

A CVT Mission Worker's Story – Lindsey Monroe



It was the summer of 2009. I had just finished my Junior year of college and was at a conference with the youth group of my home church. It was a Thursday night at the main worship session with over 1,000 high school students. The conference had a theme of Kingdom Workers. As we were worshipping I felt a tug on my heart, a whisper so to speak, saying "Lindsey, go overseas for two years." I said "No, God, that's not for me." We finished that song and I felt it again: "Lindsey, go overseas for two years." To which I responded, "I'm not worthy and am unprepared." Later in the song it came a third time: "Lindsey, go overseas for two years. There are millions of

students abroad who don't have a teacher who loves them, and thousands of teachers here who don't have a job. I've provided for you, you are on track to graduate debt-free. Give me two years." I thought for a few minutes and said, "OK, God, I'll go, but you have to use someone to show me where and how to go and what to do."

Over the next year I looked into several organizations as people suggested them, some in Africa, some in Asia, some at orphanages and some teaching. I prayed, I sought, I got excited about one thing after another—then after looking into them would find that I didn't have peace about it. One day almost a year into the search a co-worker asked me how the search was going. I told her my frustrations and how I only had about seven months before I would graduate and still had no idea where God wanted me to go. She then suggested the Peace Corps. My response was, "I'm not a hippie." Then I remembered that I had told God he had to use someone to show me where to go. So, as I had done so many times, I looked into what she had suggested. I found the best piece of news on their website. It was this: "Only about 25% of people who apply get accepted." I thought, Surely I'm not in the top 25%. I'll show you, God, I'll apply, not get accepted, and then I can graduate and go on living the life I had planned since I was in first grade, to become a teacher with a classroom of my own. It was a perfect plan—until I was on a plane leaving for Peace Corps Thailand exactly three weeks after I graduated from college, less than seven months after initially sending in the application.



My second year in the Peace Corps I got sick. I had diarrhea twice a day for six months. I had gone to the clinic when it first started and they had given me medicine that helped for a few days. After two months I went to a hospital in my province, and they diagnosed me with irritable bowel syndrome and said I would have it the rest of my life. The Peace Corps doctor told me the next time I was in Bangkok he wanted me to go to the international hospital to get a second opinion. Six months after I first got sick I found myself in Bangkok. They did a three-hour test and didn't see anything wrong, so they scheduled a colonoscopy. Here I was, 24 years old, far away from home, getting a colonoscopy. When I woke up from the procedure and met with the

doctor he told me that everything was normal, but my three-day sample had come back and I had salmonella. I was given the medicine to treat salmonella, and my friend came and picked me up and took me back to the Bangkok Christian Guesthouse. She had to return to her site the next day, but because of my procedure the

Peace Corps doctor had me stay an extra day to make sure I was ok. It was that one extra day that changed my life forever.

You see, that morning I went downstairs to eat breakfast and found myself eating with an older lady who probably could have been my grandma. We got talking, and she told me she had a friend, Sharon Bryant, who was looking for Christian Volunteers to teach in Thailand. I said, Thanks but no thanks, I have about seven months left on my promise to God, then I'm going home to start my life. She gave me her contact information anyway, and I tucked it in my bag. Over the next few weeks I couldn't get that encounter out of my mind. I prayed about it daily saying, "God, you can't possibly be serious. My two years are almost up." He replied: "I called you to come for two years. You have been living in a Buddhist village and teaching at Buddhist schools. What have you done for me?" I was stuck. I knew I had to contact that lady and look into another two years at a Christian school.

Fast forward to today. I've just completed my third semester teaching at Saha Christian Suksa School on the border of Myanmar and Thailand. Technically I have seven months left of my second two-year commitment. However, the school, the teachers, the students, and the area have captured my heart. I can't imagine living my life anywhere else. The first day I arrived at the school the director jokingly introduced me to everyone as the new teacher who would be here for 20 years. I kept correcting him saying it was to be just 2 years. However, maybe he was right and I was wrong. At this point I'm so far from where I ever imagined



this life would take me that the only thing left to do is to trust God to continue leading the way. If I lose focus on Him and look down I like Peter would see the wind and the waves of life around me and feel afraid.

"Lord, if it's you," Peter replied, "tell me to come to you on the water."

"Come," he said. Then Peter got down out of the boat, walked on the water and came toward Jesus.

But when he saw the wind, he was afraid and, beginning to sink, cried out, "Lord, save me!"

Immediately Jesus reached out his hand and caught him. "You of little faith," he said, "why did you doubt?"

Matthew 14:28-31

We never know what God will call us to do, but if we listen to His call He will be faithful to look after us and take care of us. He will never stretch us beyond what we can handle. If we truly trust Him, the things we will see and do will be greater than we can ever imagine on our own. If you would have told me six years ago when I heard that small whisper on a Thursday night that I would still be teaching in Thailand today and loving it I never would have believed you. However, through listening to God's call I have come to the point where I can't imagine being anywhere else. What is He whispering in your ear? Are you willing to take that first step? There are 27 schools in Thailand anxiously awaiting you to accept the call.