

*“When the lights go down in the city ... And the sun shines on the bay ... I want to be there in my city...”*

Thirty days ago we had an itinerary. Serving across SE Asia. Boots on the ground. Face to face interaction.

And today, we are learning the art of social distancing. Connecting by Zoom. Airports are ghost towns, eerily hollow and empty.

Our first walk of the day is early, sometimes before 7am. At first parts of the city are so quiet we can hear our soft footsteps as we trace the daily path of our prayer walk.

Choices. We can't leave our city, so we go deeper into our city. Our discovery? Two blocks from us is an Islamic mosque, school and a well established Moslem neighborhood. We now walk there every day. A small market we now visit. Neighbors that we now greet each time we pass. Some women eagerly awaiting Ellen's smile and Thai greeting.

Can't travel. So we move deeper into the neighborhood. Averaging 6+ miles a day prayer walking the city, asking our God of unfailing love to show us where He is at work. Interceding for our city.

Other updates: Chiang Mai was a city of 130,000 before the “coronavirus exodus.” As of March 30 there were 32 confirmed cases of Covid-19 in Chiang Mai with 5 people now recovered and 27 in the hospital and 0 deaths. Daily high temperatures from 100 to 106 degrees. Unemployment numbers are staggering. The average monthly income across Thailand is reported to be \$90 (US), and now for so many their income is gone. We have joined with our other three FM mission families in Chiang Mai contributing to provide rice and vegetables to out of work families from our local church.

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