



A White Paper: Thailand's Royal Thai Police; Agent Phavit – Its Light and Hope

**By Gregg Tyler Milligan, Author & Abuse Prevention Advocate
June 8, 2013**

<http://www.godmustbesleeping.com/>

What began as a hobby has turned into what is referred to in Thailand as having caught “*The Passion.*” This is the pursuit of learning all one can and collecting Thai amulets, coins, and medallions. Each particular piece has with it a rich history of Thai culture and worship. It is literally a study of mine that provides a deeply appreciated reprieve from the darkness, which seems to be enveloping the world in the form of worsening abuse in every way possible. Therefore, in order to relax, learn more about Thai culture, and mix with the gentle locals, I begin some days along a side-street or within one of hundreds of markets dispersed throughout Thailand, engaged in my new day’s creation of “*The Passion.*”

Due to methodical study, I have come to know the difference between a beautiful coin for example and one that transcends beauty due to the fact it has been blessed by a well-known and respected Monk or travelled thousands of years to find itself resting honorably on the squat table before me. However, in all my years living in Thailand and engaging in this ritualistic activity, today was a first of its kind. To understand better the whole experience is to absorb yourself in meaningful conversations with the vendors displaying and, at times, selling various items within their vast collection. What I mean by, ‘at times’ is the fact some vendors simply display the decorative pendant, amulet, medallion, and/or coin but would never part with it. Why? Because they wish only to allow you to examine its exquisiteness and are hopeful you might be more than just a collector – someone who has compassion for the Thai culture and a deep faith.

It was today, during my usual introductions and pleasantries; I met (for the 2nd time) a very special man and his daughter. His name has been changed to protect the fact he works undercover; therefore, for purpose of this White Paper, I will call him Mr. Phavit and he is currently an agent with the ***Thailand Royal Thai Police in charge of Special Investigations.*** Agent Phavit is a veteran of the Royal Thai Police going on 20 years as a Special Undercover Agent within the division of Human Trafficking, Child Protection, and Drug Enforcement. A daunting responsibility indeed; especially, due to the fact Agent Phavit must also handle thousands of urgent calls flooding a Hotline established through the following online crime-stopper website www.kknine.com/report.

Agent Phavit is built like a bull and stout. His muscles are street-hardened, and he has clear set eyes, which flashed both light and dark in every judiciously chosen word. A man that could take care of himself and everyone else in which he is responsible. Agent Phavit’s team of eleven well-trained agents reporting under his command I was told are a hardcore crew that have no patience for injustice. He politely asked if I would like to meet his team (warning me that they are a scary bunch), and I agreed but only if I could ‘stand behind’ Agent Phavit the whole time. This made him smile.

I was quick to also notice that Agent Phavit is a man who has seen the worst of humankind, but still his heart bleeds for humanity – a better day ... a more beautiful world. I fell in love with his character; even after all he had witnessed in the form of all that is wrong with the world, his smile never showed anything but a tender soul. Standing next to him, I felt both respected and safe.

It was during this second visit to his booth that we began a more open dialogue. Perhaps it was the fact I looked into his kind but steely eyes with earnest while he spoke. Or, perhaps it was the way in which I chose the most precious of his collection, and instead of making him an offer to purchase, I exclaimed how beautiful – each carefully positioned on soft foam – the myriad of Exonomia were. Regardless, it was then that Agent Phavit began to ask me questions pertaining to things of a personal matter –

beginning with my name and what I did for a living. After telling him I was an author and abuse prevention advocate, he went silent and with bright shiny eyes, stared at me for what seemed an eternity. Then, to my relief, he finally smiled and even laughed. *“That is what I do,”* Agent Phavit said, in almost a whisper.

In the hot Thai sun the two of us stood looking reverentially at one another and spoke softly. The entire conversation took on a whole new level of meaning.

At the end of each exhausting shift with the Thai Royal Police, Agent Phavit begins his evenings by setting up a single folding card table and begins to slowly unpack his collection, which are vigilantly stored in gray tins kept in an old army satchel. I noticed that while we spoke he would walk over to his waiting motorbike to retrieve another tin and never once did he cast a suspicious eye upon me or seem to worry I would steal an amulet and disappear into the crowd of people milling by. Even as a foreigner, it would have been difficult to find and catch me in the Friday after-work mass of Thai going about their business. His trust in me did not look to be a test, but instead, Agent Phavit’s manner reflected a belief I would never do such a thing. This gave me great comfort due to the fact that as part of what I do with regard to my advocacy work, writing my books, speaking against abuse of any kind – I have received the a great deal of misgiving and hatred from so many, both known and unknown to me.

Therefore I truly knew the gift that lay in the unbridled and enlightening conversation with Agent Phavit. Not of coins, but of life and love. Protection of the innocent and a world that needs what I call *“a major do-over.”* It was during the conversation we were both greeted by his seventeen-year-old daughter, Pam, who came to visit her father. Missing him due to his difficult responsibility and demanding work hours, Pam uses every opportunity to be with her *“Pa Pa.”* She donned the customary Thai school-girl uniform. A white monogrammed long-sleeve blouse bearing her name and the school logo, along with a below-the-knee deep blue pleated skirt, with white knee-high socks and black buckle shoes. Her dark hair was pulled back in a pony-tail and she wore pretty pinkish glasses. Pam was a perfect portrait of innocence with sparkling divine eyes, pretty by any standard and the look of an angel. It was also evident she was street-smart and intelligent just like her father. He had raised her very well. Pam, like all children, depicted the limitless opportunities every child deserves – the first and last promise of a more beautiful world. One look and I felt the familiar urge to protect Pam and her innocence – the innocence of all children – at all costs, by any means necessary. A child’s innocence is a flawless representation made by an artist using his/her own blood to preserve the magnificent colors used to paint a picture of never-ending bliss.

As with the younger generation, Pam was more astute when it came to technology and soon was writing down the name of my website. Shy, but still eager to practice her English, she introduced herself to me several times. It was a touching moment when reaching into her bag, Pam pulled out a pink and yellow covered 3x5 notebook in order to gather my personal information. I’m sure her father gave some sort of signal for her to do this and she was all too happy to oblige.

After wards, Agent Phavit asked me a question I had never been asked. *“Would you be interested in sharing our histories and writing a book with me regarding Human Trafficking and Child Abuse?”* My answer was obvious. It was certainly not the time to discuss such formalities; however, I’ve already made up my mind any and all proceeds would go to Agent Phavit and his work. So, my response was humbly, *“It would be an honor.”* Agent Phavit was delighted and so begins our relationship.

Author’s Note: I could never do what this man does for a living; it is with great humility and complete understanding that I realize the sacrifices he has made are awe-inspiring. Like the brave men and women of the U.S. Law Enforcement, these are definitely the few and the chosen. From the FBI to the Local Officers of the Law, I see courage incarnate in all they do. Like Pam, who misses her father often because of

his busy work schedule and the relentless demands placed upon him, those in law enforcement all over the world carry a far too heavy weight on their shoulders. These men and women are always outnumbered. If it's not the criminals they are forced to contend with, it is the obnoxious and often times dishonest media that thwart the critical Police/FBI investigations. And, without a doubt, the media; whether unknowingly or knowingly, frequently put the lives of these courageous men and women of law enforcement in danger. At the very least, the media will do anything for a story and that includes harming the innocent and destroying an ongoing investigation. All of these reasons make me see even more clearly the overwhelming task undertaken by people like Agent Phavit of the Royal Thai Police and all the men and women of the U.S. and other countries who are part of the necessary investigative and protection departments. These men and women are here for the children and people of the world, and I gladly place myself and my trust in their hands under mandatory scrutiny, all the while being grateful for the work they do.

It was time to go due to the fact I was wary that I may be interrupting business – but before I did I pulled from my pocket all the money I had: 1,600 baht, folding it in my clasped hands, making the traditional Thai salutation – a “Y” I then asked Agent Phavit to choose ‘for me’ whatever amulet he saw fit that I should purchase. What he did next was also a first for me: He took 1,000 baht from my hands, and did so only to be polite. Agent Phavit then handed me three amulets – their combined net worth 300,000 baht. *“These are my gifts to you ... we are friends now,”* he said solemnly.

As I stated earlier, I have *“The Passion”* and I knew the cost of the three amulets was enormous. I thanked Agent Phavit by ceremoniously bowing my head clasping the two beautiful amulets between my hands several times. Fighting back tears which I am sure he saw – especially, with his well-trained eyes and compassionate heart. However, Agent Phavit only smiled that gentle and sweet grin again, he then returned the gesture.

Before walking away, I promised him and his daughter an autographed book in which I will be sure to hand-deliver. Out of nowhere, Pam made the comment that her father is rarely home due to his demanding position, and I could tell she is worried for his safety. In my words, *“It is because of your father and what he does I am alive today.”* She had such a pretty smile and the pride burst from her cheeks upon hearing this. It put what Agent Phavit did in perspective for her and I hope gave her some comfort and peace.

Today, I made contact with a man who has spent the last 20 years protecting the men, women, and children of Thailand. It is no doubt his life is in danger. In America there are rules that protect our agents in similar positions – and terribly so – those rules are not always followed. Good men and women while in the line of duty are killed all of the time. Speaking of which, these rules do not exist nor do they apply in Thailand. And therefore, it takes a courageous person to do what Agent Phavit does and all who are in positions like him – all over the globe.

Best of all ... in a beautiful and sometimes ugly world – *Today, I made two dear sweet friends ... I need this: because more than ever lately my heart has been heavy and I have felt ... I do not have nearly enough friends.*

God Bless my new friends. May Buddha be with them always. I won't ever forget Agent Phavit, his sweet daughter Pam, and what he, his team, and all those who fight to help others - do for this this world.

Gregg Tyler Milligan is an internationally-known author and child abuse prevention advocate. He has written two books, *A Beautiful World*, detailing his childhood and the horrific suffering Milligan endured at the hands of his mother and strangers. Milligan later completed the continuation to *A Beautiful World*, describing his next eleven years.

Both books are published under the same volume, titled God Must be Sleeping. Milligan is a member of the Rape, Abuse and Incest National Network (RAINN) Speakers Bureau and continues to spread his message of hope.

In his words, "Please remember, the reason we are here is to save one another – Break the cycle." More information can be found at godmustbesleeping.com/.