

DeVine MINISTRIES

"Taking the gospel where it has never gone before"



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www.jdevineministries.com

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Out of the house scurried the little girl, clutching her burning cheek with tears streaming down her face. She ran to a familiar tree as had become her custom and sat down. She did not understand. She had no concept of right and wrong, or good and evil; for all of those things in her life were mixed together. She knew she definitely did not like the burning on her cheek that came from the Man.

But she did not know why He did it; the beatings had become so frequent. She wondered, *"Was it because of me? Am I... bad? Maybe I am the one to blame because no one can love me."*

These thoughts often filled her head. Thoughts that were constantly presuming *she* was the problem.

The Man did not give her food that day, or the next. When she did manage to get food it was usually a small bowl of cold rice.

That night, as she lay on the ground about to sleep, her hand traced the scars on her arms. Each scar was a memory. Sometimes she could still feel the pain that was beneath those memories.

There was a loud clang from the other room. She heard His voice, yelling; saying something she could not understand.

Months went by. New scars came. Days without food were familiar to her just as a normal child with their toys. It was a cycle that went on and on and each time made her more and more bitter and confused. She disliked the other kids that came around, she didn't know why; she just could not relate to them. She learned to steal, lie and cheat for whatever she could find.

She did not go to school. She did not take a shower. The welts on her arms blistered. Each morning she woke up sore and in pain. Just when the wounds began to heal, He would give her more.

One day she heard someone call her name from outside the house. She walked out and stared at the people who were standing there looking right back at her. They looked at her scars, face and arms. Frowns graced their faces. A woman came out of her house with her clothes and an old back pack. *"What is she doing with my stuff?"* She thought. She looked around, wondering what was happening. The Man gave her one last look before He went back into the house; a blank last look that said nothing.

The girl was ushered into a car with the woman that had her things. The little girl didn't say a word. She didn't know who these people were or where she was going. As they arrived at a building, the lady turned and spoke to her.

"There are some people that would like to meet you," she said.

She got out and looked around. A man and a woman walked up to her, smiling.

"Hello," the man said.

"We're going to take care of you now. You're going to be very happy," the woman said.

The woman held out her hand. The child hesitated. Five seconds passed before the woman said, "It's alright. We're going to take you some place safe."

The little girl stretched out her hand and grabbed the woman's.



This is just one example of what typically goes on every single day in the lives of children here. Every day, roughly 3 children are abandoned or orphaned in Thailand.

For a moment, let's reflect on who we are. Let's think about everything that has brought us to this moment in time; everyone that has helped us and encouraged us, to be in the place where we are right now. Our thoughts are probably, "This wouldn't have happened if it weren't for ___ helping me in life." Let's also never forget the most important one... God, who has also orchestrated so many events and divine appointments to get us to this present time and place.

Now, with that in mind, let's switch from thinking how people and God have made us who we are; to thinking about... how we have we sown into the lives of *others*, in making them who *they* are. Let's ask ourselves: "If God puts something in my heart to do for someone else... will I do it?"

Imagine the impact we can have on the nation of Thailand if we stepped out and helped someone in need. Like the little girl in the story, she was eventually rescued and brought into a safe loving home, because good people decided to do what God had put in their heart. To accomplish our goal here in Thailand, we need a team. Our ministry is on a **mission** to tell the Thai people about Jesus, raise up disciples and leaders, and rescue abandoned children that have no hope whatsoever. We are formally inviting **you** to come and be a part of our ministry; to come and be on our **team**.

This year we can reflect back on many positive things in our personal lives and in our ministry; as well as some negative influences that have caused us to grow, and me personally- to learn from and mature. This year, we stepped out in faith and moved to another city, Nong Bua Lamphu. Our Home of Hope ministry increased by 100 percent and we also met new people that have been a great help in setting up our foundation and the paperwork for taking in children. God has brought us to a place that has so much potential for growth. Also, we were certified and are now able to teach our kids with Christian curriculum from the US.

As for me personally, I finished 9th grade and am almost finished with 10th grade now. I have grown in knowledge of the Word, and have matured from being on the mission field. I am so thankful for all that has happened this year and am so thankful for everyone that sows into my life.



Thank you, partners and friends for being with us in the year 2015, and in the years to come. I wish everyone an awesome 2016! If you feel that God has put in your heart to be a part of our team, please pray about it and contact us. We're always happy to hear from you.

God bless,
Ariya and Arisa DeVine

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(If you would like to give to a specific area in our ministry, please specify in the notes.)