

As most already know, our first plane ride was delayed by two hours, so that we would be leaving at 3:30 in the morning. The problem was that it was slated to arrive after our connecting flight's gate closed. With prayer in faith, God granted us a miracle and made sure we got on the airplane. In addition to this, our accommodations were a lot better than I expected – the hotel we stayed at was almost no different from an American one. I suppose this would be God's grace, who paved the way for our safe travel. We were blessed for a safe journey and one with little troubles. There was one moment, when government officials stopped our van and asked for our passports, that I was afraid we were going to be imprisoned. God made sure we were safe and sound.

God's presence was more than just protecting us, though. We were lucky to have Pastor Andrew come with us from Singapore, and he spoke to us youth about various things in the Scripture, some that were just amazing. We read passages from the Bible and discussed them in depth, and most of the time we were able to listen to Andrew's experience with Christ. During our trip, when we were able to have youth meetings morning, afternoon, and night, I felt closer to God than I had in a long time. Too easily, we are caught up in a whirlwind of our first-world country to just slow down, breathe, and just think about things. Life, for us, is go go go. But in Myanmar, it was very different. Things happened at a slower pace, but the people were much more bright and happy.

The people of Burma were warm and welcoming, and so hospitable. They went out of their way to offer us the best food, and most comfortable chairs, even when we said they didn't have to. It was a different experience, for sure, to attend their Sunday service. Their auditorium is massive, and it's actually on the second floor of the school that they built. The congregation sings their hearts out, and each of them is fully invested and enthusiastic. I was amazed at how even though they had so little, their faith was strong, much stronger than mine. They were at the point where they put everything they had in Christ, and it was different, for sure, but so refreshing.

After Sunday service, we walked through the village and visited the houses of various church members. "Houses" is used very loosely – often, the roofs had many holes in them, the huts were made out of sticks, and the floor was just dirt. But they were so happy to have us visit, sit down, and pray for them. They asked us to pray for their health and prosperity, and I couldn't help but wonder how they were able to just fully worship the Lord, never condemning him, never pushing him away. The people here lived simple lives – they earned a day's wages, and used it to buy food. But because of these simple lives, it was so much easier for them to keep their faith strong.

Instead of teaching on this trip, I feel like I was the student, taking everything in and learning more about their lives, and about God. I saw how these people worshipped and praised Him through so many troubles and hardships, something I could never do. With Andrew's teachings and with the lessons I learned from the orphanage and the churches in Myanmar, I was exposed to so many new things (including illness, haha!) and I just tried to absorb as much as I could.