

# God Is the Father to the Fatherless and Protector of Widows – My Testimony

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Good morning everyone. My name is Sky. I am Chinese. I was born in Cambodia. This morning I want to share with you God's faithfulness and goodness in my life.

When I was 4 years old, the communist government took over my country and enslaved the whole country and in about 10 years of their control 1/3 of the population perished.

In the middle of that slave labor, my father, along with other men in that community decided to escape because life is no longer worth living. But they did not make it out of Cambodia. In fact they were all killed. It's not enough that they died. The government decided to punish the rest of their families. So they rounded up all the families of those men and brought us to one of the killing fields. They sent us there to punish us for what the men did. They planned to annihilate that whole community but God intervened by sending the Vietnamese army to liberate us.

My father died when I was 7 years old. Since that time one God's word became a reality to me and my family. It says:

“A father to the fatherless, a defender of widows, is God in his holy dwelling.”  
Psalms 68:5 NIV

Observe with me how Faithful and good God is as the Father to the fatherless and protector of widows.

First God delivered from death as mentioned above.

Second He guided and protected and provided for us.

So when the Vietnamese army took over we were liberated. My family moved to my hometown Battambang but there were no food there, so we gleaned for rice at the risk of our lives as we move from fields to fields. I remembered that I was comforted and felt safe whenever I saw dead Cambodian soldiers in the rice fields. Because that means that the Vietnamese army had already conquered that area and we are safe to glean for rice there.

One of those days as we were gleaning for rice, we found my mother's sisters who were also gleaning for rice. They told us that their parents and their older 2 sisters died of starvation and sickness. So my mom being the oldest took care of them. But gleaning for rice is not enough to feed 10 people in the family.

So we decided to escape to Thailand for refuge. On the way, we ran into a group of bandits who took our belongings and when we got to Thailand we had nothing to trade for food. We had to beg for food.

But the Thailand government did not receive us but sent us back to Cambodia, the hard way. They decided to use refugees like us to clear the land mines in their border. They sent hundreds of refugees like us down a mountain full of land mines and many people died there. By God's mercy a group of Vietnamese soldiers found out about us in that mountain and they made a safe path to us to get off the mountain.

After getting off the mountain we walked back to Cambodia. We didn't know where we were going or where to settle down or how to get food for our next meal. Yet somehow for almost two weeks of traveling on barefoot we had food to eat.

One of those days was one of the scariest day of my life. My mother, early in the morning said that we are to wait for her as she goes out to look for food and that we will be back by nightfall. Well she didn't show up when it was dark and my two younger sisters started to cry and eventually all 9 of us were crying because she didn't come back.

About a week later we came to a small town and we settled there. For several months my mother was able to raise 9 people, where everything was scarce, no government and no currency.

Later on we heard that Thailand had refugee camps and we crossed the border again risking our lives. But God brought us to Thailand safely.

In Thailand, at the refugee camp we looked for sponsors from other countries. We found 3 relatives but they all failed to sponsor us to their countries because we had too many people in the family. At that time we thought that we were stuck in Thailand or eventually get sent back to Cambodia again. But a group of Christians in Southern California got together to sponsor Cambodia families over and somehow our family was chosen.

The whole immigration process was smooth and we got to America, in San Diego California in February of 1982.

God took care of my family in America as well. Two of my sisters and I were able to graduate from a Bible college in San Diego.

Let me close my testimony with Proverbs 3:5-6

“Trust in the LORD with all your heart and lean not on your own understanding; in all your ways submit to him, and he will make your paths straight” Thank you.