees in the camps face diseases, limited healthcare, food shortages, and bouts of flooding and fire. Today, there are over one million Rohingya refugees in Bangladesh, each one with an uncertain future.

That is the context in which a group of about twenty young men have started two community-powered schools covering grades K-12 for about 400 children and teens. And when I say community-powered, I mean they did this themselves: no outside funding, no help from NGOs. The twenty teachers open their own small homes six days a week, converting them into classrooms which are then filled to the brim with neighborhood kids. Where does the funding for books and school supplies come from? The students themselves raise the money, often selling their own meager rations just for a chance to go to school.

One of the most important and striking things about these schools is something that might escape the notice of a Western observer. The schools accept both boys and girls. The opportunity for a high school education is rare enough for the boys of the camp, but in

this conservative Islamic culture, it is all but non-existent for girls.

Umar (name changed), one of the Rangers who teaches in both schools, says he has always been teaching. “When I was in fourth grade, I taught the third-grade students,” he explains. “When I was in fifth grade, I taught fourth grade, and so on.”

I asked Umar why he teaches. It’s hard, hot, time-consuming work and the pay is almost nothing. Though the teachers do ask the students and their families to contribute a small sum if possible, most of them cannot pay and yet are welcomed regardless. Umar has a family of his own to provide for. He answered my question in his tiny shelter, offering me a papaya.

“High school education is not provided in the camps. Even for the lower grades, there are not enough schools. But without education, the suffering of our people will only increase. The Burma Army, who control our homeland, do not want us to exist. And the Bangladeshi government does not want us to succeed. It seems there is little hope for the Rohingya. But if we are uneducated, I feel there is certainly no hope.”

Pray for their situation, which is desperate. Pray for a miracle of peace in Burma that would allow them to return home. Pray that the government of Bangladesh would have compassion on the Rohingya. Pray the Rohingya people would feel the love and peace that can only come by knowing they are not forgotten by God.



Opposite: Students gathered in the classroom of a self-established school in Ukhia camp.

Top Left: Walking through the cramped alleyways of the camp.

Top Right: A glimpse of Ukhia refugee camp.

Bottom Left: Rangers with displaced Rohingya after a series of interviews.

PRAYER
POINTS

PRAY THAT THE LORD WOULD POUR MERCY AND GRACE ON THE ROHINGYA PEOPLE, WHO STILL SUFFER GREATLY.

THE LITTLE KAREN GIRL

BY BRITT NORVELL

I met a little Karen girl today,
She smiled and wanted to play.
All the while, jets screamed overhead —
They make us wary as we head to bed.

A savage war that's raged for years,
So many dead, so many faces streaked
with tears.

I find it so hard to relate —
I've never known a place so desolate.

Her family runs for cover
when they hear a jet-engine
whine.

I've never watched someone
lose a limb to a landmine.

Or seen schools bombed and
churches annihilated.

Still, I can't get that little Karen
girl out of my head —

Her sweet smile beneath a sky of dread.



WHERE I BELONG

BY BWAY



Written four years ago, shortly after the 2021 coup in Myanmar.

I was born and raised in Myanmar. I went to Burmese school. When I was around eleven or twelve, I used to write short poems and stories in Burmese. I kept them all, hidden safely. I started reading when I was about nine, even though I was often scolded for it. Sometimes my mother even slapped me with the books because she feared I would lose focus on my schoolwork. But I never stopped. Reading and writing made me happy. I would lose myself in the worlds I found in books.

Later, my family moved to a Karen refugee camp in Thailand. People there didn't speak Burmese, and those who did were judged as if they had done something wrong. So I stopped speaking Burmese completely. More than ten years passed like that. I learned to read and write in Karen when I was twelve, and maybe because it's my mother language, I became fluent quickly. But I also learned to hide the fact that I still understood Burmese, just to be accepted.

Where I grew up, people looked down on Myanmar, and that shaped me. I never planned to settle there. I dreamed of building a future in a bigger country, chasing big dreams. But to be recognized anywhere, I needed a passport—and the only one I could get was a Myanmar passport.

Traveling with it was hard. People often assumed I was from the Philippines and treated me kindly, but when they saw "Myanmar" on my passport, their smiles would fade. It happened so many times that I began hiding my passport deep in a case, taking it out only when needed. To fit in, I learned to hide who I was. Pretending became exhausting.

When people asked where I was from, I avoided an-

swering. I had no interest in Myanmar politics either. My plan was simple—finish school and move to America. I was already working on the process, even though it was incredibly difficult.

Then the coup happened. Overnight, everything changed. Our country fell into darkness. Those who could leave, left. I don't blame them. Even me, I tried to leave.

One night, in that darkness, God spoke to my heart: "Stay with them. Stay with the people who have nowhere else to go."

My dream changed in a single moment. Deep down, I decided to stay with my people—the ones who have no choice to leave or stay—because of that soft voice.

I don't think my presence can bring peace to Myanmar. I am nothing. But I want to be with my people, to share even a small smile that might lighten someone's burden, to be a quiet reminder that they are not alone.

When I returned to Myanmar, I began speaking Burmese again. No one judged me for it. Speaking another language doesn't make me love my Karen people any less. Being Karen is not just a label; it is my heart, my culture, my faith. I will pass it on to my children—not as pride, but as love.

I no longer dream of building a future in a big country. I have decided to stay somewhere in my homeland. Yes, there will be hardships. But nothing feels heavy anymore, because I have found my true self again. Here, I no longer need to pretend. I can simply be who God made me to be in the country He identifies me.

Earth Mission trains physician associates and engineers, with a mission to 'Unlock basic and life-saving healthcare for the people of southeast Myanmar.'



SILENT PRAYERS

BY SHERIFF

Sheriff (name changed for security reasons) was living in a village in western Burma after the military coup in 2021. The following political upheaval resulted in increased aggression against ethnic minorities. This is their account of what took place. Sheriff now works for a non-profit that helps people in Burma.

My experience after the coup still gives me nightmares. The military who was meant to protect the civilians hunted us like wild animals in the dark, moving with quiet footsteps that still echo in my mind. We could sense their presence, close and cold, but we didn't dare to look. The air was heavy with fear, and every breath felt like a risk. The dogs started barking wildly as they passed by, their barks cutting through the darkness like a warning. Even now, when I close my eyes, I can still hear that silence — the kind that screams louder than any sound.

We had to prepare for an emergency exit from the house in the daytime. I still remember how we placed a table on the ground and covered it with soft bags, hoping it would soften the impact if we ever had to jump from the second floor. I remember digging a bunker and surrounding it with sandbags, desperate for protection from the bullets that pierced the night. We stacked bricks and boxes around us, building a fragile wall of safety while we slept.

And I will never forget that night when a bullet sliced through the air, passing barely two feet from my face. I should have died that night. The world seemed to hold its breath, and for a moment, all I could hear was my own heartbeat thundering in my chest.

Destroyed homes after the coup in western Burma, where Sheriff calls home.

Seeing dead bodies lying on the streets made us distressed and dejected and also threatened our safety. The perpetrators of the coup have continued to bring harm to their own people even to this day, first using tear gas, water guns, and rubber bullets — later RPGs, machine guns, mortars, and airstrikes. Massacres occur across Burma, where innocent, pure-hearted children suffer at the hands of evil. Mothers, fathers, grandmothers, entire families, are torn apart.

And yet, despite everything we have endured, the military is lying to the whole world with excuses that nobody can confirm. The truth of our fear, our struggle, our survival — all of it hidden behind their carefully crafted stories.

To my fellow citizens: what you've endured, the fear you've faced, the courage you've shown — it matters. You stood tall when the world seemed to collapse around you. You made choices, even in terror, that kept yourself and others safe. You are brave. Never let anyone make you doubt that what you did was right. Staying true, staying on the side of what is just and humane, even when it's hardest, is a light in the darkness and that light will never be dimmed.

"Lord, please forgive our sins and guide us to understand your plan for our country. Please help the Generals to see the truth, to repent, and to walk in your ways. Grant us strength, patience, and wisdom as we follow your will. Surround us with Your protection and fill our hearts with hope. In Jesus' name, I pray. Amen."



GOD HAS NOT FORGOTTEN THEM

BY ANTONIO GRACEFFO

Some KNDF soldiers and I were using our knives to dig bullets out of the walls of a church in Karenni State. We could hear mortar and drone explosions drawing closer. Suddenly one blast was much louder than the others. The building shook so hard it spooked us, and we decided we had better move out quickly.

One of those explosions had killed five KNDF soldiers. Over the next couple of days, I accompanied the commander, Khun Bedu, and one of the priests to three of the funerals.

On another day, we went to the prosthetic clinic high in the mountains, the only one in Karenni State. Patients, mostly landmine or mortar victims, wait there for weeks or even months for a replacement limb, relying entirely on donors. They are almost all young men, with a few women and the occasional child, which is heartbreaking. Many have lost a foot or a leg, and one man had lost both hands. Nearly all were in their late teens or early twenties.

After the Battle of Pasaung in August, I attended a wake for seven Karenni soldiers. I later followed a priest to the funeral of one of them. The family was inside the small bamboo house, where the priest said Mass beside the coffin. The catechist who assisted him was a relative of the deceased, underscoring how the tragedy in Burma touches every family and how everyone at this point knows someone who has been killed.

Outside the tiny house, there were additional seats borrowed from the church. They were occupied by young people, many in uniform, sitting in somber respect. At nineteen or twenty, they have done this too many times, attending far too many funerals for people their own age. And the young people sitting there that day may be the ones mourned at the next funeral.

Young men lose their limbs to landmines and govern-

ment bombing, and many die. Some lose hope, most will lose friends and family members, and I cannot imagine what this war must be like for mothers, many of whom have already lost more than one son.

A young soldier committed suicide. The next morning, the nuns, who radiate love and feel the pain of everyone they serve, told me without hesitation that Jesus would forgive him. These are terrible circumstances. He was nineteen, and the war had consumed his life since he was fifteen.

My prayer is that the people of Burma remember that God still loves them and has not abandoned them, and that the soldiers remember that if they ask Jesus for forgiveness, He will forgive them. I pray that they will know that their suffering is not a sign of punishment or abandonment and even in this darkest moment, that they will not lose faith.

Antonion Graceffo is a journalist, economist, and national security analyst who writes about Burma for a variety of outlets.



Top: Photos of a deceased young soldier at a funeral. Above: Priests bless the bodies of young soldiers killed in the Battle of Pasaung.

There was once a Commander who descended from the sky to lead in the greatest battle. He came not to be served, but to serve. To eat among the sinners and bring healing to the sick. To show the world what true obedience, courage, and sacrifice looks like. His mission, bestowed from the Most High, was to lead the way. He did not command from afar but led from the front. He carried the weight for others, endured the fight, and stood firm in the face of evil. For this Commander was no ordinary man. He was the Son of God, the Word made flesh, and He set out to conduct the greatest rescue mission of all time. Those who followed Him were not those of worldly riches, but the willing. He showed them that strength is found in humility, that victory is found through surrender, and that your own intestinal fortitude is not enough, for without Him you will not complete the mission.

In the face of evil, He did not retreat; He stepped into the breach. Critically wounded, yet He walks to exile on His own two feet. The full weight of humanity's sin is upon his shoulders. Bloody step after bloody step, He takes the hill. And so, Lord Jesus completed His mission.

The enemy was defeated, not by might, but by mercy. And though His mission was complete, the Commander's call still echoes through eternity. Do not be mistaken: Tabs, Scrolls, Tridents, Crossed Arrows, Wings, and Daggers do not guarantee you a place within His ranks. To enlist, you must surrender before the Most High. The gifts He has bestowed upon you are not for yourself, but for you to serve in His glory. He welcomes us with open arms to fall in, to follow Him, to live as faithful servants. All that we are, and all that we've earned, finds purpose only under His command. Fall into the ranks. Conduct link up with those who seek the one true King. Share the wonders of the Lord and His Word wherever you go. Build a team upon the Rock, and move as a single element under His banner. The harvest is great, and the time is now. Faith. Service. Competence.

Written by Victor Ngo who served as a medic in the US Army Rangers and now does medical work across the globe, including helping to train medics in Burma. He was baptized this year (pictured below).

