

Broken heart

July 11, 2011

We met at 6 a.m. and went to a temple at the bottom of the mountain.



Two Buddhist monks bless
someone who gave them
food.

Every morning around 6 or 7, monks pace the streets with bowls to receive offerings. It's an opportunity for people to gain merit, which means to do good things as mentioned in religious doctrine. Thais' way of life from birth to death is so familiar with making merit. Once they give the monks food, flowers, joss sticks or candles, the monks will bless them.

It was so sad to see how many people came to be blessed by these monks. I even watched one *farang* — white tourist — being taught how to pray to the Buddha by a Thai friend. What stood out the most was the fact that none of these monks looked happy. No one did. I blinked away the tears and started to prayer walk. God had answered a prayer of mine—to break my heart for what broke his.

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