

**TESTIMONY**  
C O L L E C T I O N  
**1917-2017**  
100 YEARS—A HERITAGE OF SPIRITUALITY AND GRACE

IN COMMEMORATION OF CENTENNIAL OF THE TRUE JESUS CHURCH  
AND JUBILEE OF THE INTERNATIONAL ASSEMBLY





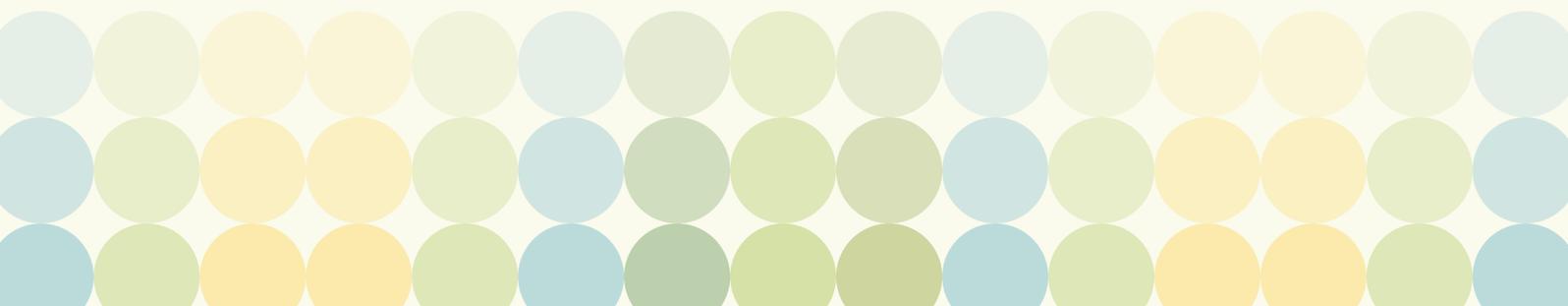
# TESTIMONY

C O L L E C T I O N

1917-2017

100 YEARS—A HERITAGE OF SPIRITUALITY AND GRACE

I planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase. *(1 Corinthians 3:6)*



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# ESTABLISHMENT

OF THE CHURCH



# The True Jesus Church in Manapakkam Village

## Chengalpet, India

INDIA MISSION COMMITTEE (IMC)

The late Dn. M.G. Samuel of Ambatur church, who has been called by the Lord, was a convert from Hinduism. He was baptized into Christ and became a member of the True Jesus Church (TJC) in 1969. He was born in Udayambakkam Village, a place near Chengalpet. After baptism, he was determined to preach the truth to his fellow villagers. During that time, all his relatives were idol-worshippers. He prayed about this matter and started to preach the gospel to his brothers and uncle's family. Since then, he would return to his hometown whenever time permits to preach the gospel and conduct family prayer sessions.

One day, one of his brothers, Selvaraj, came to Ambattur and attended the church service. During the prayer session, he received and was filled with the Holy Spirit. He also experienced miracles from God and therefore requested to be baptized immediately. On the very same day he was baptized, he returned to his hometown and explained these miraculous experiences to the villagers. Upon hearing that, his family members were eager to receive baptism. It so

happened that Dn. John Chin was visiting India at the time. Together with Dn. M.G. Samuel, they visited Bro. Selvaraj and his uncle's family in Udayambakkam and baptized them. After that, a place of worship was established in 1972 and a bimonthly fellowship session was held. Bro. Selvaraj's family members were filled with the Holy Spirit, and the villagers were surprised at this. At one time, many demon-possessed and sick people came to seek Jesus Christ for help. Subsequently, some of them were healed and attended church services. The name of our Lord Jesus Christ was glorified in that village.

There was a priest of a Hindu temple by the name Govindan. He was a lunatic and often ran off from his house. As such, people had to bind him with ropes to bring him back. They brought him to the sorcerers and magicians to heal his mental illness but their efforts were all futile. Finally, they brought him to our prayer house to pray. Being filled with the Holy Spirit, Bro. Selvaraj invited Govindan to stay in the prayer house and to pray for a week; and prayed for



him during this time. God's glory was manifested on him; he was healed from this mental illness and requested to be baptized. Subsequently, he and his family were baptized by the Ambattur church ministers.

Subsequently, believers were added to the prayer house daily and many workers were sent there for pastoral and evangelical work. Workers of the International Assembly (IA) including the late Eld. John Yang, Dn. John Chin, Pr. Simon Chin and Pr. Thomas Kam would assist in the divine works in Chengalpet whenever they visit India.

Later on, Ambattur church established a committee to find a permanent place of worship in Chengalpet. The church building fund was raised through this committee. Subsequently, a suitable place was identified at Manapakkam Village and the church building construction began immediately after. In 1985, the church was completed and dedicated to God.

Many activities were held in the church with many more divine works waiting to be completed. Upon the recommendation of Ambattur church, Bro. Selvaraj was hired by the IA as a full-time worker. By the grace of God, the church continued to grow and its membership number has reached 115.

Local church activities, series of seminars and trainings conducted by the IMC and IA cultivated and trained many church leaders. With the retirement of Bro. Selvaraj, Bro. Christudoss was ordained as Dn. Timothy. While Bro. Daniel and Bro. Enoch were attending theological training, Bro. Joseph, who had been through three years of theological training conducted by the IA Training Department was later ordained as Pr. Philip. Furthermore, Bro. Daniel and Bro. Enoch are full-time preachers now.

A 54 by 18 feet church building has been constructed to conduct religious education classes and training of

church leaders with the Dorcas Fellowship funds. We hope that the church will continue to grow and glorify the name of our Lord. 🌿

# God's Special Blessings

## Manila Church, Philippines

Deaconess Anna Angela F. Gacumo



In the name of the Lord Jesus, I testify.

Thank God for leading us to the True Jesus Church (TJC). Our first interaction with the TJC started in October 1990 when my husband, Bro. Fausto Gacumo, coincidentally met a missionary from the church at the airport. In retrospect, it was truly God's special arrangement, as He led us to His gospel of salvation here in Manila.

Indeed, the Lord searches our heart. At that point in time, we had intentions of leaving the United Pentecostal Church where we were previously worshipping at, to establish the Glorious Church together with five other families. During one of our Bible study sessions, we had a discussion on keeping the Sabbath day. The Lord had graciously showed us through the teachings from the Scriptures that observing Sabbath day is important. However, since we had always had our worships on Sundays, we were unable to decide on which day the Sabbath should be kept on. Thus, we decided to fast and pray over the issue.

Our first interaction with the TJC could not happen at a more appropriate time. The missionary from the TJC shared the Sabbath day teaching with us as well as other important biblical doctrines. Moreover, he also told us that TJC was the only church that preached the complete biblical truth. My husband, children and I decided to receive baptism without hesitation, together with other truth-seekers from the Glorious Church. Altogether there were 43 souls added to the fold. This was the start of the establishment of the TJC in Manila.

It was definitely God's grace and blessing that led my family to come to the true church, and we all experienced great joy from dwelling in the house of God. However, not long after, conflicts arose among church members and many were affected. Many left the church, including those of a weaker faith, as well as former workers and ministers whose duties were to pastor the Manila church. These workers had lost the heart and motivation to serve the Lord. Despite



these, thankfully my family could stand firm in our faith and remained in the true church.

As time went by, the trials in the church continued. All of us went through severe difficulties. For me, I went through a hard time because I lost my husband. Due to heart attack and insidious diabetes, he passed away unexpectedly at a young age of 46. I was left with the responsibility of taking care of our children single-handedly. This was indeed the greatest trial I had faced at that point in time as we have lost the main source of income, and I was left to care for my children alone. I was reminded that in a difficult time like this, I could only rely on God. Therefore even though trials had come upon me unexpectedly and I was in great sorrow, I never blamed God because this verse had given me a great comfort; “all things work together for good to those who love God, to those who are called according to His purpose” (Rom 8:28).

Although my husband’s departure brought great sorrow upon me, my heart felt more at peace after listening to a testimony. When my husband was at his deathbed, a patient from the same hospital saw two angels came to take my husband away. That patient told my eldest son, Reginald, about what he had seen, as my son was watching over his father while I was at church. My faith was strengthened after knowing that the death of the saints is truly precious in the sight of God (Ps 116:15).

*“For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.” (Phil 1:21)*

From then on, although life has been tough on us, we relied on God. Through God’s mercy and loving-kindness, my family and I slowly trod on the road to recovery. It’s truly the blessings of God that my children are now working overseas, and they constantly bear in mind the teachings of the true church. May all glory be given to the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and may Holy Spirit continue to guide us until the Lord comes again. Amen. 🌿

I planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase. (1 Corinthians 3:6)

# A Path to the Truth Filled with God's Grace and Love

## Xiamen Church, Fujian Province, China

Deaconess Lee Gai-gai



*Deaconess Lee Gai-gai was born in 1971. She was baptized into the True Jesus Church (TJC) in 1992 and is currently a full-time preacher in Xiamen City, Fujian Province of China.*

### BROUGHT UP AND NURTURED IN CHRISTIAN FAITH

I was born in a Christian family and had received religious education from a young age. My grandmother would often teach my siblings and I to sing hymns of praise. She would also tell us biblical stories and pray with us. The church was quite far from my house; therefore, a worship point was established at my home. All the members who lived nearby would gather at my house for worship and service. I was obedient to my grandmother's guidance and often attended church services. For these reasons I was able to establish a pure faith from an early age. Through reading the Bible and other spiritual publications, I was able to spiritually cultivate myself as I grew up. Gradually, I developed the thought of offering myself

as living sacrifice to work for the Lord. When I was in junior high school, my grandmother often prayed for me and asked the Lord to choose me as His vessel to preach the gospel of truth and guide people to the Lord. Under the Lord's guidance and protection, I successfully enrolled into the Nanjing Union Theological Seminary (NJUTS) in 1991.

### SAW A CLASSMATE SPEAKING IN TONGUES

In my first year, I went to the spiritual cultivation room with one of my roommates from Northeast China to pray. In the prayer, my roommate uttered strange sounds and said things that I did not understand. After the prayer, I asked her why she prayed in such way. She replied she spoke in tongues and had often prayed in this manner. Immediately, out of curiosity, I asked her how I could speak in spiritual tongues but she did not tell me. During my second year, I became acquainted with my classmate, Li Hong-mei, who had been to the TJC. She felt that the truth preached by the church was in accordance with the Bible and



became a believer of the TJC after receiving baptism in natural living water. I was often with her, and she told me about the doctrines of TJC and the truth. Of course, I did not accept what she told me. We had heated debates on the five basic doctrines and during that time, I felt that I could rebut all her arguments with logical reasons. As the winter vacation was approaching, she told me that several students from NJUTS would be going to Fujian Province to visit the TJC. They asked me whether I would like to join. At the time, I wanted to find out more about the TJC and to enrich my knowledge. Therefore, I indicated that I would be going. During that winter vacation, about 10 people including two sisters from Nanjing church traveled down south to Sanshan church in Sanshan Town of Fuqing City.

### CAME TO SANSHAN CHURCH

After dinner, we went to our room to rest. Liu Yao-yao who was one of our classmates was suffering from cold symptoms. He went to the church hall on the first floor to pray. Unexpectedly, he received the Holy Spirit and spoke in tongues. The room where I was resting at was just below the church hall. When I heard Liu Yao-yao had received the Holy Spirit, I murmured to myself: “Why is Liu Yao-yao so unstable in his standpoints? We have just arrived in Sanshan Town and he has already given in so easily without studying and debating!” The next day, Eld. Wang Qin-ru of the TJC studied the Bible with us. He searched for the supporting Bible verses for each of the five basic doctrines and answered all our questions. I was dissatisfied with the answers given by Eld. Wang and felt some of the answers still lacked persuasion. In between the Bible study sessions, Eld. Wang, preachers and the voluntary workers led us in prayer for Holy Spirit. They taught us the way to pray: clasp our hands together; place in front of chest; to pray in the name of the Lord Jesus and say “Hallelujah.”

At the beginning, I secretly opened my eyes to see how everyone prayed. I saw that hands and bodies of the preachers and voluntary workers were vibrating continuously and they made unpleasant utterances. At that time, I felt their actions were not elegant and therefore I could not concentrate on praying. When I saw Eld. Wang walking towards me to lay hands on me, I quickly closed my eyes and prayed absent-mindedly according to the way they taught me. Even though Eld. Wang laid hands on me, I found that there was no special feeling.

Over the next few days, the preachers and volunteers often led us in the prayer for the Holy Spirit. Among my classmates, several received the Holy Spirit and spoke in tongues; despite some not having received the Holy Spirit were moved by Him. I was the only person kneeling down silently without any special feelings. In those few days, we spent our time on Bible study and prayer for the Holy Spirit. My classmates who had received the Holy Spirit began to indicate their desire to be baptized into the TJC. Therefore, Eld. Wang decided to baptize the classmates on December 28, 1992 of the Chinese lunar Calendar. The church workers asked whether I would like to be baptized. However, I indicated that as long as the issue of Holy Spirit is not resolved, I will not get baptized.

### A WINDING PATH OF RECEIVING THE HOLY SPIRIT

After many days of Bible study and praying for the Holy Spirit, my prejudice towards the TJC was gradually eliminated but I was still puzzled. I thought to myself: “The truth of the TJC is good but there is nothing wrong with the previous faith that I had accepted! What should I do? My classmates have received the Holy Spirit one after another. Should I continue to doubt Him?” I prayed and told God my true feelings. If the teaching of the TJC is the truth, then show me a proof; let me receive the Holy Spirit. I prayed

urgently: "Lord, if I do not have the Holy Spirit, please give Him to me; if I already have the Holy Spirit, please clearly show and guide me to the path of service for You." My classmate, Lin Fang, had accepted the TJC's doctrines and received the Holy Spirit. He hoped that I could also receive the Holy Spirit and become a believer of the TJC. Whenever he interceded and prayed with me in the prayer for Holy Spirit, he always knelt down beside me. From time to time, he would stop praying and listen to my prayer to check whether I have received the Holy Spirit. Although I was kneeling down when praying, I was still unable to concentrate and therefore I did not receive the Holy Spirit.

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*In this prayer, I was filled with the Holy Spirit, and my heart was full of joy and relief. Having received the Holy Spirit, I decided to be baptized the next day.*

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On the evening of December 27, the night before the baptism, another session of prayer for the Holy Spirit was arranged. I was praying with a few believers who had yet to receive the Holy Spirit. I prayed earnestly and desperately to the Lord, saying, "If I were to receive the Holy Spirit tonight, I will be baptized tomorrow." I prayed six times that night, and each time for over half an hour until 2 am. For the first few times, apart from myself and the mother of Sis. Luo Xiao-xia, the rest had either received the Holy Spirit or were moved by the Holy Spirit. Sis. Luo's mother said she wanted to be the last one to receive the Holy Spirit; therefore she interceded diligently for others instead. Since the two of us had yet to receive the Holy Spirit, everyone focused their prayers on me. In the fifth prayer, I felt numb in both arms from the wrist to the elbow, and started vibrating involuntarily. I was afraid, and tried to hold my hands firmly so that my arms would not vibrate, but to no avail. Initially, I had been

saying, "Hallelujah," but my tongue began moving up and down repeatedly; uttering the same voice as those who had received the Holy Spirit. Lin Fang was kneeling beside me and when he heard me speaking in tongues, and cried out, "You have Him, you have Him!" Eld. Wang then rang the bell and everyone stopped praying. Everyone was glad to see someone as stubborn as I had finally received the Holy Spirit. At that time, I felt that I was not fully filled with the Holy Spirit. After a short rest, we prayed for the sixth time. In this prayer, I was filled with the Holy Spirit, and my heart was full of joy and relief. Having received the Holy Spirit, I decided to be baptized the next day.

#### EXPERIENCED A "MIRACLE" DURING BAPTISM

On December 28, 1992 of the Chinese lunar calendar, under the guidance of Eld. Wang, my classmates and I and more than 10 believers came to the beach of Gaoshan Town by a vehicle. As the time was close to Spring Festival, the weather was very cold coupled with strong sea wind. Local church coworkers noticed that youths like us, especially the thin and fragile sisters receiving baptism in such a cold weather. They were very touched and kept praising us for having great faith. Usually I am afraid of the cold, but somehow on that day, I had tremendous faith which I am still amazed at to this day. Eld. Wang performed baptism for all of us and after baptism, no one caught the cold. It was truly the protection of God.

Ten days after the baptism, we visited several TJCs in Fujian Province. The impression I gathered was that the brothers and sisters of the TJC had love towards both God and men. They led strong spiritual lives and were fervent in prayers. It was rare to see youths in mainstream churches but there were many youths in the TJC. Alongside the enthusiastic children's involvement, this lively church was full of vigor and vitality.



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*In the last two years of serving in Xiamen church, I gradually became more convinced that the TJC was “the ark of the last days.”*

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## ESTABLISHMENT OF THE TRUE JESUS CHURCH IN NANJING

After the winter vacation, we returned to Nanjing and immediately became believers of the TJC. Our conversion caused a great disturbance in NJUTS because we accounted for nearly 10% of the students and some of us held a certain amount of influence in NJUTS. The seminary was nervous about it, and organized many seminars and discussions for students on the topics of religious denomination, Holy Spirit and speaking in tongues. The lecturers also spoke to us individually. Because NJUTS had been the base for talented Christians in China, any minor sign of disturbance in the seminary would immediately attract attention of the CCC/TSPM<sup>1</sup>. Soon after, the representative of the Chinese Christian magazine “Tian Feng,”<sup>2</sup> published the news on the seminary students’ conversion to the TJC. Its subsequent issues of Tian Feng also published articles discussing the Holy Spirit and speaking in tongues. Thank God, these external pressures closely united us instead. We decided to pray together at 9 pm every Wednesday in the small chapel of the seminary to request the Lord to strengthen our faith. We collectively agreed not to partake the Holy Communion of the seminary, nor to keep the Sunday worship, and to only observe the Sabbath. Through the guidance and preservation of God and our unity and firm stance, the seminary eventually gave up in trying to make us comply. Moreover, the other students were

1 China Christian Council and National Committee of Three-Self Patriotic Movement of the Protestant Churches in China

2 The magazine of the Protestant Churches in China; Chinese name is 天風 (Tian Feng)

sympathetic towards us. They showed understanding and respect to our actions and conversion. Some of them were even interested in TJC and came to find us for further discussion.

## SENT TO XIAMEN

Sister Luo Xiao-xia, who went to the south with us, was the person in-charge of a certain worship center in Nanjing. After receiving the truth, she immediately brought all her flock from the worship center to the TJC. This was how the TJC in Nanjing was established. The seminary students who received the truth took turns to deliver sermons on a weekly basis. When I was in my third year, I had intended to further my studies, and prepared for it. During my fourth year, I suddenly thought of changing the dormitory and thus I was transferred to the same room with the classmate seated beside me. Coincidentally, Pr. Kou Ke-hua was in the same room as me, and she had just been baptized into the TJC as well. We got along very well. One day, during a meal, Pr. Kou asked me about the graduate job assignment and at that time I was unsure of whether to further my studies or to return to Hebei Province. Pr. Kou said to me, “How good would it be if we could work at the TJC!” I replied that we did not have TJC in Hebei. Afterwards, Pr. Kou contacted Pr. Xiao Rong-guang in Fujian Province to check whether the church in Fujian needs workers. It turned out that Xiamen church was in need of a preacher and I was asked to express my interest. I indicated that I would make the decision after praying to God about it. Thanks to God’s guidance, I came to the Xiamen TJC in October 1995 and everything was safe and smooth. Later, God also guided Pr. Kou to Xiamen church.

## LEADING MY HOMETOWN PEOPLE TO THE TRUTH

In the last two years of serving in Xiamen church, I gradually became more convinced that the TJC was

“the ark of the last days.” Consequently, I decided to convert the worship center in my house. Previously, I did not fully understand the TJC. Therefore, I only preached the doctrines to my father and helped him to receive the Holy Spirit. However, I did not request him to convert the worship center. During April that year, I fasted every morning and prayed for this matter; asking God to help and open the way. In May, I took leave and went home to visit my relatives. After arriving the first Sunday morning, I was requested to deliver a sermon. Hence, I spoke about the Sabbath day. I told the members about the history of how the Catholic Church changed the Sabbath to Sunday. After listening, they decided to begin observing the Sabbath the following week. On that afternoon, I spoke about the Holy Spirit and explained the link between the Holy Spirit and salvation; and the evidence of receiving the Holy Spirit. After that sermon, I led everyone to pray for the Holy Spirit. I prayed to the Lord, “My Lord, please let at least one of them receive the Holy Spirit today, to convince them that the TJC established by You is the true church.” There were two prayer sessions; five sisters received the Holy Spirit and spoke in tongues! My mother was the first person to receive the Holy Spirit. The five sisters who had received the Holy Spirit helped to strengthen the members’ faith towards the TJC.

I decided to strike while the iron is hot; and continued to expound on baptism, the Holy Communion, foot-washing and the truth of salvation on the following Sabbath day. After listening to those teachings, 20 to 30 people who expressed their interests in receiving baptism. I contacted Pr. Chen Jian-lin and together with Dn. Chen Huai-zhong, they traveled all the way from Fujian Province to Fengfeng Mining District, Handan City of Hebei Province to perform the baptism for the believers. Before the baptism, I requested two sisters to buy the Holy Communion trays and cups. I told them to buy only 50 cups as I estimated

that there should be around 40 believers to be baptized. As such, they bought 50 cups but the shopkeeper realized that there were two cups remaining; and he decided to give the extra two cups for free. Unexpectedly, during the Holy Communion, we found out that exactly 52 people had been baptized, not more or less. The Lord is omnipotent and omniscient. He knew that there would be 52 people receiving baptism and prepared for us beforehand.

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*I wanted to know their faith and asked, “Aren’t you afraid of the cold weather? Aren’t you worried of catching a cold?” They replied, “We have faith and believe that God will protect us.” Their answers touched me deeply.*

.....

#### TESTIFYING THE POWER AND LOVE OF GOD

On the Sabbath day after that baptism, the believers testified one after another. During this baptism, more than half of the people who received baptism were the elderly, and yet none of them caught a cold. An elderly couple who were seriously ill and lacked mobility were baptized with the help of everyone. They were relaxed and joyful after coming out from the water. The baptism was performed by Dn. Chen Huai-zhong and assisted by my father. As they were baptizing an elderly sister named Liu Xiang-guo, my father and Dn. Chen smelled a strong fragrance, but it was not the fragrance of cosmetics. After baptism, we asked the sister whether she had put on any perfume or cream during the baptism. She replied: “I’m already old, why would I still use these things?” We knew then that was the Lord’s aroma, to prove that the baptism had His abidance and was according to His will. In November of the same year, I went to Jinan to assist with the divine works. Afterwards, I went



back to my home in the Fengfeng Mining District of Handan City in Hebei Province with Pr. Lin Fang and Pr. Wang Hong-li. We conducted a two-day spiritual convocation. After the spiritual convocation, eight people requested to receive baptism; and several of them were the elderly with the oldest being over 70 years old. November in northern China is unusually cold. I wanted to know their faith and asked, “Aren’t you afraid of the cold weather? Aren’t you worried of catching a cold?” They replied, “We have faith and believe that God will protect us.” Their answers touched me deeply. On November 30, we performed the baptism for them and thank God, despite the cold weather, none of them caught a cold. There was an elderly sister who had been sleeping on bed faced downwards for 20 years. However, after the baptism, she was able to sleep like any other normal person. There was another sister who suffered from a serious heart disease and went through baptism without any complication and seemed joyful instead. The faith of the believers towards the TJC was strengthened after the spiritual convocation; and their love towards the Lord grew more zealous. Today, the number of believers in this church continues to increase and the name of the TJC continues to be glorified and thrived in this area. 🌱

# The Stormy Years of Believing in the Truth

Sanshan Church, Fujian Province, China

Elder Wang Qin-ru



*Wang Qin-ru, was born in 1943. He currently lives in Dongpu Village, Sanshan Town, Fuqing City, Fujian Province. He is a well respected elder amongst the churches in Fuqing City.*

## TORMENTED BY A STRANGE DISEASE, MY GRANDFATHER WAS PHYSICALLY AND MENTALLY EXHAUSTED

My grandfather, Wang Hong-fu—ordination name Paul Wang—who had followed my great-grandfather's faith as a child, was a believer of the Methodist Church. My great-grandfather's passed away at a young age and consequently, my great-grandmother became destitute. With the help and encouragement of the Methodist Church, my great-grandmother became a preacher and was known as "the mother of the Sanshan (Methodist) Church." My grandfather was educated in Christian schools; and all the expenses were paid by the Methodist Church. After graduating from the Anglo-Chinese College in Fuzhou, my grandfather followed his mother's footsteps and dedicated himself to be a preacher. He was sent to evangelize

in the surrounding areas of Shunchang County in Northern Fujian Province and was ordained pastor at the age of 25. My grandfather was faithful in serving the Lord, lead a godly life, loved people sincerely, and always emanated the sweet aroma of a Christ-like life. Every morning and evening, my grandfather led the whole family to pray before the Lord in order to develop the family's prayer interest and to help them lead a proper spiritual life that draws them closer to God. Every year from January to December, he would read and recite the entire Bible once. Thereafter, as he could not acclimatize to the Northern Fujian Province, he returned to Fuqing City (Southeast of Fujian Province). Hence, he continued his pastoral work in the areas of Nanxingcun and Bushang. Under my grandfather's planning, a chapel in Sandouding was also built.

My grandfather loved God zealously and served the Lord faithfully. Although he was fervent and made painstaking efforts for the prosperity of the church and the development of the gospel, he suffered from



a strange disease that caused sudden, uncontrollable tremors. For 12 years, he could still be able to read books and the Bible, carry children, and hold objects. However, whenever the condition worsened, his whole body would tremble violently and anything that was in his hand would be thrown backwards. As he was often bedridden, my grandmother had to take care of all his daily needs. During the 12 years of torture, my grandfather's fingernails and toenails fell off; and his head and neck were covered with bedsores. He received comprehensive care in numerous hospitals but he did not recover. The Methodist Church invited a famous doctor from the United States to treat him but it was useless. The doctor said that this disease was incurable; only through the Lord can he be healed. From then on, my grandfather no longer relied on doctors or medication; and instead, he wholeheartedly put his trust in the heavenly Father wholeheartedly. He constantly fasted and prayed at all times and often throughout the night. At that time, a foreign pastor and all the believers of the Methodist Church earnestly prayed for my grandfather with faith and love; seeking for the Lord's grace and mercy. Nevertheless, there was not even the slightest improvement in his condition, but instead it deteriorated. He was a preacher who had been proclaiming God's love and almightiness to the world, yet he did not see God's mercy nor power in himself. Therefore, he felt desperate, sorrowful and hopeless. Through those many sunny mornings and quiet nights, my grandfather wiped his tears alone and drank this bitter cup by himself. He could not feel the joy of God's abidance nor experience the power of the Holy Spirit. He was left with an indescribable feeling of emptiness and despair. Eventually, grandfather resigned from his job as a pastor. He purchased an old house in Daoxia Village<sup>1</sup> and a field on the hill to plant fruit trees. He in-

<sup>1</sup> Daoxia Village was near Longtian Town's Yangmen Village. The village no longer exists.

tended to spiritually cultivate himself in a quiet place to draw closer to the Lord, and also to sustain the livelihood of the whole family through farming. The overseas missionary society still provided our family with a living allowance of 180 silver dollars annually. At that time, a picul (around 60.5 kg) of millet was worth 1.8 silver dollars. My father and his siblings continued to study in Christian schools for free. Although my grandfather was ill, his spirituality and stamina were still good. He often gathered believers to pray and study the Bible together and sincerely encouraged them to fervently love the Lord and faithfully keep His Word.

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*My grandfather immediately sensed marvelous power and strength; and felt extremely relaxed. Dn. Zheng held my grandfather's hands and helped him down the sedan chair. Then he walk into the chapel...*

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#### **MY GRANDFATHER WAS OVERJOYED BECAUSE HE WAS HEALED**

In 1926, some believers of the Methodist Church in Jiangjing Town, including He Cheng-dang and He Yang-yi, became opium addicts, lost all their possessions and properties. In despair, they heard that a church by the name of "Tong Tian Jiao" in Jiangkou Town of Putian City could help people get rid of bad habits and addictions through prayers; therefore they went there together. When they passed our house, they visited and told my grandfather about it. My grandfather found this strange, so he told them, "After returning from Jiangkou, do visit me and tell me what you had seen and heard." After seven days, He Cheng-dang and the others came to our home again. They told my grandfather about what they saw and heard in Jiangkou. They said that the church "Tong Tian Jiao" church was actually called the True Jesus

Church. The believers observed the Sabbath, administered water baptism in living water, performed foot-washing and often say “Hallelujah” in prayers. The church also emphasized on the need to pray for the Holy Spirit to fill the heart; and only one unleavened bread and pure grape juice were used during the Holy Communion. They also told my grandfather that they had quit opium addiction within the week that they were there; and were determined to establish the TJC in their hometown. On their return, they also invited Dn. Zheng Yong-sheng of the TJC to evangelize in Jiangjing Town. Upon hearing the name, “True Jesus Church” and the “five essential doctrines” which the church strictly adheres to, my grandfather was displeased. He rebuked He Cheng-dang and the others, “If they believe in a true Jesus, does that mean other Christians are believing in a false Jesus? Is there such a thing as true Jesus or false Jesus?” Over the next few days, he thought about this matter and his mind was troubled and disturbed. Afterwards, he sent a pastor living in Yangmen Village, Ni Lai-zhi, to Jiangjing to find Dn. Zheng Yong-sheng to debate with him about the truth. However, the preacher rendered speechless when Dn. Zheng used the Bible to explain the truth. Ni Lai-zhi reported back to my grandfather with detailed explanation about what had happened during the debate and the Bible verses that Dn. Zheng had quoted. My grandfather conscientiously checked and carefully studied the verses quoted by Dn. Zheng; and he was perplexed. He thought, “I have studied the Bible since young and was a pastor for so many years. But how come I don't understand the biblical truth propounded by Dn. Zheng?” Therefore, he decided to personally go to Jiangjing to explore and understand the TJC in greater depth.

One day, my grandfather asked someone to use seven strips of thick cloth to tightly bind him onto a sedan chair because he was afraid that his uncontrollable tremors would suddenly cause him to

fall off. Accompanied by my great-grandmother, he requested people to carry him to Jiangjing. When they arrived at Jiangjing TJC, some children were curious by his appearance and made a lot of noises. Dn. Zheng came out; and he was also puzzled over what he saw. My grandfather then told Dn. Zheng the purpose of his visit and also about how he had been tormented for 12 years by a strange disease. After listening, Dn. Zheng had compassion on him and was suddenly filled with the Holy Spirit. He laid hands on my grandfather's head and said loudly, “In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I release your bondage!” He then asked someone to untie my grandfather from the sedan chair. My grandfather immediately sensed marvelous power and strength; and felt extremely relaxed. Dn. Zheng held my grandfather's hands and helped him down the sedan chair. Then he walked into the chapel without any difficulty, and sat down to listen to the truth. As he had just experienced the mighty power of the Holy Spirit, he cast aside his prejudice and humbly listened to the truth. Together with Dn. Zheng, he carefully studied the Bible and examined the truth. On the sixth day of his visit which was the Sabbath day, my grandfather was moved by the spirit to receive the water baptism of the true church in living water. The next day, my grandfather actually walked 18 miles alone from Jiangjing and safely returned home.

#### **DETERMINED TO BELIEVE IN THE TRUTH, MY GRANDFATHER CUTOFF FROM HIS PAST BELIEFS**

When my grandmother saw her husband walking home by himself, she was thrilled and overjoyed. My grandfather explained to her in great detail what he had seen and heard during his week in Jiangjing. Afterwards, my grandmother said, “When I was spinning yarn early yesterday morning (Saturday), I suddenly heard a voice from above saying, ‘Sabbath Day! Sabbath Day!’ The voice repeated the same words three times. I then replied, ‘Lord, I know tomorrow



is Sunday. I won't forget.' But I didn't actually know what was going on." My grandfather said, "It is wrong to worship on Sunday. We should observe the Sabbath worship because this is a commandment given by God; clearly stated in the Ten Commandments (Ex 20:8–11). Yesterday was the Sabbath day; the Lord also loves you and so He revealed this to you." My grandparents then tidied up and cleaned the house. They wanted to establish the TJC at home in order to preach the truth. In the past, my grandfather had difficulties using his hands and feet, and was easily tired due to his illness. He was now able to move a heavy millstone which was a few dozens of catties. It was evident that the almighty God abided with him from the moment he accepted the truth of the true church.

My grandfather was not contented with God's abidance with him only. He would not be satisfied with only his household receiving the salvation and entering into the glorious heavenly kingdom in the future. He genuinely hoped that many more would come to truly know God and receive the blessed spiritual salvation. Therefore, he testified passionately to the preachers and believers of the local Methodist Church about his conversion; and the blessings he had received from God ever since he accepted the truth.

Through the power of the Holy Spirit and the strength of many believers and even pastors of the Methodist Church departed from the false teachings and converted to the TJC. Our home then became a chapel, and believers were added to the true church daily. My grandfather understood that the Holy Spirit is the guarantee of our heavenly inheritance. He was well aware that the Holy Spirit is the fountain of wisdom and strength needed to establish the church and preach the gospel. Therefore he prayed earnestly; fasted and prayed all night. He requested to be filled with the Holy Spirit to receive greater strength. For this reason, he fasted and prayed for 39 consecutive days without drinking or eating. From this we can see

how he feared God and yearned for the Holy Spirit. He continued to pray sincerely. On the 125<sup>th</sup> day after receiving the truth, he was filled with the Holy Spirit and spoke in tongues; a precious gift that he had never experienced before. He was overjoyed, as if he had gained a priceless treasure. From that moment, he preached the gospel even more earnestly, participated in the divine work even more diligently, and testified for the true church more fervently.

My grandfather's decision to believe in the TJC came as a great shock to the Methodist Church in San-shan and its overseas missionary society. Their pastors, preachers and believers continuously came to our home and persuaded my grandfather to discern the truth and quickly return to his previous beliefs. Meanwhile, they defamed, attacked, persecuted and blasphemed the true church established by the true God. Moreover, they slandered my grandfather's faith and character, humiliated him. In addition, they even threatened our whole family. However, my grandfather had already set aside his personal honor and glory, and count all things loss for Christ. He was only concerned about whether he could defend the Lord's words with his life, with his previous experiences of God's grace and with the infallible biblical truth. To express his sincerity and determination in the new faith, my grandfather decided to sever all ties with the Methodist Church and its overseas missionary society. He returned his pastor identity card, rejected their living allowances, and made my uncles and aunts drop out of the Methodist schools to return home. All these rightfully demonstrated the mentality of a steadfast and faithful member of the true church and his determination to maintain his integrity.

### **REJECTING ASSISTANCE DISTRESSED THE ENTIRE FAMILY**

Ever since my grandfather rejected the living allowances given by the overseas missionary society, our

livelihood became difficult as we constantly ran out of food. My father and his siblings often went up the hill to pick wild herbs and fruits to feed the family. Not only were we in abject poverty, we were also pressured by overseas missionary society's carrot-and-stick approach; and tempted with financial assistance. My great-grandmother's faith began to waver. She lost her faith and courage to continue walking on the path of the truth. Consequently, her heart was totally dictated by Satan and she eventually played a prominent role in persecuting the TJC. To coerce my grandparents to return to their past beliefs, she scolded and treated my grandparents roughly. When this failed, my great-grandmother madly beat my grandparents with her walking stick and had even broke the walking stick on one occasion. My grandparents showed filial respect to their mother and endured beating and humiliation in silence and without retaliation. My grandmother was scolded and beaten more severely than my grandfather; and her body was often covered in bruises. My great-grandmother not only treated them in an abusive and insulting manner, but also attacked my grandparents in front of the congregation by reprimanding them for preaching heresy, misinterpreting the Bible and deceiving the believers. She condemned the TJC as a heretical church controlled by Satan. She also blasphemed the Holy Spirit and denied the authority and power of the Holy Spirit. As she became crazy due to anger, she splashed human feces and urine at the preachers and believers who came to our house to attend services. However, these evil tactics of Satan never wavered my grandparents' determination to submit to the truth and to follow the true God.

On one Sabbath day, while my grandfather was not at home, my great-grandmother took this opportunity to visit our relatives. She shamelessly deceived them; saying that the preachers of the TJC had enticed my grandmother, destroy the family and caused disgrace

to the household. Thereafter, about 20 to 30 deceived relatives came to our house. At that time, Dn. Zheng was sermonizing on the pulpit, whilst my grandmother was listening attentively to the sermon. They bound them both tightly with ropes and carried them away. At that time, my father was only nine years old and he followed behind his mother closely. He prayed silently along the way and earnestly asked the Lord to preserve and save his mother and Dn. Zheng. When they reached a place called Dongwengyang<sup>2</sup>, my grandmother suddenly saw the angel appeared. The angel comforted her and said, "As soon as Hong-fu (my grandfather's name) arrives, you will be freed." She was greatly comforted by this.

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*One day, the loving Lord appeared to my grandfather and told him, "You have finished your journey of life and will return to your heavenly home."*

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At that time, a kinsman was carrying a short knife. He ferociously stabbed Dn. Zheng more than 10 times. Dn. Zheng was severely injured and lost a lot of blood. Many people witnessed this incident. Amazingly, no wounds were found on Dn. Zheng afterwards. Not only did this incident astonish many, it also manifested the mighty power and wonderful works of God. Dn. Zheng and my grandmother were brought to Houlin Village, adjacent to Sanshan. They detained Dn. Zheng at the home of another kinsman, Wang Xia-nu. Wang Xia-nu was a believer of the Methodist Church. At that time, he suffered from serious rheumatism and was bedridden all day. He asked Dn. Zheng, "Why did they bind you here?" Dn. Zheng replied, "I am a preacher of the TJC, preaching the word of salva-

<sup>2</sup> Dongwengyang (Chinese: 东翁洋) is located in the open country between Dongweng Village of Gantou Town and Sanshan Town. In the past, it was desolate and very few people would pass by.



tion. For 12 years, Bro. Wang Hong-fu suffered from a strange disease that caused him to tremble uncontrollably and made his life miserable. After I prayed and laid hands on him, by God's grace, he recovered. Wang Hong-fu then established the TJC in his home. I often go to his house to deliver sermons. As there has been some misunderstanding, they bound and brought me here." After listening to his explanation, Wang Xia-nu sincerely said to Dn. Zheng, "I am suffering from severe rheumatism and find it very difficult to walk. Please also pray to your Jesus and ask Him to heal me too." Wang Xia-nu then unbound him. Dn. Zheng interceded for him in prayer, took out a small bottle of olive oil, poured a little into his palm and apply it over Wang Xia-nu's forehead and said, "In the name of the Lord Jesus, I tell you to rise up and walk!" As soon as he had finished speaking, Wang Xia-nu, who had been chronically ill and unable to walk, got out of bed immediately and freely walked around—his chronic disease of serious rheumatism was easily cured. He was ecstatic and cooked a bowl of egg noodles for Dn. Zheng to eat. The next morning, my grandfather heard the news and rushed to Wang Xia-nu's home. He apologized to Dn. Zheng and rebuked the relatives there, saying, "If you don't release them, I will go to the local authorities and report this. Then all of you may be arrested." Our relatives were frightened; and so they released Dn. Zheng and my grandmother. The word of the angel was fulfilled. Hallelujah, thank the Lord!

### **MY GRANDFATHER WAS CALLED BY THE LORD AND MY GRANDMOTHER CONTINUED WITH THE BITTER CUP**

From September 1927 onwards, my great-grandmother augmented her persecution towards my grandparents. Once, my grandfather even fainted on the ground after my great-grandmother beat him very hard with a rod. As he gradually regained consciousness, at the thought of his biological mother being

used by the missionary society to persecute the true church and was even violent and cruel against her own son, he was heartbroken and fell ill. The physical and mental torment eventually deteriorated his illness and he was bedridden. He prayed and wept before God daily. He fasted and asked the Lord to have mercy on him and strengthen him. One day, the loving Lord appeared to my grandfather and told him, "You have finished your journey of life and will return to your heavenly home." When my grandfather saw the vision, he knew that he would receive eternal life; and so he was calm and joyful. However, he did not want to grieve the family; and therefore he did not tell his family about this revelation. Since our family was penniless, my grandfather feared that we could not afford the funeral expenses. For this reason, he instructed my father and his siblings to catch fish from a pond. When my father and his younger brothers and sisters came to the pond, they went into the water with faith. Through the grace of God, they caught over 10 catties (6 kg) of small fish. My grandfather told his children, "Keep the fish; we'll eat the fish together after I recover." In fact, my grandfather intended to serve the guests with fish on the day of his burial. The next day, it was the Sabbath day. An angel came to take away my grandfather at around 5 am and he stopped breathing. At 9 am my grandfather suddenly woke up. At that time, he was surrounded by the whole family and three fervent believers (Peter Ni, Li Fan-zai and Li Sun-sun). My grandfather told us, "I have believed in the Lord since young and followed Him all my life. I have been longing to enter heaven and receive eternal life. Finally, I will receive it today. The angel is at my side and will bring me to heaven." Then, he told Peter Ni, "After I go to heaven, you need to shoulder the heavy responsibility of managing and pastoring the church. Remember: Do not be afraid; only believe! In this way, you will have a part with the heavenly kingdom." Thereafter, he spoke to my grandmother, "You need to lead our children and grand-

children to walk on the right path, and teach them to love God faithfully and remain steadfast in the truth. The TJC is the only church with the abidance of the Holy Spirit and the hope of salvation. You need to guide our children and grandchildren to closely follow Christ and uphold the truth. You should not hold back, even if a mountain of swords is in front of you. You should not covet, even if there is a mountain of gold in this world. These are my final words. I hope that you will heed my words and not go against them.” My grandmother nodded in tears. As my grandfather saw that many brethren had gathered in our house, he urged Bro. Peter Ni to begin the Sabbath service. When the brethren saw that my grandfather was bidding his farewell to the beloved congregation and the church that he had established with toil and labor, they were sorrowful and could not help crying. After singing hymns, praying and encouraging each other with several Bible passages, everyone gathered around my grandfather again. My grandfather prayed together with the brethren in one accord. During the prayer, he suddenly laughed aloud. But the sound of his laughter gradually weakened and eventually died away. My grandfather breathed his last breath and returned to the bosom of the heavenly Father.

My grandfather's salvation and return to the heavenly home had greatly increased the faith and love of our family towards God and His true church. My grandmother neither backed down nor was feeble. Instead, she adhered to the unfulfilled aspirations of my grandfather, courageously and actively participated in various divine works of the true church. After my grandfather was called by the Lord, the temptations and attacks from Satan did not weaken, but escalated instead. On one Sabbath morning, my grandmother was sermonizing at a church. A preacher from another denomination came in anger with some people, intending to debate with my grandmother concerning the truth. By relying on the power of the

Holy Spirit, my grandmother used the truth from the Bible; leaving them speechless. They looked at each other in dismay. That preacher was ashamed and became furious. He suddenly stood up, raised his foot and kicked my grandmother's chest very hard. My grandmother spat out blood and was in great pain. On another Sabbath day, my grandmother went to another church to sermonize. A local preacher from another denomination with poor conduct was hostile towards the true church for proclaiming the truth and doing holy work. That day, he came to the church where my grandmother was sermonizing. He smashed his long smoking pipe that had a bronze cap at my grandmother's head; breaking the smoking pipe. With a severe head injury, blood trickled profusely all over her cheeks and she fainted on the floor. Over the few decades of servitude, my grandmother had experienced many tribulations and suffered all kinds of hardships. However, she often used these words from the Bible—“We must through many tribulations enter the kingdom of God” (Acts 14:22b) to comfort herself and to encourage her children.

### THE LORD GREATLY MANIFESTED SIGNS AND WONDERS, CONFIRMING THE TRUTH PREACHED

Through my grandparents' faithfulness and fervency towards the Lord, the true church in our hometown gradually prospered and developed. The love and power of the Lord abided with us all the time; used signs and wonders to confirm the truth that we preached.

On two occasions, meetings were held at the church in our hometown. At that time, my grandmother only had a small amount of rice and sweet potatoes. She made a meal out of what she had. Afterwards, she prayed earnestly and asked the Lord for a miracle; to bestow the heavenly manna to feed all the coworkers, brothers and sisters. On both occasions, the Lord really listened to my grandmother's prayers and the



miracles quietly happened. On the first occasion, the meal consisting of one sheng of rice (around 0.75 kg) and five sweet potatoes fed 40 people. On the second occasion, four sheng of rice (around 3 kg) was more than enough to feed 60 people. *(Quoted from the Holy Spirit periodical, Year 1930, Issues 1–2, Vol. 5, page 16.)*

Once, the church in Cuochang Village in Dongbi Island of Longtian Town was preparing for a spiritual convocation. At that time, the church was very poor and could not afford the expenses of the spiritual convocation. There was an elderly brother named Yu Yi-lai who loved the Lord and fished in the sea. He wanted to catch some fish and sell them to raise money for the spiritual convocation. After toiling all night long, he was disappointed as he did not catch anything. When my grandmother heard about this, she sent someone to tell him to come over. My grandmother and Bro. Yu knelt down and prayed together. When my grandmother stood up, she laid hands on Bro. Yu in the name of the Lord Jesus, “May the Lord be with you. When you go fishing again today, the Lord will bless you.” Therefore, Bro. Yu went fishing again and he really caught a big fish weighing over 60 catties (36 kg). Consequently, the money he earned covered for the expenses of the spiritual convocation.

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*Suddenly, he experienced a vision; he saw that my grandmother’s upper snowy-white body was shining and glittering, and her lower body was surrounded by clouds. She was smiling and singing, “Joyful, joyful will the meeting be...”*

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At one time, the church was administering water baptism. When some coworkers were in the water to perform baptism for the brethren, suddenly everyone found that entire river became crimson, like blood. At the same time, they saw a group of snowy-white an-

gels with wings flying above the water. After the baptism, all the brothers and sisters returned to church and prayed for the Holy Spirit in one accord. That day, spiritual blessings showered upon all the brethren and they were greatly filled with the Holy Spirit. The prayer sounded like a loud thunder, and the joy swept over them like the surging tide. This vigorous and spectacular scene really resembled the downpour of the Holy Spirit on the day of Pentecost.

One day, while my grandmother was spiritually cultivating herself at home, she suddenly felt extremely anxious and disturbed in her heart. Hence, she knelt down to pray to the Lord and she was instructed by the Lord to go to Jiangjing. My grandmother was submissive and walked 18 miles to Jiangjing church. Upon her arrival, she found out that a sister named Yu Shui-song was being harmed by the devil and needed my grandmother's help. One early morning, Sis. Yu who was 17 years old, saw a demon entering her room with a coil of rope. The demon threw her off the bed to the floor and bound her up tightly with the rope. Afterwards, the demon hid under the bed. Sis. Yu could not move and was in great pain. She cried and screamed day and night for a few days. That day, she shouted, “The troops from heaven are coming from behind the house. I must flee quickly.” Sis. Yu’s family rushed to the back of the house to see. It just so happened that they saw my grandmother walking towards the house; holding the Bible in one hand and an umbrella in the other. When they knew that my grandmother was sent by the Lord, they immediately invited her inside. My grandmother and Sis. Yu’s family all knelt down to pray earnestly in one accord. During the prayer, my grandmother suddenly stood up and laid hands on Sis. Yu. She said loudly, “In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I cast out the evil spirit and release Sis. Yu from her bonds.” Immediately, the demon departed from Sis. Yu and she returned to her normal self. When Sis. Yu regained her consciousness

and realized that the loving Lord saved her life, she could not help but shed tears of gratitude.

### **MY GRANDMOTHER WAS CALLED BY THE LORD, SHE WAS A GOOD EXAMPLE FOR US TO FOLLOW**

After my grandfather was called by the Lord, my grandmother bore the important responsibility of pastoring the church. The Lord gave her wisdom, great strength and abundant blessings. For decades, she encountered countless tribulations and sufferings in her journey of serving the Lord which tormented her physically and mentally. However, she always had a firm and loyal faith towards the Lord. Meanwhile, she always sprouted a ray of pure and sincere love to the church. By 1967, my grandmother was already a 78-year-old elderly person. Nevertheless, she ignored her declining health and eyesight. Instead, she continued to read and recite the Bible daily, and prayed to the Lord at all times. She maintained an intimate relationship with the Lord and communicated unceasingly with Him. She also hoped to grasp every opportunity to continue working for the Lord. One day in May 1967, my grandmother suddenly contracted acute peritonitis and was sent to Longtian Hospital. But since the treatment was ineffective, she returned home. That day at 5 pm, the whole family prayed together in front of my grandmother's bed. My grandmother saw an angel coming and she amicably shook hands with the angel. Afterwards, she shook hands with all her children and grandchildren, and she bade farewell to them. At 10 pm, whilst the whole family was praying earnestly, my grandmother passed away with a smile on her face and rested in the bosom of God.

At that time, my cousin, Wang Qin-hua, was extremely sad when he saw that our grandmother had passed away. Suddenly, he experienced a vision; he saw that my grandmother's upper snowy-white body was shin-

ing and glittering, and her lower body was surrounded by clouds. She was smiling and singing, "Joyful, joyful will the meeting be..." He heard the delightful and touching hymn while my grandmother was slowly raised to heaven. The vision that Qin-hua witnessed greatly comforted and encouraged our family and brothers and sisters who were in extreme sorrow.

Over the past decades, the Wang family have been willing to take over the responsibility passed down by our forefathers. We have also been striving to follow in the faithful works of our forefathers. My grandparents and parents have passed away:

*"That they may rest from their labors, and their works follow them." (Rev 14:13b)*

They have been:

*"granted to be arrayed in fine linen, clean and bright..." (Rev 19:8)*

*"There are laid up for them the crowns of righteousness." (2 Tim 4:8a)*

We will continue to adhere to the unfulfilled aspirations of our forefathers, strive to accomplish the unfinished noble and great task of building up the TJC to be more perfect and wonderful, to be more conformed to the true God's will and the apostolic church's example. We ought to dedicate ourselves to serving the Lord humbly so that when we meet the Lord one day, we can tell Him confidently, "we were not disobedient to the heavenly vision received by our forefathers." (Acts 26:19) May all honor, power, glory and praise be unto the only true God in the universe, the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen. 🌿





# THE FIVE

## BASIC DOCTRINES

# Walk in the Truth and Be Saved

## The United Kingdom General Assembly (UKGA)

Preacher Michael CW Chan



Hallelujah, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, I testify.

Baptism is inseparable from salvation. This is a truth beyond doubt. This testimony is proof that the truth proclaimed by the True Jesus Church (TJC) is rooted in the Bible, and that what we diligently observe is according to the will of God.

Thank God for His mercy and guidance. A baptism was held by Leicester church in the United Kingdom (U.K.) on 1 May 2016. There were nine people baptized, and I performed the baptism that day. One of the truth-seekers, who had come to the church for a period of time, was determined to be baptized into the true church. When she was in China, she had believed in another Christian denomination. After getting married in the U.K., she started seeking the truth in the TJC, at a place of worship in Birmingham.

On the day of baptism, this truth-seeker was the first to receive baptism. She had inexplicable fears within her but she only spoke out afterwards. When I first

performed the baptism, her whole body was very stiff, so she was unable to be totally immersed in the water. When I realized this, I performed the baptism in the name of the Lord Jesus for the second time and thought that she had been totally immersed this time. We therefore returned to church after baptism. The sacraments of footwashing and Holy Communion were then held, and she also took part in them. During the concluding prayer at the Holy Communion, she received the Holy Spirit. She was full of joy and even shared about this with the brethren. She said that although she had been attending the services of another Christian denomination for a number of years in China, she did not receive the Holy Spirit. However, not long after coming to the TJC, God gave her the Holy Spirit in such a short space of time. We were all immensely grateful to God for His grace upon her.

God knows everything, even what man does not. He has power over all. Afterwards, a brother watched video clips of the baptism. He noticed that the sister had



not been totally immersed in the water when she was receiving baptism for the second time. He immediately informed the church of this, and so the church contacted this sister to know what had happened. It was only then that she told us what she had experienced that day and what she felt at home after baptism.

On that day, the church had prepared a few tents for people to get changed in. The weather was fine and not windy. However, a strange incident happened. After her baptism, she went to a tent to get changed. When she had just finished changing, the tent suddenly collapsed whilst she was still inside it. She thought that it was only an accident and did not think anything of it. After returning to church, she received the Holy Spirit during the concluding prayer at the Holy Communion. At that time of receiving the Holy Spirit, she saw a vision. Someone brought her in front of a door. She realized that Jesus was standing on the other side of it. She therefore knelt down outside the door, asking Jesus to open it. Surprisingly, despite the fact that she had already received the Holy Spirit, Jesus did not open the door for her however she prayed. At that time, she wondered why the Lord Jesus did not open the door for her, even though she had already received baptism and the Holy Spirit. When she was back home, she was still filled with inexplicable fears and felt that she was being disturbed by the devil. She recalled that the preacher was surrounded by ripples in the water when she was about to be immersed in it. The water was black in color. Her body was incredibly stiff during the both times she was baptized. She then came to understand that God had already reminded her twice that the baptism she received had not conformed to His requirements.

After knowing what had happened, the church arranged another baptism for her and this was performed by a deacon. Again, she saw the scene which had occurred last time—the ordained worker was surrounded by ripples in the water, and the water was

still black. When she went into the water, her body was as stiff as the previous time and she was afraid. The first time, she was not able to be totally immersed in the water. She suddenly remembered that a church member once comforted her and told her to say “Hallelujah” whenever the devil came to trouble her and make her feel scared. At first, she did not take note of this advice and even doubted whether the word “Hallelujah” really had such power. Nevertheless, when she was about to get into the water for the second time, she cried “Hallelujah” in her heart. Her body instantly became supple and she could now be totally immersed in the water. When she came up out of the water, all her fears vanished and she was filled with joy instead. Although the weather was fine, the sea temperature was still very low that day. However, she did not feel cold, and felt that God was taking special care of her.

Thank God. This sister had finally received baptism for the remission of sins according to the truth in the Bible. It was also a valuable lesson for me. Even though I had unknowingly performed the baptism without full immersion, which was not in accordance with the truth in the Bible, God used different ways to remind us to stand firm in the truth without making any deviation. Otherwise, as baptism is related to the salvation of souls, there would have been serious consequences. In the end times, we must always be vigilant and obedient so as to work out our own salvation.

May all glory and praise be unto our God in heaven.  
Amen. 🌿

# The Precious Blood of the Lord Washed Away My Sins

Jakarta Church, Indonesia

Sister Nio Kok-leng



Hallelujah, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I testify. My name is Nio Kok-leng, born on May 6, 1928 and baptized on February 21, 1992. I am a member of the True Jesus Church (TJC) in Jakarta.

Before I believed in Jesus, I was a believer of another religion. On June 15, 1991 at 10 am, I was asleep in my house. I had a dream and I saw many people standing on a beach. It was a water baptism; I saw people lining up on the shore waiting for their turn to receive baptism. Everyone was covered by dark shadows. This signifies that those, who have yet to be baptized in the blood of Jesus, are still trapped in sin. My daughter was the eighth in the row. I saw her going into the water and the preacher baptized her. When she knelt down in the water and bowed her head, a round light shone from the sky. Then the preacher pushed my daughter's head into the water. At that moment, I yelled out immediately, "My daughter will drown!" and I woke up.

When my daughter came home, I asked her: "Were you baptized in the sea?" She replied, "Yes." Then I

asked her, "Were you the eighth in the row?" She replied, "Yes, how did you know?" I said, "I had a dream." Then I asked, "Why were you not baptized in a pool inside the church building?" She replied, "The baptism of the TJC is carried out in living waters in accordance with the Bible, so we were baptized in the sea." Her baptism was carried out during the 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the TJC's evangelism in Indonesia. On that day, 58 people were baptized.

I received my baptism on February 21, 1992. At 8 am, I was at the church. After prayer, we were prepared to leave for the baptism site. When I turned my head, I saw the Lord Jesus standing behind the pulpit. He nodded at me and asked me to come to Him. At that time, my grandchild requested me to get into the car as everyone was waiting for us, but I told him that the Lord Jesus was calling me! I walked towards the pulpit alone and, I knelt down to pray. The Lord Jesus raised His right hand and blessed me, and then He disappeared. I got up and walked outside to the car and left to the baptism site. I was baptized in a shal-



low water site. While I was going down to the water, two divine workers helped me into the water. Suddenly, I saw the Lord Jesus walking on the water. He came towards me and wanted to hold my hand, so I reached out my hand. I felt a force from the palm of His hand that had suddenly pulled my hand closer to His, even without touching. He led me towards the preacher who was about to baptize me. The Lord Jesus told me to step forward and to kneel down before Him. Then, I was baptized by the preacher. As I immersed into the water, the Lord was gone. When I emerged from the water and opened my eyes, I saw that the water had turned into red color like blood. After reaching the shore and during our prayer, I saw a red-colored glorious light. At the same time, three to four people also witnessed it and my daughter, Enny Laurent, was one of them. It was a bright and sunny day, and the skies were cloudless throughout the baptism. After the baptism, we returned to church. Suddenly, there was a heavy pour. The grace of God is really amazing for His precious blood has washed away my sins.

I am very grateful to God for the vision that He had shown to me. I want to share this amazing love to all the readers, so that we can all strengthen our faith towards the Lord Jesus. May all glory be given unto the Lord Jesus Christ! 🌿



# The Miraculous Vision

## Tangerang Church, Indonesia

Sister Tio Kian-nio



My name is Tio Kian-nio and my husband is Gouw Enda. Before becoming a Christian, I was a staunch follower of a certain religion. Therefore I did not believe in the Lord Jesus. But later, the love of the Lord Jesus changed my perspective and the belief that I had followed. It began when my husband had an enterovirus-related sickness which worried us. We painstakingly tried to find many ways to cure him, but none of the Western medicine nor the traditional Chinese medicine were effective.

One day, my uncle (my father's elder brother) came to pray for my husband. He came with several brothers and sisters from the Tangerang True Jesus Church (TJC). They sincerely came and prayed for us. Miraculously, the power of the Lord Jesus poured upon my husband. His health gradually improved. Since February 2000, my husband asked me to the service at the TJC.

We actively attended the services, and I learned and understood about Christianity as well as about the

Lord Jesus. Then, my husband decided to be baptized. He did not try to influence me to become a Christian. However, I was moved by the Holy Spirit and decided to be baptized.

On September 29, 2000, we received water baptism. Before the baptism, the preacher prayed and asked for guidance from God. Afterwards, the preacher carried a baby into the river. At that very moment, God opened my eyes and allowed me see a scene which I had never seen before. The water surrounding the preacher and the baby turned into red color like blood.

I was really amazed because I had never heard about such a phenomenon before. The strange thing was that the red blood was only around the preacher and baby. The vision ended after the baby was baptized.

While I was still very curious, it was my turn to be baptized and I was baptized. After the baptism, I told the preacher about the vision. Then, the preacher explained the vision to me: the water baptism has the



power in “forgiveness of sins.” (Acts 2:38) Therefore, the water baptism sacrament is not an ordinary matter. Instead, it is an important way to save people from sins. Why water was used to remove people’s sins? Water is still water, but the water carries something else, that is, the Holy Spirit which is the existence of the Lord Jesus “through His blood.” (Eph 1:7)

In every water baptism, the Lord Jesus works through His blood (1 Jn 5:6). Nevertheless, the power of forgiveness of sins will only take place if the sacrament is carried out according to God’s words, “in the name of the Lord Jesus.” (Acts 2:38, 19:5) It has to be carried out in living waters (Jn 3:22), and by bowing the head similar to the death of the Lord Jesus (Rom 6:3, 5; John 19:30), and testified by the Holy Spirit (1 Jn 5:6–8).

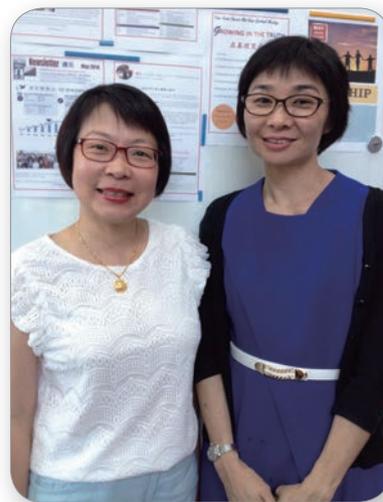
The vision from the Lord Jesus brought joy to me. Furthermore, it strengthened my faith towards the efficacy of the water baptism that I received. After believing and being baptized, I can feel the peace in our family and His grace has increasingly manifested in fulfilling our family needs. I have been blessed in my work and my husband’s health has gradually improved. Thank and praise to the Lord. Amen. 🌿



# The Church as Described in the Bible

## Telok Kurau Church, Singapore

Sister Lily Ng Shim



Growing up in a traditional Chinese family, I always thought that Christianity was a Western religion. Although I was educated in a Catholic school, all I knew about Christendom were some lovely hymns that I had learned during hymn-singing classes.

In December 1980, I saw a Bible for the first time in my life. I was attending a school camp, and in order to occupy myself during free time, I read the first few chapters of the Bible. I was left wondering why it was so different from all the other books that I had ever read.

### FINDING JESUS, YET DOUBTING MY SALVATION

The following year, I was invited to join a Bible study group, organized by one of the seniors from my school. I learned about Jesus and how He died on the cross to save us from our sins. I was interested to know this Jesus personally, so I continued to study the Bible with my senior. It was impressed upon me that all I needed to do was to receive Jesus Christ into my life as my personal savior by saying the Sinner's

Prayer, and I would receive eternal salvation. I longed to have Jesus in my life, so I accepted my senior's guidance and said the Sinner's Prayer.

Despite having said the prayer sincerely and being assured that saying it once was sufficient, I often doubted whether I will be saved. When my cousins learned of my interest in Christianity, they brought me to the Sunday worship services at the Bible-Presbyterian (BP) Church they attended. However, through the years, I repeated the Sinner's Prayer innumerable times, as I was not convinced that I was indeed saved into the arms of Jesus.

### MEETING A GIRL FROM THE TRUE JESUS CHURCH

In January 1983, I underwent a major operation and had to recuperate for six months in a children's hospital. During part of this stay, my bed was next to that of another girl who was also recovering from a similar operation. We had nothing in common except that we were both Christians, so we talked about our faith in God.



One day, I asked her if she had said the Sinner’s Prayer. She told me that she had been baptized as a child, at which point her sins had been washed away, so there was no need for her to say the Sinner’s Prayer. I was bewildered that she had never said the prayer despite having been a believer all her life. I expressed my concern, but she was adamant that it was unnecessary to say the prayer.

Shortly after we were discharged from the hospital, that same girl invited me to her church. Out of courtesy, I accepted her invitation and joined her family for service at the True Jesus Church (TJC) in Telok Kurau, Singapore, one Saturday afternoon.

The worship service was as solemnly conducted as in the BP Church. One major difference was that the TJC worshipers knelt and prayed individually, though at the same time, and many prayed in tongues.

When the BP Church pastor learned of my visit to this church, he was very concerned. He asked me if I did not think it strange that they called themselves the TJC, thereby falsifying all other churches. The pastor advised that I should distance myself from this church because her teachings were unorthodox and different from mainstream churches worldwide. I had no reason to challenge my pastor, so I continued worshipping God in the BP Church.

As we led very different lives, the girl from the TJC and I lost touch barely a year after we had been discharged from the hospital.

### STUDYING THE BOOK OF ACTS

A couple of years later, a theological student from the BP Church organized a Bible study for young women on the Acts of the Apostles. I was keen to be instructed in this book, so I joined the group’s weekly sessions. Given my outspoken and questioning personality, I participated vocally, albeit in a friendly manner, asking week after week why mainstream church practices

had changed so much since the days of the apostles. Patiently, the Bible study leader explained to me that because Christendom was now very established, it did not require the full manifestation of the Holy Spirit, as compared to the apostles’ era when speaking in tongues, miracles, signs, and wonders were required to actively manifest the power of God.

When I inquired why the BP Church baptized by sprinkling of water instead of immersion in water, as mentioned in the Acts of the Apostles, the Bible study leader answered that the mode of baptism was insignificant, because baptism itself did not save one unto God but was only a public proclamation of one’s inner faith in God.

The leader explained to me that the Acts of the Apostles was documented as a historical record of the works of God in the early church. Christianity has evolved into different denominations, each imperfect on its own and practicing a variation of what is recorded in the Book of Acts. When Jesus comes again, all denominations will merge together to become the one true perfect church, which will then be brought into the eternal heavenly kingdom.

### IN SEARCH OF THE PERFECT CHURCH

I was not confused; I just could not accept any of these explanations. I could not believe that the Acts of the Apostles had no practical value for current believers apart from being a historical reference. Is the Bible not the word of God? Does the Bible not say that the word of God is living and sharper than any two-edged sword? Then how can this biblical book be considered a historical document only?

I believed that somewhere, somehow, there had to be a church that practiced all the teachings in the Book of Acts. I set out Sunday after Sunday in search of this perfect church, attending worship services at several Christian denominations. Indeed, just as the

Bible study leader had said, each church practiced a variation of the teachings in Acts, but none embraced them fully. After several weeks, I decided to stop attending church altogether, because I did not want to accept a modified doctrine.

For months, I stayed at home on Sundays. I missed going to church, but I was adamant that I would not attend church service anywhere until the right church came along.

### RECONNECTING WITH MY HOSPITAL ROOMMATE

One day in 1988, for no particular reason, I remembered the Christian girl who was bedded next to me in the hospital years ago. Her parents had once come to my neighborhood to bring me to the church. I recalled that their church had a different way of praying, but I could not remember its name, only that it was in Telok Kurau.

A plan came into my mind: If I ever have the opportunity to reconnect with this girl, I will ask her to take me to her church. I was intent on investigating the teachings of that church based on what I had studied in the Book of Acts.

A few days later, this girl telephoned me. I was both shocked and excited by the call. We made arrangements and, within days, she brought me to the church for worship service. In the following weeks, I asked the girl many questions about the Bible, similar to those I had asked my Bible study leader at the BP Church. She decided to arrange a regular Bible study so that we could discuss my questions more systematically. Every Saturday, after worship services, I diligently studied the teachings of this church with the assigned youths.

### FINDING FULL ASSURANCE OF SALVATION

From the Bible study lessons and the diligent reading of church literature, I was convinced that I had found the living church that was detailed in the Acts of the Apostles. In September 1988, three months after my second visit, I was baptized into the TJC.

Before my baptism, we sang a hymn with these lyrics:

“There is a fountain filled with blood, drawn from Immanuel’s veins ... and there may I though vile as he [the thief], wash all my sins away ... I do believe, truly believe, that Jesus died for me...”

My own words could not have described any better what I was about to do. At the moment I was baptized in the blood of Jesus, He redeemed me unto Himself. Through baptism in His name, with the presence of the Holy Spirit, in the living water of the open sea, I was finally certain that my sins had been cleansed by the blood that Jesus had shed on the cross for me.

At last, I have the true and complete assurance of the forgiveness of my sins and a claim to the salvation that Jesus promised to all who obey Him. I have found the truth, the redemption of my soul, the light of my salvation.

Hallelujah, praise be to the Lord Jesus. 🌿



# The Journey of Believing in the Truth— How Marvelous and Beautiful

Nanjing Church, Jiangsu Province, China

Preacher Lin Fang



*Born in 1970, Pr. Lin Fang is a member of the True Jesus Church (TJC) since 1992. He is now a full-time preacher in Nanjing church, Jiangsu Province.*

## ATHEISM OR THEISM

I grew up in a non-Christian family—none of us had any religious beliefs. Like most teenagers, I accepted the concepts of atheism and evolution since I was in elementary and junior high school. At that time, I recognized that these ideas were scientific and rational. However, even from childhood, I had questions in my heart—“Why am I in this world?” “Where do I come from?” On summer nights, when I lifted my eyes to look at the beautiful, vast starry sky, I always asked myself: “How big is the universe? Is there anything else apart from the stars? Why does the universe exist?” When asked, the adults always replied, “It has always been like that.” But their answers did not satisfy me and those questions remained in my heart.

When I was 15 years old, I went to Guangdong to live with my parents (I grew up in my grandmother’s home

in Shanghai). As my parents were business leaders, we led a very good life—eating delicacies, wearing designer clothing, traveling on high-end sedans, air-conditioners were installed in our house, being treated with respect and courtesy by those around us, etc. But having all these did not mean that we had no worries or sufferings. All these material possessions did not remove the worries, anxiety and sufferings in my heart. They could not bring joy, peace or satisfaction to my soul. I yearned for a long-lasting true joy but to no avail.

During my high school years, I sought after two things that were far more important than anything else—the truth about the universe and human life, and eternal joy in my heart. At that time, I went to libraries and bookstores to read many books. I saw that there were many new scientific theories and new discoveries, which made me realize that no equal sign could be drawn between materialism and science. Atheism may not be a truth, whilst theism is not necessarily a superstition. I was also aware that many

distinguished scientists were devout Christians as well. Meanwhile, I understood the various philosophical concepts from different time periods throughout history. However, having access to these reading materials made me even more confused. What is this world about? What is the meaning of life?

### BUDDHA OR JESUS

Thereafter, I began listening to a Christian gospel radio broadcast, and so I gradually became interested in Christianity. The Christian faith includes God, Jesus, the creation, the heavenly kingdom, salvation, etc. Some may argue that all these are only myths and superstition but I was willing to learn and explore more about this belief. At that time, I did not acknowledge the existence of God and the redemption of Jesus. However, after listening to the teachings of Christianity, I experienced the supremacy, holiness, warmth, peace and hope which were not be found in philosophy books I realized that my heart had entered into an entirely new territory.

These questions—“Is there a God?” and “Is Christianity the truth?”—always ran through my mind. From the bottom of my heart, I truly hoped that there was a loving and righteous God in this universe so as to dispel all the doubts that had haunted me since I was young. The first time I had listened to Christian gospel broadcasts was when I entered junior high school in 1982. The broadcaster believed in Creationism and disagreed with the theory of evolution, but I did not agree with his assertion from the very beginning. After listening to his reasoning in several of these broadcasts, I started to believe that there was a true God in the universe who had created heaven and earth. Once, I read a book about Buddhism at the home of my relative. The book was easy to understand and explained the principles of Buddhism using a question-and-answer approach. After reading the book, I

found their views justifiable, and so I became interested in Buddhism. I realized that religion was more profound than either philosophy or politics. It could explain the mystery of the universe and the essence of life, leading to true eternal happiness. I was therefore willing to spend my entire lifetime to explore this.

During the winter vacation in 1989, I met the father of a good friend. He was a Buddhist and he had a lot of idols in his home. I discussed his beliefs with him for several hours. He persuaded me to believe in Buddhism and invited me to join him in seated meditation. I agreed and learned how to meditate before sleep. I also borrowed a book on Buddhism from him. After leaving his house, I saw an American-style cathedral in central Shanghai. As I was also interested in Christianity, I went inside the cathedral have a look around and bought a Bible. It was a priceless treasure to me. Although I did not know much about the teachings in the Bible, I enjoyed reading it. At that time, I felt that both religions were rational, and so I was unwilling to give up on either Buddhism or Christianity. I therefore not only prayed to the Lord Jesus as I had learned from the gospel broadcasts, but also practiced seated meditation, like my friend’s father.

After a while, I found that there was a vast difference and incongruity between the two religions. Christianity proclaims that the Most High God created the universe. Man has sin, which leads to suffering and death. We cannot rely on ourselves to break away from sin. Man is only able to depart from sin and the power of death, and enjoy eternal life by relying on Jesus Christ for the redemption on the cross. On the contrary, Buddhism declares that there is neither a creator nor a savior. They claim that man can escape from the abyss of suffering in this illusory world through cultivating themselves. How could I accept two different beliefs at the same time? I started comparing these two religions. Which religion had the eternal truth?



I needed to choose the faith with the truth, and make that my belief for the rest of my life. Thank the Lord for His guidance. How can the order of the universe be maintained if there is no creator? If a man can rely on himself to break away from his plight, why do so many people practicing qigong or seated meditation become mentally ill? From this, I realized that the teachings of Jesus are more rational than Buddha's teachings!. Therefore, I was determined to believe in Jesus, rather than Buddha. All this happened in 1989, the year I graduated from high school.

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*After believing in Jesus, I no longer lacked direction in my life. I understood the purpose of life; and began to have peace, joy, comfort and hope in my life. But I still failed to reverse some bad habits...*

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### CATHOLICISM OR PROTESTANTISM

After I chose Jesus, I did not actually know how to believe in Him and live a life of faith. At that time, I tried to quickly find a church to attend. At the beginning, I went to Mass at a local Catholic Church in Zhanjiang, Guangdong every Sunday. I discovered that there were obvious differences between Catholicism and the faith proclaimed by the gospel broadcasts. Although they believed in the same true God and use the same Bible, their creeds are very different. For example, Mary is venerated in the Catholic Church (they call her “Holy Mother” in Chinese). Moreover, they have many other specific beliefs and practices such as penance, purgatory, hierarchy, clerical celibacy and papacy. Afterwards, I became aware that Christianity had been divided into three branches, namely Roman Catholicism, Orthodoxy and Protestantism. The beliefs of the Roman Catholic Church and the Orthodox Church are largely the same, but the Orthodox Church refuses to acknowledge the Bishop

of Rome (i.e., the Pope). Protestantism originated from the Reformation in the 16th century—a movement attempting to remove the erroneous teachings of the Roman Catholic Church and bring the faith back to the Bible. However, there was a diverse range of opinions on the issue as well as many unresolved differences amongst the religious reformers, resulting in the establishment of different churches. They were collectively known as “Protestantism,” the “Reformed Church,” and so on. In China, it is also known as “Ye Su Jiao” or “Christianity.”

Are the beliefs of Roman Catholicism or Christianity correct? One time, I asked this question to a seminarian of a Catholic seminary. He replied me very openly, “You can choose for yourself.” At my request, he even accompanied me to visit a local Christian church. After comparing, I noticed that the Catholic Church venerated Mary and recognized her as a sinless woman. In addition, their beliefs or practices, such as penance, hierarchy and purgatory, are not based on the Bible. Though the Roman Catholic Church has a very long history, she was not actually founded by the Lord Jesus, and deviates from the teachings of the early apostolic church. After the apostles passed away and Christianity became the official religion of the Roman Empire, the Roman Catholic Church gradually emerged. In the 16<sup>th</sup> century, Martin Luther and others discovered that many Catholic beliefs were not in accordance with the Bible, and started the Reformation movement. The Protestant Church only worships the true God; they focus on worshiping in spirit and truth rather than performing rites. Believers can confess their sins before God directly. Moreover, that the Bible is the word of God, recording the truth inspired by Him, and is the foundation of their faith and the standard of the truth. God’s will is written in the Bible and so only the denomination which follows the biblical point of view has the correct beliefs. I therefore chose Protestantism.

### THE LORD'S DAY (SUNDAY)

After believing in Jesus, I no longer lacked direction in my life. I understood the purpose of life; and began to have peace, joy, comfort and hope in my life. But I still failed to reverse some bad habits, such as smoking and using foul language. Meanwhile, I had a question in my heart—which Christian denomination is more authentic? Which one is the best in accordance with the Bible? Christianity has over 2,000 denominations and I belonged to the Baptist Church. I read a number of Christian books and found out that the correct mode of water baptism should be performed by immersion as the word “baptizo” in Greek (translated as “baptize”) means “to immerse.” Baptism by water sprinkling, as administered by many churches, is not actually in accordance with the Bible.

In the summer of 1990, I stayed in Guangzhou for a while. I visited the largest chapel there and met a church worker. He warmly received me and explained the doctrine of the Sabbath to me, with reference to the Bible. I then realized that observing the Sabbath was the fourth commandment in the Ten Commandments. Additionally, the Lord Jesus never abolished the fourth commandment, but instead emphasized on not breaking any of the commandments (Mt 5:17–20). This church worker also told me that Sunday worship was altered by the Catholic Church, which had been prophesied in the Bible (Dan 7:25). He was actually a member of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. Regardless of his denomination, I accepted his teachings because they were interpreted in accordance with the Bible. After his explanation, I agreed that observing the Sabbath was a doctrine which was correct and supported by the Bible. So, I quickly accepted the truth of the Sabbath and had a very good impression of the Seventh-day Adventist Church. I thought that they put more emphasis on the Bible and were more reverent than other Sunday worshipers.

After returning to Zhanjiang, I talked to some brethren in the Baptist Church about the issue of the Sabbath. They criticized this practice by giving reasons for not observing the Sabbath, but in the end I was unconvinced. I had once asked a famous pastor in Shanghai regarding the observance of the Sabbath, but I was also dissatisfied with his explanation. If observing the Sabbath is only related to the Old Testament, then why did the Lord Jesus not abolish it in the New Testament? If the Sabbath was replaced by Sunday in order to remember Jesus’ resurrection, since He was raised from the dead on the first day of the week (i.e., Sunday), then this is a relatively far-fetched thought, because Jesus had never given such instruction. As recorded in Revelation 1:10, the “Lord’s Day” (主日) refers to “the day of the Lord” in the original text.

The Bible does not mention which day of the week is the Lord’s Day. If we must set the Lord’s Day to be on a certain day, then we need to consider the Sabbath. This is supported by evidence, because the Lord Jesus once said that He is Lord of the Sabbath (Mk 2:28). God also called the Sabbath “My holy day” and “the holy day of the Lord” (Isa 58:13).

### SEVENTH-DAY ADVENTIST CHURCH OR THE TRUE JESUS CHURCH

From September 1990 to July 1991, I had a temporary job in a company. After work, I often read the Bible and some Christian publications. I also liked to chat with some volunteers who were more familiar with the Bible. At that time, I was eager to dedicate myself to serve the Lord as a preacher so as to preach the precious gospel wholeheartedly. I knew that the gospel of salvation was the truth; and to me, proclaiming this truth was very meaningful and worthy. On the sixth day of Chinese New Year in 1991, I was baptized in a church in Zhanjiang and the baptism was performed by the water sprinkling. At that time, I hoped that I could be baptized by at immersion,



as the word “baptizo” in Greek means “to immerse.” Although I was dissatisfied with the baptism, I felt I could be saved by believing in Jesus. Having thought that the baptism has nothing to do with salvation, my heart was settled.

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*She told me what she saw and heard during her visit to the TJC in Sanshan, Fuqing—the congregation was filled with the Holy Spirit and the prayers sounded like many waters and loud thunder (Rev 14:2).*

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Not long afterwards, the church that I usually attended received application forms from a theological school. The church board asked me whether I would like to apply for admission to the theological school; I expressed my interest. Later, after the local administrators from the Three-Self Patriotic Movement/China Christian Council (TSPM/CCC) and the State Administration for Religious Affairs had consented, so I submitted my application to the TSPM/CCC office of the Guangdong Province. But I still needed my parents' consent; because they were still non-believers, I was afraid that they would obstruct me. I prayed earnestly to the Lord and asked Him to open a way. Unexpectedly, my parents agreed with my decision and told me, “You need to choose and walk your own path.” After the entrance examination, I prayed to the Lord every day—pleading to the Lord for a successful admission—as I was willing to dedicate myself to serving Him all my life. Although my parents allowed me to apply for the seminary, they only gave me one chance. If I did not pass, they would not allow me to resit. I was afraid that I might not be accepted by the seminary because the Nanjing Union Theological Seminary (NJUTS) was the highest standard ranking in the country. I therefore prayed even more fervently. In early September 1991, I was overjoyed to receive

an admission notice from the Nanjing Union Theological Seminary. Thank God.

When I was studying in the seminary, I once told my classmates that I observed the Sabbath. Many of my classmates did not care about this, and some even opposed this. I was gradually isolated. Later, I had a talk with my roommate, a fourth year student, and found out that one of his classmates was a member of the TJC and that they also observed the Sabbath. I felt happy about this. In fact, I had heard of the TJC before, and had found her name to be very special. However, apart from observing the Sabbath, I did not know much about this church. I therefore approached Zheng Jia-zheng and Weng Cui-qin (both were from Fujian), who were also believers of the TJC, to discuss their faith. During our conversation, I discovered that the TJC was different from the Seventh-day Adventist Church. The TJC has five basic doctrines, namely water baptism, footwashing, the Holy Communion and Holy Spirit, in addition to the Sabbath. Their doctrines differed substantially from other Christian denominations. After our discussion and reading books published by the TJC, I recognized that most of the teachings of the TJC were very much in line with the Bible. I accepted their views of observing the Sabbath, performing baptism by immersion, and performing the Holy Communion using unleavened bread and grape juice. However, I did not really understand some of their beliefs, such as performing baptism in living water with head bowed and the speaking of tongues being the evidence of having received the Holy Spirit. Though I agreed with their Sabbath doctrine and baptism by immersion, I thought that “once saved, we will be saved forever”—we would be saved as soon as we confessed with our mouth that Jesus is the Lord and believed in Him in our heart. I thought that water baptism, footwashing and speaking in tongues were not related to salvation. To further explore the TJC, I also approached

Kou Ke-hua, a fourth year student, who was a believer of another Christian denomination before joining the TJC. She told me what she saw and heard during her visit to the TJC in Sanshan, Fuqing—the congregation was filled with the Holy Spirit and the prayers sounded like many waters and loud thunder (Rev 14:2). The church ministers and believers were fervent and loving. While there, she received baptism in living water as well as the Holy Spirit, with tongue-speaking. I was deeply touched; I envied and yearned for those.

After studying in the seminary, I discovered that there was not only a wide variety of Christian denominations, but there were also many different theological perspectives, such as the Liberation Theology, Theology of Hope, Dialectical Theology, Theology of Ecology, Black Theology, Feminist Theology, and so on. This made me even more confused, as I was unsure which theological perspective was correct or reasonable. The Lord said that he who does the will of His Father in heaven would enter the kingdom of heaven. What is the will of the heavenly Father? What is my direction? Which church should I go to? At that time, I did not dare to easily accept nor completely reject the teachings of the TJC; I was in a dilemma. In the first half of 1992, I wrote to a preacher of the Seventh-day Adventist Church in Shanghai and requested to be baptized there. Previously, I had corresponded with to him several times and every time he responded quickly. However, this time I did not receive any reply from him. As I did not receive his letter until the summer vacation, I did not go there for baptism.

In July 1992, before the summer vacation, five classmates and I (not members of the TJC) followed Zheng Jia-zheng to visit and observe the Sanshan church in Fuqing, Fujian Province. That night, we attended the evening service at Sanshan church. As soon as we entered the chapel, we heard the sound of hymns. My spirit was suddenly revived and I no longer remem-

bered the tiring journey. The believers sang hymns in their local Fuqing dialect; to me, they sang like angels. In the past, I heard the hymnal presentation by high-level choirs in some famous cathedrals in Shanghai. Though they might be first-class in terms of vocalization and technique, their singing was not as touching as these villagers. After the service began, I discovered that the prayer of the believers were unlike other churches (one person prays and everyone says "Amen" in unison), but instead I heard many people spoke in tongues and they still prayed in unison. Is this the spiritual tongues in the Bible?

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*I said to the Lord, "O Lord, if I have yet to receive the Holy Spirit, please grant me the Holy Spirit." About two minutes later, my tongue began to roll and utter a strange sound.*

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Eld. Wang Qin-ru (Dn. Wang at that time), Pr. Xiao Rong-guang and Pr. Zhan Da-tang discussed the truth with us over the next few days. We raised a number of questions regarding the "five essential biblical doctrines" of the TJC; they gave us detailed answers. At that time, I was puzzled about two things in the doctrine of baptism of the true church: 1) Is baptism really related to salvation? and 2) Must baptism be performed in living water? In addition, I disagreed with the true church about speaking in tongues as the only evidence of receiving the Holy Spirit. In response to these doubts and incomprehensibility, the ministers and preachers also gave me the answers. Yet, I was dissatisfied with these answers and I still could not accept some of their views about water baptism and the Holy Spirit. One morning, one of my classmates told me that he received the Holy Spirit when Eld. Wang laid hands on him. He prayed in tongues likened to a flowing fountain. For this reason, he was



overjoyed. What about me? I was a bit envious even in the face of disapproval.

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*After leaving from Sanshan church, my life was transformed. I gave up all my bad habits. I began to be moved and enlightened when reading the Bible.*

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On the Sabbath afternoon of July 18, Eld. Wang Qin-ru gave me a bus ticket to return to Guangzhou (home) the next day. The visit to Sanshan this time to seek the truth was fruitful; and I experienced some spiritual growth. However, I had yet to really accept the doctrines of the TJC, and I did not baptism in living water and of the Holy Spirit. I couldn't help it but I felt a bit left out. After a the noon nap, my classmates suggested that we pray for a while in the main chapel upstairs as we would be leaving the following day. We knelt in front of the pulpit and prayed very earnestly. During the prayer, some of my classmates received the Holy Spirit and spoke in tongues. But I was still praying with a prayer of understanding. After a while, I said to the Lord, "O Lord, if I have yet to receive the Holy Spirit, please grant me the Holy Spirit." About two minutes later, my tongue began to roll and utter a strange sound. I thought that this could be the spiritual tongues. I therefore followed the mode of prayer of the TJC, saying, "Hallelujah, Praise the Lord Jesus." When I tried to repeat that phrase, my tongue involuntarily rolled and uttered a strange sound loudly and continuously. At that time, my mind was very sober. Eld. Wang and other coworkers were gathered at Eld. Wang's residence. When they heard the sound from the chapel, they did not know what happened; and they hurried to the chapel. It turned out that I had received the Holy Spirit! They immediately knelt down beside me, prayed for me, and laid hands on my head. Thus, I was filled with the Holy Spirit even more; my

body began vibrating, and sometimes I opened and raised my arms. It felt as if a waterfall poured down from above and the spiritual tongues was like an ever flowing fountain.

After about 20 minutes, a preacher laid hands on my head, saying, "Amen." I immediately stopped praying in tongues, and my body stopped vibrating. Thereafter, I got up together with everyone else. Eld. Wang said, "Today, Lin Fang was greatly filled with the Holy Spirit!" A coworker, Chen Juan, said, "It seemed like a new baby was just born." And I did not know how to express my feelings in words, so I kept saying, "How beautiful! How beautiful...!" I was sweating profusely, and tears were flowing from my eyes. But the indescribable joy in the depths of my heart, was beyond compare; it dispelled all the worries and sorrows in my heart. Thus, I finally enjoyed the true spiritual peace. Pr. Xiao Rong-guang told me that receiving the Holy Spirit before receiving water baptism is God's special mercy. He wanted me to quickly receive water baptism. As such, after the evening service, I requested Eld. Wang to further explain the doctrine of baptism. Eventually, I understood that remission of sins occurs during baptism through the witnessing of the Holy Spirit. Through the work of the Holy Spirit, the Spirit, the water, and the blood are one. When a person is immersed in water, he is actually immersed in the Lord's precious blood of Christ; cleansing both the original sin and sins he had committed. At 10 pm, several brethren accompanied one of my classmates and I to a river adjacent to Sanshan church. When we received the baptism of the true church, we are baptized into the name of the Lord. After baptism, we returned to church; received footwashing and partook the Holy Communion. From then on, I truly have a part with the Lord.

After leaving from Sanshan church, my life was transformed. I gave up all my bad habits. I began to be

moved and enlightened when reading the Bible. And when praying, I began to be filled with the Holy Spirit. I was now able to understand better the doctrines of the true church. As there is only one correct path of salvation, I need to be responsible for my own salvation. After graduating from the seminary in 1995, I became the resident preacher of Nanjing TJC at the request of that church. As a full-time worker of the true church, I began preaching the complete gospel of salvation. When preaching the gospel and pastoring the church, I realized that the “five essential biblical doctrines” of the TJC are completely based on the biblical truth, and that she is the only church of salvation in the last days. I want to hold on to this precious truth firmly by relying on the Holy Spirit (2 Tim 1:13–14). Thank the Lord! He has chosen me (Jn 15:16) and led me to His fold (Jn 10:16).

My dear friends, I sincerely hope that you can depart from the evil and follow the good; turn away from falsehood and believe in the truth. Come to the spiritual Zion with haste—the TJC (Isa 2:2). Let us walk together on the true path that leads to the heavenly kingdom (Mt 7:14). Amen. 🌿



# The Long Journey of Believing in the Truth

## Nanjing Church, Jiangsu Province, China

Deaconess Luo Xiao-xia



*Born in 1960, Dns. Luo Xiao-xia is a member of the True Jesus Church (TJC) since 1992. She is a full-time preacher of Nanjing church, Jiangsu.*

### UNRAVELING THE MYSTERY

I grew up in a military family with my father serving in the army. He took part in the Cultural Revolution at the age of 14 and remained in the army until the 1970s. In his 40s, he left the army to settle down. I have one older sister and one older brother; my mother was a housewife who had no formal education. Due to his work, my father was often away; leaving my mother, siblings and I at home. We lived in an old house. The elderly often said that ghosts would constantly appear in old houses at night and would even yell. For this reason, I often feel afraid. As my mother was an extrovert, she would always go out until the middle of the night, leaving the three of us at home.

I remember once, when an elderly woman had passed away, her family was making funeral arrangements for her. I ran over to see and noticed her

children were laying her body into a coffin. I thought to myself—she is just lying there and not moving. Where is she going after death? Does she know all the things that her family is doing for her? Where is her final destination? At that time, I just stood there and kept thinking about these questions. After my family found me there, I returned home, but these questions remained unanswered. They puzzled me for many more years to come.

One day, as the 1970s began, my neighbor invited me to her father's factory to watch television at night. That evening, we went to the factory together. After we reached there, she suddenly told me, "Walk quickly, this hall was originally used to worship God. I am always frightened whenever I pass by here." She then ran off, leaving me alone in a sizable hall. This hall originally belonged to a church. During the Cultural Revolution, it was used as a warehouse. I stood there, thinking—if this is a place for worshiping God, is He here? How do I come to believe in Him? I stood there and thought for a long time. Later, my friend's father

came for me, and led me out of the warehouse that was once a chapel. No one could help me to resolve this "mystery" in my heart since childhood.

By the end of 1980, I still did not know whether a true God existed in this world. I lived in sin and indulged in all kinds of pleasures. However, I did not have inner peace, but instead I felt very empty. One day, my younger cousin, whom I lived with, was suddenly stricken by a strange illness. Whilst she was asleep at night, she could not turn her body as she had severe back pain. The doctor in the hospital thought that she might have been overworked. Thus, the doctor gave her medicine and treated her using acupuncture. However, my cousin did not get any better but instead, her condition worsened. After one and a half years, she could neither go to work nor look after herself. Later, she was diagnosed with herniated disc, which placed pressure on the sciatic nerve and caused muscular dystrophy; eventually leading to paralysis. We did not know the number of hospitals we had visited in order to cure my cousin's illness. Additionally, we worshiped all the gods that we knew, but to no avail.

One day, at the end of 1981, my cousin went with me to the factory where I was working. By that time, her condition was very serious and she found it difficult to sit, walk, sleep or stand. Her back was crooked. On that day, my cousin and I received the gospel of salvation. At the factory, a sister in Christ found out about my cousin's illness and encouraged us to believe in Jesus. She shared many testimonies and teachings of the gospel with us. She also taught us to read the Bible and pray. The doubts and questions in my heart for so many years were suddenly resolved—we could receive eternal life by believing in God.

### COUSIN'S ILLNESS WAS HEALED

After accepting the truth of salvation, my cousin and I went home together that evening. It was already 10

pm by the time we reached home. The next day, we went to a church in Shanxi Road. There were about 50 members. Most of them were elderly believers, there were hardly any youths there. My cousin and I were the youngest—I was 21 and she was 19. The pastor was delighted to meet us, and gave us the Bibles and hymnbooks. A week later, my cousin's face became more ruddy and her back became straight. She could eat, walk and sleep. This was because we had knelt down before God and prayed for an hour every evening for the past week. As my cousin still doubted God and did not completely believe in Him, I was worried that God would depart from her, and that she would not fully recover from her illness. After seven days, seeing that her condition was improving, I said to her, "You have your own belief. I no longer believe in God." Upon hearing this, she replied, "If you don't believe in God, then I won't." That was actually my tactic, so I continued, "If I believe, then you must believe. We must not depart from God, or He will be displeased." One year later, my cousin's illness was completely healed because she put her trust in God.

### EXPERIENCED A VISION

For the next 10 or so years of my journey of faith, from the 1980s to 1990s, I continued to have many unresolved questions in my heart. In 1980, I had to undergo an appendectomy. On the operating table, I saw the entire procedure from the reflection of a shadowless mirror; thus I was very frightened. Afterwards, I had myocarditis and heart disease, and my condition became increasingly severe. After believing in God, my condition remained unstable, although I often prayed fervently for my health. When I preached to others, people often asked me, "If your God is real, why has He not healed your heart disease?" Yes, why was I in this predicament? At that time, this was a question I often asked myself, but could never find a satisfactory answer. With doubts in my faith, I lived through the hardest few years of my life.



I persistently prayed in the morning and evening each day. My evening prayers even lasted for an hour. One summer, the weather was extremely hot. When I knelt down to pray in the evening, I was already sweating profusely and was unable to continue praying. I earnestly asked God to dry my sweat; to allow me to have a peaceful heart to pray. Amazingly, I felt a breeze above my head, blowing dry my sweat. I did not feel the hot air at all until my prayer ended. After experiencing this great love of God, I have had greater faith in Him. No matter what I encounter, I never gave up relying on the Lord.

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*At that time, a monster approximately the height of an adult came in and walked towards me. The hairy monster had the head of a human but the face of a beast.*

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In 1986, we moved house. The new house was huge. As I did not have much to do, I read novels during the day and watched movies at night. Gradually, my faith became weak. I prayed and attended services less often than before. One night, I dreamed that fire came down from heaven, and the whole world turned into a sea of fire. People were running everywhere for their lives. My cousin and I were fleeing too. Our bodies were burnt in the blaze and it was extremely painful. We prayed to God to save our souls. In the end, we ran into a place of white light and saw many angels bringing people to fly towards heaven. It was only then that my cousin and I were safe. After this dream, I no longer dared to be weak, and resumed my life of prayer and church attendance.

### SEEKING FOR THE TRUTH

In 1991, several students from the Nanjing Union Theological Seminary (NJUTS) invited me to attend

a service at the Christian Assembly. On the day that I went, they were conducting the Holy Communion. I wanted to partake the Holy Communion, but was not allowed to do so. At that time, I was very uncomfortable about this. Afterwards, they sermonize about how the apostles laid hands on Paul and Silas before they were sent out to work. At that time, it struck me that no one had ever laid hands on me since I believed in the Lord. Does that mean all the divine work that I had done were useless? From then on, I did not dare to continue serving the Lord because I had not been sent. I was afraid that whatever I do would not please the Lord. Yet, if I do not serve the Lord, what will I bring when I see Him in the future? I was troubled by this.

At the end of 1992, the students of the NJUTS came to my house again. As they were visiting Fujian during the Chinese New Year, they invited me to tag along. At that time, I told them that I would go. After they left at night, I had a dream after falling asleep. I was attending service in a church located on the foot of a high mountain. Weeds and thorns grew in the front of the church's main entrance, and there was not even a path to walk on. I went out from the church through the main entrance. As I was walking, I plucked weeds and thorns by hand, until I reached a city. There was hardly any room to walk as people were everywhere. Suddenly, I raised my hands in the air; my body lifted off the ground and I began to fly. My two arms were like wings and I flew in the sky. After a while, I was above a construction site, but I could not land there. A 20-something-year-old girl climbed up a ladder to help me down. Afterwards, she led me into a church. I found that this church was different from the churches that I usually attend. At that time, the service has just begun, and the entire congregation was kneeling down to pray. I found this strange because the congregation would usually stand upright to pray during services. After the service, I began to fly again and in

the end I reached home. A week later, I visited a pastor who had continuously shown care and concern for me. I told him about my dream. On hearing this, he told me, “You are truly blessed; you will become fisher of men.” He also quoted Isaiah 40:31 to encourage me:

*“But those who wait on the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings like eagles, they shall run and not be weary, they shall walk and not faint.”*

Another week passed, and the seminary students visited us again. They told me that they were going to the TJC in Fujian the following day. My mother and I went with them. Two days later, we reached the TJC in Sanshan Town in Fuqing. When I was walking through the main entrance of Sanshan church, a thought flashed through my mind: “I am home, I am home.” As a prodigal daughter returning to the bosom of her father, I burst into tears. At 2 pm, everyone took an afternoon nap. I laid down on a bed, but could not sleep. About 10 minutes later, I suddenly heard a frightening piece of music that is played in movies when demons are about to appear. I quickly got up to see what was happening. At that time, a monster approximately the height of an adult came in and walked towards me. The hairy monster had the head of a human but the face of a beast. It did not depart from me, no matter how fervently I prayed. After we struggled for several minutes, it walked out. At that time, I suddenly had a minor heart attack; I did not know what had happened next. Later, I regained consciousness.

After dinner, the believers gradually came to the church. The church held services every evening. When the congregation was singing hymns, I felt an indescribable joy in my heart because I had never heard such beautiful hymns before. During the service, the congregation prayed in tongues which sounded like the crashing of floods, and this startled me. When the bell rang, the congregation stopped praying. The ser-

mon then began, and the sermon that night pricked my heart. After the service, I went downstairs to pray in the prayer room. I plead to the Lord to let me understand all that I had encountered. After praying for about 10 minutes, I suddenly felt that the entire church building was rocking, and then I heard a noise. I thought it was an earthquake, so I stopped praying and ran outside to see what had happened. However, it was not an earthquake, but a seminary student had received the Holy Spirit.

On that still night, I was preparing to pray. Suddenly, I felt something touched my quilt. When I opened my eyes, I saw a demon disguised as a human, staring and laughing wildly at me. I was so scared that I broke out in a cold sweat. I desperately covered my body with the quilt, but the demon scared me every now and then. In the end, I switched on the light. Throughout that night, I was continuously disturbed by the demon, until it left at daybreak. I did not dare to tell anyone what I had experienced that night as I was afraid that people would think that I was timid or having mental problems. The next day, I forced myself to listen attentively to others during fellowship, but I could not because my heart was filled with many questions. For the next two days and nights, I deliberated, doubted and was intimidated by the demon.

After I got up on the third morning, I saw the seminary students reading the Bible. In fact, I did not have a habit of reading the Bible in the morning. But since I did not want them to perceive that I was not spiritual, I began reading the Bible too. When I opened the Bible, it was 1 Corinthians 2:12:

*“Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit who is from God, that we might know the things that have been freely given to us by God.”*

While reading this passage, the text in the Bible suddenly became bigger. These words opened my heart. I thought in my heart: Since my previous baptism was



wrong, I should receive the biblical way of baptism according to what had been said by the TJC.

At noon on the third day, I was about to close my eyes for an afternoon nap, but I began hearing the music that I had heard three days earlier. The demon then appeared in front of me again. I prayed aloud in the name of the Lord Jesus, asking Him to bind the demon, yet the demon acted as though it could not hear me and used its claws to grab my head. I saw a net in its claws, like the ones used by fishermen; and the net was going to trap me. Suddenly, I had another heart attack. I could hardly breathe and felt as though I was going to die. I prayed desperately to the Lord; suddenly a big hand grabbed me up so that I could sit up against the wall.

### RECEIVED THE HOLY SPIRIT

In the afternoon, we had fellowship together. Afterwards, the coworkers of the true church took us upstairs to pray for the Holy Spirit; explained how we should pray. I loudly said, "Hallelujah." After repeating four times, I suddenly heard myself speaking in an unknown language, like a bird twittering. How did I become a bird? I used my hands to touch my head, but I was still myself. At that time, the Holy Spirit opened my heart; and allowed me to understand that I had received the Holy Spirit. Meanwhile, the Holy Spirit rebuked me for my corruption, ignorance and lack of submission. From the bottom of my heart, I became exceedingly sad and I cried out in pain. At that moment, the bell rang and the prayer ended. I had received the Holy Spirit and my sorrow was turned to joy. After receiving the Holy Spirit, the demon no longer appeared. Seven days later, I received baptism. On the baptism day, while I was walking towards the sea, I prayed to God, "O Lord, I believe that Your precious blood has the power to cleanse my sins. I pray that You will wash away all my sins." When I emerged from the water, I was like a newborn baby

and filled with a new life. I truly experienced what was described in Romans 6:3–4. When I walked back to the shore, I heard the Holy Spirit said: "Your illness is healed." Thank the Lord, my heart disease was healed after baptism.

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*As I was about to walk out of my room to sermonize, I could not find the door. After walking around my room, I knelt down to pray. After the prayer, I heard a voice saying to me, "You must preach on Acts of Apostles, chapter 2."*

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### PREACHING THE TRUTH

January 27, 1993 was the first time I attended a church after returning from Sanshan. On that day, the service was held in my residence and it was my turn to deliver a sermon. Nevertheless, I did not know the topic of my sermon. Should I share about the teachings of the TJC? Or should I continue to share the teachings I had learned from other Christian denominations? In the end, I decided not to share the teachings of the TJC at this juncture. As I was about to walk out of my room to sermonize, I could not find the door. After walking around my room, I knelt down to pray. After the prayer, I heard a voice saying to me, "You must preach on Acts of Apostles, chapter 2." At that moment, I saw the door. I said to the Lord, "O Lord, I am willing to submit to You. Please help me!" During the service, I experienced the help of the Holy Spirit. My study of the Scriptures was very structured, and I testified to what I had experienced. I eventually admitted that I was now a believer of the TJC. When those present heard my testimonies and the teachings that I had shared, one by one expressed their intention to join the TJC. As a result, each day we had fellowship and prayed for the Holy Spirit. Thank the Lord that someone would receive the Holy Spirit each day.

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*Having said the last sentence, I heard that Pr. Xu was praying in tongues. I too was filled with the Holy Spirit and I began praying in tongues. The sound of our prayers was like a duet sung harmoniously.*

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One day in early February, I was on the morning shift in the factory. As my shift was about to end, my friend, Sis. Li Ling (not a believer at that time), came to see me and invited me to visit Pr. Xu En-ci. I understood her intention; she wanted Pr. Xu to identify the Holy Spirit that I had received (Pr. Xu was a pastor of the Three-Self Patriotic Movement/China Christian Council. She was also a former student of the famous Pr. Jia Yu-ming, and she was a very loving pastor). I accepted the invitation without hesitation; thinking that since I had truly received the Holy Spirit, I had nothing to fear.

When we arrived at Pr. Xu's house, we chatted with her. I told her about what I had seen and heard in Fujian, including how I had received baptism for the remission of sins. At the same time, I used Romans 6:4-5 to testify about the experience that I had resurrected when I emerged from the water. I then asked Pr. Xu the mode of water baptism she had received. She said that she had received baptism by immersion. I also asked, "Was your head facing downward?" She said it was facing upwards. I asked her why she performed baptism by water sprinkling if she herself had received baptism by immersion. Pr. Xu then replied that baptism by water sprinkling was tradition. At that time, I did not continue asking questions but instead I told her many testimonies. After hearing my testimonies, she was delighted and continuously thanked God for the grace He had showered upon me. Without realizing it, over an hour had passed. As Pr. Xu had heart disease, she was rather weak and needed rest. As such, we decided to leave. As we were

about to leave, Sis. Li suggested, "Xiao-xia, let's pray with Pr. Xu before we leave." I felt rather awkward as I could not decide what prayer language to use. If I prayed in tongues, I feared that God might be offended as the purpose of praying in tongues was not for others to hear, but was directed to God. However, if I prayed with words of understanding, what would Sis. Li think? In my dilemma, I prayed to God and told Him about my difficulty. I entrusted everything to Him and asked Him to guide me, and I continuously prayed in my heart. At that time, while we were still praying with words of understanding, I suddenly spoke in tongues until the prayer ended.

When we stood up, Pr. Xu was delighted. She said, "God would use you, thank the Lord!" I then asked her whether she had the Holy Spirit. She replied that she had not prayed in tongues for two to three years. I asked her whether she had sinned. Pr. Xu could not help it but to sigh for she was very weak; and requested us to pray for her. We promised to pray for her, and to ask God to have mercy on her and to grant her the Holy Spirit. She was very glad to hear this. Consequently, the three of us once again knelt down before God to pray. I prayed with words of understanding, "O Lord, Pr. Xu said that she has not prayed in tongues for two to three years. Please have mercy on her and forgive her transgressions. Lord, please save her and grant her Your Holy Spirit again." Having said the last sentence, I heard that Pr. Xu was praying in tongues. I too was filled with the Holy Spirit and I began praying in tongues. The sound of our prayers was like a duet sung harmoniously. Moreover, Pr. Xu began to sing spiritual songs, which sounded very pleasant and elegant. After the prayer, Pr. Xu was overjoyed and said, "The fire of the Holy Spirit will now rise up in Nanjing." Thank the Lord, the prophecy came out from her mouth. In the subsequent days, the Holy Spirit worked in Nanjing and believers of other Christian denominations came to believe in the truth.



On our way home, Sis. Li told me that she believed that I had indeed received the Holy Spirit from God; and she too had wanted to pray for the Holy Spirit. I took this opportunity to tell her that she would receive the Holy Spirit only if she believed in the TJC. She requested that we study the Bible together. However, as I had just accepted the truth, I did not know how to study the Bible. Though I knew the teachings in my heart, I did not know how to tell others. I therefore gave her a book entitled “Five Essential Biblical Doctrines.” Back home, she began to read the book using the Bible for cross-referencing. Through the guidance of the Holy Spirit, she understood the truth and accepted the complete gospel of salvation.

These experiences affirmed my belief that the TJC is the church that could save souls and lead people to eternal life. Later, those students of the NJUTS Seminary who had went with me to Sanshan church for truth-seeking, eventually joined the TJC. They came to my house to help sermonize and pastor the believers. A year later, through the calling of God, I offered myself to become a full-time preacher. With the guidance of God and the abidance of the Holy Spirit, more and more people believed in the truth. 🌿

# Awakened by Tribulations

Calgary Church, Canada

Sister Grace Xu



*“Before I was afflicted I went astray, but now I keep Your word ... It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I may learn Your statutes.” (Ps 119: 67, 71)*

Hallelujah, in the name of our Lord Jesus, I testify. I am originally from Chengguan church in the city of Changle, Fujian, China, but currently I live in Calgary, Canada. My family came to the True Jesus Church (TJC) after my grandmother was healed from leprosy. I am a third-generation believer, and was baptized when I was slightly over three years old.

When I was young, my family was very poor. Therefore, my parents had to work hard to make ends meet. As a consequence, we rarely attended church services. There was also very little freedom to attend services at that time because the Chinese government persecuted Christianity and enforced many restrictions on religious practices. Moreover, in those days the two-day weekend system had not been implemented yet. Thus, my siblings and I had to go to school on Saturdays. I only remember occasionally attending church

with my grandmother in a nearby village during the school break.

While I knew that God existed somewhere out there, I did not fully understand the truth, nor did I clearly experience God at any point. Looking back, I feel ashamed that I did not receive religious education from young or did not diligently study the truth in the Bible. Nevertheless, I realize that God has been watching over me and protecting me ever since I was a child. However, because of my young age, ignorance and stubbornness, I was unwilling to submit to God and be taught by Him. Just as David recalled the words of God in his psalm of contemplation:

*“I will instruct you and teach you in the way you should go; I will guide you with My eye. Do not be like the horse or like the mule, which have no understanding, which must be harnessed with bit and bridle, else they will not come near you.” (Ps 32: 8–9)*

In the beginning of 1999, I had made plans to move to Suriname, South America. Thank God that before I



left China, there was a spiritual convocation in Dagen church, Fuzhou and I was able to attend all three days of the event. At that time, I did not know what was ahead of me, so I earnestly prayed that God would lead my path, allow me to glorify His name, and help me not to go astray.

Upon my arrival in Suriname, I realized that there was no TJC in that country. A friend later took me to a Chinese Alliance Church, where I discovered a large church library with a massive selection of Christian books, testimonies, and Bible study guides. Since I loved reading, I would go there every Sunday and borrow many books to bring home. However, I was not used to their services or prayers, and found that their reflections on the Bible were different from my understanding of the truth. Yet, I told myself that since there was only one Bible—the same one that all Christian churches use—it did not make much of a difference which church I attended, as long as the purpose was to worship God. So, I continued to go to the Chinese Alliance Church for about three months.

One time, the church held an event and it was like an evangelical service. After the pastor concluded his sermon, he asked the congregation to raise their hands if they believed in Jesus and were willing to accept Him as their Savior—for those who believe from their heart and confess with their mouth will be saved (cf. Rom 10:9). After the service, the pastor came down from the podium to shake hands with the new believers. When he shook my hand, I felt an electric shock, as if my strength was sapped from my hand.

The next day, they conducted Holy Communion, and being naive, I also partook the crackers and wine. Since I was not totally lucid during that time, I do not remember the exact sequence of events that followed. What I do remember is that not long after I got home, I discovered that I started to become abnormal. At first, I occasionally felt absent-minded and

dizzy, as if my consciousness was being controlled by something. However, whenever I prayed or sang hymns, I would regain my awareness and clarity of thought. Nevertheless, over time, the periods of absentmindedness prolonged and gradually developed into insomnia, a lack of appetite, and depression. There were even times when I would not sleep or eat for days. Every day I would just cry constantly. When my mind was clear, I would think about the past, but whenever I thought about my family, I would become sad and cry even more.

I slowly lost the desire to leave the house, and would stay at home every day like a soulless person. After living like this for a few weeks, I became distraught and gaunt. During this time, I had requested members from the Chinese Alliance Church to pray for me. When an elderly member visited me at home, she mentioned that an Asian had been shot to death in the area where I lived. I then told her that the house that I was living in used to be occupied by that Asian victim. That was the last time anyone from that church ever visited me.

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*After that, I also moved out of my old house. However, a few days later, I could not find my way home after going out. Consequently, I was taken to a police station in the middle of the night.*

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In addition to these things, I started to have auditory hallucinations. Sometimes I would hear murmurings of Bible verses in my ears or verbal abuse of some sort that caused me deep sorrow. All of my physical symptoms medically speaking were inexplicable, since I had always been a healthy person. Up to that point, I had not told my family about my condition because I did not want them to worry. I kept putting off calling my mother until things got very serious.

Thank God that when I eventually did call her to explain, the church brethren and my family in China fasted and prayed for me, and I regained my clarity of thought. However, whenever they stopped doing so, I would lose my mind again, and this cycle happened repeatedly. At that time, a church deacon suggested that my mother find out whether something had happened to me recently, in order to identify the cause of my problems. Then I would be able to confess my sins and repent. That was when I recalled going to a different church and partaking of their holy communion. The deacon pointed out that this was wrong because once we are baptized, our bodies are sanctified and belong to the Lord Jesus Christ. Therefore, we should not partake any “holy communion” sacrament in other churches. He also instructed me not to go to that church anymore.

After that, I also moved out of my old house. However, a few days later, I could not find my way home after going out. Consequently, I was taken to a police station in the middle of the night. I was unable to clearly state my name and address, so they kept me at the station for two days. Shortly after I was released, one night when I was at home, I broke some glass and tried to commit suicide. After all of these incidents, my family decided to fly me back to China as soon as possible.

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*I do not know how long we had been praying for, but I clearly remember that there was one specific moment during the prayer when my nose regained its feeling, and likewise my eyes, ears, hands, and feet felt like they were mine again.*

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The journey back home was a long and tiring one and I had to make many transfers. It took nine hours to fly from Suriname’s capital to Amsterdam, more than 10

hours from Amsterdam to Hong Kong, and from there, I could finally fly back to Fuzhou. Thank the Lord for keeping me safe and guiding me on my journey. It is indeed a miracle for an absent-minded person to take such a long journey alone and to be able to arrive home safely.

After arriving home, my condition was still unstable. Many disturbing incidents also happened to my family. For example, my father was bitten in the leg by a dog and was hospitalized. Not long after this, I got lost while taking my twin nephews out for a walk. Later, my family decided to have me admitted to a mental hospital for treatment. However, a deacon told my mother that I was possessed by an evil spirit. So, he suggested that my family take me home and cast out the evil spirit through prayer.

I am thankful that many brothers and sisters took turns to visit me at home and to intercede for me. Thank God for His grace! Intercession is indeed powerful! Every day, I became more and more lucid. I also gradually regained my appetite, though physically I was still quite weak. I recalled that during the summer vacation period, the deacon brought me and my mother to visit different churches in Fuqing. I cannot remember how many churches we visited, but I remember meeting a Sis. Xiu-hua, with whom I recounted my past and confessed all my sins.

We also visited one church where a Summer College Youth Spiritual Convocation was being held. Many youths gathered to pray for me, while many deacons and preachers laid hands on me to cast out the evil spirit. I do not know how long we had been praying for, but I clearly remember that there was one specific moment during the prayer when my nose regained its feeling, and likewise my eyes, ears, hands, and feet felt like they were mine again. It was like a stream of heat had traveled all over my body, and I felt alive again. After that prayer, I had fully regained my con-



sciousness and was back to normal! Thank the Almighty God for His mercy and grace! I would also like to thank all the deacons, preachers, and brethren for their labor and love in interceding for me for such a long period of time.

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*It is through this tribulation that I came to truly experience God's almighty power and great love.*

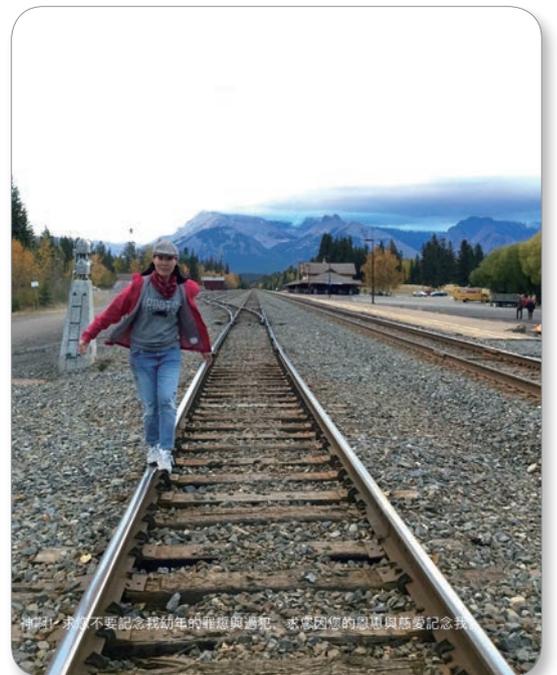
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Even though I suffered mentally and physically through this experience, I thank God for His mercy. After going through this unforgettable spiritual battle, I have experienced the existence of evil spirits as well as the power of the Holy Spirit. Furthermore, I am certain that the truth preached by the TJC is according to the Bible.

Concerning the truth of the Holy Communion, we use unleavened bread (1 Cor 5:7–8) and grape juice (Mt 26:29). We cannot use wine because it has been fermented by yeast. There can only be one piece of bread and one pot of grape juice, for the church is one body in Christ (1 Cor 10:16–17). After consecration, the bread spiritually transforms into the body of the Lord Jesus, and the grape juice into His blood (Mt 26:26–28; Jn 6:53). Other Christian denominations, however, will usually use leavened bread, which contains yeast, and wine for their holy communion. Everyone would receive an individual cracker or a pre-cut piece of bread. They believe that the bread and wine represent the flesh and blood of the Lord. But they do not believe that the action of consecration makes a difference, nor do they believe in the spiritualization of the bread and the juice.

It is through this tribulation that I came to truly experience God's almighty power and great love. I also came to understand the importance of being sanctified and to stand firm on the foundation of the true

church. Since then, I have never gone to another church and have started to put effort into studying the Bible more diligently. Thank God that through this experience, I was able to grow spiritually. May all glory be unto our heavenly Father! Hallelujah! Amen! 🌿



# Why I came to the True Jesus Church

## Zhudong Church, Taiwan

Brother Wu Yong-guang



Hallelujah! In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I testify.

Thank you, Lord Jesus! Because of His great love and election, I am able to bear my testimony today. Without the constant guidance and intercession of the faithful messenger He had sent to me, a lowly sinner such as I would not have easily come to the spiritual true church nor received this great grace of salvation and blessings.

I began seeking the truth at the True Jesus Church (TJC) in early 2009. More than a year later, through the guidance of God, my family of five received the Holy Spirit, in succession. God removed many obstacles that hindered us from coming to His true church. During the spring and autumn spiritual convocations in 2010, my whole family was baptized in living water in accordance with the Bible. Praise the Lord indeed for He accomplished a marvelous thing for us. He even extended His election to an elder from another Christian denomination that I used to attend. This elder, whom I respected and loved, also believed in

the Lord and received baptism together with us. My eldest sister, Wu Xing-zhi, who used to attend another Christian denomination, and my niece, Xu Jia-yi, were also baptized. Indeed the TJC is the true church blessed with the truth, the Holy Spirit, power, glory, honor and authority.

### MY BACKGROUND: A CHRISTIAN FROM CHILDHOOD

I was born and raised in a Christian family. I attended many church services and activities. My father was an elder of the church we had attended. Many of my older sisters were either pastors or married to pastors.

With regard to the Holy Spirit, I encountered and vaguely experienced speaking in tongues when I was in junior high school. However, I did not verify the authenticity of those experiences. I had also attended all kinds of special services in many mainstream churches—evangelical services, faith healing, revival meetings and spirit-filled services. I attended all these services in order to experience the power of the Holy



Spirit and miracles. As such, I have experienced being ‘slain’ by the spirit when the pastor laid hands on me, false spiritual laughter, spiritual weeping, prophesying, inner healing and so on. However, my impression of these was that they were very chaotic and disorderly. Some people displayed unsightly behavior and made discomfiting noises; yet they claimed that these were manifestations of the great power of the Holy Spirit and exorcism. I was very confused. Moreover, I did not understand the Holy Spirit described in the Bible. Remaining in this vague phase of my faith, the thirst in my soul could not be quenched. I felt as empty as ever and I could not find any real evidence of the Holy Spirit.

It was only when I received the Holy Spirit at the TJC that I realized many of these phenomena I had witnessed did not have any biblical basis. They were not from God, but from man and the evil one. Such deviations had come about mainly because they lacked spiritual revelation from the Lord. I deeply regretted wasting 40 years of meaningless journey in which I had understood nothing pertaining to the faith.

### POST-MILITARY SERVICE: DESCENT INTO THE ABYSS

In 1988, I finished my national service and joined the workforce. At that time, there was a frenzy of speculative investments. Having forgotten the biblical warnings against greed, I blindly followed and jumped on the speculation bandwagon. Within a year, these companies began to fail one by one, and they went

bankrupt. I lost all my investments all of a sudden, without any hope of recovering my capital. Many relatives, friends and church members were also burnt in this stock market crash. At this juncture, kinship, friendship and relationships suddenly came to naught. Not only were they unable to save me, they had brought harm to me and caused me to become ensnared.

In May 1991, my father suddenly passed away due to an illness. He was survived by my mother and he left behind a defunct pharmacy. My family was plunged into gloom with the sudden loss of our breadwinner. This double whammy in financial losses also ended my studies in Traditional Chinese Medicine. All of a sudden, I had arrived at a dead end with a bleak future ahead.

### THE END OF MAN IS THE BEGINNING OF GOD

Downcast, helpless and grieved, I repented thoroughly before God. I prayed for a long time, beseeching the Lord to open a way. One day, while I was reading the newspaper, I spotted a job opening with a construction company. The company was an engineering contractor for the Directorate General of Highways. I was hired and subsequently sent to do some measurements at Emei, Hsinchu County and amongst other places. One day, the supervisor for that project from the Directorate General of Highways—a senior officer whom I had never met—initiated a conversation with a hopeless nobody that I was. This person is Bro. Wu Yong-feng of Hsinchu church, and coincidentally we



Mother



Wife



Eldest daughter

have very similar names. Later, when he knew that I had to care for an elderly at home, he recommended me for a position in the public service unit where he was working. He took care of me and treated me like a long-lost brother. He even recommended me to take a professional examination that I subsequently passed. Because of his help, I regained the will to live on and my life began to take a turn for the better.

On one occasion, he brought me to the TJC and gave me a book—*Essential Biblical Doctrines*. I realized then that the TJC has a very good and systematic teachings and doctrines. However, due to my family's staunch Christian heritage, and knowing that the true church (TJC) was a church misunderstood and shunned by the other Christian denominations, I therefore missed the opportunity to explore further.

Bro. Wu and I were colleagues for more than a decade. However, during the SARS epidemic, Bro. Wu suddenly retired and migrated. I had greatly disappointed all the effort he has put in me over the years, as well as God's plan and election of my family and me. Whenever I think about it, I am always filled with regret. I can only reminisce on his grace, and preserve him as a living testimony in my heart, fearing that I should forget.

### RECEIVING THE TRUTH FROM THE LORD THROUGH BRO. WU

After migrating to Canada for a period of time, Bro. Wu returned to Taiwan to visit relatives in 2003 and 2006; and to meet up with me. I brought my wife and child to Hsinchu church to attend the service and to catch up with him. He took the opportunity to discuss with us seriously the significance of the “church” and the truth that pertains to salvation. At that time, I neither understood nor was I aware of his intentions, because I thought I was already well-versed in these teachings.

In September 2008, Bro. Wu returned to Taiwan again. He visited several ex-colleagues and me. When we came to the topic of religion, Bro. Wu emphasized that there is only one body of Christ. Moreover, he said that receiving the Holy Spirit and speaking in tongues will guarantee of our inheritance in the heavenly kingdom and so on.

On March 3, 2009, I visited Bro. Wu at his house again. Once again, he shared with me on the importance of speaking in tongues. He said that there are two kinds of tongues: speaking in tongues to prophesy, and speaking in tongues in prayers are different. That was the first time I heard that teaching. Bro. Wu also said that the gospel I had received in the past had been altered; it had deviated from what had been written in the Bible, and was not the complete gospel preached by Jesus and His disciples. As such, there would be problems concerning my salvation on the last day of judgment. He also said, “Ishmael was born according to the flesh through Hagar, and Isaac was born through promise through Sarah. These two covenants are different. Only those born according to the promise are the true spiritual Israelites who can inherit the kingdom of Heaven. Therefore, if the church ‘does not have the spirit of Christ, it does not belong to Christ.’” Bro. Wu cited many other passages to further explain why the TJC was different from the other churches.

I replied, “Are you saying that everything that I have believed in all this while—along with all the other churches in history—would actually compromise my salvation? Won't I have to completely upend the foundation of my faith and rebuild it?” At that time, I disagreed with his views, and I was really unconvinced. But in retrospect, I recognized that God had placed Bro. Wu in my life. Bro. Wu had received the Holy Spirit. He was strict, God-fearing and upright. How could he be uttering nonsense? As such, I was interested to find out more about the TJC.



## I HAD A COLORFUL DREAM THAT EXCITED ME

For the first time on Feb 21, 2009, I stepped into Zhudong TJC alone to attend service. After communicating with Bro. Wu, Bro. Gu Ci-chun of Zhudong church, came to visit me at home. Miraculously, that night I had a colorful and beautiful dream. In that dream, I was on an island. Everything was shining—a sight that was spectacular and unforgettable. I was so happy that I jumped out of bed to share about the dream with my wife. I had never dreamed such a vivid and colorful dream before, so it prompted me to investigate further at Zhudong TJC.

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*I just closed my eyes and prayed for some time. Originally, there were three ministers laying hands in front of the chapel, instead in my mind, I saw the Lord Jesus was dressed in white robe.*

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## MY EXPERIENCE IN RECEIVING THE HOLY SPIRIT

After attending a few services at Zhudong church, I grew curious about the teaching of the footwashing sacrament and how it is performed in the true church. As I had missed the spiritual convocation at Zhudong church, Bro. Gu told me that I could still attend the last day of the spiritual convocation at Hsinchu church.

Therefore, that day on April 19, 2009, I rushed over to Hsinchu church to observe the process of the sacraments. After the preacher ended his sermon, he said, “All those who wish to pray for the Holy Spirit can come to the front!”

At that time, I dared not go forward and knelt on the pew. The all-encompassing sound of prayer was like many waters. Although it was literally thunderous, I was not affected by it at all. I just closed my eyes and prayed for some time. Originally, there were three

ministers laying hands in front of the chapel, instead in my mind, I saw the Lord Jesus was dressed in white robe. He was laying hands on everyone in front of the chapel. I was both excited and regretful; I thought, “If only I had gone to the front for the laying of hands, I would definitely have received the Holy Spirit...”

When I had this thought, I saw the Lord walking towards me. Standing close to me, he laid hands on my head. Suddenly, the pain and stiffness from a chronic inflammation in my right leg began to throb. Subsequently, I felt a power like a living fountain that gushed forth miraculously from within my belly all the way to my mouth. It was as recorded in the Bible, “He who believes in Me, as the Scripture has said, out of his heart will flow rivers of living water.” (Jn 7:38) After a while, my tongue began to roll and vibrate strongly; I was speaking in tongues, and it sounded just like the prayers of the brothers and sisters around me. I finally understood that receiving the Holy Spirit and speaking in tongues, were real, amazing and clear!

At that moment, my heart was filled with inexpressible praise and gratitude. This experience shattered all that I had pursued in the past. I thoroughly understood that the TJC has always emphasized that the Holy Spirit is true, as preached and received by the apostles. Speaking in tongues—that can be seen, heard and experienced—is the only evidence of receiving the Holy Spirit. This was unlike the Holy Spirit I had pursued in the past, which was a vague and abstract term.

When I went home that day, I thought that I would no longer have the Holy Spirit. Never did I expect that I would still be able to speak in tongues, regardless of where I prayed at home. My family noticed that my prayers had become extremely different; they were very taken aback by the sound of my prayers. I realized that the Holy Spirit dwelt in me. He is very precious; therefore, I did not want to lose Him. Moreover, I resolved to attend services at Zhudong church every

Sabbath day; and I hoped to be filled with the Holy Spirit.

### MY MOTHER RECEIVES THE HOLY SPIRIT AT HOME

After these events, I began to pray for my mother. She had become weak and sickly after taking care of my eldest brother for a long time. My eldest brother had retired and suffered from hyperglycemia (high blood sugar). Afterwards, unfortunately, he passed away due to a wound infection after spinal surgery. On the day of the funeral, my mother fainted at home and was sent to the hospital for emergency treatment. As her condition deteriorated, I became extremely worried, but I was not discouraged. Once, I prayed with my mother. We said together, “In the name of the Lord Jesus I pray. Hallelujah, praise the Lord.” After praying for a while, she started speaking in tongues, which she had never spoken before. It was as what the TJC said, one can pray and receive the Holy Spirit, even at home! I was deeply moved; God had not only chosen me, but my mother also. I believed that my mother would slowly recover.

The Holy Spirit is indeed amazing. He was the one I had been seeking all along; yet I had not been able to experience Him in other churches. I remembered what Bro. Wu Yong-feng had previously told me. The church is the body of Christ, and there is only one body of Christ. Thus, there can only be one church that belongs to the Lord Jesus. I finally understood that the Spirit that abides with the TJC is the Spirit of truth. The church that has the Holy Spirit is the true church of the Lord Jesus.

Not long after that without realizing it, the pain in my lower back and legs had disappeared. My mother’s condition also improved. Thereafter, my mother had several accidental falls. But she experienced countless and infinitely wondrous protection. She no longer felt alone, as she could feel that there was always someone by her side. How marvelous!

I remember there was once when my family was away, and my mother was alone at home. She accidentally fell at the door of the bathroom. She hit her head on the floor and bled copiously. A piece of flesh also came out from her peeled skin. But under God’s protection, her temple was not hurt and thus she did not faint. After being sent to the hospital, she was given 20 to 30 stitches. But after she recovered, there was no scar left. It was truly amazing!

### MY FAMILY STUDIES THE TRUTH

After my mother was baptized, I understood that the Lord’s will was for our whole household to be saved. I began to encourage my whole family to come to the TJC to study the five basic doctrines and ten articles of faith. I hoped they would quickly understand the truth; and pray for the true and promised Holy Spirit.

### MY DAUGHTER RECEIVED THE HOLY SPIRIT

Amazingly, after my family began to attend Sabbath services at Zhudong church; my older daughter attended a “Religious Education Week” on August 29, 2009. On the last day, she received the Holy Spirit and spoke in tongues. This incident showed me that God has opened a door of grace to save my family. It was a pity that my wife, despite her prayers, did not receive the Holy Spirit; and she continued to doubt.

Two months later, on October 27, my younger daughter attended the autumn spiritual convocation in Zhudong church. She too amazingly received the Holy Spirit in one of the prayers. My wife had no choice but to believe.

### SEEKING BAPTISM: A MAJOR TEST

I immediately approached the church to request for baptism for my whole family. It was then I realized that the church conducted strict checks before deciding to proceed with baptism. The church wanted us to stop serving in any ministry of my former church.



As my family still had doubts and misconceptions, they wanted to give up the thought of going to the true church.

On December 12, Bro. Wu Yong-feng and his wife returned to Taiwan. When they heard about the obstacles we were facing regarding our baptism, they had a chat with my wife, my mother and me. Sis. Lin Hui-zhen told us about how her forefathers had found the truth and believed in the Lord. She also told us about the history of preaching from China to Taiwan. Bro. Wu also addressed my wife's doubts. My wife accepted his explanation and encouragement. She was willing to put aside all her prejudices and try again.

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*Both of us felt a great moving of the Holy Spirit when we were praying at the front. My wife was deeply filled by the Holy Spirit; she spoke in tongues and wept.*

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### FINALLY, MY WIFE COULD SPEAK IN TONGUES

After a week, on December 19, my wife and I prayed together before sleeping. My wife's body began to vibrate and she spoke in tongues. When I saw it, I was filled with inexpressible joy. I did not, however, dare to confirm if she had indeed received the Holy Spirit.

On New Year's Day of 2010, Bro. Zeng An-guo and his wife of Hsinchu church, took the initiative to look for us. They arranged to go with us to the General Assembly (GA) in Taichung to have a look and buy some books. He also gave us his testimonies and notes on the truth that he had carefully compiled over the years. He did this to help us better understand the doctrines of the TJC. On the way there, I remember him repeatedly emphasizing that the trip was one God would especially bless.

The next day, January 2, my wife and I decided to go to the GA again. We wanted to attend Sabbath service in North Taichung church. After a chat with the brethren there, everyone encouraged us to go to the front of the chapel during the Sabbath afternoon service to pray and receive the laying on of hands. Indeed, it was a day specially blessed by God. Both of us felt a great moving of the Holy Spirit when we were praying at the front. My wife was deeply filled by the Holy Spirit; she spoke in tongues and wept. Her tears and her perspiration were a heavy downpour. I felt a force lifting me up and my hands shook vigorously. I felt that the Holy Spirit was filling me overwhelmingly. At the end of the prayer, the church announced that my wife, Bi-ying, had received the Holy Spirit. The believers there rejoiced with us.

That New Year's Day holiday was indeed an unforgettable milestone in our journey of faith. My wife finally received the Holy Spirit, the guarantee of eternal life. And my household had all received this prized gift of the Holy Spirit.

### MY ELDEST SISTER AND NIECE ENCOUNTER PRAYER IN TONGUES

That day, after we returned home, we recounted our experience at the GA and the incident of my wife receiving the Holy Spirit to my eldest sister and niece (they were members of another church). We invited them to pray with us. The experience of speaking in tongues was strong; they saw the table shook because of the prayer. Astounded, they too wanted to receive the Holy Spirit. I thus passed them the books that I had bought at the GA and the documents that Bro. An-guo had given to me, so that they could study them. Moreover, I also gave my niece, Jia-yi, some articles from the TJC website. I hoped that she would learn about the truth revealed by the Holy Spirit to the older generation of TJC believers. It is a precious truth. Subsequently, I introduced them to Hsinchu

church, where they then attended. Thank God, all of these happened right at the period of time when Jia-yi herself was seeking clear directions from the Lord.

### LEAVING MY FORMER CHURCH

In 2010, before the Chinese New Year, my family's desire to be baptized in the true church reached the ears of my pastor of my former church. I proceeded to explain and witness to him how God had bestowed his grace on us. Initially, he was unable to accept this; saying that the TJC was a cult. We discussed the issue regarding the Sabbath and "day of the Lord." The pastor brought up two passages regarding the "day of the Lord." However, like many other Christian denominations, I did not believe that the TJC is a cult. The two passages cited by the pastor did not fully prove that the Sabbath day should be changed to the Lord's Day; I could not agree with him. Because I knew that God and His word would not change from the beginning to the end. Throughout the Bible, God had never changed His word or commandments. Furthermore, I heard from my wife that the pastor did not allow us to continue serving in that church; I thought that was my intention. Thank the Lord! I could thus leave the church. But my wife and children remained there because they were still at a loss.

### MY NIECE ENTERS THE TJC

After I preached to my niece, I did not expect her to receive the Holy Spirit. But she did; and this reassured her that the TJC was preaching the correct faith. She courageously left her ministry as a deaconess in her former church. She preached the gospel of salvation and began to study the truth at the TJC. She was undeterred, despite the opposition from her former church and the pastor. I admired her courage and faith. I believe that it was God who gave her the faith, so that she was not afraid and had the courage to leave. She even brought her whole family to the TJC for service. Seeing God's amazing grace of election and salvation,

one can only stand in awe. I remember not long before that, the resident preacher of Hsinchu church, Pr. Chen Li-rong, wanted to visit my niece and her family. When she asked me for their phone number, she said, "God wants to save your household!" At that time, I did not dare to believe. Nonetheless, I really hoped for such a day, although I did not expect God to work so quickly.

### THE CHURCH NEXT DOOR CLOSED AND LEFT

As part of her pastoral care for us, Pr. Chen Li-rong made a special trip to my home in Hengshan to visit us. The church located next to my residence had been established by my third elder sister's husband and others. Coincidentally, that day was the district workers' meeting. My third sister was in my home, and thus happened to meet Pr. Chen and the others. She angrily scolded Pr. Chen, "We are already believers of the Lord! If you want to preach, go to places where there are unbelievers!" As such, she drove Pr. Chen out of the house. However, something miraculous happened—God worked! Shortly after the church next door inexplicably moved; only the signboard was hanging. It was all very unexpected; there must have been a reason. Later, I found out that my mother had continued to attend services at the church next door. It was impossible for her to focus on the TJC. Therefore, it was obvious that God had opened this path for the salvation of my mother.

### AN ELDER BELIEVES IN THE TRUE CHURCH

Mr. Li Bo-xuan, an elder of my former church, was a man whom I had known from young. He loved God and would enthusiastically offer to give foot massages to anyone. Everyone knew and respected him. Later, I came to know that he had contracted terminal cancer. The cancer cells had spread to the bones. As he had difficulty walking, he was often alone and lonely at home. When I heard this, I was worried for him. God moved me to visit him once a week, pray



for him, tell him the truth of the true church and give him church publications for him to read. The more he read, the more enthralled he was; he was deeply moved. He said that his faith in the past had been too conservative and were not complete. In the faith he had held all his life, he had failed to grasp the truth and Holy Spirit. He had ignored the gospel of salvation that God promised to give us. Therefore, filled with great hope and joy, he decided to follow me to Zhudong church to seek the truth and strive for the Holy Spirit.

### TEST FROM GOD! THE BATTLEGROUND: MY WIFE AND YOUNGER DAUGHTER

God's grace for me strengthened my belief that God wanted to lead my family to salvation. In order to solve the problem of my family's continuing servitude in our former church, I asked my wife to leave her ministry in that church after the Chinese New Year in 2010. As such, she could be baptized during the spring spiritual convocation and we could join the TJC together. However, my wife said that our former church was weak; there were truth-seeking families who needed assistance, and some evangelists and workers were about to leave resulting in a shortage of workers. The pastor needed help. Moreover, my younger daughter was at a rebellious stage of her life and was not willing to leave for a new environment. My wife said to me, "You have let everyone down by leaving this church. I cannot leave them in the lurch now." Thus, my wife and my daughter decided to continue serving in our former church. I decided to raise this issue only after they had fully clarified the controversial doctrines of the true church, such as the one true God, pneumatology, ecclesiology, soteriology, and so on.

I knew that apart from the Spirit of God, no one can know the things of God. I told my wife that it is impossible to use our limited human wisdom to understand God. In the process of pursuing the truth, we have learned that what we had received were teach-

ings which have been modified, impure and were not completely consistent with the Scriptures. We remained mired in a deception that we could not escape. Without the Holy Spirit's guidance, we would never understand the truth.

At last, my wife and younger daughter returned to our former church to help their pastor. Still aggrieved, this pastor changed the name of the organization from "XX Gospel Center" to "XX Church" to proclaim that they were also the true church. He even sent intercession requests to other churches informing them that I had joined a heretical church, and asked everyone to bring me back.

Later, various adverse messages were reflected by my wife, child and mother. After this incident, I began to conduct Bible studies at home to share with my family what I had learned about the truth from my personal research. My wife was afraid that I would be persecuted and harmed by everyone. Moreover, my wife said that my younger daughter's rebelliousness was a reflection of her deep insecurities. Also, we often debated till late in the night. Once, she blurted out, "Do not force me. If you want to go, you can go yourself. I cannot leave my daughter and my church work to accept the TJC and to be baptized. If you still insist, we may be forced to divorce!" At that time, I was really shocked

At this point, I began to fear; I remembered that someone had once warned me, "If you go to another church, your family will break apart and your marriage will be in danger." Indeed, my relationships with my wife and daughter had become strained. As a consequence, it was a depressing period for me. Never could I have imagined that my wife would be the greatest obstacle for our family to enter into the true church. From then on, I was worried and often could not sleep. All I could do to get through each day was to look to heaven and weep in secret.

### MY BAPTISM AND OFFERING MYSELF

One midday, while I was driving, and feeling sad and grieved. Suddenly, there was a voice from my heart, “Do not wait for your family, I want you to offer yourself alone. Do not look at others or wait for others, I want you to offer yourself alone. Are you willing?” With this question, my sorrow turned to joy. God had given me an epiphany and His words freed me. At that moment, my heart gushed the words of the Bible:

*“If anyone comes to Me and does not hate his father and mother, wife and children, brothers and sisters, yes, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple. And whoever does not bear his cross and come after Me cannot be My disciple.” (Lk 14:26–27)*

I knew that the Lord is omnipotent; He has been guiding and strengthening me all this while. So I replied the Lord, “I am willing!” I was determined to be baptized and was no longer downcast.

### I LET GO AND ENTRUST TO GOD, GOOD WORDS TO ENCOURAGE MY WIFE, CHANGE OF SITUATION

After that incident, I told my wife what the Lord had said to me and the subsequent peace I felt. I did not insist them to be baptized. I merely hoped that my family would understand that since God has loved all of us so much, bestowing the Holy Spirit on each of us, we should not let the Holy Spirit grieve. Instead, we ought to seize the opportunity to receive the true gospel and salvation.

I also said to my wife, “God has joined us together in marriage, let no man separate . . . I understand your good intentions for everyone, but you have let that come in the way of our marriage, induced stress on our daughters, and obstructed the true will of the Lord. Are your good intentions worthwhile?” I then testified the pain of my past failures; how God sent His angel to guide and save me when I was at rock bottom. And today, by God's mercy, He allowed me

to see a vision. Additionally, my family had received the Holy Spirit one by one; and the conversion of my eldest sister and niece, Jia-yi. I also shared the faith of Mr. Li Bo-xuan in wanting to be baptized, the mysterious relocation of the church next door, how God healed my mother and I, and so on. All these testimonies proved that these could not have been done by man; but these were done by God. We could not but believe, and we should not continue to tempt God and let the Holy Spirit grieve.

In this world, disasters are never-ending, life and death are not in our hands; so we ought to seize the opportunity. If we disregard such great grace from God, how can we be blameless? Consequently, if the Holy Spirit were to leave us, won't that be a great loss? Since we know that the teachings in the past were wrong, we should reject them. The true church preaches in accordance with the Bible. “What is not found in the Bible must not be practiced, and what is recorded in the Bible must be heeded.” Therefore, this gospel is very precious and very true. We must not listen to what others say, or what we hear on the Internet. Instead, we should go to where the biblical truth is; and it is only right to listen to God, not to man. This is because only the truth can give us true freedom.

### MY WIFE SUBMITS

When I no longer insisted on my way but instead cajoled my wife, finally she was willing to submit. She was willing to muster the faith and courage to take the first step. We believed that we could get over the crisis by relying on God. And we believed that our younger daughter would eventually follow her parents, for the Lord's sheep will hear His voice. My wife wrote a farewell letter to the pastor so that he would be mentally prepared. In addition, she informed him that she would be handing back the financial affairs portfolio and relinquishing her service in that church



by end of August. I believe that the pastor would not be able to understand why our faith in the TJC was so strong.

### OVERCOMING FAMILIAL PERSECUTION

In the second week of May 2010, during a family meal and gathering for Mother's Day, my family members knew that I wanted to be baptized into the TJC. Persecution began; my brother-in-law and elder sister gesticulated to embarrass me in front of the family at the restaurant. They said, "You have erred, you have offended our father. In the Lord's name, we curse that you will divorce." I was staggered. But God strengthened me, and consequently, I calmed down. In my heart, these words emerged, "Blessed are you when they revile and persecute you, and say all kinds of evil against you falsely for My sake. Rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for great is your reward in heaven, for so they persecuted the prophets who were before you." (Mt 5:11–12) I knew immediately that the verbal abuse came from the devil. Thus, I ignored their abuse; instead I was filled with peace. Because of this incident, the relationship between my wife and I was strengthened. After the TJC brethren found out about this incident, they prayed for us ceaselessly. I was even more determined to be baptized according to the Bible, no matter how difficult and narrow the way would be. I wanted to leave from falsehood, and return to the truth!

### MY FAMILY AND ELDER LI ARE BAPTIZED

Initially, I believed that I alone would receive baptism. But through God's marvelous work, Mr. Li Bo-xuan, my mother, my older daughter and my wife, who were miraculously moved by God, willingly accepted water baptism at the very last minute. This surprising turn of events evoked a joy in my heart that surpassed gaining the whole world. We were thus baptized on May 30, 2010, according to the teachings of the Bible, in the upper reaches of Touqian River.

### MY YOUNGER DAUGHTER IS TRANSFORMED

The whole family then prayed unceasingly in one accord for our younger daughter. On July 16, 2010, she attended the Student Spiritual Convocation at Chungli church. Through God's amazing work, she was no longer rebellious and willing to consider baptism. Finally, with the guidance and assistance of Zhudong church, she was baptized on October 24 during the Fall Spiritual Convocation. This last large source of worry was finally taken off my shoulders; this really made me very happy (Currently, she is the one who prays the most seriously and fervently in our family).

### BAPTISM OF MY ELDEST SISTER'S FAMILY

After a week, on October 31, through the unstinting guidance of Hsinchu church, my eldest sister, Wu Xing-zhi from Neiwan, my niece, Xu Jia-yi and her two children, Zheng Qian-rou and Zheng Zhi-heng, were baptized into the TJC. Never in my wildest dreams could I have imagined that such a day would come.

Reflecting on my whole journey of faith, I could see how God has been constantly working and showering abundant grace. The Holy Spirit was like a mighty wind! It was indeed amazing how we had been blown into the true church in a single gust. After entering the true church, my family sought to achieve higher spiritual ground. We returned to the truth according to the Scriptures and established faith with a more solid foundation. My heart is full of gratitude towards God and His election. With God, nothing is impossible; what He wants to do, no one can oppose.

### CONCLUSION: SOME THOUGHTS

1. I was originally serving in another church, and thought that the TJC was a cult. My view of the church changed transition period, ever of the TJC. During the period of transition, I had an epiphany.

If men do not encounter the truth, they will never know what is false.

2. If one diligently studies the teachings of the TJC, one will know that the church was not established by human will. Instead, the church is with the fullness of Him who fills all in all; is the pillar and ground of the truth. This is the church in which God poured down the Holy Spirit during the latter rain to establish and revive the spiritual and salvational apostolic church.
3. Faith must not be built on family or others, but on Christ. One must look unto the Lord Jesus, the teachings of the apostles and prophets, their examples and to practice these teachings. Only then can one be saved and receive grace.
4. Thank the Lord! He used miracles and wonders to save my household. We were once lost, but the Lord still led us into the true church. This process requires one to put aside oneself and totally offer oneself. Then one has to entrust and submit; and the Lord will make a way.
5. Thank the Lord! The most unique attributes of the TJC is the Holy Spirit and power of the truth. The Holy Spirit is a priceless treasure! Everyone in the church is a priest, the prayer in tongues is amazing, because the Holy Spirit uses groaning too deep for words to intercede for us. He speaks mysteries in our hearts, and prayers are no longer burdensome. The more one prays, the more joyful one becomes. The longer one prays, the more strength one receives. Sometimes one speaks incomprehensible tongues, at other times one sings beautiful spiritual songs; sometimes both hands clasp together and move in circles like the pillar of cloud and fire. One truly experiences a spiritual communion with the Lord, that the Lord and we are one. The Lord abides in me and I in Him. The interaction with God is a feeling so sweet that it is

beyond description. Only for those who have experienced it for themselves can truly understand what Jesus said in John 4:14, the precious truth that “whoever drinks of the water I shall give him will never thirst. But the water that I shall give him will become in him a fountain of water springing up into everlasting life.” How wonderful it is to come to the TJC!

In March 2011, I had a very severe toothache. None of the many doctors I consulted were able to help me. All of them told me that I had to undergo canal treatment or extract the molar. The pain was unbearable, but I prayed in the name of Jesus and endured for a few days. Surprisingly, my tooth was preserved; I regained what I was losing. Moreover, my younger daughter has been greatly changed by the Lord. She prays in tongues in the car on the way to school every day. She is also very diligent in her work. These have brought great comfort to us. Furthermore, after my wife and I were baptized, we joined the Asaph choir and led home Bible studies. I felt that I experienced what was recorded in Proverbs 31:10:

*“Who can find a virtuous wife/woman? For her worth is far above rubies.”*

In the spring spiritual convocation, a truth-seeking couple from another church whom we had been guiding, received the Holy Spirit and spoke in tongues. All these are evidence that the TJC is indeed the church filled with God—the truth, the Holy Spirit, the strength, the glory, the honor, and the power.

My testimony ends here. May all glory, honor and praise be given to God in heaven, the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. Amen. 🌿



# Leaving Falsehood and Believing in the Truth—When a Little Lama Met Jesus

Songshan Church, Taiwan

Sister Liang Xiao-wei



Hallelujah, in the holy name of the Lord Jesus, I bear testimony:

I am Liang Xiao-wei from the True Jesus Church (TJC), Songshan church. When I was a student, I was depressed as I had to retake my university entrance exam. By chance, I came to believe in Tantric Buddhism (the Red Sect). I did not like the religion, and I was full of doubts, “Why make Mudras?” “Why chant?” And how many cycles of reincarnation must humans go through to attain Nirvana, amongst other doubts. However, I thought to myself that if reciting the Manjushri Mantra and the six-syllabled Sanskrit mantra could help me pass my entrance exam, I might as well put effort into it. I even bought prayer beads in the hope that my faith in it would make it effective, allowing me to do well.

In 1991, my wish was fulfilled and I got into Danjiang University. By chance, a senior preached the gospel to me on the train, and brought me to Danshui church to seek the truth. She told me to ask the preacher as many questions as I want. Therefore, I really stood up

and asked the preacher continuously for an hour. I asked him questions concerning the existence of angels, devils and reincarnation, amongst others. The preacher patiently flipped the Bible to answer every question. Frankly speaking, although I understood some of the answers immediately, there were answers that I could not fully understand or could not understand at all.

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*“If You are true, please give me the Holy Spirit, and I will give up my previous religion for You!”*  
*Unexpectedly, the moment I finished saying this, I felt my two hands begin to shake gently.*

.....

Thereafter, my senior encouraged me to pray earnestly for the Holy Spirit, because the Spirit reveals all things. She told me of the benefits of receiving the Holy Spirit; one of them is the ability to understand the Bible, where the answers to most of life’s problems could be found. She also told me many

beautiful testimonies, which made me greatly desire for Holy Spirit. I thought: “How is it possible that such a good thing exists? And how could it be so easy, that just through prayer, one could receive the Holy Spirit for free?”

The mode of prayer was also not difficult. One simply needed to start saying “In the name of Jesus I pray,” followed by repeatedly saying “Hallelujah, praise the Lord.” The Holy Spirit is the Spirit of God, and having Him stay in our heart is like 7-Eleven—available 24 hours a day—because God does not sleep! Furthermore, this is the omniscient, omnipresent and omnipotent God who created all things! If I had the Holy Spirit, I would be able to pray to Him whenever and wherever; He would help me! I had to pray hard for this Holy Spirit!

On November 30, 1991, while I was praying for the Holy Spirit for the second time, I told the Lord Jesus in my heart, “Oh Lord, the brethren in church say that You are the true and living God, but I have already believed in Tantric Buddhism and I do not dare to become an apostate or else I may suffer retribution. If You are true, please give me the Holy Spirit, and I will give up my previous religion for You!” Unexpectedly, the moment I finished saying this, I felt my two hands begin to shake gently. To confirm this sensation, I immediately opened my eyes and indeed, my hands were moving by themselves!

Thus I hurriedly closed my eyes again to concentrate on praying. I told the Lord, “Oh Lord, I know this is the moving of the Holy Spirit! My senior told me that if my body moves, it is the moving of the Holy Spirit, and it means that I am close to receiving the Holy Spirit! Oh Lord, you know I am someone that loses motivation quickly. So please do not let me wait for the next time, but give me the Holy Spirit now, for I fear I may not come again.” Marvelously, at that moment my tongue moved up and down. I thought: “Have I received the

Holy Spirit?” At that moment, my senior seemed to be responding to me; suddenly she clapped her hands vigorously. Moreover, I was filled with the Holy Spirit, to the extent that even the kneeling cushion was emitting sound.

After the prayer, my senior told me, “Xiao-wei, you received the Holy Spirit!” I replied, “Is it? But the sound of my spiritual tongue seems to be different from yours.” She comforted me, “Although your spiritual tongue was not very smooth, like the sound of knocking a wooden fish, it should be the Holy Spirit; I will inform the preacher to help you verify!” Many elderly sisters and other brethren of Danshui church, one by one, congratulated me. Seeing their sincerity and joy, I too felt joyful as if I had won a prize. Later, the preacher verified that I had indeed received the Holy Spirit. Thank the Lord!

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*On the way back, seeing that he was in a good mood, I told my father of my intention to get baptized. At that time, he did not say a single word...*

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After attending services for half a year, my senior suggested me to receive baptism. At that time, I was greatly troubled by the matter of ancestor worship. I was afraid that after baptism, I could not worship my ancestors with incense and would be scolded by my parents for being unfilial. Even so my senior explained to me over the phone that the true ancestor we humans must worship is the Creator of all things, because he created the first man, Adam. We can at most worship our great-grandparents, so what happens to the other ancestors whom we cannot worship? Furthermore, when man dies, he does not return to the human world, nor does he eat or drink. Thus, true filial piety would be to worship the true God that created man. I thank God for His grace and the guidance of



the Holy Spirit; after listening to her explanation, my heart was opened and I resolved to be baptized.

At my home, my father was the head of the household and I respected him greatly. Baptism was a matter of great importance, hence I did not want to go for it first and then tell my parents later. Thus I prayed that God would give me wisdom to convince my parents, and pleaded for the Lord Jesus to open a way for me.

Thank the Lord! One day, the Lord gave me the opportunity to go out with my father to run some errands. On the way back, seeing that he was in a good mood, I told my father of my intention to be baptized. At that time, he did not say a single word and I did not know what to do. And just at that moment, God gave me the wisdom to tell my father, “Dad, you raised and taught me from young, do you think I will stop being filial after believing in Jesus?” After pondering for a while he said, “It’s up to you.” Hallelujah! Thank and praise the Lord for opening a way for me. Afterwards, I was duly baptized on 9 May 1992 in Danhai.

Throughout my four years in the university, I thank the preacher, ministers, brethren and especially my seniors in Danshui church, for their love and pastoring me with the teachings of the Bible. I admire their beautiful virtues and testimonies, and am inspired to emulate their zeal in serving the Lord; knowing that having received freely, I too must give freely. I also must strive to shine before others to glorify God in order to repay the Lord. I remember the preacher once exhorted the brethren, “The TJC is the only church of salvation! Because the true church preaches the complete gospel, and has the truth, Holy Spirit and miracles, signs and wonders!” He also explained to everyone, “To enter the kingdom of heaven, one must have ‘two tickets’, which are baptism (must be in living water!) and the Holy Spirit.”

I thank God for his protection and grace; in my 19 years of believing in the Lord, my life has been full

of peace and joy. If this faith is false, why should I lie to myself for 19 years? My father once told me that when people grew up, they would need to know how to be self-reliant and accountable. After I believed in the Lord, I kept thinking about the Buddhist concepts such as the king of Hades, reincarnation and the Broth of Oblivion. I realized that many aspects of these beliefs were illogical. I also realized that besides Christianity, almost no other religion tells us that the God we worship is our Father (Mt 6:9–13; Gal 4:6).

My own father often told us that his conscience towards us is clear, because he had raised us up and taught us. This made me think, “How has the true God, our loving Father, begot, raised and taught us?”

## 1. GOD BEGOT US

*“And the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life; and man became a living being.” (Gen 2:7)*

*“God, who made the world and everything in it, since He is Lord of heaven and earth, does not dwell in temples made with hands. Nor is He worshiped with men’s hands, as though He needed anything, since He gives to all life, breath, and all things. And He has made from one blood every nation of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, and has determined their preappointed times and the boundaries of their dwellings, so that they should seek the Lord, in the hope that they might grope for Him and find Him, though He is not far from each one of us; for in Him we live and move and have our being, as also some of your own poets have said, ‘For we are also His offspring.’” (Acts 17:24–28)*

## 2. GOD RAISED US

Genesis 1:1 clearly records:

*“In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth.”*

Our loving heavenly Father spent six days creating all things before finally creating the first man, Adam, just like our loving parents who always prepared everything that their child needs before the child is born.

### 3. GOD TAUGHT US

Based on my personal understanding, God teaches us through the Bible and Holy Spirit. Why do I say this?

1. “All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness, that the man of God may be complete, thoroughly equipped for every good work.” (2 Tim 3:16–17); “you have known the Holy Scriptures, which are able to make you wise for salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus.” (2 Tim 3:15) Therefore, the Bible is like a letter to the family, given to us by our heavenly Father, and is extremely precious.
2. “And I will pray the Father, and He will give you another Helper, that He may abide with you forever—the Spirit of truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it neither sees Him nor knows Him; but you know Him, for He dwells with you and will be in you ... He will teach you all things, and bring to your remembrance all things that I said to you. (Jn 14:16–17, 26b); “However, when He, the Spirit of truth, has come, He will guide you into all truth.” (Jn 16:13a); “In Him you also trusted, after you heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation; in whom also, having believed, you were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise, who is the guarantee of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession, to the praise of His glory.” (Eph 1:13–14)

The Lord Jesus Christ whom we believe in is full of love, righteousness and mercy; He is the God of all creation—an omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent God; the God who hears our prayers; the God who

rules over our lives; besides Him, there is no means of salvation.

In our journey of life, we all hope that high-caliber people can help us; the more, the better. Right? It is best that he is doctor with authority, capable person, famous professor ... However, if this high-caliber is our own “father,” wouldn't be even better? I have found such a Person, and I only need Him, the great Sympathizer—the Lord Jesus. As it is written in Psalms 31:15a, “My times are in your hand” and in Psalms 16:2b, “My goodness is nothing apart from You.” So why do we still tarry? Get to know Jesus quickly! He is eager to be our heavenly Father to give us blessings.

*“Now acquaint yourself with Him, and be at peace; thereby good will come to you.” (Job 22:21)*

*“In the fear of the Lord there is strong confidence, and His children will have a place of refuge.” (Prov 14:26)*

In my family, I am the first generation believer and I will make Jesus my heirloom to pass down the faith from generation to generation. I also hope that everyone can have this treasure to pass it down to the family, to be blessed by God in this life, and enjoy eternal life in the future. May all honor, glory and praise be given to God, and may peace, joy and hope be with all who trust in the Lord. Amen! 🌿



# God's Way is the Best Way

Adam Road Church, Singapore

Brother Teo Jinq-hong



## RECEIVING GOD INTO MY LIFE

Hallelujah, in the name of the Lord Jesus, I testify.

In 1990, I was born into a family in Sabah (East Malaysia) that worshiped ancestors. In 2006, while I was in high school, a schoolmate invited me to his charismatic church for an Alpha Course, which is a series of introductory sessions on Christianity. After several weeks of listening to the message, I wanted to become a Christian because I was attracted to the message of love that this religion preached. However, there were so many different sets of teachings out there... I felt that a church should follow what the Bible says, so I decided to read the Bible from cover to cover before choosing a church to attend.

Later, in November 2006, my parents suggested that I go to church with my relatives, who happen to be members of the True Jesus Church (TJC). Initially, I was shocked by the mode of prayer, but after some time I got used to it. And I even went before the pulpit during Friday evening services to pray for the Holy Spirit. I also learned that the truth is only found in the

TJC, so I decided to attend only this church. During a prayer session at the Spring Spiritual Convocation in 2008, I was praying earnestly for the fullness of the Holy Spirit. Suddenly, my body began to vibrate. I felt as if someone was pushing me. Moreover, the movement was very rhythmic and I would never be off-balance. I was moved by the Holy Spirit. However, I had yet to receive the Holy Spirit because I did not speak in tongues.

In August 2008, I moved to Singapore to further my studies. Not too long after that, I really wanted to be baptized because I was gradually more aware of the fact that God loves me and was waiting for me to accept the grace of His salvation. I wanted to be baptized in November that year, but my father disagreed, because he wanted me to wait until I was 21 years old.

One night in January 2009, I felt that my tongue was rolling during my evening prayer. I immediately knew that I had received the Holy Spirit and felt very thankful to God. A few nights later, I had a dream whereby I saw a tall and bright man. I could not see His face,

but I intuitively knew that it was the Lord. He then stretched out His hands to hug me. Suddenly, I felt that my whole body was very warm.

Through these incidents, I knew with certainty that God loves me. I asked my cousin to discuss with my father about my baptism. But once again, my father wanted me to postpone it. Despite this, I felt that I could no longer delay; and I was baptized in May 2009 in Singapore. My mother specially came to Singapore to witness my baptism. She also told me to evangelize to my father, siblings and relatives. When I asked her, "How about you?" she merely replied, "Don't mind me."

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*That day, I realized that God is truly my refuge and strength; He is the One whom I can rely upon at all times. For this reason, I learned to endure all sufferings with a joyful heart.*

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### LEARNING TO TRUST AND RELY ON GOD

By God's grace, I joined the church choir in September 2009. In December 2009, the church in Singapore held an evangelical service, during which the choir was scheduled to present a few hymns. Before the presentation that night, I accidentally choked on a fish bone during dinner. I prayed and then tried to remove the bone myself, but it was unsuccessful. I didn't want to see a doctor because if I was worried that I might not make it back to church on time to sing. I told the brothers seated on the same table; and one of them suggested that everyone at that table pray together in silence. After our prayer, I struggled for several minutes because the bone seemed to have disappeared. Yet, when I doubted, it came back again. Finally, I told myself to submit to God in faith. After that, the fish bone just disappeared. Although this incident may

seem like a trivial matter, it taught me to have faith in God.

Between January and April 2010, I had various illnesses. First, I had bouts of sore throat which continued for two to three months. After consulting the doctor, I was given an antibiotic, Amoxicillin. Initially, that medication was very helpful, but later on I realized that I was allergic to it; causing rashes to spread over my whole body. I then had to take antihistamines as well. Between the bouts of sore pain, my wisdom tooth resulted in loss of voice, I caught the flu and I suffered gum pain. Strangely, all these pains came one by one, never occurring at the same time. I did not have a sore throat when I lost my voice, and I caught the flu only after I regained my voice. Finally, after all these things, I had my wisdom tooth extracted.

During this period, even the brothers around me felt that I have committed sins. One day, a brother asked me, "What have you done? You seem to have a lot of troubles." I didn't know the answer too. I began to think that God was chastising me; I thanked God for that although I did not know sins I have committed.

One day, I could no longer bear the emotional burden of my constant illnesses, so I prayed to God in tears. After that prayer, I casually flipped open my Bible and stopped at Psalm 73. The following verse was particularly comforting:

*"My flesh and my heart fail; but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever." (Ps 73:26)*

I told myself that God was surely able to remove my sufferings, since He had removed the fish bone the previous year. At the same time, however, I felt that God wanted me to learn how to endure pain and receive strength from Him while suffering. That day, I realized that God is truly my refuge and strength; He is the One whom I can rely upon at all times. For this reason, I learned to endure all sufferings with a joyful heart.



## GRACE AND COMFORT IN TRIALS

In June 2010, I went back to Sabah to rest. When I first arrived, I asked God in my daily prayers to allow me to rest well, but whenever I requested this, my spiritual tongue would not be fluent. As such, I asked God,

“What is the purpose of my return?” After pondering this question for a while, I remembered that I needed to preach to my family, though I had been praying daily for their salvation. I chose to begin preaching to my mother; telling her the differences between various religions and denominations, as she seemed particularly interested in that topic. However, after some time, I realized that her heart was still hardened towards the truth because she kept asking me the same questions without really listening to or accepting my answers. Therefore, I stopped evangelizing; instead I chose to continue praying for my whole family’s salvation.

During that period, I happened to see in the mirror a lump—the size of a table tennis ball—on my neck. I did a biopsy; the report indicated it as a benign tumor. Nevertheless, my family decided to have it removed anyway. When this decision was made, I asked God if I could avoid surgery. At the same time, I asked God to do whatever was necessary.

On August 4, 2010, I had the first of two surgeries, both were performed in Singapore. Two weeks later, my mother and I went for a follow-up with the surgeon. I felt happy that day, thinking that God had prepared me to endure a surgery, and that the suffering was over. Unexpectedly, however, the surgeon told us that I had papillary thyroid carcinoma—a thyroid cancer. We were extremely downcast, especially my mom, who could not even speak properly upon hearing the news. It was because of this that she started to learn how to pray. Miraculously, after a few days of prayer, my mother and I felt comforted. Two weeks later, my mother was moved by the Holy Spirit and started to

move in prayers. In less than two weeks, she started to pray in tongues.

As for myself, I was dumbstruck when I first found out that I had cancer. I had seen acquaintances suffering from cancer at this age, but when it happened to me, I had a hard time accepting it. When a local preacher knew of my condition, he encouraged me with Romans 8:28: “And we know that all things work together for good to those who love God, to those who are the called according to His purpose.” I put this verse in my heart, hoping for something good to come out of my illness. When my mother received the Holy Spirit, I believed that all my sufferings were for that purpose, and that I would be healed once God’s will had been fulfilled.

On September 29, 2010, I underwent the second surgery to remove the remaining thyroid. Prior to that, I still asked God if I could do without surgery, but I also asked for His will to be done. The surgery was successful, but was followed by many complications in the following two months. First of all, I had unusually high blood pressure after the surgery and had to be put in a high-dependency ward for one night. After two more nights of hospital stay, I was discharged.

After several days, I was readmitted for a serious wound infection, which required intravenous administration of antibiotics. The doctor had wanted to use Amoxicillin for this purpose, but I told him that I was allergic to it, so he used a different antibiotic instead. During this period of time, I also lost my voice. When I was discharged after two days, I had to carry a machine with me to remove excess pus in my body for almost two weeks. During this period, I also had to frequently visit the hospital for wound management because the wound had reopened and could not be stitched.

When the wound finally healed, the doctor saw another small growth in my nasal cavity, so he used the

forceps to pluck it out and sent it for biopsy. Thank God, the biopsy showed the growth was not malignant, but due to the manner in which the growth had been removed, I bled profusely that night and was readmitted again. In November 2010, I was hospitalized for the last time, as I had to be isolated for several days for a dose of radioactive iodine treatment.

Thank God, I generally felt peaceful throughout my illness. However, sometimes I wondered if I would really survive the ordeal and be given more time to further prepare myself for heaven, as I didn't feel ready to meet the Lord. One day, these doubts and fears became so strong that I almost had a breakdown. I happened to look at a handmade card given to me by some brethren; one of the verses for encouragement read, "A bruised reed He will not break ..." (Isa 42:3a) Thank God, those words gave me comfort and hope. Truly, the slightest bit of concern means a lot to the weak and sick. Hymns, cards, a simple gift or even a short text message can go a long way in encouraging someone to keep believing in God's power.

### GOD'S WAY IS THE BEST WAY

Throughout almost the entire duration of my treatment, my mother stayed with me in Singapore to take care of me. Whenever I wasn't hospitalized, I would take her to church for service to study the Bible. My mother used to tell me not to be too engrossed in religion. But when I was first diagnosed with a benign tumor, she started to believe in God's power to protect me because I was a Christian. Thereafter, when she found out that I had cancer, she proactively asked me how she should pray to God; she said that she would pray for me. Once she started to pray, she felt a sense of peace in her heart and truly began to believe that God exists. Finally, she was touched by God's love when she received the Holy Spirit. Thank God, my mother was baptized just before my last admittance to the hospital in November 2010.

In early 2011, I resumed my studies in Singapore. A friend told me that he had already seen a lump in my neck around March or April 2010. Initially I thought, "Why didn't you tell me earlier?" but later on, I understood that God's time had not yet come. If I had discovered my illness at that time, I would not have been prepared to accept it, so God didn't let me know until I was ready. This was indeed part of God's plan.

In July 2011, I went for another checkup. The results showed that all cancer cells had been eliminated. I now only have to consistently take medication and have periodic checkups.

I truly thank God for guiding and preparing me for these trials. First, He allowed me to understand that all things are possible with Him. Then, He taught me how to endure pain, preparing me for the increasing pain and suffering. He also allowed me to know what I am allergic to, so as to reduce my post-surgery suffering. Most importantly, He brought my mother into His fold.

In conclusion, all the sufferings that I had experienced have shown me that God's way is the best way. Though things may not look easy or desirable at first sight, all things will turn out well if we submit to God and let Him decide what is best for us. He will comfort and guide us throughout the process, and allow us to witness His beautiful will unfold through our sufferings.

May all glory be given unto the Lord. 🌿



# Grace upon Grace

## Telok Kurau Church, Singapore

Brother Tay Hian-siak



*This testimony is based on the one given by the late Bro. Tay Hian-siak in April 2007. Uncle Tay, as he was as he was endearingly known, was born on October 16, 1925 and was baptized on December 17, 2000 in the offing of Marine Parade in Singapore. On January 6, 2006, Uncle Tay was diagnosed with terminal lung cancer.*

*In this testimony (delivered by his son, Tay Teck-kiang, as Uncle Tay's voice box had been removed), Uncle Tay recounts his conversion and the grace he received. Although his physical time on earth was running out, he had faced his illness bravely and fought a good spiritual fight. Although cancer had taken away his voice, he wanted to speak straight from his heart. In Uncle Tay's words, he wanted to "share with everyone some of [his] miraculous experiences after coming to the True Jesus Church (TJC)."*

### ENTERING THE FOLD

I joined the church at the age of 75. Actually, I had long wanted to be a Christian but often dropped the

idea because of the Ten Commandments. Whenever I thought of the words, "Thou shall not do this and that..." I remembered that I had done this and that before, and I felt I was still going to do this and that! I had broken so many commandments; I did not even dare to go to church.

However, after I retired at the age of 70, I gave serious thought to going to church. I had wasted so many years and time was running out for me. I decided to visit my son's church to have a look. Not long after I made that resolution, my son actually invited me to attend a special service at the TJC in Adam Road. This was in June 1999.

I continued to attend services after that, as I enjoyed the singing and found the people very friendly. In addition, the air-conditioned chapel was nice and cool! After about a year and a half, I was baptized along with my friend, Eddie, who had been regularly attending services with me.

## RECEIVING THE HOLY SPIRIT

For a period of time after I had started attending services but had not yet received baptism, I could hardly concentrate in prayer. Whenever I closed my eyes to pray, all sorts of images flashed through my mind and distracted me. Doubts assailed me as I wondered if there really was such a thing as the Holy Spirit.

So many members were praying in tongues, but it seemed impossible for me to receive the Holy Spirit. I wanted to be in the midst of the flock, but I felt like a lost sheep because I still did not have the Holy Spirit.

I started wondering whether my failure to receive the Holy Spirit was because I neither knew the right way to pray nor the right words to say. One day, a deacon said, “If you do not know how to pray, just say, ‘Hallelujah’. And your prayers will be answered.”

I was happy and surprised to hear that. How did the deacon know that I had been looking for an answer to this question? From then on, I just said “Hallelujah” during my prayers, and I was no longer distracted by images in my mind.

After baptism, I resolved to change and avoid sin. I knew that receiving the Holy Spirit would help me, but I had not received it even after praying for it for over one year prior to baptism.

Two days after my baptism, during prayer at the Tuesday evening service, I suddenly began to speak in tongues. I was trying to say, “May God help me,” but before I could finish saying the words, I could not control my tongue anymore.

Tears of joy filled my eyes as warmth flowed from my head to my shoulders. I was ecstatic; I knew I had received the Holy Spirit. It was a wonderful feeling that I had never experienced before. I was so happy that I could not sleep the entire night!

Despite my joy and excitement, I was not entirely confident that I had received the Holy Spirit. When my wife was not at home, I decided to try and see if I could still pray in tongues. When I knelt down and prayed, speaking in tongues came easily. I needed no further proof that I had indeed received the Holy Spirit.

## RENEWED AND STRENGTHENED

Receiving the Holy Spirit changed my life. I used to be a very critical person, but I gained the strength to change this characteristic. I used to gamble, sometimes staying up until midnight. I also attended dinners organized by idol-worshippers to commemorate the Chinese Ghost Festival. However, with the help of the Holy Spirit, I stopped gambling and attending such gatherings during pagan holidays.

I was amazed that I was able to cut myself off so abruptly and absolutely. I faced a lot of criticism from my friends due to my decisions. Losing some of these old friends saddened me, but God provided a few hundred new friends—my brothers and sisters in Christ.

In June 2004, I was diagnosed with throat cancer. The recommended treatment for me was a major eight-hour long surgery; followed by 30 radiation therapy sessions. Surgery comprised removing my voice box and opening a small hole in my throat for breathing.

I was shocked and worried after learning of my diagnosis and treatment. For a few nights after I received the news, I laid wide awake thinking about this. During one sleepless night, it suddenly occurred to me that I should just pray to God and let nature take its course. After all, there was no alternative.

I prayed day and night; subsequently, I was able to sleep more peacefully. Moreover, I was able to accept what was happening to me. After all, good things



must come to an end, and we have to live with “the days of darkness.” (Eccl 11:8)

On the day of my surgery, I was worried and anxious. The idea of reciting Psalm 23 came to me; although it was something that I had only seen in a movie, I decided to try to calm myself this way. I repeated Psalm 23 over and over until I was anesthetized.

When I woke up, I was delighted to find out that the surgery had gone well. I immediately prayed and thanked God for His mercy. I also had a wonderful feeling that my faith in God had grown much stronger. After two weeks of recovery, I was discharged from the hospital.

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*As it turned out, I really had no problems taking my meals. My doctor was extremely surprised that I was fine and did not experience severe side effects from radiation.*

.....

It was then time to start my radiation therapy. I thought it would be a breeze, but the doctor warned me that I might lose my appetite or develop a bad sore throat. Hearing this did not worry me because I knew that all I had to do was to pray hard to God with all my heart.

As it turned out, I really had no problems taking my meals. My doctor was extremely surprised that I was fine and did not experience severe side effects from radiation. I thank God for hearing my prayers and for allowing me to complete six weeks of radiation therapy with only some mild side-effects.

After completing treatment, I rested at home for four months before I started attending church services again. I wept during the first few prayers because I could no longer pray out loud in tongues. I also

missed singing hymns with the rest of the members, which I had enjoyed very much. Still, I was very thankful for the mercy of God.

I resumed a normal and active life after completing my radiation therapy; and I only needed monthly check-ups. I continued to play table tennis at church every Thursday, and went out like any other healthy person. I spent the year 2005 much like I had before my cancer diagnosis, but with an increased awareness of God’s love and mercy, and a more mature faith.

### STEADFAST THROUGH TRIALS

In January 2006, I was told that the cancer cells had spread to my lungs. Although I was prepared for this possibility, I did not expect it to happen so quickly. For the next three months, the oncologist gave me oral chemotherapy medication—Xeloda. However, as the medicine was ineffective, he told me that I would have to undergo intravenous chemotherapy.

To make matters worse, a cataract was affecting my eyesight. Therefore, on May 8, 2006, I underwent eye surgery at the Mount Elizabeth Hospital prior to commencing chemotherapy treatment. During the surgery, a blood vessel in my eye burst, which resulted in a blood clot that affected my eyesight. The surgeon said it would take at least six months for my eye to recover completely.

Amazingly, when I went back to see him two weeks later, he told me that my eye had completely healed. He, a non-Christian, said, “Your God must have heard your prayers!”

My intravenous chemotherapy treatment started on May 15. Each session involved a blood test followed by one-and-a-half hours of chemotherapy injection. I was scheduled to undergo 18 chemotherapy sessions, but after the 15<sup>th</sup> session, the oncologist stopped the treatment because it was causing my legs to swell.

In November, the doctor told me that the cancer cells had grown and asked me to start on another chemotherapy cycle with a different drug. This time, I was really sad and worried, thinking about the pain and additional side-effects.

I could not sleep because I kept wondering whether I should proceed with the treatment, so I asked God to have mercy on me. At that moment, I recalled what a preacher had once said me, “Uncle, you don’t have to worry, for God is in you. He will decide for you. You just do what you have to do.” Suddenly, my heart felt a lot more relieved.

Reassured by this thought, I decided to start on the new chemotherapy. However, the CT scan taken after three sessions of chemotherapy showed that the drug was ineffective, so the treatment was discontinued. The oncologist told me that there was nothing more that could be done. The only solution left was to pray for the cancer cells to spread slowly.

During this period of sickness, there were many times when I asked God why He put me through such sufferings. But throughout all of this, I have learned to have more faith in God and to trust in Him. And by doing so, it seems that my fears and pains have become increasingly easy to bear.

While I used to wonder if I was really good enough to go to heaven, I now often look forward to going to heaven. I have lived a good life, and I am ready to face death.

I would like to encourage those who are in sickness to have more faith in God and let Him decide for you. Read 1 Peter 4:15–16 and you will find it easier to overcome the sadness and pain in you.

May God bless you and lead you to find the true God.

*Postscript:* Although he was confined to bed in the last three months of his life, Uncle Tay experienced no pain and rested peacefully in the Lord on August 26, 2008. 🌿



# Seeking the Spirit, Finding the Truth

## Vancouver Church, Canada

Brother Ryan Wong



In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I testify.

My journey to find the truth has been a true blessing from God. It is only when I look back and truly reflect that I realize and understand His blessings, and the lessons that came along with my journey. As a child growing up, my family and I all led fairly typical lives. My parents worked during the weekdays, we had family time together on the weekends and we attended church services on Sundays. Sunday school was a weekly occurrence for me at our Baptist Church. For the most part, I thought my life was a normal one as a child and I did not have too much to worry about.

Then at the age of 10 years old, my life changed in several ways. Perhaps the biggest change was my family. My parents had divorced and I was now adjusting to a new way of life. Along with this change was one of great impact to my teenage years and my spiritual life: I no longer attended church services now that my parents were divorced. My parents were the ones who took me to church every Sunday. Throughout my teenage years, I believed that there was a God,

but I was not a faithful Christian. As I got older, I came to believe that as long as I could go to sleep in peace every night and that I had a good heart, I would not need a higher power for guidance, compassion or forgiveness. I carried on with my life thinking I was satisfied inside.

My first encounters with the True Jesus Church (TJC) were fairly casual. My longtime friend, Bro. Anson, had always gently attempted to preach the gospel to me. He would invite me to attend evangelical services; letting me know that he would be singing in the choir. I wanted him to know that I respected his beliefs, so I attended to show my support. The first few times I attended evangelical services, I noticed a few differences compared to my former church. First and foremost, when it came to prayer time, the room was filled with loud voices of prayer which I could not understand. Bro. Anson kindly explained to me that the TJC has the Holy Spirit and referred me to a passage in the Holy Bible. In Acts 2:1–4 (NIV), it explains:

I planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase. (*1 Corinthians 3:6*)

*“When the day of Pentecost came, they were all together in one place. Suddenly a sound like the blowing of a violent wind came from heaven and filled the whole house where they were sitting. They saw what seemed to be tongues of fire that separated and came to rest on each of them. All of them were filled with the Holy Spirit and began to speak in other tongues as the Spirit enabled them.”*

Bro. Anson invited me to join with them in prayer, but I was still trying to understand why people around me were speaking in tongues. I chose not to join as I didn't know where to start or did not think I would be able to pray in tongues. I just sat there for the next 10 minutes or so; watching and listening to the voices of prayer and never attempted to pray for the Holy Spirit.

A couple of years later, Bro. Anson and I took a trip to California for a vacation. During that trip, I attended one service with Bro. Anson. At the end of the service, I was invited to join in with the prayer to receive the Holy Spirit, but again I did not feel I knew why I needed to ask for the Holy Spirit. My first encounters with the TJC were confusing in the sense that I didn't understand why I needed to receive the Holy Spirit, or why I even needed God in my life.

It was not until about two years ago, after a discussion with another friend from the TJC that I asked myself if there was more to life than just being a good person. Or if being able to go to sleep in peace at night was good enough. I did not know what my purpose in life was. The more I thought about this, the more I questioned the integrity of my own belief system. Did I really need God in my life? It was only after having discussed my belief system and moral integrity, that I attended a gospel tea fellowship. I decided to give myself the opportunity to experience God for myself and seek greater truths about this world that we live

in today. I attended the gospel tea fellowship in the basement of the church; afterwards, we headed upstairs to the chapel for prayer. I was hesitant to go upstairs to join in prayer, but the difference this time was that I wanted to experience God for myself. I wanted to understand what the Holy Spirit could do for me, and what it would feel like if I did receive it.

In John 7:37–39 (NIV), it says:

*“On the last and greatest day of the feast, Jesus stood and said in a loud voice, if anyone is thirsty, let him come to me and drink. Whoever believes in me, as the Scripture has said, streams of living water will flow from within him. (By this He meant the Spirit whom those who believed in him were later to receive. Up to that time the Spirit had not been given since Jesus had not yet been glorified.)”*

I started to pray in the chapel; at first I did not know what to expect. I shouted “Hallelujah!” several times but nothing happened. I didn't feel anything, nor did I start to speak in tongues. I even peeked to see what was going on around me. My heart was clearly not prepared to ask for the Holy Spirit. The following week, I attended a Friday evening service. I told myself I needed to let God fill my heart and if it was His will, I would receive the Holy Spirit this time. My prayer was more focused and I prayed earnestly from my heart. I felt a spiritual connection this time, but perhaps the most compelling experience was that I felt great warmth within my body attempting to burst out. After this prayer, I knew there was something special working inside of me.

There was a week of evangelical services the following week, and I attended all four nights of service. But on the very first night, August 13, 2008, I prayed earnestly and I asked God to give me the Holy Spirit. During this prayer, I felt extremely warm inside. It felt like a surge of warm water flowing through my body and filling



every part of me. I only realized this after the prayer when I sat down again. The announcements were made and suddenly I heard my name announced as someone who had received the Holy Spirit. I did not even realize that it was indeed the precious Holy Spirit that had come upon me. I just knew that I felt joyful and that the warmth in my body still lingered. I knew from that point that I had truly experienced a part of God which was extremely precious; I felt extremely humbled that God had given me the Holy Spirit. I told myself that I must treasure the Spirit and allow Him to work within me.

Over the next year, I continued to pray earnestly and asked God for guidance in seeking the truth. The Spirit of truth was already with me, but now I focused on seeking to understand His whole plan of salvation for us. The more I studied the truth, the more I felt the desire to get baptized into the Lord Jesus. I realized that it was imperative that I understood His plan and be included in His plan of salvation. So, on August 23, 2009, I was baptized in His name.

My experience with baptism was extremely humbling. For God to forgive me of all my sins, and to show me humility through the sacrament of footwashing, made me realize that I had found the answer to my questions from two years ago. I now can say that going to sleep every night in peace or having a good heart was not enough in life. For eternal life, I needed to embrace God's plan of salvation.

Today, reflecting back on my journey, I truly count all my blessings. Perhaps I am most thankful for the Holy Spirit and the guidance that He has provided me with. I have realized the power of prayer and of accepting God's will. In Mark 11:24 (NIV), it says:

*“Therefore I tell you, whatever you ask for in prayer, believe that you have received it, and it will be yours.”*

My previous job required me to work from Tuesday to Saturday which meant I was not able to observe Sabbath on Saturdays. I knew that observing Sabbath was extremely important, so I prayed for a new job which would allow me to observe the Sabbath every week. I searched for a new job both internally within my company and externally with other companies. By God's grace, after praying for about a year and a half, I found a new job with the same company. So, now I could observe the Holy Sabbath every week. It is a true blessing to receive a job offer within my current company, which meant I was able to keep all my years of continuous service and associated benefits. What's more is the new job was a promotion as well. This is one of the many blessings which I count when I reflect back on my journey of faith. I continue to satisfy my spiritual thirst with His words through prayer and reading the Bible.

May all the glory be to our heavenly Father! Amen! 🌿



# Seeking for the Ark that Saves

## Christchurch Church, New Zealand

Sister Lai Shu-hsien



Hallelujah, in the holy name of our Lord Jesus, I testify.

My name is Lai Shu-hsien; and my hometown is in Yulanlin, Taiwan. I was raised in a reverent Presbyterian family. Shortly after my marriage, my husband and I went to a local “Holiness Church” for over 10 years. Although we had heard of the “True Jesus Church” before, we did not have a good impression of the church and had never thought of getting to know it on a deeper level.

Thank the Lord for His guidance! In 1990, we immigrated to Christchurch, New Zealand. In order to preserve religious education for our three children, we attended a local Chinese Christian Church (CCC) and zealously participated in church activities.

Not long after that, we heard that our good friend, Mrs. Chu (Sis. Ye Mei-feng), had been truth-seeking at the True Jesus Church (TJC). Despite the criticism of pastors from other churches that the TJC is here-

sy, I developed this curiosity and wanted to know more. At the same time, I also wanted to ‘save’ Mrs. Chu’s faith. Thanks to the Lord’s wonderful grace; He opened the eyes of my heart! From the first time I attended service at the TJC, I was deeply drawn to the sermons. In every sermon, the speaker read and studied many Bible verses. And I felt that the teachings of the TJC were in accordance with the Bible. From this, I believe that the gospel of the TJC are based upon the original truth as preached by the apostles. At the same time, I pondered why I had never come across these Bible passages before, having been a Christian for over 10 years.

Therefore, I started borrowing recordings of sermons from the church to listen at home. Every evening, I would play these recordings and share with my family during dinner time. However, at that time, I was troubled because my eldest daughter, Christina, could not accept the TJC. She insisted on going to the local CCC. Moreover, it was quite difficult for me to part



with the friends at the local CCC. For these reasons, I went to the TJC on Sabbath days, and then sent my children to the local CCC on Sundays.

For the sake of knowing God's will, I prayed to God and asked Him to choose a church for me and to grant me the wisdom to clearly know which church is pleasing to Him. I prayed in this manner for seven months. During this period, Christina was moved by the Holy Spirit and started attending the TJC Junior Youth class sessions. She seriously pursued to study the truth. God even allowed her to see a vision—a glorious light and the cross, which solidified her faith. After praying for seven months, I unexpectedly had an unpleasant conflict with leaders of the CCC. Despite the fact that I was not at fault in this conflict, I was grieved to the point of tears with much sorrow.

At this moment, I remembered the prayer I had made to God. Thank God for listening to my prayer! He clearly indicated the path that I should take. Since then, my children and I only attended the TJC; and no longer went to other churches.

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*As the plane was about to take off, she noticed that the seatbelt of the believers who had the Holy Spirit was fastened. Nevertheless, the believers who did not have the Holy Spirit could not fasten the seatbelt.*

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After truth-seeking for a year, we decided to receive water baptism. My children were delighted about this decision; nevertheless, God tested our faith. Two days before the baptism, Christchurch had a heavy snowfall—the region's worst in 14 years. The roads were closed for a day. The members asked us whether we were still willing to be baptized in such a harsh climate. However, since the visiting preacher's time in Christchurch was limited, we had wished to quickly

receive baptism to wash away our sins. Therefore, we relied on the Lord to strengthen our faith. We were thus baptized on a stormy winter day in waters almost approaching zero degrees Celsius. I give thanks to the Lord's redemption! I also thank the preacher's love!

On August 29, 1992, my three children and I finally became God's children. After the baptism, my two daughters received the Holy Spirit during the prayer session. I truly thank the Lord! Additionally, my youngest son, Daniel, who had an emaciated body, would catch a cold and cough when exposed to the slightest cold. But because of God's blessings, he was not only safe and sound in the icy cold water, but his health gradually improved. God's grace is indeed abundant!

At the moment, my husband is truth-seeking. May God guide and move him to return to the truth soon!

On the night of March 3, 1993, my second daughter, Ruby, had a dream. In the dream, she saw that my three children and I about to board a plane to New Zealand; we always fly with Singapore Airlines. However, this time it changed into a cargo plane with a lackluster appearance. The cabin was a square-shaped box which was entirely red, and all the Christchurch believers of the true church were seated inside.

As the plane was about to take off, she noticed that the seatbelt of the believers who had the Holy Spirit was fastened. Nevertheless, the believers who did not have the Holy Spirit could not fasten the seatbelt. She wanted to swap seats with her younger brother but she could not unfasten the seatbelt. Then, Ruby became very anxious and woke up afterwards.

I asked her why she had this dream. She said that she felt her faith was weak; therefore, she asked God to strengthen her faith. So on that same night, she had this dream.

Thank the Lord! Through this dream, we were comforted. The TJC is truly the ark of the end times. Although our church does not have an alluring outward appearance, the power of the blood of the Lord Jesus is filled in its midst. This is also an encouragement for us to strengthen our prayers and to pray for the Holy Spirit.

I share this grace of our Lord with all my fellow brethren. May all glory be given to our God in heaven! Amen. 🌿

*(Extracted from the Holy Spirit Monthly)*



# The Miraculous Guidance of God

## Cardiff House of Prayer, United Kingdom

Brother He Chun-sheng



*“Then Jacob made a vow, saying, ‘If God will be with me, and keep me in this way that I am going, and give me bread to eat and clothing to put on, so that I come back to my father’s house in peace, then the Lord shall be my God.’” (Gen 28:20–21)*

I was born into a mainstream Christian family in China. I finished school in the latter half of 2001, a peak period when many Fujian people went abroad to work. At that time, a month’s income abroad was equivalent to a year’s salary of the average office worker in China. This income disparity attracted me to become part of that trend. I clearly remember how I had prayed to God at that time. I said, “O Lord! Guide me, so that I can go abroad! If I remain in the country to do business, it will be hard for me to avoid lying in order to make a profit. This is not in my nature, nor would You be pleased with it. If I find a local job, when can I wholeheartedly serve You? O Lord! Guide me, so that I can go abroad! Give me five years, then I will return to serve You.” It seemed that my prayer at that time was not heard by God. I spent over five years applying for

a visa to leave the country. During this period, I tried many different ways but still encountered numerous difficulties. I was grieved and worried beyond words. On August 8, 2006, I obtained a student visa for Belgium even though my ultimate destination was the United Kingdom. This, however, provided me with an opportunity to meet my wife, Xiu-mei, and brought us to where we are today.

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*At that instant, I felt like running away, but I chose to patiently wait until the service was over. As I thought I might have chosen a wrong church, I asked God for forgiveness during that prayer.*

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Nevertheless, I did not once think that I would still be living abroad nearly 10 years after leaving my homeland. The prayer I had made before was then cast aside from my mind. I dare not revisit my promise, nor did I dare to mention it to God. I gradually realized that I was more in love with the world. However, I had

a guilty conscience in the bottom of my heart; and I even tried to escape like a deserter. Yet, the Lord never forsook such a stubborn person as I. Not only did He bless me in my life, He also guided me to the true church, to receive the complete gospel and to attain the true salvation. I would like to share what I experienced with my fellow brothers and sisters.

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*Little did I know that the obstacles would come after the baptism. I had two strange dreams which left me in doubt of the true church.*

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I remember I first set foot in the True Jesus Church (TJC) when I was invited to attend the Sabbath service held at Old Street, London. What made the deepest impression on me was their prayers. As soon as we knelt down to pray in the name of the Lord Jesus, I was shocked by the unusual sound they made. At that instant, I felt like running away, but I chose to patiently wait until the service was over. As I thought I might have chosen a wrong church, I asked God for forgiveness during that prayer. In fact, when I was still in China, I had heard of the name, TJC, twice before. The first time was when a pastor was sermonizing, he had said that there exists a denomination known as the “True Jesus Church.” And he predicted that there would be a “True True Jesus Church,” and even a “True True True Jesus Church.” He told us that we should therefore stand firm in our faith and not waver. The second time was from my good friend who had attended the services of the same Christian denomination as me. He had once attended a service at the TJC; and afterwards, he asked me whether I was aware of a “True Jesus Church.” He also told me that their prayers were very sincere because they would kneel down to pray whereas in other churches, we always stand up to pray. However, neither of them had ever mentioned the unusual way of praying at the

TJC. So for a very long time after that, my wife and I no longer wanted to attend services at the true church.

After we had our first child, my wife applied for social housing, which brought us to Swansea in Wales. It so happened that we shared a house with a TJC sister. One day a preacher from the United Kingdom General Assembly, Chin Thien-kiew, came to Wales for a pastoral visit. He also visited that sister; and coincidentally, my wife was at home. Pr. Chin invited her to join the service. Since my wife had seen Pr. Chin at London church before, she sat down and listened to the sermon. At that time, Pr. Chin was talking about the book of Revelations, and the teachings really captivated her. After the service ended, he invited her to pray for the Holy Spirit, taught her to say “Hallelujah” repeatedly. After repeating several times, she became aware that she could not control her tongue. It was moving on its own accord in the mouth. She could clearly hear the sound but could not stop it. After the prayer, she only knew that she had received the Holy Spirit. Her heart was filled with joy, and she felt as though her entire being was renewed. She called me immediately to share the joy, but at that time I did not share her enthusiasm. Come to think of it now, God bestowed the Holy Spirit to my wife, Xiu-mei, to melt my stubborn heart, so that our family can walk on the right path.

I was baptized into the TJC in 2011. Before the baptism, I was told that the devil would set up all kinds of obstacles to obstruct the baptism. I remember thinking to myself: “Really? Didn't everything go very smoothly?” Little did I know that the obstacles would come after the baptism. I had two strange dreams which left me in doubt of the true church. Meanwhile, I was not very familiar with the basic beliefs of the true church, causing serious impact on my faith. From 2011 to late 2015, my faith could be described as lukewarm. However, I thank God that during this time He did not forsake me, but instead He preserved me. Moreover, He



allowed me to regain my faith to follow Him, to study the truth again, and to stand firm in the faith. May the Lord grant me the Holy Spirit soon; and continue to guide me throughout my journey of faith.

The value of one's life is not measured through one's own ability and achievements but through the grace of God upon us. How precious it is that our family has received our Savior's wonderful love, mercy and grace. By the grace of God, we have come to where we are today. May all glory be unto our God in heaven. Amen! 🌿

# How I Received the Holy Spirit

## Elgin Church, United Kingdom

Brother John Leung



*“And I will pray the Father, and He will give you another Helper, that He may abide with you forever.” (Jn 14:16)*

Hallelujah, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, I testify.

Today, I can still remember very clearly the day I received the Holy Spirit. Although this memorable day happened many years ago, I can still picture vividly in my mind how the Lord Jesus bestowed the Holy Spirit to me.

I believed in the Lord through my parents from a very young age. Attending religious education (RE) class was one of the highlights of the week for me. I was intrigued by the teachings of the Bible, and especially the teachings on the Holy Spirit. During that time, I had always wanted to receive the Holy Spirit but each time I prayed, I could never seem to be able to pray earnestly. It was only some time later that I realized, in order to receive the Holy Spirit, I had to pray with a pure heart.

One evening in 1980, as I was about to go to bed, I suddenly had an inclination to pray for the Holy Spirit. I then asked a brother to pray with me in the room. As I knelt down to pray, I began to feel great warmth through my body, along with a profound sense of joy in my heart—a feeling I had never had before. A bright light then shone in front of me. I could see it, even though my eyes were closed, slowly surrounding my whole body. I felt I was being raised high up into the air. My tongue began to roll, uttering words that I could not understand. In my heart, I kept repeating “Hallelujah” until the end of the prayer. When I got up, my face was covered with sweat. I told the brother praying with me that perhaps I had received the Holy Spirit.

The next day was the Sabbath day. During the morning service, I prayed exactly the same way I had prayed the previous evening. A deacon noticed that I was praying in tongues, but he did not ask me about it. I let another deacon know about my recent prayer experiences. He then told me that he needed to listen



to me pray. The next morning during the service, several deacons came to hear me praying; and they all confirmed that I had received the Holy Spirit. I am so thankful to the Lord for giving me the promised Holy Spirit.

I am immensely grateful to the Lord for His bountiful grace. Since that day, the Lord continues to guide and help me in my faith. I will always do my best to walk by the Holy Spirit so that I am able to fight the good fight for the Lord.

May all glory and praise be unto our Lord Jesus Christ.  
Amen. 🌿

# Preaching the Truth from Japan to South Korea

## General Assembly of Korea

Elder Bae Sang-yong (Young-do)



### 1. LONGING FOR THE HOLY SPIRIT

When I was seven years old, I attended school in Osaka, Japan. When I was in Primary 6, I was deeply touched when I heard the gospel at an open-air evangelical service. I told my father, “I should believe in Jesus,” but he became angry and said, “You little kid, what is Jesus?” I was too young to go to church at that time. Yet every time I walked past that church, my heartbeat would intensify alongside the thought of believing in Jesus. After graduating from Primary 6, I went to Simsang High School and I completed my studies two years later. At the age of 14, I temporarily returned to South Korea and went to Japan again at the age of 16. I lived in Nagasaki and helped my uncle with his business, where I met Eld. Park Chang-huan.

At that time, Eld. Park Chang-huan was still a believer of the Presbyterian Church, and a young man. Back then, he was 22 years old and I was about 20 years old. Eld. Park was not only was Eld. Park talented, but also a good man and was very kind to me. He told me about Christianity and preached to me. Moreover,

I had the desire in my heart believing in the Lord, I began to attend services at the Presbyterian Church. Although my father opposed me from going to church, I was already 19 years old, married and was the head of my own family, so the obstruction from him was not too great. At that time, occasionally, the brethren came to my house for family service and I was particular close to Eld. Park Chang-huan.

At that time, I was determined to believe since I had begun my journey of faith. This is because the Bible says that when we believe in Jesus, we can have eternal life and enjoy eternal rest in the heavenly kingdom. I told myself: “If what was recorded is true, then there is nothing more important in this world than this matter.” After joining the Presbyterian Church, I was convinced that the words in the Bible were true and that they are the words of God. However, there was a doubt afterwards, “Why are all the churches today are unlike the apostolic era; there are neither signs nor wonders, and there are different denominations?”



In June 1941, two years after I joined the Presbyterian Church, I planned to start a business in Tokyo. I traveled to Tokyo alone, but I did not achieve my goals. That day, after I returned to my residence, I was so depressed and thus I opened the Bible. The passage that caught my eye was: “Seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.” (Mt 6:33) I was greatly moved and earnestly hoped to work for the gospel of the Lord. And I thought that there was nothing more valuable or beautiful in this world than this matter. However, this is something very difficult for me who was neither well-educated nor has any theological knowledge. Therefore, I made up my mind and told myself: “I am going home now; on one hand to help with family matters and on the other hand to learn about Christianity, and not think about anything else.” Therefore, in order to learn the truth in the Bible, I spent all my travel expenses to buy over 20 reference books, and returned to Nagasaki. After returning home, I took out the books and carefully read them. About a week later, I picked up a well-written book entitled “The Secret of Receiving the Holy Spirit,” authored by a pastor named Yadama Hiroshi Sato Nishitani. In the book, the pastor said, “After reading the ‘Holy Spirit Times’, a publication by the True Jesus Church (TJC) in Taiwan, I was moved to tears because there is such a church that understands the truth so well; and I praised God in my heart. Although I was greatly moved, I could not unite with the TJC.”

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*After I woke up from the dream, I thought about this problem; but in my dream, I suddenly entered into the rock without any doubt. After I woke up from the dream, I thought: “How did I enter into the rock? A big rock without a door!”*

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As I was reading this book, I found an astonishing Bible verse: “...if anyone does not have the Spirit of Christ, he is not His.” (Rom 8: 9) I cannot help but be shocked; and when did I receive the Holy Spirit and belong to Christ? As I questioned myself, I concluded that I have not received the Holy Spirit. Through the book, there was clear evidence of the Holy Spirit in the Book of Acts, and I realized that modern day churches still did not understand the real content of the Holy Spirit. After reading that book and the Bible, I became more aware of the fact that I did not have the Holy Spirit; it was unbearable. Therefore, in order to receive the Holy Spirit, I began to pray earnestly.

But no matter how hard I prayed, it did not work. One day, I napped after lunch due to fatigue; two men in white robes appeared and asked me, “Do you really want the Holy Spirit?” I replied, “Yes, I want it!” And they said, “Then, follow me and to allow you receive the Holy Spirit.” Consequently, I walked with two of them. The Bible also says that it is impossible to have only one witness. Instead, there must be two witnesses; hence I felt in my heart that it was credible. They made me stand before a rock and said, “Enter into this rock and pray; you will receive the Holy Spirit.” It was not an easy task to stand on a rock, not to mention going inside the rock to pray. After I woke up from the dream, I thought about this problem; but in my dream, I suddenly entered into the rock without any doubt. After I woke up from the dream, I thought: “How did I enter into the rock? A big rock without a door!” However, I just did according to their words, and entered into the rock to pray. While I was praying, I noticed that my hands were vibrating and I was speaking in tongues. When I felt I was filled with the Holy Spirit, I woke up from the dream. It seemed to be a dream or an illusion, but I was very happy. So I prayed again, but I could not speak in tongues. Strangely, in the dream it was clear that I was filled with the Holy Spirit. Later when I thought about it, I wanted to go to the

TJC in Osaka because of one reason. If I could speak in tongues at that time, I would not go to the TJC in Osaka. Or I might have thought that since I already have received the Holy Spirit, I could read the Bible by myself and I would not accept guidance from others. I would think that I have become an important person; and then become proud.

At that time, as I have yet to receive the Holy Spirit, I became very eager. Thus, I planned to find someone who has the experience of receiving the Holy Spirit to guide me. In the "Secret of Receiving the Holy Spirit," there were many testimonies of receiving the Holy Spirit, including the testimony of Eld. Kamii Otsukuma, who resided in Osaka. As I have a cousin sister in Osaka, I thought that it would be more convenient to stay for a few days; so I decided to go to Osaka.

At that time, I was unaware that Eld. Kamii Otsukuma was one of the pioneering workers who preached the truth of the true church in Japan. After studying the history of the TJC in Japan, I found out that five pastors of the Japan Bible Church (from the Pentecostal Church) visited the TJC in Taiwan in 1941 (What are the chances for the five pastors of the Japan Bible Church to about the TJC in Taiwan and to visit the TJC?). Naturally, people knew that there are TJCs in Taiwan because there was exchange of information within the religious community. Japanese Christian newspapers also published about the TJC in Taiwan. Likewise, Taiwan churches were also aware of the Pentecostal's Japan Bible church. As such, the five pastors—four males and one female—of the Japan Bible Church gathered together to discuss about visiting the TJC in Taiwan. After the five of them arrived in Taiwan, were very amazed after having listened to the talk about the truth, they felt very impressed. Three of the pastors—Kamii Otsukuma, Murai Jun, and Murata Toshi—were determined to fully accept the truth of the TJC; because they understood that the Holy Spirit was one spirit, they were baptized into the TJC. After

returning to Japan, Eld. Otsukuma was the only one who was convinced of the truth of the TJC; I was led by God to go find this elder. The other two pastors taught according to the original way of their own church, and under the name of their own church.

In fact, among the three pastors, Pr. Murai Jun was the supervisor of the Japan Bible Church. He was younger, more authoritative, and in Tokyo (I could have gone to Tokyo to visit him). Pr. Jun was an outstanding person, and placed great hopes on the TJC. Taiwan's Eld. Elisa Huang traveled to and fro Japan, and worked with Pr. Jun; and had once held a theological training seminar in Tokyo. Eld. Huang thought that Pr. Jun would completely convert to the TJC and serve as a worker of the true church. However, Pr. Jun reformulated the doctrines alone, and founded and led the "Spirit of Jesus Church." After he passed away, his wife became the leader of the "Spirit of Jesus Church."

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*In the beginning, it was extremely difficult to preach the gospel due to speaking in tongues, observing the Sabbath instead of the Lord's Day, and all the teachings were according to the Bible.*

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In the same year that I visited Eld. Otsukuma, in February 1942, he went to Taiwan for baptism. He brought back the five basic doctrines and planned to put up the "True Jesus Church" signboard in Ko Hama, Osaka. However, the government did not permit it. In particular they were dissatisfied with the "true" character, and said, "the name is not humble; if all of you are true, then other churches are false? Change to another name." Therefore, at that time, it was only called "Ko Hama Church," similar to the Ephesus and Smyrna churches as appeared in the book of Revelation. Although we could not hang the "True Jesus Church"



signboard, the mode of worship was exactly the same as that of the TJC. Through Eld. Otsukuma, the TJC was established in Japan! In the beginning, it was extremely difficult to preach the gospel due to speaking in tongues, observing the Sabbath instead of the Lord's Day, and all the teachings were according to the Bible. As a result, people felt that the teachings were more rigid. In fact, the word of God is life; and it is guiding us. It was not only the first time I went to church, but also when I was in Nagasaki church, although the building was large, only seven to eight people attended service. During the special service, there would be 30 to 40 attendees because they had contacted each other beforehand. I came from afar, had received the Holy Spirit and lived an earnest life of faith; these seemed to have greatly comforted Eld. Otsukuma and given him expectations. I felt fortunate and thankful that I went to Ko Hama church in Osaka with the pure and complete truth that were brought back from Taiwan. If I had gone elsewhere, surely I would not have found the correct truth. In addition, since I have neither biblical knowledge nor experience, I could have been easily influenced by heresy. All of these are God's grace.

## 2. UNDERSTANDING THE TRUTH OF THE TRUE JESUS CHURCH

In order to receive guidance on receiving the Holy Spirit, I went to Osaka to visit Eld. Otsukuma on a very hot summer on July 29, 1943. When I arrived, Eld. Otsukuma was not there and only his wife was there. I told her, "I read the 'Secret of Receiving the Holy Spirit' book; I came to Osaka in order to receive the Holy Spirit. Can you guide me?" His wife warmly welcomed me. If someone had come from Busan or Jeju Island to find me, how could I be not happy? Furthermore, as there were only few believers, so they were very happy that I went to find them; and warmly received me. Therefore, I went in and drank cool iced water. As I was very curious about praying for the Holy Spirit,

I asked his wife, "Madam, can we pray together before I go back?" During the prayer, I heard the sound being emitted like rolling beads which I did not understand; and I saw her hands swinging up and down. Out of curiosity, I opened my eyes for a few glances; this increased my determination to receive the Holy Spirit. His wife said, "Elder went to Wakayama City to visit the believers, he said he would return tomorrow, maybe tomorrow afternoon." When I went there the next day afternoon, Eld. Otsukuma happily received me happily. At that time, he was about 62 years old and I was 22 years old; that day was Friday. Elder talked about his trip to Taiwan and the five basic doctrines. Though the five basic doctrines are in the Bible, I had never heard about the truth at my former church; I was even more determined to receive the Holy Spirit. Later, Elder said, "Today is Friday, and there is an evening Sabbath service. You can go to the park next door to pray while we clean up the church. Then, we will pray together again." Now, in retrospect, I wonder why did I not help to clean up together with Elder then, which was very regrettable. At that time, I was more pure and would do what Elder had told me to do. At the agreed time, I came back and sat down together and prayed with hands clasped and shouting "Hallelujah, Hallelujah..." After about 15 minutes, while Elder was laying hands on me, I felt the strength on my hands; and my hands began to draw circles back and forth. That moment was amazing; I thought that an inspiration came to me and my body was very tensed. While I was saying, "Hallelujah," strange words would always emerge. I wanted to restrain this reaction and tried hard to accurately say, "Hallelujah, Hallelujah..." ; but it was difficult to do it. At that moment, Eld. Otsukuma spoke by my ear, "Entrust, entrust." However, I did not know what it meant and still tried hard to correctly shout, "Hallelujah." Later, my tongue lost its control and I began to speak wonderful words that I myself did not understand. That was praying in tongues. It was here that I experienced

## EARLY WORKERS OF KOREAN CHURCH



Standing left to right: Eld. Phillip Lee, Pr. Gwon Soon-do, Eld. Heo Su-jin  
 Seated left to right: Eld. Jeng Eun-jin (Dallas Church, U.S.), Eld. John Woo,  
 Eld. Jeng Tae-jun (Wee-jin), Eld. Bae Young-do

1 Corinthians 14:2:

*“He who speaks in a tongue does not speak to men, but to God, because no one understands him; however, in the Spirit he speaks mysteries.”*

At that time, my mind did not lose its consciousness nor was in a state of unawareness. Instead, I was sober and gradually filled with overflowing joy. While I was praying earnestly there, some children were looking at me through the window. Towards the end of the prayer, Eld. Otsukuma laid hands on me with benediction and said, “Lord, please use this youth to establish the TJC in South Korea.” I will never forget his benediction.

The second day after receiving the Holy Spirit, I got up early in the morning to pray but I could not speak in tongues. I thought to myself: “Last night I also prayed with tongues. What happened?” I became worried. As I had studied in Osaka, I was more familiar with the surrounding environment. Thus, I went to a riverbank called Yodogawa and prayed hard for the Holy Spirit.

At that time, I wept and prayed, “God, I am so joyful and grateful to have found the truth. Who am I to let me find this true life?!” and I pleaded, “God, even if I had gone the wrong path, the Holy Spirit will guide my footsteps and let me return to the truth. Don't ever forsake me.” At that time, tears kept flowing and I spoke in tongues again. I was filled with joy! The day was July 31, a Sabbath; I attended the morning worship service and was baptized in the afternoon. I stayed there for a few days, and then returned to Nagasaki. On the way back, there is a place called Himeji. It was over there that I laid hands on my cousin sister and she received the Holy Spirit. At that time, I was greatly filled with the Holy Spirit and I was greatly moved to talk about receiving the Holy Spirit. I exhorted my cousin and she was greatly moved. Additionally, I also laid hands on my elder sister in Osaka during prayer, and she immediately she received the Holy Spirit. 🌿



# The Establishment of the Early Churches in South Korea

## The General Assembly of Korea

Elder Heo Su-jin

Elder Woo Young-tak (John Woo)

Elder Jeng Tae-jun (Wee-jin)

### 1. THE ESTABLISHMENT OF HONGGOK CHURCH

*Elder Heo Su-jin*

Before the Liberation Day (of Korea), I went to the Presbyterian Church with Eld. Jacob Heo in Wonsan City, South Hamgyong Province. After the liberation in 1945, I headed south and returned to my hometown in Samgye-myeon, Honggok-li. In this village, only my mother went to the Presbyterian Church in Osu-yeok. I also followed her to the church. Later, my uncle, Jacob Heo, moved back from Wonsan. My father and some relatives also believed in the Lord. As the number of believers increased, we began holding worship services in my house. On Sundays, we went to the Presbyterian Church in Osu-yeok or Seodo; on weekdays, services were held in my house. Once a month, elders or deacons of the Presbyterian Church came to my house to lead the services. Thereafter my father, uncle and Eld. Jacob Heo built a church behind our house. As a result, many people living nearby began to believe in the Lord. At that time, the head of the church was Eld. Jacob

Heo and I was responsible for the Children's Ministry. However, Eld. Jacob Heo faced some difficulties in pastoring the church. Thus, he sent invitations everywhere to dispatch ministers, but no one came. Therefore, Eld. Jacob Heo planned to allow me to study theology in order to be in charge of the church. Thus, he sent me to the Goryeo High Bible School in Jeonju. At that time, my classmates were Kim Young-sang (Dn. Kim Young-jong) who later converted to our church, and Pr. Go Jae-sun of the Taepyeong-dong Presbyterian Church in Jeonju.

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*“What is this?” and we all stared in surprise. They said, “Have we all received the Holy Spirit?” Then, we remained in that place to pray and many people received the Holy Spirit.*  
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After studying for three months, I returned to my hometown in July. I saw a young man named Yun

Seok-ju came to the church. He was not only very proficient in delivering sermons to youth/middle-age class and in guiding the children classes, but he was also very knowledgeable. However, after some time, he said that church work went beyond his ability. Thus, he requested to attend the National Religious Education Training Conference in Gyeongsangbuk-do, Yongmunsan to upskill himself before leaving (Gyeongsangbuk-do). He returned after a while, and led Eld. Heo and Heo Gwon for prayer. They went to Shunchang Huashan and stayed a night, and returned the next day. During the night prayer after the service, Yun Seok-ju, Jacob Heo and Heo Gwon, all prayed in strange voices. “What is this?” and we all stared in surprise. They said, “Have we all received the Holy Spirit?” Then, we remained in that place to pray and many people received the Holy Spirit. I felt strange as it was something I had never experienced so far, nor had heard before; for a moment my heart could not accept it. Moreover, Yun Seok-ju did not point out this matter to me beforehand. This was probably because I had studied the theology of the Presbyterian Church, so it was more difficult to convince me for that moment. However, upon seeing the joy of the believers who had received the Holy Spirit, except me; I felt left out and bad in my heart. That night I had a dream in which many people had crossed a blue river by boat; I was the only one who did not get on the boat. “Why am I the only one who did not cross over?” While in anxiety, the boat came back; I also got on board and crossed the river. During my next prayer, I really received the Holy Spirit just like that dream. On September 19, 1948 (the 17<sup>th</sup> day of the eighth month in the Chinese lunar calendar), I have received the Holy Spirit. And on October 1, I was baptized in the river at the edge of our village. Consequently, all the believers of Honggok church were reborn and converted to the True Jesus Church (TJC).

## 2. THE ESTABLISHMENT OF SEODO, JEONJU AND NANYUAN CHURCHES

It was uncertain whether the lady preacher, Dns. Jang Dal-sun (Dns. Hannah Jang), heard or Eld. Jacob Xu preached to her that she came to our church to hear the words of truth and saw the miraculous work of the Holy Spirit. She felt: “I can't be the only one seeing this.” So, she led many believers to the TJC and they received the Holy Spirit. Consequently, these believers established the Seodo church.

In February 1949, Kim Young-sang, (Dn. Kim Young-jong,) who lived near Jeonju, came to visit his aunt who lived in Donggye-myeon, Sunchang-gun. When he wanted to go to church on Sunday, he found our church because he could not find other churches. He did not expect that I would be there. He was glad to see me and asked me, “It is Sunday, why are you not at church?” As I replied, I preached the truth to him. Therefore, Kim Young-sang was baptized with the Holy Spirit and reborn. Then, for the sake of the missionary work, I went to Jeonju with him and reached Taepyeong-dong church where Go Jae-sun was. Later, I stayed at Kim Young-sang's house and preached to a nearby place called Hwangnae. As a result, many people received the Holy Spirit and were full of joy. Unfortunately, although they received the Holy Spirit, they did not grow in the truth. At that time, the missionary work was entirely at our own expenses and we did not want to burden others with our missionary work. These reasons coupled with the fact that it was a busy period for the farmers, we wanted to go home to do farming. After I returned to Samgye, the believers in Hwangnae returned to the Presbyterian Church. However, Kim Young-sang was the key worker for the establishment of Jeonju church.

After the establishment of Jeonju church, Gan Sang-won's mother-in-law, who lived in the south of Jeonju church, accepted the truth and was reborn.



She preached the truth to Gan Sang-won, who lived in Nanyuan. As a result, he believed in the Lord and established the Nanyuan church.

### 3. THE ESTABLISHMENT OF SEOUL CHURCH

*Eld. Woo Young-tak (John Woo)*

There had been a prayer house in Seoul long ago. Kim Hak-sun who had previously went to the Seventh-day Adventist with me, came to Gimcheon to meet me. It was through him that I understood the truth, received the Holy Spirit and was baptized. After returning to Seoul, I led the others back—One by the surname Sim and the other by the surname Lee; both received the Holy Spirit and were reborn through baptism. Mr. Sim operated a biscuit factory at 5<sup>th</sup> Street, Jongno and worship services were held in his house. At that time, Park Hae-yong (Dn. Park Sung-wang) came to believe. However, Kim Hak-sun, Mr. Sim and Mr. Lee later had forsaken the truth, leaving only Park Hae-yong. He married and lived in Gimcheon, so there were no longer services in Jongno.

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*Therefore, he quit smoking that he liked, and believed in the Lord. He received the Holy Spirit, was baptized and lived a life of faith in Gimcheon.*

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The second prayer house was established by Kim Sun-eung. He came to stay in my house in Gimcheon for several months after the 1.4 Retreat (The Korean War on January 4, 1951—the supporting troops of the People’s Republic of China started marching towards the south since June 1950. The South Korean army and United Nations’ forces in Seoul had to retreat and surrendered Seoul). Coincidentally at that time, my grandmother passed away; it seemed that he was moved by the way we dealt with it. Therefore, he quit

smoking that he liked, and believed in the Lord. He received the Holy Spirit, was baptized and lived a life of faith in Gimcheon. After the Chinese Communist Party army retreated, he returned to Seoul. At that time, I sincerely exhorted him, “After you return to Seoul, put up signboard in your house. Please put in a little effort for the establishment of the TJC.” He indeed put these into practice. Kim Sun-eung had a chicken farm in Munyi-dong, Seoul and his house was relatively large. He hung a TJC signboard and began holding services there. Coincidentally, Jeng Tae-jun (Eld. Jeng Wee-jin) went to Seoul for business suit matter. And there he preached to his neighbor Jeng Dae-hyon (Eld. Jeng Eun-jin), who was a professor at the Military Academy at that time. Through him, many from the Military Academy came to our church—Cha Cheol-nam, Jo Gwang-deok (Pr. Jo Deok-jin), Han Yun-jo (Dn. Han Young-sil), and so on. In addition, many believers from the church also joined the TJC. Therefore, the number of believers increased and the TJC was established in Seoul.

*Eld. Jeng Tae-jun (Wee-jin)*

After I got married I rented a house next to the College of Arts and Science at the Seoul National University. One early morning, I heard the sound of hymns from the neighbor's house and I was sure that they were having morning service. I thought: “The neighbor must be very devout.” Therefore, I preached to them.

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*As a consequence, Jeng Dae-hyon received the Holy Spirit and his whole family joined the TJC. Many believers of the Dongdao Presbyterian Church also joined the TJC.*

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At that time, Jeng Dae-hyon (Eld. Jeng Eun-jin) lived with his wife and daughter; and belonged to the

Dongdao Presbyterian Church. Despite preaching to him, he refused to accept. After preaching for a month without any results, I sought help from Eld. Jacob Heo and consequently there was a little progress. Then, I brought him to attend the family service at the home of Kim Sun-eung who operates a chicken farm in Munyi-dong, Seoul. As a consequence, Jeng Dae-hyon received the Holy Spirit and his whole family joined the TJC. Many believers of the Dongdao Presbyterian Church also joined the TJC. Jeng Dae-hyon was a professor in English Language at the Military Academy. I gave him the book, “Secret to Receiving the Holy Spirit.” Afterwards, he lent it to his colleagues, Jo Gwang-deok (Pr. Jo Deok-jin) and Cha Cheol-nam to read. Therefore, they also joined the TJC. These people laid the foundation for the establishment of the TJC in Seoul. 🌿



Eld. Jeng Tae-jun (Wee-jin)



# A Path Full of Grace

## Xiamen Church, Fujian Province, China

Deaconess Kou Ke-hua



*Born in 1970, Dns. Kou Ke-hua joined the True Jesus Church (TJC) in 1991. Subsequently, she was a full-time preacher in Xiamen, Fujian Province. In 2012, she was called to the Lord.*

During a family gathering in my second year of high school, I declared that even if the entire world's population became Christians, I would never become one because I did not want to deceive myself. Who would have thought that one year later, I would become a student at the Nanjing Union Theological Seminary (NJUTS). A few years later, I was not only unashamed to be a Christian, but I also became a full-time preacher pastoring Christians. Reflecting on my journey and all the experiences I have had, I can't help but sing praises to God: "You crown the year with Your goodness, and Your paths drip with abundance." (Ps 65:11)

### WE DON'T CHOOSE OUR OWN PATHS

In the blink of an eye, I had entered into the third year of high school. Even though school life was busy, I looked forward to the upcoming colorful university

life. I had begun to plan my own future. Ideally, I wanted to become a journalist who is ahead of the times; who can travel all over the world and meet all kinds of people. As such, my life would be colorful and full of challenges.

A few months before my exams, the idea of "studying in the seminary" unexpectedly lingered in my mind. This bothered me constantly—while I was studying, walking, eating and sleeping. This thought of entering to the seminary came to my mind clearly and constantly. I was an atheist. Did I not try to scorn my cousin sister who studied in the seminary? Why did I want to study in the seminary? I was quite confused. However, this idea was deep in my mind; it was real and quite intense. I asked myself, "What would happen after studying in the seminary?" In my heart I had an immediate response: I will begin my bright journey of truth. Following this "revelation," I overcame all obstacles and took the entrance exam for the NJUTS that year.

Not long after the exam, I had a strange dream: After a rainy afternoon, the willows by the roadside was refreshed by raindrops, and was green and pleasant. A huge rainbow spanned the blue sky, and a huge Bible and a red cross were hung on each end of the rainbow respectively. Even at this moment after many years, the memories are still clear as if it was yesterday. I told my brother who was a pastor, the content of the dream, and he replied to me, “You will surely get into the Seminary!” In September of that year, indeed I became a new student of the NJUTS.

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*Suddenly, I heard a male voice calling my name (Ke-hua). Initially, I paid no attention because I had just entered the seminary and did not know any brothers.*

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### O LORD, WHO ARE YOU?

I neither knew how to pray nor believed in the Bible. I entered the gates of the seminary with little clue because I had heard a certain “sound.” Three days later, there was only another classmate from Hebei and myself in the dormitory during lunch break. She was looking out of the window and I was lying in bed to rest. My bed was by the window, so I was about two meters away from her. Suddenly, I heard a male voice calling my name (Ke-hua). Initially, I paid no attention because I had just entered the seminary and did not know any brothers. Later, I heard again the voice calling out, “Ke-hua.” I immediately sat up and asked my classmate who was calling me. She replied, “I have been standing here the whole time; no one has called you.” I said, “I am sure I heard someone calling me by my name.” She said, “Then you must be dreaming because no one is calling you at all.” I became perplexed. Later on, I recounted this incident to my cousin sister, who was also studying in the seminary. She

said to me, “God is calling you.” At that time, I thought, “Where is God? Why can't I see Him?” When I went to church for services, I often heard the sermon speaker pray, “O Lord, You are among us, listening to our prayers.” I could not help but open my eyes because I wanted to see whether God is on the pulpit. Yet, every time I would be very disappointed.

Although I was disappointed with God, I became lost in the beautiful scenery of nature the birds chirping, the colorful and eye-catching flowers, the green pasture was like a poem of love under the quiet blue sky, and the cloud wandered leisurely. How beautiful and marvelous is the changing of the seasons—the flowers of spring, the fruit of autumn, the rain of summer, and the snow of winter! A voice suddenly appeared in my ear, “Do all these happen by chance? Don't you think that there is a Lord that is controlling this?” The Bible says:

*“Because what may be known of God is manifest in them, for God has shown it to them. For since the creation of the world His invisible attributes are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead, so that they are without excuse.” (Rom 1:19–20)*

Therefore, I prayed for the first time in my whole life, “O God, I know you exist. You have created this world. But who are You actually? What is the relationship between You and me? I ask that You direct me.” After I prayed, I still naively believed that God would appear to me in some form. However, as the days passed, God did not appear to me in any tangible form; I felt despaired and felt depressed.

I did not know when I began to realize that I was not as innocent, kind and truthful as I thought I was. Instead, I had ugliness: I could not sincerely forgive those who had hurt me; I liked to gossip behind other people's backs; I was proud, selfish, and vain ... my guilt burdened my heart, “For my iniquities have gone over



my head; like a heavy burden they are too heavy for me.” (Ps 38:4)

I began to discover that there were two laws in my life: the law of evil and the law of good.

*“I find then a law, that evil is present with me, the one who wills to do good. For I delight in the law of God according to the inward man. But I see another law in my members, warring against the law of my mind, and bringing me into captivity to the law of sin which is in my members. O wretched man that I am! Who will deliver me from this body of death?” (Rom 7:21–24)*

In order to resolve the pain in my heart, I began to search for the true God. I tried my best to attend services, read a large amount of well-known Christian publications, and I even hand-copied Madame Jeanne Guyon’s autobiography, “Sweet Smelling Myrrh.” For a period of time, I would fast a day on Fridays to remember the sufferings of the Lord Jesus. I diligently searched and went through difficult experiences, but a thought surfaced during a prayer which wrecked me. It was my usual prayer before I went to sleep. While I was praying, suddenly a thought came from my heart: “You do not even believe that Jesus is a God, why do you pray to Him?” At this time, I began to be rebellious against God, and I felt very depressed.

### CAN ANYTHING GOOD COME FROM NAZARETH?

I was suffering, struggling, in a dilemma and weeping. At that time there was a question that lingered in me: if I died, can I be saved and am I qualified to see God? The essence of faith must be based personal experience. The experience of other people can never be our own experience. After reading all the devotional works and listening to the testimonies, I would feel moved momentarily. However, after that, it did not have much impact on my spiritual life. The sense of guilt felt as if a rope was coiled tightly around my neck; and made it hard for me to breathe.

*“There is therefore now no condemnation to those who are in Christ Jesus, who do not walk according to the flesh, but according to the Spirit. For the law of the Spirit of life in Christ Jesus has made me free from the law of sin and death.” (Rom 8:1–2)*

How can we be “In Christ”? The Bible says, “for all of you who were baptized into Christ have clothed yourselves with Christ.” (Gal 3:27) From this perspective, baptism is the method and sign to enter into Christ.

*“There is also an antitype which now saves us—baptism (not the removal of the filth of the flesh, but the answer of a good conscience toward God, through the resurrection of Jesus Christ.” (1 Pet 3:21)*

With a deeper understanding of the Bible’s teaching, I realized that my baptism might have had some problems. I had only received the Sacrament of Confirmation from a priest who had laid hands on me before I went to the seminary at the age of 17. However, after being baptized, I did not receive a kind of peace for the remission of sins. For a period of time, I joined the service at the local church. I thought that its baptism was even more in accordance with the Bible than the Catholic Church’s water sprinkling. I even planned to receive the baptism of the local church during the summer vacation.

*Therefore, if one can receive the Holy Spirit as soon as he believed in Jesus, why did Paul ask in this manner? It looks like that believing in the Lord and receiving the Holy Spirit are two different things.*

Meanwhile, questions about the Holy Spirit kept bothering me. I used to read some books of the Pentecostal denominations, such as “The Fourth Dimension” authored by Pr. Cho Yong-gi from Korea. The Pentecostal believes that tongue-speaking is the

evidence of receiving the Holy Spirit. But this viewpoint had been treated as a heresy by the lecturers of the NJUTS. They thought that speaking in tongues is merely the smallest gift of the Holy Spirit. With regard to the speaking in tongues in Acts' chapter 2, they thought that it was only a local dialect spoken by the apostles. Because of the lecturers' prejudice, I as a student naturally guarded against speaking in tongues. My grandfather was 96 years old and believed in the Lord for over 60 years; he used to serve as a deacon and an elder. He frankly said that he had never heard nor experienced speaking in tongues since he believed in the Lord. However, the Bible did not forbid people to speak in tongues. Paul said that, tongue-speaking is for a person to speak to God—it is a kind of intimate communion between man and God, and can edify the believer's spiritual life (1 Cor 14:2, 4). Paul even said that he spoke with tongue more than everyone else (1 Cor 14:18). Does it mean that today's preachers and believers are more spiritual than Paul, to the extent where tongue-speaking was not needed to edify themselves? I felt confused.

I began to study the Bible on the topic of receiving the Holy Spirit. Paul asked the believers of the church of Ephesus, "Did you receive the Holy Spirit when you believed?" (Acts 19:2) Therefore, if one can receive the Holy Spirit as soon as he believed in Jesus, why did Paul ask in this manner? It looks like that believing in the Lord and receiving the Holy Spirit are two different things. If this is the case, how do we know that we have received the Holy Spirit? The answer from the Bible is: speaking in tongues.

*"While Peter was still speaking these words, the Holy Spirit fell upon all those who heard the word. And those of the circumcision who believed were astonished, as many as came with Peter, because the gift of the Holy Spirit had been poured out on the Gentiles also. For they heard them speak with tongues and magnify God." (Acts 10:44–46)*

As a result, I certainly believed that one would surely speak in tongues when he received the Holy Spirit. So I began praying for the Holy Spirit but I didn't receive the Holy Spirit. It was just at this time that my classmate, Zheng Jia-zheng, lent me a book entitled, "The Doctrine of The Holy Spirit" from the TJC. The book stated the main point very clearly and was logically sound; I almost finished the entire book in one go. Some of the questions that had bothered me for a long time were gradually resolved. For instance, the issue of the Sabbath day. In year one, the seminary offered a course, "Being Familiar with the Bible." While I was reading the Book of Exodus, I read the fourth commandment: "Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy." However, the lecturer said that observing the Sabbath is the requirement of the Age of Law. Today is the Age of Grace, so we do not have to obey the laws in the Old Testament. We attend services on Sundays to remember the resurrection of the Lord and at the same time, it symbolizes that Christianity was separated from Judaism to become an individual religion. Hence I thought that it was alright to have services on Sabbath days and Sundays. What was important was to worship the Lord with spirit and truth; so the day was irrelevant. When I was reading "The Doctrine of The Holy Spirit," I was deeply impressed by the way how the TJC respected the Bible.

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*When I came to Sanshan church, I really had a feeling of coming home. They were very hospital, considerate and natural; they made me feel very comfortable and at ease.*

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My view towards the TJC changed from despising to respecting, and from misunderstanding to understanding. Following the mode of prayer of the TJC believers, I prayed for the Holy Spirit but I still I didn't



receive the Holy Spirit. I expressed my interest in visiting all the chapels of the TJC in Fujian to my classmate, Zheng Jia-zheng; and he welcomed me. However, when I was about to set off to Fujian, I hesitated. I thought to myself that the TJC was very ordinary, and was established in poor and undeveloped China in the early 20<sup>th</sup> century. At that time, a Bible verse appeared in my heart: “Can anything good come from Nazareth?” That was the biased view Nathanael had on Jesus. Am I becoming like Nathanael? With that thought, I decided to go to Fujian with Zheng Jia-zheng to visit the TJC that summer vacation.

### THE LORD IS HERE! I DID NOT KNOW

During that year’s summer vacation, I went down south to Fujian with Zheng Jia-zheng and another classmate who was a believer of the TJC. We first stopped in Fuzhou for a few days and stayed at the Fujian Theological Seminary. We had fellowship with a few students who were believers of the TJC, and they accompanied us to visit local attractions. After spending a few days with the TJC brethren, I realized that although they came from different places, they were as close as a family. I followed them to visit several believers of the TJC, and every time they would pray together before leaving. It was such prayers that I heard the graceful and melodious spiritual tongues. That kind of sound was likened to spring water emerging from the underground, which was extremely pleasant. These TJC brethren treated everyone in a cordial and an amicable manner. They were unpretentious; their speech was humble, sincere and humorous. They were humble and sincere and also had a sense of humor. They were also very well-versed with the Bible to the point that I—a third year seminary student—felt inferior. At that time I thought, they are the true Christians should be like them.

After leaving Fuzhou, Jia-zheng and I came to Sanshan church in Fuqing. I would like to sum up my

impression of visiting Sanshan: “A hundred times of hearing is incomparable to the first sight, and I was astonished by this first sight.” After Nathanael had heard Philip’s introduction of Jesus, he said bluntly, “Can anything good come out of Nazareth?” Philip only said, “Come and see,” because Philip knew there was no point in arguing about the truth. When I came to Sanshan church, I really had a feeling of coming home. They were very hospitable, considerate and natural; they made me feel very comfortable and at ease. In the evening, as I was washing my hands, I saw a middle-aged man. He smiled at me and stretched out his hand, saying, “Sis. Kou, welcome to Sanshan. I’m Wang Qin-ru.” After Jia-zheng introduced him, I found out that Eld. Wang Qin-ru (at that time, he was a deacon), was a council member of the TJC in Fuqing City. I had no time to dry my hands, so I had to stretch out my wet hand; Eld. Wang gave me a firm handshake and didn’t mind, that it was wet. The friendly and easy-going nature of Eld. Wang left me with a very deep impression.

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*After a while, I suddenly saw a vision: I saw the Lord Jesus coming down from the pulpit and stood before me. The Lord wore a bright robe and was magnificent in stature. “The Lord Jesus truly is here! But yet I did not know.”*

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That evening, I attended service at Sanshan church. Sanshan church held services every evening; I thought to myself: “Will anyone attend the service since it is being held daily?” There was still some time until the service began, but I heard beautiful voices of children singing hymns coming from the chapel on the second floor. It was the summer vacation at that time, so the children would come to church early after dinner. That evening, the large chapel was full of people; the chapel was quiet apart from the voice of

the sermon speaker and the interpreter. In the concluding prayer, the whole congregation knelt down to pray in unison. Suddenly, I heard “Hallelujah” being continuously repeated, and the sound of them praying in tongues was like great gush of water, which hit my heart strongly.

After the service ended, there was a special session to pray for the Holy Spirit. I cherished this precious opportunity and walked up to the front row and knelt down. When I first started praying, I could not concentrate, but gradually I was able to concentrate on praying. However, I prayed in silence because I felt that it was not elegant that everyone was saying “Hallelujah” very loudly. I thought in my heart: “The Lord Jesus knows our hearts and if the Holy Spirit really exists, then even if I do not pray loudly, the Lord will still grant me the Holy Spirit.” A deacon came over and laid his hands on me, but I still did not feel anything. After a while, I suddenly saw a vision: I saw the Lord Jesus coming down from the pulpit and stood before me. The Lord wore a bright robe and was magnificent in stature. “The Lord Jesus truly is here! But yet I did not know.” I was very excited and prayed with all my strength, “Hallelujah! Praise the Lord Jesus! I plead that You grant me the precious Holy Spirit!” Gradually, my tongue became out of control and started moving in my mouth, and my body started to vibrate. However, I remained conscious the whole time and I realized that the spiritual tongues that I spoke was similar to that of Dns. Chen Juan who was kneeling beside me. After the prayer ended, Dns. Chen Juan said to me happily, “You have received the Holy Spirit.” However, I could not apprehend the manifestation of my actions.

*“The wind blows where it wishes, and you hear the sound of it, but cannot tell where it comes from and where it goes. So is everyone who is born of the Spirit.”*  
(Jn 3:8)

The words of the Bible provided a good explanation for my incomprehension. Afterwards, I prayed again with a few ministers, but this time I did not speak in tongues. Eld. Wang told me that I was only moved by the Holy Spirit but had not yet received the Holy Spirit.

The next day, Eld. Wang did not go to work. Instead, he specially stayed back to study the Bible together with me. By the end of the day, I was truly convinced of the doctrines of the TJC. Consequently, I decided to receive the baptism of the TJC. The baptism took place in the evening and it was held in the river. The cool breeze carried the lovely fragrance from the fields, and the dark blue sky was filled with stars. I was very excited in my heart, and I felt that my steps were getting lighter as if I was skipping. In the darkness, I seemed to see that there was a group of angels singing for us the south-eastern sky and that the Lord Jesus was saying:

*“Rejoice with me, for I have found my sheep which was lost. I say to you that likewise there will be more joy in heaven over one sinner who repents than over ninety-nine just persons who need no repentance.”*  
(Lk 15:6-7)

After the baptism, we returned to the church to receive footwashing sacrament and to partake the Holy Communion. By the time the sacraments ended, it was already midnight.

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***Yes, after I received the Holy Spirit I firmly believed that I have become a child of God. And I have the wonderful hope to enter into the heavenly kingdom and the hope to enjoy eternal life.***

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The next morning, Dns. Chen Juan came to my room and encouraged me to pray hard for the Holy Spirit.



She said to me, “You were just baptized yesterday, so now you are cleanest. If you pray for the Holy Spirit at this time, it will be easier to receive the Holy Spirit. Now, some people are praying for the Holy Spirit in the chapel, you should go up too!” Thus, I came to the chapel and joined them to pray for the Holy Spirit. I gently clasped my hands in front of my chest and prayed earnestly for the Holy Spirit. After a while, I felt two hands were laying on top of my head. Immediately, there was a power rising up from my stomach. With a joyful heart and clear mind, my tongue was rolling lively. I realized that I might have received the Holy Spirit. A few moments later, everyone stopped praying and rested. We then continued to pray again. As soon as I had finished saying “Hallelujah,” my spiritual tongues came out of my mouth. Like a stream flowing peacefully, it was so natural and smooth. Finally, I received the precious Holy Spirit! I couldn’t help but to cry tears of joy. This intimate experience of the Holy Spirit caused me not to doubt the Lord Jesus and true church. The Lord Jesus said, “Unless one is born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God.” (Jn 3:5) A thought appeared in my mind the moment I received the Holy Spirit: “How good it is if I left the world now because I can be with the Lord Jesus immediately.”

*“The Spirit Himself bears witness with our spirit that we are children of God.” (Rom 8:16)*

Yes, after I received the Holy Spirit I firmly believed that I have become a child of God. And I have the wonderful hope to enter into the heavenly kingdom and the hope to enjoy eternal life. When the summer vacation was about to end, I embarked on the journey back to Nanjing with the faith and love towards God, and I was filled with the peace and joy of the Holy Spirit. After graduating from the NJUTS, I volunteered to serve TJC and now I am a full-time preacher of Xiamen TJC.

Paul said:

*“For by grace you have been saved through faith, and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God, not of works, lest anyone should boast. For we are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus for good works, which God prepared beforehand that we should walk in them.”  
(Eph 2:8–10)*

In retrospect, I really felt that Paul’s words were honest and true! 🌿

# Our Testimonies of Believing in the Truth

## Jinan City Church, Shandong Province, China

Deaconess Ji Hong-mei and Preacher Wang Hong-li



*Deaconess Ji Hong-mei was born in 1971, while Pr. Wang Hong-li was born in 1972. They are a married couple, and are members of the True Jesus Church (TJC) since 1992 and 1993 respectively. They are full-time preachers of Jinan City church in Shandong Province.*

### DEACONESS JI HONG-MEI'S TESTIMONY

#### Believing in God

I believed in the Lord Jesus through my mother from a very young age, and have experienced His measureless mercy and power ever since. At the age of two, my elder brother was diagnosed with epilepsy after he fell from his bed. To cure my brother's illness, we went to a number of doctors, but to no avail. My mother put her trust in God wholeheartedly and prayed earnestly at all times. My brother eventually recovered by the grace of God—he was completely cured without any sequelae. My elder sister, also very young, suffered from deadly drug-induced thrombocytopenia (deficiency of platelets in the blood). As her condition

became critical, each passing moment seemed to signal the end of her little life. With bitter cries and streaming tears, my grieving mother prayed constantly to God. Her prayers were finally answered, and my sister's platelet count returned to normal. She regained her health, allowing her to grow and live in the vigor of her youth. I myself felt God's grace in my own ways as well when I was very little. A painful toothache, a worryingly high fever—for these my mother prayed. The pain vanished and fever retreated, and all these wonderful things have ingrained in my mind. Thus, I believed in the existence of the true God between the heaven and earth since childhood.

#### Offering

As I grew older, I began to search for the significance of life. Why are we alive? How do we live a meaningful life? These questions always demanded me to find answers. During my years of junior high schooling, the answers seemed to lie in going to a top high school, entering a famous university, and great career



achievements that would bring honor and fame to my family. This ambition drove my academic prowess, eventually landing me in an elite school by my studious efforts. To my surprise, however, instead of making me happier, the heavy workload and uncomfortable new social environment overwhelmed and devoured me. I sought to gain but only came to know the despairing loss. It was my ambition to become the top of my class just like when I was in junior high school, but for all my concerted efforts the position was forever elusive. I hated myself and cursed the vilest sentiments for my inadequacy. Prior to my graduation, I prayed to God, saying, “Lord, I don’t want to live for myself anymore. It is such a struggle and pain for me! Lord, if I find favor in Your eyes, let me offer myself to You.” It was at this juncture that I surrendered myself to God, after having faced such great disappointment in my pursuit of so-called fame and honor.

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*This interpersonal issue over such a long period time affected me greatly; I often felt sorrowful and regretful. It was as if the lack of love revealed the lack of the Spirit of God within me. But how did one live a life with God?*

### Confusion

I then began to prepare for the entrance exam of the seminary. During the preparation, I often experienced God’s comfort and inspiration through tearful prayers. God lifted my burdens, making me feel inexpressible joy and heavenly abidance. These experiences strengthened my determination to offer myself to God. My faith was simple back then. I was only concerned with repentance and a desire for the abidance of God, but I rarely thought about sacraments or doctrines. Apart from the Methodist Church, I knew that

there was a denomination called the Seventh-day Adventist Church, that observes the Sabbath day. Prior to my studies, I was told that this denomination was heretical, so I avoided any association with them.

But upon entering the seminary, my faith experienced a turning point. I started to learn about all the different Christian denominations—all of them vehemently disagreeing with each other. Regrets plagued my mind over my decision to study at the seminary. I became downcast and passive in my service to God. To confound my situation further, I was also continually puzzled by the Seventh-day Adventist Church. While it was considered a cult in Jinan, it was recognized as a legal religious organization in Nanjing where their believers attended services freely and their pastors were members of the China Christian Council. Our seminary was also lenient to the students from this church, allowing them to observe the Sabbath instead of attending lectures. These observations evoked me to consider and reflect on my faith, compelling me to learn more about different denominations.

### Seeking the Truth

The first time I learned about the TJC was over a peculiar intrigue over their teaching of the Holy Spirit. It began at my dormitory with three student roommates—one was from Heilongjiang, one from Hebei, and the other was from Shanghai. I was from Shandong. People from southern China and northern China have different characters and lifestyles. Because of this, we often had minor conflicts while living under the same roof. I disliked the student from Shanghai. We even clashed with each other over our differences in the end. When graduation day came, we still had not diffused the situation. This interpersonal issue over such a long period time affected me greatly; I often felt sorrowful and regretful. It was as if the lack of love revealed the lack of the Spirit of God within me. But how did one live a life with God? This ques-

tion and my personal conflict were constantly in my prayers. I earnestly asked for God’s guidance.

*I found that these doctrines were spiritually significant and were in complete accord with the Bible. When I studied these doctrines, I could feel my heart ignited with fire that gradually filled my life.*

One day, I met Zheng Jia-zheng, who was a fourth year student. He introduced the TJC to me and showed me some of the gospel booklets. I was fascinated by the testimonies about receiving the Holy Spirit and speaking in tongues. I found the descriptions in these testimonies in line with the narratives of the Acts of the Apostles, when the Holy Spirit descended on the day of Pentecost. Jia-zheng told me that most of the believers at the TJC in Fujian had received the Holy Spirit and could speak in tongues. I greatly marveled at this. In Jinan, I had witnessed an elderly lady who spoke in tongues, but our pastor told me that it was a special spiritual gift that was not for every believer. After the conversation with Jia-zheng, I and a few other students initially decided to go to Fujian to visit the TJC. However, due to unforeseen circumstances, I was unable to go to Fujian during that summer vacation as was planned. I eventually visited Sanshan church in Fujian by the assistance of Jia-zheng. There were many young members there whose vigor enlivened the church like no other church I had visited before. I was attracted by this church.

### **Believing in the Truth**

At Sanshan church, Eld. Wang studied the “five basic doctrines” of the TJC with me. I found that these doctrines were spiritually significant and were in complete accord with the Bible. When I studied these doctrines, I could feel my heart ignited with fire that gradually filled my life. On August 23, 1992, I received

baptism in living water of the TJC. I formally entered into the “ark of the last days.”

After baptism, I started to pray earnestly for the Holy Spirit. Yet no matter how desperately I prayed, I did not receive the Holy Spirit. I was not disheartened, and prayed all the more for the Holy Spirit when I returned to seminary. More than half a year later, the TJC in Nanjing was officially established. And it was during a prayer session that I received the precious Holy Spirit. At that time of prayer, my classmate and now-husband, Pr. Wang Hong-li, laid hands on me. I felt a stream of heat flowing into me from the top of my head, filling my body and causing my tongue to roll. I spoke in amazing tongues—I finally received the precious Holy Spirit. The joy and excitement of receiving the Holy Spirit were beyond words.

After I was baptized into the TJC, my family also studied carefully the teachings of the TJC. They eventually departed from falsehood and believed in the truth; entering into the TJC. By God’s grace, they were baptized to become His children. In the middle of the night, I often reminisce about the past and my wonderful experiences of converting to the true faith. They have given and continue to give me limitless strength, and compel me to strive forward and upward in my journey of faith.

### **PREACHER WANG HONG-LI’S TESTIMONY**

#### **My Christian Childhood**

I was born into a Christian family. My paternal grandfather, maternal grandmother, maternal uncle and mother were all devout Christians. They bore many testimonies about God. Under the influence of my family, I also became a Christian. Ever since I could remember, I was often together with some of the church brothers and sisters. They shared their personal testimonies of signs and miracles. I also witnessed some miracles myself, so I was convinced that God existed.



Even when my faith was weak, there was never any doubt about God's existence.

Then one day, like a lot of other people, I grew older. My faith became stronger as I experienced God's power and works upon me. I am very grateful that God has chosen me to be His vessel and allowed me to become a preacher of the TJC. The Bible says, "What is man that You are mindful of him, and the son of man that You visit him?" (Ps 8:4). Quite right. What are we? And why did God overlook our transgressions and allow us to serve Him? I felt deeply unworthy of His calling. Paul said, "For if I preach the gospel, I have nothing to boast of, for necessity is laid upon me; yes, woe is me if I do not preach the gospel! For if I do this willingly, I have a reward; but if against my will, I have been entrusted with a stewardship." (1 Cor 9:16–17). This Bible passage reflected the attitude of my service to God. Were it not for God's election and trust, I would probably not be alive today. Looking back on the past, my heart is full of gratitude to God.

*"For You have delivered my soul from death, my eyes from tears, and my feet from falling. I will walk before the Lord in the land of the living." (Ps 116:8–9)*

Here, I would like to share my testimony with you. I will share concerning how I became a member and then a preacher of the TJC. May all glory be unto God's name.

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*Bang! 19 lead pellets peppered the left side of my face. Each pellet was about the size of a matchstick head, except they were made of metal.*

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### **Surviving a Gunshot Wound**

I was born in Wutong River Farm, Tanyuan Town of Heilongjiang Province. When I was seven years old, my classmate, Zhang, invited a few of us to play cards

at his residence. Another classmate of mine, Xu, who sat opposite me, took out a shotgun (it was quite powerful, as his elder brother used it to shoot sparrows). He thought there was no gunpowder and bullets inside, so he asked me to raise my head and look at him. I lifted my head; he aimed at me and pulled the trigger. There was no blast of gunshot at that time, so he primed it and aimed at me again. Bang! 19 lead pellets peppered the left side of my face. Each pellet was about the size of a matchstick head, except they were made of metal. The double-glazed window behind me was shattered. I felt an acute pain in my face; blood gushed from my face and my classmates were all in shock. When the adults heard the noise, they ran into the room and immediately took me to the hospital. At that time, due to the substandard facilities in that hospital, only a simple dressing was applied. Afterwards, I was quickly transferred to the Hospital of the Second Division in Hegang City. Unfortunately, this hospital's medical technology and equipment were also unable to perform this complex surgery to remove the lead pellets in my face; and the risk was relatively high. Considering my critical injury, they transferred me to the 278<sup>th</sup> Military Hospital in Beijing. The surgeon suggested that they cut off the skin of my face for better access to the bullets. But I was too young for such a procedure. Moreover, those lead pellets were too deeply lodged in my facial tissue. The surgery was deemed too risky for me. Also, it might have resulted in large scars on my face, so my parents did not consent. After performing local surgery, the doctor managed to remove more than 10 pellets from my face. A few remain to this day; I can still touch my face and feel where they are lodged. The doctor told us that another surgery should be performed when I turned 18, otherwise the pellets would cause lead poisoning. Thank God. Although I did not undergo surgery afterwards, there have been no effects so far. Some said I was lucky because the gunshot did not rip my eyes, making me blind.

My mother said it was not luck—it was God’s protection. If I were blind, how would I be able to live a normal life? It was hard to imagine the consequences. Since then, I often remind myself that these marks show the protective grace of God. As the thorn in the flesh reveals grace, so this thorn in my flesh reminds me that, it is my strength and help in times of weakness.

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*I understand now that God held us in the palm of His hand and kept us alive because my mother always entrusted us to Him.*

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### Surviving a Near-Drowning

I have two brothers, and am the middle child in the family. At a very young age, my siblings and I were mischievous and enjoyed adventure, so we were very difficult to manage. But my wise mother decided to entrust us to God.

In the summer of 1981, I went swimming with my elder brother and his classmates in a local river. We had swum there before and the water level was not very deep. But a few days before this, a pothole of three to four meters’ deep had been formed by a large volume of turbulent water from upstream. From the river bank, we could not tell what the water level was. We thought that the river was as deep as before. Without testing the water, we all quickly jumped in. Only one classmate of mine, Qian, lingered behind. As soon as we jumped into the river, we knew something was wrong. It was too late though. My elder brother was the only one who knew how to swim, but he was not a strong swimmer. One of his classmates, Lei, held onto him tightly. The others did not know how to swim, so we struggled to keep ourselves afloat. We drank a lot of water. Despite our best efforts, we could not save ourselves. We became exhausted and began to lose

consciousness. That day, I almost experienced death. I felt the helplessness and despair of all men before death. When I opened my eyes, I found myself lying on dry ground. Someone was calling me; and I realized that I was alive, but I still kept vomiting water. Some time later, they told me that it was our classmate, Qian, who pulled us out. One by one he dragged us to land with a bamboo stick of less than a meter long. Even now I still cannot figure out how he managed to save us. Once my mother learned about this accident, she spanked my elder brother and me, and told us not to swim in the river anymore. After my mother found out what really happened, she told us that we would have been dead if it were not for God’s protection. We should repay God’s grace. I understand now that God held us in the palm of His hand and kept us alive because my mother always entrusted us to Him.

### Surviving a Dog Bite

In 1987, I was in the third year of junior high school. One day after lunch, I went to my friend’s place on my way to school. My friend had a huge black dog. When I entered their front yard, she wagged her tail. I took it as a friendly message, so I went forward and stretched out my hand to touch her. But without me realizing it, she became hostile and bit me. Blood poured from my fingers as she sank her sharp teeth into my hand. After some simple treatment, my parents were concerned about the risk of rabies. They wanted to vaccinate me immediately. However, rabies vaccines were not available in our town. My father then took me to Changchun City where there was a factory that manufactured rabies vaccines. I took an injection at the factory, and I took other shots at home. When my fever went above 40°C that evening, my father became very frightened. My lips turned purplish black and my teeth were grinding. My father tried to call for a doctor, but he refused to come to our place. He was afraid that my supposed rabid infection would kill me soon, making him culpable for my death. My mother prayed



earnestly for me and her heart was comforted, so she went to sleep. My father, on the other hand, was not a believer at that time. He was so deeply concerned that he could not fall asleep. At that time, I thought my mother did not love me as much as my father did, but when I grew older, I understood that my mother had experienced true peace from the Lord.

Thank God that He listened to my mother's prayer. The next morning, my fever was gone; I fully recovered as if nothing had happened the day before. My friend invited me to go to school with them, so I took my bag and went out. I learned from this experience that with man some things are impossible, but in God all things are possible. I also observed the different responses of the faithful and the faithless in times of tribulations. Later, my mother told us that she had offered me to God that evening when she prayed for me. If God wanted to use me, then use me for God; and without regrets.

### Surviving Rat Poisoning Accident

In 1986, I was in the second year of junior high school. There were two elderly women in my house. My mother told me that they came to preach the gospel. They found me likable and encouraged me to serve God more. I had no idea what they meant. Before I went to sleep, I was asked to lead a prayer (we were not members of the TJC yet, so we prayed with words of understanding). I was very moved that evening, so I said that I would like to serve God in the prayer. After the prayer, the guests were extremely pleased, and one of them said, "You have made a vow before the Lord. Remember to fulfill the vow in the future, otherwise God will chastise you." At that time, I never thought much about becoming a preacher. I just followed my heart and said what I was moved to say. Not so for my guests; they were serious about my prayer. From then on, my mother often reminded me to study theology. At that time, I obeyed and did not object.

After finishing junior high school, I chose not to go to a vocational school, but instead I went to a top-ranked high school. In my second year, I chose to study arts, even though I did well in science subjects. My mother said that it would be easier to enter into a the seminary if I studied arts. It seemed to be a stepping stone for my future theological studies. However, when I was in the last year of high school, I did not want to go to theological college anymore. I thought that I could go to university like many of my classmates because my grades were good enough. After all, if they could sit for the university entrance examination, why couldn't I do it? This thought became stronger over time. I stopped reading the Bible, but what happened next made me determined to study theology and prepare myself to serve God.

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*At that moment, I remembered the dedication prayer when I was in the second year of junior high school and the elderly woman's remark. I prayed in tears before God...*

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One day, in the first semester of my third year at high school, I returned home during the school holidays (At that time, I only went home two days a month due to intensive studying). When I arrived home, I was hungry and tired after a long journey. I immediately looked for some of my mother's delicious food, which she would usually prepared for me. There was no food in the kitchen; I was so hungry that I rummaged around the house for something to eat. There was a small package in the desk drawer in the living room. I could not make out the words because there were all blurry, but it had that shiny snack packaging. Without much thought, I opened it and started eating. The "snacks" were quite delicious, so I ate a bit more. I ate about two-thirds of the package, before I went to the school look for my mother where she was work-

ing. She asked me if I had eaten anything. I answered, “Yes, I ate the snacks in the desk drawer.” My mother’s face turned pale, and asked me how much I had eaten. I replied, “More than half.” She told me, “That’s rat poison! I just bought it today. And you ate it before the rats do!” A few teachers heard this and came over to try to help. Some told me to put my fingers down my throat so I could throw up. Others recommended a feather instead of my fingers, whilst others told us to go to the hospital for a gastric lavage. My mother saw that people started to crowd around us, and the situation became quite chaotic, so she took me out of school. I thought that she was going to take me to the hospital. Instead, she took me home. She allowed me to kneel down to pray sincerely. As instructed by my mother, I reflected on my wrongdoings. During the prayer, a voice came to me, “You need to fulfill the vow that you made.” At that moment, I remembered the dedication prayer when I was in the second year of junior high school and the elderly woman’s remark. I prayed in tears before God, saying, “Lord, if You save me, I will serve You for the rest of my life without regret.” After the prayer, my mother asked me whether I had found my problems. I said yes, and she said, “That is good. God will not let you die.” Afterwards, she went back to work. She knew that God had allowed this to happen to me without me having to die a rat’s death. For that, I remembered my promise all the more and sought to fulfill it. After my mother left home, the specter of death hanging over my head made me quite scared. I knelt down again and prayed the most earnest prayer of my life. Thank the Lord, since it was God’s calling and election, God did not let me die.

What happened afterwards was quite smooth-sailing. I enrolled into the Nanjing Union Theological Seminary (NJUTS). Without those personal experiences, I would not have studied theology; without entering to the seminary, I might not have come to the TJC. I believe God has been guiding me every step of the way.

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*Whenever I thought about the many contradictory interpretations, I was puzzled and troubled in my heart, but I knew that there was only one truth according to the Bible, and that God’s words were not equivocal.*

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### Entering to the Seminary

In September of 1991, I entered to the NJUTS. It was the most prestigious seminary within the Christian community in China. With a curious mind, a positive prospect, and the blessings of brothers and sisters, I began a new chapter in my life. People saw the excitement on my face. But after some time, I realized that my new pursuit was not as easy as I thought. I started to re-examine my own faith.

Before I studied theology, I did not have the concept of denominations. I thought that all Christians were the same. Since they read the Bible, and they should have the same understanding. Yet after entering to the seminary, I discovered that the lecturers and students all came from different denominations; only a few shared the same views. I was greatly confused and did not understand the differences. Sometimes, I would try to ease my confusion with the concept of tolerance and respect, seeking for similarities and accepting the differences, and trying not to take all this too seriously. But this did not work. Whenever I thought about the many contradictory interpretations, I was puzzled and troubled in my heart, but I knew that there was only one truth according to the Bible, and that God’s words were not equivocal. Thank the Lord, He knows our needs, and continually directs my path.

When I was young, I often heard the brethren say that a Christian would be able to speak in tongues



when his or her spirituality reached a certain level; tongue-speaking symbolized higher spirituality. For this reason, I longed to receive the Holy Spirit, and kept thinking how wonderful it would be if I could speak in tongues.

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*I saw the changes in Lin after he had received the Holy Spirit. He was a completely different person, and I knew that this was because of the renewal of the Holy Spirit.*

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In the first year of my theology studies, a senior student invited me to visit a believer. I was told that this elderly woman had just returned from the United States. She was a very spiritual person who could speak in tongues. When we were at her residence, she told us that she could help us to speak in tongues. Upon hearing that, I was ecstatic because this was something that I wanted for so long. She told us the method to receive the Holy Spirit, i.e., first listen to what she says and then we follow what she has said. After hearing what she said, I did not feel right in my heart. Although I had not yet experienced the infilling of the Holy Spirit at that time, I knew that receiving the Holy Spirit was a gift from God according to His good will and not a learned skill. However, I dared not question her. We knelt down to pray, and she started to pray loudly next to us. She spoke in her so-called spiritual tongues. She then urged us to speak faster in repetition, but I was rather repelled by this. If this was how someone received the Holy Spirit, I would rather not have it, so I experienced nothing special in that prayer. After we finished, the elderly commended one of my friends for his good understanding. She said that he had received the “Holy Spirit” at his first attempt. She also encouraged me to keep up the effort. After we left, I felt disheartened. I knew this was

not from God. I became confused about this incident for a long time. Some time later, my roommate, Lin Fang, told me that the TJC is the church that prays for the infilling of the Holy Spirit; it is not a learned skill. Moreover, we also had classmates from the TJC. Later, I often kept in touch with them as I wanted to see how they were filled by the Holy Spirit.

### **Believing in the True Jesus Church**

Regarding my experiences of the TJC, I should mention two classmates: Lin Fang, who is now a preacher of the TJC, and Ji Hong-mei, who is now my wife. It was the communication with them that eventually led me to the TJC. I am truly grateful to God for arranging these two brethren in my journey of faith.

Lin and I were classmates as well as roommates. We became best friends. During the summer vacation in 1992, he went to the TJC in Fujian in order to learn and observe more about the TJC. He told me about the situation in Fujian church, and his experiences of receiving the Holy Spirit and speaking in tongues. I was moved by his experiences and grew fond of the church. But more importantly, I saw the changes in Lin after he had received the Holy Spirit. He was a completely different person, and I knew that this was because of the renewal of the Holy Spirit. If the changes were not from God, it would not be very difficult to purge some of his bad habits.

My wife, Ji Hong-mei, went to Fujian alone to study the teachings of the TJC in August 1992. She did not receive the Holy Spirit that time, but she was convinced by the truth. After a while, she received the biblical way of baptism in living water. After she returned from Fujian, she often told me about the spiritual landscape in Fujian church, so I longed to see it for myself. She eventually helped me to make my trip to Fujian in 1993. The winter of 1993 became one of the most unforgettable moments of my life.

After being introduced to the TJC by a classmate, I visited Sanshan church in Fujian with several classmates, including Lian Chong-lan, Ren Xiao-jing, Lin Fang and Li Gai-gai. I spent my entire winter vacation at Sanshan church. I had been to a number of churches before, but had rarely seen a church as caring, as vigorous and as spiritual as Sanshan church. The children sang hymns beautifully. The youths were zealous. The elders and ministers were humble and loving. I thought to myself: “How could a church exude such strong spiritual aroma if it wasn’t for the abidance of the Holy Spirit or the guidance of the true God?”

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*Thank the Lord, after praying for just a few minutes, I felt my tongue rolling and speaking a language which I did not understand.*

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With such an inspiration and my passion to seek the truth, I humbled myself and studied the Bible carefully. Eld. Wang Qin-Ru taught us the five basic doctrines. I could not agree more with the teachings regarding the Holy Spirit and the baptism in living water. Several classmates could not accept the teachings about the Holy Spirit because they were taught in their local churches and in the seminary that one automatically received the Holy Spirit when they believed in Christ. They also said that it is not necessary to pray for the Holy Spirit; some even said that we would receive an evil spirit if we prayed for the Holy Spirit, and so on. But then the Bible says in Luke 11:13, “If you then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to those who ask Him!” I had read this Bible verse before, but had never pondered on its meaning nor put it into practice. At that time, I boldly suggested that if the Holy Spirit is real, then we

should go to the chapel to pray for the Holy Spirit and prove what was said is true.

Thank the Lord, after praying for just a few minutes, I felt my tongue rolling and speaking a language which I did not understand. My heart was filled with immense joy like nothing I had ever felt. After the prayer, the ministers told me that I was filled with the Holy Spirit. Thank the Lord, I finally received the Holy Spirit that I had longed for! It was not a learned skill, but a gift from God. As I was afraid that the Holy Spirit would depart from me, I would kneel down before God to pray whenever I had time until I was convinced that the Holy Spirit had already lived in my heart. For the next few days, I was filled with inexpressible happiness and excitement.

*“Can anyone forbid water, that these should not be baptized who have received the Holy Spirit just as we have?” (Acts 10:47)*

On my birthday (January 30, 1993), I received the baptism in living water of the TJC; and I became a believer of the true church. The baptism was performed in Houyue Gulf in Fuqing. There were frigid winds as well as hail on that day, but we did not feel cold at all in the water. Also, a classmate, who was ill was healed during baptism. Afterwards, we stayed at Sanshan church for the 1993 Chinese New Year. It was probably one of the most significant Chinese New Years I ever had.

After the Chinese New Year, we visited Jiangyin church, Xiaomai Island church and Chisan Island church, where the believers were simple and loving. We were greatly encouraged and edified after we listened to their many testimonies. We saw the works of the Holy Spirit there, and were filled with joy. Such experiences deepened our understanding of the truth preached by the TJC.



After we returned to the seminary, we participated in the development, pastoral care and holy work of the TJC in Nanjing with the love, zeal and faith which God bestowed upon us. Through our servitude, we further witnessed God's great power, built ourselves up and gained more experiences of pastoral work. This built a solid foundation in our future service.

When we graduated, Hong-mei and I had a grand wedding ceremony at Sanshan church in Fuqing. As God had entrusted to us, we returned to Jinan church with the love and expectations of the Sanshan brethren, ministers and preachers. We began our ministry in Shandong church. Today, we still strive to serve God in His green pasture. Together we believe that we should repay God all the days of our lives for His perfect grace. Becoming a preacher of the TJC has been a great honor in my life. It has also been the greatest grace I have received from God.

*"What shall I render to the Lord for all His benefits toward me? I will take up the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord. I will pay my vows to the Lord now in the presence of all His people."*

*(Ps 116:12-14)*

May all glory be to God, and peace be to His people on earth. Hallelujah, Amen. 🌿

# My Journey of Believing in the Truth

## Shandong Church, China

Preacher Liu Bo



*Preacher Liu Bo was born in 1961 and baptized into the True Jesus Church (TJC) in 1993. He is currently a full-time preacher in Shandong church, China.*

### BELIEVING IN THE LORD JESUS

I believed in the Lord on the night of December 24, 1989. While I was still going to other churches, Bro. Yang brought me to the Mount Phoenix family service; there I heard the gospel. Sis. Ma Gui-qin was sharing a Bible verse in her sermon:

*“Come to Me, all you who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you and learn from Me, for I am gentle and lowly in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For My yoke is easy and My burden is light.” (Mt 11: 28–30)*

I was greatly moved and believed that this God was able to solve the many insurmountable problems in my life. If by believing in the Lord Jesus my problems could be solved, then this was a faith worth believing in. The Bible promises that if we entrust our worries

to God through prayer, God will be our ever present help. God, through the sermon speaker, bore wonderful testimony and strengthened my faith. From that night forward, I decided to rely on the Lord Jesus. I asked the sermon speaker whether I needed to go through any procedures to believe in the Lord Jesus. She said, “All you need to do is to willingly believe, buy a Bible and attend services regularly, pray often when you have time, and read the Bible.”

Afterwards, I heard that there were service points at the Guomian First Factory, Workers New Village and Bijiawa. Thus, I often went to these service points in the evenings to listen to sermons. On Sundays, I went to the church for services. I also registered for truth-seeking classes; and after half a year, I received baptism in the Shangshan Street Church. In retrospect, I felt that my motives for believing were not pure—I believed in the Lord in order to solve my own problems, not because I feared God from the bottom of my heart. I did not understand how to spiritually cultivate myself, so I only read the Bible during



services. Because I seldom read the Bible or prayed in my daily life, there were no significant changes in my life. My bad habits still persisted: I still smoked and drank. I prayed to God only when I encountered problems. I pursued after the benefits of this life, but not the eternal life of the kingdom of heaven. I felt like a superficial Christian.

*Thank God, after listening to her, I understood and humbly studied the truth of the Bible again. This new attitude allowed me to understand that there is only one baptism which is in accordance to the Bible.*

### COMING TO THE TRUE JESUS CHURCH

Thanks to the grace of God, on May 1, 1993, Sis. Ji Hong-mei, who was studying in the Nanjing Union Theological Seminary, returned to Jinan for her holidays. She spoke about the truth of the TJC and guided us in studying the five basic doctrines of the TJC. At that time, I was rebellious; the Lord Jesus clearly tells us the way to enter the heavenly kingdom:

*“Most assuredly, I say to you, unless one is born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God.”*  
(Jn 3:5)

Also, Titus 3:5 says:

*“Not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to His mercy He saved us, through the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Spirit.”*

During that time, I thought that since I had already received baptism, I would be crucifying the Lord Jesus again if I received baptism again. I could not understand why I needed to be baptized once more, and was very much opposed to this idea.

When we studied the teachings on the Sabbath day, I was reminded of the fourth commandment:

*“Remember the Sabbath day, to keep it holy.” (Ex 20:8)*

Moreover, I came across verses in the New Testament:

*“He came to Nazareth, where he had been brought up. And as His custom was, He went into the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and stood up to read.” (Lk 4:16)*

*“Then He went down to Capernaum, a city of Galilee, and was teaching them on the Sabbaths.” (Lk 4:31)*

*“Then Paul, as his custom was, went in to them, and for three Sabbaths reasoned with them from the Scriptures.” (Acts 17:2)*

Although these were biblical recordings, I had previously heard that observing the Sabbath was a heresy and breached the new covenant. Therefore, I was unwilling to attend Sabbath services.

We also studied about the truth of the Holy Spirit. Previously, I learned that once I believed, I already have the Holy Spirit. Furthermore, the Holy Spirit was not to be prayed for, otherwise one would receive an evil spirit. However, at that time, everyone was praying for the Holy Spirit, and also many brethren received It! But I doubted, so I did not receive the Holy Spirit.

After meeting and conversing with Sis. Ma Gui-qin, she realized that I still had many conflicts in my heart. She told me to submit to the truth. And since God’s word is a lamp to our feet and a light to our path, she advised me to study the five basic doctrines in the Bible more in-depth, because this truth is in accordance to the Bible. Moreover, we want with believe in the Lord Jesus, we need to listen to God’s words and do according to what He says, not according to what men say.

*“These people draw near to Me with their mouth, and honor Me with their lips, but their heart is far from Me.*

*And in vain they worship Me, teaching as doctrines the commandments of men.” (Mt 15:8–9)*

Thank God, after listening to her, I understood and humbly studied the truth of the Bible again. This new attitude allowed me to understand that there is only one baptism which is in accordance to the Bible. The Lord Jesus had set an example for us in receiving baptism in the Jordan River (Mt 3:13–17). Philip baptized the eunuch (Acts 8:36–38); only someone who is filled with the Holy Spirit can baptize others, and baptism has the power for the remission of sins. Therefore, I prayed earnestly for my baptism and hoped to be baptized into the Lord’s name soon.

### WALKING ON THE JOURNEY OF SERVITUDE

Furthermore, I came to understand that the Holy Spirit is the guarantee of our inheritance in the heavenly kingdom (Eph 1:14); if anyone does not have the Spirit of Christ, they are not His (Rom 8:9). It is only when we have the Holy Spirit that we are the children of God (Rom 8:16), and that we have strength to work for God (Acts 1:8). We do not receive the Holy Spirit immediately after we believe (Acts 19:1–7); and good conduct is not an indication in itself of having the Holy Spirit (Acts 10:1–2). We do not receive the Holy Spirit upon receiving baptism (Acts 8:14–17), but instead we need to pray for the Holy Spirit (Lk 11:13).

From then on, I prayed earnestly for the fullness of the Holy Spirit. I prayed at church and home; shouted “Hallelujah!” while walking or riding my bicycle. Thank God, He gives grace to those who have a willing heart. On August 23, 1993, while riding my bicycle from Biaoshan South Road to the Guomian First Factory, I was shouting “Hallelujah!” earnestly. God granted me the Holy Spirit! I was greatly filled by the Holy Spirit. Right before I reached the market, I had to say “Amen” three times before I could stop. At that time, I was so happy and excited! After I got off the bi-

cycle, I recalled how many shirts that were drenched with sweat when I prayed for the Holy Spirit during the past three months. As the weather was hot from June to August and the small service point was filled with many people, there were drops of sweat on the floor every time I prayed. Also, every time, brothers and sisters prayed earnestly for me to receive the Holy Spirit. Finally, God answered our prayers. He gave me the guarantee of entering the heavenly kingdom. On September 16, 1993, I received baptism in accordance with the Bible.

Thereafter, I thirst for the Word of God and pursue it diligently. And I have memorized the Bible verses that are related to the five basic doctrines. In 1994, I offered myself as a full-time preacher. I thank God for electing me among the multitude and for leading me on this journey of servitude; looking forward to the future. The responsibility is great and the road is long, but I must serve even more diligently and zealously, and strengthen my faith. Paul said, “Therefore, my beloved brethren, be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that your labor is not in vain in the Lord!” (1 Cor 15:58) 🌿



# My Journey to the Truth

## Shanghai Zhabei Church, China

Brother Yu Guo-xin



*Brother Yu Guo-xin was born in 1953. He became a believer of the True Jesus Church (TJC) in Shanghai Zhabei in 2012.*

### FROM ATHEIST TO CHRISTIAN

Before I knew God, I would mock my parents for being superstitious when I see them praying. I thought that they were fools when they said grace before meals. Only after I believed in Christ did I realize that every meal is a result of God's marvelous creation. If not for God's gracious seasons of sunshine and rain, how would we reap harvest? Our wealth and property are also granted by God, so we ought to give thanks!

In May 1991, I heard that the Bible was a mysterious book that could change the world; thus I went to a church to buy a Bible and hymnbook. On the afternoon of June 12, I brought the hymnbook to my office; and recited in my mind the hymn "Holy Holy Holy," which I felt was fresh and divine. Suddenly my colleague, who was seated opposite me, and myself both smelled a strong aroma. My colleague asked,

"What is this fragrant smell?" He went to the entrance curiously, suspecting that it was a woman passing by. However, we were the only ones who arrived so early at the office.

The aroma lingered on for nearly a minute. I was amazed; wondering if it could be the Lord Jesus. In my heart I asked, "Is this You, Jesus? If it is You, I am willing to follow You." Afterwards, I immediately told my parents about this matter. My overjoyed parents said, "This is the aroma of Christ. He has personally come to lead you to the way of eternal life." I asked the pastor about my experience and his reply was the same. I was happy and thrilled; I bought another book entitled, "Is There Really God?" My relative also gave me other books, such as "Growing in Christ," "From Death into Life," and "Yanjing's Theological Times," among others. I finished reading all of these very quickly, and I also took down notes. The pastor also gave me 12 boxes of sermon cassettes, but my cassette player malfunctioned. I prayed to the Lord that the player would work so that I could listen to

the sermons. Then, I inserted a cassette; unexpectedly, the player played the sermons with clear sound. It wasn't until I finished all the sermon cassettes that the player broke down and was unable to function anymore.

On a summer evening that same year, I went to the bathroom to wash my face. Because it usually seemed bright enough in the bedroom, I would not switch on the bathroom light. However, that evening I did not turn on the tap as I usually do, instead, I had a sudden urge to switch on the bathroom light. To my surprise, there was a venomous snake (banded krait) wriggling around the tap; I managed to beat the snake to death. Thank the Lord for saving my life! I found that God is not just an objective presence, but He exists as a personal and living experience. Therefore, my wife and I received baptism by sprinkling water in 1992; transforming myself from an atheist to a Christian.

### FROM OBSERVING SUNDAY TO KEEPING THE SABBATH

Since then, I regularly preached the gospel to my relatives and friends; a few of them believed in the Lord. On May 1, 2002, while my wife and I were taking a stroll, we discovered a new church building where two sisters were doing some cleaning. From our conversation, they were from the Seventh-day Adventist Church, which keeps Saturday as the Sabbath. I had thought that Sunday was the Sabbath. They invited me for their church dedication ceremony that would be held several days later; there would be visiting foreign pastors who could answer my queries. I went, and argued with the preachers that since all the other churches observed Sunday as the Sabbath, their church must be wrong! They said, "The truth is not based on the majority, but on its coherence to the Bible." They could not persuade me immediately, so they gave me a book entitled "The Sabbath Day Explained," which I read and found reasonable. I

wanted to study more about the Bible. One day, I received a leaflet entitled "Spiritual Sound Series," from a church in Guangzhou. A section of the leaflet concerning "Heresies in China," claimed that keeping the Sabbath was heretical. The Liangyou radio station also broadcasted that it was a heresy to keep the Sabbath. I thought: "They are well versed with the Bible, so how could they be wrong?" Hence, I dispelled the idea of keeping the Sabbath.

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*Amazingly, my badly bruised lips healed within days. However, my hands and knees, which sustained lighter injuries, healed only after 50 days. Hence, I had the leisure time to study the reference books and the Bible.*

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One day in 2007, a sister gave me a flyer that stated that Sunday was a false Sabbath. I was taken aback and determined to clear my doubts. Based on the address stated on the flyer, I requested this church to contact me and mail reference books to me. They sent many books, but I could not possibly read through them with my full-time job. I prayed urgently to the Lord; that He give me the time and ability to discern.

After dinner on August 1, I accidentally fell and hurt my knees, elbows and lips. I did not understand why the angels did not catch me from the fall. I called the secretary to apply for medical leave. The next day, the deputy director and union chairman visited me. They saw that my arms and knees were heavily bandaged, and that my lips were so badly injured until I could not drink. They agreed that my injury was indeed severe and approved my leave till I fully recovered. Amazingly, my badly bruised lips healed within days. However, my hands and knees, which sustained lighter injuries, healed only after 50 days. Hence, I had the leisure time to study the reference books and the Bible. I came to understand that the Sunday churches



had misinterpreted Revelation 1:10a, “I was in the Spirit on the Lord’s Day.”

The “Lord’s Day” is misunderstood to be the day the Lord resurrected, but actually it is the day when the Lord comes again (1 Thess 5:2; 2 Thess 2:2; Acts 2:20; 2 Pet 3:10). The “New World Version” (Chinese Bible translation) translates it as, “When the Holy Spirit came upon me, I was in the day of the Lord.” On Patmos Island, Apostle John saw the things which are to come and saw the vision of the Lord’s coming. Hence, the Lord’s Day refers to the day when the Lord comes again, not the day of the Lord’s resurrection.

Some people use Acts 20:7a, “On the first day of the week, when the disciples came together to break bread,” to prove that the early church changed the Sabbath service to Sunday. However, the “Modern Chinese Translation” translates “the first day of the week” as “Saturday evening.” Since Paul had to embark on his journey the next day, the Sabbath service was extended past midnight until the daybreak of the next day (Sunday). Then, Paul left and continued his journey until he arrived in Jerusalem. Paul never observed the Sabbath on Sunday. Moreover, Acts 2:46 says, “Every day they continued to meet together in the temple courts. They broke bread in their homes and ate together with glad and sincere hearts.” The sole record of Acts 20:7 cannot be used to explain that the early church had gathered on Sunday for service.

The verse in 1 Corinthians 16:2a, “On the first day of the week let each one of you lay something aside,” is also used to prove that the early church worshiped on Sunday. In the “Studium Biblicum Version,” this is translated as, “In the first day of the week, let everyone of you put aside a little sum according to your own ability.” The Bible Encyclopedia states that “these offerings were drawn and kept aside by every individual member, that is, to be drawn from their own houses.” According to Romans 15:25–26, Acts

11:28–30 and 1 Corinthians 16:1,3–4, these contributions were used to help the poor saints in Jerusalem. They were not contributions during church services. Is it wrong, then, to commemorate the Lord’s resurrection? The Bible never asked us to remember His resurrection, but rather His death (Lk 22:19) and the Sabbath day (Ex 20:8; 1 Cor 11:23–26). It was Augustine who proposed the Day of Resurrection as the Lord’s Day. Thus, the church had inherited men’s instructions and despised the commandment of God.

*“In vain they worship Me, teaching as doctrines the commandments of men.” (Mk 7:7)*

On the argument that the Sabbath is only for the Jews to keep, Mark 2:27a points out that “the Sabbath was made for man.” Therefore, it was instituted for all mankind, not the Jews alone. When God instituted the Sabbath, the Jews did not yet exist. The Gentile believers ought to keep the Sabbath day (Isa 56:6–7). In catastrophic times, we must keep the Sabbath (Mt 24:20–21). In the new heavens and new earths, we ought to keep the Sabbath (Isa 66:22–23). As the Lord Jesus said:

*“One jot or one tittle will by no means pass from the law till all is fulfilled.” (Mt 5:18b)*

*“So let no one judge you in food or in drink, or regarding a festival or a new moon or sabbaths, which are a shadow of things to come, but the substance is of Christ.” (Col 2:16–17)*

These Scriptures are often quoted to oppose the keeping of the Sabbath. The “sabbaths” here are plural form, referring to the sabbaths in the festivals. The Sabbath of the Ten Commandments always stands in the original text as a singular term.

After understanding the clear teachings of the Bible, I realized that I had previously been observing the wrong day. Hence, after 15 years of observing Sunday

worship, my family and I began commemorating and observing the Sabbath from 2007 to this day.

### ENTERING THE TRUE CHURCH AND RECEIVING THE HOLY SPIRIT

While I thought that I had acquired the complete truth, the Lord Jesus continued to guide me. In November 2008, I came to Shanghai and observed the Sabbath at the Mu'en Church (Shanghai Moore Memorial Church).

In May 2010, some preachers were sent by the elders of a certain church to visit me. They observe the Sabbath, footwashing, the three feasts (Passover, Pentecost, and Booths/Succoth), and baptism in living water in Jesus' name. They studied the Bible for these doctrines with me. I disagreed with observing the feasts or festivals, since Christ's coming removed the necessity of keeping this "shadow." However, baptizing in the name of Jesus is in the Bible, as the disciples did baptize in Jesus' name (Acts 8:16; 10:47–48; 19:4–5; 1 Cor 6:11). However, because that church observed the festivals, I declined their invitation to be baptized again.

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*Thank the Lord, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, I finally understood how some churches misinterpreted Matthew 28:19 concerning "baptism them in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit."*

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From this encounter, I realized that my previous baptism was not biblical. I had to be baptized again, but where? In February 2012, I prayed to the Lord, "O Lord, my previous baptism was done in the wrong way; I must be baptized again in Your name this year. May You arrange my baptism in the church of Your favor and by Your faithful servant. I hope to be baptized in September. May Your will be done." The subsequent turn of events miraculously fulfilled my requests.

In March 2012, I found the True Jesus Church (TJC) online. I discovered that the church observes the Sabbath, footwashing, Holy Communion, baptism in Jesus' name and in living water, and that they pray for the Holy Spirit (evidenced by speaking in tongues). I had no disputes concerning the first few doctrines; I was only doubtful about receiving the Holy Spirit. Didn't I receive the indwelling of the Holy Spirit once I believed? I prayed, "O Lord, please guide me and grant me wisdom so I may understand Your truth. I want to know whether the TJC teaches according to Your will, not by signs and miracles, since other religions have miracles, but by Your words, which cannot be changed by Satan."

In April, there was an online inquiry for the address of the TJC in Nanjing. Upon receiving Pr. Wu Zu-xiang's cellphone number, I requested her to send me some publications. In May, she introduced me to the Shanghai Zhabei church. I studied the Bible day and night, focusing on topics such as, "Baptism in the name of Jesus" and "Baptism of the Holy Spirit." Thank the Lord, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, I finally understood how some churches misinterpreted Matthew 28:19 concerning "baptism them in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit." The "name" here is singular in the original text, exhibiting the oneness of the true God; so is also His name. While "the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit" are titles addressing the different works of God, they are not God's name. Since the disciples knew that the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit is Jesus; so they performed the baptism in the name of the Lord Jesus.

Then, I examined the efficacy of baptism: To die, bury and resurrect with the Lord (Rom 6:3; Col 2:12), for the "remission of sins" (Acts 2:38, 22:16), for rebirth (Tit 3:5; Jn 3:3–5), for "sanctification" and "justification" (1 Cor 6:11; Rom 5:9), for salvation (1 Pet 3:20–21; Mk 16:16), for entering into and putting on Christ (Gal 3:27). It was definitely not as some churches claimed, that it



is merely a ceremonial rite. Baptism which is not according to the biblical teachings will not be effective. I was determined to receive baptism and examine the baptism of the Holy Spirit later, which I was still doubtful.

On September 1, I attended the service at Zhabei church and requested for baptism from a worker, Bro. Li. He promised to make arrangements. On September 3, he informed me that there would be a special baptism at Wuzhen church the next day. I immediately agreed and made arrangements to travel to Wuzhen. I prayed, “O Lord, I do not know if I should be baptized in the TJC. If it is Your will, please open a way. If it is not, please hinder me!” On September 4, I received baptism, despite the unexpected opposition from people. I prayed in silence; entrusted everything to the hands of God. Indeed, God’s will could not be obstructed. It was Eld. Chui Zhong-hua who baptized me. My prayer was hearkened by the Lord—I was baptized in September 2012; proving that this church was indeed in the Lord’s favor.

After baptism, I did my best to examine the baptism of the Holy Spirit, under the assistance of Eld. Lim Fu-zhen from Quanzhou church. The Holy Spirit guided me to understand clearly that the evidence of receiving of the Holy Spirit is speaking in tongues (Acts 10:44–46, 19:6).

“Speaking in tongues” is translated in the Lu Zhenzhong Version as “speaking in rolled tongues,” while in the Modern Chinese Version stated it as “speaking in spiritual languages.” In Acts 2:4, the “speaking in languages of other nations” is actually “speaking in strange tongues” in the original text; which refers to something other than earthly languages. As the Lord Jesus said, “My kingdom is not of this world.” (Jn 18:36)

When the Holy Spirit comes upon a man, people around him are able to hear and see it (Acts 2:33;

8:14–19). The Lord Jesus promised that believers shall “speak in new tongues” (Mk 16:17), which is a plural term. This indicates that believers who received the Holy Spirit will speak in tongues different from each other. One does not have the Holy Spirit when he believes (Acts 19:1–2). Instead, one must ask the Father in heaven (Lk 11:13; Jn 4:10). The “baptism of the Holy Spirit” on the day of Pentecost still applies to today’s church (Eccl 3:14; Jas 1:17; Heb 13:8). 1 Corinthians 12:28 describes that God has appointed a variety of different positions in the ministry of the church. The passage in 1 Corinthians 12:29–30, “Do all speak in tongues?”, refers to preaching in tongues so as to edify the church, which is likened to a school. A school does not solely teach language or mathematics, but all teachers must be fully equipped to teach different subjects.

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*Upon returning, I prayed and felt that my spiritual tongue was not smooth. I doubted whether I had received the Holy Spirit, and consequently, the spiritual tongue was completely gone.*

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Receiving the Holy Spirit is of utmost importance to believers; it is indispensable (Jn 3:5; Rom 8:9, 11, 16; Eph 1:14). The Bible also prophesied that the Lord Jesus shall baptize with the Holy Spirit (Mt 3:11; Joel 2:28–29; Acts 1:4–5; Lk 24:49).

After a series of systematic Bible study, all my doubts were dispelled. Also, because I understood the truth, I prayed earnestly for the Holy Spirit; actively attended the spiritual convocations of the true church in various locations. Though I did not immediately receive the Holy Spirit, I was not disheartened. Instead, I continued to believe in God’s faithfulness. Through the guidance of the Holy Spirit, my daughter and wife were baptized in 2013 and 2014 respectively;

both received the Holy Spirit before I did. Having saw them receive the precious Holy Spirit, my faith was strengthened because I knew that God is impartial. When Pr. Wu Zu-xiang invited me to the spiritual convocation from May 1–2, 2015, I went with two brothers. During the afternoon prayer on the first day (May 1), I realized that I needed to give thanks to God even though I had yet to receive the Holy Spirit. The Lord had already showed me that I needed to pray for the Holy Spirit, while many others had yet to understand this truth.

Suddenly, my tongue started to move and I started to speak in tongues loudly. My heart was overwhelmed with joy. The place where I first came into contact with the TJC was also the same place where I finally received the Holy Spirit. In my excitement, my words slipped: “O, great Nanjing church! Thank the Lord!” During the evening service, I lost my spiritual tongue; I realized that I had exalted and glorified man, instead of God who gave me the Holy Spirit. Dns. Luo Xiao-xia comforted me; together with the two brothers and I, prayed for God’s mercy and forgiveness. Sis. Wu Zu-xiang encouraged me that I would regain my spiritual tongue on the afternoon of the next day (May 2). During the morning session, I was very remorseful and anxious because I had yet to receive back the Spirit. Dns. Luo advised me not to pressure myself, but entrust to the Lord. Afterwards, I was at peace; soon I was speaking in tongues again. That day, the two brothers who went with me also received the Holy Spirit.

Upon returning, I prayed and felt that my spiritual tongue was not smooth. I doubted whether I had received the Holy Spirit, and consequently, the spiritual tongue was completely gone. I told Eld. Lim Fu-zhen, and he said that the coworkers in Nanjing church would make no mistake in confirming that I had received the Holy Spirit. He added, “You doubted, so the Holy Spirit departed. Do not be disheartened,

but pray unceasingly.” I repented to the Lord and prayed incessantly. Very quickly, I regained the spiritual tongue. After two experiences of losing the Holy Spirit, I confirmed that speaking in tongues is the only evidence of receiving the Holy Spirit.

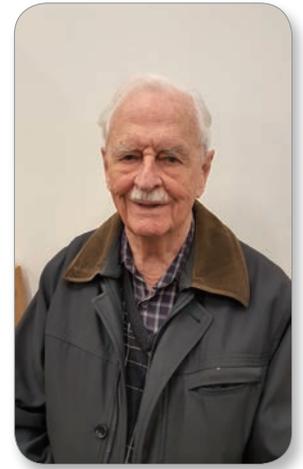
Thank the Lord for enlightening and leading me from atheism to Christianity, from observing Sunday worship to keeping the Sabbath, and eventually to receive the precious baptisms of water and the Spirit. I entered into the true church with the abidance of the Holy Spirit and complete truth. I will always count and remember the Lord’s grace! All glory and praises be given to the one true and eternal God! Hallelujah! 🌿



# Searching for God

## Melbourne Church, Australia

Brother Bartholomew Morris



Searching for God. Now that's an interesting idea! To a committed Christian, that's a rather extraordinary statement. All you need to do is kneel down (if you are able) and start praying and He is there to listen to you. So it seems to be unusual to search for God. But is it?

### TRADITIONAL CHRISTIAN FOR 60 YEARS

I was born in 1925 in Sydney, the capital of the State of New South Wales, Australia. I am in my late 80s now. Christened and raised in a traditional Christian denomination, I spent more than 60 years going to church every Sunday. I started singing in the choir at nine years old and did so for nearly 60 years. When I was old enough, I became active in church affairs; joined the vestry (administrative board), ultimately became a warden (senior position) and even represented my church at regional conferences (synod).

I also learned to assist in the regular Sunday services as a "server," which required me to do readings from the Bible, assist in the dispensation of bread and wine at communion and other activities connected

with the services. After that, my participation in the church activities was considered to be complete.

However, it never occurred to me that I should read the Bible, and study and think about what it said. In fact when I once suggested that maybe we should read the Bible from beginning to end, I was actively discouraged from doing so, "as it wasn't really necessary since we've got all that was needed from the usual Sunday readings." These consisted of short readings of 10 to 20 verses each Sunday. The same set of verses was repeated each year, so my biblical knowledge was very limited.

### SEARCHING FOR ANSWERS

However, one day in the 1990s, someone quoted something from the Bible, which prompted me to open my Bible and to look up the quotation. I read on from the quotation and that led me to think and read further on. I cannot remember what the quotation was at this moment, but whatever it was, it had far-reaching consequences: the verse prompted me

to ask my then vicar (clergyman) about its meaning. His reply startled me. He told me to stop wasting my time and his time with silly questions, and to just believe what I was told. Since he hadn't told me anything, his reply annoyed me, so I decided to study the Bible more in detail, and find out the meaning for myself.

Being a researcher by nature and training, I decided that the best way to study the Bible was to start from the beginning, and read through the entire Bible, so that I could get each idea in context and the relationship between each part correctly of the Bible. Thus, I started my Bible reading methodically by dividing the number of Bible pages by 365, and I found that if I read three pages every day, I would read through the whole Bible by mid-December.

I was startled by the effect greatly after doing so. I found that the Bible is not just a collection of unrelated and disjointed quotations, but a fount of great knowledge and a history book of the world. It is also a book of morality which contains everything that we need to live a better and more moral life, and finally and most importantly, a guide book that could lead me to God.

I must add here that it takes about 15 minutes to read three pages of the Bible a day. Since there are 1440 minutes in a day, 15 minutes is approximately one percent of a day. I decided that if I could not give God at least one percent of my time, I must be a very busy person. In fact, I am not that busy. I now find myself spending much more than one percent of my time reading God's word!

All this led me to realize what my problem was—I had been searching for God without really knowing Him.

In my 60 years of going to church on Sundays, I never realized that I had fallen in love with the rituals of the church. There was no belief in God or Jesus Christ

in the ceremonies in which I was participating; I had become a ceremonialist and not a Christian—similar to most churchgoers today. The ceremonies in most churches today are or appear to be purely military in origin and style. Minor clergy and other participants in the ceremonies act more like military guard of honor or escorts.

Ceremonialists emphasize the pomp and elaborate movements by the clergy, and those assisting them in church services performed for the benefit of the viewers (congregation). To an analytical mind, the church ceremonies are very similar to military parade ground movements, where soldiers put on a performance for a head of state and his public. Religion is absent in these ceremonies.

By the time I had read through the Bible the third time (the third year), I began to seriously search for God. Even though I had visited a number of churches and sects, they could only supply some of the answers to my questions, and not all, and so I continued on my search for answers.

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*Also throughout the Bible we are constantly and continually told to “keep My Sabbaths.” So, God obviously considers it to be important.*

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## ANSWERS FOUND

Sometimes, God works in mysterious ways. One day I was driving along a street when I came to a traffic blockage. I turned left into a side street, intending to then by-pass the blockage by driving down a parallel street and back onto the original street at the next side street. As I was waiting to turn right into the parallel street, I noticed a curved sign outside a building in the corner, which read, “TRUE JESUS CHURCH.”



Now I hadn't heard of this church before, so I pulled over and went to look further at the sign. I then noticed the smaller sign listing the beliefs of this church. This list interested me, so I decided to search further.

The following Saturday (one of my questions), I turned up and started inquiring about the beliefs of this "new" church. Sabbath-keeping was the particular item which first attracted me, since God included it as the fourth commandment after the first three which require us to worship Him. It is the first commandment, which instructs us to actively do something. Eight of the other commandments commence with the words, "You shall not." (cf. Ex 20:1–17) Also throughout the Bible we are constantly and continually told to "keep My Sabbaths." So, God obviously considers it to be important.

I started with the simple questions first, and they were answered. For example, does the True Jesus Church (TJC) observe the Saturday Sabbath? Does the TJC believe that the Bible is the immutable word of God? Do they believe in full immersion at baptism? Every time the answer was "Yes." Then I tried the difficult questions, which usually sent priests into hysterics. For example, do you believe that God created the universe in six ordinary days? Do you believe the description of the second coming of Jesus Christ as depicted in the Bible? Again, back to me not only positive but also sensible answers! Hallelujah! I had found what I was looking for.

I became a regular attendant at truth-seeker lessons and soon was participating in the full services. As I continued to study and learn the biblical truth and attend services in the TJC, I felt increasingly convinced that I had found what I had been searching for and that I had to be baptized in this church. Ultimately, I was blessed with receiving baptism by full immersion as well as the Holy Spirit. Hallelujah!

## GOD'S WORD IS KEY

Since then I have participated in as many services as I can. And I have been blessed with coming to know many brothers and sisters who firmly believe in our Lord Jesus Christ and His word.

Studying God's word has strengthened my belief in the presence of God in my life. I now constantly feel His presence, and am frequently turning to Him for help and advice. Whenever I struggle with a problem, be it great or small, He is always there at my side; His Spirit comforts and reassures me.

In addition, I have been encouraged to preach the gospel to other people and bring them to church. This was very different from my previous church, where I was even made fun of when I tried to bring new people.

I have also been encouraged by the growth of the church, which has made necessary the purchase of a new premises at Croydon South, a suburb of Melbourne. These new premises would allow us to double our numbers who attend the main services on Saturday, and also provide more rooms for separate classes that allow our members, particularly our youths, to be trained in the word of God.

Just like the previous church building, the new building has no distracting crosses, statues, or other images. Its simplicity reminds me of the fact that finding God is not very difficult as long as we truly believe in Him and follow His word as given to us in the Bible. Just get down on your knees and pray, and you will find that He is there with you.

May God bless each and every one of you as you study His word, and pray ceaselessly to our Lord Jesus Christ. Hallelujah, praise the Lord! 🌿

# Experiences at Work

## Kansai Prayer House, Japan

Deacon Joshua Zheng



In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, I testify.

Thank the Lord for His grace and mercy, I came to Japan by myself in April 1990 at the age of 17. When I was 18 years old, I felt that life was empty, so I started to seek God. I received baptism in Tokyo church when I was 19 years old. I now attend the Kansai prayer house. For over 20 years, I have experienced the constant guidance of the Lord Jesus. Thank the Lord!

On October 17, 1992, I went to Tokyo church for the first time, and I was baptized on November 3 of the same year. There was a three-day spiritual convocation from November 6–8. I received the precious Holy Spirit on the last day by the mercy of God; my heart was filled with joy.

Ever since I started to attend services at the True Jesus Church in Tokyo, I made the determination to observe the Sabbath day. Therefore, I would always explain at job interviews that I was a Christian, and that I must go to church and attend services on Sabbaths (Phil 2:13). Thank the Lord, in the past 20 years,

this request did not hinder me from getting a job; on the contrary, it was very smooth. I have been able to experience God's abidance and care at work.

I am currently working eight hours a day at a company that makes health food. It takes only 15 minutes by bicycle from my house to work. I leave the house every morning at 8 am and my work hours are from 8:30 am to 5:30 pm I would be home at 6 pm. I also get Sabbaths and Sundays off every week. Whenever there is church work, I can ask for days off. This is indeed a special grace from God.

In 2013, my family of nine took the Shinkansen from Osaka to Tokyo to attend the Fall Spiritual Convocation. We spent about 200,000 yen for transportation. Transportation costs are high in Japan, but because of our faith, nothing that we pay would be in vain (1 Chr 29:11–12). After the spiritual convocation, I returned to work; I was called by my employer to a private room, where he asked me to be in charge of an important department in the company. The profit of the entire company affects this department. The Jap-



anese economy was bad at that time and the company was facing a financially unstable period; there were about 60 employees in total. Thank the Lord for His mercy; ever since I was in charged of the department—through the Lord's help, care and blessings—the company transformed from crisis to opportunity in two to three years. Though my boss was not a believer, I trust that he has seen the grace of the Lord in the process.

Everyone at work knows that I am a Christian, and I received special treatment from my company (Mt 10:42)—I am free from working on Sabbaths. Thank the Lord. Of course, as Christians, we must consider the benefit of the company and perform our duties well (Col 3:22–25; Eph 6:5–9). Meanwhile, we should pray for our company and peace in our company (1 Tim 2:1–4; Luke 10:5–6).

The above are my humble experiences at work; through these small matters, I am even more convinced that the Sabbath is a day blessed by God (Gen 2:3; Isa 58:13–14; 56:2; Ezek 20:12). Therefore, when believers keep the Sabbath, we prove that we are the children of God and we can inherit the blessings of God; if we do not keep the Sabbath, we reject the grace of God (Heb 3:7–11).

Observing the Sabbath, offering tithe (Mal 3:8–12) and living a life of Bible reading and prayer are most basic and most important for believers. If we can put these things into practice, we will have deeper experiences of God, and become more intimate with the Lord Jesus. We will also trust in the Lord Jesus even more, until we can, just as Paul says, “offer our bodies as living sacrifices.” (Rom 12:1; 2 Cor 5:14–15; Rom 14:7–9)

May all the glory and praise be unto the Lord Jesus Christ who loves us—the only true God. Amen! 🌿

# The Path of the Lord Drips with Abundance

## Madou Church, Taiwan

Brother Lee Ming-hsiang



### THE FIRST MENTION OF JESUS

I became aware of the True Jesus Church (TJC) through my mother, who said to me, “You must go to church to listen to sermons. It’s very good to believe in Jesus! Sins can be forgiven and you can receive eternal life!” This brief exhortation of my mother, who only had an elementary school education, brought to mind the Jesus that I saw on television when I was young. However, I did not pay much attention to my mother, let alone the Jesus she spoke about.

### BRUSHING OFF MY MOTHER’S INVITATION

I did not remember what my mother said about church and the Lord Jesus until I encountered difficulties in my life. As an atheist, I thought I might as well go to take a look. Little did I know, what I saw was truly as described in Acts 2:13:

*“They are full of new wine.”*

I was somewhat frightened by the prayer of the true church. After I calmed down, an usher came over and

taught me how to pray. He pointed to the two Chinese sentences written on the upper right of the wall. He told me to first say, “In the name of the Lord Jesus, I pray,” repeatedly recite “Hallelujah, praise the Lord,” and end with “Amen.” At that time, although I was going through a difficult period, I did not pray. Instead, I closed my eyes and waited for the prayer to end. After the prayer, sermon delivery began and the mentality I had was also eagerly waiting for the sermon to end.

After the service, my mother and other believers came over and asked, “How was it? Did you feel anything special?” I lied, “Hmm, it wasn’t too bad!” so that I could quickly leave this church. But after I left, I began to miss these people, and wondered why they would put so much effort into serving at church. When I recalled my mother’s short temper in the past and now seeing her passionate and zealous attitude, I wondered why the Lord Jesus would transform my mother and what kind of power this was.



### TURNING POINT—SEEING CHANGES

Faced with difficulties in my life, work and relationships, I remembered a preacher at church said the words of the Lord Jesus in the Bible: “Come to me, all you who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” As an atheist, these words evoked my true needs.

During a spiritual convocation, I went to the front of the chapel to pray and I felt a force was touching me. At that moment, my heart was moved. I told my mother after the prayer, “There really is a God! There really is a God!” My mother was excited and said to me, “Then you need to keep on asking for the Holy Spirit, and pray earnestly!” Although these words encouraged me, the excitement wore off in my journey home. Consequently, her words gradually faded away and completely forgotten. The testimonies of the TJC believers and publication on the five basic doctrines, given by the brethren, were all thrown into the garbage bin in the toilet.

### GOD LISTENED—THE EFFECT OF MY MOTHER’S TEARFUL PRAYER

While I was at work, out of the blue, a believer of another church preached to me and introduced to me the benefits of believing in Jesus. What he emphasized were the material benefits one would receive by believing in Jesus. Although he shared biblical teachings, I still felt somewhat uncomfortable as it could not be true; and the truth in the Bible was not clearly articulated. In the process, he invited me to his church. I agreed, so I began to study the Bible with them. For someone who was uninterested in God and the Bible, this sparked some interest in me to read the Bible. In the end, due to my friend's earnest invitation, I received the baptism of their church by water sprinkling; thinking that I could receive the grace for the remission of sins.

In fact, when I was truth-seeking at the TJC, the teachings of the five basic doctrines had already been imprinted in my heart. Therefore, when I was receiving baptism at the other church, I proactively asked the pastor, “How come the baptism is performed by water sprinkling, but not immersion in living water?” The pastor answered that it was only a formality, so there was not much difference. Thank God, because of his explanation, I developed more questions, and it helped me to study the Bible more seriously during church services. Meanwhile, I proactively joined their small groups, lead the hymnal worship, visited the new believers, and so on. Basically, as long as the activities are church-related, I would definitely participate.

After spending some time with them, I was fired up to criticize the TJC, particularly on the mode for praying for the Holy Spirit and the Sabbath observance. Subsequently, I began to join the members of that church to attack the TJC. The first one to bear the brunt was my mother who had shed tears while praying for me!

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*At that time, I thought to myself: “Never mind, regardless of whether it’s the true church or other churches; anyway, I can attend church services for the time being.”*

.....

In order to convince her to leave the TJC, I went to my mother’s residence and harassed her with foolish knowledge and biblical teachings taken out of context. I also asked her to invite Eld. Lin of the church for a debate session. Thus, I pridefully criticized the wrongdoings of the church using verses taken out of context. And I emphasized my current church’s views of the Sabbath and Holy Spirit, using brute force to wear out Eld. Lin. On the contrary, Eld. Lin patiently

revealed and explained to me the truth from the Bible. However, the internal conflict and a disobedient heart quickly stirred up within me, just as Proverbs 16:18 states: “Pride goes before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.”

After the discussion with Eld. Lin, I called my mother and said that I would never go to the TJC from then on! It was same for me to be in another church! My mother wept and prayed to God almost every day until I returned to the true church. She invited the members of the true church to fast and pray together until the situation turned around.

### RETURNING TO GOD

Due to work, I left my hometown and took up a post at another church. I had a surface-level understanding of the Bible teachings, but a desire to search for the truth stirred deep in my heart and motivated me to find a good church.

I thus rode my scooter in the downtown of Pingtung to look for a church, but I could not find one that was in line with my heart. I had also attended Hakka family services, but stopped after several times because I could not understand the dialect. Unexpectedly, in the end, I found the TJC adjacent to the Pingtung train station. At that time, I thought to myself: “Never mind, regardless of whether it’s the true church or other churches; anyway, I can attend church services for the time being.”

While attending service at the TJC, I was moved by the hospitality of the elders, deacons, preachers, brothers and sisters, and by sermon about the truth of salvation. Later, during a prayer, I secretly prayed to God, “If someone comes over to explain the five basic doctrines to me after the service, then I would permanently come to this church for services.” Thank God, after the service, a member, who was a doctor at the Pingtung Christian Hospital, brought a Bible with

him at tea time; and explained to me the five basic doctrines using biblical sources. I was surprised to find out that this was the same as the content of my prayer. Moreover, having been to many churches before, no one had ever taken a Bible and so seriously illustrated to me the truth in the Bible.

Then, once while I was riding my scooter, I suddenly remembered the lyrics of hymn 131 (Keep the Sabbath with Gladness or O, Come in the English version). The lyrics echoed the Scriptures in Isaiah 58:13–14:

*“If you turn away your foot from the Sabbath, from doing your pleasure on My holy day, and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy day of the LORD honorable, and shall honor Him, not doing your own ways, Nor finding your own pleasure, nor speaking your own words, then you shall delight yourself in the LORD; and I will cause you to ride on the high hills of the earth, and feed you with the heritage of Jacob your father. The mouth of the LORD has spoken.”*

Coincidentally, during that day's service, the preacher shared the importance of the Sabbath day. Therefore, I have to admit that God's power and clever arrangement were among this.

After a while, I returned to my hometown. It so happened that Madou church was holding a spiritual convocation. I went to the front to receive the laying of hands, and the minister confirmed that I had received the Holy Spirit. At that moment, I truly felt God's love and mercy. The content of the service was about the efficacy of baptism in living water for the remission of sins. This was an awakening for me; the truth of salvation cannot be reduced and it cannot be added.

Upon returning to Pingtung, I prayed to God during the Friday evening service in the same way: “If the



church of salvation is here, please arrange someone to discuss with me. If I have the evidence, I will register for baptism.” Thank God! That prayer was indeed not in vain. After the service, a deacon came over to ask me about baptism! Therefore, I boldly asked him, “Can I be baptized?!”

Since I had only been truth-seeking in Pingtung church for a short duration, some members were concerned that I was acting on impulse, and I did not understand the truth. As there can only be one baptism for the remission of sins, they hoped that I could study the truth a little longer before deciding again.

What was even more amazing was that after the foot-washing and Holy Communion the following day, God prepared an event that truly moved me. That day, I encountered Eld. Lin; and after the service, I went over to talk to him. I said to Eld. Lin, “You were right. When I was debating with you, I was wrong; not only wrong, but terribly wrong!” Eld. Lin did not rebuke me but instead, he said, “It is the victory of the Lord. It is the victory of the Lord!” I could feel that his attitude was so gentle, and I endlessly regretted my pride in the first place.

To this day, I have been baptized into the fold for nearly four years. In retrospect, this experience of grace reminds me of the verse in Psalm 65:11:

*“You crown the year with Your goodness; and Your paths drip with abundance.”*

Thank the Lord, He did not forsake this hard-hearted and proud lost sheep. He prepared the way and guided me, so that I could return to His side and receive His anointed grace. May all the glory be unto God in heaven. Amen. 🌿

# A Rough Path of Conversion

## Zhangpu City Church, Fujian Province, China

Deacon Weng Ming-zheng



*Deacon Weng Ming-zheng was born in 1944. He is a member of the True Jesus Church (TJC) since 1979. He is now a voluntary worker of Zhangpu City church in Fujian, China.*

### THE REVELATION IN RETURNING TO THE TRUTH

I was brought to believe in the Lord by my family and had been observing Sunday worship in local churches for over 30 years. As the Lord Jesus gave me a thirsty heart, I led a life filled with spiritual cultivation. I prayed and studied the Bible every morning; I have read the Bible several times. One early morning on December 6, 1979, I was reading Acts' chapter 16; when I read about the "Sabbath Day" teachings in verse 13, I was very puzzled and at the same time, a question emerged from my heart: "Why did Paul stay for several days in the City of Philippi if he was rushing to get to Macedonia?" I failed to figure out an answer even though I had seriously pondered for over two hours. Suddenly, I noticed that the word "Sabbath" was shining. Moreover, there was a voice next to my

ears, "Sabbath service." This tremendous voice was not normal human being. It delighted my heart and gave me the answer to my question: Paul stayed in the city for several days in order to attend the Sabbath service.

### THE PROCESS RETURNING TO THE TRUTH

In that morning, the officer of the farm where I was employed, suddenly informed that I did not need to go to harvest rice (at that time, the farm was busy with a big rice reap, and often working hours were extended to over 10 pm). I was instructed to stay at home to wash and boil the bowls for the rubber tappers to gather gum the next morning. While I was boiling the bowls in a big pot, three strangers (Dn. Yang Zhong-shi, Bro. Ji-ping and Sis. Hui-hua) came to my house at around 9 am. Dn. Yang took out a Bible and began speaking to me about the teachings of the Sabbath. In my heart, I felt surprised: "How did this man know that I have yet to understand the teachings of the Sabbath?" Even though I felt surprised, I still could



not easily accept the explanation of this stranger. I told Dn. Yang, “I only listen to the words of God, not to the analysis of men.” Dn. Yang said, “Observing the Sabbath is the commandment of God. Those who observe it keep the words of God, whereas those who do not do so contradict to the words of God.” I said, “I also read a verse concerning the Sabbath this morning in Acts 16:13. Just now you mentioned so many teachings of the Sabbath. Why do I have no notion of them although I have been believing in the Lord for over 30 years?” Dn. Yang said, “Let’s take a teapot as an example. Water cannot be poured into the teapot when the lid is not open. Likewise, if God has yet to open your heart, how can you understand the teachings of the Sabbath?” Nevertheless, I still grudgingly replied, “I am listening to these teachings only because of my experience this morning. I saw the word ‘Sabbath’ in the Bible glowed, and heard a voice saying, ‘Sabbath service.’ Otherwise, I would not have so easily accepted all of you.” Dn. Yang said, “We did not know about you, but we were sent by God and instructed by the Holy Spirit to come to your house. The TJC observes and truly understands the teaching of the Sabbath. We sincerely invite you to join the true church!” As such, I departed from falsehood and returned to the truth; and joyfully joined the true church.

### THE SETBACK AFTER RETURNING TO THE TRUTH

When I was observing Sunday worship, my personal life and faith were calm; I had peaceful and happy days for over 30 years. Unexpectedly, many troubles and difficulties seemed to tumble, one after another, into my life after I joined the true church. Figuratively, I felt like I was out of breath.

First, they came from my elder sister’s persecution and attacks. It was my elder sister who had brought me to believe in Christ, so the establishment of my faith was inseparable from her concern and guidance. Therefore, as soon as she heard that I had left the for-

mer church, she was anxious and furious. She hurried over to see me, earnestly trying to persuade me. Upon seeing that I was unwilling to change, she scolded me and even used her hands to beat me. Several days later, as I was helping to dig and fertilize her field, she tried yet again to patiently convince me to return. Seeing my nonchalance, her persuasion turned into rebuke, and I suffered another beating. Henceforth, my sister always waited for me by the fields as I biked to church on Sabbath morning. She would block me and spared no effort in forbidding me from observing the Sabbath. Thanks to the protection of the Lord, I would always successfully bypass her blockage; then she would always scold and chase me from behind, flustered and exasperated. Because of this, I had to reroute to a longer way in order to observe the Sabbath.

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*In addition, the tires of my bike would pop or the foot pedals would damage every time I bike to observe the Sabbath.*

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Then, on every Sabbath day, the brick factory supervisor or squad leader would come to my house to ask me to repair the scooter at the factory. I felt strange: “How come the scooter was fine on other days, but always broke down on Sabbath days?” Upon noticing my unwillingness to go, they always reprimanded me angrily. I would send them away first, and then secretly bike to church. I thought in my heart: “I have found the church with the true salvation only after 30 years of believing in the Lord. Even if I lose this job, I will still uphold this precious faith until the end.”

At that time, I was also engaged in a small tofu-making business to maintain my family’s livelihood. After returning to the true church, it so happened that whenever I tried to make tofu in the early morning on

Sabbath, it would either fail or no one would buy the tofu. Moreover, these things rarely happened on other days of the week.

In addition, the tires of my bike would pop or the foot pedals would damage every time I bike to observe the Sabbath. Strangely, there would never be any nails or sharp objects on the ground. I had to push my bicycle to a shop for repair, and then rushed to church.

At times, my colleagues, schoolmates, and relatives who seldom come to my house would visit as I was about to rush to church for Sabbath worship; putting me into a dilemma. Their inopportune visits made me very impatient. All I could do was to apologize to them before rushing off for church. For this reason, I offended many of them.

### MY EXPERIENCES AFTER RETURNING TO THE TRUTH

The troublemaker behind all these difficulties and hindrances was not a human being, but rather the hidden, cunning and insidious devil, Satan. He did all those things because he did not want me to enter from darkness into the light, and become one of the true children of God who will inherit the eternal blessing. The devil had plotted to force my return to the wrong faith so that I will perish forever; become the son of hell. Thank the Lord for giving me wisdom and courage to finally triumph over the devil by overcoming various obstacles and distresses.

Having returned the true church for over 20 years, the Bible and experiences I have encountered lead me to firmly believe that the TJC is the only true church in the world. She has the abidance of the Holy Spirit and the complete gospel. Moreover, the TJC is the church of salvation with everlasting hope, and the true church is truly “the ark of the last days!” 🌿



The background features a pattern of overlapping circles in shades of blue, green, and yellow. The top half of the image is filled with a dense grid of these circles, while the bottom half has a more sparse, scattered arrangement. The circles vary in opacity, creating a layered effect.

# DREAMS & VISIONS

# An Amazing Dream

## Cilacap Church, Central Java, Indonesia

Deaconess Priskila N.C. Puspanti



In the name of our Lord Jesus, I testify.

Sis. Tanty Kristien (Ango) was a seamstress. I have known her and her family ever since I became her customer. However, I did not know that she was a Christian. Since young, I have kept my faith in my religion, and I was indifferent towards other religions, yet ever since I befriended Sis. Tanty, I began to experience many marvelous incidents—first of these was a series of strange dreams with events that were seemingly connected.

In the first dream, I dreamed of a castle erected on the clouds in the northeastern direction. The castle was so beautiful and majestic. I woke up and was amazed by the dream. Several days later, I dreamed of the same beautiful and majestic castle, just like the one in my first dream, except, this time, the door of the castle was opened. There was a brilliant light shining out of the open door. I woke up, again feeling amazed by the dream.

The next day, I told Sis. Tanty about the two dreams. She just smiled and said that I had probably slept too much, but I replied, “No, I only slept at around midnight.”

A few days later, I dreamed of the castle again. This time I saw a person walking on top of the bright light and coming out through the open door. The person looked stately, but I was unable to see his face. The very next day, I told Sis. Tanty about that dream. I asked her if I was about to die because I had been having the same dream. Sis. Tanty began to pay attention to my dreams. She replied that something might happen to me.

A few days later, I had another dream again. The bamboo gate surrounding my house was on fire; only an opening path of one meter wide remained! My three young children and I were standing inside the house; and we were extremely nervous. Suddenly, the castle appeared with its door opened, and the same stately person in my previous dream came out of the



door. He was standing on top of the bright light and waving at us. He then said, “Follow me if you want to be saved.” However, I was afraid to pass through the narrow opening for fear of being burnt. He continued to smile and wave at us, but I was still afraid to pass through the burning gate. Then, I awoke.

I related the dream again to Sis. Tanty. She then answered, “Maybe God wants you and your family to follow our Lord Jesus. I am going to contact our preacher stationed in Tasikmalaya and request him to share with you about the word of God.” I asked her what the word of God was, and she replied that I would understand when the preacher comes.

When the preacher arrived from Tasikmalaya, my three children and I were invited to Sis. Tanty’s house. Besides us, there were other brothers and sisters who were also invited to listen to the word of God. My children had no problem understanding the word of God since they had attended a Christian primary school. However, everything felt foreign to me.

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*I dreamed of a beautiful choir. The members were garbed in black and white ... I was introduced to two sisters—one was straight-haired and the other, pregnant.*

.....

After listening to the word of God on several occasions, I started dreaming about the castle again. This time, I saw three people coming out of the castle. They were walking on the bright shining light. The person in the middle was carrying a water bucket with both hands as he walked towards us. He invited us to a river which had very clear water. Upon reaching the river, I was invited to go down into the river but I refused, as I was afraid. Although I had declined, that person with the bucket was not angered but remained smiling. Then, I was awakened.

The next day, I related this dream to the preacher who, at that time, was visiting with a member from Jakarta. They believed that these dreams were the hidden will of God for my family. They requested me to continue to be diligent in attending the bimonthly church services.

A few days later, I dreamed of a beautiful choir. The members were garbed in black and white. The women formed the front row, while the men formed the back row. I was introduced to two sisters—one was straight-haired and the other, pregnant.

I told Sis. Tanty about my dream again; she told me that she found it extraordinary for me to have had successive dreams that formed a series of related stories. A few days later, I was invited to attend the spiritual convocation held in the True Jesus Church (TJC) in Jakarta. I answered that I had to think about it. One day before departing, Sis. Tanty came to my house and asked for my decision. I replied that I would attend. I also mentioned that if I were to see the choir and meet the people in my dreams at the spiritual convocation, that would confirm what I had seen in my dreams; and I would become a member of the TJC.

Finally, on the first day of the spiritual convocation, I arrived at Jakarta early in the morning. At the entrance of the church, I was greeted by a sister who



resembled exactly the sister who had appeared in my dream. However, I told Sis. Tanty that the sister I saw in my dream had straight hair, while the sister I just met in church had curly hair. She told me that she actually has a twin sister, and true enough, I later met her sister who had straight hair and a pregnant sister who looked exactly like the one in my dream.

However, I was still dissatisfied as I had not seen the choir. Finally, a choir appeared in the exact formation and uniform of the one I had seen in my dream.

It is truly amazing that the Lord Jesus had called me through dreams. From then onwards, I believed in Him, and was baptized in Jesus' name on March 2, 1988, and finally became a TJC member.

All glory to our Lord Jesus' name. Hallelujah. Amen. 🌿



# In the Sweet By and By

## Adam Road Church, Singapore

Sister Lee Chor-sian



*Sister Lee Chor-sian hails from Alor Star—a town in northern Malaysia. She moved to Singapore in 2001 to live with her children after her late husband Bro. Lew Sey-lou rested in the Lord in 2000. In this testimony, Sis. Lee recounts the two dreams she had when her late husband fell seriously ill, and shortly before he passed away.*

Hallelujah, in the holy name of the Lord Jesus, I bear testimony.

In July 1989, my 59-year-old husband suffered a heart attack that left him in a coma. After my husband was sent to the hospital, he was immediately admitted to the Intensive Care Unit (ICU). The suddenness of the heart attack caught us completely off-guard. Up until then, he had always been very healthy, with no complaint of any sickness or pain, so it pained us to see him lying motionless in the ICU. However, our resident preacher constantly encouraged me, “Rely on the Lord! Rely on the Lord!” Indeed, there was little

we could do, so we entrusted everything to the Lord, and beseeched His mercy and help through prayer.

### THE FIRST DREAM

After returning home from the hospital that night, I was unable to fall asleep, so I knelt down to pray. I asked God to protect and to preserve my husband’s life, as I really could not bear him leaving us. Tears covered my face as I cried out, “Lord! Save him from his affliction.” After I prayed, I got into bed and before I knew it, I had fallen asleep. I then had a dream where I saw myself holding hands with my husband, happily walking and singing the hymn, “Praise Ye the Lord of Hosts,” together. It was such a joy to sing. Suddenly, I heard the sound of a choir and saw a brilliant light illuminating the path, leading us to a very large, beautiful and bright garden. Inside the garden, there were many people wearing garments of pure white. All of them were also singing the hymn that we had been singing. However, when my husband and I were

about to step into the garden, a voice suddenly said, “It is not time!” I shouted, “Hallelujah!” and awoke, realizing that it was a dream. My heart was filled with inexpressible joy! I knelt down to pray again. I was filled with the Holy Spirit and said, “Sey-lou, there’s hope for you. The Lord Jesus has saved you!” The next day when I went to the hospital to visit him, he was already conscious. All thanks to the grace of the Lord.

Besides my family, the brethren in Alor Star and Singapore had also been praying with one heart to ask for God’s mercy, protection, and, by His will, for the extension of my husband’s life since our lives are in God’s hands. The Lord knows our needs and He has heard our cries. By God’s grace, my husband was allowed to live peacefully for another 11 years, to keep his faith and to be blessed with health and happiness. God gave him three filial children and allowed him to see them, establish their careers and families; and he became a grandfather. Indeed, God bestowed my husband with bountiful blessings throughout his extra time on earth!

## THE SECOND DREAM

I had a second dream on the night of November 1, 2000—the day of our 42nd wedding anniversary. During the day, we chatted about many things, including church, family and many other important matters in our lives. My husband’s heart was full of thanksgiving to the Lord for His guidance, peace, blessings, and for giving us three filial children and their spouses. He said, “I am really contented. I have already reached a ripe old age of 70. Now all I want is for the Lord Jesus to preserve my spiritual life so that I may enjoy my latter years in Him. I want to have a good rest.” I told him that we were both old and indeed the most important thing was to keep our faith and to look forward to the heavenly kingdom.

That night, I had another dream in which my husband and I were holding hands as we walked. But when we

arrived at our doorstep, he was suddenly missing. A very bright light shone on our house and the entire house was lit up! I shouted aloud, “Hallelujah!” and woke up. Immediately, I knelt down to pray. Tears covered my face and I was filled with the Holy Spirit. I understood what the will of God was. God was preparing to take my husband home. God had heard his prayer and was about to answer it—He would allow him to have a good rest in the best circumstances so that he would be free of any pain or worries.

.....

*I quickly rose from prayer, looked at him and called out to him. He opened his eyes, looked at me while still holding my hands, closed his eyes and, just like that, departed peacefully.*

.....

On the morning of November 3, 2000, my husband appeared his usual healthy self. He went with me to the market; we met some friends and had a good chat and laugh together. When we reached home, he helped me to clean the house. He then read the newspaper, listened to some music, and chatted joyfully with our son, daughter-in-law and granddaughter who were visiting from Penang (they returned home every week to spend some time with him). At slightly past 4 pm, he suddenly had stomach discomfort, so I got him to lie down. He did not eat anything, but instead he took some medicine and drank a cup of water. I suggested going to consult the doctor later, but he only told me to pray. So, we prayed together and I heard him pray very loudly, being filled with the Holy Spirit. After shouting “Hallelujah!” thrice—the last shout being the loudest—he became silent. I quickly rose from prayer, looked at him and called out to him. He opened his eyes, looked at me while still holding my hands, closed his eyes and, just like that, departed peacefully. At that moment, I understood the will of God. It was time for him to return to the Lord. But



God had taken him home so quickly! I accepted God's wonderful will, yet being human, my heart was still filled with longing for him! I will always remember and miss him—a good husband, a good father, and also a good helper and brother in the church.

As humans, we would try to keep our loved ones by our side for as long as possible. But the Lord knows the best time. Although I may have wanted my husband to tarry a while longer in this world with me, the Almighty Omniscient God decided that it was best to give him rest in a far better place.

Our God is a faithful God. He makes many promises to us through His word; we can say "Amen" to all these—for they will be fulfilled. More importantly, I know that there is a beautiful place awaiting us if we preserve our faith until the very end.

Our God is a loving and compassionate God. Like a good father, He will grant our request if what we ask for is good for us and if we ask with faith. After my husband's first heart attack, God hearkened to our request to sustain his life. Later, He fulfilled my husband's simple request to rest in Him. As for me, I am especially grateful for God's special gifts to me; He had prepared and comforted me through two special dreams, as well as the infilling and moving of the Holy Spirit as I prayed. He had provided a wonderful period of time for me to have a good conversation with my husband, and to witness my husband during his final prayer wherein he was greatly filled by the Holy Spirit. Our God is indeed a wonderful and merciful Savior.

May the grace and peace of God be with everyone. May all the glory and honor be given to our God in heaven. 🌿

# Peace in the Lord

## Subang Jaya Church, West Malaysia

Deacon James Lee



Hallelujah, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ I testify about how my family had converted to Christianity and the subsequent peace we found in the Lord.

It happened in mid-1981 in Sitiawan, Perak. While my mother was on her way to the market, she felt very giddy. Normally she cycled, but on that particular day, she found it difficult to do so due to her dizziness. After she returned home, she felt very tired and lost her appetite. Immediately, she consulted a doctor, but her problem could not be diagnosed. However, the doctor was aware that my mother was unwell due to her pallor.

### ENCOUNTERED THE DEVIL

My family believed in Taoism. Seeing that my mother was sick, my father went to the temple to consult a medium. We were told that my mother had encountered the ghost of a man, believed to have committed suicide by jumping into the well located in front of our house 40 years ago. Supposedly, she had met

the ghost one morning when she went out to dry the clothing in front of our house.

According to the medium, it was the ghost that caused my mother to fall ill. He then gave my father a talisman which had to be burnt and mixed with water as a drink. My father followed the instruction of the medium and gave it to my mother to drink. However, it did not do her any good. She felt even more miserable and could not sleep well. She complained that she felt very cold and her heart felt as cold as ice. However, during this period, she always had a yearning to call up to heaven for help. She did not really know who she was calling out to, but at times she would just cry out, “God, help me!”

### MET THE LORD

As my mother was in such a state for several months, she could no longer perform most of the household chores. Therefore, she sought for my grandmother’s help. My grandmother was living in Sungai Siput and telephones were rare. In order to contact my grand-



mother, my father had to call another relative in Sungai Siput to inform her about the matter.

Such was the arrangement of God, that our relative was a member of the True Jesus Church. Upon knowing my mother's illness, she asked whether it was alright for her to bring along some ministers to pray for my mother. As we did not know what else we could do, we agreed to her offer.

A few days later, she came with two deacons—one from Sungai Siput and another from Sitiawan. They prayed for my mother for half an hour and being filled by the Holy Spirit, they prayed very loudly. We felt strange and uncomfortable about the prayer. However, right after the prayer, we could see that my mother's complexion had changed completely! She no longer looked pale, and immediately regained her appetite. She even invited the deacons and our relative for lunch. During that meal, she could eat everything that was served. From then on, my mother was able to lead a normal life again. We continued to pray to the almighty God and started attending services. After truth-seeking for about three months, my mother decided to be baptized.

A few days before her baptism, she felt uncomfortable. On one particular night, she had a dream. She dreamed that she was in a dimly lit room. All of a sudden, she felt like vomiting. When she vomited, she used both her hands to cover her mouth. She then felt something in her hands and went to a brighter area to see what it was. To her surprise, she found that she was holding the talisman

that she had drunk months ago. After the dream, she felt a lot better.

### WHOLE FAMILY IN THE LORD

A day before the baptism, my mother received the precious Holy Spirit. The joy she felt upon receiving the Holy Spirit was beyond description. She felt great peace in her heart. The next day, my mother, my sister and I were baptized. My father was baptized three years later.

After believing in the Lord Jesus Christ for 20 years, it is inevitable that we had to go through trials and tribulations. However, we will be able to overcome these with the guidance of our Lord Jesus Christ. These trials may hurt us outwardly but through reliance on God, we will find great comfort and peace in our hearts. May all glory be given to God. 🌿



# Lessons Taught by My Mum

Cheras Church, West Malayisa

Sister Tan Guat-kim



Sis. Chin Kwee-fong

My mother, the late Sis. Chin Kwee-fong, showed me this verse that she had specifically written down in her book; “Good people will always be remembered by God as a blessing.” This verse was her constant dictum and she has reiterated this instruction to me time and time again. My mother passed away on May 17, 2010. I cherish all the wonderful memories I have spent with her and reminisce on the lessons she had taught us. In my solitude, I put these thoughts into perspective. An embodiment of steadfast Christian faith, my mum was, foremost, a wonderful mother whose greatest passion was to practice goodness. She was also a doting grandmother, a most loving sister to all her siblings, and a favorite aunt among her nephews and nieces. My mother, who was 81 years old, suffered from rheumatoid arthritis but was relatively mobile. We used to enjoy our weekly jaunt to the wet market as well as to the supermarket for grocery shopping. We called each other every day. Being a very “people-oriented person,” she enjoyed being with other people and made friends easily. Never

having harsh words for anyone, she was loved by all—old and young.

She was often viewed as a demure, kind and gentle lady, but beneath her composed exterior, she had a great sense of humor. She was “nicely naughty!” She gave random nicknames to her grandchildren—she called my son, “ah chee yuen” which meant liver in Cantonese, while my daughter was blessed with the name “heavenly swan!” In retaliation, her grandchildren addressed her as “pops” (instead of “popo”<sup>1</sup>)—a term she had found endearing. She had no qualms about cheating openly to defeat her 7-year-old granddaughter in a card game, just to annoy her! We would laugh at these comedic spars she would have with her grandchildren. They were such hilarious moments that will be sorely missed.

*“The memory of the righteous is a blessing...”*

*(Prov 10:7)*

<sup>1</sup> Grandmother in Cantonese.



As a third-generation believer of the True Jesus Church, her belief in God was well-grounded. She thanked God daily for her blessings. Attending church services, reading the Bible, and praying in the morning and at night with my brother were an integral part of her daily routine. My mother had religiously practiced this routine for years, but on January 30, 2010, she suffered a partial stroke. It was a Sabbath afternoon. The church members sensed that something must have happened to her because she had rarely missed attending Sabbath services. My mother was then partially paralyzed, and therefore could no longer walk without help. She was no longer self-sufficient. Two weeks later, during our Chinese New Year reunion dinner, my mother was no longer her usual buoyant and smiling self. Her manner changed palpably; she felt a wistful longing for the days before she suffered the stroke. This last reunion dinner was a bittersweet memory for me because I sensed that this could be our last reunion dinner with her.

Initially, my mother had harbored hopes of regaining use of her left arm and leg. But recovery was slow. She sank into depression, and was often withdrawn and apprehensive. My sister returned from Germany to nurse her for two weeks, and after undergoing acupuncture treatment as well as physiotherapy, her condition improved slightly, but she still could not walk unaided. Her frustration was compounded by the fact that she was suffering from significant side effects of the prescribed medication. At this stage, she saw that her immobility had become an impediment in her life. Her tired visage was heart-rending. Though we had been assuming most of the care required for her, my mother began to feel despondent.

We encouraged her to pray harder and to read the Bible, and advised her that sometimes life has to run the gauntlet—trials, tribulations and sicknesses are part and parcel of it, but her response was always a melancholic sigh. She was disheartened and even re-

fused visitors on the pretext that she was too weak and tired to receive them. As she remained immobile, she was listless and thoroughly ill at ease. Even daily calls and visits from family and church members failed to lift her spirits. Eventually, a seedling of doubt sprouted in her mind, “Why did God let this happen to me?” A tremor of uncertainty and doubt loomed largely in her thoughts.

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*In the dream, a person dressed in white approached her and asked her to follow him. “Where to?” She had asked. The person answered, “To a beautiful place called—The White Village.”*

.....

My husband, Dn. Chang, would often visit and pray with her. Jarred by her own human weakness, she would request that he specifically pray to God to take her home as soon as possible, but my husband impressed upon her that it depends on the will of God, and that His time is the best time. My mother prayed constantly for relief from the unbearable pain, when the time would indeed come for her to leave this earth. Her threshold for pain was very low, and she was a worrywart, especially where her health was concerned. In fact, she was very afraid to address and confront the reality of death.

Nevertheless, our supreme God had heard and remembered her prayers. One morning, while sitting calmly in her wheelchair, she told me that she had a wonderful dream last night. In the dream, a person dressed in white approached her and asked her to follow him. “Where to?” she had asked. The person answered, “To a beautiful place called—The White Village.” As my mother was narrating her dream, I perceived an aura of serenity and assurance that surrounded her. She continued, “Willingly, I followed this person. When we entered this ‘White Village,’ it

was indeed beautiful, pristine and sparkling white. As I walked on, I met many of our church members who had departed some years ago. Further on in the village, I saw the church and many members in the church and the congregation was singing lovely melodious hymns. Then, the dream fizzled out,” she concluded. She felt consoled and longed to return to this “White Village.” God has indeed given her a reprieve. This was her moment of conviction and certainty—an epiphany. This dream engendered her willingness to return “home.” She was no longer afraid of dying as she realized that death was part of the natural order of life. She began to put the issue of death in the right perspective.

.....

*There was no pressing necessity to aim higher in life. Knowing contentment and having God in your life is the greatest blessing.*

.....

My mother was a good teacher. She taught us lessons of Christian strength, faith, unconditional giving, kindness and most importantly, love (Col 3:12). She had repeatedly said that if we profess to be Christians and yet do not have a charitable heart, how then can we manifest our faith in God? She lived a lifestyle that was relatively not self-indulgent. She preferred to lavish her wealth with selfless devotion on others—the less fortunate, the needy and even the man on the street. As a firm believer of the verse, “it is more blessed to give than to receive,” she knew from experience what these seemingly small trifles could mean to those in need. She has constantly encouraged us to offer our wealth, time and help to church members and all who were in need. Indeed, her generosity knew no bounds.

My mother’s earnest desire was for the relationship among church members to remain congenial

(Ps 133:1). God has blessed her with the gift to develop a close and sincere rapport with everyone. Her motto was that church members should live together in unity. She would be noticeably upset when she heard of dissensions between members; and would promptly remind us that love, forgiveness and concern were vital conduits for establishing good relationships, and life on earth was too short to nurse anger or to remember faults. She warned us sternly against indulging in hatred, resentment and taking revenge (Prov 10:2). “Let God be the judge, He will know what to do and retribution will await the wicked,” was her advice. My mother expressed that forgiveness forges the links of love, harmony and mercy.

Another important lesson that she had relentlessly reminded us was that we must always “draw near to God” (Jas 4:8). She always thanked God that her three children have remained close to Him, for knowing this had brought her the greatest joy. She explicitly told me that God has indeed blessed all of us in our family lives and in our careers. There was no pressing necessity to aim higher in life. Knowing contentment and having God in your life is the greatest blessing (1 Tim 6:6). These were definitely enlightening words for us. A very personal lesson that my mother had taught me was that I must always respect and honor my parents-in-law because they had done so much to bring up a good son and in turn, whom God has blessed me with as a good husband. It was my duty to express my filial piety, not only to my parents, but to my husband’s parents as well (Eph 6:1–2). It was a lesson that I had kept close to my heart. Though my parents-in-law have passed on, I had a warm and close rapport with them. My late mother-in-law, Dns. Lee Siew-choo, had often praised my mother for her excellent upbringing of her children. I thank my mother for her sagely advice, which showed wisdom and good judgment.



.....

*We will strive to make her teachings our role, and her character our example. On earth, we have lost a sister so loved and blessed by God, but “The White Village” has gained a worthy resident.*

.....

On May 17, my dearest mother rested in the Lord. Two days before she passed away, her maid had informed me that she had not been responding to her calling. I rushed to see her immediately after teaching the Intermediate Youth class. I called my uncle, who was a doctor, and he advised that she be admitted immediately to the hospital. My mother was already delirious, and on Sunday, she could hardly communicate with us, but before we left the hospital, my son, Marcus, spoke to her and informed her that we were leaving. She turned her head to his direction and he detected a faint smile. Sadly, it was to be her final parting smile.

God has blessed us with a wonderful mother, mother-in-law, grandmother, sister, aunt and friend. Now that God has chosen to take her home, and though we still feel the poignant loss, we accept it with a ready smile. I have lost my mother, my mentor and my best friend, but the lessons she has taught my siblings and I, will be indelibly etched in our hearts. We will strive to make her teachings our role, and her character our example. On earth, we have lost a sister so loved and blessed by God, but “The White Village” has gained a worthy resident. Dearest mother, may you find solace, eternal peace and refuge in “The White Village” till we meet again.

May all glory and praise be given to the Lord Jesus Christ! Amen! 🌿

# A Vision of the White Sword

Sandakan Church, Sabah, East Malaysia

Sister Tang En-tze



Dns. Jiang Shun-zhen

Hallelujah! In the holy name of the Lord Jesus, I bear testimony. I am Sis. Tang En-tze—a believer from Sandakan church. My grandmother is Dns. Jiang Shun-zhen and she was 88 years old in the year 2002. In her old age, my grandmother’s body became weak and she could barely walk. Her faith gradually faltered and she felt an uneasiness within her.

On August 24, 2002, my grandmother went to Sandakan from Kota Kinabalu. Praise God that she had the opportunity to attend the spiritual convocation at Sibuga church. During the spiritual convocation, she went forward twice to pray, and she received the laying on of hands by the ministers and preachers.

There was a hymnal evangelistic service on the final evening of the spiritual convocation on August 31, 2002. During a brief sharing of the gospel, my grandmother suddenly saw a long white sword, which was placed on the pulpit for a long time. Then, a man dressed in white, took the sword with both hands and raised it to the congregation. Afterwards, she did not see that sword again. After the service, she asked

the brethren sitting beside her whether they had seen that long sword, but they unanimously said that they had not.

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*This testimony enables us to understand that the teachings of our church are of the Holy Spirit and the truth.*

.....

After returning home that night, my grandmother slept very soundly and her foot did not hurt. Prior to that, she had hardly been able to sleep because of a dull pain she had felt within her foot.

With reference to the Bible, the vision witnessed by my grandmother during the evangelical service could be interpreted as follows:

Ephesians 6:17 reads, “...the sword of the Spirit is the word of God.” In Hebrews 4:12, this sword refers to “the word of God [that] is living and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to



the division of soul and spirit, and of joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart.” Therefore, the sword could symbolize the Holy Spirit and the word of God. This testimony enables us to understand that the teachings of our church are of the Holy Spirit and the truth. They are also accompanied by signs and miracles such as, visions, the healing of the sick, etc.

Thank the Lord, my grandmother’s testimony ends here. May all glory and power be unto the true God in heaven. Amen! 🌿

*The original testimony has been curated from the testimony collection, “Counting the Lord’s Grace,” that had been published by Sandakan church, on the 80th Anniversary of the Missionary Work in Sabah (1927–2007).*



**Sandakan Church, Sabah**

# God Loves His Most Foolish Sheep

Christchurch Church, New Zealand

Sister Yeh Mei-fung



Hallelujah, in the holy name of the Lord Jesus, I testify.

Thank God that He has brought me to become a Christian!

Today, I would like to testify about how I came to believe; and how God has blessed my family.

My name is Yeh Mei-fung. I grew up in an idol-worshipping family. By God's grace, I was able to immigrate to New Zealand and eventually come to know all the believers at the True Jesus Church (TJC) in Christchurch. At first, when people preached to me about Jesus, I would always harden my heart and answer them, "As long as I do not do evil, it does not matter what or whom I believe in." It was not until I attended a service at the TJC and saw how the believers who had the Holy Spirit prayed, which I thought was strange. I started thinking about why this church was so different from the other churches I had been to previously. The believers did not look like they were pretending when they were praying, which had me thinking: "Is there a God?"

After a period of time, I suffered frequent fevers as due to my chronic bladder tumor. During one of those periods of illness, I recalled a cassette from the TJC I had listened to, "The Almighty Doctor, Jesus." This gave me my first bit of faith. Because of this, I laid on the bed and prayed to God to heal my illness. Suddenly, a ray of light shone down onto my lower abdomen; my whole body felt warm and very comfortable. The following night, I saw the same vision. This was how I came to believe. I felt that this church truly had God. With a joyful heart, I immediately decided to become a Christian. My bladder issues were also cured.

Three months later, when a preacher came to Christchurch, I asked to be baptized. However, he told me that since I had only been truth-seeking not long ago, I would need more time to study the teachings before I could receive baptism. Every time I went to church for evangelical service, I would bring a change of clothing with me (since the whole body has to be immersed during baptism) in the hopes that my sins could be forgiven. However, again he did not allow



me to be baptized. I thought that this was strange as other churches would have loved for me to receive baptism, yet the TJC would not allow me to do so. It was only after the preacher had explained to me the importance of baptism that I understood.

I prayed fervently for the Holy Spirit, all through the night, so that I could be baptized. It was on the last night of the evangelical service that God granted me His Holy Spirit. Thank God! Everyone was very happy and the preacher agreed to baptize me the following day and hold the footwashing sacrament, especially for me. The preacher left for Singapore on the same day. It was then that I started my journey of learning to become a Christian. Even though I did not know much about His teachings, God still bestowed me with abundant grace and constantly showed me that He was abiding with me. The night before I got baptized, a demon came and tried to stop me. I could hear screams in my ears and the sounds of people crying at a funeral outside. I could not sleep, so I got up to pray. In the morning, I saw a brilliant and glorious light that filled the entire room. It was so beautiful! As the demon had fled, I then happily went for baptism because I knew I had found God and He would protect me.

.....

*Suddenly, I saw a city that was very tidy and very beautiful! The walls were made of precious stones; no words can describe how beautiful that city was.*

.....

There was yet another time when I was preaching to some other truth-seekers to the point where I forgot to cook dinner. As a consequence, my husband got angry. He told me that I had not received much of an education, so how was I qualified to teach others about the Bible?

Upon hearing that, I was very sad. I thought that I was the Lord Jesus' most foolish sheep as I did not even know how to preach the gospel. I cried to God the entire night. Suddenly, I saw a city that was very tidy and very beautiful! The walls were made of precious stones; no words can describe how beautiful that city was. I was puzzled and wondered if I was seeing heaven. I did not dare to enter, so I looked inwards from the gate outside. I saw that the city was full of light and the streets seemed to be made of gold! I also saw that leading to this city was a narrow path which grew brighter as one traveled along it. Once again I thought: Is this heaven?

It was at this point that the vision ended. I felt like my soul had departed from my body; and I could see myself still inside the bedroom crying with my husband beside me. My soul slowly rose up, wafting in the breeze. I wondered if I was going to heaven. But then I thought I needed to bring my husband with me, so I stretched out my hand to try and grab him, but I could not. Therefore, I resisted and after a while my soul returned to my body.

Throughout all of this, I was fully aware of what was going on and I was wide awake.

Through the help of the other believers, I realized that what I saw was the Holy City, which was also the true church (Rev 21:9–27). It was only through this church that leads me to the heavenly path, which gradually became brighter. Thank God! Even though I did not know much about the Bible, God still gave me the opportunity to testify for Him.

After I believed, the Holy Spirit moved me to return to Taiwan to preach to my parents. As my father had suffered from a stroke 16 years ago, he was unable to walk or talk. For the sake of finding peace, my mother became a vegetarian for 40 years. I believed that the merciful God would take pity on them and save them.

After praying for a period of time, I returned to Taiwan. At first, I did not know how to start preaching to them, so I could only pray. One morning, I saw my mother counting her Buddhist prayer beads. I could not help but ask her, “You have been counting these beads for decades but it has not brought this family any peace, so why do you still count them? This god you worship requires you to serve it with food, drinks and money. Surely, this god is not real. There is only one true God in heaven who does not need people to attend to Him. On the contrary, He provides people with food and drinks. He protects and He will even bring you to heaven. This God is the Lord Jesus!”

.....

*It turns out that at 2:30 pm, my father had turned towards the window, excitingly, almost as though he could see someone approaching. Even though he could not speak, it looked like he could converse with others.*

.....

My mother asked, “But I heard that those who believe in Jesus will have their eyes gouged out after they passed away?” I responded, “Those are just rumors! When you come to the church to listen, you will know!”

Thank God for changing her mind; unexpectedly, she agreed to go to church with me. At that time, Nanzi church in Kaohsiung was holding their evangelical convocation. The believers there were very caring and came to pick us up; they even carried my father up and down the stairs. This was the first time I had entered into a TJC chapel, as there was no church in New Zealand yet, except for family services. There were so many people in the true church, and they were full of love! Truly thank God!

Thanks to the mercy of God, after the evangelical services, both my parents decided to request for baptism. However, there were obstructions from some family members. My father had been sick for a long

time and his internal organs were already failing. If he were to get baptized in the sea and something were to happen, how was I to take responsibility? Fortunately, father's baptism went smoothly. Thank the Lord!

Afterwards, I prepared to return to New Zealand and thus I went up to Taipei. Suddenly, I received news that my father's condition had worsened and he was hospitalized. I hurried back to Kaohsiung and prayed to God to be merciful. I knew that when I arrived, my relatives would be waiting there to blame me for what had happened to my father. My heart was in pain. Coincidentally, the hospital was across the road from the church in Kaohsiung. Therefore, I asked the brothers and sisters to pray for us.

One day, at around 2:30 pm, while I was praying with the brothers and sisters in church, the Holy Spirit comforted me and I felt very joyful. Then I felt that God would surely heal my father this time. When I returned to the hospital, my sister-in-law asked me, “What were you doing between 2:30 and 3 pm?”

“Praying for father,” I replied. My sister-in-law was amazed, “There truly is a God!”

It turns out that at 2:30 pm, my father had turned towards the window, excitingly, almost as though he could see someone approaching. Even though he could not speak, it looked like he could converse with others. His tongue started moving and he looked very happy. This continued for half an hour. My sister-in-law asked him, “Did you see Jesus?” My father nodded. This scene happened twice.

Thank God! Just like that, my father recovered. A year later when I returned to Taiwan in end-1992, my father was taken away by Jesus. I saw with my own eyes that when he passed on, it looked like he was sleeping and I was greatly comforted. This was the grace of God that had come upon my family. I would also like to thank the church who had helped with the funeral



proceedings, so that my mother and I did not need to worry.

Right now (at the time of writing this testimony), both my husband and son are truth-seeking; my son has already received the Holy Spirit. Thank God! May God continue to guide us so that my whole family can become Christians. I also ask God to help me to testify for Him even more, so that His bountiful grace can be spread to more people. Because of limitations on the word count, there are many testimonies that have been left unsaid.

May all glory and thanks be given to God! 🌿

*(Extracted from the Holy Spirit Monthly)*

# The Vision that Strengthened My Faith

Malacca Church, West Malaysia

Brother Woltin Lantop



Hallelujah. Firstly, I would like to send greetings of peace to all readers.

I am Bro. Woltin from Sabah (East Malaysia). I was baptized in 1997 at Malacca where I am presently residing. In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, I would like to share and bear testimony about a vision I had witnessed.

Pr. Ko Hong-hsiung from Germany was admitted to the Malacca Pantai Hospital at the end of the World Delegates Conference which was held in Olive Garden, Port Dickson. He was diagnosed with brain hemorrhage. His condition was so serious that he could lose his life at any time. As such, he underwent a brain surgery.

After being warded for several days, he was discharged and was allowed to convalesce at the residence of a church member in Malacca. His next appointment with the doctor was a week later, and he was advised not to travel too frequently.

On April 11, 2009, he attended the Sabbath service (two days after being discharged). Out of his great zeal to serve the Lord, Pr. Ko requested to deliver the sermon during the service. His frail condition actually caused some anxiety among the brethren, including myself.

I underwent an ear surgery two years back due to a viral infection. I can understand how weak the body can be after surgery as I had been unable to stand for a long period of time. What more for Pr. Ko to deliver a sermon for an hour. I did not know how it felt to have undergone brain surgery, but I was sure that his ability to balance would be affected as this was what I had experienced. I was so worried that the preacher would fall. In anxiety, I bowed my head, closed my eyes and prayed in silence to God that nothing untoward would happen.

When my prayer ended, I looked up and saw five angels dressed in white with huge white wings reaching

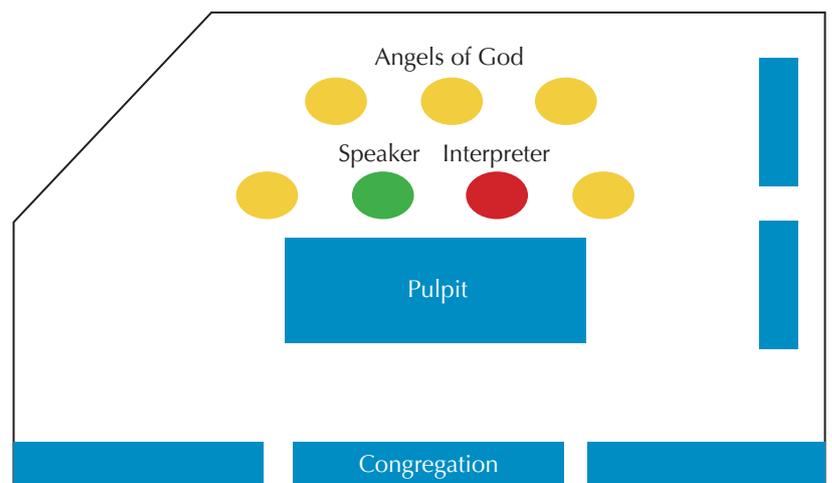


the ceiling (*refer to the illustration on page 155*). They all had a very pleasant countenance and were standing within the pulpit area. Each of them were holding something in their hands. Two angels—each standing beside the preacher and the interpreter respectively—were holding large books (approximately B5-sized) in their right hand.

There were another two angels standing behind the preacher and interpreter, each holding a staff in his right hand. There was another angel at the center, who stood between the preacher and interpreter, and held a drawn sword with its sharp edge pointing to the ground. The vision was seen in a passing moment but it was very clear and left a very vivid impression in me.

I am not certain of the intended purpose and meaning of the objects held in the hands of the angels, but I am certain that this vision has greatly edified and strengthened my faith. Often, we manifest our lack of faith and are troubled by many concerns and fears towards the world, as seen in the servant of the Lord (2 Kgs 6:15–16). We forget that God has entrusted His angels to take charge of us at all times (Ps 34:7). Paul says that there is nothing that can separate us from the love of Christ— not even death. This is true as long as we preserve our devotion and faithfully put all our trust in the Lord.

May all glory be given to God. Amen. 🌿



# An Experience during Intercession

## Cambridge House of Prayer, United Kingdom

**Sister Pang Fong-ye**



In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I testify.

My testimony does not concern great miracles of nature, neither wind, fire nor earthquake (1 Kgs 19:11–12), and yet it concerns the Lord’s great love that abides with me.

In March 2016, my younger daughter sat for her medical finals. Though I had promised to go and live with her during her examination weeks, I could not fulfill my promise because of my other family commitments. What I could do, however, was to support her through prayers from home. She was happy with this new arrangement and gave me her exam schedule. I nagged her daily about praying to the heavenly Father for a good night’s sleep.

On the day of the first exam, which would last for two hours, I was getting ready to pray for the Lord to keep her mind clear so that she would not be unnerved by the examiners’ questions and scenarios. However, a thought suddenly came into my mind, “Surely I could not spend the time repeating the same request..”

Then, the Bible verse—“...but the Spirit Himself makes intercessions for us with groaning which cannot be uttered”—popped into my head (Rom 8:26). I realized that I should just pray in tongues and let the Holy Spirit pray for me. Upon receiving this prompt, I continued my prayer praising the Lord only with “Hallelujah.” It felt heavenly, as though I was in communion with the Lord.

Whilst this joy was still enveloping and rocking me, I saw a picture—the silhouettes of three people against a backdrop of sunset colors. The middle person appeared taller. As I looked on, the picture became three-dimensional. I realized that I was watching a scene from the battle of Rephidim in Exodus 17. It was a back view of Moses, Aaron and Hur. Why was Moses much taller? It was because he was sitting on a large rock, while Aaron and Hur were kneeling on the ground on either side of him to support his arms—Moses had both elbows resting on the shoulders of his companions, whilst still holding his staff. They had been praying for the Israelite army since morning.



“My Lord...” my voice broke. God had taught me a lesson on making intercession. It is a form of sacrifice—a sacrifice of my precious time and a test of endurance. In comparison with Moses, Aaron and Hur who had prayed from dawn till dusk, my two-hour prayer paled in insignificance! I was humbled.

The joy of the Lord’s presence continued to envelop me, yet a doubt crept in. “Will You grant me this small favor, Lord? Is this wishful thinking?” Thank God. Immediately the answer came from Him—“...whatever you ask for in prayer, believe that you have received it, and it will be yours.” (Mk 11:24) When the two hours were up, my daughter rang me up to say, “The exam was not bad.” “I know,” I said, “Our Lord Jesus Christ had told me so.”

Thus, my intercession for her continued over her exam weeks—another two-hour session, and two more three-hour sessions. Finally, my daughter was notified by the university at the end of March that she had passed her exams, and in June, that she had passed with distinction.

Blessed be the wonderful Lord. May all glory be unto Him! Amen. 🌿



# Vision of Heaven and Hell during Prayer

North Taichung Church, Taiwan

Dictated by Sister Chen Jia-yin

Written by Preacher Chen Jin-rong



Sis. Chen Jia-yin

*“And it shall come to pass afterward that I will pour out My Spirit on all flesh; your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, your young men shall see visions. And also on My menservants and on My maidservants I will pour out My Spirit in those days.” (Joel 2:28–29)*

*“Even a child is known by his deeds, whether what he does is pure and right.” (Prov 20:11)*

Born in 1996, our youngest Jia-yin was a special heritage from the Lord to my partner and I. I recall the night of the earthquake on September 21, 1999—how the earth and skies shook and split, and how there was a great sound from the ground. At that time my young daughter was just three years old. During the earthquake that day, it seemed as though the concrete blocks of our apartment was about to collapse. I intuitively used my own body to protect my sleeping daughter. What a naive way to protect my daughter from injury. However, we know that the Lord Jesus is the one who truly has the power to protect us. We are just mere men (Ps 127:1–2).

Time flies. In the blink of an eye, my daughter, Jia-yin, was already starting her third year of primary school. I was greatly comforted, seeing how active and lively she has become. But, on the other hand, I was worried with regards to the growth in her faith. In particular, I hoped that she would receive the precious Holy Spirit soon. If she has the abidance and help of the Holy Spirit, I will be rest assured. Based on my personal experience as a preacher, as well as my experience regarding my daughter’s attitude and focus in prayer, my guess is that she would most likely have to wait for many years. I was often concerned about her attitude towards prayer. However, the love and grace of God is beyond what we can imagine. Once, when praying for the Holy Spirit, my daughter saw a vision of two paths. A few days later she received the precious Holy Spirit. Since she has received help and guidance from the Holy Spirit, we have noticed improvement in her life and we have been greatly comforted from this (Jn 14:16–17).



During the Spring Evangelical Service and Spiritual Convocation at the Northern Taichung church on April 23, 2004, my daughter went to the front of the chapel to pray for the Holy Spirit at the conclusion of the evening service. She kept saying, “Hallelujah, praise the Lord Jesus!” and suddenly, darkness fell upon her and she felt as if her spirit had been taken out of her body and she saw a vision from midair.

### CHOOSING THE TWO PATHS FOR OUR SOUL

*“It is the Spirit who gives life; the flesh profits nothing. The words that I speak to you are spirit, and they are life.” (Jn 6:63)*

*“Enter by the narrow gate; for wide is the gate and broad is the way that leads to destruction, and there are many who go in by it. Because narrow is the gate and difficult is the way which leads to life, and there are few who find it.” (Mt 7:13–14)*

She saw the dead that were buried in the grave and those who lied on the ground, all of whose spirits came out from their respective bodies and they walked on the same path. Not long after, they came to an intersection where each of them chose their own path to walk on. One of it was a wide path leading downhill, but the path became narrower and dimmer as one walked on; and many chose to walk on this path. The other path was a narrow path leading uphill. The path is a gravel path, but leads onto light.

### THE TRAGIC ENDING OF THOSE WHO FOLLOW THE WIDE PATH IN FAITH

*“There is a way that seems right to a man, But its end is the way of death.” (Prov 14:12)*

*“Hell and Destruction are never full; So the eyes of man are never satisfied.” (Prov 27:20)*

*“Where ‘Their worm does not die And the fire is not quenched.’” (Mk 9:48)*

The wide path was very crowded and the path became narrower as they walked on. At the end of the path, there was a beautiful bridge. Those who walked on this path thought that after they had crossed the bridge, they would arrive in another world—the land known as the western paradise. For this reason, they fought to cross the bridge. However, there were too many people. They walked in blindness, following the person in front, jostling against one another. Suddenly, those who were ahead slipped, and one by one, they fell into this bottomless pit. They were ignorant of the existence of the hole in the middle of the bridge, so they all fell in without even a chance to warn those behind. People behind thought that everyone could cross the bridge to the brighter side, and did not realize that they had all slipped and fallen into the deep pit full of skeletons—the fearful hell where worms never die and the fire never quenches (Jer 6:16–21; Mt 16:26–27; Lk 16:19–31).

### THE FIRST QUESTION OF THE ANGELS BEFORE THE HEAVENLY GATES: “WERE YOU BAPTIZED?”

*“Jesus answered, ‘Most assuredly, I say to you, unless one is born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God. That which is born of the flesh is flesh, and that which is born of the Spirit is spirit.’” (Jn 3:5–6)*

*“which is His body, the fullness of Him who fills all in all.” (Eph 1:23)*

*“This is He who came by water and blood—Jesus Christ; not only by water, but by water and blood. And it is the Spirit who bears witness, because the Spirit is truth. For there are three that bear witness in heaven: the Father, the Word, and the Holy Spirit; and these three are one. And there are three that bear witness on earth: the Spirit, the water, and the blood; and these three agree as one.” (1 Jn 5:6–8)*

The other path was narrower and filled with gravel. Further along, the path became brighter and wider. Those who walked on this path eventually arrived



Pr. Chen Jin-rong and family, 2003

at a beautiful, majestic, and golden door that was adorned with gold and flowers. At this point, Jia-yin was also in front of the door, amongst a crowd of people. Suddenly, a dove holding an olive branch descended from the skies, and its figure becoming larger and larger. The whole area in front of the door became bright and glorious. There were three angels who were behind the door, and flew to the heavenly gates that were shut. Two of the angels stood before the pillars, one on each side; the other angel was asking those who were walking towards heaven, “Were you baptized?” Some people were confused as they did not even know why one had to be baptized when they believed in Jesus. They were not baptized; they believed that it was enough to just believe in Jesus. They did not believe that baptism had any effect. After these people came to a sudden realization, they turned around and went towards the wide path that led to destruction.

There were others who had been baptized because they believed that it was necessary after believing in Jesus. However, they did not know that the baptism they received was not in accordance to the truth in the Bible, and thus could not wash away their sins. At this point, the glorious heavenly gate that they saw gradually became the gates to hell. Since they did not believe in the truth of baptism in the Bible, they saw the heavenly gates to salvation as the gates to hell.

Then, they turned around sulkily towards the wide path, and ended up like the others who were walking towards hell (Lk 1:77–79; Mt 3:16–17; Acts 22:16).

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*There were many different symbols, such as circle, cross, triangle and star, to indicate whether each person had lived out the fruit of the Holy Spirit in their lives.*

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### THE SECOND QUESTION OF THE ANGELS OUTSIDE HEAVEN: “HAVE YOU RECEIVED THE HOLY SPIRIT?”

*“In Him you also trusted, after you heard the word of truth, the gospel of your salvation; in whom also, having believed, you were sealed with the Holy Spirit of promise, who is the guarantee of our inheritance until the redemption of the purchased possession, to the praise of His glory.” (Eph 1:13–14)*

The angel asked the second question to those who were still outside the heavenly gates. “Did you receive the Holy Spirit when you believed?” Some people who did not have the Holy Spirit were blown backwards by a gush of air and were quickly sliding towards the wide path of destruction. The same thing happened to those without the Holy Spirit but were reluctant to leave, and to those without the Holy Spirit, but believed that they had the Holy Spirit. Judas, the apostle, had betrayed Jesus out of greed. Thus, he had lost the right to receive the Holy Spirit. He too was thrown into hell by the breath of God (Acts 2:37–39, 19:1–7; 2 Cor 1:22; Jn 3:31–36).

### THE ANGEL TAKES A ROLL OUT OF THE ‘BOOK OF LIFE’ IN FRONT OF THE HEAVENLY GATES

*“But the fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, self-control. Against such there is no law.” (Gal 5:22–23)*



*“Let no one despise your youth, but be an example to the believers in word, in conduct, in love, in spirit, in faith, in purity.” (1 Tim 4:12)*

*“And it shall come to pass that he who is left in Zion and remains in Jerusalem will be called holy—everyone who is recorded among the living in Jerusalem. When the Lord has washed away the filth of the daughters of Zion, and purged the blood of Jerusalem from her midst, by the spirit of judgment and by the spirit of burning.” (Isa 4:3–4)*

*“Pursue peace with all people, and holiness, without which no one will see the Lord.” (Heb 12:14)*

After these two questions, there was still a group of people in front of the heavenly gates. At this time, the glorious heavenly gate opened by itself. Two angels guarded the gate. One of them had a roll book for heaven and names were called out one by one. Those who were called out could go to heaven immediately. Suddenly, Jia-yin saw the book that the angel was holding contained many names. Next to the names, the manifestations of the fruit of the Holy Spirit were listed: love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithfulness, gentleness, and self-control. There were many different symbols, such as circle, cross, triangle and star, to indicate whether each person had lived out the fruit of the Holy Spirit in their lives. Those who were called into heaven were not completely perfect, but in their lives they had constantly evaluated themselves and confessed their mistakes. Those who relied on the Holy Spirit's rebuke, immediately became humble; and through the prayer of the Holy Spirit, they could repent and remove distractions to their faith. They had the exemplary behavior of living out the fruit of the Holy Spirit, glorifying God and edifying others; and they could be saved.

Those who were ineligible to be called took it for granted the power of the prayer in the Holy Spirit, even though they had the Holy Spirit. They had spent

their days aimlessly and wasted their time in slumber. They did not have the right to go through the heavenly gates, because they did not listen to the rebuke and reminders of the Holy Spirit for their sins. They had not repented sincerely to the Lord. At that time, although some of them realized now that they were in the wrong, and wanted to repent and confess their mistakes, it was too late—the chance to repent was gone. After the roll was called and each eligible person had entered, the heavenly gates automatically closed very fast; producing a strong wind that pushed the rejected ones outside the gates into hell (1 Pet 2:1–2; Prov 3:1–7; 1 Jn 1:5–10, 2:1–6; Jn 16:8–11; Phil 2:14–16; 1 Thess 5:23–24; Mt 22:11–14; Rev 20:11–15, 21:27; 2 Thess 2:8).

### **THE HEAVENLY CITIZENS WERE BEAUTIFUL, WORE BEAUTIFUL AND PURE WHITE ROBES, AND SANG A NEW SONG**

*“Let us be glad and rejoice and give Him glory, for the marriage of the Lamb has come, and His wife has made herself ready.” And to her it was granted to be arrayed in fine linen, clean and bright, for the fine linen is the righteous acts of the saints. Then he said to me, “Write: ‘Blessed are those who are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb!’” And he said to me, “These are the true sayings of God.”*  
(Rev 19:7–9)

*“Then I looked, and behold, a Lamb standing on Mount Zion, and with Him one hundred and forty-four thousand, having His Father's name written on their foreheads. And I heard a voice from heaven, like the voice of many waters, and like the voice of loud thunder. And I heard the sound of harpists playing their harps. They sang as it were a new song before the throne, before the four living creatures, and the elders; and no one could learn that song except the hundred and forty-four thousand who were redeemed from the earth.”*  
(Rev 14:1–3)

Those who were eligible to enter the heavenly gates did so one after another. The moment they entered into heaven, the clothes they wore suddenly became pure white robes. Moreover, there was no difference between male or female. Everyone's form and face looked as youthful and beautiful as the angels. The floor inside was made of bright fine gold, shining, and the flowers in heaven could also sing!

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*Another one was a person who looked like a foreigner with dark hair like coffee color. In the Spirit, it was known that the person was the Lord Jesus...*

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The saints who were called first formed a horizontal row at the front, and those who were called later formed a row at the back. In the Spirit, it was possible to recognize the twelve apostles: Matthias, Peter, John, James, etc. They were all in a line, holding hands and walking forward with joy and singing. There were angels on both sides. They also sang hymns with everyone, in a language that was not of the nations of the world, but rather a heavenly language. Everybody sang in unity and very nicely. (However, Jia-yin could not remember what was sung, but the sound was very marvelous!) (Mt 17:2, 22:23–32).

### THE HEAVENLY CITIZENS WERE BLESSED TO LISTEN TO JESUS' SERMONS

*"Therefore, my beloved brethren, be steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord, knowing that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."*

(1 Cor 15:58)

*"I have fought the good fight, I have finished the race, I have kept the faith. Finally, there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give to me on that Day, and not to me only but also to all who have loved His appearing."*

(2 Tim 4:7–8)

*Then I heard a voice from heaven saying to me, "Write: 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from now on.'" "Yes," says the Spirit, "that they may rest from their labors, and their works follow them." (Rev 14:13)*

As everyone sang and walked hand in hand, they came to a very majestic, high and glorious chapel. People who were originally lined up horizontally, naturally became vertical as they entered the chapel. Moreover, there were angels lining up on both sides; performing a beautiful hymn with flutes, violins, harps (like the ones that David had used), and various other musical instruments. They welcomed everybody to enter into the chapel to listen to the Lord Jesus' sermons. The first saint walked into the chapel. Through the guidance of the Spirit, it was known that the saint was Mary, the physical mother of the Lord Jesus. Then everyone entered into the chapel one after another; and took their seats. The chapel was tall and wide, and filled with light; the walls were made out of precious stone, glorious in gold and jade. An angel was playing the piano in the chapel. Another one was a person who looked like a foreigner with dark hair like coffee color. In the Spirit, it was known that the person was the Lord Jesus, who was about to sermonize. He first talked about "The Calling of the Four Disciples," with reference to Simon Peter, his brother Andrew, and the two sons of Zebedee—James and his brother John. He talked about how he called them to be "fishers of men." Then, he mentioned about the "Miracle of the Five Loaves of Bread and Two Fish"—how through the blessing of the Lord Jesus, a child's "Five Loaves of Bread and Two Fish" could feed 5,000 people and how there were 12 baskets of left-overs. I asked Jia-yin why the Lord Jesus spoke these sermons in heaven. She said, "The Lord Jesus said, 'Today you are able to come and sit in heaven. Other than preserving yourself, you also need to have the sense of commission to preach the gospel, to offer all you have to the best of your ability so, that the Lord



may bless and guide you to complete the divine work of saving others.” I believe that the Lord Jesus is reminding us, we who are still in this world, with these words (Rev 21; Mk 1:16–20; Jn 6:9–13).

### RECEIVING THE PRECIOUS HOLY SPIRIT WHILE PRAYING AT HOME

*“For everyone who asks receives, and he who seeks finds, and to him who knocks it will be opened. If a son asks for bread from any father among you, will he give him a stone? Or if he asks for a fish, will he give him a serpent instead of a fish? Or if he asks for an egg, will he offer him a scorpion? If you then, being evil, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to those who ask Him!” (Lk 11:10–13)*

At that time, Jia-yin’s attitude towards prayer became completely different than before; she was fervent from the heart. After seeing the vision and listening to the teachings of Jesus, she was moved and prayed earnestly until she was covered in sweat and shed tears of joy. At this point, a deacon saw her crying during prayer. He tapped her and, with good intentions, encouraged her, “Chen Jia-yin! You should pray harder! You are about to receive the Holy Spirit!” When she opened her eyes, she could no longer see the vision.

Although during that Evangelical Service and Spiritual Convocation, she did not receive the Holy Spirit. But thank the Lord! A few days later, we were praying together in thanksgiving before we went to sleep. Jia-yin originally repeated, “Hallelujah! Praise the Lord Jesus! Hallelujah! Praise the Lord Jesus!...” Soon after, she felt that the pace of her prayer was increasingly faster; there was a force that made her tongue roll naturally. She could no longer clearly recite “Hallelujah! Praise the Lord Jesus!” In addition, she was filled with the Holy Spirit; the sound of her prayer became louder. After a period of time, we said “Amen!” together to conclude our prayer. I said to her, “You have truly

received the Holy Spirit, Jia-yin!” I knew that the Lord Jesus had given her the Holy Spirit to confirm the vision she saw about heaven and hell; and to remind her the correct way to interpret the faith. The vision also emphasized on the importance of preparing for heaven with conviction, alertness, and effort. This is what it means to have a successful and valuable life.

We truly thank the Lord! May all glory be given to the true God in heaven! Amen! 🌿

*(Extracted from the Holy Spirit Monthly)*







**EXPERIENCES**

IN TIMES OF

**ILLNESS**

# My Opportunity to Know the Lord

## Chiba Church, Japan

Sister Kawanobe Shotei



Hallelujah! In the name of the Lord Jesus, I testify. My name is Kawanobe Shotei. I currently attend the True Jesus Church (TJC) in Chiba, Japan.

When I was young, there was a church of another Christian denomination near my house. During Christmas, people would distribute biscuits and sweets to children as gifts outside the gates. Hence, I felt positive towards Christianity since childhood. However, my family worshiped idols, so I thought I would never have the chance to come into contact with Christianity in my life. Little did I expect that over 40 years later, I was given the opportunity to come to know Jesus Christ.

Two years ago (when I was 49 years old), I felt unwell since the beginning of the year. I thought to myself that it may be menopause, so I did not pay much attention to my ailment. In early April, however, I began to have high fever every night. This situation lasted for four to five days. One day, in the middle of the night, I suddenly felt weak and kept perspiring. I immediately called the ambulance. In the emergency room, I felt a

sudden sharp abdominal pain, so the doctor asked me what had happened. After providing two rounds of drip, the doctor suspected that I might be afflicted with acute gastroenteritis. Without further examination, I was discharged.

As my condition did not improve after four to five days, I began to suspect that it may not be gastroenteritis, so I went to the nearby gynecological clinic. The diagnosis result was out after a week. The doctor said, “The ovary is generally 2 cm in diameter, but yours is 7 cm, therefore we need to do a more detailed examination.” After the magnetic resonance imaging (MRI) and blood tests, the doctor said with certainty, “You have ovarian cancer.” So he recommended me to seek treatment from a well-known hospital in Japan, where more advanced equipment was available.

I returned home with a heavy heart; and thought about it for the whole night. The next morning I called the hospital to make an appointment. After I made that appointment, a sister of the TJC called me at night and asked, “It’s been a long time since we met.



How is everything?” Having told her my situation, on April 26, 2013 (Friday), she accompanied me to the hospital for checkup. I had to wait for nearly three to four hours at the hospital; I felt very depressed. Just two to three minutes before I entered the examination room, the sister handed me a little note, “Try to pray.” In the examination room, I laid down silently and prayed, “In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I pray, Hallelujah, praise the Lord Jesus, Hallelujah, praise the Lord Jesus...” About 10 minutes or so later, the examination was completed. I left the examination room and my depression, fear and worries disappeared; on the contrary, I felt a sense of security and felt at ease.

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*Finding this very strange, the doctor was worried that the tumor might have burst, and the situation would be bad if it had spread to other organs.*

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From that day onwards, I prayed and read the Bible everyday—my mood was slowly more relaxed and anxiety was gradually reduced. When the doctor saw the MRI result on April 30, he was surprised and said, “How did the tumor reduce in size?” Finding this highly unusual, he conducted another examination that afternoon. When the examination results came out the next day, he discovered that the tumor had disappeared. Finding this very strange, the doctor was worried that the tumor might have burst, and the situation would be bad if it had spread to other organs. He then proposed that I should be admitted immediately and be prepared for a surgery! On May 3 (Saturday), I joined the spiritual convocation at Tokyo church, and I came to God to ask for His mercy and support. In prayer, God comforted me; I felt calm and free from worries. Thank God, the surgery was on May 8, the results showed that it was neither a malignant nor benign, but simply an inflammation of the

fallopian tube. During the hospitalization period, I did not need to undergo special chemotherapy and so on—the development was completely beyond my imagination. Even more incredible was that the 20 cm incision during the surgery did not cause me any pain. It was as if no surgery was performed.

Thank God for His mercy and support, and for giving me a peace of mind. Thank the Lord. Through this illness, I have had the opportunity to come to know the Lord Jesus Christ. What was more valuable is that through the Bible, I had been able to learn about God's word, and to receive spiritual comfort and hope!

The Bible says, “Unless Your law had been my delight, I would then have perished in my affliction.” (Ps 119: 92)

Thank the Lord, may His grace be with all of us! Amen! 🌿

# Experiences in My Sickness

## Chiba Church, Japan

Sister Hiraga Kaori (Yu Fang)



Hallelujah, in the name of our Lord Jesus, I testify.

*“If one part suffers, every part suffers with it; if one part is honored, every part rejoices with it.” (1 Cor 12:26, NIV)*

Thank the Lord, and thanks to everyone’s intercessions, God is merciful, He has heard our voices of prayer and has given me another chance in life.

On January 19, 2016, I was diagnosed with stomach cancer. I went for a gastroscopy, and the doctor told me that it might possibly be cancer. At that moment, I only had one thought: “I can only be saved by praying to God.” On my way home, I started to pray and cried to God: “Lord! You have saved me from death 10 years ago, so I believe this time You will also save me again.” After my husband came home, he said, “Do not worry, we have the Lord to rely on.” Actually, I was afraid that my husband could not accept the news as he was a new believer. After a more detailed medical examination, it was confirmed that I had cancer. I was lost, but at the same time firmer because the Scriptures say:

*“If you faint in the day of adversity, your strength is small.” (Prov 24:10)*

On the same day, I calmly asked the brothers and sisters in church to pray for me. Because my faith was weak, I needed everyone’s intercession to battle the sickness. Thank God, brethren from Japan, China, Taiwan and Argentina all prayed for me in one accord. Some even fasted and prayed for me from the very first day until the day the surgery was completed. There were many brothers and sisters whom I did not know. But I knew that it was the Spirit of God that moved all of them, because we are one family.

Bro. Kenji reminded me to go to a renowned cancer specialist hospital in Tokyo—the Tsukiji Cancer Center Hospital. So, I went there with Bro. Xiao-ji to make an appointment. When we arrived, the booking desk was already closed. It was on January 29 that we did not make it in time. A nurse asked me to come back early the following Monday, so that doctor could see me if the doctor is available. If not for this opportunity, I would have had to call again and book for a later



time. Thank the Lord, when I went to the hospital on Monday, a doctor was available to see me, and gave me the tentative dates for my operation. Meanwhile, I started to undergo many preoperative examinations. Thank God, this was His wonderful plan; and I could feel that He had already begun to work.

For the remaining time, I waited for the day of the scheduled surgery. During the days of waiting, we prayed watchfully together. In my prayers, I cried to God: “O Lord, even dogs could eat the crumbs which fall from their masters’ tables, please have mercy on me and help me because I am of little faith. When I obtained the Japanese citizenship, I knew Your purpose of keeping me in Japan. The brothers and sisters and I have a common task—to preach the gospel and serve God. However, I have not started any work. I have not fulfilled the Lord’s commission. How can I go and see Your face? O Lord, I am of little faith, I am afraid that I cannot take this heavy burden. If You are willing, please take the burden away from me. If it is Your will for me to bear this burden, please bear it with me.

At the same time, while I am bearing this weight, please let me be joyful; and help my family and friends to cast their worries upon You. Please grant them a peaceful heart.” I prayed like this without ceasing, like a child crying to the father, asking for faith, asking for submission. Life is in God’s hands, the Bible says: “If the Lord wills, we shall live and do this or that.” (Jas 4:15) Thank God, I was able to live everyday happily through everyone’s prayer and encouragement. Many people who saw me did not believe that I was a cancer patient. I would unconsciously sing, “I am so glad that Jesus loves me,” because this strength came from God, “If God is for us, who can be against us?” (Rom 8:31)

Thank God, the one month waiting period quickly passed by through prayer. The operation date was set

for March 1. My son was born on March 1; and I would never forget how God helped me and saved my son on that day. It was also on March 1 that my husband came to church for the first time. God’s blessings cannot be numbered; because of His love, my family could go through life’s hurdles once again. Because of God’s mercy, He has given my husband a chance to know His grace and be saved. On this date, I have a new beginning again; and I know that once more God will grant me life.

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*At that time, I was very sleepy but I drowsily opened my eyes. I saw that I was lying in a white and shiny object that looked like a silkworm cocoon. I said, “God! You are here!”*

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We often say, “God is life, what do we need to fear?” But when we are walking in the valley of death, can we truly be not fearful? No, at least I know I am weak and afraid. However, God tells us in Psalm 23:4, “Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for You are with me; Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me.” God gave me courage once again, and led me through the days of fear.

During the month while I was waiting for the surgery, the prayers increased; and our Lord had heard the sound of our prayers and He had seen the tears that the brothers and sisters had shed for me. God comforted me, so that my heart was in peace and quietness. When I went into the operation room, all my fears were gone. Instead, I was firmer; and I prayed to God, “O God, You will save me, I know that You will be with me.”

Thank God, the scheduled six-hour operation only took 2.4 hours. Two-third of my stomach was removed; the cut extended from my chest to the belly button. This kind of operation requires a full anes-

thetia, which means that I was unconscious throughout the operation. However, I felt that there was a strength of a sudden flow of electric current in me, from head to toe, that made me feel very comfortable and woke me up. At that time, I was very sleepy but I drowsily opened my eyes. I saw that I was lying in a white and shiny object that looked like a silkworm cocoon. I said, “God! You are here!” Then, I fell asleep. Actually, my physical body was still being operated, but my spirit was awake; God was there and He came to comfort me.

After a while, the doctor woke me up and told me that the surgery had ended. When I awoke, I felt very good and was able to chat with the nurses the entire way from the operating theater to the ward. Thank God, when I saw my family and Dns. Lydia, I was still in a very good state.

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*During this I deeply experienced the mighty power and importance of prayer. When I woke up the next day, my physical condition was especially good.*

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During first and second day after the operation, I would feel very well in the morning, but very bad in the afternoon. I felt that the power which had been sustaining me was drained out from me. It was the power of prayer. Many members were relieved once they heard that the surgery was a success, so the fervency of their prayers gradually became weaker. Immediately I had the image of the battle between the Israelites and the Amalekites: When Moses raised his staff, the Israelite army won; when his staff was lowered, the Israelites lost. So I cried to God to save me! After many silent prayers, my condition improved. Thereafter, I immediately messaged a few sisters and asked them not to lower their praying hands, but to continue praying for me.

During this I deeply experienced the mighty power and importance of prayer. When I woke up the next day, my physical condition was especially good. For several consecutive days, I was able to receive our brethren, friends and family who came to the hospital to visit me. Thank God, my physical condition improved day by day. One week after my operation, the doctor saw that I had made much progress. So, he discharged me a week ahead of schedule, that is on March 9.

Thank the Lord that in the second week after I returned home, I could get out of my bed to do house chores and go for walks. I also used this period of time to write this testimony; I had already started to write before I knew the result of the pathological analysis. I knew that no matter what, God will use His way to give me an answer that I could bear. After I finished writing the testimony, I waited to go the hospital on April 15 to get the results of the biopsy analysis. In fact, about two weeks prior to this, the hospital had sent me a pathological report. It was reported that my cancer was “poorly differentiated,” also known as “invasive.” This means that it is the worst and the most fast-spreading type of cancer. I was at Stage IIB, a more severe level of Stage II cancer. The worst news was that seven cancer cells had spread into the lymph nodes near the stomach (thankfully not into the liver). Afterwards, I did plenty of research on the Internet and through books; all answers indicated that the solution is chemotherapy. I told several brethren about my condition; and I requested them to continue praying for me. No matter what, I had to rely on the Lord even more. And I had to ask God to give me a completely submissive heart and strength so that I could bear what was to come.

Whenever we face with difficulties, we do not need to ask why or think too much about it. This is because God knows our thoughts and needs. God’s thought



is higher than ours; since we believe, we should not doubt. God is merciful and loving; we must know that He is with us. Therefore, on April 15, I went to the hospital joyfully. The doctor first explained my condition, then said that I did not need to undergo chemotherapy. I asked him if I needed to take medication; he said no. Although I had Stage IIB cancer, it was still minor. Therefore, I did not meet the conditions required for chemotherapy; only go for follow-up examination every six months. Afterwards, I found out that even though the data from the analysis had categorized me as Stage II, I was actually in a liminal stage between stages A and B, which meant that it was neither overly good nor overly bad. My case was extremely rare. God is of great power; He can stop the sun, surely He can also stop the cancer cells from spreading.

The doctor told me that my operation was very successful; and everything that needed to be removed had been removed. As such, I would get well if I take good care of myself. I do not know about the future, but I know that if I draw near to God and pray diligently, God will help me because life belongs to God. I deeply know that it was God who had saved me, a person with little faith. If not for His mighty power, how could I be blessed with this miraculous extension of life?

Thank the Lord, during my sickness, we have all witnessed the power of intercession and the might of the Lord. When a person walks on the verge of life, he will naturally ponder on many things that he would not normally think of. I thought about the story of Lot, the Ten Virgins, and about my own soul. Brethren, we do not know what will happen tomorrow. Are we ready when the Lord comes again for us? Are our names written in the Book of Life? It is said in Revelation: "... only those whose names are written in the Book of Life can enter." How much have we done for the Lord? Are we lukewarm in our faith?

Thank the Lord, through this experience, we have all learned to pray, to stand strong and to submit. This will become our life-long testimony and thanksgiving. I thank everyone for being by my side and for giving me comfort. May the Lord bless and remember your love. May we continue to raise our hands of prayer for the furtherance of the gospel. Let us pray for all the sacred works of the church, for all the brothers and sisters in need, and for our own spiritual lives. We should not be lukewarm anymore, lest we be forsaken by God (Rev 3:16).

May all glory be unto our true God in heaven. Hallelujah, Amen. 🌿

# Grace in the Midst of the Tohoku Earthquake

## Yokohama Church, Japan

Brother Yoshimura Masao



In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, I testify. My name is Yoshimura Masao; I have been a believer since young because of my parents. Nevertheless, I never really cared about my faith, and would only go to church at my mother's urging. I would often skip Sabbath services to play basketball because I had joined the school team. In retrospect, I was very ignorant and lacked the knowledge of God. Thank God for His grace—He did not forsake a sinner like me, just as it is written in Psalm 119:71:

*“It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I may learn Your statutes.”*

Through sickness and suffering, I was able to learn more about God.

### DISCOVERING A FIRM MASS ON THE CHEST

Everything began in June 2010, on a rare sunny morning during the rainy season. I was in the ninth grade and during a swimming lesson, my friend discovered a firm mass on my chest. Since I did not feel any difference or pain, I did not take it to heart. During the

school's medical examination, a doctor had told me that it was lipoma often seen during puberty, and would disappear with time. However, after some time, the lump gradually became bigger; so my family members urged me to go for a checkup at a hospital in Chinatown. The doctor there also said that it was lipoma caused by puberty, but to be safe, he recommended me to get it examined at a larger hospital. The doctor at the larger hospital also diagnosed it as lipoma, but suggested a biopsy because the mass was very large and firm.

### OPERATION IN THE MIDST OF THE TOHOKU EARTHQUAKE

The day of my operation was March 11, 2011; I went into the operating theater at 2:30 pm. I was unconscious because of the local anesthesia. Although I did not feel any pain, I could feel the bleeding. An earthquake happened at 2:46 pm in the middle of my operation. At first, it was only shaking, and it did not feel any different from the seisms that frequently happened in Japan. Immediately after that, the ground



began to shake stronger. I was very afraid; I thought that I was going to die on the operation table. Thank the Lord, the doctors and nurses were very calm, and did not leave me on site to escape from the quake. When the tremors stopped, they continued the surgery, and the operation extended from the original plan, one hour, to two to almost three hours.

During the earthquake, I thought that I would die soon. I thought about my mother who was waiting outside the operating theater; and I wondered how she was doing. I thought about my younger brother and sister at the kindergarten, and my father who was working at a construction site. Was he in danger? Would the structures fall? It was a pity that I did not pray to God at that time. After the earthquake, my mother came into the operating theater; and encouraged me to pray and to entrust everything to the Lord. I was reminded by her words and prayed in my heart: “Lord, please protect my family and me.” During the following aftershocks, I also prayed silently in my heart.

### BIOPSY RESULTS

The operation for the removal of the tumor was successful. However, the results indicated that the tumor was malignant—meaning it could spread. Therefore, the doctor suggested for a second surgery. I had just started high school, I had survived a major earthquake, and now I must go through a second operation. Why would something like this happen? After hearing the doctor’s words, my tears began to flow. Before that, Pr. KC Chang and his wife had encouraged my parents to take me to the Yokohama House of Prayer to pray for my operation. Before the prayer, he told me calmly, “I can see that you are a son of the gospel before Jesus Christ, and I hope that it is good for you to be afflicted (Ps 119:67, 71). What do you think about all these encounters?” I answered honestly, “I have just begun ninth grade, why did the

Lord Jesus allow me to go through these things?” The preacher replied, “Think about how your cellphone have never left your sight—when you are climbing up the church stairs, when your dad picks you up by car at the church entrance, when you are sitting on the backseat; you are always on your phone. Your entire heart has been taken over by the cellphone—it has replaced brothers and sisters in church, and caused you to neglect your family members. I do not need to tell you what has enticed you, but you must sincerely repent before God. I will help you by laying hands on you and pray for you, entreating the Lord to have mercy and to heal you.” I repented and pleaded in tears; my parents also cried and prayed for me. After I returned home, I deleted all the bad contents in my cellphone.

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*Now, I take the initiative to go to church. The wound left a trace of the testimony of God’s grace. Whenever I look at the scar, I am reminded of His grace. The preacher and his wife encouraged me to still continue studying the Bible...*

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### THE SECOND OPERATION

I had already missed school for a month. My second operation took place on April 7, 2011, and I was hospitalized for 18 days. During this time, my family and the brethren earnestly prayed for my second operation; the resident preacher also came to the hospital to lay hands on me. God had listened the prayers of my family and the brethren. The second operation was successful. The doctor said that my condition was improving, so I would recover quickly. They had at first anticipated a third operation, but because I was recuperating very well and my wound healed very fast. The doctor exempted me from undergoing the third operation. However, I had to go for follow-up

examination once a month for a year, and I was not allowed to do any intense exercise to prevent the wound from splitting.

### MY EXPERIENCES

I have had a malignant tumor and underwent an operation in the midst of an earthquake. After I was discharged, a seminar was held at Yokohama House of Prayer. The preacher reminded me many times to attend the seminar at church instead of watching basketball matches at school. However, I ended up watching the matches as I could not bear to miss them; and I discovered that my wallet was gone after the match. These experiences have changed my view on God, “Awake, my soul!” (Ps 57:7)

Now, I take the initiative to go to church. The wound left a trace of the testimony of God’s grace. Whenever I look at the scar, I am reminded of His grace. The preacher and his wife encouraged me to still continue studying the Bible and to help with the church interpretation work—even after their pastoral work and residency in Japan come to an end. I resolved to work for the Lord to repay God's great grace. I truly feel that the significant reason, God allowed me to experience these trials, is for me to know Him better. Although I have learned the hard way, but just as the Bible verse, which Pr. Chang and his wife had shared with me, says:

*“It is good for me that I have been afflicted, that I may learn your statutes.” (Ps 119:71)*

May all the glory be onto our heavenly Father.

Amen! 🌿



# He Preserved My Life

Toronto Church, Canada

Brother Lin Xu-biao

Written by Sister Elsa Lin



Hallelujah! In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I testify. My name is Lin Xu-biao from Fujian, China. One of the elders of my family told me that when I was around one or two years old, there was a tumor about the size of a fist on the right side of my neck. Even though the doctors had removed the tumor surgically, the pus continued to discharge from the wound which was not able to heal completely.

My father was once a Buddhist. However, when he noticed that the neighbor living across the street raised their seven children peacefully, he asked my mother to find out how the family had been able to sustain in such good health and smooth sailing life. The neighbor told my mother that the reasons were that they believed in God and were believers of the True Jesus Church (TJC). Upon hearing this, my father was willing to forsake his old faith and told my mother that we should also believe in Jesus.

Not long after this, a deacon came to our house to remove the idols. A preacher also came to lay hands

and pray for me. We never expected that after a week, the wound on my neck would stop discharging pus. After seeing this miracle, our entire family was baptized in the name of the Lord.

After I have grown up, I worked around the places to make a living. After having a wife and a daughter, I thought it was time to earn more income to feed the family, so I came to Toronto by myself in 2000. Slightly over three years later, my wife and daughter came to join me in Canada after their applications of immigration were approved.

Ever since the Lord Jesus healed me when I was a child, my body stayed strong and never showed any abnormal symptom. That is why in September 2011, it was a complete surprise to find out an 8 cm malignant tumor in my liver. I was hospitalized and underwent surgery. In April the following year, in a follow-up CT scan, the doctor discovered a shadow on one of my lungs. A subsequent surgical biopsy confirmed that the cancer cells had already moved to my lungs.

On a Friday night, July 13, 2012, when my entire family was at church for service, I went to the basement to use the restroom. Suddenly, I could no longer control or move my right hand and right leg. Dr. Chiu, a church sister, concluded that I probably had a stroke, and immediately suggested that my wife take me to the hospital. Fortunately, the doctors were able to perform an emergency operation to remove the tumor in my brain, so I escaped from death for the moment. They found the cause of the stroke was the spread of the cancer cells moving from the liver to the lungs and then to the brain. The malignant tumor in the brain pressed against the blood vessels, resulting in cerebrovascular burst which led to the stroke.

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*At that time, the doctor at the ICU told me that the pulmonologist had said that he had given up on treating me ... due to the severity of my condition, I only had between two weeks and two months to live.*

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I truly thank God for guiding my wife, aided and accompanied by Dr. Chiu, to swiftly make the right decision and to drive to the hospital where I had a surgery performed previously for my liver cancer. According to the Emergency Medical Services policy, if we had called for an ambulance, we would have been taken to the nearest hospital. Then, the hospital would not have my medical history on file. They would need to start the examination from scratch, which would have delayed the surgery. By then, everything would be too late.

The wondrous thing was that even though we seldom attended Friday evening service, for some reason, during the morning of the day of my stroke, I told my wife that we should go to service. In retrospect, it was God who had moved me to go to church. If I had the stroke while we were at home, my wife would have

been flustered and would not have known what to do. Even if she would inform and wait for the believers to come and help urgently, that would have further delayed me getting to the hospital and I would have lost my life. The omniscient God knew that if we went to church, then I would have the stroke at church. He knew that by receiving help from the believers, my wife would be calm and stable enough to drive me to the hospital. In addition, the hospital was right in the middle of the church and my home, which halved my journey time and prevented delay for my treatment.

After the surgery, I stayed in the Intensive Care Unit (ICU) for five days, and then I was transferred to the general ward to recuperate. At that time, the doctor at the ICU told me that the pulmonologist had said that he had given up on treating me. He also told me that the doctor who had performed the surgery for my brain tumor also said that due to the severity of my condition, I only had between two weeks and two months to live. He went on to say that it was very likely for tumors to grow again in my brain and cause another stroke. He even told me that the oncologist said that I was an incurable, terminal cancer patient, so he did not wish to give me any further treatment. He added that the lung cancer cells would rapidly spread and eat away at the healthy muscles, resulting in heart failure, and eventually death.



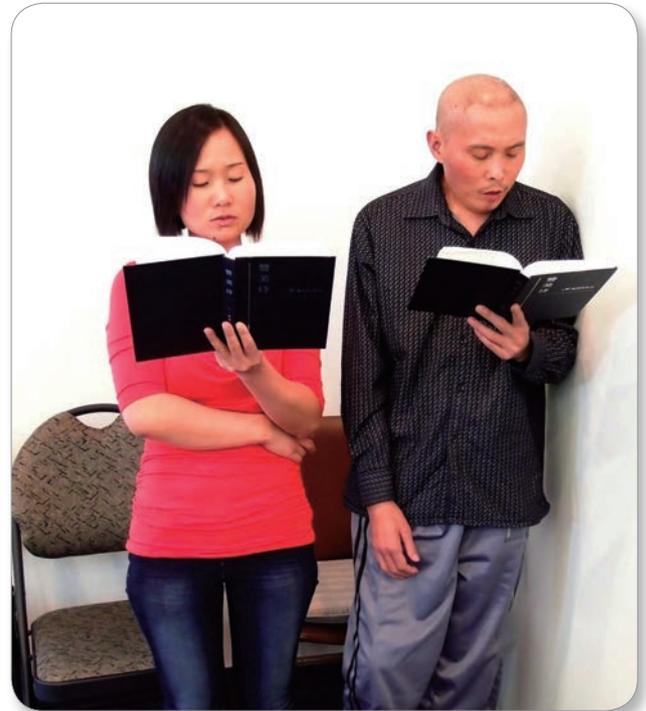
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*I went back to the hospital to see the doctors and they were all stunned by my recovery. They kept expressing their surprise, saying, “Is this real?” and “Can it be?”*

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Fortunately, in that time of despair, the brethren continued to intercede for me, and also provided us with a lot of physical and material help. One day, during my hospitalization, a sister came to visit me. She brought the music score of a hymn, “Listen Softly,” which the Chinese choir had sung before. She and my wife then sang it to me together. After my stroke, I could not feel the right half of my body, from hand to foot. The brain tumor had affected the language center of my brain; therefore I was not able to speak. Yet to my amazement, I was able to sing “Listen Softly” with my wife a few days later, and my enunciation of the lyrics was about 60 percent clear. I think God was comforting me through the hymn, telling me that He would listen softly to the sound of my prayers.

After over a month or so, the doctor thought that it was pointless for me to stay in the hospital since all the medical treatments I received had no real effect anymore. He suggested me to go into palliative care, or to go home and rest. My wife decided that I should go home to recuperate, yet the nurse told her that since I could die of heart failure at any moment, she asked her to sign the consent form to “not call the ambulance when my husband is critically ill.” (She told her that even if the ambulance did get me to the hospital, the doctors would no longer treat me. However, my wife never signed this form) What the nurse told my wife made her inconsolable and heartbroken. It was yet another test of her faith in God. If it were not for the constant prayers of the brethren and the use of Bible verses to strengthen her faith, I really do not



know how she and I would have crossed this valley of the shadow of death.

After I was discharged from hospital, our brethren continued to visit me at home. They encouraged me to go to church on Sabbath no matter how difficult my situation was, and to attend the Fall Evangelical Services and Spiritual Convocation (ESSC) in September. Thank God that I did! After attending the evangelical services, my condition greatly improved. My right leg started gaining back its senses and strength. From completely relying on my wife to help me walk and stand, until I was able to walk and stand on my own. I also felt the same thing happening to my right hand as it was slowly regaining the senses and strength. My speech also gradually improved. Later, I went back to the hospital to see the doctors and they were all stunned by my recovery. They kept expressing their surprise, saying, “Is this real?” and “Can it be?”

*“The Lord will command His lovingkindness in the daytime, and in the night His song shall be with me —a prayer to the God of my life.” (Ps 42:8)*

*“Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for You are with me; Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me.” (Ps 23:4)*

*“For with You is the fountain of life; in Your light we see light.” (Ps 36:9)*

*Whenever I go back to the hospital for a follow-up examination, the oncologist would always tell the interns that my full recovery has truly been a “miracle!”*

From that very moment I was diagnosed with liver cancer to the spreading of the cancer cells to my lungs and then to my brain, even to the point of having a stroke, I have never felt pain. What an unbelievable miracle in the world of medicine! Every doctor and nurse who had attended to me always asked me, “Do you feel any pain?” and I always answered with a “No!” Just as Dn. Lee had said to me before, not feeling any pain when having terminal cancer had already

greatly glorified the name of God! For those who are believers, they truly know that God is the source of life, and that our lives come from God. If He wills for someone to not feel the pain, they will not feel the pain. In God’s light, I have seen the light!

In early January 2013, four months after I went home to recuperate, we received a message from the oncologist who had once expressed his opinion that he could no longer help nor treat me any further. He asked us to come in to review the follow-up report of my condition. On January 31, we were very uneasy upon arriving at the hospital, but we never would have imagined that he was going to tell us that the number of tumors in my lungs had decreased drastically, and those that remained had become much smaller. My mitotic index had dropped from over 10,000 to just 600. The doctor emphatically told my wife, “It is very strange that we did not do much in terms of treatment, and yet your husband had gotten better all by himself!” When she heard such amazing news, she immediately replied to the doctor,



“Actually, it was our God who has healed him! Thank God!”

*“I will praise You, O Lord, with my whole heart;  
I will tell of all Your marvelous works.” (Ps 9:1)*

*“Who keeps our soul among the living, and does not  
allow our feet to be moved.” (Ps 66:9)*

Thank God! It was God who preserved my life and who did not allow my feet to be moved! Afterwards, my mitotic index continued to drop to around 80 and then recently to two. Whenever I go back to the hospital for a follow-up examination, the oncologist would always tell the interns that my full recovery has truly been a “miracle!”

In retrospect, I rarely attended church services when I was young. I did not have a complete understanding of the truth. I spoke and conducted my life like a Gentile, and committed many sins. After I became ill, I attended services often, listened to many sermons, and finally knew that my sins were great. I was unworthy of God’s grace. I thank God for not only He preserved my life so I could repent; and also God testified His authority and glory with His great healing power! Hallelujah! Amen! 🌿

# The Omniscient True God

## Elgin Church, United Kingdom

Sister Christina Chan



Hallelujah, in the name of the Lord Jesus, I testify. My name is Christina Chan; I have a son and a daughter. I would like to share with everyone a testimony of God's grace towards my daughter, Anita. Since her childhood, my daughter had been suffering from eczema. This had been treated with many medications from various doctors, but they were all ineffective. When her skin felt itchy, especially at night, she would often scratch until her skin lacerated. My husband and I felt extremely sad about this, but we would entrust this to God in our prayers, beseeching Him to show mercy. However, we often thought that perhaps we did not have sufficient faith for God to listen to our prayers.

On February 14 (Tuesday), when Anita was five years old, my husband happened to read in the newspaper an article which introduced a home treatment for eczema. He showed it to me and told me to use the home treatment on the affected areas on our daughter's face and limbs later that night. However, in less than ten minutes after putting the treatment

on, I heard her cry out, "Mum! It's very itchy!" I was shocked when I saw that her whole face and her limbs were red and swollen. I cradled her in my arms and promptly used water to clean the affected areas and then said a prayer with her. It was just after one in the morning. At that time, I was struggling to decide whether to phone my husband, who was working in a restaurant, to come back home to take her to hospital. However, once I thought about how my daughter would usually throw a tantrum whenever she knew that she was going to hospital, I decided to inform my husband of her situation only. I then started to pray to God earnestly and begged Him, saying, "Oh Lord, You are the almighty Physician, if You would take away the redness and swelling on my daughter's skin, I will testify for You on the Sabbath."

After my sorrowful and tearful prayer, I saw that Anita's condition had not improved; all the while she was crying and screaming. I had so much pain in my heart that I knelt down again to pray even more earnestly. After this prayer, her condition improved a little. From



then on, I was no longer afraid because I knew that God had listened to my plea. I carried my daughter to bed so she could rest, but she wanted me to tell her a Bible story. I began to speak of the various healing Jesus performed during the time He was preaching the gospel, adding how He would also heal her. After the story, I was going to pray for the third time. I asked Anita to pray while she lay there in the bed, but she told me, “I also want to kneel and pray with my mummy, so we can ask God to heal me.” As I heard these words that were filled with so much faith, I told her, “Ok, my little cheerleader! Let’s pray together!” This time after the prayer, I felt truly thankful to God because the redness and swelling on her skin improved; and she was able to go to sleep peacefully.

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*Perhaps I should forget about bearing testimony?  
All of a sudden I was itchy all over, and I could no longer sleep.*

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After a while, my husband came home from work, and I told him everything that had happened. He also thanked God. That night, as I lay in bed, I thought of what happened earlier and felt that, since it was such a small matter, it would not be important enough to testify about in front of the whole congregation. Perhaps I should forget about bearing testimony? All of a sudden I was itchy all over, and I could no longer sleep. I looked at the time and saw that it was already late. I realized that if I could not fall asleep soon, I would be too tired to do the housework and look after my daughter the next day. It came to my mind that God had probably sent this itch to remind me of my promise to Him. God is omniscient, as the Bible records, “. . .for man looks at the outward appearance, but the Lord looks at the heart.” (1 Sam 16:7b) So then I prayed to God and repented, asking Him to forgive my sins and to give me the courage to bear testimony

for Him. When I finished praying, my skin returned to normal and I was able to fall asleep. On the Sabbath day which followed, on February 18, I was able to testify for the Lord and glorify His holy name at Elgin church.

Throughout this whole experience, I was able to truly and deeply see that the true God that we serve is the one and only all-knowing and all-powerful God. He searches us and understands our thoughts and ways (Ps 139:1–3). At present, Anita’s eczema has not subsided completely, but I believe that if my husband and I have sufficient faith to ask God, that if it is His will, He will act. I hope that God will show us mercy, so that one day my daughter can be healed of her illness. May all glory be unto the true God in heaven. Amen. 🌿



# The Amazing Grace of God

## Adelaide Church, Australia

Sister Chen Chien-fang



Hallelujah! In the name of the Lord Jesus I testify.

My name is Chen Chien-fang; and I am bearing testimony on behalf of my son, Huang An-chi.

My son was born in the Women and Children's Hospital in Fuqing on December 30, 2011. A few hours after he was born, we tried to feed him, but he was unable to suck. He was also unable to have bowel movement, and he had a severe abdominal distension. We were told to transfer him to the Fujian State Women and Children's Hospital for treatment. During that time, the brethren in the churches of Fuqing and my hometown prayed for An-chi; my whole family also prayed earnestly. The doctor conducted an x-ray examination and deduced that my son might be suffering from neonatal bowel obstruction. Thus, a surgery was scheduled for An-chi in the morning of January 1, 2012.

During the surgery, the surgeon found out that it was not bowel obstruction, but rather a lack of peristaltic movement of the intestine and the absence of neural-

gia cells. Therefore, the surgeon decided to perform ostomy surgery, which involved making an opening near the 70 cm mark of the small intestine to create a stoma near the navel, to allow defecation. However, my son was still unable to pass stool from the stoma after the surgery, and his stomach was still bloated.

On the fifth day after An-chi's first surgery, I visited him in the hospital. He had a gastric tube through his nose and suffered from abdominal bloating. Even though he looked so sad, he was too weak to cry. As a mother, I felt extremely pained for his condition. The surgeon informed us that An-chi was in critical condition and that we should prepare for the worst—he might not survive if his stomach continued to bloat and was still unable to pass stool.

During the hospitalization period, my mother stayed by An-chi all the time. She sang hymns to him, and fasted and prayed. We all prayed earnestly, begging the Lord to heal my son, to allow for the growth of neuralgia cells in his body and be able to defecate. Moreover, I often prayed to the Lord in tears to save



my son when I was in the period of childbirth confinement. We believed that only Jesus could save him, because what is impossible with men is possible with God. The brothers and sisters also continued to intercede for my son with much love.

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*Every time we went to the hospital for checkup, the doctors and nurses were amazed at how well I had taken care of my son. However, I knew clearly that it was because of God's great love and amazing grace.*

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Thank the Lord, the merciful heavenly Father heard our prayers. My son was able to pass stool on the eighth day after the surgery, and we were discharged from the hospital on the thirteenth day. After we returned home, my son became dehydrated due to lactose intolerant, so we sent him back to the hospital. Thank the Lord, since we had noticed the symptom quickly, he returned home after staying in the hospital for another five days.

Unlike normal people who could pass stool out of the anus, my son's stool was excreted via the stoma next to his navel, which required a second surgery. Therefore, my husband and I brought him to Australia for the second operation when he was four months old. This was because we felt that the Australian medical facilities and equipment would be more advanced and the skills of the medical doctors would be better than the domestics. Since the surgery was performed at a public hospital, the treatment was free of charge; however, we had to wait for a long time to see the doctor. As such, we had spent over five months in Australia for the second surgery.

It was indeed difficult during this period of time. My son required constant care due to a pouching system attached to his stoma for defecation. The pouch required changing once or twice a day, otherwise it

would cause skin irritation. It was truly painful for a baby who was just a few months old. But thank the Lord Jesus, the skin around the stoma was well taken care of. Every time we went to the hospital for check-up, the doctors and nurses were amazed at how well I had taken care of my son. However, I knew clearly that it was because of God's great love and amazing grace. Thank the Lord!

On October 10, 2012, An-chi underwent his second surgery in Australia. He went into the operating theater at around 1 pm and came out around 4 pm. The surgery was almost three hours, but for others, this surgery could have taken around seven to eight hours. We thank the Lord's guidance. However, on the second day after the surgery, he was crying continuously; and the attending doctor told us to feed him immediately. So, the nurse fed him 100 ml of cold milk before he passed stool or wind. Since his stomach was already bloated, the bloating worsened after he drank the milk, and he refused to drink anymore. An-chi used to have a very good appetite at home, so I was quite worried. I told the doctor that An-chi's stomach was also bloated when he was in China, even until he was in critical condition. The doctor insisted that this was normal after a major surgery; and he advised me not to worry too much. My family and the brethren in church had been praying earnestly for my son. Thank the Lord, my son had passed stool for the first time after the surgery at 9 am on October 13 (which was a Sabbath). He had around 20–30 discharges daily and cried all day because of the anal pain from every stool discharge. When the doctor saw that my son could already defecate normally, he stopped the pain-relief medication. Even though An-chi could now have bowel movements, he cried bitterly each time because he was not used to defecating from the anus.

After the surgery, he was unable to sleep normally and he cried all the time. I had to hold him all day long without any rest. On October 19, the doctor checked

his bowel movements and urged us to discharge from the hospital, even though his stomach was still bloated. The doctor told us that my son no longer needed any medication and the number of hospital beds was limited, so we should go home. In addition, as far as the bloating problem was concerned, it could take months for a full recovery. So, it was unnecessary for him to continue staying in the hospital, and waste the country's resources. I was very angry at what he said, because my child was still in pain. But I could only follow the doctor's advice because we were not in our own country.

After returning home, my son still could not sleep at night. Moreover, I could not lay him down on the bed to change his diaper as this would make him cry even more. I really did not know what to do except to pray to God. My family in China was praying for him, but I was on my own in Australia since my husband did not believe in God. I could only pray for God to forgive his sins.

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*An-chi's intestines were all stuck together; it was not possible for them to perform an ostomy because that might cause intestinal perforation, and they might have to remove some of his intestines.*

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On the morning of October 20, my son seemed very weak because he had refused to drink milk for over a week. He did not have any bowel movements. His skin was very dry and he seemed dehydrated, so we took him back to the emergency room the next morning. After a blood test, he was sent to the ward and the doctor gave him an intravenous infusion as he had been severely dehydrated. They then tried to inject an analgesic into his bottom three or four times, but in vain.

Later, they tried rectal infusion and administered enema to help with stool discharge. This worked initially, but not long afterwards, even the enema became useless. We had to stay in the hospital for five or six days. As a mother, it was distressing to see my son going through such painful suffering; our family was worried too. But I could do nothing to help him except to pray for him.

On the morning of October 26 (Friday), the doctor suggested for An-chi to have another x-ray—the seventh times after the surgery. At 12:30 pm on the same day, a few doctors informed me that they had decided to perform another biopsy and surgery on my son. They wanted to insert a venous cannula near his heart to provide nutrition. They told me that the intravenous infusion could take months because he was dehydrated and malnourished. After the third surgery, he would not be allowed to take any food, so he would have to stay in the hospital and rely on the drip. As far as defecation was concerned, the doctors told me not to worry, since this surgery was specifically for treating his defecation problem. The worst-case scenario would be to perform another ostomy to create a stoma for stool discharge, just like his first surgery in China; and then to consider radical surgery after his condition had improved.

Therefore, An-chi entered the operating theater at almost 2 pm, and we were outside praying for him as we did during the previous surgery. When it was almost 6 pm, the surgery was still ongoing. The doctor came out from the operating theater; informing me that the situation was not good—they had encountered some unexpected problems. An-chi's intestines were all stuck together; it was not possible for them to perform an ostomy because that might cause intestinal perforation, and they might have to remove some of his intestines. Considering the dire consequences, the doctors could only sew him back up.



My son was then sent to the Intensive Care Unit (ICU), which offers round-the-clock care. Apart from the nutrition drip, they could not do much to help him. The doctors said that if his stomach would stop bloating, they might consider performing another operation in a few months' time. However, if the bloating continued, they also did not know what to do. The treatment plan depended on the child's condition, so at this stage they could not give us any clear answer.

I was shocked when I heard this, because the doctor's words seemed to be a death sentence pronounced for my child. I did not know what the future holds for my child, or how much pain he would have to endure throughout his lifetime. I could only pray to God: "O God, please have pity on this child for You have given him life. How could You have the heart to take it back?" I regretted that I had not brought my son to be baptized when we were in China. Therefore, I asked my family to contact the local church. Through the assistance of Pr. Chang Siu-hua and Sis. Hwa-yin, we got in touch with the church in Australia. The preacher here, along with the brothers and sisters, came to the hospital to pray and lay hands on my son. In the beginning, I asked the preacher to perform a special baptism for my son, so that he could at least rest in the bosom of the Lord if his condition continued to worsen. His endurance towards all his sufferings hitherto would then be worthwhile, and my heart would be comforted.

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*The true God's might is beyond our imagination.  
Not only He helped my son, but He also healed my son completely.*

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However, the preacher realized that my husband was not a believer and he even opposed to my faith. Therefore, if my son received baptism under these

circumstances, it was equivalent to forcing my husband to nod and agree to this baptism. Such action might not glorify the name of the Lord. Therefore, the preacher comforted me said that he believed my son would recover; the Lord Jesus would surely heal him.

When I heard the preacher's words, my faith was strengthened. I had been in Australia for almost half a year, but I had not contacted the church here. Even though I had been reading the Bible and praying every day, I felt that I was very weak. I prayed to the Lord, "O Lord, I have indeed fallen short. Please have pity on me and have pity on this child. He will become one of the sheep in Your flock. Please give this lamb an opportunity, so that his life can be different because of You and that he may bear beautiful testimony for You." My family also fasted and prayed for him. Thank the Lord, An-chi finally passed stool on October 31. Even the doctor was astonished at his sudden bowel movement. Yet, the doctor still did not allow us to feed An-chi, so he stayed in the ICU for nine days and was later transferred to the general ward on November 3. The doctor only allowed An-chi to drink water and apple juice, without any food. As a consequence, his weight dropped continuously. Moreover, An-chi's blood pressure had remained high because he was using a new type of nutrition drip which was yet to be proven harmless by substantial reports. We kept praying for him; and the doctor finally allowed us to feed him on November 6 because of my strong insistence. After consuming solid food, An-chi's bowel movements became normal; his condition began to improve day by day.

Although I am a foolish person, and did not know how to pray, God is merciful and gracious—He obtains the best healing method to cure man. He prevented my son from passing stool at night so that he could sleep well (he only woke up when he was hungry). Afterwards, my son defecated four or five times a day with-

out pain; and his stool color was normal. He was just like other children!

At that time, I only pleaded with God to help my son; to allow him to have smooth bowel movements, so that he did not have to undergo any more surgery. The true God's might is beyond our imagination. Not only He helped my son, but He also healed my son completely. Thank God! On November 16, my son was discharged from the hospital. Now, he defecates three to five times a day, and sustains a normal diet. Compared with other children who had gone through the same surgery, he recovered very quickly, which was completely beyond our imagination. Even the doctor thought that this was amazing. I really do not know how to express my gratitude in words; I can only give all glory to the holy name of Jesus. No matter where I am, I will testify of the amazing grace of God upon my son.

*Note:* My son, Huang An-chi, was baptized in Fuqing church on January 27, 2013. 🌿



# Surely Goodness and Mercy Shall Follow Me All the Days of My Life

Subang Jaya Church, West Malaysia

Deaconess Eunice Liew



In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, I bear testimony. My entire life has been a smooth sailing one, with occasional hiccups that God helped me through. I would like to share with you, in many separate incidents when the Lord had loved and cared for me. Most of us would say that we have peaceful lives and there is no spectacular miracle for us to testify about, yet being peaceful itself is a testimony of the grace of God.

## THE CHOICE BETWEEN TWO COURSES OF STUDIES

I was born in a Christian family of the True Jesus Church in Sungai Petani (northern Malaysia). I attended religious education classes just like our children today. Thank the grace of God, I was bestowed with the precious Holy Spirit at the age of 11.

As a teenager, I started to build my relationship with God by making Him my friend. I talked to God about everything, from my school work to boys whom I admired. If I admired a certain brother in church, I would

ask God in my prayer, “Will this brother become my husband?” God is really my closest friend. I could pour my innermost feelings to Him as I know my secrets will remain safe with Him.

Coming from a convent school, many of my friends started applying for teaching and nursing courses after completing our secondary school. I really liked to be a teacher as I enjoyed being with children and the additional benefit was that teachers had school holidays. However, the application for nursing school came before the teaching college; and everyone rushed to apply. Although my wish was to be a teacher, I applied for nursing school as I thought to myself: “If I do not apply for nursing now and get rejected from teaching college, I would miss both opportunities!”

I went for the interview at the nursing school and I did surprisingly well in that interview. As nursing was not my interest, I prayed to God in this manner, “Dear Lord, if it is Your will, please do not allow me to enter into nursing school. As the application results for nursing to enter first, I would have to pay the government to

switch from nursing to teaching.” After a while, I went for an interview at the teaching college, but unfortunately I didn’t answer well in the interview. My only plus point was that I had previous teaching experience as a temporary teacher.

In about two months, I received a small envelope sealed with *Jata Negara*<sup>1</sup>; in it was a letter from the nursing school with the phrases—“*Dengan dukacita...*”<sup>2</sup> I was so happy to be rejected by the nursing school! A few weeks later, I received a huge and heavy envelope from the Ministry of Education. I was accepted into the teaching college.

All young teachers in Malaysia may be posted to any state in the country. My first choice was to remain in Penang where my family was, and my second choice was Kedah. I prayed that I would be posted near my family. God continued to guide me all this while; and I was finally being posted to Alor Setar where my eldest sister was residing, so I lived with her.

### THE GUIDANCE OF THE LORD IN MY CAREER

I was married to Bro. Wong from Kuala Lumpur in 1979 and in that same year, my transfer from Kedah to Selangor was approved. Years later, my husband and I bought a house in USJ and I got transferred to a school in Subang Jaya. All my applications for transfer were approved in the first attempt. There was never a need for a second application. God was gracious to me and He guided me throughout my career. Everything fell into place by the touch of God’s hands.

### ENCOUNTERED FEAR, BUT NOT ENDANGERED BECAUSE OF THE LORD’S PROTECTION

In a separate incident, while I was still living in my old house in Kepong, I usually walked to the morning market. One day when I was walking down a slight-

ly sloped lane, a lorry that was carrying a full load of pebbles passed by me on the other side of the traffic. In less than a few seconds, I heard a loud thump behind me. The lorry toppled over to my side; and a mountain of pebbles was right behind my back. I merely missed being crushed by the lorry and buried under the pebbles. That accident would have had me killed. Until today, I continue to thank the Lord for sparing my life.

God is constantly taking care of us and guiding our way. As long as we continue to put our trust in Him and let Him guide us in our choices we will surely see God’s miraculous hands working in our lives so that our lives will be richer and fuller.

### HEALED BY THE LORD THROUGH DEEP PRAYERS

In mid-January 1991, I was taken ill. I began to experience severe giddiness, heart palpitations, tinnitus (continuous noise in the ears) and nausea. As a result, I became extremely anxious and fearful. When

<sup>1</sup> Coat of arms of Malaysia  
<sup>2</sup> With sorrow... (in Malay)



the illness struck me, I had to lie motionless for a few hours. It even struck me while I was asleep; I would wake up and vomit. Desperately, I consulted three doctors—two ENT (ear, nose and throat) specialists and a neurologist. I underwent a brain scan but there was nothing evidently wrong with me. The doctors told me that I must learn to live with it as it may be a neurological disorders. I was prescribed medication which I had to take for the rest of my life, but the medication didn't help. I still suffered from giddiness and my condition worsened as time passed. It occurred more and more frequently, so much so that I slid into a depression.

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*One night, while I was praying, the Holy Spirit filled me intensely. A surge of strength went through my body and joy filled my heart. Uncontrollably, my mouth uttered aloud, "Praise the Lord, for you have healed me."*

.....

That was the most sorrowful time of my life. I felt that life was meaningless, and I didn't mind ending my life even though I have a loving husband and two adorable and obedient girls. My family members prayed for me. During that time, my thoughtful husband took over most of the household chores. My two daughters never troubled me as they knew mummy was sick. At that time, they were 11 and 7 years old.

My prayers became more earnest and longer each day. Every evening after dinner, I went to my room alone to pray to the Lord Jesus to heal me, have mercy on me and give me strength. One night, while I was praying, the Holy Spirit filled me intensely. A surge of strength went through my body and joy filled my heart. Uncontrollably, my mouth uttered aloud, "Praise the Lord, for you have healed me." I continued to repeat this phrase over and over again. I felt very happy, the hap-

piest moment I had ever experienced in all my life. I felt rejuvenated. When the prayer stopped, I began to wonder why this prayer was so special. I believed the Lord Jesus has healed me. I threw away all the medications. From that day onwards, my illness was cured and the giddiness did not recur. What the wonderful Lord Jesus I have believed in, the true and living God. He gave us hope when life seemed hopeless. All in all I was sick for half a year, then everything seemed well again.

In 1993, we bought a new house in Subang Jaya; and hence I applied for a transfer to teach at a school there. While many of my colleagues have had failed attempts to be transferred to schools in Subang Jaya where their homes were, I applied the very first time that year and my transfer was approved. They were all very surprised because there were only two schools in Subang Jaya then, so chances of getting a transfer was indeed slim. God has been gracious to me in so many ways and walking with Him in my life is beautiful and meaningful. My two daughters were growing up well and they excelled academically and praise the Lord, both have never been hospitalized for any illness.

### **TRIALS ENCOUNTERED WHEN SUBMITTING TO THE WILL OF GOD**

In 2001, my husband's company offered him the Voluntary Separation Scheme (VSS) package that came with a big sum of money. My husband asked my opinion whether he should accept this scheme. Plainly, I told him "No" because we needed to send our children to further their studies and this sum of money may not last very long. Moreover, it may not be easy for my husband to get another job because of his age. He was 51 years old then. Within two months, the company again offered him this scheme and he came home to tell me about it. I told him I will pray to God and ask for God's way.

Amazingly, in that prayer, I was prompted by the Holy Spirit to take the retrenchment scheme. I was very sure it was from God because all along, I was not in favor of the idea at all. It happened not just once, but the Holy Spirit prompted me to take the VSS every time I prayed about this matter. I told my husband about the result of my prayers; and he gladly accepted the VSS. Sometimes, when I was spiritually weak, I would begin to worry for our future because my husband would soon be jobless.

During a Sabbath service, the speaker referred to Hebrews 13:5b which reads, "...I will never leave you nor forsake you." When I read this verse, I felt so comforted; it was as though God was talking to me just as I was thinking about my husband's future. One night, in my prayer, I told God that I will follow and do His will even if my family had to live with less. We may just have to be more frugal and cut down on our overseas holidays. God's will is always the best for us and I truly believe in this. As I was doing my daily Bible reading that night, the chapter I was reading again reminded me that God will bless those who do His will. We have to always remind ourselves that we must keep God's commandments and do things that are pleasing to Him (1 Jn 3: 22).

A week later, a friend phoned my husband and offered him a job in Singapore. Praise the Lord for His wonderful blessings and arrangement! What I have learned from this experience is: if we follow God's way we will always be successful even though the way is bumpy. God wants us to have faith Him and trust in Him completely. He may also test us to see whether we have the courage to do His will, in turn we may need to sacrifice our fleshly desires. If we pass the test, blessings will follow. All that we have comes from Him; and He has the power to take it away too. We have nothing to boast about. May all glory be given to our Lord Jesus Christ. My Lord Je-

sus Christ is always dearest to me and I will always love Him. May I walk with Him all the days of my life. Amen. 🌿



# By the Grace and Mercy of the Lord— My Daughter, En-min

## Klang Church, West Malaysia

Deacon Matthias Ho



Hallelujah, in the name of the Lord Jesus, I bear testimony.

This testimony that I would like to bear is about the conception and birth of my little daughter, En-min.

When God bestowed me with a son in 2004, I thought in my heart if God was willing, He would bestow upon me a daughter too. Thank God, my wife's pregnancy was confirmed in 2007 and we were blessed with a daughter. Since my wife gave birth to our son naturally, we thought our daughter will be delivered through natural birth as well. As such, we were not overly concerned with her second pregnancy. During her pregnancy, my wife still busied herself with work and even traveled overseas for work assignments twice. She would even hold video conferences with her overseas colleagues at night. It was her busiest time during December.

In mid-January 2008, my wife began to develop signs of edema during her second trimester. At that point of

time, we all thought that it was a normal occurrence during pregnancy, so we did not pay much attention to it.

On January 24, 2008, my wife went to work as usual and suddenly she realized that the swelling had worsened—even her eyes had become swollen. Hence, she decided to consult the doctor. Prior to leaving the office, she brought along her laptop, hoping to get some work done while waiting for her appointment. She then drove alone to the hospital. Upon examination at the hospital, she was informed by the doctor that her systolic blood pressure had shot up to 200 mmHg. The doctor immediately advised her to be hospitalized to undergo further tests.

### GRACE NO. 1:

In most cases, when one's systolic blood pressure reaches as high as 200 mmHg, one will experience dizziness or nausea, and in serious cases, blood vessels may even burst which will result in a stroke. However,

under the preservation of God, she was completely unaware of the gravity of her situation and was still able to drive to the hospital by herself safely.

When I arrived at the hospital after being informed of her situation, she was already in the labor and delivery ward, and was on drips to lower her blood pressure. Her pressure was constantly monitored every 10 minutes. At that time, her blood pressure had dropped to approximately 170-180 mmHg. According to the doctor, if her blood pressure did not drop, a surgery would be performed to deliver the baby by cesarean section. Upon hearing this, I still did not feel the seriousness of the situation as premature birth was relatively common. We prayed together in the labor ward, entrusting everything into the hands of God.

That night, the doctor came to the ward and informed that she was suffering from edema; and both her urinary protein level and blood pressure remained very high. He suspected my wife was suffering from a type of pregnancy-related illness—preeclampsia. Preeclampsia is a type of pregnancy-induced hypertension. It is estimated that one out of 20 pregnant women suffers from this condition. It can induce convulsions which accounts for 10 percent of maternal deaths during pregnancy or at birth. If the blood pressure does not fall, it could affect kidney functions, leading to kidney failure. This would damage the placenta; consequently, the fetus would not be able to absorb the proper nutrients that are needed for growth, and ultimately result in the death of the fetus.

It was only then we realized the seriousness of the situation. The doctor told us that he would prescribe some medication and continue to monitor her blood pressure. He would also conduct further tests to check her kidney. However, we would only know the result of the tests the following day. After discussion, we decided to send text messages to the church min-

isters and brethren; requesting them to intercede for us.

It was a long and sleepless night, occasionally disturbed by the sound of the various medical instruments used by the nurses who were doing their routine duties. During this helpless and faithless moment, what one can do was to only wait, pray and entrust ... While I laid down on the sofa and prayed in silence, I gradually fell asleep. In this state of semi-consciousness, I suddenly woke up and continued to pray in silence. While I was recalling my shortcomings, I began to count the grace of God and prayed to the Lord for mercy. Suddenly, a thought flashed through my mind—If the Lord was willing and my wife would give birth to my daughter peacefully, I will name her En-min which means, do not forget the grace and mercy of God.

Dawn finally arrived. From the urine test, the doctor diagnosed that my wife was indeed suffering from preeclampsia. Since the fetus was only 26 weeks old, the best solution was to lower her blood pressure to allow the fetus to continue growing in the mother's womb. However, if her blood pressure continued to rise and become life threatening, a cesarean section would be performed to deliver the baby.

The doctor took the initiative to inform us that if the child was successfully delivered in a private hospital, we have to consider the costs incurred for special medication, hospital equipment and hospitalization charges. All these could add up to high medical expense. Hence, he suggested to transfer my wife to a public hospital. He then helped us to inquire several hospitals on the facilities, the availability of incubators for the baby and a bed for my wife. Because there is always a shortage of beds in public hospitals, it would be difficult to transfer. He could not guarantee that the transfer would be successful, but he would try his best. After inquiring the two hospitals closest



to our home, he returned an hour later and informed us that there was no available bed in these two hospitals. He asked if there were any other hospitals that were near to our house. After some thought, we gave him the name of a newly-established hospital which was near my in-law's home. Not long afterwards, he returned to tell us that we were very fortunate as there was a vacant bed, and we could immediately proceed with the transfer.

### GRACE NO. 2:

Thank God for allowing us to meet a good doctor, who not only cured her physical illness but was also concerned about our practical needs.

### GRACE NO. 3:

The estimated medical expenses could have been a great burden to us. But thank God, through His arrangement, we did not have to bear this burden. Moreover, the facilities and equipment of the new hospital were brand new, and the medical personnel were highly competent. We felt reassured that the facilities of the public hospital were indeed adequate.

After being admitted to the new hospital, the adequate facilities and nice environment slightly brought us some relief. The medical treatment proposed by the doctor was to control the blood pressure through medication, and to allow the fetus to grow in the mother's womb for as long as possible. My wife took different forms of medication—oral, injections and drips—but her blood pressure continued to remain at a high level. For a week, I rushed to and fro my office, my home, the church and the hospital. The doctor said that my wife's blood pressure and urinary protein level remained constantly high. Consequently, her kidneys could not function efficiently, which could pose a danger to the mother's health. The doctor said that the fetus may need to be delivered prematurely in order to protect the mother's life.

However, the fetus was still very small—only about six months old. If her lungs could not fully develop, she may die at birth due to her inability to breathe. But the doctor gave her an injection to strengthen and speed up the development of the fetus' lungs. Even then, the fetus was still too small—estimated to be weighing only 700 g—and therefore, her rate of survival was only 50 percent. If any unforeseen complications arise, the mother's life would be given first priority. However, he also comforted us—he was confident that with the current technology, the incubator can sustain a baby weighing only 650 g. We prayed together after informing my wife on this matter.

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*As it was the first time we encountered such a situation, we entrusted this life-and-death situation into the hands of God in our prayers. However, while I was signing the consent form, a flow of warmth filled my heart.*

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Soon after, the nurse informed us that the doctor had decided to perform the operation at 2 am, as the mother's condition was critical and could not be delayed further. However, in order to avoid any uncontrollable bleeding during the surgery, further medication was required to lower her blood pressure. Once again, text messages were sent out; requesting for intercessions. Thank God, the ministers and brethren drove over an hour to visit us at the hospital; encouraging us and prayed for us. On the same night, we were unable to sleep. As the blood pressure was still very high at 2 am, the operation was aborted. We continued to wait for the medication to take effect. Eventually, the doctor decided to go ahead with the operation.

Prior to the operation, the nurse handed us the surgical consent form. As it was the first time we encoun-

tered such a situation, we entrusted this life-and-death situation into the hands of God in our prayers. However, while I was signing the consent form, a flow of warmth filled my heart.

At 4 am, I accompanied my wife all the way from the ground floor labor ward to the upper level operating theater. Finally, I came to a point where I was no longer allowed to go further; she was slowly wheeled away until she disappeared from my sight. Then, many thoughts ran in my mind. There would be a stage in our path in which we have to walk alone, where even our closest kin would not be able to accompany us. Only the Lord Jesus is able to accompany us all the way until the end.

The nurse told me that the operation would take around two hours. After the surgery, my wife she would be immediately transferred to the ICU room through another exit. I waited in the ice-cold waiting room and watched the medical personnel working, handing over duties and busy preparing for off duty. When the cold became unbearable, I went to the car park and stayed inside the car. But I soon realized that it was a locally assembled car without heating system. I prayed out loudly and my heart was comforted. I dared not stay in the car too long as I did not want to miss any updates of the operation. For this reason, I returned to the waiting room. It was until day break that I stopped doing this routine. However, I did not receive any news from the nurses. This was a test of time, not knowing what the will of God was. All I could do was to submit to His guidance. Just as the Lord taught me to lie prostrate on the ground and submit to Him, He also taught me to entrust our lives into His hand.

At 10 am, the medical personnel informed that my wife had been transferred to the ICU, but I was not allowed to visit her.

Our child was in the premature baby ICU, where parents are allowed to visit. After asking the location, I rushed to the ICU with great anxiety, but felt more relaxed after a silent prayer. The nurse led me to the incubator. Looking at my child, I felt so much love and pity for her. Her head was only the size of a palm, and her arm was as thin as a finger. Many instrumental tubes and sensors were attached to her tiny body. The doctor said that she has not learned how to breathe yet, and needed medical equipment to assist her breathing. However, the doctor continued to say that her lungs seemed to be working fine at that moment. It is a grace to be able to breathe and we should not take it for granted. Thank the Lord, for adding this child in our family. Filled with thanksgiving, I sent out text messages to all the brethren and thank them for their intercessions and encouragements.

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*As my daughter was born prematurely and weak, many of her organs were not fully developed yet. As such, she had to remain in the incubator for over four months.*

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#### GRACE NO. 4:

Thank God, it was God that comforted me when I was weak and helpless in this trial.

#### GRACE NO. 5:

Thank God, although my child born prematurely and weighing only 726 gm, God had allowed her lungs to function normally; overcoming the first hurdle to survival.

Subsequently, I visited my wife in the ICU waiting for her blood pressure to drop and her kidneys to become functional again. As I told her about our child,



she too told me that the grace of God was with her in the entire operation.

#### GRACE NO. 6:

Due to her physical condition and anxiety, general anesthesia was not administered. Therefore, she was conscious and fully aware of what was happening. During the operation, her blood pressure shot up to 300 mmHg and the doctor kept reminding her not to become nervous. Thank God, despite her extremely high blood pressure, she did not bleed continuously during the operation nor was there any other emergency complication.

#### GRACE NO. 7:

When my daughter was just delivered, she had cried out loudly. The doctor immediately told my wife that it was an indication that her lungs were functioning well. The doctor also said that generally, premature babies (27 weeks old) are unable to cry out at birth.

After her birth, my wife recuperated in the hospital for a week and she was allowed to return home. As my daughter was born prematurely and weak, many of her organs were not fully developed yet. As such, she had to remain in the incubator for over four months. By the preservation and continual protection of the Lord, my daughter was able to survive in the following months.

The following are some testimonies of the important grace that we have received during these few months:

#### GRACE NO. 8:

As my daughter's respiratory system was not fully developed at birth, her oxygen intake rate was very low. Under normal conditions, she was unable to breathe and had to rely on pure oxygen. If a baby relies on pure oxygen for an extended period of time and the oxygen concentration is too high, the baby might



On the eleventh day after she was born, she still relied on respirators and pure oxygen.



After two months old, she breathed on her own. Respirators and pure oxygen were no longer needed.



October 30, 2008



November 2008

become blind. Thank God, although she was unable to breathe on her own, she did not require high concentration of oxygen and her breathing remained stable. Moreover, after the 12th day she no longer had to rely on pure oxygen.

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*But while she was still in the post-operative observation room, her breathing suddenly stopped. After the immediate resuscitation efforts, she started breathing normally again.*

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#### GRACE NO. 9:

Once, at 3 am, we received a phone call from the hospital, informing us that my daughter's breathing was uneven. There was no improvement in her condition despite attempts to use different methods, including changing of tubes. According to the hospital policy, the hospital had to inform the parents about the situation. Parents must then make a decision on whether they wanted to see the child. From that phone call, I presumed they were trying to inform us that our daughter might not be able to make it through the night. Before we set off, we knelt to pray for God's will to be fulfilled, and entrusted everything into His hands. After driving for approximately one hour, we reached the hospital's ICU. The nurse informed that my daughter's breathing had stabilized not long after she put down the phone. After checking the time, we realized that it was approximately the time when we knelt down to pray.

#### GRACE NO. 10:

As my daughter's digestive organs were not fully developed, milk was fed through a feeding tube. As a result, her stomach was often bloated and she had to fast. There was a time when her weight fell to only 600

gm and she often suffered from sepsis that required blood transfusion from my wife. From what I can remember, she needed at least 10 blood transfusions. Despite all these, she continued to show strong signs of life.

#### GRACE NO. 11:

Due to her premature birth, her heart was not fully developed. The doctor discovered one of her heart valves could not close completely, resulting in the mixing of blood, i.e., "a hole in the heart." The doctor said that they would continue to monitor her condition, and there might be a need for surgical treatment. We thought to ourselves: "The child is so small and so weak. How can she possibly survive such an operation?" We then sent out text messages to request for the church's intercession. Thank God, the results of a further test conducted by the doctor concluded that the valve had closed itself.

#### GRACE NO. 12:

On another occasion, the doctor found that my daughter's lungs were infected. The x-ray showed that both lungs had turned white. The doctor explained that this was a severe form of infection as the lungs had become entirely infected. We sent out text messages once again for intercession. Thank God that after the medical treatment, my daughter managed to recover completely.

#### GRACE NO. 13:

My daughter developed an inguinal hernia on both sides of her abdomen which caused a shift in position of the small intestines. She was transferred to another hospital for surgery and the operation was successful. But while she was still in the post-operative observation room, her breathing suddenly stopped. After the immediate resuscitation efforts, she started breathing normally again.





Ho En-min, 2013



2015



Dn. Matthias Ho, son, mother-in-law, daughter, wife

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*This is a rare disease; and the only symptom was prolonged fever. Initially, the pediatrician diagnosed her as having ordinary fever.*

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#### GRACE NO. 14:

When my daughter was over four months old and after her condition improved, she was allowed to return home. While at home, she contracted the Kawasaki disease due to a bacterial infection.

This disease could result in the swelling of the blood vessels in the heart, which might lead to heart diseases in the future. If she could not fully recover, she has to return to the hospital for constant checkups, even after she has grown up. This is a rare disease; and the only symptom was prolonged fever. Initially, the pediatrician diagnosed her as having ordinary fever. The doctor had suspected Kawasaki disease only after my daughter had been admitted to the hospital for further tests. The doctor then advised that she needed to be sent to the hospital where she was delivered so that more detailed tests could be conducted. Initially, the two trainee doctors were unable to determine the cause of the infection. Subsequently, the attending doctor did further tests and he confirmed that it was Kawasaki disease. Medical treatment was promptly administered. The doctor said that medical treat-

ment had to be given within 10 days from the onset of the disease; otherwise it would be too late.

Thank God even after having undergone a series of tests, my daughter was still within the time frame to receive treatment on the seventh day. Subsequently, after approximately one year of follow-up visits to the hospital, the doctor confirmed that she had been completely cured.

#### GRACE NO. 15:

During this period, my wife had to go the hospital frequently and when my daughter was discharged, she had to look after her at home. My wife had thought that she could no longer work anymore. Another mother, whose baby was also in the premature intensive care ward, had been pressured by her boss to quit her job because of this situation. Unexpectedly, God allowed my wife to have an understanding and compassionate boss, who actually allowed her to work from home for a few months—at least until my daughter was completely recover.

#### GRACE NO. 16:

The total medical expenses incurred during her stay in the hospital were affordable and within our budget. If my wife had stayed in the private hospital, based on our calculations, the medical charges would have been equivalent to buying a house.

Under the grace, compassion and protection of the Lord, my daughter is two years old (as of the time of this testimony) and growing healthily. We would also like to thank the brethren in Malaysia and overseas for their unceasing prayers, and for being with my family through this difficult times. I am indeed touched in my heart, which is beyond words.

Thank God, that He has led us through the shadows of the valley of death; and allowed us to experience what it means to entrust in Him—in life and death situation. Most importantly, He had allowed us to experience Him by our side throughout the entire process; telling us personally, “It’s me, do not be afraid.” What I have experienced is indeed beyond words. All I can do is to prostrate humbly before God, to give all praises and glory to the holy name of the Lord Jesus. Amen! 🌿



# It Is Good to Be Afflicted

## Petaling Jaya Church, West Malaysia

Elder Andrew Tee



In the name of the Lord Jesus, I testify.

### DIAGNOSED WITH LYMPHOMA

After the Sabbath service in early November 1997, while chatting with two brethren about cancer patients, I unwittingly discovered a swelling above my collarbone.

Thank God. Though I was a man with a “take-it-easy” attitude, I considered this a serious matter and had a biopsy conducted shortly thereafter. The test result concluded that I had the dreaded disease—cancer (lymphoma).

My family and I had a great shock when we received the test result from the doctor. It felt like a death sentence to me because I knew a westerner, who on leaving the hospital after receiving the test result and was diagnosed with skin cancer, almost collapsed due to fear and helplessness.

I thank God for His abidance and comfort. Although I was sorrowful, I did not collapse. I believed God had

given my family and I faith and strength. At that moment, it came to my mind that I would soon depart from this world and my family. Only then I started to realize and understand the words of God:

*“For what profit is it to a man if he gains the whole world, and loses his own soul?” (Mt 16:26a)*

If a man suffers from terminal illness, what does it benefit even if he has the whole world? (Lk 12:16–20) In fact, people of the world are suffering from an incurable disease—sin. As the Scriptures say, “For the wages of sin is death.” (Rom 6:23a) It also tells us that “...it is appointed for men to die once...” (Heb 9:27a) We should ponder over the meaning of life.

Before starting the cancer treatment, the focal point of the cancerous cells had to be identified and how far it had spread. My attending doctor from the University Malaya Medical Centre did a very detailed examination which included a bone marrow test, an esophageal-gastroduodenal endoscopy and a CT scan. Thank God, everything went smoothly and

I did not suffer much pain. (I had heard of a woman who screamed loudly when undergoing the bone marrow test.) The test results showed there was a 4 cm tumor in my chest and a lump on the side of my collarbone. Finally, I was diagnosed with Stage II blood cancer-lymphoma, that requires six months of chemotherapy.

The chemotherapy began on December 26, 1997 and ended in late June 1998. During this period, I experienced many side effects including hair loss, appetite loss, nausea, arm pain, insomnia, abdominal pain, chills, headache and physical frailty. However, with the great love and power of the Lord Jesus, He had relieved and bore all my burdens. After losing about two-thirds of my hair, my hair stopped shedding. Amazingly when the hair loss reoccurred, only the gray hair fell off. At my weakest and most painful moments, I would always sing hymn 30 (In Tenderness He Sought Me) in my mind. The hymn moved me to a flood of tears and it brought great comfort to me. I was instantly relieved of all my sufferings and pains. Later, I regained my appetite; eating five to six meals a day. I truly praised God after I recalled these incidences.

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*During every prayer, I felt warm as if I was wrapped in hot cotton. That kind of feeling was truly comfortable, heartwarming and touching. At the same time, I sang spiritual songs in every prayer.*

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There was one time when I could not sleep well for many days. I became extremely anxious and I was in pain. I got up at midnight with great frustration and while preparing to go to a 24-hour clinic to get some sleeping pills from the doctor. However, as my wife was awoken by the noise, she encouraged me to pray together to ask for the Lord's mercy. We then prayed

in one accord and I was able to sleep shortly thereafter. Thank God, I had no more insomnia after this incident.

Prior to chemotherapy, I suffered from hemorrhoids. During the course of treatment, possibly due to the side effects of the medication, the hemorrhoids were inflamed and it was very painful. The pain was excruciating whenever I went to the toilet. This resulted in constipation and I had hard stools for several days. It was an affliction of suffering upon suffering. However, the Lord Jesus is always my Savior and Helper. As the Bible says, He will help us with a smiling face. At that time, I prayed for the mercy of God when I was in the toilet. Having uttered "Hallelujah" once, I was able to clear my bowels. Thank God, I was greatly relieved with tears of joy.

During the second cycle of the third course of treatment, anti-cancer medications were given through an intravenous drip in my arm; it was very painful. Nothing could relieve the pain. I could not sleep and felt uncomfortable no matter how I positioned my arm.

The pain went on until 4 am. As such, I woke up and prayed for the mercy of God again. At that time, I was greatly filled with the Holy Spirit, and my arms vibrated rapidly. Amazingly, the vibrations of the praying hands became the best remedy to eliminate the pain. The pain gradually reduced with every vibration of the arm. As soon as I ended the prayer, the pain had reduced 60 to 70 percent. Afterwards, I was able to sleep soundly.

The next day, the pain was totally gone and it never ached again. O Lord, how wonderful is Your love, power and work!

During the 185 days of treatment, I deeply experienced the abidance of God as He was always by my side. He comforted, supported, motivated and en-



couraged me. During every prayer, I felt warm as if I was wrapped in hot cotton. That kind of feeling was truly comfortable, heartwarming and touching. At the same time, I sang spiritual songs in every prayer. I could even clearly remember two of these songs, which were later composed into short hymns and sung by the choir during an evangelical hymnal service to testify and glorify the Lord's name.

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*This is to let you realize that if you cannot be saved, the penalty in hell will be 10 million times more painful than your current sufferings.*

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In every prayer, the Lord Jesus seemed to tell me, “The sickness is not unto death.” During the six months of treatment, the second course was the most painful. I was helpless and asked God why His servant had to be tormented by this affliction. The Lord's answer was, “The bitterness of your sufferings is much lighter than what I had suffered on the cross. This is to let you realize that if you cannot be saved, the penalty in hell will be 10 million times more painful than your current sufferings. This serves as a warning to you; lest your heart is hardened, you deviate from the truth and you do not listen to advice.”

Although I am a church minister, the fact remains that as long as we are living in this world, we are under the shadow of sickness and death. Without the help of the Lord Jesus, it is very difficult for us to jump out of this cycle. For a cancer patient, living in fear and sorrow will have a negative impact on our health and sometimes worsen our condition.

Thank God, during a prayer session, ministers laid hands on me; and the power of the Holy Spirit came upon me and comforted me. Amazingly, from then on, my heart was no longer troubled by my sickness.

God's comfort and strength took away all my worries; I was able to face the situation with a calm heart.

### THE BENEFITS OF TRIALS

During the six months of chemotherapy, I experienced the words of the Bible, “It is good for me that I have been afflicted.” (Phil 4:14; Ps 119:71) These are some of the benefits I experienced:

1. To have a profound experience of our Saviour Jesus Christ (Isa 53:4–5).
2. To experience more wonderful works of the Holy Spirit: comfort and spiritual communion (Jn 14:18; Isa 46:3–4; Jn 14:16–17).
3. To comfort others with the comfort of God that I had personally experienced (2 Cor 1:3–4).
4. To have a strong sensitivity to sin (1 Pet 4:1).
5. To realize that I had to please God in everything I do (1 Pet 4:2, 5, 17–18).
6. To refine our faith into pure gold (1 Pet 1:6–7).
7. To establish a closer relationship with my family; and enjoy the bond and love we have with one another.
8. To enjoy the love and concern of our brethren.
9. To allow the brethren to receive the promised blessings of “giving.” (Acts 20:25; Mt 10:42)
10. To become indifferent to worldly pursuits, but understand the values and outlook on life with a mature mind as the citizen of God's kingdom. (Col 3:1–4)

### SUNSHINE AFTER THE STORM

The difficult yet spiritually edifying 185 days of treatment eventually came to an end. The doctor told me to go for another CT scan. If cancerous cells were still found, radiotherapy must be used.

This was another worrying and frightening moment for me and my family; and we were troubled again. As such, we prayed for God's mercy and compassion. The Lord comforted me and I hummed and recited the lyrics of hymn 156 in my prayers. Thank God, my family and I were overjoyed because the result indicated that the cancerous cells and tumor had disappeared.

Now, 12 years (at the time of this testimony) have passed and everything has been going smoothly. What I would like to mention again is that although I felt nauseous during the chemotherapy, I never vomited. The Lord Jesus is truly our Savior. Only He is able to carry our pains and bear our sorrows in times of tribulations. Although our beloved family members can support and comfort us, and help us in our physical needs, they cannot relieve or bear our sufferings.

Finally, I give all thanks, praise and glory unto the holy name of the Lord Jesus forever. I would also like to take this opportunity to thank all the ministers, preachers, brothers and sisters, both local and abroad, for their prayers, love, concern, comfort and encouragement during my difficult times. May the Lord remember all of you. Amen. 🌿



# He Holds My Hand

## Klang Church, West Malaysia

Sister Chia Siew-lee



Hallelujah! In the holy name of the Lord Jesus, I bear testimony.

### AMAZING DISCOVERY

I was having a good and smooth life until August 21, 2008 when my friend invited me to a private laboratory for a blood test. After arriving at the laboratory's reception counter, the receptionist asked if I would like to take up a package that included scanning of the abdomen. Surprisingly, I agreed without any hesitation. The test result showed a big lump on my right adrenal gland. I was advised to perform a magnetic resonance imaging (MRI) scan, because the doctor was unsure of the size and malignancy of the tumor.

### WHAT IS AN ADRENAL GLAND?

Initially, I was not afraid at all but the more information I read from the Internet, the more worried I became. A tumor on the adrenal gland was uncommon. The adrenal gland is a gland seated on top of each kidney. Although it is small, it is a vital organ that pro-

duces a number of vital hormones essential for survival.

### THE GUIDANCE OF THE LORD

At that moment, I was lost, anxious and did not know what to do. Then, I turned to God and prayed for guidance and direction. A few days later, I went to the Sri Kota Hospital in Klang to do my MRI scan which took about 45 minutes. While I was in the drum, I prayed unceasingly to control my anxiety. When the scan was finally over, it showed that the tumor was sizable measuring 6.7 cm x 4.9 cm. Even though, we were slightly relieved when the radiologist told us that it was most likely a non-functional benign adenoma, we were advised to refer to a surgeon.

Following that, I went to the Assunta Hospital to consult a surgeon. The doctor asked many questions which worried me. When I asked him if the tumor was cancerous, he told me that I had to undergo two sets of 24-hour urine test to determine whether there was an excess of hormones in the urine. When a tumor

develops in the adrenal glands, it often causes too much of a particular hormone to be produced. The type of hormones produced depends on the part of the adrenal gland that is affected by the tumor. Some tumors may not cause an overproduction of hormones and show no symptom. These tumors are known as non-functioning tumors and are not cancerous.

The test result would take about two weeks and it was indeed a time of testing with anxiety. Thank God, the results came back in less than two weeks and I anxiously went for the “judgment.” I thank the Lord again as there was no excess of hormones in the findings. The doctor said that I was lucky but the tumor was too big to keep. According to the doctor, he could not be certain of its real condition unless it was taken to be tested again.

Something really puzzled me; I wondered whether it was out of concern or worry that the doctor kept repeating that it was a major surgery and had to be done by a good team of doctors. When I asked about the risk, he told me that I could die on the operating table if the doctors were not careful and caused the blood to gush out uncontrollably. What a straightforward answer but a true one!

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*I told myself: “In all circumstances, we just need to Trust and obey for there’s no other way. To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.”*

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Because the adrenal glands are fed by numerous blood vessels, the surgeons involved need to be alert for extensive bleeding during surgery. In addition, the adrenal glands lie close to one of the body's major vessels (the aorta), the spleen and the pancreas, and specifically the right adrenal gland lies underneath the liver. The surgeon needs to remove the gland

without damaging any of these important and delicate organs. The doctor recommended the Putrajaya Hospital because a team of specialists is required to perform such a major surgery. We thanked him for his advice and concern.

Later, we consulted a deacon and he recommended me to go to the University Hospital. A date was fixed for the operation and the trip we had initially planned to visit the churches of Taiwan had to be canceled. We were disappointed for we had been looking forward to visit the churches there. However, after the departure of our brethren to Taiwan, we received a call from the hospital; informing us that the operation had to be postponed because one of the doctors in the team would be unavailable. We were frustrated because we could have gone to Taiwan and returned in time for the operation.

I felt dejected and did not understand the whole arrangement. To comfort me, my husband asked me to pray for understanding and most importantly was to accept His will. With that assurance in our hearts, instead of going to Taiwan, we went off to Port Dickson for a holiday. During the vacation, we unexpectedly received a call from the hospital, informing us that the operation was scheduled on the following Thursday.

Feeling confused, we went to the hospital to inquire the next day after we have returned home. I was asked to be admitted the following morning for some tests prior to the operation. Since this operation had come unplanned, I had to go to the office to settle some work and also to settle things at home. By the time everything was settled, it was already 2 pm. The hospital called and urged me to report to the hospital immediately. After my arrival, hurriedly, I was admitted and a number of tests were conducted on me.

Though we missed the opportunity to visit Taiwan and the operation was postponed, we strongly



believed that God knows best and had a better plan for us. Isaiah 55: 8 (NIV), “‘For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways,’ declares the Lord.” I told myself: “In all circumstances, we just need to ‘Trust and obey for there’s no other way. To be happy in Jesus, but to trust and obey.’” This hymn often rang in my heart and I found the strength to carry on.

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*Once, I had this picture in my mind—the Lord was holding my hand and leading me into a beautiful, shining silver building. I was very happy and walked joyfully like a little girl beside the Lord.*

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#### **FULL ENTRUSTMENT TO THE LORD AND THE PEACE RECEIVED**

I finally met my surgeon the night before the operation. She explained the possibilities that could occur during the operation. According to her, if the tumor had enlarged and become attached to the liver, a part of the liver would have to be cut in order to get access to the adrenal gland. However, if the tumor had attached to the aorta, she would have no other choice but to close the incision. Then, I would have to undergo chemotherapy to shrink the tumor before I could go for another operation.

This explanation shocked us greatly and we became worried. Once again, we had no choice but to trust and ask for God's mercy. In our prayers, we asked God to grant the surgeons wisdom and to guide the hands of those involved in the operation. That night after our prayers, I slept soundly until I was awakened by the nurse to get ready. Around 8 am, after taking some medicine, I bade goodbye to my beloved husband and was pushed into the waiting room.

While being pushed to the waiting room, I was not fearful at all because I strongly believed that the Lord is with me, He would never forsake me.

*“Even though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil for you are with me...”*

*(Ps 23: 4 NIV)*

I do not know whether it was a dream, a vision or an imagination. Once, I had this picture in my mind—the Lord was holding my hand and leading me into a beautiful, shining silver building. I was very happy and walked joyfully like a little girl beside the Lord. “Yes,” I told the Lord, “I am not afraid because you are with me.” Yes, indeed, why should I be afraid when the Lord was holding my hand? The Lord had been giving me His assurance.

#### **THE MERCY OF THE LORD**

I really did not know what happened and how long I remained in the operating theater. My husband had waited for six hours before he could see me again! According to him, the waiting was indeed too agonizing and difficult to bear. During this period of time, other than praying, he occupied his time by writing and answering calls. In one of his writings, he had written: “Though the children and I will miss Siew-lee a lot but if it is the Lord’s will for her to return home, I will accept the will of the Lord. I want her to go without hesitation because to be with the Lord is far better than anything.” However, it was His will that I am to remain!

When the doors of the operating theater opened, the doctors walked out hurriedly and looked relieved. They told my husband that the operation had been successful and had gone smoothly. We praised the Lord; if it was not for His mercy, I would have died on the table, just like what the first surgeon had warned.

Thanks and praises to the Lord. Prior to the operation, I was informed that I would have to stay in the intensive care unit (ICU) for close monitoring after the operation. However, my condition was stable and I was warded in an acute room near the nurses. I went home four days after the operation. It was so wonderful to be able to go home.

The incision on my abdomen was huge. It was like the Mercedes Benz's logo but shorter on the left side. Sometimes, I would feel sad looking at it but my husband reminded me that this is a sign of the great love of our Lord Jesus. Yes, he is right. Why bother?

One month after my operation, I returned to see the surgeon. Once again, we were thankful that the tumor was benign. According to the surgeon, the tumor measured about 8 cm, much bigger than what was seen from the MRI. The surgeon also told us that if the tumor had not been detected earlier, I would certainly have suffered from other complications should it grew any bigger and compressed the other organs. I could even be paralyzed if it had pressed or got stuck on the nervous system.

### THE LOVE OF OUR BRETHREN, FAMILY MEMBERS AND ALSO FRIENDS

During these difficult moments, we have truly witnessed and felt the love of the elders, deacons, brothers and sisters, our family members and also dear friends, both locally and abroad. We really thanked God for the prayers, assistance, encouragement and support that have been rendered to us.

*“Then the righteous will answer Him, saying, ‘Lord, when did we see You hungry and feed You, or thirsty and give You drink? When did we see You a stranger and take You in, or naked and clothe You? Or when did we see You sick, or in prison, and come to You?’ And the King will answer and say to them, ‘Assuredly, I say*

*to you, inasmuch as you did it to one of the least of these My brethren, you did it to Me.” (Mt 25:37–40)*

May the Lord remember all your love.

### THE FUTURE

It was the mercy and the love of the Lord that I can be here today. I will always thank our Lord Jesus for guiding my family and for granting me more days on earth. What lies in front of me, I do not know, but I know who holds tomorrow and I know who holds my hands. The Scriptures say:

*“You will show me the path of life; in Your presence is fullness of joy; at Your right hand are pleasures forevermore.” (Ps 16:11)*

I am convinced that the Lord will guide me through my life, and I want to dwell in the temple of God forever.

All glory be given to our Lord Jesus. Amen. 🌿



# Rest in Our Heavenly Home

## Mentakab Evangelical Center, West Malaysia

Brother Tan Ah-kow

Written by Sister Tan Swee-kuan (Gombak Church)

*Brother Tan Ah-kow was baptized in 2003 and a member of Mentakab church in Pahang, Malaysia. He passed away at the age of 66.*

### FIRST EXPERIENCE OF GOD—MENTAKAB

In the name of our Lord Jesus, I testify on behalf of Bro. Tan Ah-kow.

Previously, Bro. Tan Ah-kow was an atheist. In 2002, he was treated for psoriasis (a skin disease) at the Mentakab Hospital. It was at the hospital where he first experienced God. When we visited him at the hospital, he looked haggard due to the medication effects. Before we returned home to Johor Bahru, we requested Bro. Wong of Mentakab church to visit and preach to him. That night, Bro. Wong visited Bro. Tan, sharing with him the benefits of believing in Jesus. Surprisingly, Bro. Tan listened intently about the great love and mighty power of the Lord Jesus. He learned to pray in silence and by God's grace, he was able to sleep well throughout the night.

### SEEKING THE TRUTH AND BAPTISM—SUNGAI PETANI

After experiencing the great power of God, Bro. Tan began going to church to seek for the truth. Thank God, Bro. Tan accepted the grace of salvation and was baptized into the True Jesus Church in Sungai Petani in 2003.

### DETERIORATING HEALTH

In 2005, Bro. Tan's skin condition worsened and was again admitted to the hospital in Kuala Lumpur on September 5. His skin was as thick and scaly as a monitor lizard. This made him feel very troubled. Sometimes, the itchiness would be so severe that he could only find relief by dripping hot candle wax to burn his sores. He wished he had an extra pair of hands to help him scratch himself. His illness tormented him to the point that he wanted to give up and end his life. At one point, he even considered swallowing more than 30 sleeping pills to end his misery.

### “I WILL NOT FORSAKE YOU”

A week after his admission to the hospital, the patient in the bed next to him suddenly died. Bro. Tan became even more sorrowful. On the night of September 13, he prayed to God to take him home and end all his sufferings. Thank God, he was comforted at his weakest hour.

That night, he had a dream. In his dream, he saw a very beautiful place. There was a house surrounded by beautiful and exotic plants. He looked up, but did not see anyone, so he knocked on the door and asked, “Is anyone there? Can I come in?” A voice from inside the house told him, “You cannot enter because your time has not come; when the time comes, someone will take you here.” He felt very comforted knowing that the Lord Jesus had prepared a beautiful place for him; and that one day the Holy Spirit would take him home to the heavenly kingdom. He felt relieved that he had not committed suicide. Otherwise, he would never have the opportunity to return to this beautiful place.

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*Thank the Lord Jesus for His grace and mercy towards Bro. Tan. He improved greatly both physically and spiritually. On October 1, he was even well enough to go to church for the first time since the day he was admitted to the hospital.*

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Due to an extended period of medication, Bro. Tan was very weak. At night, he either covered himself with layers of blankets or slept with his sweaters on. Yet, he still could not keep himself warm. One day, just before sunrise, he felt someone coming and covering him with a blanket. At first, he thought it was only a dream, because when he got up to go to the toilet, he only had two blankets to cover himself before going to sleep. However, when he returned to the bed, he

realized that he was no longer shivering in coldness. It then dawned on him that the Lord Jesus Himself had covered him with a blanket that could keep him warm. It was then that he was able to take a shower since he was admitted to the hospital a week ago. Thank the Lord Jesus for His love and care.

### RECEIVING THE HOLY SPIRIT

Bro. Tan longed to return to that beautiful place, so he prayed earnestly for the Holy Spirit. The following evening, he prayed 50 to 60 times for the Holy Spirit, begging the Lord with a simple prayer: “Hallelujah, O Lord Jesus, I know you love me and I love you too. Please grant me Your Holy Spirit.”

Thank the Lord Jesus for His grace and mercy towards Bro. Tan. He improved greatly both physically and spiritually. On October 1, he was even well enough to go to church for the first time since the day he was admitted to the hospital. He applied for a three-hour leave from the hospital to observe the Sabbath and to partake of the Holy Communion. After the service, he was overjoyed and shared his joy with everyone. During the second prayer, he received the precious Holy Spirit and spoke in tongues. Though he did not understand the content of his prayer, it was the first time that he had wept during prayers in 20 years. He had never experienced such immense joy and felt that he was unworthy of the wondrous love and grace of Jesus. When he recounted this experience to his family, he was filled with joy from the Holy Spirit. Our loving and gracious Lord Jesus brought great comfort and hope to our elderly brother who was in despair by giving him the Holy Spirit.

### JOY IN GOD’S WORDS AND HYMN SINGING

Bro. Tan yearned to learn God’s words. He was truly exemplary. He would often happily take out the piece of paper on which we had written a Bible verse and recited with us:



*“Be anxious for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God.” (Phil 4:6)*

As he recited the verse, it reminded him not be anxious about his illness, but rather entrust everything to God in prayers. From this verse, he also learned the importance of giving thanks to God in all circumstances and the spiritual lesson which he knew he ought to learn.

He loved listening to our church hymns too. As we sang hymn 151 (God Will Take Care of You), he would completely immerse himself in the lyrics and find comfort in them. Hymn 248 (I Will Pray for the Holy Spirit) was another one of his favorites as he had often prayed for the Holy Spirit. He also requested us to play these two hymns at the time after he is called to the Lord.

### **CALLED HOME TO THE LORD**

On October 23, 2008 at 7:05 am, Bro. Tan was called back to the bosom of the Lord Jesus. God ended all his toil and sufferings. We truly believe that the Holy Spirit has taken him to his heavenly home to live with our heavenly Father forever. In a dream, his granddaughter saw him joyfully walking towards her from a faraway place. He spoke to her gently. She noticed that her grandfather had soft and smooth skin; and was freed from the skin disease that had plagued him for years. If we can uphold our faith to the end, we truly believe that one day we will meet with our brother again, in our eternal heavenly home. Amen. 🌿

# In His Hands

## Maui, Hawaii, United States

Brother Robert Kealiinohomoku



In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I testify. I praise God that He has given me this opportunity to share the amazing grace of His love in my life.

I used to play football in high school in beautiful Hawaii, but my love and ambitions for the game ended when I was severely injured in the neck with a concussion. I couldn't remember what had happened to me when I woke up at the hospital the next day.

The doctors were amazed that I was still alive and able to walk, because my condition was as severe as what actor Christopher Reeves suffered. The only difference was the cause of the accident; Mr. Reeves fell off a horse.

At the time of my accident, my parents were away in the mainland, and I had no other family on the island. Fortunately, there were several church members who were watching over the prayer house in Maui. They heard about my accident and immediately came to the hospital to visit me.

The doctors basically told us that my football career was over. They also said I was lucky that I wasn't paralyzed and was still able to move. During the week-long stay at the hospital, I prayed and thanked God for each additional breath He was giving me.

Even though my football career was short-lived, God opened another road for me. After I finished high school, He allowed me the opportunity to go to the mainland to study culinary arts.

### GOD PLANS OUR STEPS

After I completed college, God allowed me to come back to the island and work in a resort where I met my wife. In 1996, I moved to the main island to become the head chef, and from 1996 to 2001, I kept moving up the corporate ladder.

God definitely blessed me in my job by guiding me and protecting me. In August 2001, I found out that my wife was pregnant with our third child. At the



same time, I was invited to New York to participate in a cooking exhibition for the James Beard foundation.

My partner and I were supposed to attend this convention together and cook in front of the press, but the two of us were working through some disagreements about our work. As we got closer to the date, I got a bad vibe about the trip, so I asked to be replaced.

I talked to my wife about it and she was very unhappy because we had planned to go to New York together. But I had already made up my mind. Lo and behold, the day we were supposed to return from New York was September 11—the day the terrorists attacked the World Trade Center in New York.

That morning, my wife called me at work and told me to turn on the TV, and I couldn't believe my eyes. I prayed for the people who had gone there and took my place, and I thanked God for not allowing me to go. The chef and the other helpers who had gone there were stuck in New York for three weeks. They couldn't come back and their families could only wait anxiously back on the islands. When they finally returned, there was a difference in them. Some of the people had been traumatized and had to get professional help.

### TRIALS AND SUFFERING

In February 2002, I got into a minor car accident, and my neck problem came back again. The doctors found out through x-rays that my neck bone had shifted by one centimeter, and there was a gap between the first and second vertebrae.

They concluded that the first and second vertebrae had to be fused with a piece of bone from my hip. In April, we decided to schedule the surgery so that I could fully recover. Since it would be my first surgery, the neurosurgeon explained all my options.

He told me that I might be in a neck brace, and in the worst case, a halo. A halo is a metal cage placed on the head to support the surgery, and screws are inserted into strategic areas in the skull to help the bone grow and heal properly.

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*Through this period of pain and suffering, I was able to draw closer to God. That June, we attended the youth retreat in Honolulu church, and I made every effort to go.*

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When I was having the surgery, all the brothers and sisters in Honolulu prayed for me. I was very afraid. I prayed to God, and He gave me the strength to think positively.

When I woke up after the operation, I discovered this cage over my head. Fortunately, two of the three procedures had been successful. The doctor was right after all—I needed to be placed in the halo, and my wife told me I had to keep it on for 12 weeks.

I wanted to get out of the hospital as quickly as possible. However, the doctors said I couldn't leave until I could start walking. But thank God, I could already walk the day after the surgery, so I was discharged from the hospital on the third day.



## CLOSER TO GOD

I rented a medical bed that allowed me to get in and out of bed more efficiently, and to sleep through the night. One night, I was awakened by a sharp pain in my head. It felt like I got hit in the head with a bat and was shocked from my electric medical bed at the same time. My wife heard my scream and asked me what had happened; I told her I did not know.

Basically, the halo had shifted, and I was bleeding from the screws. I woke my mother up and she instantly gathered us together to pray. The pain was excruciatingly sharp and intensifying, so we rushed to the emergency room at 3 am.

We had to wait until 7 am before a doctor could see us. They gave me painkillers, but it did not help. They tried to fix the halo but it wouldn't work either. So we came home and my mother had to drive very slowly because every bump on the road caused the screws to scrape against my skull.

After two days of insomnia, I had to return to the emergency room because of the pain. Again, they gave me more painkillers. It got to a point where I told them I have had enough already. Since the neurologist in the hospital didn't know what to do, I had to fly to Honolulu. I prayed to God for a smooth trip.

I went directly to the doctor's office after I arrived in Honolulu. Thank God, they were able to fix the halo in less than five minutes, and I slept all the way back home.

Through this period of pain and suffering, I was able to draw closer to God. That June, we attended the youth retreat in Honolulu church, and I made every effort to go. All the brothers and sisters were so glad that I made it.

It was during that retreat that I had one of the strongest prayers in my life. The two visiting pastors laid

hands on me, and I cried like a baby. I was encouraged to pray harder because I have become acutely aware of God's love and His desire to bless me.

I prayed fervently for the Holy Spirit, but it was yet God's time to give it to me.

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*...I thank God that He has always been with me, that He has healed my neck injury, and that He has brought me closer to Him.*

.....

## HE IS THE GREATEST PHYSICIAN

During my 12 weeks of recovery in the halo, the halo shifted a second time. Three days before I could take it off, the doctors took an x-ray and it showed that the bone fusion had not been successful.

They suggested that we wait a year and give the bone some time to heal on its own. So a year later, on May 2, 2003, I went to get another x-ray, and it showed that the bones still had not fused together. The doctors told me that I had to go through the entire process again. In my heart, I wanted to put this matter in God's hands.

A month later, there was another youth retreat in Honolulu and we decided to attend. During the first few days, my wife was moved to tears in her prayers and she could not understand why she was crying. Later, a sister had a vision, where she saw heaven opening up and rain pouring down. Soon after, my wife received the Holy Spirit, and this greatly comforted and encouraged both of us.

That night, I prayed very deeply to God. I prayed and told God that He was the greatest Physician. I told Him that if He would heal me, I would entrust my life to Him, and would commit myself to serve Him.



Suddenly, I felt the vertebrae in my neck fuse. I was filled with joy.

Everyone encouraged me to continue to pray and to say, “Hallelujah” to Jesus. The next day, I took their advice; and I received the Holy Spirit and started to speak in tongues. I truly thank God for His blessings.

During and after the retreat, I continued to pray and experienced a new body in me. My grandmother passed away while I was at the retreat, but God gave me the strength to attend the funeral and overcome my loss. The days in Honolulu were too wonderful for words, and I felt absolute peace from God.

As I look back at my life and the path I took to reach this point, I thank God that He has always been with me, that He has healed my neck injury, and that He has brought me closer to Him.

This has taught me that we must leave our lives in God’s hands. His plan is the best plan. Sometimes in life, we don’t know where we will go or what we are going to do. We really need to pray and entrust our journeys to Him.

Now that God has brought me back into the fold and given me the Holy Spirit, I am here to give glory to His name, and I hope to be a useful vessel for Him all the days of my life.

The way His hands had guided me reminded me of a beautiful passage that was inspired by Job while he was in great suffering:

*“Did You not pour me out like milk, and curdle me like cheese, clothe me with skin and flesh, and knit me together in bones and sinews? You have granted me life and favor, and Your care has preserved my spirit.”*  
(Job 10:10–12) 

# Sunshine after the Rain: God's Amazing Love

## Gaoshan Church, Fujian Province, China

Brother Weng Qi-xi and Sister Li Mei-ying

*Bro. Weng Qi-xi was born in 1950, while Sis. Li Mei-ying was born in 1955. They are a married couple living in Gaoshan, Fuqing City, Fujian. They are members of Gaoshan church.*

On behalf of my wife, Sis. Lee Mei-ying, I bear this testimony.

### SEEKING FOR THE LORD

My wife and I especially were very devout in Buddhism and superstitious activities. Because of my business, I traveled far and wide; and was very staunch in worshipping idols, praying for protection and care. In 1983, my six-year-old daughter suffered from severe chronic asthma. We went to several hospitals for treatment; took many medications and injections. Three years of searching efforts for a cure did not yield any good result. Out of despair, through the guidance of the brethren in Christ, we were baptized into the True Jesus Church in 1985 to be God's children.

We loved our daughter very much. Initially, we were very zealous and love the Lord. We prayed for our daughter earnestly. Many brethren interceded for her; miraculously she recovered and was completely healed. Not only did the Lord heal my daughter's illness, He also bless us materially.

### FORSAKING THE LORD

With the guidance of the Lord, my family lived in peace and comfort. During that period, our faith slowly drifted away from God and started to neglect God's matter. We regard the wealth of the world as the best treasure. My initial intention of believing in the Lord wasn't right. I solely wanted my daughter to be healed. I didn't believe in heaven and hell. Once my daughter was healed, while enjoying peace in the family and progress in my business, we felt that believing in Jesus was worthless and meaningless. Such thoughts of mine influenced my wife and she gradually lost her initial zeal and enthusiasm. We stopped observing the holy Sabbath and ceased praying,



Bible reading and not to mention participating in divine work. Once we left the Lord, we were just like a horse unleashed into the wild, going our own in the path of sin and heading towards hell and death day by day.

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*Since doctors and medications had failed to save my wife, who else could? As I watched my wife getting weaker each day and saw her enduring indescribable pain, our prayers to God seemed unanswered.*

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### FALLING ILL

In June 1988, my wife experienced abnormal pain and numbness on her left cheek. We sought treatment at the Gaoshan and Fuqing Hospitals in July. She was diagnosed as having trigeminal nerve pain. Due to the misdiagnosis, my wife's condition did not improve even though she took the medicine compliantly. We went to the Jiushan Hospital in Fuzhou Province for treatment in October. Based on the CT scan, there were no obvious symptoms. My wife's condition did not improve although she was admitted into the hospital; had taken a lots of medicine and multiple injections. Instead, her condition worsened. My wife was transferred to the Guangzhou First Municipal People's Hospital in April 1989. She was also diagnosed with trigeminal nerve pain. She was admitted to the hospital for more than a month, but her condition still did not improve. Instead, it became worse. My wife was in great pain. Once again, my wife was transferred back to the Jiushan Hospital in June 1989 for further treatment. Despite much intensive study on the diagnosis and discussion involving various specialists, we failed to obtain a definitive diagnosis. My wife has now been hospitalized for more than four months, but showed no positive improvement. We could only return home. The doctors advised us to be prepared for the

worst. I was unwilling to see my wife leave me and our young kids. I borrowed money everywhere. In January 1990, my wife was transferred to the Fuzhou Medical University Affiliated Hospital for treatment. After some detailed blood tests, my wife was diagnosed as having a malignant tumor. She was immediately sent to the Provincial Cancer Hospital for treatment. In February, a CT scan of the skull base confirmed that my wife had cancer. The cancerous cells had spread to all parts of her skull. The doctor claimed that my wife's condition was not optimistic and advised me to bring her home. We spent more than RMB 20,000 in these 20 months, but to no avail. I could not control my tears any longer. Deep grief overwhelmed me. Once we are together as husband and wife, it carries endless devotion for the rest of our lives. I could not bear to see my wife dying. Therefore, I pleaded to the doctors to put my wife under the recommended clinical trials and treatment. As the doctors were moved by our mutual love, they agreed. My wife was subjected to numerous cycles of radiotherapy. Consequently, she developed ulceration in her nasal and had oral cavities. It was so unbearable, so she requested to be discharged; and then we returned home. The doctors advised us to prepare for the worst.

### WORSHIPING IDOL

Since doctors and medications had failed to save my wife, who else could? As I watched my wife getting weaker each day and saw her enduring indescribable pain, our prayers to God seemed unanswered. Without telling my wife, I went to the temple and consulted the Goddess of Mercy. According to her revelation, there was a "True Jesus Church Sabbath day schedule" pasted on the wall of my house and thus it hindered the goddess from entering my house to heal my wife. I was asked to take it down and throw it into the toilet bowl. I heeded the sorcerer's advice and tore the paper down, but I did not discard it into the toilet bowl. Instead, I burnt it. Nevertheless, my

wife did not recover at all. I went from temple to temple, from one spiritual healer to another, just to seek treatment for my wife. All had been said and done, money had all been spent, but after all that kowtowing and kneeling in prayers, my wife was not getting any better. At this point in time, I felt a great sense of despair and misery. Why is life so painful and hard? I was so lost...

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*I knew only one thing in my heart; to rely on God with an unshakable faith and let Him determine the outcome.*

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### PRAYING TO GOD

There is a saying: "There is always light at the end of the tunnel." The merciful Lord saw us living in despair and hopelessness, and thus opened a path full of peace, joy and warmth for us. This is the path leading to the heavenly kingdom. God sent the brethren to visit my wife at home. They encouraged my wife to persistently trust and rely in the Lord; to entrust life and death into the mighty hands of God. Meanwhile, they taught me how to sincerely and wholeheartedly repent before God for all my transgressions, to believe and rely on Him from the bottom of my heart. I repented before the Lord very tearfully. I told God how miserable and pitiful I had been after I had left Him. I begged God to accept me, this sinner, once again, and to heal my wife's sickness. Thank the Lord. He heeded my family and everyone's prayer; my wife's condition gradually improved. All our relatives and brethren shared in the joy together.

### BEING TESTED

The Lord knew that my faith and love were still not incomplete, and my spirit was weak. Meanwhile, He searched my heart and found many impurities in me.

As a consequence, God gave me a great trial. As my wife was recovering and we were in joy, suddenly her condition deteriorated. She was approaching death day by day. In June 1991, my wife was dying as her heartbeat grew weaker and her breathing faltered. She could no longer open her eyes. At 8 pm, all my relatives gathered at my house to discuss about my wife's final matters. They insisted that I should go to Shejiang Village again to consult the idol for help and to see if there would be any hope for her. In the presence of everyone, I actually said, "I am a believer of the Lord. I must not do anything to offend the Lord. Besides, worshipping idols is cheating people's money and is a foolish thing. I have decided not to have any part with it. I accept your goodwill, but I will completely entrust my wife's life into the Lord's hands. No matter what, I will submit to the Lord." All my relatives rose and criticized me, saying that if I was not insane, then I must be a heartless scum; watching my wife going to her death but doing nothing. I ignored their accusation. I knew only one thing in my heart; to rely on God with an unshakable faith and let Him determine the outcome. About 9 pm, I brought our three children to a mountain in my village; we prayed to the Lord earnestly. I prayed to the Lord for three matters:

1. May the Lord have mercy on me; to forgive my transgression, cleanse my soul and to grant me another opportunity to receive God's blessing of eternal life.
2. May God have mercy on my three children; to allow them to continue to enjoy the love of their parents and to grow up healthily.
3. May God forgive my wife for her cold faith and for falling short of God's expectation. May God prolong her life that she may love Him even more and work out her salvation with fear and trembling.

After we returned from the mountain, I brought my children to the upper room and continued praying.



We wept and mourned bitterly. I would never forget that painful scene in my life where even the moon would cry and the birds would mourn. After putting our three children to sleep, I came to my wife. Seeing her gaunt face and thinking of digging the grave for her tomorrow, my eyes swelled with tears again. My heart, which was already devastated, was now completely shattered. I could not sleep the whole night and I was by her side. In the early morning, I rushed to Xuegang (another village) to see Eld. Weng Yi-ann. Together with the other brethren, we went and prayed before the graveyard and prepared for my wife's burial ground. At that time, we were certain that my wife's passing would be within these two days.

### RECEIVED HEALING

One day passed, my wife was alive. Three days had passed and she was still surviving. On the seventh day, the tomb and all the funeral preparations were ready. Unexpectedly, my wife could actually sit up on the eighth day. She could speak and come down from her sickbed. Everyone was amazed and many villagers were curious. Everybody came to witness this unbelievable miracle. We knew that the Lord had been working and we truly believed that my wife would recover. Therefore, we prayed even more earnestly to God; especially I myself, was constantly thinking about God and praying to Him. I read the Bible diligently and always meditated the word of God. After a month, my wife was completely recovered. She could talk to people and do the house chores. She could go to the market for grocery shopping and attend church services. She has recovered from the illness. With her cancer cured and having been delivered from the verge of death, my wife's testimony became a sensation in the vicinity. Countless people came to my house to witness this miracle. As a result, the name of the Lord Jesus was greatly preached and glorified.

When my wife's physical illness was healed, my spiritual illness was also completely healed. Since then, our whole family has been striding forward in the heavenly path, and continuing on it up to this day. 🌿





**SPIRITUAL**  
BATTLE

# Knowing Jesus Has Been the Greatest Blessing in My Life

Christchurch Church, New Zealand

Brother Bucksen Chen



Hallelujah! In the name of our Lord Jesus, I bear testimony.

Thank the Lord that I was baptized into the true church on September 3, 1995. Time passes quickly; in the blink of an eye, I have already believed in the Lord for over 20 years. As I reflect on the years of my life, I am very grateful as they have been full of the Lord Jesus' blessing. I would like to bear testimony to how I came to know God, to trust in Him and the subsequent process of keeping my faith.

*"A man's steps are of the LORD; how then can a man understand his own way?" (Prov 20:24)*

In mid-July 1991, I brought my wife and three children with six cartons of belongings to Christchurch, New Zealand—a faraway and foreign land. Our immigration also marked the beginning of a new life chapter.

Throughout the 43 years in Taiwan where I studied, served in the army, and worked, I had been living a worldly life without knowing God. I studied Hotel Management at school and later worked in a hotel

for 18 years. Being very busy, I started work early and returned home late—only to sleep. Hence, I neglected my family and did not show any concern towards my wife's state of depression that was exacerbating over time. She used to be a gentle and caring person, yet later on, she suffered from a great mental setback and was unable to express herself. Finally in 1991, she began to suffer from schizophrenia and she would always imagine that people around her were trying to harm her.

At that time, I had already completed the formalities for immigration. Hence, this sudden event really caught me unawares, and I did not know how to react. Eventually, I decided to follow through with my initial departure plan; and my whole family and I left Taiwan quietly for New Zealand. Before we immigrated, a friend invited my wife to a church in Tianmu and she got baptized in a pool after attending the church for several times. I thought that perhaps religion could heal her mental and emotional wounds, thus I attended that church with her twice.



When we first arrived at New Zealand, we had nothing at all—neither, in terms of material possessions, nor within our hearts. Our six boxes of possessions would take more than a month to arrive via shipping. At that time, it was also winter. Thus, we had to purchase five sleeping bags to get through the winter, and we slowly settled in. Despite having a change of environment, my wife’s condition did not improve. My original intention to immigrate had been to recompense my wife for her labor over the past 20 years. I also wanted to make it up to my children who had grown up without seeing their father, and had therefore lost a portion of their childhood. I wanted them to enjoy a happy family life upon arriving in New Zealand. However, everything I had expected turned out the opposite, and seemed to become a dead end for us in life. That was when I started to seek God.

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*Ever since my wife had begun suffering from the illness, I suffered from insomnia every night. But miraculously, I managed to sleep after going to the true church.*

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Initially, we attended a Chinese church but felt that it was similar to the church we had gone to in Taiwan. We also visited the local churches but we could not feel the presence of God. During that period of time, Mrs. Liu and Mrs. Chu from the True Jesus Church (TJC) kept preaching the gospel to us. On the surface, I welcomed them but in actual fact, I was struggling within myself because my wife would feel uneasy (a lack of inner peace) each time after they visited.

In the second year, when I brought my wife back to Taiwan to visit our relatives, my older sister saw that my hair had turned white. After finding out what had happened, she brought me to find a Chinese temple medium who claimed to have access to spirits. This

medium said that he used to be a Christian but had later converted to Buddhism. He said to me, “Regarding your wife’s illness, you must recite the Great Compassion Mantra everyday to remove karmic hindrances (this is also the so-called “atonement”). Once these karmic hindrances are removed, her illness will slowly get better.” I thought to myself since there were no other options, we might as well give it a try! Thus, we brought the Buddhist scriptures he had gifted us as well as the Great Compassion Mantra back to New Zealand. At that time, Mrs. Liu visited us again. However, upon seeing the Buddhist beads on my wrist, she stopped visiting us.

I started waking up early in the morning, sitting in the living room with the alarm set for an hour. However, after reciting the Buddhist mantra for three to four days, I felt terrible; the more I recited, the more uneasy I felt in my heart. I felt that something was not right and that these things were merely superstition. As a result, I threw away all the scriptures. I sat in the living room contemplating and crying out to God, “Oh God! The God is who is able to save us from this agony! Where are You?” Then, I suddenly remembered that my wife had brought along five copies of the Bible when we immigrated and I went to dig them out. I browsed through the Bible and came across this verse in Matthew 11:28 that says, “Come to Me, all you who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

Because of the appeal of this verse, I had a heart that was half-believing but was also, half-skeptical. I remembered that Mrs. Liu had once said to me, “Come and try to listen.” I then decided to go to the TJC in mid-1992 to observe the truth. Ever since my wife had begun suffering from the illness, I suffered from insomnia every night. But miraculously, I managed to sleep after going to the true church. I also felt that the heavy burden in my heart had been lifted. This was the first time I felt God’s existence.

Science is proven through experiments, but religion is proven through experience. When I experienced God, it was as if the hope of life had ignited for my family. We then decided to seriously pursue after this faith and to diligently study the Bible. The Bible reminds us:

*“Be sober, be vigilant; because your adversary the devil walks about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour.” (1 Pet 5: 8)*

I now realized that there was an enemy, the devil, hence I questioned whether my wife had been devoured by him.

All the gospel cassettes from church, the sermons from the preachers, and testimonies from various believers increased my faith as they proclaimed God’s omnipotence. When I read about Jesus performing miracles to heal the sick and cast out demons in the gospel books, my only hope was to wholeheartedly rely on God, and to beseech Him to heal my wife. I believed that God’s words were truthful and full of power.

During my three and a half years of seeking the truth, I met with three troubles, all of which God delivered me from. The first incident was on my way to Kaikoura. Because of the rain, the road was slippery. My car skidded and crashed onto the road reeling. Fortunately, I did not fall into the sea. The second incident was when I was leading a tour group to Milford Sound. It was snowing and when we drove out of the tunnel, the car skidded downhill and fortunately, to the left where a vehicle from the Department of Conservation blocked us from crashing down into the valley. The third incident happened on a Sunday before the Spring Spiritual Convocation in September 1995. I was fishing at Sumner when I fell into a pit that was about three meters deep. However, I remained stand-

ing after the fall. Later, I found the answer in Psalm 91:11–12:

*“For He shall give His angels charge over you, to keep you in all your ways. In their hands they shall bear you up, lest you dash your foot against a stone.”*

Thank the Lord as the Scriptures say, “The LORD shall preserve your going out and your coming in from this time forth, and even forevermore.” (Ps 121:8)

I believe that these three troubles were warnings from the Lord Jesus asking me to be baptized into Him rather than standing outside the gate. Though God was watching over me, my wife’s condition worsened and also I hesitated. Initially, my wife was only throwing tantrums in the family, but now the devil made her worse as she started to wreck the furniture and items at home and cut up all the new clothing that we bought. When we questioned why she did so, she claimed the devil was in those items. I fell into the devil’s trap at the beginning as I was very angry. However, after reading the book of Job, I realized from Job’s sufferings that, “The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away.” (Job 1:21) After being comforted by God’s words, I gradually grew calmer and allowed her to continue and was no longer mindful of these mere possessions. Eld. Tsai had once mentioned in a sermon that we have no authority to prevent the devil from roaming around us, but we have the authority to ignore him. From then on, no matter how my wife wreaked havoc, I would not mind and did not get angry. I simply followed this teaching from the Bible, “Be anxious for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God; and the peace of God, which surpasses all understanding, will guard your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.” (Phil 4:6–7). I told the Lord about my wife’s condition and hoped that He would grant her peace that surpasses



all understanding. I sympathized with the suffering my wife had to go through when she was disturbed by the devil. There were many occasions when she was forced to a dead end by the devil and kept crying that she had no way out.

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*After waiting for a month, three months, and even half a year, not only did my wife's condition not improve, it became worse than before. She started to harm herself..*

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I prayed to the Lord everyday but it seemed as though the Lord had turned His face away from us. Even though the Lord had kept our three children from psychological harm, He did not do according to what I had asked for. My faith started to grow weaker and I felt like giving up on this faith as it felt like a heavy burden to me. Nevertheless, I remembered the passage that says, "When an unclean spirit goes out of a man ... he says, 'I will return to my house from which I came.' And when he comes, he finds it empty, swept, and put in order. Then he goes and takes with him seven other spirits more wicked than himself, and they enter and dwell there; and the last state of that man is worse than the first." (Mt 12:43–45) Our current situation was already very bad and it would be much worse if seven other spirits more wicked were to come. Therefore, I dared not give up on this faith; I could only continue to cling to God.

During that period, the sisters in church kept on encouraging me saying, "You need to have faith and if you do, the Lord will grant your requests." They encouraged me to receive baptism. Hence, in the Spring Spiritual Convocation in September 1995, both my wife and I were baptized, ignoring the devil's obstructions. During the baptism, two sisters saw a vision that the sea became red. I was very comforted because

our sins had been washed by the Lord Jesus and I believed that my wife's condition would improve soon.

After waiting for a month, three months, and even half a year, not only did my wife's condition not improve, it became worse than before. She started to harm herself and the severity was even life-threatening on several occasions. I thought to myself: "How could this happen? I felt like I was standing before an intersection, all hope lost. Which direction was I supposed to take?"

Every time I felt sorrowful, I would sing hymns to comfort myself. My favorite was hymn 263 (What a Friend We Have in Jesus) as it described my actual situation. When I sang the hymn "Have You Counted the Cost?" I was reminded of "Where the call of His Spirit is lost." This made me realize that the devil had been attacking my faith to cause me to depart from God. I told myself: "No! I will not fall into the trap of the devil anymore! I must stand firm to the end and endure all trials; I must not be disappointed!"

The preacher said that this was a spiritual battle and I had already endured for so long. Thus, no matter how adverse the situation may be, he encouraged me to hold on to God. At that time, my children said to me, "Dad, you are believing in Jesus to the point of superstition. Mom has become like this today. Do you still want to hold onto your faith?" My children could no longer bear to see the state of our family and thus moved out one by one. I was discouraged to death and thought that I might even be admitted to the mental hospital if things remained like this.

*"No temptation has overtaken you except such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not allow you to be tempted beyond what you are able, but with the temptation will also make the way of escape, that you may be able to bear it." (1 Cor 10:13)*

When I almost broke down, God opened a way!

However, April 2000 would be the last time my wife threw tantrums. On that occasion, she kicked the glass panel on the front door, broke the glass, and cut her leg, which caused her to bleed heavily (the devil's strength was very powerful; when she suffered a relapse, even I could not restrain her). At that time, my daughter's classmate's younger brother was residing in the mental hospital and their mother was a social worker. She assisted us in admitting my wife to the hospital in order to find a cure for her through medication. After three weeks, her condition stabilized, and the doctor allowed her to be discharged. She only had to do checkups regularly and to keep on taking the medication. She was not to stop taking them as a relapse would happen. This meant that my wife would have to be on long-term medication. What was worrisome was the severe side effect of the medication as she became very weak and had a lifeless expression. I could not bear to see her become a marginalized person due to medication (we saw many cases in Taiwan) and I refused to think that the Lord would not heal her as He once said, "With men it is impossible, but not with God; for with God all things are possible." (Mk 10:27) Indeed, doctors can heal sicknesses but cannot cast out demons. Since our Lord Jesus is able to raise someone from the dead, can He not heal my wife if He wills?

*"Therefore I say to you, whatever things you ask when you pray, believe that you receive them, and you will have them." (Mk 11:24)*

I beseeched the Lord that through His mighty power, we would not need to rely on medication. Originally, she took one pill (1 mg) per day and as her condition started to stabilize, it went down to half a pill (0.5 mg). Slowly, the frequency of medication decreased. Through prayers and faith in the Lord, she stopped taking medication in 2010. My wife had finally received grace from the Lord Jesus and was freed.

Thank the Lord! My tears had not been shed in vain and I saw in my wife the grace of the Lord Jesus.

Although the devil would occasionally perform little tricks, I was reminded of Paul's thorn and of the need to stay vigilant at all times. If my wife had recovered completely, perhaps I would forget the Lord's grace.

*"For I consider that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us." (Rom 8:18)*

I often ponder over the story of the footprints on the sand. It was the Lord Jesus who had been carrying me during my most anguished and painful times over the past decades. Thank the Lord that my wife is now able to live a normal life—this indeed is the greatest grace the Lord Jesus has given my family. This also allowed me to realize that every word of God is the truth.

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*I went without income for about two years after quitting my tour guide job. Hence, I prayed to the Lord as to whether I could resume my work.*

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Over more than 20 years of believing, the Lord Jesus also gave me many trials and chastisements, and allowed me to undergo temptation.

I started being a tour guide in 1993, taking Taiwanese tour groups to tour both the North and South Islands of New Zealand for seven-day trips. Due to the duration, I often needed to take a leave from the Lord Jesus and did not place importance on the Sabbath day. In early November 2001, Bro. Liang, who immigrated to the United States, asked me, "Bro. Chen, can you avoid taking tour groups on Sabbath days?" My response was, "They are seven day trips! Impossible!" Two days after that conversation with him, my



body began to ache, and I could neither eat nor sleep. I went to the hospital for a check that involved an x-ray, gastroscopy, ultrasound, etc., and later rested for two weeks. The Bible says in Ecclesiastes 7:14a that, “In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity consider.” I reflected and realized that my reply to Bro. Liang had displeased God. I then knelt down to repent. After I told God that I decided to stop working as a tour guide, but to keep the Sabbath day, the aching went away gradually after a few days. The results from the hospital also showed that everything was normal; this even more clearly showed that this had indeed been God’s chastisement.

*“For whom the Lord loves He chastens.” (Heb 12:6a)*

I was very glad that God did not forsake me.

I went without income for about two years after quitting my tour guide job. Hence, I prayed to the Lord as to whether I could resume my work. I would not work on Sabbath days and if the Lord was willing, the tour agency would come looking for me. After praying for three months, the female boss of Blue Star Tours phoned me, and asked me to help her take some Chinese tour groups for a four-day South Island tour. What was more wonderful was that the tour groups would arrive on Saturday at 11 pm so there would be no issue of keeping the Sabbath.

More than two years later, in 2006, the week after the Spring Spiritual Convocation, I took a tour group that traveled down to Queenstown on a Sabbath day. I thought to myself that I had been spiritually cultivated for the entire week of the spiritual convocation; missing one Sabbath would be fine, right? However, on our way to Cromwell, almost all the luggage fell out of the bus on a turn due to a faulty lock, and they were knocked and crushed by the vehicles behind us. The gifts that the visitors bought from Australia were all damaged. At that instance, I awoke and re-

alized that I did not keep my promise to God. I had sinned against Him just as the Bible says in Galatians 6:7a, “Do not be deceived, God is not mocked.” After clearing up the mess and checking into the hotel in Queenstown, I immediately knelt down to pray and repented. Due to this incident, the tourists were no longer in the mood to continue traveling and they canceled the four-day tour. They flew to Auckland the next day to file a claim against the tour agency.

Later, I quit the job due to a change of the tour agency’s policy. The tour guides in charge of taking Chinese groups would no longer be paid a base rate, but had to rely only on commissions from products which the tourists purchased. I prayed to the Lord once again asking Him if He would allow me to find a job that would not affect my faith and was meaningful. God granted my request and allowed me to get a part-time job transporting mentally disabled kids to school. I thank the Lord for His protection that, for six years, driving these students went smoothly up until 2012 when I reached 65 years of age. It also happened that the transport company was no longer contracted by the Ministry of Education, so I retired. “To everything there is a season.” (Eccl 3:1a) Since I believed in the Lord, it seemed that all my steps were guided and arranged by God.

In July 2008, I met with a traffic accident where I was knocked by a car while crossing the road. The impact on my left arm and chest caused one to five ribs to be displaced. Thank the Lord for His protection; none of my bones were fractured. Otherwise, I might have died.

The latest incident happened in July 2014. I fell from a high chair and landed on my left arm, causing it to dislocate. I was sent to the emergency department and the joint relocated, but there was a little piece of broken bone that remained inside the joint. The doctor said that surgery was necessary to remove it

to avoid a sequela (negative consequence). The surgery was scheduled for the next morning as decided by the surgeon. I had to fast before the procedure. As I was afraid of undergoing surgery, I could not sleep that night but kept praying to the Lord, asking Him to have mercy on me so that I could avoid going through a surgery. At 9 am the next morning, the surgeon examined the x-ray and concluded that there was no major issue for the time being; and there would be no need for a surgery. However, if any problems should arise in the future, I would have to undergo surgery immediately. Thank the Lord for hearing my prayer!

After three weeks, the cast was removed, yet I could neither stretch nor move my arm. Even the slightest movement would cause excruciating pain. The doctor was afraid that if the broken bone was not removed, there would be inflammation resulting in the presence of pus. Was I to undergo surgery or rely on God? In that dilemma, the verse, “all things are possible with God,” appeared in my mind. I chose to rely on God. I started praying for this matter and after more than a year of prayer, I suddenly noticed that my arm was no longer in pain and I could straighten it. Thank the Lord! God is truly my confidence and a very present help in times of trouble.

Reflecting on the past 20 some years of faith, what was the most challenging and yet worthy of boasting is the fact that I was able to come to know the Lord Jesus. From having nothing after the immigration, until now where I have everything; from not knowing God to clinging onto Him; from tribulations to having peace; from the state of self-righteousness to submission; from darkness into light ... when I count God’s blessings, I always see His guidance step by step. My faith was also refined slowly in this manner. Now, every day, faith is my first priority, and health, my second. I am now heading towards the dusk in my life; I do not have any more requests. I only thank God for letting me live even one more day.

When I returned to Taiwan in 2013, I met an old classmate of mine who said to me, “I am Taiwan’s Momotorou (a pun suggesting mischievousness). You are New Zealand’s wise man (a pun suggesting someone who loiters for leftover food). We are both retirees with nothing to do.”

I told him, “No, we must spiritually cultivate every day in preparation for the day that is that to come.” My testimony ends here. May all the glory and praises be given to our Lord Jesus! Amen. 🌿



# Winning Spiritual Battles

## Vancouver Church, Canada

Sister Vivi Fang



In the name of the Lord Jesus, I testify:

I was baptized when I was about four years old, so one could say that I more or less grew up in the church. I would like to testify about the spiritual battles that my family and the brethren experienced while my brother was sick.

My father is the third generation of believers in the True Jesus Church (TJC) in our family. From his youth, he has been very active in the holy works of the literary ministry and Religious Education (RE). Since he grew up in the church, he regarded the family altar as highly important. Since we had family services at home, my brother and I had the desire to attend the student spiritual convocations, RE classes and other activities for spiritual cultivation.

Unlike my father who grew up in the church, my mother came to believe in the Lord herself later on in life. She was raised to worship her ancestors along with the rest of her family in Taiwan, but she desired to seek the true God. In her youth, she attended the

various activities of other religions and also went to many different Christian denominations. One day, her colleague invited her to an evangelical service at the TJC. In her prayer, she asked God if this church was the true church and if He was the true God. And if so, she wanted to experience Him. Then God gave her His Holy Spirit! After receiving the Holy Spirit, she was truly convinced, and she was baptized into Christ.

When I was in the third grade, I attended a summer Student Spiritual Convocation for Elementary 2 (E2) students. Although I did not receive the Holy Spirit on that occasion, the preachers told my parents that I had been moved by the Spirit during prayer and all I needed to do was to keep praying hard for the Holy Spirit. In the following Fall Evangelical Service and Spiritual Convocation, I received the Holy Spirit. Thank the grace of God that He gave me the Holy Spirit when I was young. Later, I went through a rebellious phase when I wanted to have an exciting and different life that a typical church youth would not be able to experience. However, because I had the Holy Spirit,

I was able to restrain myself from committing greater sins. The Lord Jesus also guided me in my spiritual journey and let me know that I was not alone.

In 2004, my family had originally planned to immigrate to Canada. We had packed everything, and put our suitcases in the living room ready for our departure. However, on August 16, 2004, my older brother's health check report was released, and we were hit with a bombshell—at the tender age of 16, he was at the terminal stage of liver cancer.

My brother's Chinese name was Ti-ya, which is a combination of the Chinese transliteration for Timothy and Abraham. These two names embodied my parents' expectations of him: to serve God as zealously as Timothy did, and to have great faith just like Abraham.

After finding out that my brother had liver cancer, my mother dreamed that she saw him in a coffin. Not long after that, my father dreamed that he saw my brother's obituaries on the front page of newspapers. Neither of my parents told the other about the dreams, because they feared that the other would not be able to handle it.

During my brother's first surgery, which was a treatment for an embolism, my mother was praying for God to abide with the doctors and to heal my brother through their hands. While my mother was praying, the Lord told her, "I am here ... I am here."

During the second operation, my mother called my father because she was anxious and concerned. The operation should have been finished already, but there was no sign of my brother coming out of the operating room. Could it be that my brother had passed away? Upon hearing this, my father left the office immediately, went to the park nearby and prayed. While my father was praying, he heard a voice behind him which said, "My grace is sufficient for you. My grace is

sufficient for you." After that, my father started singing "Amazing Grace" (hymn 96), and the more he sang, the more the Lord filled his heart with peace. Later on in his prayer, my father said, "God, if it is your will to take my son away in the spring of his youth at 17 years old, please let him know where he is going and please grant us comfort."

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*But he said, "No, you have never worshiped me. Go before the shrine in the next room and worship me and I will heal your son, for his life is in my hands."*

.....

When my parents and brother first went to Taipei for treatments, they stayed at my aunt's place (my mother's older sister) on the first night. The devil used the close relationship between my mother and her sisters to start endless waves of attack. In my mother's family, she is the only one who believes in the Lord. While my brother was sick, all my aunts were very upset as well, so they offered the help of the gods that they worshiped to save my brother. Despite their good intentions, my mother declined their help.

*"And no wonder! For Satan himself transforms himself into an angel of light. Therefore, it is no great thing if his ministers also transform themselves into ministers of righteousness, whose end will be according to their works." (2 Cor 11:14-15)*

Satan then started his second attack. Knowing my mother's passion for flowers, he brought her to a really beautiful garden in a dream, so she mistakenly thought that she was in heaven. Disguised in the likeness of Jesus, Satan asked her to worship him. My mother answered, "Lord, you know we worship you during the evening and Sabbath services." But he said, "No, you have never worshiped me. Go before the shrine in the next room and worship me and I will heal your son, for his life is in my hands." My mom



replied, “God will save Ti-ya from your hand. Even if He does not, I value Ti-ya’s spiritual life more than anything, so I will never worship you.” Seeing that his threats had been ineffective, Satan then left.

Satan was outraged by his previous failures and started his third attack. He pinned my mother’s body down and strangled her throat so she could not pray aloud. Satan also turned on the computer (which was off to begin with) and changed the air conditioning from blowing cool air to hot air to show his power. But my mother did not fear, and prayed unceasingly to God in her heart. The next day, she decided to move out of my aunt’s apartment, and away from the idol’s shrine. She went to stay in the accommodation provided for family members at the hospital instead.

While my brother was receiving treatment for cancer, my parents and the various brethren who came to visit him all received much comfort and peace from God. Satan had not stopped his attack on my parents and also the people who interceded for my brother.

When my brother could not stand the physical suffering and pain, God would send angels to comfort him.

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*But my brother replied, saying, “No, no! God is coming! He is coming!” My brother was so sure, and it seemed like he was being told that his time had come.*

.....

On August 5, 2005, Pr. Luo Zhen-sheng and other members came to visit my brother, encouraged him with many biblical teachings, and also prayed for him. After the first prayer, my brother said, “I have been looking for a very long time, and I have finally found the TJC. I am living and learning in the church.”

On the morning of the Sabbath, August 6, 2005, my brother who was quite weak before suddenly raised his hand up high, and started waving happily. My dad

thought he was delirious and told him, “Auntie Hsieh (a kind neighbor of ours) has already left, so you can put your hand down now.” But my brother replied, saying, “No, no! God is coming! He is coming!” My brother was so sure, and it seemed like he was being told that his time had come. God and His angels were waiting for him at the gate of the heavenly kingdom and they were waving at him to call him home. After the last checkup, Pr. Chen Li-rong called to ask about how my brother was. After hearing my brother’s condition, she told my mother, “Today is the holy Sabbath day, the day of God. Ti-ya is the beloved child of God, so He might take him away today.” After this, my brother’s life signs did indeed drastically decline. At 9:05 am, my brother spoke his last words to my parents and said, “Thank you, Mom. Thank you, Dad. Thank you for caring for me and bringing me up.” At 9:15 am, the doctor confirmed that my brother had passed away.

During the period of time when my brother was receiving treatment, I felt very lonely, to the point that I even felt like an outsider in my own family. Most of the people who called were asking about the well-being of my brother, my mother or my father, and very few people asked about me. I became isolated, withdrawn and even depressed. Regardless of how much encouragement I had received from my home church in Taiwan, I could not take it in because I truly believed that I had been forsaken and forgotten by my relatives, my family, my teachers at church, and even by God.

After my brother passed away, I was relieved, because I thought I would not be lonely anymore. However, the reality was the opposite and I became even lonelier than before. Before, I used to have my brother to chat with me, to encourage me, and he would understand me, but now I did not have him as an emotional channel anymore. I was lonely to the point where I had many suicidal thoughts, and I almost followed

through with them. But thank the grace of God, I happened to come across Isaiah 49:15–16:

*“Can a mother forget the baby at her breast and have no compassion on the child she has borne? Though she may forget, I will not forget you! See, I have engraved you on the palms of my hands; your walls are ever before me.”*

Therefore, I know I am not alone on my journey of faith, for I know that God is with me and He will never leave me.

From the last year of my brother’s life, I have witnessed how a strong faith can conquer the evil one, and the importance of being alert at all times. We do not know what might happen in the unseen, spiritual realm.

My Lord, I thank You for we believe and have seen Your glory. Hallelujah! Amen!

*“He who overcomes shall be clothed in white garments, and I will not blot out his name from the Book of Life; but I will confess his name before My Father and before His angels.” (Rev 3:5) 🌿*



# Overcoming the Evil One's Attacks Through Loving Intercession

Tokyo Church, Japan

Brother Shimizu Hideo



Hallelujah! In the name of the Lord Jesus, I testify.

## FOREWORD

I was born in Nirasaki, Yamanashi. I would have turned 60 years old this year and smoothly retired from work if I was in better health. Instead, my life has been a tough journey with countless great tribulations.

In October 1999, when I was 49 years old, I experienced an acute abdominal pain; so severe that I could not walk. I was rushed to the hospital by an ambulance and immediately went through an operation. After the surgery, I was informed that I had small intestine cancer.

The cancer that I was diagnosed with was rare—there were only one to two cases in every 200,000 persons in Japan; no effective treatment was available yet. My surgeon told me, “Unfortunately, your cancer is already at a very advanced stage; you should go do what you like while you still can!” I could hardly believe my own ears.

I was still a fervent non-believer atheist at that point. After my operation, the level of pain I would suffer from would fluctuate; my days were happy sometimes and sad at other times. The year after my surgery, I was told at a routine checkup that the cancer had spread to my liver. Thus, I entered into a new stage of my battle against cancer.

## SUFFERING BRINGS GREATER JOY

1. The first hospital could no longer treat the metastasized cancer, so the attending doctor referred me to a cancer specialty hospital. I had yet to believe in the Lord, so I was consumed by fear and anxiety as I went to the new hospital. Metastasis was a word so heavy that my future looked overcast. However, it was also during this time that the Lord Jesus reached out His arm of goodness and mercy to me. At that time, I could not do anything by myself, but through those sufferings, I met my most important companion in life—my wife. I sincerely thank the Lord for His mercy. However, the

fact that my wife had come into my life also signified that greater tribulations awaited us.

The examination results at the specialized hospital turned out to be bad news. The doctor said, “Unfortunately, there is no medication right now that can effectively treat your cancer. As you may know, taking too many drugs will only increase the pain from side effects without achieving any results. Therefore, we will not treat you.” It was as if the doctor had just passed a death sentence upon me; his words kept ringing in my head. This was an unbearable verdict for an atheist who did not know God.

Though I was facing a difficult life-or-death moment, the Lord Jesus did not forget about me; He still reached out His saving hand. Helpless as I was, the doctor told me, “Just to be on the safe side, I will transfer your case to the surgical department.” He then requested for the help of another doctor. What resulted was beyond my imagination—because the second surgeon actually said, “This is going to be very difficult, but let’s give it a try!” He was willing to operate on me. It felt like a close shave with death—a glimmer of hope in a deep, dark tunnel. Thus, the light of hope shone upon me in my despair, and I successfully went into the operating theater.

When we came to know about the metastasis, my wife still lived at home, far away from the hospital. In order to take care of me after my surgery, she would travel to the hospital for five hours day after day. Because of her self-devotion and care, I recovered and went back to work after a few months.

Through the harsh reality of the cancer spreading to my liver, even an atheist like me could be led by the Savior. Additionally, He had arranged for my wife, my most important life partner, to walk with me as great hardships came my way.

2. In this way, by the grace of the Lord Jesus, I overcame a health condition considered untreatable by the doctors. Afterwards, the cancer did not slow down, but continued to corrode my body. Bit by bit, it spread from the small intestine to the liver, then to the spine and right shoulder joint. In August 2009, I could not even walk anymore and was bedridden. I had gone through 13 surgeries since November 1999. In addition, an artificial joint was inserted into my right arm, which only had half the functionality of my left arm. My body was embattled; my mind was in extreme agony. Being almost depressed, I decided to receive water baptism during a spiritual convocation in August 2008. I was an atheist—a person who had denied God’s existence—yet God preserved and helped me, and saved me from my pain and suffering. I had previously been going to church with my wife, and could see the good temperament of the brethren. Yet I still did not comprehend the existence of God; and could not accept water baptism. Through this tribulation, my wife and I were able to step on the journey of faith again. Having my wife by my side has been crucial in my search of faith and becoming a believer. She often reminded me, “Faith should not be forced on you by others, but should depend on your own discernment.” I used to have difficulty overcoming the obstacle of “atheism” in my mind. But through physical sufferings and mental health issues as a result of the post-operative side effects, I finally understood the meaning of prayer and intercession; I could also accept the Bible. Based on this realization, I was officially baptized on August 14, 2008, and took the first step of faith with my wife.

On December 12 that same year, under the guidance of God, I received the Holy Spirit. While I was at home watching a live online sermon at home, suddenly I began to speak in tongues fluently. I



was perspiring profusely, and had to change my undershirt many times. Indeed, the Lord heard the supplication of my wife and me; and granted us the reward in His time. Once again, I thank the Lord for His grace!

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*The evil one attacked me continuously and was merciless. He frightened and threatened me day and night in every way...*

.....

## THE BATTLES WITH THE EVIL ONE AND VICTORIES

### 1. Characteristics of the Attacks

Unfortunately, I was readmitted to the hospital in July 2009. In my suffering, I am grateful for the loving intercession of the ministers and brethren in Tokyo. I was discharged on February 3, 2010, and received home care according to my wishes. The seven months in the hospital bed were extremely trying. Fortunately, I was able to get through the hardship in peace because of the warmth of the brethren and my wife's care, which had been without a murmur. I thank the grace and mercy of the Lord Jesus from the bottom of my heart. Though I was able to go home with the help of the brothers and sisters, Satan was not happy to see us rejoice. The Lord Jesus is the merciful and true God who listens to His believers' cries, but Satan attacks from all sides; he did not want to let go of my soul.

Less than two weeks after being discharged from the hospital, while I was receiving home care, I felt a sudden and sharp pain in my abdomen; and was re-hospitalized immediately for examination. I suffered so much pain, and continuously groaned in the ward to the point where it became difficult to provide care for me. The evil one attacked me continuously and was merciless. He frightened and threatened me day and night in every way—through sounds, colors and

non-existent ghosts at night—to torture my soul; and I became extremely helpless.

For example, there would be cries of dogs, cats, monkeys and other animals coming out from the old heater of my ward. For this reason, I repeatedly asked my wife to check whether there were any animals in the ward. I would hear animals walking in the courtyard late at night, or hear their gobbling noises from a corner of the quiet hallway. Looking out of the ward into the dark night was terrifying too. I felt that I was being watched by something from the darkness outside; the eeriness enveloped the entire room and it looked terrifying. I also hallucinated that something was trying to break open the window and force its entry into the ward.

The evil one also scared me in other ways, including the use of dark colors. I was not sure if the hallucination came from Satan; however, these strong colors stirred up great fear in me. I would get goosebumps whenever I saw the dark primary colors—red, blue and green. When my wife wore a purple hat, I shouted uncontrollably at her not to wear that hat; she looked at me with a perplexed expression which I still cannot forget to this day. In addition, Satan created non-existent monsters, and employed various tricks to cause me to fall into an abyss of fear. The appearances of these monsters were indescribable, but they ran wild in my head and this terrified me even more.

### 2. Why I Was Finally Able To Overcome the Evil One?

Satan used every trick to snatch my soul and attacked me through fear. However, our Lord Jesus—the one and only righteous true God—overcame Satan's schemes and saved me. One night, a week after being hospitalized, I suddenly woke up in my quiet bed. The scary world that troubled me had disappeared; it was replaced by a peaceful heart and a sense of freedom brought about by the lifting of my burdens. I shouted

in my bed, “I have victory over Satan!” As I was rejoicing, a different world enveloped me quickly. I looked at a corner of my room and saw my wife sleeping there. I murmured, “My wife, I’m sorry for going to a higher place by myself!” Then my wife, who noticed my strange language in the dark ward, gently replied, “You’re still on earth, it’s okay!”

The Lord Jesus had guided me to understand that the merciful true God listens to the cries of whoever believes in the only Savior, and saves them from all troubles. A few days before that, the doctor even told my wife, “Let him do whatever he wants now, while he still has the chance.” However, God preserved me; next day after Satan was defeated, my doctor looked at me with nothing but smiles as if he had forgotten about his own words.

On March 8, 2010, I was discharged again and am now recuperating at home with my wife. I hope to keep the Sabbath in church, where all the brothers and sisters are waiting for me. If the Lord wills, I hope I can speak about my blessed, joyful experience.

The above is my testimony. I believe that I was able to overcome the schemes of Satan because of the loving intercession of the brethren and ministers worldwide, as well as the elders, deacons and all the three churches in Tokyo who had been praying and even fasting unceasingly for the faith and health of my wife and I. We are forever grateful.

On August 14, 2010, I would have believed in the Lord for two years. I am now focusing on recuperation as I look forward to restoring my health. At the same time, I also read the Bible, pray and diligently pursue the growth of my faith. If the Lord wills, I hope to make good use of my experience of battling with the evil one to evangelize.

May all glory, power, and praise be unto the Lord’s holy name; may the love of the Lord compels us! Hallelujah, Amen!

*Note:* Bro. Shimizu Hideo was called by the Lord on July 29, 2010, and has rested from his worldly labor. This testimony was handwritten by him within two weeks on his sickbed and while he was in pain, in March 2010. During that time, the doctor repeatedly asked his wife, Sis. Harumi, to prepare herself for the worst. The churches in Tokyo held their Student Spiritual Convocation (SSC) from July 24–29. Thus, during this busiest time for the church and her workers, Sis. Harumi prayed to God by faith to extend her husband’s life, so that he would only be taken back to the heavenly home after all the holy work in the churches had ended. Indeed, her prayer was answered—the SSC concluded smoothly and the church council meeting ended. However, before all the church council members reached his house, Bro. Shimizu had already rested in the bosom of the Lord. 🌿



# Departing from Falsehood and Believing in the Truth

Malacca Church, West Malaysia

Sister Lew Mee-chew

In the name of the Lord Jesus, I testify.

My name is Lew Mee-chew. I am 40 years old (at the time of writing this testimony), married, and have two sons and a daughter. When I was young, I found a Bible belonging to the True Jesus Church (TJC) on my brother's bookcase. After reading it, I thought about how good it would be if I could believe in Jesus, but this thought was soon forgotten. When I was 17 and still studying in secondary school, I once followed a friend to the Wesley Methodist Church. After marriage, I adopted my husband's religious belief (he is a staunch idol-worshiper; serving numerous gods at home and practicing black magic).

## INITIAL CONTACT WITH CHRISTIANITY

*July 14, 2006*

I dreamed of a wooden cross; light shone from the cross in all directions. I wondered how a wooden cross could emit light.

*November 27–28, 2006*

I went to Singapore to attend a healing convocation held by another Christian denomination. Throughout the event, I felt that I was being controlled by a spirit and my neck was being stretched. I wailed very loudly at times and laughed incessantly at other times. My arms kept moving like an electric fan.

*December 2006*

In my search for God, I came to know the mother of a classmate of my youngest son, Chuan-huat. She lent me some videos of healing testimonies. I began attending services at the Calvary Church. When Chuan-huat was born, his soles were joined to his calves and could not be straightened. As he was growing up, we consulted many doctors, but his legs were still thin and feeble; and he could not walk. The doctor said that his condition was due to cerebral palsy and that he was also a hyperactive child. Due to my son's condition, I became a vegetarian and worshiped idols

but I did not receive peace. On the contrary, my sorrows increased. I then thought of searching for the true God.

### COMING INTO CONTACT WITH THE TRUE JESUS CHURCH

*December 30, 2006*

My sister, Mee-ngor, and her two children received baptism at the TJC in Malacca. At that time, she invited me to go to church with her. However, the evil spirit told me not to go. But finally, I still went to the TJC. During the service, my limbs shook continuously. The evil one was disturbing me, and caused me to be thrown backwards during prayer.

*March 3, 2007*

I heard from a friend that all churches are the same, so I attended services at the Calvary Church again. They asked me to fill up my personal particulars on a form in order to “release” me. After that, I was taken to a room where I screamed unceasingly and vomited.

*April 17, 2007*

I attended a special service held by the Calvary Church and listened to hymns. However, before going to the church, there was a voice that told me how to dress up and also instructed me to utter two phrases: “Break off with the ancestors” and “Purify myself.”

*April 18, 2007*

After going to the Calvary Church, my condition did not improve but instead deteriorated. At 2 am, while I was asleep, I felt that my heart was being grabbed and I heard a voice saying that it wanted me to die. I got up, shouted hysterically and started throwing things (damaging two mobile phones). My husband contacted my friend, who took me to the church the next morning. Upon arriving, I went to the prayer room to rest. Later, a lady pastor asked me to read

verses from the Gospel of John. My eyes were blurred and I could not read. I then went home. In the evening, I started throwing things everywhere again. I also ran barefoot around the neighborhood. I was brought to the church. Everything became normal after some rest. At night, I was taken to the service center of the Calvary Church in Taman Merdeka. Again, I heard the voice and vomited. I asked for water but no one attended to me. That same night, I stayed at the Calvary Church and did not go home.

*April 19, 2007*

During the day, I spoke nonsense; claiming to be a certain god. I also possessed great strength. They tried to bring me under control, so they tied up my hands and feet. After the night service, a group of them gathered around me. They sang and, at the same time, called my name and shook my body. At the time, I was lying down. I could hear the voices of my deceased relatives, following which I heard a voice telling me that it wanted my whole family to die. It also told me who was to die at what time and on what date. In my sub-consciousness, I felt very sorrowful and began wondering who could ever save me. I saw my sister, Mee-ngor, and brother-in-law, Peng-fook, reaching out to me with outstretched hands. Both of them are members of the TJC.

*April 20, 2007*

I was still at the Calvary Church when I heard a knock on the door. When I opened the door, I saw my husband and my son, Chuan-huat. After freshening myself, I quickly carried my son to the car and told my husband to leave immediately. They stopped me but I insisted on leaving. I thought of contacting members of the TJC. So I told my husband to go to Bukit Baru to look for Peng-fook’s aunt, but my husband refused and sent me home instead. He locked me in the car until my third sister and sister-in-law arrived.



They touched my forehead with an idol and asked the devil to leave me. They then took me to a temple in Tangkak and gave me water which was mixed with talisman ashes to drink, but I spat it all out. When I reached home, I felt like I was going to die. However, I prayed in my heart hoping for the true God to save me. At that moment, there was a loving and tender voice telling me to go to Kuala Lumpur. At the same time, there was another sharp voice telling me not to go. This voice said, “Do not go. If you go to Kuala Lumpur, when passing the Nilai Memorial Park, you will surely die.” The loving voice said, “If you hear any voices, be silent and do not answer.” I slept well throughout the journey and reached Kuala Lumpur.

### ENTERING THE TRUE CHURCH

When I was in Kuala Lumpur, my brother-in-law (Peng-fook) and Dn. Caleb Chang came to visit me after the Friday evening service. I caught hold of Dn. Chang; requested to the church to pray for me and asked him to save me. When I was praying in the church, I fell backwards. The deacon told me not to fall back. After the prayer, I could speak (I had lost my voice earlier due to continuous screaming). That night, I went to stay with my sister, Mee-ngor. In the middle of the night, I was disturbed again. Therefore, I woke my sister and my brother-in-law up to pray. After praying, I had peace. After this incident, I went back to Malacca. From then onwards, I was determined to attend services at the TJC in Malacca and to ask for the Lord Jesus’ mercy to set me free. I was very aware that the evil spirit had not left me and very often made me suffer. The deacon and church board members decided to cast out the demons from me on October 27, 2007. Finally, in the holy name of the Lord Jesus Christ, all the demons were driven out and I regained my freedom. Through the precious blood of the Lord, my sins have been washed away and I have become a child of God. Through these incidents, I can confirm that the

TJC is truly the church where God abides. The grace and mercy of the Lord has been so great that I will never be able to repay Him. I would like to give thanks and glorify the name of the Lord Jesus Christ with this testimony. Amen. 🌿

# The Lord Released Me from Demonic Possession

Serudung Baru Church, Sabah, East Malaysia

Sister Anisah Guntingan

Written by Brother Leong Yun-kui (Balung Church)



Hallelujah! In the name of the Lord Jesus, I testify.

On April 26, 2016, an evil spirit began to disturb Sis. Anisah Guntingan of the Serudung Baru church. When the evil spirit possessed her, a hot energy would emanate from her posterior and throughout her whole body. This problem had been troubling her family for a long time. Her brother, Loiar Guntingan, was unable to focus on his work because he had to take care of her whenever she became possessed.

The demonic possession happened more and more frequently. Sis. Anisah was badly tortured by the possession and her suffering slowly turned worse. The church committee eventually found out the severity of this matter during one of the regular church meetings. After the meeting, Dn. Peter Fung, Dn. Marco, Bro. Liang Yun-kui and Bro. Lu Su-fan paid her a visit.

When they reached her place, they found out that the evil spirit had possessed and tortured Sis. Anisah to the point of exhaustion. She sat on the floor and leaned against the wall. Dn. Fung inquired of

her brother if their father had kept any talismans at home. Unexpectedly, her father admitted that there were still some items which were kept in the house as talismans. Sadly, although he was a church member, he had not been attending services regularly, which explained the lack of faith and understanding of the truth.

He had kept some items and was not sure whether they were talismans. Bro. Loiar immediately pointed to some items hanging on the wall. There was a stone, a canine and some animal teeth.

Bro. Lu quickly removed these items and passed them to Dn. Fung. They prayed in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, and beseeched the Lord Jesus to have compassion. The two deacons then casted out the demon in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. After the prayer, Sis. Anisah's face no longer looked pale and blanched. The two deacons took the talismans back to the church. There, they broke and burnt the talismans in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. As



they were burning the amulets, the stone leaped out of the fire. Dn. Fung caught it and threw it back into the fire. They waited until everything in the fire had been burnt to ash.

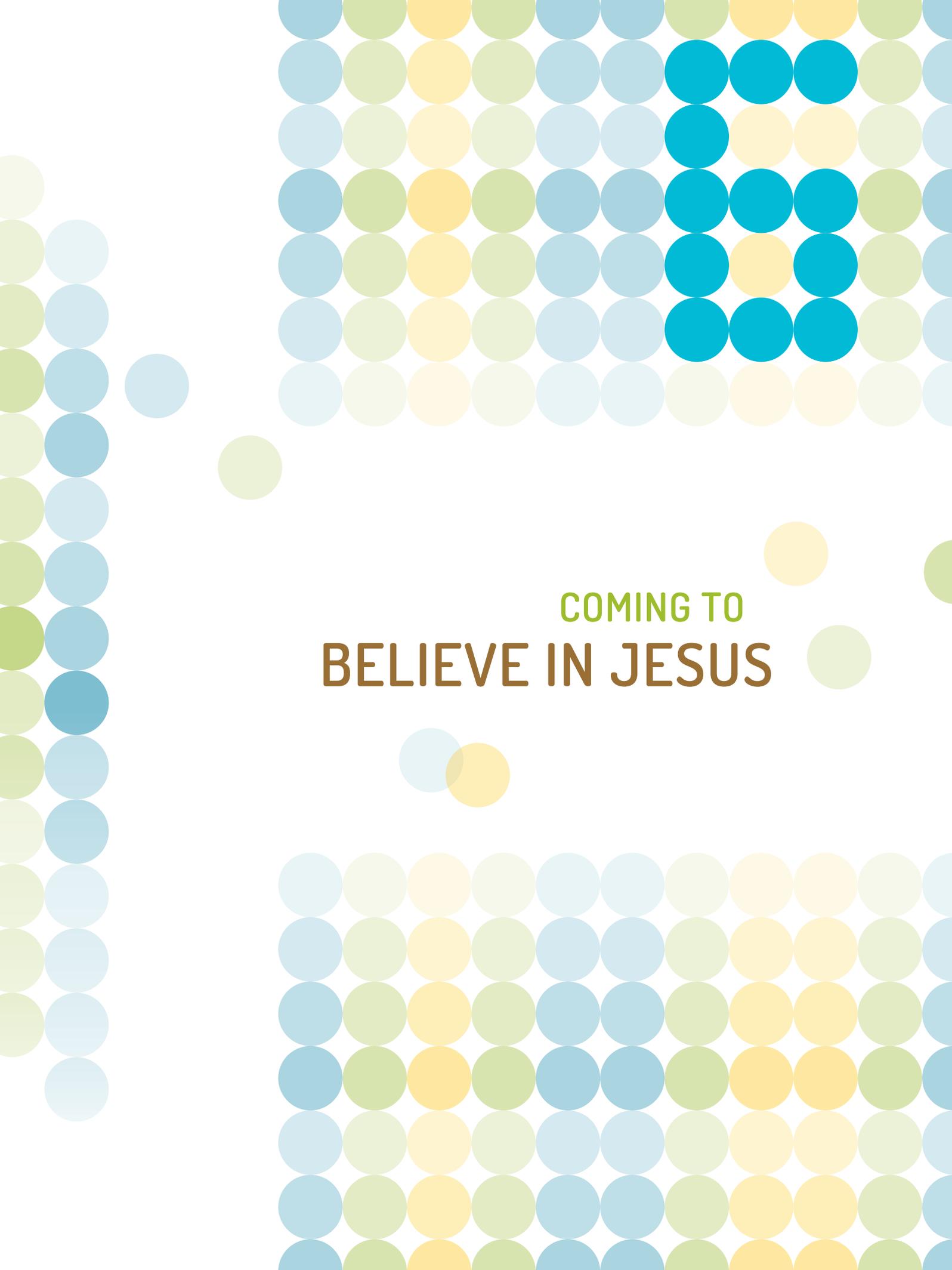
Praise the Lord! Upon destroying the amulets, Sis. Anisah returned to her normal state. May all glory and honor be given to the holy name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen! 🌿



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COMING TO  
**BELIEVE IN JESUS**

# God Touched Me

Boston House of Prayer, Massachusetts, United States

Preacher Vuthy Nol-Mantia



In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I testify. I was born in Cambodia and came to the United States (U.S.) in 1981, when I was nine years old. From 1975 to 1979, there was a genocide in Cambodia; out of 6 million people, 3.5 million died during those years. Every day, people died from starvation or execution—including my relatives and loved ones. I always asked myself, “What kind of God created people, then allowed them to die like that? How can this God be a good God? Can’t He see that all these people are dying?”

After I came to this country, I started having nightmares. It was the same nightmare every night. Five evil spirits would grab me: two of them would tie my hands, two of them would tie my feet, and one would choke me. I was so afraid of going to sleep. When I grew up, I worked two or three jobs because I did not want to sleep. All this time, I was so fearful and lonely. When I read the words of Buddhism that said that the world was full of suffering, I had truly believed in this.

## TURBULENT YEARS

In all my past life, I had been seeking the truth and looking for God, but I still felt so lonely in my heart. I said to myself that life must be better than this. While I was in college, I went to a party at a fraternity house. I saw people dancing, drinking, and having so much fun. I said, “Wow, this is what happiness is, huh?” So during my first and second year in college, I went out drinking and dancing. When I went to parties, I would get up on stage and dance like crazy. People would yell my name, “Vuthy! Vuthy!” But yet I could not find happiness. Finally, I said to myself, “This is not the way.”

I was almost expelled from school during my sophomore year. It was then I realized what was happening to me. So, during my junior year I settled down a little bit but I still felt very lonely. I thought that when I graduate from college, I would get a job and make some money; maybe that would make me happy. Nevertheless, after I graduated and procured a good job, my heart still felt empty.



## SEARCHING FOR THE TRUTH

I was still constantly searching for the truth all that time, but I could not find any religion that I could believe in. For a while, I went to a Christian church where I was baptized for the first time. But God did not move me and I did not experience God in that church; so I left. After that, my mom brought me to a Greek Orthodox church. That was the second time I was baptized. However, I would fall asleep every time I went there. This was because they spoke in Greek and I couldn't understand what they were saying.

Having left this second church I said to myself, "Forget it, God doesn't exist." For this reason, I just focused on working at my agency in Boston. One woman who worked there belongs to the True Jesus Church (TJC). One day, she saw my Bible on my desk; then she invited me to attend a Bible study. I thought, "Why not, I have nothing to lose," so I went to that Bible study. At the end of the Bible study, they knelt down and prayed in tongues. It really scared me, and I thought they were a group of crazy people.

One sister at church must have been praying for me. This was because I couldn't wait to go to Bible study the next week. During that Bible study, I felt God moved me. I began joining Bible study sessions, and then I attended church services regularly. I felt that God was there, even though we gathered in a prayer house only. I started to pray sincerely every night because I felt the movement of God. Every biblical teaching that I learned and followed came true.

## GOD TOUCHED ME

One night, while I was asleep, a power came over me and said, "Vuthy, get up and pray." So I said, "Okay," and I began praying. When I said, "Hallelujah," this power came into me and my tongue started rolling. Every time I said, "Hallelujah," I would fall prostrate. I started to weep from joy because I felt so much love

and mercy from God. That was the first time I felt joy in my heart, and I knew it was from God. During that prayer, God made me realize what kind of person I was; and all the sins I had committed in my high school and college years.

While I was praying, God moved me to say, "Turn to 1 Peter." I didn't even know where 1 Peter was in the Bible. So I got up, switched on the lights, and turned to 1 Peter chapter 1. As I was reading, the words of God came alive, almost as if they were three-dimensional. I could not believe it; every word appeared as if it was living, and it really touched me.

## SPIRITUAL WARFARE

But a few days later, my nightmares came back. I hadn't had those nightmares for a couple of years. They were the same five spirits, and this time, they were choking me especially hard. I could neither breathe nor yell. But when I said, "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ," they left.

I asked the brothers and sisters in church why I still had nightmares if I already had the Holy Spirit. They asked me if I had any idols in my house. I told them that I did have a little gold Buddha head, and they told me that I had to throw it away. So in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I flushed it down the toilet.

The following night, I had another nightmare, but this time there was only one spirit. This big, black spirit was choking me, and I could not see its face. It really scared me because it was something new. I said, "In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ," and I started choking the spirit back. I turned the spirit over on my bed, and I saw that its face was corroded and full of worms. Suddenly, it disappeared.

So once again, I asked the sister at church why I still had these nightmares. I didn't know what it was; and I didn't think I had anything else in my house. She told me that I should check again. So I searched and



searched, and finally, I found another Buddha head that my mom had given me a long time ago. I had forgotten that it was in my jewelry box. So again, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I flushed it down the toilet.

### MY FATHER'S "PRACTICE"

Later, I began telling my father about God. My father was 73 years old, and ever since he was a young man in Cambodia, he had always practiced witchcraft. It was known all over his town that no one could kill him by shooting or stabbing. When I was a child I felt proud of this, but I did not really believe it.

When my family came to the U.S. in 1981, we were terribly mistreated. Our house was burned down twice. The second time, my father went outside and started fighting with the people who were trying to burn down our house. One of the guys took a baseball bat and tried to hit my father, but my father put his hand up and broke the baseball bat in half. After that, I started believing that my father could really practice witchcraft. The first time my father went to a Christian church after he came to the U.S., he became terribly ill that he almost died. His "spirit master" of witchcraft came and told him that he would kill him if he continued going church. So from 1981 until 1999, my father stopped going to church.

In June 1999, I went fishing with my father. By then, I had been attending the TJC and I really believed that

God existed and felt His love. So I said to myself, "This is a great opportunity for me to talk to my father about God." I told him, "I've never asked you to do anything in my entire life. But I've found God, and I want you to go to church only five times. If after five times you don't feel anything, you don't have to go back ever again." He agreed, "Okay son, I'll do it for you."

On that night, my niece was in my father's room. Suddenly, she started screaming, "Grandma, grandpa, someone's trying to kill me!" My father looked around but there was no one there. Then, he realized that it was his spirit master again. He told me about it the next day, but I told him not to worry because God is the most powerful God, and only He could claim our life.



### GETTING RID OF THE OLD

During the Bible study in the following Friday, I asked the brothers and sisters what I should do with all the Buddhism paraphernalia in my father's room. They said that the best thing to do was to pray and to remove them. But who would dare to go into his room and remove them? My father would never do it, and I did not have enough faith to do it myself. So, the only thing we could do was pray.

Thank God, my father came to church that Saturday. After the prayer, I asked him how he felt. He said, "I felt cold and chilly." I thought, "That's not a good thing." Sure enough, I found out that he was wearing a big





Buddha head around his neck. So I told him, “That’s the problem; you need to get rid of that. You need to get rid of all the other things in your room too, if you really want to pray to God.”

So with God’s help, my father removed all his Buddhism paraphernalia (including his necklace), and he began praying every night.

### A NEW LIFE

The next Sabbath, my father came to church and knelt down to pray again. I had never described to him what the Holy Spirit felt like.

After the prayer, he said that he felt this tingling sensation throughout his body, and it felt pleasant. I really thanked God.

During that same week, my father’s left leg began to hurt so badly that he could not even walk. He didn’t understand why this was happening to him. On the way to church he said to me, “If your God is the true God, let Him fix my leg.” So I thought, “We have him, Lord.” My father is a man of his word. I knew that all we would have to do was to have faith and pray; and God would heal him.

His leg hurt for one week, and then one night, he woke up crying from the pain. The minute he got up, he felt this power from his foot all the way to his knee, and he was able to walk. He called and told me about it,

and I was so joyful. The brothers and sisters at church had prayed fervently for him.

On our way to the next Sabbath service, he told me, “Son, I will follow your faith; I have already told your mother that I will follow your faith and follow your God.” I really thank God. My father had practiced Buddhism all his life, just like his grandparents and great-grandparents before him. For him to believe in God and to come to church is a miracle.

What I learned from this experience is that when I prayed with sincerity and faith, everything was possible through God. May all the glory and praise be unto Jesus’ name. 🌿



# My Christian Journey

## Coos Bay, Oregon, United States

Brother Thomas Erickson



### AN UNHAPPY PAST

Many years ago, in 1968, I made a commitment to Christ. I was truly zealous for the Lord but I had no knowledge of the truth. Anything I tried to accomplish for Him had come to no avail. I spent many years trying to tell others about Jesus, but it was very frustrating to me.

Even though I made a commitment to Christ, I still had a lot of problems. I was able to stop smoking, drinking, and using foul language, but I was unable to rid myself of the darkness that was in my soul. Discouraged and despondent, I entered into a period of depression.

If somebody were to ask me what it felt like, the only way I can describe it was the feeling of being at the bottom of a hole without any place to escape. I could not make rational decisions, and accepting responsibilities became a monumental struggle. I was desperate.

At that time, I was also married with four children, but my marriage was a shipwreck.

### A SECOND CHANCE

I remarried a little over 11 years ago, but both my wife and I had entered into this union with baggage from our past. About five years into the marriage, we determined to seek after the Lord.

We started to attend church. We realized that we really did not know each other. So we took three days off work to spend time with one another, to read the Bible, and to learn how to communicate with each other.

We also set some goals, one of which was praying together every morning. This may be common with some people, but it had not been common to me or my circle of friends. Another goal was to read God's words every day.



My wife worked the afternoon shifts from 12 pm to 6 pm, and I worked night shifts from 6 pm to 2 am. She would wake me up in the morning, and we would have devotions. After she left for work, I would have nothing to do, so I began to spend my afternoons in prayer.

As we kept up our devotions and prayer, we felt the Lord moving us and instilling in us a desire for a closer relationship with Him. He slowly began to show us our need to be baptized in Jesus' name.

This was not acceptable to the church I was attending at that time. So we kept seeking God, praying to Him for His guidance. While we were seeking God, I became sick and unable to work five days a week.

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*As time passed and I healed, that closeness I felt with God suddenly disappeared. I almost wanted my cancer back so that I could regain that closeness.*

.....

### DEALING WITH SICKNESS

I knew that something was drastically wrong with my body. So, I went to a specialist and he discovered that I had bladder cancer.

We went through minor and major surgeries, and I entered a new phase in my life with a tolerance for pain I had never experienced before. I was unable to take the prescribed medication; so I reduced the dosage as much as I could.

During this period, the most painful time was at night—after my wife, Willa, had gone to bed and I was alone. I continued to draw nearer to God and I felt as if His spirit embraced me in my suffering. His grace truly is sufficient for us.

As time passed and I healed, that closeness I felt with God suddenly disappeared. I almost wanted my can-

cer back so that I could regain that closeness. But through my wife's and my reading of the Bible and praying for our children, our relationship with our children improved.

### DEALING WITH LOSS

On one occasion, I tried to talk to my youngest son, even though he did not have the desire to communicate. One day, Willa and I felt impelled to intercede for my youngest son in prayer. At that time, I had not received the fullness of the Holy Spirit, so we prayed for our son but could not receive any specific guidance. On September 8, 1999, I received a phone call that my son had committed suicide.

It is so true that we indeed reap what we sow. When we are young and have our life ahead of us, we have a great opportunity to be an example to our families. We have a great opportunity to serve God, and to influence our neighbors in a positive way.

When we seek God and worship Him, we have to do so with everything within us. We must walk in His love, be obedient to His word, and be in touch with His wisdom and apply it to our lives. But I had not yet reached that point in my life when my son died.

### COMING HOME TO GOD'S TRUE CHURCH

After this incident, my family rejected us, but we continued seeking God. We knew that there must be more to serving God than what we were experiencing. This went on for a period of time, and we began to attend another church.

I thought this was the one: "Finally, I'm going to find fulfillment and peace." And yet, by what His words declared and the way He was guiding my heart, I knew that this church would not take us to where we wanted to go.

I began searching for His word diligently and used the Internet to look for more information concerning

the truth. I searched hundreds of websites and read many doctrinal statements from different churches, but I still could not find what I needed.

One day, a woman at our church lent us a book. That book had a description of many churches, including the True Jesus Church (TJC). I liked what this church had to say. I was so desperate that I emailed the General Assembly of the United States (USGA).

I knew that they were very busy, but I wanted an immediate answer. I went through the list of email addresses and found one for Southern California, but I should have emailed the one for Northern California, which was closer to where I was living.

I got a response within a couple of days. This person invited me to the TJC. The thing that struck me so profoundly was what he wrote: "I will be your servant guide." I thought to myself, "This must be a true Christian." They referred me to the local church in Pacifica, California.

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*When we prayed for the fullness of the Holy Spirit,  
I knew that He had heard our requests and prayers.  
I knew that He had been preparing us for something.*

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Bro. Stephen Ku emailed me and invited me down for the church's spiritual convocation. I was so excited. I was so hungry. I was baptized into the name of the Lord Jesus. I came and I found peace.

Even though the Spirit had come upon me in times past, it was never as powerful as it was on the day that I began speaking in a new tongue as I came out of the water. I had found hope for my children because the great Comforter, who abides within me and intercedes for me, is also dealing with their hearts as I pray.

I have learned not to be selfish but to lay down my life. I am older, but I must not consider myself old yet. I do not know how much time I have left, but with what strength that I have, I give it to the Lord. There is no greater calling, no greater blessing, than to serve the Lord. We must seek God, serve Him with all our heart, be an example, and walk in purity.

### FELLOWSHIP IN GOD'S WORD

In the summer of 2002, I had the wonderful opportunity to attend the National Youth Theological Seminar (NYTS) at Pacifica church. There are a couple of things that I learned there.

The first thing I realized, after a couple of days, was that I was no longer a teenager and that I could only do what was within my capabilities. I learned and gained a new determination to pray and to seek God.

During those two weeks, there was an intimacy and a fellowship that I had never experienced before. When we prayed for the fullness of the Holy Spirit, I knew that He had heard our requests and prayers. I knew that He had been preparing us for something.

Willa and I live in Coos Bay, Oregon, in an recreational vehicle (RV) park. The RV park in Coos Bay is a field that is ripe and ready for harvest. Yet I know that I have neither the strength nor the courage to confront the challenges of introducing the gospel to my neighbors. This has caused me to cry out to Him for the fullness of His Spirit, to enable me to proclaim His word.

### A CALL TO ACTION

Before I attended the NYTS, my wife, who was not yet baptized, was bolder than I in preaching the gospel. But I've changed.

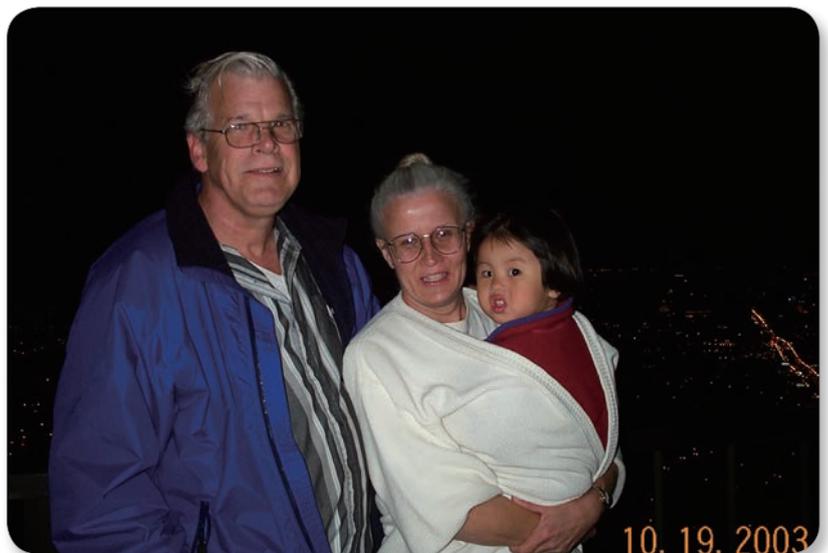
This seminar has been the greatest experience of my life. I will never forget what I have gained and experienced. I recognize the need for change in my home.



I also recognize where that change must begin with myself—the way I conduct myself, the boldness with which I should proclaim His word, and the perseverance to swim against the tide.

*“Jesus came to speak to them ... all authority has been given to me in heaven and earth. Go therefore, and make disciples of all nations, teaching them to observe all things that I command you. And I’ll be with you till the end of the age.” (Mt 28:18–20)*

I can no longer take God’s words lightly, nor can I take any shortcut in prayer or water down the gospel. We must speak the truth. Amen. 🌿



I planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase. (1 Corinthians 3:6)

# Seek and You Shall Find

## Christchurch Church, New Zealand

Brother Lai Yu-han



Hallelujah, in the name of the Lord Jesus, I testify.

I was born into a traditional Taiwanese family. When I was a child, I had a very narrow view of Christianity. I never thought that I would change my belief in the future.

All this change began when our entire family immigrated to New Zealand. At that time, I was 11 years old and I hardly knew any English. My younger cousin brother, who was one year younger than me, had already come to New Zealand for two years. As we were in the same class, we could take care of each other. His mother (my aunt) is a Catholic; and New Zealand is a Roman Catholic country. As such, we were sent to a Catholic primary school. From this moment onwards, I was exposed to Catholicism. Every day, in the first period of the class, the teacher would lead everyone to pray together. When the prayer concludes, we would recite the Lord's Prayer and the Hail Mary. At this school, students were required to memorize the Lord's Prayer and Hail Mary. At that time, I was curious about prayer; oddly enough, I had no special

feeling towards the Hail Mary, but I fostered a favorable impression towards the Lord's Prayer. One could say that my interest in Christianity stemmed from the Lord's Prayer.

At that time, the school might have asked my parents about baptizing my older brother and I as Catholics. Since my parents had a good impression of Christianity and took into account that we were living in New Zealand—a country with a Christian majority—they thought that it would be beneficial for us to be baptized. Therefore, after much consideration, they decided to allow us to receive baptism. Before our baptism, the school arranged a series of religious education courses. At the time, my English was not proficient; although I could listen, I could not understand the lessons. I did not even know who the "Father" was in the text. A while later, after completing all that the necessary procedures, we were ready to be baptized.

The baptism took place in the church. The first step was to walk towards the priest where there was a



basin of water; a person beside him held the basin. When the priest was about to baptize us, we had to bend over and place our face above the basin. The priest would then pick up the basin and would pour water over our forehead three times, while saying: “In the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Spirit, I baptize you.” Pouring the water three times signified each of the three entities of the Trinity. Therefore, I went through the Catholic baptism ritual without understanding this faith. What I felt was that the Catholics place great emphasis on rituals and ceremonies, yet they were indifferent as to whether one has truly believed in the Lord or understood this belief. As long as one complete the procedures, one could be baptized. In middle school, I still went to a Catholic school. However, I did not earnestly pursue the faith all along, apart from having memorized the Lord's Prayer. I returned to Taiwan at 14 years old; I did not know why I had a kind of inexplicable movement in the bottom of my heart. This was when I began to seriously pursue Catholicism. When I turned 17, I realized that the Catholics not only pray to Jesus, but also to Mary and other saints.

But didn't the Bible teach us to worship only the true God? Why do the Catholics not only worship the true God but also worship other people? I found out that the beliefs of the Catholic Church were not in accordance with the Bible. From that year onwards, I left the Catholic Church and began wandering in other Christian denominations. I had been to a local Chinese Church, an Anglican Church, a Presbyterian Church ... and other denominations which I cannot even remember now.

Once, a pastor of a certain church, called me and asked me some questions. I told him that I had been to different churches in the past. During the conversation, it seemed that he wanted to convince me to go to his church for service. I replied him, “It does not matter to me which church it is, as long as it is a Chris-

tian church is fine.” At that time, I considered myself as a Christian that does not differentiate between denominations; so I held on to the idea, “As long as it is a church that believes in Jesus, then it is not a problem.”

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*This sermon gave me an eye-opening lesson; it made me realize how unfamiliar I was with the Bible. After I had listened to such a sermon, I felt as though the leaf that had been floating in the wind had finally found its resting place on a solid rock.*

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### COME INTO CONTACT WITH THE TRUE CHURCH

When I was 18 years old, there was another Taiwanese student who was beginning to look for his own faith. He felt that being a Buddhist was too troublesome as one could not even kill an ant. Taoism has too many rules, so he came to ask me the rules that Christians need to obey; he wanted to see whether Christianity would suit him or not. I told him that he as long as he obeys the Ten Commandments, that would be fine. He pondered for a moment, and then he went home. After some time, he came and told me that the Ten Commandments were still too much and asked if there was a simpler way. I told him, “It is very simple, just love God and love others as yourself.” I guess after he had heard that, he felt that Christianity suited his requirements; so he began to come into contact with Christianity. At that time, his mother knew of a Chinese church, so she suggested him to go there. That church happened to be the True Jesus Church (TJC) in Christchurch.

After truth-seeking for a while, my friend invited me to attend services. When I first entered the church, I did not pay attention to the name of the church as I felt that a Christian need not distinguish between churches. He told me beforehand, “They use a strange language to pray! They said it's praying with the Spirit.”

At that time, I did not understand what he meant, so I asked casually, “What language? Is it Hebrew?” But he said he's unsure because he only started truth-seeking not long before.

On that night, there was a hymnal and prayer session during the service. I was looking forward to hearing Hebrew at the service. I did not expect that only Chinese and English were spoken until the end; that made me a little disappointed. At the end of the service, when everyone started praying, I was shocked! They were praying in tongues, the volume was very loud, and their bodies were shaking. I had been to many churches of different denominations, yet I had never seen anything like this before. And from the very beginning of the prayer, I kept observing the people who were praying around me. Nevertheless, I felt that it would not be right if I did not pray, so I used the Catholic way of praying, which was to recite the Lord's Prayer in my heart until the prayer was over.

Subsequently, my friend invited me to attend a service again as it was a rare opportunity to listen to an elder's sermon. I used to rely on my own knowledge to judge whether someone's spoken content was correct. Thus, in the past, whenever I listen to the sermons in other churches, I would agree on some things and disagree on others. Yet, I would always feel like a leaf being blown around by the wind because there was no sense of stability. However, on that day the content of the elder's hour-long sermon was impeccable; and during the sermon, he constantly lead the congregation to refer to the Bible (other churches did not do this). This sermon gave me an eye-opening lesson; it made me realize how unfamiliar I was with the Bible. After I had listened to such a sermon, I felt as though the leaf that had been floating in the wind had finally found its resting place on a solid rock. It was like a slumber and suddenly, the soul was awakened. Indeed, I encountered a physical feeling that, “This is the truth!” That was something which I had

never experienced before. But because my personality was somewhat introverted, I did not really want to get to know anyone. For this reason, there was no interaction with the believers in the church.

The following year, I went to Australia for my university education; I did not continue truth-seeking. When I was there, I seldom went to church; even when I did, I would attend another Chinese church. Moreover, my family in Christchurch had encountered many things during the year when I was away. There was no peace at home, so my parents started truth-seeking at the TJC. My friend and his mother were baptized on that year too. At that point, I just thought that it was a good news that they have come to believe in the Lord; and it didn't matter which church they were attending. A year later, I returned from Australia to resume my studies in Christchurch.

The day after I returned to Christchurch, my mother was scheduled for a surgery. After she was discharged, she brought me to the TJC to seek the truth. After I entered the chapel, I had some impression. Moreover, my friend was now a believer, there were friends in the church that I had met before, and my parents were also there; thus I did not feel like a stranger. At that time, I had just returned from Australia and I felt interpersonal relationship was very tiring. Therefore, I still did not want to have any social activities; I purely wanted to attend church services and listen to sermons only. Every Saturday after the morning service and lunch, I would immediately drive home to try avoid any interaction with others. This went on for four months. During this time, the Pastoral Affairs council member invited me to join the Senior Youth Class but I always declined.

About four months later, members of the Senior Youth Class repeatedly wanted to visit me at home and invited me to eat together, but I rejected again and again. After rejecting them multiple times, I felt



slightly embarrassed, so I agreed to let them visit. About 10 people visited that day; everyone was smiling, talking and laughing. I thought, “These people are so good, am I not letting them down? Although I had been truth-seeking for four months, it was only then that my heart really entered the church.

Shortly after, the evangelical and spiritual convocation was held. I did not understand the five basic doctrines despite having listened attentively during the services. Although I had wished to be baptized, the preacher realized that I did not understand the doctrines at all after our discussion. For this reason, the preacher suggested that I continue truth-seeking for another period of time. Half a year later, I submitted the form to request for baptism again. This time I took the church booklets to do homework. The preacher once again asked me to expound on the five basic doctrines; finally I could be baptized. Hence, I was baptized at the age of 20 (October 6, 2002) in New Zealand's South Island.

### MIRACULOUS EXPERIENCE DURING BAPTISM

I started praying for my baptism one or two weeks before the baptism. Mainly, I had prayed that the baptism would go smoothly and it would not rain, as I thought that a rainy day would be very troublesome. In my prayer, I had also thought about whether the water temperature would be too low. However, after thinking that I would emerge from the water in less than a minute, I concluded that it should not be a problem. It was drizzling on the baptism day, but when we arrived at the beach, it stopped raining and the sun even came out a little. After singing the hymns, I was the first one to enter the water and when the waves hit my feet, I regretted not praying to the Lord for an appropriate water temperature. I had not swum in New Zealand waters for a long time and had forgotten that the water would be cold even in summer!

When the waves splashed onto my calves, the ice-cold sea water made me feel that I was in a refrigerator. By the time the waves had come up to my thighs, my calves had already become numb. I relied solely on my willpower to feel that my legs were still under my control and to make sure that I was still moving. When I stood waist-deep in the water, my whole body shivered. I knelt between the preacher and Pastoral Affairs council member; concentrated on praying to repent from my sins to the point that I forgot I was in the water. Suddenly, the preacher pressed my head into the water and because I was not prepared to take a deep breath, I drank a mouthful of salt water. I stood up and kept coughing; had a salty taste in my mouth. While coughing, I asked the preacher whether the baptism was successful. Because my whole body was not fully immersed in water, the preacher replied no and that I needed to go through another time.

The second time I knelt down, it was very amazing; the water suddenly became warm and my body no longer shivered. Once again, I prayed fervently and forgot that I was in the water. This time when the preacher pressed my head into the water, I forgot to inhale although I remembered to hold my breath. Hence, I felt that there was almost no oxygen while I was in the water. Nevertheless, I kept on reminding myself to pray and after the prayer, I came out from the water. It was quite windy that day and the brother who accompanied me to the changing room with a towel felt very cold. Though my whole body was wet and the wind was blowing, I did not feel cold at all, but instead I felt very warm. The baptism was thus completed. The Lord Jesus made the ice-cold water warm. The preacher and Pastoral Affairs council member also mentioned that when I was in the water the second time, they felt that the entire sea water had become warm.

## EMPTYING MYSELF AND ADJUSTING MY MENTALITY

After my baptism, I was truly zealous and keen to participate in the divine work in Christchurch. However, a couple years before my baptism, I held on to the wrong concept and could not accept that the TJC is only church of salvation. Because I thought that there were many other Christians in other churches who love the Lord, so I wondered if God's love was so limited? Hence, I joined in the online forum of one of our Canadian churches and debated with the brethren of various countries on this issue to the point where the forum administrator had to seek assistance from the International Assembly.

When I was 23 years old, I returned to Taiwan to work. Every night, while reading the Bible, I would pay attention to the concept of salvation. Nevertheless, uncomprehendingly, the Bible became increasingly difficult to read and understand day after day. One night, I could barely understand the words before my eyes. It was as if the Lord Jesus made my head stuck with cement; I even almost lost the ability to process the words. I then quieted my heart and organized the verses from Paul's letters that were related to salvation. It was only then I suddenly realized that my eyes were suddenly opened and awakened by the Lord Jesus. The Bible allowed me to realize one thing: the TJC is the only church of salvation.

In the past when I read the Bible, I always held onto my preconceived notions. After I thought that it was reasonable and in accordance with the faith, I would then find the Scriptures support my point of view or use some verses to establish and confirm my stance. In this way, it would be very easy to have preconceived notions and to quote out of context. That night, the Lord personally taught me how to study the Bible by emptying myself instead of thinking that I already understood. I should first organize the related verses, and then establish the concept from the Bible. Let the

Bible be our teacher, instead of having preconceived notions or quoting out of context. To make the Bible our teacher, we must take into consideration that the Bible itself is higher than our original thoughts and concepts; and have an attitude of being led by the Bible. The Lord Jesus taught me not to apply a method for Bible study, but instead to have a Bible reading attitude. Once the attitude is correct, we will also gradually experience how to study the Bible. In the process of Bible study, I reckoned that the attitude toward the Bible should be higher than everyone's concept. With the correct attitude, our point of view will be unbiased.

## CONCLUSION

This is my path of faith—from traditional Taiwanese beliefs to Catholicism, then scattering around various Christian denominations to pursue the truth, and finally to finding the TJC where I found the precious truth. In retrospect, initially when I was truth-seeking, I only listened to the teaching during services and I did not want to communicate with anyone. Later, when I felt the warmth of the church youths, I opened my heart and entered the church. During baptism, the Lord Jesus performed a miracle by making the ice-cold water warm. After baptism, though I had the wrong concept, He personally corrected me and taught me the correct attitude to study the Bible. My journey of faith can be said to be a journey to pursue the truth even until now. It is hoped that our brethren can empty ourselves—to let go the culture instilled in our growing-up environment, traditions and other concepts—and to read the Bible again. Through the Bible, we can establish the concept, pursue our faith and return to the truth. In this way, the true church will become stronger and firmer; hence glorify the Lord's name. May all the glory be given to the true God in heaven. Amen! 🌿



# I Was Lost But Now Am Found

Adam Road Church, Singapore

Brother Loh Heng-chew



*Editor's note: Bro. Loh's testimony illustrates how the Lord had been waiting patiently for him to accept Christ, just as the Bible says:*

*"You did not choose Me, but I chose you and appointed you that you should go and bear fruit, and that your fruit should remain." (Jn 15:16)*

Hallelujah, in the name of the Lord Jesus, I bear testimony. By God's grace, I was baptized in May 2012, at the age of 82. Amazingly, the Lord had waited for me for 40 years, before I became His child.

## FIRST ENCOUNTER

In 1972, I worked in the printing operations section of a local newspaper. During that time, I was one of the players in my company's table tennis team, and we frequently traveled to East Malaysia for competitions.

My manager at that time, Elijah Yeh Guan-wei, was a member of the True Jesus Church (TJC). As he was also the leader of the table tennis team, we would travel abroad together for competitions. While we

were abroad, I would often hear Elijah Yeh asking the local people if there were any TJC nearby. This left an impression on me, but I never asked him about his faith because I was not interested in religion at that time.

## WITNESSING THE EFFECTIVENESS OF PRAYER

On one occasion, while traveling by sea across the South China Sea to the island of Labuan in East Malaysia, we encountered a storm. I thought that we would surely perish in the sea—especially when the waves hit the ship violently, and we had to close the windows to prevent water from flooding our cabins. Whilst everyone panicked, I noticed that our team leader had knelt down and began praying in tongues. Moments later, I saw someone walking over to take control of the ship's helm. Amazingly, the storm soon subsided and the ship continued on its journey.

I vaguely remember that the person who took control was a passenger on board. Out of curiosity, I asked him what had happened. He said that his experi-

ence as a boatman was shallow, and fortunately we dodged the storm; otherwise, we would all be submerged.

I could not help it but wondered whether we would have died at sea, if our team leader had not prayed at that time.

### MORE THAN THREE DECADES LATER...

Before believing in Christ, I adhered to a traditional Chinese religion. I followed my late mother to worship many Chinese deities and to participate in the rituals.

In 2009, I discovered that my son and his family were attending church services, so I asked them which church they attended. To my surprise, it was the TJC! This jolted my memory and I recalled that incident nearly 40 years ago. My son then invited me to a family evangelistic luncheon organized by the TJC. I agreed and thereafter, I started to accompany them for Sabbath services. My first observation of the TJC was that many people knelt down and prayed in tongues. Yet, I was not surprised as I had seen my manager prayed in this manner before.

For the next three years, I attended services at the TJC and sought to understand the truth of salvation. The sermons opened my eyes to things that I formerly had not believed in. As I listened to the sermons, I learned many new things which helped to build my faith. Meanwhile, as I grew older, I began to think more about life after death. I even went to the public library to search for information on the difference between the TJC and other Christian denominations.

Studying the truth in the TJC motivated me to follow my children and grandchildren in their belief and to be of the same faith with them. However, I did not accept baptism until my mother passed away at the age of 102.

When I was hospitalized for three days due to an accident after the Chinese New Year in 2012, I suddenly realized how fragile life was. What if something more serious had happened and I had not been baptized? Would I lose the chance of salvation? This realization jolted me and convinced me of the need to receive baptism.

### MY RESOLUTION

After baptism, I resolved to go to church every Sabbath to worship God, to actively listen to sermons and to pray to God. Seeing my son and his family actively attending services also encouraged me to do likewise.

In retrospect, I am wholeheartedly thankful to the Lord to become a Christian while my body is still healthy and my mind is active. I encourage everyone to respond to Jesus' calling while our body is still strong, instead of waiting until the last moment of our life.

*"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation." (2 Cor 6:2b)*

May all glory and honor be given to God. Amen. 🌿



# All Things Are Possible with God

Adam Road Church, Singapore

Sister Lee Sew-chan



Hallelujah! In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I bear a testimony.

## LIVING IN DARKNESS

It all seems so far away now, almost an unbelievable bad dream. My eyesight started to deteriorate when I was in my mid-twenties, and by 2006, I was totally dependent on other people's assistance in my daily life. I chafed at my helplessness. Enveloped by a despair that I could not shake off, I often felt that life was meaningless. Worse, I became demon-possessed. It was truly and literally a time of darkness.

Pained by my suffering, one of my brothers suggested that I seek the help of the church he attended—the True Jesus Church (TJC)—to drive out the demon from me. I was so tired of living in my shell of a life that I was willing to try anything. But when I came to church, I came with sorrow in my heart. I also felt so useless because I needed the assistance of our brothers and sisters to bring me to church.

## FINDING THE LIGHT

Miraculously, through all the prayers of the brothers and sisters in Christ, as well as the laying of hands of preachers and deacons, the devil left my body just two weeks after I came to church in August 2006. Approximately two months later, God granted me the precious Holy Spirit. Thank God, I was baptized into the church on November 26, 2006.

I resolved to myself: “Since I have this precious opportunity to come to church, I must pay attention with all my heart, to know the truth and to understand the Bible.” In this way, I prepared myself to go to church every Wednesday, Friday and Saturday. I was determined to learn God's word in order to change and truly become a new creation. By listening attentively to sermons and through the guidance of the Holy Spirit, I came to understand the Bible better. The word of God was like a light—shining and bringing joy into my heart. Moreover, I learned to trust in God and rely on Him in my life. I told Him all of my sorrows in my daily prayer and asked Him to lead me in all things.

About one year after my baptism, I realized that the sorrow and emptiness in my heart had been replaced with happiness, peace and contentment! My bad dream had turned into a marvelous new life in Christ. When other brother saw the miracle that had happened to me in the TJC, he left his old church and came to the true church to “have a look”. After careful observation, he was convinced that the truth and the works of God abided in our church; and, after a year, he was baptized into the True Jesus Church.

The downpour of the Lord’s abundant grace did not just stop at me and my brothers. It was soon my son’s turn to see the light. Given my poor eyesight, my son took it upon himself to pick me up after service and take me home. Since he had to come to church anyway, he decided to come earlier and listen to the sermons. Convinced that there was truly a living God in the TJC, he was baptized in 2010.



### BRINGING THE LIGHT TO OTHERS

Having tasted such wondrous joy and contentment, and seeing the grace on my family, I then resolved to redouble my efforts to pray for my parents and their salvation.

My mother was a Buddhist and my father was an atheist. One day, I was talking to one of my brothers about how to preach to our parents. But my brother was skeptical, “How can you preach to an atheist? You will never convince him! You’d probably have to wait for the day that he has an incurable disease.” Despite

his words, I was not deterred and decided to put in more effort to pray for our father. So, in January 2011, I began to fast and pray for my family every Monday morning.

.....

*On just his second visit to our church, my father saw a vision of Jesus Christ in a bright robe. After he went home that day, he joyfully told my mother that there was indeed a living God at the TJC.*

.....

In June 2011, I returned to Malaysia to attend my mother-in-law’s funeral service. During the funeral, I preached to my father. My father’s response was unbelievable—he told the rest of my family that he wanted to go to church. The whole family just couldn’t believe their ears. When I heard his words, I literally jumped for joy!

I informed the local church and very soon after my conversation with him, various Malaysian preachers began visiting my father. In July 2011, he finally stepped into the TJC.

On just his second visit to our church, my father saw a vision of Jesus Christ in a bright robe. After he went home that day, he joyfully told my mother that there was indeed a living God at the TJC. This incident motivated my brother and me to intensify our preaching to our mother. However, she was a tougher nut to crack—she firmly refused to give up Buddhism.

One day in August 2011, my father was riding his motorcycle along a very narrow road that could only accommodate one vehicle at a time. So when he saw a car coming towards him, my father immediately swerved to the left to avoid the car. To his horror, he suddenly realized that he was about to roll down a very deep ravine. At that moment, he felt a strong force pushing his right arm, which caused him to



swerve the motorcycle back onto the road, thus saving his life. When he returned home, he told my mother about his close shave with death.

After that incident, my elder brother and I continued to share many testimonies with our mother. Finally, in September 2011, my mother suddenly announced that she wanted to go to church. Seeing the grace of God upon my father and hearing us continually share God's word had finally changed my mother's mind and motivated her to believe in Christ.

By October 2011, all the idols in my parents' house were taken away. When my father asked to be baptized, the church persuaded my mother to be baptized at the same time. Thank God, in November 2011, both my parents were baptized into Christ. I am now continuing to pray for my parents to receive the Lord's promised Holy Spirit.

### **NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE WITH GOD**

Through this personal experience, I have learned precious lessons of patience and trust. All things are possible with our Almighty God. He changes a nightmare of existence into a beautiful and meaningful life.

Moreover, our loving heavenly Father is not willing for anyone to perish—so even the most stubborn of our loved ones can come to believe in Jesus Christ if we persistently rely on God and ask for His guidance. Praise Him for all His goodness. Amen! 🌿

*(Extracted from Manna Magazine, Issue 65)*

# God's Love Called and Saved Our Family

Daan Mogot Church, Indonesia

Brother Willy Rentanzil Matindus



Hallelujah, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I testify.

My name is Willy Rentanzil Matindus and was born in Jakarta in 1958. I am an alumnus of the Kanaan Christian School in Jakarta, and a member of the True Jesus Church (TJC) in Daan Mogot.

When I was about 13 years old, my father passed away. Consequently, my family experienced extreme financial difficulties. In 1980, my brother and I worked hard to start a business. As years passed, we succeeded in business through our own efforts, but we did not rely on God. In 1985, our business went bankrupt.

In the same year, our younger brother died in a car accident during his journey from Puncak to Jakarta. At that time, we had no money for our brother's funeral. A lot of our friends helped us financially. I was very depressed as I had to face many difficulties. My fiancée, who was a member of another church, wanted us to be married that same year.

In 1987, we got married. After our marriage, my be-

havior became worse. Everyday I would seek after worldly pleasures, and only went home at around 2 am. I did not care much for my wife and children. My wife was very despaired.

In 1992, an incident happened that really surprised me. My wife and children ran away, and left me a letter. In the letter, she wrote that I did not have to search for them because they were going to commit suicide; and I could read their suicide report in the newspaper. After reading that letter, I felt really frightened and very regretful of my past behaviors. I panicked; I tried finding them everywhere and contacted friends, but to no avail.

Thank God, in confusion, a fellow alumnus of the Kanaan Christian School, who is a believer of the TJC in Jakarta, invited me to pray together and rely on God. That midnight, we prayed in the chapel of the TJC. At that moment, I received the promised Holy Spirit for the first time; I could speak in tongues, thank the Lord! (Acts 10:44-46). After the prayer, a whisper in my heart told me that my wife was at the Horison Hotel





in Jakarta. At that time, I did not know that voice came from the Holy Spirit. My friend and I went to the Horison Hotel, but we did not find them. I just stood at the entrance of the hotel until my friend suggested to go home together

and continue searching the next day as it was already very late. He comforted me that we had prayed and should commit everything to the Lord Jesus.

*“Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him; and he shall bring it to pass.” (Ps 37:5)*

*From what my wife had told me, God's power is real ... on the night I prayed ... She had planned to commit suicide, but a whisper told her to go home.*

On the second day, God answered our prayers. My wife and children were at my parents-in-law's house. Thank the Lord, I was finally able to reunite with my wife and children. The Lord had already answered my prayer.

From what my wife had told me, God's power is real. She told me that on the night I prayed, she was staying overnight at the Horison Hotel. She had planned to commit suicide, but a whisper told her to go home. At 2 am, suddenly our child was having high fever; causing her to panic. As she could not bear to see her sick child, she canceled the plan to commit

suicide. The next day, she returned to her parents' house. I told her that I had just finished praying at around 2 am that day. It was indeed God's arrangement that our child had high fever and consequently, my wife decided to go home. After that incident, I was aware of my wrongdoings, but I did not repent wholeheartedly.

In 1993, I started a pick-up service business alongside my past business, without relying on the Lord. I thought that with two businesses, I would have more income. In the end, both businesses failed without any results. However, I continued to work on my businesses. One day in March 1993, while I was doing the pick-up service in one of the cars, my foot was accidentally run over by the wheels. However, I did not feel any serious pain; I could still walk. A month later, while I was sitting at home, I felt a tremendous pain when my hand touched my thigh. My wife and I immediately went to the hospital to consult the orthopedic specialist. The x-ray showed that the bones on my foot were crushed. Moreover, the doctor warned us that if we did not properly deal with this problem, I would become paralyzed. As a consequence, I was forced to have a complete rest.



Thank the Lord for rebuking me through that incident. Therefore, I could not work and rested at home for four months. During that time, I often prayed and secretly read my wife's Bible without her knowledge because I felt ashamed. But later my wife found out. The words of God changed my heart and mind tremendously; I was convinced that His Word is living. One day while I was praying, I felt a burning sensation on my foot; and by God's mercy, my foot finally made a full recovery.

In March 1994, my wife and I were blessed by the Lord to go to Europe. Because of the cold weather in Europe, my wife and I were worried about my foot that had just recovered. During the tour, my wife and I prayed to God to strengthen my foot. Thank the Lord, the cold weather did not affect my foot, but it became stronger instead. After returning to Indonesia, my foot was fully recovered until today.

On August 6, 1994, my family was baptized into the TJC. God's love saved our entire family, and also changed my life to become a new man. As it is written in the Bible, "and be renewed in the spirit of your mind, and that you on the new man which was created according to God, in true righteousness and holiness" (Eph 4:23-24).

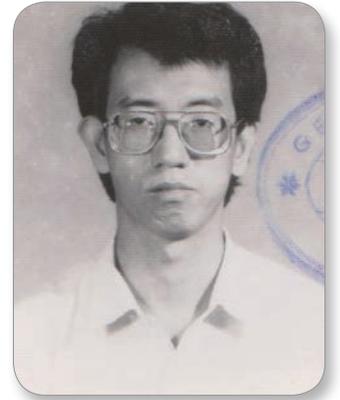
Indeed, God's love is so amazing. Now, our family live in His peace and love. May all glory be given unto the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, from now until forever, Amen. 🌿



# God Healed My 10-year Peeling Hand and Feet

Solo Church, Indoneisa

Brother Riyanto



Hallelujah, in the name of the Lord Jesus, I testify.

*“Who Himself bore our sins in His own body on the tree, that we, having died to sins, might live for righteousness—by whose stripes you were healed.” (1 Pet 2:24)*

I live in Kudus, Central Java. From 1983 onwards, the skin of my palm began to peel off. I thought that it was just a common skin change, so I ignored it. But the peeling skin continued; consequently, thinning the palm of my skin until the red muscles appeared. In addition, the peeling skin spread to my feet. The skin between my fingers and toes also peeled off; causing tremendous pain.

At that time, I began to worry because the peeling skin was actually not a trivial matter. I went to consult a dermatologist; and the doctor diagnosed me with eczema. However, I was told that the chances of healing were slim. I then went to see the dermatologist for many times, but the result was unsatisfactory.

When the people saw my skin condition, many of them suggested me to go for traditional treatment.

As I really wanted to be cured, I tried many types of treatment such as eating pangolin meat, applying pangolin skin powder, and soaking my hand and feet in water boiled with inboh leaves, among others. Yet my illness was not cured.

Because I could not stand the tingling sensation, I often soak my hands and feet in lime water. When the lime is in the water, it produces heat which was very soothing for my peeled skin. Yet, as a result, the dead skin of my hands and feet became coarser and very ugly. Later, I was wearied with all those futile treatments; I decided not to use any medication again.

In 1989, I moved to Solo. I met Sri Lestari, a member of the True Jesus Church (TJC), who later became my wife. After knowing her, I began to seek the truth at the TJC. In 1991, we got married; however, I was not baptized yet.

A year later, God blessed us with the birth of our first child, Della. When Della was a few months old, we wanted her to be baptized. But I still did not want to

be baptized in the TJC, because I was baptized at my childhood church in Kudus.

But the love of God was great. He sent a servant of God to preach the truth of baptism to me, through the work of the Holy Spirit. Previously, I had refused to be baptized again, but now I was moved to receive the true baptism, according to the Holy Bible, along with my daughter.

After the baptism, the church held the footwashing sacrament. I told my wife that I was ashamed to receive the footwashing sacrament because my peeling feet was ugly and smelly. I asked, “Would the preacher be willing to wash my feet?” My wife told me not to worry and assured me that the preacher would certainly be willing to wash my feet without feeling nauseous.

The work of God was obvious. Several months after the baptism and footwashing, my hands and feet gradually recovered on their own without using any medication; there is no recurrence until today. Moreover, the skin has become tender.

I am truly grateful to God because after waiting for 10 years to be healed until I gave up on all kinds of treatment; the mighty work of the Lord Jesus was actually upon me although I did not ask God to heal me.

God also added His grace to my family with the birth of our second child, Yesaya (Isaiah), in 1996. All glory be unto the name of the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen. 🌿



# My Journey of Believing in the Lord

## Manchester Place of Worship, United Kingdom

Sister Yip Hong-lee



In the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, I testify.

This is my recollection of how I have become a church member. It was in the year 1999 when I met a church sister named Sylvia Ho at university. As we became friends, we started to talk about the topic of God. I had always believed in a higher power, though I had never found one that could fulfill my expectations. My parents were Buddhists, and so Buddhism was also my belief, until I met Sis. Sylvia and started reading the Bible. Everything I read in the Bible fulfilled what I was searching for, in wisdom and understanding. Only then did I feel for the first time a sense of peace and relief. Come to think of it now, I truly believe that God had prepared His way for me to find the True Jesus Church. My journey in life had just begun, and many things were about to happen. I am grateful for Him to have been by my side.

At the end of high school, I applied for undergraduate studies in Leeds and Manchester. However, for some reason, there were problems with my application to Leeds. Whilst this was happening, I was of-

fered unconditional acceptance to Manchester. This meant that I was accepted regardless of what grades I would get for my A-levels. Manchester was one of my first choices anyway, so without much thought as to whether Leeds would have accepted me or not, I went to study in Manchester. It was there that I met Sis. Sylvia.

.....

*There were many times when I wanted to give up. Studying whilst having chemotherapy was extremely hard as I was already behind with many assignments.*

.....

After my first year of university, just after meeting Sis. Sylvia, I became really ill. That summer, I was about to return for my second year of university. I had been vomiting immediately after eating anything and had diarrhea with blood clots; so I was rushed to the hospital. I could not eat for a few months, as the doctors were running tests. The doctors could not tell what was wrong with me, even though they had found

something in my small intestines through the scans. They had to wait till the diarrhea stopped to operate on me and to find out what was in my small intestines. After the surgery and several tests, they finally diagnosed me with lymphoma and decided to proceed with chemotherapy. Although I was sad at that time, I was determined to go back to university. Life for me had only just begun. I was enjoying myself at university and did not want to give it up or fall behind. I did not want the illness to stop my life. I told the doctors I wanted to go back to university. They were hesitant at first, but in the end they allowed me to do so, and even arranged for my chemotherapy sessions to fit around my university schedule.

Throughout this journey, I kept God close to my heart and read the Bible when I had the chance, even in waiting rooms whilst waiting for my chemotherapy to commence. I prayed a lot too. I know that at that time, I was being stubborn by not letting anything stop me from living my life at university, and from enjoying myself and having new experiences. Yet without God, I would not have had the strength to continue. Without God, I may not be alive today. I know He had been with me every second, whenever I needed Him. There were many times when I wanted to give up. Studying whilst having chemotherapy was extremely hard as I was already behind with many assignments. When I was in lectures, I would almost fall asleep or feel like vomiting because of all the drugs. But somehow, I pulled through. Finally, I was given the all clear in February 2001 by the doctors. What was even more amazing, although I was supposed to have eight chemotherapy sessions, I only went through six, which was the minimum. Thank God.

I received the Holy Spirit in 2002. I graduated university at the same time as Sis. Sylvia; it was wonderful that I had still been able to attend the same graduation ceremony. Then, I was baptized in 2003 at Sunderland church. Since being in church and through-

out my journey in life, I have met many beautiful souls and experienced many joyful moments that words cannot express. To feel and see before me the beauty of God's works in everyone and everything around me is something truly amazing. I know that there is more yet to see. Whether my journey now is a slow and boring one, or whether there are more trials to come, I will always keep God close to my heart.

May all glory and praise be unto our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen. 🌿



# A Ticket to Heaven

## Neihu Church, Taiwan

Sister Wu Yan-ying



A Testimony of Grace:

*“I will trust in You alone  
Not in the things I think I know  
In all my ways  
I put my trust in You  
I will follow after You  
Not in the ways of the world  
In all my ways  
You’ll lead me through  
I will Trust in You” (Chinese Hymn)<sup>1</sup>*

Hallelujah, in the name of the Lord Jesus, I bear testimony.

I grew up in Taitung. Since my parents had to work, after I was a month old, they put me under the care of my grandmother in Taitung. My whole family believed in the traditional Chinese folk religion; although I joined them in their worship, I never knew what I had

been worshiping, nor did I think about whether such worship was right or wrong.

Also, in the past, I had the impression that Christianity was a religion that placed a lot of pressure on people! As I grew up in Taitung, people would often come to my house with gospel tracts; we could never chase them away—it was such a bother! Otherwise, while eating at a restaurant, strangers would appear out of the blue, sit themselves in front of me and force me to read the Bible with them. It was really uncomfortable! I therefore wondered if Christians were all crazy...

As for Jesus, I knew that He was the Christian God—merely a god from another religion. I did not reject nor deny His existence, but I felt that He had nothing to do with me. Due to my family’s traditional belief, where we even had an altar table for deity worship, I never imagined that I would ever come to believe in the Lord! As I started working in society, financial pressure made me pray for prosperity at the Xingtian

<sup>1</sup> English lyrics taken from the description box in the video <https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=xUMrVKjQrTI>

Temple<sup>2</sup>; I sought a good partner by praying to Yue Lao<sup>3</sup> (god of marriage) ... different gods for different needs.

### THANK GOD FOR CHOOSING ME

*“But God has chosen the foolish things of the world to put to shame the wise, and God has chosen the weak things of the world to put to shame the things which are mighty; and the base things of the world and the things which are despised God has chosen, and the things which are not, to bring to nothing the things that are.” (1 Cor 1: 27–28)*

In the past, I often felt that this world was really unfair! It is always the rich who have the most resources, the most opportunities, and therefore also the ones who get to lead a comfortable life! Why was I not born into a rich family? I always had this negative mindset, and I often felt inferior and lacked a sense of security; I felt life was dull and bleak.

.....

*Before deciding to believe in the Lord, I practiced praying before I slept. One night, while praying, I suddenly saw a vision. I was walking along a path in a forest, and I saw two rows of trees that were taller than usual.*

.....

But thank God for choosing me! I have four excellent cousin brothers; I am the only child, in my extended family I am the only girl, also the youngest, the least educated and the one with the lowest income. I was the least remarkable out of them all, but God still chose me! This made me very curious, for why would God choose someone with no outstanding qualities like me? Eventually, I understood that this has been God’s loving mercy. Unlike the world, God does not judge people based on extrinsic qualities like edu-

2 [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hsing\\_Tian\\_Kong](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Hsing_Tian_Kong)

3 [https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Yue\\_Lao](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Yue_Lao)

cation, wealth, looks or achievements; instead, He looks at the heart!

### THE END OF MAN IS THE BEGINNING OF GOD

*“Come to Me, all you who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” (Mt 11:28)*

The reason I decided to believe in Jesus was this: I was facing the harsh reality of society as an adult, and I had discovered that it was not easy to survive, let alone live a good life! I once read this line in a book, “The end of man is the beginning of God,” and I realized that there were many things in life that were not easy to deal with—career, family, relationships or health; there are limits to our own ability and strength, so what can one do?

I remember sending a text message to a teacher of mine back then, asking, “Teacher, is your life really that smooth-sailing? How do you deal with unhappy things that come your way?” My teacher answered: “Believe in the Lord, pray more, and the Lord Jesus Christ will help you!” At that time, I was not a believer yet, so I felt very disappointed that even my teacher could not provide me with a solution.

### GOD IS LIGHT

*“That was the true Light which gives light to every man coming into the world.” (Jn 1:9)*

Before deciding to believe in the Lord, I practiced praying before I slept. One night, while praying, I suddenly saw a vision. I was walking along a path in a forest, and I saw two rows of trees that were taller than usual. These trees were of a verdant, emerald green—they were so green that they shone! From the sky, a ray of light pierced through, and it was blindingly bright, and yet I could see everything clearly! That ray of light shone on me as well, and I felt a great warmth, and a peace in my heart. These were feelings I had never experienced before! It was also through



this experience that I gradually began to believe that there was actually a God in this world!

### THE PEOPLE WHO BROUGHT ME TO THE LORD

The first person who brought me to believe in Jesus was my godmother, Rena. She was a Malaysian who got married, moved to Taiwan and is currently working as a home tutor in English. I met her during my first year in Taipei, and under the most miraculous circumstances! Rena is a warm and loving person. Although she was not wealthy, she altruistically gave to others. I also witnessed many testimonies from her, which made me all the more curious about God, and I would often ask her to pray for me. Eventually, she asked me to go to church together with her, but after a few times, I felt that the church did not suit me well. Still, I am very grateful for her encouragement and her prayers as she expressed her hope that I would find a suitable church.

.....

*The first time I went to the TJC, I was terrified. I didn't understand the Holy Spirit; therefore I felt very fearful to the point that my legs could not stop trembling and I could not concentrate in prayer.*

.....

Another person was Bro. An-hang in North Taichung True Jesus Church (TJC), who was my math and science teacher in junior high school. When I first heard that he had believed in Jesus, I was really shocked! He was an atheist who believed only in science, so how did he come to believe in Jesus? Bro. An-hang later explained that he had come to believe in Jesus while asking for God to heal his father's illness. But I still could not believe it—how could a person change this much?

### WHEN JESUS KNOCKS

*"With men this is impossible, but with God all things are possible." (Mt 19:26)*

Thank God, I invited Mr. An-hang to Taipei to preach the gospel to me; he promised that he would go if it did not rain. It was the monsoon season; Taipei had been raining continuously for a month without any sign of cessation. I thought to myself: "It always rains in Taipei, so I'm sure Teacher won't be able to come." Miraculously, it was clear and sunny the day he came! How could it be so coincidental? But that wasn't the only thing that shocked me—he came to Taipei on the High Speed Rail—would anyone do that just to preach the gospel? Why was Teacher willing to do this? Was preaching the gospel that important? I was moved by his spirit, so I hung onto every word he said. Even though Teacher had preached to me before, I only listened and could not understand; this time, I listened and understood every word! I believe God must have opened my heart, and that was why he sent Teacher all the way from Taichung. I'm really thankful for him!

Actually, I had many questions in my heart, especially about why there are so many churches, and why Teacher insisted that I go to the TJC. And why did my friends from other churches discourage me from going there? Teacher told me that the TJC follows the Bible fully, and is the only church that is saved; if all churches were the same, then there was no need to differentiate between the TJC and other churches. I trusted that Teacher would not lie to me, but I did not think my friends would speak nonsense either, so I was really torn between the two ... Finally, I decided to get to know the church more; to pray to God and ask Him to lead me.

The first time I went to the TJC, I was terrified. I didn't understand the Holy Spirit; therefore I felt very fearful to the point that my legs could not stop trembling and



Baptism site on October 8, 2011

I could not concentrate in prayer. As I left, I planned never to go back to church again; but when I had calmed down, a thought flashed continuously across my mind: “I can’t just leave without understanding what’s going on!” So, I mustered up my courage and went to church again. The second time, I prayed to God, asking Him to give me three chances to understand the Holy Spirit and not to be afraid of the tongue-speaking. On my third visit, I was less afraid! Therefore, I stayed in the TJC to listen to sermons, and learned a lot about the Bible.

### BAPTIZED ON OCTOBER 8, 2011

I thank God that after truth-seeking for a year, I finally got baptized! I am also thankful that the church had let me pass the assessment. I was happy, but anxious at the same time. Fearing that I would oversleep, I did not sleep much the night before. I was also afraid that it might rain the next day as the weather was unpredictable.

I remember that it had been raining that day when I got to church, but once we reached the baptism site, suddenly the skies became clear and the weather was good. The baptism was carried out smoothly. When we were taking a group photo at the end, the newly baptized, together with their family members were many, so we were asked to squat in the front. My grandmother and godmother, Rena, had come



My grandmother and godmother, Rena, at the site witnessing my baptism

along with me, but my grandmother’s legs were too weak to squat. Just when a church brother was about to bring a chair over for her, my grandmother had already squatted down. Everyone was really surprised, even my grandmother herself found it unimaginable, as she would never have been able to do this usually. I thank God for his loving mercy, even though my grandmother has yet to believe in Him. God had been silently protecting her, especially during my baptism, where she had to walk for a long distance and go down a steep slope. Surely, this was a challenge for an elderly already in her 80s! Yet my grandmother did not pant nor did she sweat, which was in itself a remarkable testimony!

.....

*“Did you quit smoking because you have believed in Jesus?” I answered, “Actually no, I never tried to quit, but thank God that I just didn’t feel like smoking anymore even before I started craving for any cigarette.”*

.....

### THE LOVING GOD OVERCOMES ALL THINGS

*“If anyone comes to Me and does not hate his father and mother, wife and children, brothers and sisters, yes, and his own life also, he cannot be My disciple.”*  
(Lk 14:26)



Because I was the only member of my family who has believed in the Lord, I have actually faced numerous obstacles and temptations. My whole family objected my belief. They considered my believing in Jesus to be a betrayal of my ancestors, since I could no longer worship them nor eat the food offered to them. They also believed that my belief in Jesus was a result of me being young and impressionable; and I would definitely regret after believing. Of course, they would not believe that baptism can enable the forgiveness of sins, and they thought that since other Christians have no problem with praying to their ancestors, I ought to go to a church which would allow me to do so. Now that I think about it, I am really thankful that the Lord had allowed my whole family to oppose me; because it was through this that I had more confidence in my faith! I thank Him for assuring me that believing in the Lord was right, and for enabling me to be brave and sincere when I explained to my family how I have resolved to believe in the Lord—I learned to hold my silence and not to argue; entreated my family members to respect my decision.

After believing in Jesus, I have changed a lot. My favorite food used to be duck blood; I would eat it every day. But Christians are not allowed to eat blood, so I stopped doing so. This made my friends curious, for how could I just stop eating something I had loved so much so easily? I also gave up my bad habit of smoking to cope with stress. I used to smoke strong cigarettes very quickly to get high, to numb myself momentarily and to empty my mind—but this did not solve all that I faced in reality, I was just running away! No one believed that I had been smoking for two years, not even my family knew; only my close friends knew of this habit. So they asked me, “Did you quit smoking because you have believed in Jesus?” I answered, “Actually no, I never tried to quit, but thank God that I just didn’t feel like smoking anymore even before I started craving for any cigarette.”

My formerly negative mindset became more positive. I had less grievances, more goodwill. The harder thing to achieve was forgiveness, because it is not easy to forgive someone you really do not like, especially for someone with no sense of security like myself. But I was willing to entrust everything to God, and my heart was filled with peace.

### THE LORD IS WITH ME

*“Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for You are with me; Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me.” (Ps 23:4)*

Many people will ask, when you believe in Jesus, will all your suffering, as well as your worries about money, career, family and health disappear? If your answer is “No,” why believe in Jesus? Yet is there a better solution to all these problems? Without believing in Jesus, would you be happier and more blissful? Therefore, our belief in Jesus actually has value! Although we cannot but go through the valley of the shadow of death, yet we do not fear for God will be by our side.

.....

*I was worried that my family would force me to eat food that had been offered to idols during the Lunar New Year reunion dinner, but what happened was beyond my imagination.*

.....

### THE MISSION FOR THOSE WHO BELIEVE

Do you wish for your friends and family to be saved? Then preach the gospel!

As the first believer in the family, a great mission has been thrust upon me, that is to bring my family to believe. Although it is difficult, our job is just to sow the seeds of the gospel into their hearts. As for whether these seeds will sprout, God has already decided. My

greatest wish is for my grandmother to believe in Jesus; I am thankful for the love of the church, for frequently visiting her at home and for showing concern to her. I hope that God will work in her soon, so that she can enjoy the love of God!

### THE CHANGE IN THE FAMILY

It has only been four months since my baptism, and God has already started working! My uncle, who had strongly opposed to my faith, actually had the most radical change in attitude. I was worried that my family would force me to eat food that had been offered to idols during the Lunar New Year reunion dinner, but what happened was beyond my imagination. My uncle patiently dragged me to the kitchen, and told me that he had specially saved some food for me that had not been offered to idols, and added that the

food on the first shelf in the fridge was edible as well. He told me to eat without worry, and not to starve myself. When I heard this, I was extremely touched! Once, on a Sabbath day, my uncle even sent me to church. I thanked God profusely in my heart. Hallelujah!

Finally, I would like to quote my favorite article as a mutual encouragement for everyone:

You will never be a child again,  
But God will fill your future with abundance,  
To make it up.  
You may regret the time you wasted,  
The failed relationships,  
Or the hopeless work,  
But do not be discouraged,  
Time is in the hands of God.



Believe that any chance you've missed,  
Any opportunity you've messed up,  
God will look and find,  
And open the door for you again  
*(Taken from a post on Facebook)*

Whenever I face with difficulties, I will read this passage; receive great comfort and also feel more confident in the almightiness of God!

### **THE JOURNEY OF A CHRISTIAN**

In a Christian's journey, the ticket is like baptism, the vehicle is the Holy Spirit and the destination is heaven. It is my hope that we will all meet again at the same destination! My testimony ends here, may all glory be given to God! Amen. 🌿

# Everything Starts with Hearing the Name of the True Church

Kolombong Church, Sabah, East Malaysia

Deacon Simon Chong



Hallelujah! In the holy name of the Lord Jesus, I bear testimony. I give thanks to God for giving me an opportunity to share the great love of God's redemption grace with my fellow brothers and sisters in Christ.

My grandmother had been adopted by the Basel Mission at an early age. Since then our family's faith has been passed on from generation to generation. I was of course raised as a member of the Basel Mission. As I grew older, some of my relatives chose to follow other Christian denominations. At that time, I was,

however, resolved to hold steadfast to the faith that had been passed down from my ancestors. I believed firmly that I would never leave the Basel Mission.

On one occasion, I happened to hear of the True Jesus Church (TJC). In my heart, I felt that this name was very absurd and secretly ridiculed it, "Is there a true or fake Jesus?" In fact, I was rather repelled by the church at that point of time.

In 1965, the TJC held the evangelical service and spiritual convocation. During that time, two ministers were sent from Taiwan to assist in the divine work. I was invited to attend the evangelical service. From the very first time I came to know of the TJC, I had already felt its difference from other Christian denominations. I was deeply touched by their love and hospitality. Later, Dn. John Yang explained to me the origin of the TJC. Miraculously, I was instantly enlightened and I could understand the difference between spiritual and worldly teachings. After that, I accepted and entered into the true church.



God's calling is wondrous and often unexpected. In retrospect, I originally had an aversion to the TJC, but my attitude completely changed after that. In the end, I entered into the one true church. This journey had allowed me to experience God's love and His salvation plan. May the Lord continue to strengthen my faith.

May all glory and praise be given to the holy name of our Lord Jesus from now until forever. Hallelujah, Amen! 🌿

# The Lord Found Me

## Sydney Church, Australia

Brother Vincent Chi



Hallelujah, In the name of the Lord Jesus I testify.

In my short life, I have lived and grown up in three different continents: Taiwan, the United States (U.S.), and Australia. I was born and raised in Taiwan until I was 13 years old. I then relocated to the U.S. and was there until I completed high school. Religion was never something that came to my mind as I was brought up in an atheist family. Naturally, I had a concept of the so-called God—that was a piece of propaganda that people made up. I never thought that I needed this so-called God.

As I was finishing high school and gearing up for university, a series of unfortunate events occurred. As a result, I was unable to remain in the U.S. to continue my studies. This was how my life in Australia began. In August 2000, I understood that I had to leave the U.S. to go to another country in order to continue my studies. My options included the United Kingdom, Canada, New Zealand, and Australia; but I only had less than three weeks to make a decision. I remember the reason that I decided to come to Australia was be-

cause the Olympic Games was to be held in Sydney that summer; and I felt adventurous as I knew nothing about Australia. And in fact, at that time, I could not even point out where Sydney is on the map.

Thank God for His guidance and foreordained plan. My only connection in Australia was Aunt Wendy, my mother's friend, who happened to be a sister of the True Jesus Church in Sydney. After contacting each other, she who introduced me to Bro. CK, who was studying in the same university as me. After six months in Sydney, Bro. CK invited me to attend an evangelical service one Friday night. I remember at that time, I was shocked by the mode of prayer as I had never experienced it before; but it did arouse my curiosity. Not long after that, I was again invited to another evangelical service and to fellowship with some youths in the church. Thank God for opening my spiritual heart; I told myself this: "Surely these people are not so silly to pretend praying in tongues just for the sake. There must be something more to it." Being young and curious, I decided to try to un-



derstand exactly what God is. But was not until a year and half later that I truly believe that the truth is right in front of me. God had come a long way to find me in the most unexpected situation. At that time, I was still hesitant to be baptized because I was unsure whether it was the right timing. But a sister told me that entering into the Lord is the beginning of faith, and the journey of faith is a lifetime walk.

The question, “If at that time ... What will happen now?” often comes to our minds after something happens. If I did not leave Taiwan, what will happen now? What if I had chosen to go to another country to study? What if my mother did not know Aunt Wendy? Would I still know God? James 4:8 tells us, “Draw near to God and He will draw near to you.” I believe it was not a coincidence that I went across the sea, set foot on three continents and came to this city to “find” Him. But it was Him who has guided me and found me according to His plan. May all glory be unto our Lord Jesus!

Hallelujah! Amen. 🌿

# Unconditional Love

## Xinpu Church, Taiwan

Sister Chen Ting-yu



Hallelujah, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I bear a testimony. I thank God's abundant grace; He had sent His angels to open the door of faith for me, to teach me the correct way to pray, and to guide me into the church that has the abidance of the Holy Spirit. Upon reflection, I can see that without God's wonderful arrangements, it would have been impossible for me to overcome the difficulties in life to enjoy this peace that I have now.

### THE FEAR AT AN IMPASSE

In 2010, I fractured my spine after a traffic accident. Due to nervous tissue damage, I would suffer from extreme pain in my left leg; therefore could not sit nor stand for a long time. As a white collar, I am required to sit in front of the computer for a long time. This caused immense and continuous pain; sometimes the pain became so severe that I had to kneel to work. What was even more disturbing was that from the moment I got out of bed, this excruciating pain was like a Velcro that has tightly stuck to my sole and fol-

lowed me all day long. Every now and then, this pain also felt like a nail piercing my sole or a violent jab of a knife into my thigh. The sudden pain would be unbearable to the extent that caused my face to twist yet I could not cry out.

Perhaps from growing up in a single-parent family, I am used to being independent and do not like to cause others trouble nor make them worry. Every day, I worked night shifts and when work finished in the morning, I would head straight to the hospital for rehabilitation. Even though it was tiring, fortunately I was able to handle all these independently. It was only when I could not tolerate the pain, I would complain to my older sister. However, after a long period of time, my sister also felt helpless and pressured since she could not help me nor bear the pain for me. Therefore, I stopped telling her and kept everything to myself regardless of how painful it was. Even in the workplace, I avoided mentioning about my condition



because the year 2010 (R.O.C 99)<sup>1</sup> was a popular year to get married; many of my colleagues that are of marriageable age were all immersed in joy and the sweetness of love. The workplace was filled with happiness and our best wishes for their marriage, which made it hard to bring up my unfortunate illness.

After three months of rehabilitation, the condition still did not improve and the pain increased from an original level of six (on a scale of 10), to an insufferable level of eight to nine.

I was in tremendous pain every minute and every second; and truly experienced what it meant by walking with difficulty and the pessimism caused by chronic illness.

At this time, the doctor suggested that I should undergo spinal fusion surgery. Negative emotions overwhelmed me. I imagined becoming wheelchair-bound for the rest of my life; I would lose my self-sufficiency, both physically and financially, and become a heavy burden to my sister; I would never be able to marry and bear children. I was defeated by despair. Yet when handling the concern of my sister and coworkers, I forcefully joked that I could retire early. Even though I was pretending to be optimistic, I was already collapsing inside. I asked myself, 'Why? Why do I have to suffer through this? Is this karma? Have I done many wrongful deeds in another life; and therefore I have to repay in this life?'

Strictly speaking, my parents were atheists. They only followed their neighbors in preparing offerings for temple worship when they were in need and if their wish was granted; they would redeem the vow to god by offering a livestock. In her university years, under peer pressure, my sister joined a Buddhist club but she was not devout. Therefore as her relationship

with peers weakened, her faith gradually vanished as well. As for me, I believed only in myself and that as long as I worked hard, nothing would be too difficult for me. However, in my lonesome sorrows and agonies, I wanted some form of answer; yet a series of questions and whys made me extremely fragile and exhausted. In such lonely state without assistance and guidance, I made offerings at the temple and sought for all sorts of superstitious practices including geomantic omen (fengshui), tarot and Buddhist devotions, to lessen my physical pain and to find an answer or a direction to move forward. However, all these effort and money invested were in vain, and did not dispel the fears and distress in my heart.

### THE DOOR OF FAITH OPENED

When my surgery was scheduled on the April 14, 2011, I did not tell my mother in order not to make her worry. As such, I only requested my sister to take four days off work to help me and planned to rely on myself for rehabilitation thereafter. I purposely chose the Wan Fang Medical Center for surgery because it was convenient for my sister to take care of me (the hospital is located beside a major transit station in Taipei and is close to my office). I also rented a daytime suite nearby for my sister to have a proper place to rest. I tried my best to arrange everything. However, in face of the upcoming surgery, there was still no way to calm down the fears in my heart. I knew I should not bring this sense of unease and fear with me to the operating theater, and that I needed an external strong force to give me courage and remove my fear. My desperate need for help led me into a bookstore; I spent a couple of hours there and bought two books. Coincidentally, I found two books written by Christians. It was at this time that God started His work on me.

The first book told me: God has His plan for you and He will not give you trials that you cannot bear.

<sup>1</sup> The Chinese pronunciation of number 9 is homophonic with the Chinese character '久' which means long.

The second book told me: Cast all your worries to God. Miraculously, these two seemingly simple sentences easily lifted me out of my fears and worry about karma. It turns out that my suffering was not due to debts or evil deeds from previous life, but because the Creator had His plans for me. In addition, suffering is a blessing in disguise and I was receiving it. Amazingly, all my fears and worries disappeared like how light shone through a gloomy day and chased away all dark clouds. Every cloud has a silver lining; with this new gained perspective, I received strength and courage and perhaps hope too. I realized that Christianity is a faith that brings hope! I did not want to become a Christian immediately, but if I was given the choice, I would chose to have a faith that places people in hope, comfort and encouragement rather than binding people in past sins and convincing them that there is no way out. With the strength gained from these books, I went through the nine-hour surgery smoothly. Fortunately, other than a scar of more than 10 cm long on my back and some inconveniences to my daily life, there were no post-surgery complications nor was there any form of arthritis that transformed my body into a weather forecast station.

Thank God, His guidance did not end here but instead became more evident. When I used my leave to go eat steak alone, He arranged a middle-aged lady to sit on the next table and she was also eating alone. We had a pleasant conversation and unexpectedly, we talked about the books and authors that had triggered my interest in Christianity. Finally, she also said, “People can live without marriage, but cannot live without faith.” Later, when I picked up a water bottle for a stranger at the transit station, instead of “Thank you,” he said, “Jesus loves you.” When I returned home that day, I immediately said to my sister, “What should I do? I think Jesus is waving at me!” She smiled and replied, “You can believe in anything but once you believe in Jesus, you can’t go to the temple to pray

for marriage or wealth anymore. So carefully consider it.” Just because of these words, I was foolish enough to ignore God’s calling and had forgotten that it was Him who had given me hope and carried me through my hardship and recovery process. Despite trying to ignore His message, but just as in Proverbs 21:30:

*“There is no wisdom or understanding or counsel against the Lord.”*

On one working day, I received a call from a former coworker. Since the person she was looking for was on the phone, she waited on the phone and I asked her why she was truth-seeking. Later she told me, “Just pray. Praying is like calling a friend to tell him what’s on your mind and all your difficulties. He will listen to you.” That night, I started “calling” Jesus in my mind. Since I did not know what to say, I tried asking questions. Unexpectedly, I received His reply the next day. Jesus did not answer the questions personally, but provided His answers through friends around me or in other ways; I knew very well that it was not a mere coincidence. Since then, I continued to ask Him questions everyday. Thank the Lord that He responded promptly which allowed me to know that He is not only by my side, but also hears my prayer; He indeed exists!

Thanks to the Lord's arrangement, on May 8, 2012, I met a coworker at the office corridor—Sis. Ya-ling of Datong True Jesus Church (TJC). We worked in different departments and did not see each other often. She just came out of the washroom, so I asked her some questions regarding faith and shared with her my prayer experiences. She listened patiently and taught me the correct way to pray. Later, she even wrote me a letter to remind me the correct mode of prayer in case I forget. Amazingly, after praying that evening, I was able to fall asleep quickly despite my sleep disorder. From that day onwards, I prayed in the way that Ya-ling had taught me and continued to put daily problems into prayer or to intercede for



colleagues that needed help. Thank God that He continuously strengthened my faith; He was not only listening to my prayers, but also working on me. I often told my sister, “Jesus is so good!” because I was very moved by His unconditional assistance for me.

### DELIVERANCE IN TIME OF DESPAIR

*Facts have proven that faith alone is not enough.*

I came from a broken family; my parents divorced when I entered the third year of elementary school. Single-parent families are quite common nowadays, but 30 years ago in Hualian, it was rare. I remember my grade three teacher stood on the podium and told the class that I was a problematic student from a problematic family. And once, in front of all my classmates, that teacher grabbed my hair with one hand and forced me to drink dirty ink water from the brush with another hand. It was just because he believed that the noise I made while washing my writing brush was loud and disturbing. If it is now, the teacher’s behavior would be considered inappropriate and parents could complain to the mass media to seek for a reasonable explanation. However, at that time, I could only drink it silently as I had nobody to turn to. Who could speak up for me? That teacher seemed to be telling me: a child without a proper family should be mistreated.

*Things that parents cannot provide can still be obtained through hard work.*

Though I was not pretty and did not have a good family background, I still had a boyfriend when I was in university. I tried my best to maintain our relationship during the nine years we were together. In 2005, I bought a house with a mortgage under my boyfriend’s name; thinking that my dream of having a family had come true. Unexpectedly, after half a year, we separated and I had to bear a loan of one million

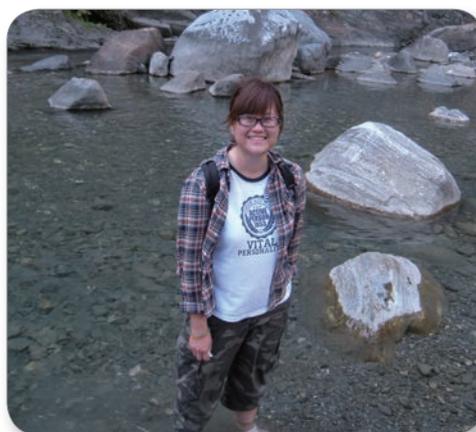
dollars. I was left alone to work night shifts and write articles in order to repay the debt. Despite what had happened, I did not lose my desire to have a family but struggled to hold on to such hope. Nevertheless, after my surgery in 2011, I completely defeated and lost the hope. Who would marry a fat woman who was nearly 40 years old, without a good family background and had a spinal surgery? Perhaps nobody would love or marry me for the rest of my life. I was struck with despair. The year 2011 (R.O.C 100th year)<sup>2</sup> symbolized eternal love, therefore many of my co-workers chose to get married that year. Good news continued to spread around in the office and one after another, my colleagues gave birth to adorable babies. The office was again filled with joy; yet all these struck me even harder.

I was busy dealing with the post-surgery pain and rehabilitation that I did not realize the changes in my attitude and mindset. Although I had come to know God and believed in the Lord Jesus Christ, I still secretly planned how to perfectly end my life without troubling anybody.

*But God knows the things that come to our minds and are on our hands.*

Thank the Lord that at such time, He sent my most trusted friend to tell me how much she loves and cares for me. This not only helped to regain my faith, but also reminded me that before this illness, I was an optimistic person who was able to bring joy to my friends. Through the love and mercy of the Lord, He saved me from nearly committing suicide and revived my hopeless soul. Therefore, I resolved to follow the footsteps of the Lord Jesus. But because I did not know which church to go to, I had the thought of reading the Bible at home and not attending any services.

<sup>2</sup> In Chinese, there is a saying with the Chinese character hundred (百) and means a harmonious union for one hundred years (百年好合)



Thank God that He patiently guided me, listened to every foolish thought in my heart, had mercy on my weaknesses and always helped me. In October 2012, my former department head, Mr. Jiang, invited me to attend his daughter's choir presentation at Xinpu TJC. Starting from that evening I promised to attend, the thought of the Lord Jesus coming and bringing me home, touched me immensely; words could not express nor describe my feelings and I burst into tears for three consecutive evenings. I would cry to the point I could not breathe, but it was a sense of comfort and relief for the deep sorrows and pain that had accumulated over many years.

Upon reflection, when I was 17 years old, my high school classmate invited me to church worship services. I foolishly told her that I could not entrust myself to the invisible God since I had not yet to become my own master. However, after experiencing the guidance of the Lord Jesus, I was extremely ashamed of what I said. At the same time, I could experience even more the vast and profound love of the Lord. I was like an arrogant and foolish child who had thought that by leaving home, I could rely on myself to create a future and build my own world. On the contrary, what awaited me were only sufferings and severe injuries. Eventually, the Father opened His hands and welcomed me home with His unconditional love.

### INCONCEIVABLE GRACE

On October 19, I attended the spiritual convocation at Xinpu church as per invite. After the prayer for Holy Spirit and laying of hands, I was informed that I received the Holy Spirit! For someone who went to the church for the first time and knew nothing of the TJC, Holy Spirit or Bible, this was an inconceivable grace!

At that time, I focused only on praying according to Sis. Ya-ling's teachings. After a while, my tears rolled down incessantly. Then, a warm wind blew from behind me and instantly, my tongue rolled and moved involuntarily. Although I did not understand what the Holy Spirit was, I knew from everyone's blessings that I had received a wonderful gift.

What I am even more thankful of is that when I returned home, I tried to "show" my sister; but the Holy Spirit departed from me. After Ya-ling's detailed teachings, I understood that I was unworthy of receiving such great grace; my rash and careless attitude had offended God. I understood that the reason Holy Spirit departed so that I could learn to cherish it, to be thankful, and reverent. It was not because of any good deeds that I received such grace; it was completely by God's unconditional love and mercy. Thank the Lord, after thinking everything through, I prayed for the Lord's forgiveness; in the early morning of October 21, the Holy Spirit descended upon me again.



Later, on October 5, 2013, I received baptism according to teachings of the Bible.

The Lord not only guided me, but also opened a way for my journey of faith. I was very fortunate that I did not encounter any voice of opposition from my family, relatives, colleagues or friends. Last year, when I returned to my hometown, I refused to attend the ancestral worship ceremony because I am already a child of God. Although my paternal uncle did not understand, I relied on my paternal cousins to solve the crisis; consequently, he did not raise any objections.

I worked on a 24-hour shift rotation; due to my working hours and sleep disorder, for a very long time, I often could not attend church services. Thank God, through His mercy and the prayers of brothers and sisters, my sleep disorder improved. Moreover, my colleagues co-operated with me on arranging the work schedule so that I can now attend two services almost every week.

*“The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.”  
(Prov 9:10a)*

This is not to say that I am now more intelligent, but that through reading the Bible and listening to sermons, I have understood how foolish I was to seek help from various superstitious practices in the past. There was a period of time where I brought great emotional stress to my sister as I pestered her to move house because of my superstitious beliefs in feng shui, and that it can heal my sickness. Thanks to the Lord's protection, I now have faith in Him, and am no longer deceived by such superstitions. Early last year, under the Lord's guidance, the renovations to the old house was successfully completed. Now, there is more space and able host the brethren for family services.

Though my sister has yet to believe in God, she has been by my side throughout my journey of faith, from

the initial resistance to acceptance, and to reliance and to submit to God. Our relationship improved from mere roommates to family members who truly cared for each other.

### PREPARING TO BE USED BY GOD

Jesus brought me—a weak, diffident, worthless person—step by step back to Him, with unconditional love. I am completely unworthy of the abundant grace that He has freely given. Luke Chapter 19 records how Jesus had prepared to go into Jerusalem: He asked his disciples to bring a tied colt that no one had ever sat because the Lord needed it. Now, I often think that I am just like that tied colt—without any experience in serving God and restricted by my work shift. Therefore, before God sends someone to “untie my rope,” I have to learn to be patient, to diligently study the Bible, to listen to sermons, and to prepare and to cleanse myself from dishonor in order to become a holy vessel to be used by God. I must learn to be humble, to believe in God's election, mercy and grace, and to submit to His guidance. Even though I still do not know for what purpose I have been chosen, I will prepare myself in order to be called through God's grace.

Faith requires perseverance; it is not the effort of merely one or two days. The Lord loves those who belong to Him; He loved us to the end. Likewise, we should uphold our faith and love the Lord till the end. Thank the Lord that He first loved me before I loved Him; and guided me when I was lost. God's word is the lamp to my feet and the light to my path—the direction that I should follow.

May His blessings, as well as the Spirit that has moved me, abide in double portion with all brethren. 🌿

# The Lord Finds His Lost Sheep

## Changsing Church, Taiwan

Sister Tsai Yi-ling



Hallelujah, in the name of the Lord Jesus, I bear a testimony.

In January 2004, I began to seek the truth in the True Jesus Church (TJC) and was baptized in Changhsin church on April 16, 2011. People may ask me, “Why did you seek the truth for so long before receiving baptism? How did you come to the TJC? How did God lead you?” To tell this story, I must begin with the background of my childhood.

Both of my parents have polio; since young, we were not financially well, I was not good at studying and also had an ugly and untidy appearance. Therefore, I was often bullied by boys in my class as a child. When I was in the third year of elementary school, the situation was so serious that I would quickly hide in the washroom or a corner in school as soon as the recess bell rang off to avoid being bullied by my classmates.

I could not bear to look back on my torturous elementary school years. The teachers were unable to help since they could not be around 24/7 to protect

me. I remember back in year five, I joined the Jiu-jitsu club in hope of becoming stronger so that I could protect myself. However, I was bullied even more.

When I entered junior high school, I was in the same class as a elementary school classmate who had often bullied me. I told myself that in order to protect myself and not get bullied, I had to be tougher. So I became like a hedgehog, an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth; when others scolded me, hit me, tore my homework, threw my bag, and so forth, I would do the same to them. In this kind of environment, I closed myself up. Due to this and other family problems, I hated myself and did not believe that there was love in the world and would even mutilate myself with a knife.

My father noticed that I was depressed. Therefore, in my second year of junior high school, he suddenly told me that we would be going to church to seek for a pastor. I thought to myself: “We worship idols at home, so why should we go to church?” Nonetheless, I followed my father to church. After arriving at church,



he handed me over to the Sunday school teacher and went back home.

At that time, I loved going to church. Going to church was joyful because no one bullied me at church; there were many people who were concerned about me and talked to me. They all told me, “Jesus loves you!” However, I had no idea who Jesus was, and I did not think that Jesus knew me. I did not know Him and could not feel Him, but I felt the love and warmth from many people in church.

In my final year of junior high school, due to the pressure of upcoming exams and my father’s misunderstandings of some church members, he stopped me from going to church. This made me upset because I was afraid to lose this group of friends who loved me; at the same time, I was afraid to go back to a world without friends.

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*After the sermon, the preacher started to introduce the prayer mode of the TJC. He then invited the truth-seekers to go to the front to pray, and to receive the laying of hands by the preacher and ministers.*

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The church was like a harbor that had sheltered me from the storm. I also liked looking at the cross, especially the one in church, which was always lit up and made me feel warm inside. As I did not understand the correct teachings at that time, I thought the cross represented love, and that cross was the Jesus whom everyone had been talking about. So during the time when I could not go to church, I would pray to the cross and read Psalms, Proverbs and the four gospel books in the Bible.

Whenever I read Psalms, I would feel that God is a kind and merciful God. As Psalm 3:3–4 says, “But You, O LORD, are a shield for me, my glory and the One who

lifts up my head. I cried to the LORD with my voice, and He heard me from His holy hill.” I had been very insecure and unsure of myself, so these verses helped to comfort my heart. Proverbs was, to me, a book full of teachings and rebuke. I liked to read it sometimes, but I disliked it at other times because I was unable to follow the teachings in the Book of Proverbs. As for the four gospel books, they told me so much about Jesus and His miracles, which I enjoyed reading. But I read them as mere storybooks and I had yet to experience God.

When I was in the second year of high school, I studied in the evening. One morning, I was alone at home and was visited by the door-to-door evangelism group members of Chengbing True Jesus Church (TJC). I chatted with them for a while and they invited me to join their gospel tea fellowship. Initially, I declined their invitation, but eventually I reluctantly agreed to attend.

That day, the evangelism group members brought me to attend the gospel tea fellowship at Caogang church. After the sermon, the preacher started to introduce the prayer mode of the TJC. He then invited the truth-seekers to go to the front to pray, and to receive the laying of hands by the preacher and ministers. I thought to myself: “Doesn’t praying only involve someone leading the congregation to pray and say ‘Amen’ at the end?” So I did not pay attention to what he had said.

When I went to the front to pray, I heard the preacher say, “In the name of the Lord Jesus, we pray.” Afterwards, I heard the very loud sound of prayer; everyone began shaking and speaking in a language that I could not understand. So, I was frightened and thought that the church was a scary place: What is everyone doing? Why is it different from the other church that I attended?



After a while, I saw the preacher walking down from the pulpit and starting to lay hands. I had many questions in my heart like, “Is this for blessing or abhiseca? What happens after being laid hands on?” I was very curious and observed the reaction of each person after being laid hands on. Nothing special happened. Soon it was my turn, and because I did not know how to pray, the preacher taught me to pray once again and then laid hands on me. Nothing happened; I was relieved that I did not faint nor become unconscious.

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*After thinking it through, I left the theological college and told myself that the truth is in the TJC! I wanted to return to the TJC!*

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After the gospel tea fellowship, the ministers invited me to a believer’s house to continue talking about the biblical teachings. So this was how I began to seek the truth at the TJC.

When I first came to the TJC to seek the truth, my personality, attire, and make up felt strange to others. Although I was quite young, I dressed very maturely. The clothes I wore were either revealing or extravagant. They did not look normal, but I thought that I was pretty.

After seeking the truth, I wanted to be baptized. But the reason was so that I could be the same as others; and to have a sense of belonging. Therefore, my request for baptism kept getting rejected. I was disappointed and started to have a negative perception towards the TJC. So I started looking for other churches. I went to many different Christian denominations, including the Mormon Church. I was baptized in both Mormon church and Domestic church.

Although I went to many churches of different denominations, I did not experience the feeling that I had at the TJC—the feeling of God’s presence. Furthermore, their modes of baptism were different from the teachings in the Bible. For example, a pastor once sprinkled water on my head from a basin; baptized me in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. In the true church, the mode of baptism is not like this; it is full immersion as recorded in the Bible. During that period of time, I was vacillating between the TJC and other churches. I would go to the TJC on Saturdays, and to other churches on Sundays because I liked their lively atmosphere.

Later, I left the TJC for a long time and went to study theology at a Christian college; determined to become a missionary. However, I could not agree with what was being taught; so I suspended my studies.



Afterwards, I experienced some setbacks in church and out of impulse, I continued the course at the Christian college a year later. Towards the completion of this course, one of the classes required us to study other religions and Christian denominations. The teacher knew that I had been to the TJC, and thus the teacher assigned this topic to my group. At the same time, I had to complete a Bible reading assignment.

Thank God! These two assignments made me ponder on questions like, “What is the truth? What do I really want to pursue? Do I want a lively atmosphere while worshipping God, or become spiritual edified within? Does my heart long for care and love from people, or does it thirst for a faith that is quiet, warm, peaceful and steadfast? Do I want a faith that is from within?” After thinking it through, I left the theological college and told myself that the truth is in the TJC! I wanted to return to the TJC!

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*During these three weeks, whenever it was time for church service, I would ride my motorcycle towards Changhsin church. Each time, I would ride past the church but would not dare to stop and enter.*

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I had been going to and fro the TJC multiple times. The last time I left the church, I had said many hurt-

ful words to the brethren; so I was struggling with going back again. I contacted Pr. Huang Wen-sheng, who was the resident preacher of Changhsin church; and promised him that I would return to church, but I made him wait three weeks.

During these three weeks, whenever it was time for church service, I would ride my motorcycle towards Changhsin church. Each time, I would ride past the church but would not dare to stop and enter. I wanted to return to church, just like the prodigal son who wanted to go home, but I was afraid that I would not be accepted. Later, I asked Sis. Lin Chen-yu of West Taichung church to accompany me to Changhsin church. To my surprise, when I returned, everyone still welcomed me. The problems that I had imagined did not happen. I felt very ashamed.

After I returned to the church, under the guidance of God, I could see gradual changes in my behavior. After a while, I received the baptism that was performed according to the Bible. I felt that this baptism was different from the baptisms I had received in other churches. After I came out of the water, I felt reborn. The burden in my heart disappeared; I felt relaxed and joyful. This peaceful and long-lasting joy emanated from my heart and was not affected by the environment. Meanwhile, I also felt that this faith had taken root in my heart.



I was brimming in the goodness of baptism and knew that from this moment onwards, I am a sheep of the Lord. Therefore, I needed to be more careful of the steps that I take. Friends from my former church would still invite me to their church activities and meal gatherings. I was not confident that I could resist peer pressure and was fearful that I might end up leaving the true church; therefore, I decided not to keep in touch with them. This decision was made after many internal struggles and careful thoughts as they were my dear friends and trusted mentors. When I reflect upon this long journey and how God had guided me, I would repeatedly remind myself to hold fast to the truth. Today I can return to the TJC because I believed that many people had interceded for me.

Pr. Huang Wen-sheng cared for me and helped me tremendously. I remember before my baptism, he kept asking me, “Are you prepared to be baptized? Are you determined to follow God no matter what you will encounter?” The journey of faith is not smooth sailing. We will encounter many obstacles along the way. Even after being baptized, we will still meet with temptations. We may become very fragile and depressed to the point of losing our faith, and unable to find God. Sometimes I really want to give up, but I always remember Pr. Huang’s reminder, “There is only one chance of being baptized. You can only succeed in your faith; failure is not permitted!” These words continuously compel and move me.

I thank God that I had chance to return to the love of God. God preserved me so I was not baptized while I did not fully understand the truth. He gave me a chance to receive salvation and to have the hope of eternal life. While I was pursuing this faith, my father opposed to the point of locking me outside of the house and saying to me, “If you want to believe in Jesus, then don’t come home.” I was also beaten and scolded, but I knew whom I had believed so I was not afraid!

*“Ask, and it will be given to you; seek, and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you. For everyone who asks receives, and he who seeks finds, and to him who knocks it will be opened.” (Mt 7:7–8)*

Dear friends, are you also seeking for an unchanging love like I was? Are you seeking for an unceasing joy? Do you long for the truth? The Psalmist tells us, “You will show me the path of life; in Your presence is fullness of joy; at Your right hand are pleasures forevermore.” (Ps 16:11) I sincerely welcome you to the TJC to study the teachings of the Bible with us. I believe that as long as we keep a simple heart—as well as a humble and God-fearing attitude—to search for answers in church, God will definitely be willing to give His abundant grace to us, such that we may find the answer to life.

Lastly, I would like to use one passage to encourage everyone:

*“But let all those rejoice who put their trust in You; let them ever shout for joy, because You defend them; let those also who love Your name be joyful in You. For You, O LORD, will bless the righteous; with favor You will surround him as with a shield.” (Ps 5:11–12)*

May all glory be given to the true God in heaven. Amen. 🌿



# The Lord Jesus Chose Me

## Ganzhou Church, Jiangxi Province, China

Deaconess Lian Chong-lan



*Deaconess Lian Chong-lan was born in 1964. She was baptized into the True Jesus Church (TJC) in 1993. Currently, she is a full-time preacher in Ganzhou church, Jiangxi Province.*

### BELIEVING IN THE LORD JESUS

I was born in an atheist family. One day in December 1984, my classmate told me that her mother believes in Jesus. As I had never been exposed to religious matters, spontaneously I said, “This is superstition.” My classmate did not utter a word as she was not a believer. A week later, she told me again, “My mother believes in Jesus and attends church services.” That day I actually asked her, “Where do they go for services? Can I go and have a look?” My classmate answered, “Sure, I shall ask my aunt to bring you.” (Her aunt also believes in Jesus) At that time, the worship service was held at a member’s residence. Thus, we arranged the meeting time and place. However, after much waiting, my classmate’s aunt did not turn up to fetch me. The next day, I told my classmate about this

matter. She replied that she had forgotten to inform her aunt; and promised to bring me along the following week. So, I was longing that the week would pass by quickly and was looking forward to attending the service to receive the blessings of God. Now, in retrospect, I feel that it was truly amazing that my heart actually yearned and looked forward to attending the service. My classmate’s aunt came on Saturday evening to fetch me for service. The premise for service was not very big, but it was full of people. As the people saw me walking in, they nodded and smiled at me. Therefore, I did not feel like a stranger at all.

There was someone speaking when I entered; everyone was counting the blessings of God which they had received that year (Afterwards, I realized that they were celebrating Christmas). Their countenance was filled with joy and happiness, and particularly, a few elderly looked amiable. I was attracted by this atmosphere; I felt that people who believe in Jesus live in harmony with one another, and are very warm. Before the service ended, someone distributed book-

marks with Bible verse to everyone. The bookmark which I picked was, “My soul waits for the Lord more than those who watch for the morning—Yes, more than those who watch for the morning.” (Ps 130:6) My heart was moved and excited; this verse described exactly how I was feeling the moment my classmate agreed to bring me for the service. Upon reading this Bible verse and hearing the congregation counting the Lord’s blessings, I truly felt the existence of God; He stirred up my heart and I believed in Him. Through an unbelieving classmate, God’s wonderful arrangement led me to onto this spiritual journey and chose me to be His sheep.

### ENROLLED TO THE SEMINARY

Initially, I only attended services at this worship point. After some time, I got to know that there was a church with church services. There were four pastors who were in their 70s and 80s at the Ganzhou Church. I gradually realized that they could not fully accept each other’s beliefs because of their different faith backgrounds, which included the Family of Jesus,<sup>1</sup> Presbyterian Church, Baptist Church, and so on.

Among them was a pastor who was a retired high school teacher. He came from the Family of Jesus in Shandong Province. This elderly pastor was amiable and kind to everyone. As such, I attended every evening service that he led and this further convinced me that believing in Jesus that he led good. All the pastors were advanced in age, so it was time for the youths to step forward to serve the Lord. Thank God, I remembered this matter in my daily prayers. I prayed that God may move the hearts of the youths to actively come out and work for Him. Miraculously, as days went by, I eventually put myself in these prayers; I said

<sup>1</sup> Literally translated as Family of Jesus, original Chinese is 耶稣家庭. Family of Jesus was an important Montanist denomination in the early twentieth century and was the only Christian Utopian movement in the Chinese history.

to the Lord, “O Lord, if I am suitable, please choose me, I am willing to work for You.” At first, I was surprised that I prayed to God in this manner because when I started praying for this matter I did not consider myself. I was only hoping for other youths to step forward; but because of the needs of the church, gradually I was willing to offer up myself and even told my colleague, “I will leave this department (I was working in the Power Supply Department in Ganzhou Town).” At that time, I felt that the value of my life was not in this department. Usually, while my colleagues were chatting during leisure time, I would be reading the Bible and other church publications.

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*I kept on pondering over some issues: Will my sins be forgiven? Will I truly be saved? What is the proof of my salvation? If I am not saved, wouldn't it be like the blind leading the blind when I return to church in the future? I wanted convincing answers.*

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One day, I asked the elderly pastor, “Can I sign up for the seminary?” The elderly pastor was very happy and said, “I had such thoughts too, because I felt that your qualifications are very good. I did not bring up this matter to you because I was waiting for you to volunteer. I recall that during the Cultural Revolution, I was locked in the cowshed for the sake of gospel. Therefore, I understand that the road of serving the Lord is not easy. So, it is great that you have brought this up. I will get in touch with provincial CCC/TSPM<sup>2</sup> and inform them on this.” The elderly pastor suggested that I apply for the East China Theological Seminary instead of the Nanjing Union Theological Seminary (NJUTS) as their entry requirements were much lower. Since I was going to apply to the theological

<sup>2</sup> China Christian Council and National Committee of Three-Self Patriotic Movement of the Protestant Churches in China



seminary, I decided to sign up for both of them without further consideration. In fact, I was hoping that I could be accepted into the NJUTS. In fact, everything was under the miraculous guidance of God. Moreover, His thoughts are higher than man's and His ways surpasses the ways of man. Because I was enrolled to the NJUTS, God paved the way for me to enter into the TJC, and a seed was sown for the establishment of the TJC in Ganzhou.

I would also like to acknowledge my late father. My father initially opposed my faith. However, after I was accepted into the NJUTS, he took the initiative to arrange for things such as the change of residence status with the local authorities. I truly thank the grace of the Lord Jesus because He understands my weaknesses, and arranged this peaceful and smooth transition for me and my household.

### THE JOURNEY IN FINDING THE TRUTH

After I entered into the NJUTS, the elderly pastor wrote me a letter. He encouraged and reminded me to understand my purpose of studying theology, and to uphold the right direction of the faith. At that time, the elderly pastors said that baptism is a ceremony performed as an acceptance into a church. Therefore, I kept on pondering over some issues: Will my sins be forgiven? Will I truly be saved? What is the proof of my salvation? If I am not saved, wouldn't it be like the blind leading the blind when I return to church in the future? I wanted convincing answers. At that time, a theological classmate in my dormitory, who was frustrated with her relationship, was demon-possessed. Our fellow classmates interceded for her and tried to cast out the demon. At that time, not only were we unable to cast out the demon, but also we felt intimidated and were extremely frightened. Through her, the demon said, "I do not fear you all because you all do not have power."

After this incident, I was even more determined to seek the answer to salvation. In and around Nanjing, I went everywhere to attend church and services; as long as I know there is a worship point, I would attend. However, the doubts in my heart had never subsided. During this period, whenever I read the Bible and spiritual publications for spiritual cultivation that discussed about the infilling of the Holy Spirit, I could not understand nor comprehend the mysteries within it. No one spoke about the infilling of the Holy Spirit back in my hometown church, and no one knew how to pray for it. Whenever I prayed, I would say, "May I be filled with the Spirit of the Lord." There were two times during the prayer, my tongue rolled uncontrollably and uttered sounds which I did not understand. But because I was worried and frightened, I immediately stopped praying and did not continue praying.

During the holiday season on May 1, 1992, a fellow Ganzhou townsman and her Fujian classmate, both studying in East China Theological Seminary, came to Nanjing to visit me. So, together with a few other classmates from Jiangxi and Fujian, we accompanied them for sightseeing in Nanjing. At that time, a classmate of the NJUTS, Zheng Jia-zheng, said that every elder and deacon in his church in Fujian has the Holy Spirit and speaks in tongues. So I asked, "How do they speak in tongues?" At that time, Zheng Jia-zheng had not received the Holy Spirit, so he did not explain in details. After this incident, I found out that church ministers in Fujian had the Holy Spirit.

As days passed, I discovered that some students in the NJUTS were studying and discussing about the doctrines of the TJC. When I studied their doctrines and teachings, my mood was very complicated. In the theological seminary, we learned various theories of theology till it made us felt confused and perplexed on how should we believe in the Lord. In addition, we heard that the Mormon Church in the United States that had brainwashed their members. Therefore, I

was filled with curiosity but fear at the same time; I wanted to find out more about this church but was worried that I could be brainwashed. What should I do? On one hand, I became more vigilant; on the other hand, a classmate and I were earnestly praying for this matter every day and night for the entire semester. We prayed to the Lord to guide our footsteps and asked Him whether we should make a field trip to Fujian to investigate the authenticity of the doctrines of this church. We also asked the Lord for wisdom so that we know how to discern whether the teachings are correct. And we asked the Lord to help us so that we would not be brainwashed.

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*However, in the true church, there is the seal from the Holy Spirit, the biblical truth, and the signs and miracles to prove the gospel that was preached.*

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### ENTERING INTO THE TRUE CHURCH

Through the guidance of the Lord, during the winter vacation in 1992, which was also the first lunar month of 1993, around 10 of us arrived at Sanshan TJC. When we first arrived in Sanshan, we felt that this was only an insignificant village; the feeling was similar to how the disciples disregarded the homeland of the Lord Jesus in Nazareth. But as we entered into the chapel, to my astonishment, the congregation was large but yet silent. During prayer, the voices of the brothers and sisters were likened to running waters and even many children uttered unknown tongues. Moreover, attitude was respectful and proper. It was completely different with the other churches that I had attended. Because of these feelings, I was filled with respect for this church.

During our days in Sanshan church, we studied the Bible and prayed for the Holy Spirit every day. What astonished me was that Eld. Wang Qin-ru (at that

time, he was a deacon) was well-versed with the Bible. Whenever we raised a question, he would ask us to refer to the specific chapters and verses of the Bible; and then the answer is there. It made me feel that despite studying theology for a few years, I had not even touched the door of truth. Yet, in these few days of studying under the guidance Eld. Wang, and of course guided by the Holy Spirit of truth, I entered into the door of truth. In other words, we have entered into the next level of our faith. Gradually, several classmates received the Holy Spirit and spoke in tongues; the doubts in us slowly diminished. I had a thought deep in my heart, that if the Lord bestowed me the Holy Spirit, I would receive baptism in the TJC. But if I did not receive the Holy Spirit and experience the speaking of tongues, I shall never be baptized. Now, upon reflection my faith was like the small faith of Apostle Thomas. Thank the Lord, on January 19–20, 1993 (the 27<sup>th</sup>–28<sup>th</sup> day of the 12<sup>th</sup> month of the Chinese lunar calendar), all of us prayed till 2 am (on January 20) and was filled by the Holy Spirit. The experience I had this time was the same as my first two experiences of receiving the Holy Spirit and rolling of tongues. In the past, I stopped praying due to lack of faith, but the Lord Jesus knew my weaknesses and had arranged all these to strengthen my faith. The next day, Eld. Wang brought us to Gaoshan Town for the baptism. The weather was very cold outside. My classmate, Xiao-jing, and I were suffering from a terrible cold when we came from Nanjing. Although we had been taking medicine over some time, our conditions did not improve at all. During baptism, Xiao-jing was wearing down coat and pants; Teacher Li Rong-guang was telling us that Xiao-jing was freezing and looked pale. Thank the Lord, on the way back to church after the baptism, Teacher Li Rong-guang asked us to take a look at Sis. Xiao-jing's face, which had turned red and rosy. On our way back to Sanshan after the baptism, Xiao-jing and I testified that we completely recovered from the terrible cold.



Thank the Lord Jesus that His truth and grace testified that His word is a living hope. When I recall the baptism in other Christian denominations, why do we still doubt whether our sins will be forgiven? This is because their baptism was not based on the biblical truth, and did not have the seal from the Holy Spirit to prove the gospel that they preached. However, in the true church, there is the seal from the Holy Spirit, the biblical truth, and the signs and miracles to prove the gospel that was preached. Hallelujah!

The true God chose me through an unbeliever so that I could come to know the gospel. Moreover, He made me realize that my value in life is not within the company that I had worked for, but on the path of full-time servitude to the Lord. Through a casual chat, I got to know about the teachings on the Holy Spirit; finally and amazingly led me into the TJC. Just as it is recorded in Romans 8:30:

*“Moreover whom He predestined, these He also called; whom He called, these He also justified and whom He justified, these He also glorified.”*

This promise of God has come upon this weak and lowly me. God's love lives in me, so I will sing Hallelujah, may all glory be given unto the Lord Jesus! 🌿

# I Surrendered to the Truth

## Changzhou Church, Jiangsu Province, China

Brother Chen Zhao-an



*Chen Zhao-an, male, was born in 1943 and baptized into the True Jesus Church (TJC) in 1994. He is currently as a volunteer at Changzhou church, Jiangsu Province.*

### HEARD

In December 1994, a few days before Christmas, I received a call from the Changzhou, Mahang Christian Church. The church invited me to celebrate Christmas in conjunction with the church dedication with them and requested that I pass the invitation to my sister in Nanjing. Mahang Church was the first gospel pioneering point for my elder sister after she retired from the Southern Medical University. My elder sister replied over the phone that she had recently attended service at a church near her residence; that church was called the TJC. She also said that this church does not celebrate Christmas and asked me whether it was alright for me to attend their service? Without much thought, I replied, “That’s fine!”

Although I did not know the TJC, my immediate reaction was that this church should be alright since the

name of the church carries the word “true.” This also implies that at least, this church is serious and strict attitude towards faith. I found out about a similar family service near the Changzhou railway station through contacts. I wanted to give it a try, so I attended the family service. And I borrowed two books—“Pneumatology” that was authored by Eld. Hsieh Shun-dao, and “Q&A Regarding the Truth” that was authored by Eld. Guo Zi-yan. After I returned home, I read these two books and was greatly shocked. With my understanding of the Bible, I discovered that all my efforts in treading on the heavenly path for the previous 15 to 16 years was in vain because the problems of eternal life and salvation had yet been resolved. These two books also made me realized that I had almost skipped the “Acts of the Apostles” while listening to sermons or studying the Bible. This was such an odd thing. The “Acts of the Apostles” is important to the TJC. It seemed like the devil had used some sort of magic and blindfolded other churches; it seemed to disappear in the Bible. During that period, I could not



have a good meal or peaceful sleep because I pondered day and night on those matters.

### FASCINATED

I found the five basic doctrines of the TJC rather interesting and requiring further study, especially the part about speaking in tongues being the evidence of receiving the Holy Spirit. In fact, I was particularly interested in the doctrine of the Holy Spirit. I could still recall the moment when I first entered into the church hall and heard the prayer of the believers. I blurted out, “Are you all speaking in tongues?” Then an elderly member beside me answered, “That is the special gift of speaking in tongues;” and I felt very ignorant. With regards to the issue of receiving the Holy Spirit, I put a few question marks on the Book of Acts’ chapter 8, verses 15 to 16. These question marks on the Book of Acts a major problem in my faith. This falsification can be regarded as a great challenge to my faith. After the Samaritans had believed in Jesus, and both males and females were baptized, why did the Bible indicate, “For as yet He had fallen upon none of them”? This was contrary to the doctrine of my former church that “once we believed in the Lord, we have already received the Holy Spirit.” After learning the doctrines of the true church, I realized that the original theory was a fallacy. The person who was preaching misunderstood the holy work or had been misleading people. Furthermore, they performed baptism in an arbitrary manner, believed that Sabbath was no longer observed in the New Testament, abolished the footwashing sacrament, and so on. This deviation from the truth forced me to make another choice for my faith.

### CHOICE

The choice that I had to make would imply that I must resolve to give up all my “success” in the Christian literature ministry, and the relationships I have established in my current church. I recalled my work in

publications, such as the CCC/TSPM’s<sup>1</sup> “Tian Feng”<sup>2</sup> magazine, Nanjing Union Theological Seminary’s “Religious Texts,”<sup>3</sup> and other religious writings and drawings. I remember the hymns I composed, such as “Father is Amongst Us” and “Hallelujah, Praise Jesus.” My heart felt like the tempestuous waves of the ocean because I was in deep dilemma. At that time, I could comprehend how Paul had felt from the bottom of his heart when he said “What a wretched man I am!” May thanks and praises be unto our Saviour! By relying on the truth and the intercession from the beloved brothers and sisters, I finally overcame my struggle. When I made the decision to convert to the true church, I felt very anxious because I was concerned about the Lord’s Second Coming. What if the Lord is coming tomorrow? It would be unfortunate if I had yet to be baptized into the Lord. I was very eager to receive the correct water baptism as soon as possible.

### FULFILLMENT

After overcoming many obstacles, in the morning of February 1, 1995 (the first day of Chinese New Year), my sister, myself and five others departed from Changzhou to Sanshan town of Fuqing City in Fujian Province by train. We set off with a determined heart like the Israelites’ on their pilgrimage to Jerusalem. After more than 20 hours, we reached Sanshan church in the morning of the February 2. While we were at the seminar in church, I was very excited and declared: “I have surrendered and turned to the truth!” On that afternoon, I received water baptism in a river leading to the sea near to church. The baptism was administered by Dn. Wang (later ordained as Eld. Wang Qinru), and I was fully immersed in living water. At that

<sup>1</sup> China Christian Council and National Committee of Three Self Patriotic Movement of the Protestant Churches in China

<sup>2</sup> The magazine of the Protestant Churches in China, Chinese name—天風 (Tian Feng)

<sup>3</sup> The magazine of the Nanjing Union Theological Seminary, Chinese name—教材 (Religious Text)

time, the weather was very cold and the temperature plummeted. But when I came up from the water, my whole body was very warm, and I felt very relaxed and joyful. Truly, I felt a renewal within me (2 Cor 5:17).

On the second day, in the morning of February 3, we were praying for the Holy Spirit in church. An elderly was leading the prayer session. After he gave a brief explanation, he told us to kneel down and pray, and he laid hands on us. He reminded us to remove all the distractions in our minds, and pray earnestly to the Lord. When we knelt down and prayed for the third time, this elderly laid hands on my head. My heart was deeply moved. As I was praising the Lord by saying “Hallelujah,” I felt as if I was brought before the throne and met the Lord face to face. Then, I uttered, “Hua-la, hua-la,” and my tongue rolled (spoke in tongues). I burst into tears and I cried as if I was meeting a family member whom I had not seen for a long time. The sound of my tongue became gradually louder; I totally disregarded the people around me. Soon, I was very emotional because of all the joy; both of my hands raised involuntarily, as if they were guided and started to clap. This was one of my wonderful and amazing experiences. Afterwards, we got to know that the elderly who laid hands on us was Dn. Wang Ji-de, the third uncle of Eld. Wang Qin-ru. Hallelujah, thank the election and guidance of our Lord that we have received the washing of regeneration and renewing of the Holy Spirit. We are now truly walking on the path that leads to the heavenly kingdom. 🌿





PEACE  
& GRACE

# God Blessed Us Miraculously with Children

## Cianjur Church, Indonesia

Sister Henny Meliana



In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I testify.

Hallelujah! My name is Henny Meliana. I am a member of the True Jesus Church (TJC) in Cianjur, Indonesia. I was raised in a family of the TJC members. Ever since I was young, I was taught to believe in the power of prayer and the infilling of the Holy Spirit. In order to continuously grow in my spirituality, I also made a determination to be married in the Lord. Thanks to God's guidance, my husband and I were married under one Lord, one faith, and one baptism. As a member of the TJC, my faith has continued to grow. I confidently believe that no matter what kind of circumstances we may face, as long as we continue steadfastly in prayer, the Lord will always abide with us, protect us, and give us peace.

I would like to take this opportunity to testify how I experienced God's miraculous works and power through incessant prayers.

My husband and I were married in February 1982. A year later, we still did not have any children; and that

worried my aunt. She suggested that I visit an obstetrician to confirm that I was not infertile, and to prevent my husband's family from blaming me. I took her suggestion and went for a checkup. The results showed that I was normal and fertile, so the obstetrician just prescribed some vitamins for me.

I continued to see the obstetrician for a year, but I still could not conceive. Therefore, I finally decided not to visit the obstetrician anymore. I believed that everything is given by God, so I decided to entrust everything to God; and believe in His good will. Praise the Lord, my mother-in-law was very fervent and diligent in prayer. Every night, my sisters-in-law would also come to our house to pray together for this matter. In around 1985, while we were praying, the Holy Spirit revealed to my younger sister-in-law that I would have two sons, and they would become the pillars of our family. When she told me, my heart was filled with joy, and I kept God's promise in my heart.

In 1986, the TJC in Cianjur began planning to expand the church hall and to build more classrooms so as



to accommodate more religious education students. During that time, a church deaconess, my grandmother, and my mother-in-law urged my husband to assist in this church expansion plan. The deaconess said to my husband, “When the church expansion is completed, you will be blessed with sons.” In fact, even before the deaconess approached us, God had already moved us to assist in this holy work.

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*That afternoon, I asked my mother to accompany me to see a doctor. The doctor told me that I was 4.5 months pregnant and the fetus was in good health.*

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The first stage of building the classrooms took place between 1988 and 1989. One night, I saw my husband looking very sorrowful. He said to me, “We have been married for almost eight years but we still do not have any children. But if we adopt a child, I am afraid that would offend God.” At that time, my husband had diabetes and kidney problems. Thereafter, I prayed to God, “O Lord, Creator of the universe, You are omnipotent. All things are created according to Your will. Even if it seems impossible for us to have children, if it is Your will for us to have children, I believe You will make it happen. Just like Abraham and Sarah—although they were both old and past the age of child-bearing, they were blessed with a son because it was Your promise to them.” Furthermore, I said to God, “Don’t let me know if I become pregnant.” During that time, my cousins and my family kept advising us to adopt, but every time we prayed, the Holy Spirit kept telling us that God had already prepared a child for us.

On December 22, 1989, God wanted to let me know that I was pregnant. That day, my younger sister came to visit me, and I asked her whether a baby can move while in the womb during pregnancy. She replied, “Of course, because the fetus is a living being.”



Then she became curious and asked me, “What is going on, sis?” I replied, “Oh nothing.” That afternoon, I asked my mother to accompany me to see a doctor. The doctor told me that I was 4.5 months pregnant and the fetus was in good health. However, my cousin advised me to visit a specialist in Bandung because she was concerned that I had not even realized that I was pregnant.

On January 8, 1990, I went to see a specialist in Bandung. The specialist asked how long I had been pregnant. I told him five months. After examining me, he told me that the fetus was actually already six months old! I was astonished and laughed at myself for not knowing my own body’s condition. God had made me so preoccupied with my business that I hadn’t even noticed my pregnancy. God had really blessed me. I was so grateful to God because even though we often fell short in our service to God, He remained faithful and kept His promise to us out of His abundant love and mercy.

After eight years of marriage and the completion of the church expansion, I gave birth to a healthy baby boy in April 1990. When our baby was three months old, I had a dream. In the dream, I was standing next to two boys. The younger boy was standing near me and the older boy had run far away from me. At that time, I said to my husband, “God told me that we will

have two sons.” But in my heart, I asked that if God was willing, I would also like to have a daughter.

Three years later, in February 1993, God really blessed us with a daughter. When I went into labor, I had not reached the end of the third trimester yet, so I was concerned that the baby would be born premature. That afternoon, prior to the delivery, I saw several babies of different that weighed in the maternity ward. My eyes were set on a baby weighing 2.95 kg. When my baby was born and weighed, the nurse told me that my baby also weighed 2.95 kg. What a miracle! My heart was full of awe, and I learned that if our requests are pleasing to God, He will fulfill whatever we ask for in His Name.

In October 1994, God fulfilled His promise and we were blessed with another baby boy. Once again, our hearts were filled with joy.

It is written in John 14:13 (KJV):

*“And whatsoever ye shall ask in My name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.”*

Praise be the Lord God, the creator of the heavens and the earth. We are grateful to You, my Lord. How great is the grace and love You have given to us! May all the glory be unto Your name from this day and forever, and may the love and peace of our Lord Jesus be with us always. Amen. 🌿



# God's Great Love

## Donggongon Church, Sabah, East Malaysia

Sister Kimberley Yapp Kim-yi



Hallelujah! In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I testify.

This testimony is about how my parents, Sis. Wong Chew-huang and Bro. Henry Yapp Miao-kee, experienced God's grace and love.

My parents had a traffic accident when my mother was pregnant with me. At that time, my mother was six months pregnant. They had been staying with my grandparents in Kampung Timpoluan in Babagon along Jalan Tamparuli, about 5 km from the nearest town of Donggongon. They would drive to work in Kota Kinabalu every morning at 7 am. This journey would take about 20 minutes by car and there were several schools along the way.

On that day, my parents left for work at 7 am as usual. My father was driving, while my mother was sitting beside him on the passenger seat. As they were approaching a bend, an oncoming truck appeared. It was carrying two large iron tanks and was traveling at high speed.

Suddenly, my mother saw an object flew out of the

truck and towards their car. Instantly, my mother cried out "Hallelujah!" in her heart and covered her eyes with her hands. In a flash, the lid of one those iron tanks smashed into their windshield; shattering the glass into shards which scattered onto my parents and throughout the car.

My father quickly parked the car on the roadside and checked whether my mother was injured. Praise the Lord, neither of them were injured, not even a minor scratch! In addition, I was still safe and sound in my mother's womb. The truck driver stopped the truck and came to check on my parents. He said the lid had not been fastened onto the tank, which was why the lid of the tank had been hurled out of the truck.

To this day, my family is filled with gratitude for God's love. God has always been watching over us and protecting us. Now, although we no longer live in Kampung Timpoluan, whenever we drive past that bend, it always reminds us of that incident. We believe that it was the Lord Jesus who protected us from danger 20 years ago. May all glory be given to the holy name of our Lord Jesus until forevermore. Amen. 🌿

# My Child Brought Back to Life

Solo Church, Central Java, Indonesia

Sister Suwarti

Hallelujah! In the name of the Lord Jesus, I bear testimony. My name is Suwarti. I would like to share about how God brought my family to believe in Jesus through the death and resurrection of our son.

The most beautiful day in my life was the day I got married. I had so many dreams and hopes of establishing a family together with my loving and caring husband. A year later, on November 28, 1982, we were blessed with a beautiful and healthy son. We were overjoyed! We named him Dicky Satriawan Aryono, and we hoped that he would grow up to be a healthy, intelligent, and obedient child.

However, our joy didn't last long. While Dicky was still in the womb, he was as healthy as any other baby. But after he was born he became sickly and his body was weak. He often had high fevers that would trigger convulsions. Our smiles, hopes, and happiness turned into sadness, fears, and worries for the child's health. We tried to take him to the doctor but his condition would not get any better.

On March 3, 1985, when Dicky was three years old, he had a very high fever and violent seizures. My husband and I tried to save him, but our efforts were useless. We suddenly realized that there was nothing we could do to save our son; we could only watch as he stopped moving and then lay there lifelessly. I started to wail and cry because I couldn't accept what had just happened. Why did God just take away my son? Why was life so bitter and cruel? At that time, our family and neighbors panicked, and my parents even fainted.

In the midst of the chaos, one of our family members went to the True Jesus Church (TJC) to call the preacher. Upon reaching our house, the preacher managed to comfort and calm everyone down; and asked us to pray together. All of us, even our neighbors, prayed for around an hour.

The power of the Lord Jesus was really amazing! The instant our prayer ended, we suddenly heard our son say clearly "Hallelujah!" Then, he regained his con-



sciousness and came back to life! It was truly amazing! A miracle had really happened in our family! I immediately went over and embraced him. We burst into tears of joy. Dicky came back to life after lying dead for three hours.

It was such a strange thing that our son could say, “Hallelujah!” In retrospect, Dicky had never been to church since only his grandparents and aunt had believed in Jesus, while my husband and I had not.

Only after believing in Jesus Christ did I understand that the word “Hallelujah!” is the word that the angels use to praise and worship God (Rev 19:1). I thank the Lord for His wonderful plan—through the death and resurrection of our son, our whole family was finally brought to believe in Him.

Dicky received baptism in Solo TJC on December 28, 1985.

God has continued to pour out His blessings on Dicky’s life. He is now grown up and is a healthy young man. Everything that has happened is all because of the Lord’s mercy and grace towards us. The Lord Jesus has demonstrated His grace and revealed His beautiful plans to us; He will save the ones whom He loves. All the glory be unto His name. Amen.

*“No man has power over the wind to contain it; so no one has power over the day of his death.” (Eccl 8:8a, NIV)*

*“Jesus said to her: ‘I am the resurrection and the life. He who believes in me will live, even though he dies.’” (Jn 11:25, NIV) 🌿*



The son of Sis. Suwarti—  
Bro. Dicky Satriawan Aryono

# The Path to the Truth

## Jakarta Church, Indonesia

Brother Chung Han-siang



Hallelujah, in the name of the Lord Jesus, I testify.

My name is Chung Han-siang, I was born on July 14 1927. I am blessed with four children—three daughters and one son. My children came to believe in Jesus through the Kanaan Christian School—a school administered by the Indonesian General Assembly of the True Jesus Church (TJC), and had been baptized in the TJC. My wife and I believed in Jesus; however we attended services in another church.

We attended services at that church for many years, but I did not feel any growth in my faith. Furthermore, there was no power of the Holy Spirit nor spiritual gifts. I felt empty and there was no joy in me. My daughter often invited me to join her at the TJC, so that we could serve God together with one heart. Whenever the TJC in Jakarta held evangelical services or spiritual convocation (ESSC), she would always invite me to join, but I turned her down on every occasion.

Nevertheless, she never gave up, but continuously prayed for me so that I could come to the TJC and be saved.

One day in 1997, my daughter informed me that the TJC would be holding another ESSC from the next day onwards; and the sermon topics were all related to salvation. She said, “Dad, please do not miss this precious opportunity! I will accompany you to church tomorrow.”

Praise the Lord, it was only through attending the evangelical service that night that I truly got to know about God. During the sermon, the preacher encouraged us not to be arrogant, as the Lord does not like people who are proud. We should always be humble and ready to serve others. We should not behave unrighteously or unjustly because that is sin. The preacher also explained that the TJC is a church that completely follows the truth. At that moment, I was deeply moved in my heart. After the sermon, the preacher said, “Anyone who wishes to pray to be healed or to receive the Holy Spirit may come forward to pray in the front row.” I went forward to the front and knelt down. I started by saying, “In the name of the Lord Jesus, I pray.” I repeated “Hallelujah” contin-



uously during my prayer. I prayed earnestly so that I could receive the Holy Spirit and for my sickness to be healed. During the prayer, someone laid hands on me. Soon after, I felt a warm current flowing through from my head and suddenly my tongue began to vibrate, and I began to speak in tongues. I was shedding tears and perspiring, however I felt peace inside. After the prayer, the preacher approached me and said, “Congratulations, you have received the Holy Spirit!” (ref. Eph 1:14).

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*From that day onwards, my life has changed dramatically and I understand the Lord better. I also spent more time praying on my own to God.*

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After receiving the Holy Spirit, my heart was no longer empty but rather full of joy. I am so grateful for the Lord’s blessings. I joined the truth-seekers’ class and determined to do everything for the Lord. On April 4, 1998, I received water baptism in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ.

From that day onwards, my life has changed dramatically and I understand the Lord better. I also spent more time praying on my own to God. In my prayers, I said, “Lord, I need you. I am willing to open my heart and accept you as my Lord and Savior. Please forgive my sins and protect my life so that I can please you.” Furthermore, during Sabbath service and Manna fellowship prayers, I asked God to heal me of the hemorrhoids that I had been suffering for many years. In the past, I looked everywhere for a cure and took all kinds of medication, but they were all in vain. Now, I beseeched Him, “O Lord, the true and merciful God, please grant my request.”

Finally, on January 15, 2000, the Lord healed my sickness. How marvelous is God’s grace! I am so grateful

to the Lord. The Lord is the Great Physician. There is nothing that He cannot do and nothing that He does not know, as Peter once confessed:

*“... You have the words of eternal life.” (Jn 6:68b)*

Only He is the true God; only He is our Savior. If we are willing to humble ourselves and pray in front of Him, He will certainly open His arms to help us. He will heal our sicknesses; and help us overcome every obstacle and problem that we face.

Therefore, my brothers and sisters who are experiencing difficulties and suffering, please go to the TJC to receive salvation from the Lord. May all glory be unto the Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

*“Whom have I in heaven but You? And there is none upon earth that I desire besides You. My flesh and my heart fail; but God is the strength of my heart and my portion forever.” (Ps 73:25–26) *

# For with You Is the Fountain of Life; In Your Light We See Light

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble

Tokyo Church, Japan

Deaconess Apphia Lin



Hallelujah! In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I testify.

In 1991, Sis. Wang Xiu-qin, a 17-year-old foreign student from mainland China, came to Tokyo True Jesus Church (TJC). Soon after coming to Tokyo, she got into a car accident.

On that day, soon after my husband (Dn. Philemon Wu) had gone to work, I received a telephone call from the police. At first, I thought they called because my husband had gotten into an accident because he usually drives to work. However, as I continued to listen, the police told me that a young Chinese girl had just gotten into a car accident and was in a coma in the hospital. She was not tall and had long hair. They found our phone number in her notepad. When I heard this, I immediately contacted three church sisters. Afterwards, we realized that the girl who had gotten into the accident was Sis. Wang who had just come to Japan.

Her elder sister told us that she hadn't returned (home) yet when the accident happened. Therefore, I immediately rushed to the hospital with other sisters to visit Sis. Wang. At that time, her elder sister tearfully said to us, "The doctor told us that if surgery was required, it would cost several million Japanese yen! We definitely cannot afford this!" When we asked the doctor about Sis. Wang's condition, we learned that she had suffered a brain contusion. Although there was no visible injury to the head from the outside, but internally the brain was bruised and a buildup of cerebrospinal fluid inside the brain was causing it to swell. Most concerning was that if the cerebrospinal fluid flowed backwards into the spine, things would get even worse. The doctor also showed us the CT scan of her head which showed several black spots in her brain. Because of the dangerous the situation, the doctor would only monitor her changes using the devices in the nurse's room next door. They believed that even if she recovered, she would be in a vegetative state for the rest of her life. After hearing the



bad news, we were very worried for Sis. Wang. But at the same time, we felt so blessed because as God's precious children, we can pray to Him, our heavenly Father, who holds our lives in His hand, and ask for His mercy and grace. Therefore, the church contacted all the brethren to pray in one accord for Sis. Wang at 8 pm to ask God to heal her.

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*Dn. Wu brought her to the police station to explain that we are Christians; and that we did not want to take legal action because our God had already healed her that even the doctors could not.*

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While Sis. Wang was in a coma, the church arranged some sisters to take turns caring for her 24 hours a day. Moreover, besides her brain contusion, Sis. Wang also suffered a dislocated heel. The orthopedist came, but when he heard that she would very likely remain in a vegetative state even if she survived the brain surgery, he thought it would be useless to treat her heel since she wouldn't be able to walk by herself anyway. Therefore, he was not willing to give her any treatment. However, by the grace of God and through the intercession of all the brothers and sisters, Sis. Wang woke up on the third day. The day after she woke up, we visited her in the hospital. And surprisingly, she told us that she missed her mother in China and wanted to give her a phone call. At that time, international calls had to be made through public telephones near the bus station. Coincidentally, my husband had brought his cellphone with him. So, he asked Sis. Wang for the phone number. She was not only able to tell him the phone number from memory but also the extension number! Furthermore, the telephone line was miraculously connected. We felt very surprised because it demonstrated that Sis. Wang's brain functions were

restored. Even the doctor remarked that this was impossible.

The Bible tells us that "in Him all things are possible!" Because only He is the Lord of life. Our lives are in His hands.

The one who caused the accident was a taxi driver of a major taxi company. Therefore, all the expenses incurred during Sis. Wang's hospitalization, including the follow-up examination and treatment of her heel, plus the loss of wages while she was hospitalized, were all paid by the taxi company. Moreover, after she was discharged from the hospital, the insurance company even paid her a sum of money! Before she was discharged, the police asked Sis. Wang if she wanted to take legal action against the taxi driver. Due to the language barrier, the police misunderstood her reply and thought that she said, "Yes." Later, Dn. Wu brought her to the police station to explain that we are Christians; and that we did not want to take legal action because our God had already healed her that even the doctors could not. How amazing is God's love for us, His children! Since God loves us, we should also love others with this same love; use our words and deeds to testify to all men that He is truly the almighty God and the Lord of life.

May all the glory be unto the Father in heaven! 🌿

# The Voice of Experience in Faith— Words to Students Studying Abroad

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble

Tokyo Church, Japan

Brother Hayashi Susumu (Lin Jin)



## A MAN'S STEPS ARE OF THE LORD

Hallelujah! In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I testify. The first time I ever traveled outside my home country was in 1996. On November 9, 1996, I arrived in Okinawa, Japan as a foreign student. Okinawa is in the southernmost point of Japan; many people dream of going there in hopes of striking it rich. However, I felt like a dumb person because of the language barrier. Additionally, at that time, I was only a new believer, having just been baptized in July 1996. Before I came here, I found out from Tokyo church that there was no True Jesus Church (TJC) in Okinawa. So, all I could do was to pray silently in my heart for God's help. Thank God, I found out through Tokyo church that there was one family of believers in Okinawa. Bro. Zhu Hua was originally from Hiroshima and later moved to Taiwan. At that time, he and his family had no plans to move back to Japan. However, 10 months before I arrived in Okinawa, they decided to move back to Okinawa—the closest Japanese city to Taiwan—instead of Hiroshima. Thank God, through His guidance and arrangement, I was able to join their family service and establish a solid foundation for my

faith through daily spiritual cultivation. From this, I learned that if we have a heart that desires to draw near to God and diligently pursue after Him, He will abide with us.

Later on, I moved to Tokyo in order to further my studies (Bro. Zhu Hua's and Bro. Li Xi-ching's families also moved to Tokyo). I was so joyful that I could finally attend Sabbath services at church! However, living in Tokyo meant that I was now faced with high academic fees and living expenses. Moreover, I wasn't sure how to support myself. My friends told me that most jobs required people to work on Saturdays. I thought to myself, "As a Christian, should I give up observing the Sabbath in order to make a living?"

At that crucial moment, some older brothers from Tokyo church encouraged me to rely on God and told me many testimonies. For example, they told the job interviewers upfront that they were Christians and that they have to go to church on Saturdays, etc. They reminded me that the God whom we believe in is a living God. Later, my school helped to refer me to a newspaper delivery job. During the interview, I



told the interviewer that I was a Christian and I had to worship God on the Sabbath day. Thank God, he allowed me to have all Saturdays off from work! Thus, I truly experienced what the Bible tells us:

*“But seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you.”*

(Mt 6:33)

God will provide us our daily needs.

### **GOD IS BESIDE US IN TIME OF TROUBLE**

One early morning, I was riding my light motorcycle to deliver newspapers as usual. On that day, it was also raining lightly. As I came up to an intersection, the traffic light turned from green to yellow, so I tried to speed across. Suddenly, a taxi from the opposite lane made a right turn into the intersection and collided with me; throwing me into the air. Right when I was hit, I cried out, “Hallelujah!” Praise the Lord for His protection and mercy. Afterwards, I was sent to the hospital by the ambulance. Upon examination, the doctors found that I had only injured some ligaments in the leg that was hit by the taxi. Apart from that, I had no injuries to any other part of my body, not even any bruises! When I bore testimony on the following Saturday, the brothers and sisters could not believe that I had been in a traffic accident. From this incident, I truly experienced that God is our refuge and a very present help in trouble.

### **GOD HELPED ME TO OBTAIN A WORKING VISA**

Because of the traffic accident, I resigned from the newspaper delivery job and applied for a job at a hamburger store. Like the previous job interview, I explained to the interviewer that I was a Christian and again, the manager allowed me to take Saturdays off and observe the Sabbath.

In the twinkling of an eye, I was about to graduate from school and my working visa was about to expire. I wondered, “What should I do?” It is too expensive to continue studying at the university, and there is

no way for me to continue working without a visa. As such, I asked the store manager whether the company could help me apply for a work visa. However, the boss answered that he had already inquired the Immigration Bureau; they said that unless a company is doing business abroad, e.g., in China or Taiwan, it would be very difficult for them to help me obtain a work visa. Because I had no other alternative, I requested my boss to send my information to the Immigration Bureau and apply anyway. Meanwhile, I continuously prayed to God in my heart throughout the entire process. Thank God, He answered my prayers; after three months, my work visa was approved. However, soon after a greater trial came upon me. One day, my boss called me over and said, “You are now a regular employee in our company, but you still have Saturdays off while other employees do not. Will you die without your faith? Without a job, you cannot survive!” At that moment, I thank God for giving me the faith to reply, “From the very beginning, you knew that I am a Christian who needs to go to church every Saturday. If I lose my faith for the sake of my job, then my work becomes meaningless! If you feel that you cannot justify yourself in front of all the other employees, then please allow me to resign.” Thank God, my boss eventually gave in and agreed to continue letting me take Saturdays off as long as the store manager also approved. Now when I reflect upon this incident, I realize that if God did not move the hearts of my boss and the store manager, they would have no reason to continue employing me as I was a foreigner and spoke Japanese poorly. They could have just hired a Japanese instead. All of these blessings were only possible because of God’s help. I cannot fully describe all the blessings that I have received from God in these limited pages. I wish that all brothers and sisters, especially those who are studying abroad, can firmly hold on to this true and living faith. Let us not grow slack in our precious faith simply because of work. May we be mutually edified through this testimony, and may all the glory be unto the Father in heaven. Amen! 🌿

# A Man's Steps Are of the Lord (Proverbs 20:24)

Sumida Church, Tokyo, Japan

Deacon Kinoshita Norimatsu



Hallelujah! In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I testify.

Looking back on the past 20 years of my life, it is easy to see that God has been guiding me every step of the way. Even though I did not know Jesus, not even His name, God, out of His great love, chose me so that I may personally experience His abundant grace. I came to Japan as a Chinese foreign student; and I had only planned to stay here a few years. I never imagined that I would not only end up living in Japan for 20 years, but also establish a business and a family here. However, out of all these blessings, the greatest blessing has been coming to know the Lord Jesus Christ; to be baptized into His name and to become one of His children.

I grew up in a family that worshiped idols, so I did not know who Jesus was. In 1988, with my own money, I went to Japan to pursue my studies. There, I met my wife; got married and had children. Throughout this time, my wife kept trying to preach the gospel and

introduce Jesus to me, but her efforts always ended in disappointment. I felt that faith was a concept too abstract for me to accept. Moreover, I was rather infamous in my hometown as a stubborn and rowdy young man to the extent that people even avoided me. With such a reputation, I felt that it was not possible for me to believe in Jesus. Nevertheless, my wife and the people who cared about me persisted in their prayers; hoping that one day I would also believe in Jesus. Eventually, God heard their prayers, and He fulfilled the words He spoke in Bible, “You did not choose Me, but I chose you...” (Jn 15:16); “...with men this is impossible, but with God all things are possible” (Mt 19:26). By His abundant mercy, God chose me.

In July 1997, after I had been married for nine years, I took my eldest son to Dn. Sakiyoshi's store (then Omurai Prayer House) to listen to sermons. I remember that after the sermon, Dn. Luke Wang encouraged everyone to go to the front to pray for the Holy Spirit. I felt a little hesitant at first, thinking to myself: “Why should a grown man have to kneel down to pray?”



However, because Dn. Wang was an acquaintance, I felt obliged to pray in the front and so I did. In my prayers, I said, “God, if You really exist, please touch me so that I can feel You, and forgive my sins.” After about five minutes, I felt guilt tugging at my heart; and tears began to flow from my eyes.

Then something miraculous happened! I suddenly felt a stream of heat pouring down on my head; my body began to shake and my tongue began to roll. I thought to myself: “This must be the Holy Spirit that my wife kept telling me about—how wonderful is the work of God!” I came to understand that what my wife had told me was true, and that God truly exists. Just as the Scripture says:

*“When the Spirit of truth has come, He will guide you into all truth.” (Jn 16:13a)*

As I reflected on this thought, I prayed even harder to God and wept; the more I prayed, the more joy I felt. After 15 more minutes, the prayer ended. After the prayer, Dn. Wang said to me, “You have received the Holy Spirit!” Thank God, that was the first time I personally experienced God.

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*The doctor called three days later and told my wife, who had answered the call, that this was an emergency and I had to go to the hospital immediately.*

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As there was a special baptism the next day, I requested to be baptized into the true church. This was how I began to have my own personal faith. I have encountered many difficulties in my life of faith thereafter. Nevertheless, with each difficulty, I also experienced the love and care that our heavenly Father gives to us; I truly felt that God’s grace was sufficient for me.

During my time in Japan, I opened two restaurants. Both were doing well and thus required a lot of my

time and energy. Consequently, I did not have my mind set on cultivating my spirituality nor on pursuing spiritual growth. During this struggle between my work and faith, Eld. Chen arrived to assist in the sacred work in Japan. He repeatedly encouraged me to participate in the two-year “Volunteer Training Seminar” in Taiwan so that I could contribute to the sermon-speaking resources in Japan and assist the holy work. Given this rare opportunity, I started to reflect upon how I could let go of my work. On one hand, I had invested a lot of money in my two restaurants. Moreover, my wife, who was not in the best of health, would have to simultaneously manage both restaurants and care for our three children. It seemed impossible for me to go to Taiwan, but the thought of not going to the seminar made me feel inexplicably sorrowful in my heart. I struggled for a long time, but God has His own time; and He will plan out everything for us when we trust in Him. I believed that God had begun a good work in me (Phil 2:13), and He would guide me to the Theological Seminary in Taiwan.

In April 2003, a friend invited me to add to a life insurance policy. I agreed, and I was required to undergo a physical examination. After the checkup, the doctor informed me that I had diabetes. I was taken aback; I thought I could not possibly have diabetes because I felt my body was strong and had no symptoms. Shrugging off the news, I forgot about the diagnosis after a month or so.

One day, I suddenly came down with a cold and a fever, so I went to the hospital for a blood test. The doctor called three days later and told my wife, who had answered the call, that this was an emergency and I had to go to the hospital immediately. I was frightened by the news, since it is never a good sign when the doctor wants to see someone in a hurry. My wife and I rushed to the hospital where the physician told me that I have severe diabetes; my blood sugar level had risen to 480 (the normal range is between

120 and 160). He advised me to be treated promptly; otherwise, I could faint at any time and even risked getting my limbs amputated or losing my eyesight. I was very afraid and was hospitalized right away.

During the three weeks, I thought: "Isn't the God I worship the true God? The Bible records how the Lord healed many who were sick, and even resurrected the dead. What is my sickness to Him? I'm His child, and I will recover from this sickness as long as I have faith in Him." After three weeks, I was discharged; the doctor gave me many different medications and instructed me on how to take them, and how to rest and exercise.

Once I was home, I prayed and made a vow God, "If my blood sugar level can go down without taking the medications, then may this be proof that You have listened to my prayers. Then I will have the courage to step forth boldly and go to Taiwan for the volunteer training seminar. May my prayer be pleasing to You."

A month later, during a follow-up examination, all of my tests came back normal and the doctor was surprised by my rapid recovery. The doctor asked me what I did to achieve this progress, including how I took the medications and exercised. I honestly told him everything; and he became even more puzzled. However, as far as I was concerned, I knew in my heart that it was the grace of God and that He was truly guiding my footsteps. As a consequence, I was now strengthened and determined to go for the training in Taiwan.

While I was attending the training, my wife took care of our two stores and three children alone. Thankfully, she felt that there was a power sustaining her; she no longer felt as tired and weak as before. Although it was stressful every day, she was not as exhausted as before, and the business was not worse than before. I knew that was God taking care of us so that we

could once again taste and see that the Lord is good (Ps 34:8). Paul says:

*"Now to Him who is able to do exceedingly abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that works in us." (Eph 3:20)*

This is the love of our heavenly Father, and I hope that more brothers and sisters can experience the abundant grace of the Lord. As long as we have a willing heart, the Lord will be pleased and watch over us. May all honor, glory, and praise be given onto the holy name of our Lord Jesus. May all peace and grace be unto those who seek to please our Lord God. Amen! 🌿



# God Is Our Refuge

## Adam Road Church, Singapore

Sister Wong Fui-khin



*Sister Wong Fui-khin was born in Sabah, East Malaysia into a family of True Jesus Church believers. Her paternal grandmother, together with her grandmother's siblings and her grandmother's son (Sis. Wong's father), were baptized into the church in the late 1920s. Besides enjoying the grace of salvation, Sis. Wong has experienced abundant blessings from the Lord. She shares two of these with us.*

### PUSHED TO SAFETY

Hallelujah! In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I testify.

In the 1960s, I was a secondary school student in Kota Kinabalu, Sabah. My family lived in a place called Signal Hill, which was about 20 minutes drive from the Kota Kinabalu town center. Back then, there were only a few rickety buses, which operated few and far in between. School began at 8:15 am, and if we missed the 7:30 to 7:45 am bus, we would definitely be late for school and be punished by the school principal. So

every day, my younger sister and I would rush to the main bus station to catch the bus to school.

One morning, we rushed to the bus station as usual. We had to cross a busy road in order to get to the bus station. My sister, who was ahead of me, had already crossed the road. In my haste to catch up with her, I dashed across the road without checking whether the road was clear. Halfway across the road, I suddenly saw a car speeding towards me. I was so shocked that I did not know how to react. I was rooted to the spot and my legs felt like they had turned to jelly. It did not even occur to me to run. All I could remember was to say, “Hallelujah, Hallelujah!”

Suddenly, I felt a force shoving me onto the pavement on the other side of the road. After I landed there, I looked back, just in time to see the car whiz past me. The driver of the car turned and looked at me with his eyes and mouth wide open in shock. He must have thought that I was a ghost because I had moved from the middle of the road to the pavement in an instant!

Indeed, the God whom we worship is a faithful Lord who rescues us in times of danger. I cannot imagine what would have happened, had He not stretched out His hand to save me. Thank God for His grace and mercy!

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*In fact, he kept repeating to himself, “I am no God ... I am no God ... why did you only bring your son to me now? You knew about your son’s illness. Why didn’t you bring him to me immediately after the accident? It is too late now.”*

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### INTENSIVE INTERNAL BLEEDING STOPPED

By the 1970s, I was married and living in Tawau, a town in Sabah. My second son, Guo-hua, suffers from hemophilia, a hereditary blood disease. Human blood consists of red blood cells, white blood cells, and blood plasma. Within blood plasma, there is something known as factor VIII, which helps to clot the blood when we are injured so that we will not continue to bleed. To function normally, a person would need to have between 50 and 100% of factor VIII. Hemophiliacs have very little of this clotting factor in their blood. In particular, Guo-hua has a mere 0.5% of factor VIII. The slightest bump or cut would cause him to bleed. Internal bleeding would be especially dangerous for him. Therefore, Guo-hua would often start bleeding spontaneously.

Guo-hua was diagnosed with this illness in Singapore when he was just a few months old. We went to Singapore to have him checked because back then, there were no medical facilities in Sabah to diagnose his illness. The usual treatment for hemophiliacs was to give them a transfusion of blood plasma extract or a factor VIII precipitate injection. Unfortunately, these were not available in Sabah at that time. So whenever

Guo-hua started bleeding, we could only let him rest for a few days; the bleeding usually stopped and he would recover.

When Guo-hua was two years old, he bumped into a cupboard in the house. He hurt his left temple where some big blood vessels are located. While we did pray for him, we did not pay particular attention to the injury, thinking that the bleeding would stop after a few days as it usually did. However, on that occasion, after two days, the bleeding intensified. Both of his eyes were affected and he could no longer see. He began to drift in and out of consciousness.

We immediately took him to the hospital. The doctor who attended to him told us that there was internal bleeding in one-third of his brain, and that there was severe bleeding in both his eyes. The doctor said, “Mrs. Chong, I am no God.” In fact, he kept repeating to himself, “I am no God ... I am no God ... why did you only bring your son to me now? You knew about your son’s illness. Why didn’t you bring him to me immediately after the accident? It is too late now.”

I knew that the doctor was trying to tell me that there was no hope for Guo-hua. Although the doctor said that he would give Guo-hua regular transfusions of fresh blood, the doctor also hinted that the transfusions would be useless, and he also warned us of the possibility of brain damage.

At that moment, I could only pray silently, “Lord, if it is Your will to take my son, I will accept it. May it be done according to Your will.” I entrusted everything to God, resigning myself to the fact that the Lord might take my son from us. I kept reminding myself that we would definitely meet again in our Lord’s heavenly kingdom. After my prayer, I felt a great peace and calm. Words cannot describe this feeling of serenity within me. It was as if a whole burden had been removed from me. Thank God for His mercy and grace!



We were very touched when many of our brethren and family members specially gathered in the church to pray for Guo-hua. With their loving intercession and God’s wondrous grace, he miraculously recovered within one week.

On Guo-hua’s third day in the hospital, an eye specialist came from Kota Kinabalu to examine him. He told me that due to heavy bleeding into the eyes, the weight of the bleeding would cause Guo-hua’s eyeballs to burst, and he might become blind. However, by the gracious mercy of our Lord Jesus, Guo-hua did not suffer any brain damage nor did he become blind.

Praise the Lord for His mercy—the two-year old who had hurt himself so seriously is now in his late thirties. All of us are living on borrowed time from the Lord Jesus, but Guo-hua appreciates this even more keenly. For him, every new day is another extraordinary grace from the Lord Jesus.

### A VERY PRESENT HELP

No words will ever suffice to express our deep gratitude to Jesus for His mercies upon us. There is no way I can ever repay the Lord for the wonderful grace and love He has continually showered on my family and I. He saved me from certain death, and He also preserved my son.

As the Psalmist wrote in Psalm 46:1,

*“God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.”*

May all glory be given to the Lord Jesus! Hallelujah!

*Note:* Bro. Guo-hua continues to live with his illness. Please refer to Manna Magazine Issue 81 to read Bro. Guo-hua’s personal testimony, “My Constant Companion.” 🌿

# My Whole Family Believes in the Lord

Sumida Church, Tokyo, Japan

Sister O Hou-hou



Hallelujah! In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I testify.

My family came to believe in the Lord because of my father. Before we believed in the Lord, my father was diagnosed with terminal liver cancer. At that time, my father was in great pain; my grandmother, mother and aunt could only anxiously and helplessly watch him suffer because no one in my family knew what to do. We did not even understand basic Japanese. My mother and I had just arrived in Japan, and did not know anything at all. We found interpreters to help us seek medical advice. However, our family was poor and we could not afford to rely on interpreters all the time. We went about everywhere frantically worshipping every idol we could find in hopes of finding some kind of cure for him, but my father's condition continued to worsen.

Eventually, we became despondent and were on the verge of giving up. One day, we met my grandmother's friend, Bro. Kenjiro Kinoshita. Upon hearing about my father's illness, he asked my grandmother whether

she would like to go to church. At that moment, my grandmother thought that there was no harm in going to church since we had worshiped so many idols but to no avail. However, she did not actually make an effort to go.

In the end, Bro. Kenjiro Kinoshita came with other brethren to visit my father, and prayed for him. They also helped us a lot with many other things. Their selfless love greatly moved my family. We wondered, "How could there be such kind people in this world?" Thank God, my father was eventually baptized. After baptism, he was in less pain and became more relaxed. When the Lord came to receive him, he even left this world with a smile on his face. After my father passed away, Eld. Wu's family, the Kinoshita family, and many other brethren took the initiative to help us arrange my father's funeral. We truly experienced the mercy of God. Otherwise, why would so many brothers and sisters come to comfort us? Our loving God not only forgave us for being slow to trust in Him, but He also bestowed upon us His mercy.



Not long after my father passed away, my brother discovered that he had problems with his legs, commonly known as “short leg syndrome.” Just when we needed love and care the most, the brothers and sisters came to our aid, and prayed for us. By the mercy of God, my brother’s leg was miraculously healed without any medication. A short time later, my mother was involved in a car accident, and her injuries caused her to lose a lot of blood. However, I remember my mother telling me later that when she was in the accident, she felt someone pulled her out of the way at the moment of the crash. Indeed, “...man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward.” Although we encountered many afflictions, it allowed us to truly experience the greatness of God’s love. We were able to endure one tribulation after another through the love and support of brothers and sisters.

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*...I was hit by a truck but suffered only minor injuries. It truly was a miracle. At that time, I did not think that it was the Lord Jesus helping me.*

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Four years later, my family moved to a new house, and this house, which we still live in now, was given to us by God. After we moved, our family began to prosper and became increasingly blissful. However, because of all that my family went through, I turned into a recluse. I stayed at home and did not want to go out. I did not have friends, I hardly spoke to anyone, and I isolated myself from the world. Thank God, since March this year, I have become more cheerful again. I have started talking more and am gradually trying to communicate with others again. I know in my heart this is because of the Lord’s help. I am now happy and no longer isolate myself. Our lives have been improving, and more importantly, everyone in my family, including my uncle and aunt, has been baptized into the fold of the Lord.

Nevertheless, as it is recorded in the Bible, “In the day of prosperity be joyful, but in the day of adversity, consider...” On May 23 this year, I was hit by a truck but suffered only minor injuries. It truly was a miracle. At that time, I did not think that it was the Lord Jesus helping me. I just thought I was extremely lucky. However, upon reflection, I realized that it was not luck that saved me—rather, it was God who saved me. I reminded myself, “I am a Christian now, and God is looking after me in every circumstance.” However, we cannot just forget about God’s grace even in times of peace.

People often only remember our heavenly Father during times of tribulations. This is wrong. We must continually put God in our hearts. Also, we should not complain against God when we encounter difficulties. Very often, we only come to understand that God’s grace is truly sufficient for us when we encounter calamities. If my family had not experienced so many tribulations, I don’t think we would have ever come to know how precious God is. Thank God for His mercy and compassion. May our Lord Jesus Christ continue to look after us forever.

May all honor, power and glory be unto our Father in heaven. Amen. 🌿

# The Lord Was with Us All the Way

## Yokohama Church, Japan

Sister Gi Mairei



Hallelujah! In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I testify.

Thank God, I have been living in Japan for four years now. Three years ago, a church member introduced me to Bro. Xu En-li from Toyama. At that time, I was living in Tokyo. Because we lived far from each other and because of our work schedules, we could not meet up with each other in person, so we kept in touch by telephone instead. Within six months, we decided to get married. Thanks to God's guidance and abidance, we were able to experience the blessings of marrying in the Lord.

When En-li first moved from Toyama to Tokyo, not everything went smoothly. At that time, we started searching for jobs to support ourselves. En-li applied for several jobs but without success. It turns out that the employers wanted to hire local Japanese. As a result, En-li was not even offered an interview at all. Since we did not have any income, we needed to get by on our savings. At that point of time, it seemed as though we were stuck in a labyrinth with no way out.

We felt completely lost and disoriented, and we debated whether we should continue living in Tokyo, or move back to Toyama. Since En-li had lived in Toyama for two years, he was more familiar with the area. However, after thorough consideration, we decided to stay in Tokyo, a place unfamiliar to En-li, and continue looking for job opportunities. Later on, a friend recommended a job to me. The Almighty God knew our difficulties and needs, and had compassion on us, so I was able to pass the interview on the first attempt! Through His guidance, En-li also secured a job not long afterwards. All of this was far beyond our expectations. If God had not provided us with these opportunities, we would never have been able to secure our jobs within such a short period of time. In fact, one person's salary was not enough to cover both living expenses and school fees in Tokyo. Through this, we knew that God had been listening to our prayers.

Thank God, after En-li got a job and our lives in general became more stable, my mother-in-law began looking forward to having grandchildren. At that time,



we had been married for more than a year and were also hoping to have a child too. Not long after that, I became pregnant. However, due to my work, I was very tired and under a lot of stress. This was my first pregnancy, so there were many things I did not know; and I did not look after myself very well. I ended up having a miscarriage on March 9, 2012. Because I continued bleeding after the miscarriage, I followed the doctor's recommendation and received a dilation and curettage<sup>1</sup> operation to remove the tissue remaining in my womb.

A year later, we were still hoping to have a child, so I set aside my work and went to the hospital for a checkup. The doctor explained to me that the lining of my uterus had been thinned as a result of the dilatation and curettage procedure. If the lining was too thin, it would be impossible to conceive. Just as a seed needs a good layer of rich and fertile soil to develop well, a developing baby also needs a thick enough lining in the uterus to grow. Without this, there was the possibility that I might become infertile. Even if I were to try and conceive again, I might face another miscarriage. They also found that my uterus was not oval shaped like normal, but twisted and showed signs of damage.

Thank God for His great love. Thereafter, I learned to pay more attention to my health and well-being. Despite my physical condition, En-li and I continued to pray for a child because we knew that children are a heritage from the Lord (Ps 127:3). In the Old Testament, there are many examples of how God blessed His people with children in difficult circumstances—Sarah gave birth to Isaac at 90 years old; Rebekah, who had been deemed barren, gave birth to twin boys, Jacob and Esau; Hannah prayed before God in bitterness of soul and humility, and eventually gave birth to

Samuel. Through the Scriptures, God comforted me and I understood that God has His own time. As long as we are willing to wait upon the Lord and completely entrust the matter to Him, He will bestow upon us more than what we could ask for. In the blink of an eye, six months passed by, and I found out that I had conceived again. Praise the Lord! In Mark 11:24, it tells us, "Therefore I say to you, whatever things you ask when you pray, believe that you receive them, and you will have them." Thank God for His mercy and providence, not only did He listen to our prayers, He also allowed us to experience the joy of His wonderful arrangement and the creation of a new life.

In the four years that we have lived in Japan, we were able to see how God was always protecting us under His wings. Throughout these years, He was always abiding with us and guiding us. He is truly a God who listens to our prayers. As we reflected on the past few years, we realized that each of the little blessings God gave us were all from His great grace which He bestowed upon us. From these blessings, we also learned several lessons. When we pray to God for something, we need to pray with a heart of simplicity and ask for those things which are according to His will. If we are willing to rely on God, the one who gives us strength, and courageously walk on the path of faith, and obey His words in faith, then He will grant us even more peace and blessings in our lives. May all the glory be unto our God in heaven. August 25, 2013. 🌿

<sup>1</sup> Curettage is a medical procedure conducted to remove the contents of the uterus.

# Seeing the Grace of the Lord in the Storms of Life

Alor Setar Church, West Malaysia

Sister Lew Lee-fen



*Sis. Lew Lee-fen and her family were originally from the Alor Setar church in the northern region of West Malaysia. Currently, her mother, elder brother and his wife, and their two daughters live in Penang, and worship at the Penang Bayan Baru church. Sis. Lee Fen and her husband live in Singapore, and worship at the Adam Road church.*

Hallelujah! In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I testify.

*“Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for You are with me; Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me.” (Ps 23:4)*

On December 26, 2004, a tsunami in the Indian Ocean hit Southeast Asia and killed over 150,000 people in nine countries. When the locals and tourists headed out to enjoy the beaches that day, they never expected that they would perish there within a few seconds. How fragile life is indeed! Every moment of our lives lie in the hand of God.

In Malaysia, the city of Penang bore the brunt of this tsunami and its aftershocks. Penang had the highest number of casualties, deaths, and missing persons. Even though it has been several years since the tragedy, I can still vividly remember how my family and I witnessed this astounding disaster at the Batu Feringgi beach in Penang that day. Thank God that everyone in my family was kept safe in His everlasting arms.

## AN INNOCENT DAY AT THE BEACH

That year, I happily returned to Penang for my year-end vacation. My sister-in-law and her three sisters wanted to give the children a treat, so they planned an outing to the beach on December 26. I was also eagerly looking forward to it since I had not been to this beach in 12 years after I moved to Singapore in 1992.

Around 9 am on December 26, my older brother was still sleeping in bed when he felt some earthquake tremors. He immediately got up and went to the living room to tell my mother and my sister-in-law, but be-



cause they had been walking around the house doing chores, they did not feel the minor earthquake that had indeed struck the city. At that time, I was asleep so I had no idea what had happened either.

We set off at 11:30 am for an afternoon picnic by the seashore. Altogether, there were 18 of us—my brother with his wife and two children; my mother and I; my sister-in-law's parents; and my sister-in-law's three sisters with their husbands and children. When we arrived at the beach, the children went off to play while I went on a slow stroll with my aged mother. The sand was more moist than usual, which made it hard for one to walk. Since my mother could not stand for too long, we then went to one of the coffee stalls along the beach where we had tea and chatted. Not long after that, my brother and one of my sister-in-law's family members also joined us.

At noon, I received a text message from an old friend in Alor Setar telling me that they had felt a minor earthquake at 9 am and asked if I had felt it in Penang. I was stunned because Alor Setar was only 100 km north of Penang and I hadn't heard about any earthquakes in the area until that day. I immediately relayed this to my brother. Overhearing this, the coffee shop owner confirmed that they had also felt a minor earthquake that morning. We concluded that these were probably tremors from a severe earthquake in Sumatra. Despite all these, we remained seated there and continued to enjoy some delicious Penang laksa. As I sat facing the ocean and endless horizon, I felt uplifted in my spirits. No one could have predicted that the calm and gaiety that surrounded me at that moment would be shattered in a few minutes.

### ADMIRING THE WAVES

At around 1 pm, there was a distinct change in the serene ocean. I was the first in the family to notice it. Suddenly, scores of white foam waves appeared on the horizon—they were so tall, they even covered half

of the sky. From afar, these elaborate rippling waves looked magnificent — forming various differing patterns as they rolled towards the shore. At the time, the weather was sunny and calm, so none of us expected these to be the precursors of a tsunami. Everyone on the beach took out their digital cameras to capture the unusual phenomenon before our eyes.

At that time, I overheard my sister-in-law telling her sisters and the children to come out of the water and to get changed in the public changing rooms; they did so. However, the six of us—all the men, my mother, and I continued to stand along the shore to watch the magnificent waves. The first waves were large, but nothing out of the ordinary and were not very powerful; a few beach-goers praised their unusual magnificence. People continued to linger on the beach, and a group of five youths even sat on the sand to watch the waves. They may have been frequent visitors to the beach who were not intimidated by the size of the waves. As time passed, more onlookers gathered to watch. As the first series of waves receded, my family still continued to stand around to wait for the next wave. Even though my mother was also attracted by this wonderful scene, she also cautioned us to be careful as we took more photographs.

As the second series of waves approached the shore, these appeared much stronger than before—churning up not only seawater but mud. Sensing something amiss, some people immediately got up and left the beach, but those five youths remained seated on the sand. Suddenly, the white waves increased tremendously in amplitude and force, roaring like the sound of thunder, and a wave as tall as a two-story building raced towards us carrying water and sludge. Seeing this, we immediately ran for our lives.

### A TOTAL DISASTER

My mother and I stopped under a large tree by the road. Worried about the safety of their wives and

children, my brother and another family member were at a loss as to how to proceed. The whole event had taken place in only three minutes. We were worried that they could not make it to the public bathrooms and then to higher ground in time. With mixed emotions, my mother and I prayed beneath the tree—asking God for courage and peace.

After we prayed, I told my mother to wait under the tree while I returned to the site of the disaster to help my brother. But she was in shock and fretted about my safety. I insisted on going and promised her that I would take extra precautions. I am quite timid by nature, but thank God that He gave me some courage during this chaotic time.

When I returned to the shore, there was utter disarray. The waves had totally flooded the beach, destroying the souvenir and coffee stalls along the shore. I saw my brother and brother-in-law desperately calling out and searching for their wives and children. They were covered in mud from having fallen on the beach.

A janitor told my brother that there was no one in the public changing rooms. Some bystanders suggested that we try searching in the bathrooms. As we approached the bathrooms, we saw my sister-in-law and the children coming out one by one from the back door of the bathroom complex. Our hearts were filled with great thanksgiving to God for His mercy—while we were rushing about like anxious ants on a searing pot, He had already opened a way for us.

According to my sister-in-law, the moment they walked into the bathroom they heard the sound of huge waves. She wanted to go out with her second eldest sister to see what was happening, but the gigantic waves they saw rolling towards them forced them to stay in the bathroom. A kind stranger told them not to be afraid and advised them to wait until the winds had ceased and the waves had receded, then they could leave the bathroom by the back door.

After everyone had been accounted for, the other family members immediately went to the parking lot to retrieve their cars while I ran back to the tree to look for my mother. Although there was utter confusion everywhere, my entire family finally got into our cars. As we slowly inched our way back towards town, we saw that the once-charming Tanjong Bungah Beach was completely flooded. In a matter of a few hours, everything had changed. Who would have expected the beautiful waves to turn into killer waves instead? Houses, cars, trees, and flowerbeds along the seashore were all covered with sludge. Many sat weeping beside motionless bodies.

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*The waves were very attractive initially, which lulled many of us into letting down our guard. Then, when the waves revealed their true selves—gigantic walls of water like roaring lions...*

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However, we were not out of danger yet. Traffic had slowed to a crawl on the narrow road. On our left, we could no longer see the beach, but the ocean; on our right was craggy mountain face. If the waves continued to press forward, we literally had nowhere to turn. Suddenly, the eight to ten kilometers of road ahead felt long and arduous to finish. We continued to pray silently, asking the Lord to guide our path.

Moreover, there were major detours ahead because of the roads that had been flooded. That afternoon, it took us one and a half hours to finish a journey that was normally only 20 minutes. Upon arriving home, the entire family was exhausted and famished, but our hearts were filled with thanksgiving. It was only when we watched the news that evening that we realized that the tsunami was an international disaster. We were once again filled with thanksgiving at the remarkable protection of God.



## SORROW AND GLADNESS

Looking back, I can still see and feel the moment when the thundering waves suddenly crashed towards us. I was astounded by the scene. In the blink of an eye, three of the five unprepared youths were swept away by the waves before my very eyes. I was greatly saddened by the fact that I could not help them when they most needed help. This has really troubled and grieved me for a long time.

However, this disaster was a good reminder of the need for vigilance in our Christian lives. The waves were very attractive initially, which lulled many of us into letting down our guard. Then, when the waves revealed their true selves—gigantic walls of water like roaring lions, seeking for people to devour—only those who were vigilant were saved. A natural disaster is not restricted by location or boundaries. In those tense and chaotic moments, no matter what one's nationality or background was, everyone was fair game. Everyone had to try and flee in order to save their lives. Indeed, being able to survive and live from day to day has been an enormous grace from God.

My sister-in-law, in particular, deeply felt God's protection. If she had not told the children and her sisters to go back up to shore, we cannot imagine what could have happened to them. My relatives, who were not yet believers in the Lord, also felt the help from God and were able to experience peace which surpasses all understanding during that time.

From experiencing the earthquake's aftershocks in the morning to our safe return home, I saw how God watched over and protected us every step along the way. I can only offer unending thanksgiving, with gladness and praise for His glory. Truly, He had given us peace in the midst of the storm. Amen! 🌿



# Seeing God's Grace in Daily Life

Edmonton Church, Canada

Sister Su Juan



Hallelujah! In the name of the Lord Jesus, I testify.

I would like to share about three incidents that happened to my family between 2015 and 2016, and how we experienced the great power and the love of the Lord Jesus for all mankind.



The first incident happened on September 2, 2015 during a road trip to Banff, Alberta. On the second day of the trip, while we were still in Calgary, my son, Lincoln, and my three-year-old daughter, Tia, were playing together. Lincoln was hugging his

sister when they accidentally fell down from the tabletop together, and Lincoln landed right on top of his sister. I was in the bedroom packing our things away and getting ready to leave, and my husband was taking a shower, when we heard Tia shriek, and we both rushed out to see what had happened. We

found her lying on the floor, crying and trembling. As we tried to make sense of the situation, we noticed Tia's wrist had already turned purple, which indicated she had definitely injured her arm. The first thing we did was to kneel down and pray together. We beseeched the heavenly Father to help Tia, to look after her, and to keep her from harm. I hurried to contact a local church sister to ask for directions to a nearby hospital and also requested her to pray for us. After a long, anxious wait at the emergency room, the doctor brought miraculous news about Tia's condition. She only suffered some minor fractures! After Tia's arm was put in a cast, we considered cutting the trip short and returning home right away. However, these children, beloved by God, refused to go home so soon and insisted on continuing with our original plan to hike, swim, and enjoy the beauty of God's creation. Therefore, the trip went on as planned and we stayed in Banff for two more days. To our surprise, not once did Tia express discomfort throughout the remainder of the trip. She even wandered around the Glacier Skywalk without anyone helping her. Thank God for



His great love in granting our children courage which showed us that as long as Jesus is with us, we do not need to be afraid or worried about anything.

When we got to Jasper National Park, we found a place to go hiking. Not only did Tia not ask to be carried, she even led the way while carrying a four-liter bottle of glacier water (which we would not have been able to replace) with her good hand. I truly thank God! All I can say is that only He could give a three-year-old such strength! Through this incident, I came to understand that as long as we rely on God through prayer, we do not need to worry about anything, because our heavenly Father will surely guide us and show us the way.

The second incident took place in the same month while I was out shopping with my children. While I was walking, I suddenly heard a loud crack and, before I knew it, I had fallen to the ground and my ankle was very swollen. When the ambulance arrived, the paramedics diagnosed my condition as a likely ankle fracture, so I had to be admitted to the hospital. On the way to the hospital, the paramedics kept asking me for my personal information, but the pain became so unbearable that they had to give me a strong pain-killer before I could talk. At that point, I could not give a consistent answer when I was asked to describe the pain intensity level on a scale of one to ten. After trying to answer a few times, I found that I had no more strength left to speak and they let me raise my fingers to answer instead; I gestured a two. The paramedics just kept asking me the same questions over and over again, so I eventually got tired of answering and kept quiet instead. The only thing I kept repeating to myself was, "I believe in Jesus. I believe in Jesus. I believe in Jesus!" Despite being frustrated with the situation, my mind was filled with questions about what would happen, and I even wondered if I was about to die. However, even if that was the case, I was not worried, because since I believed in Jesus, if He says it is time

to go, it's time to go, and I wouldn't even hesitate to go to see Him face to face and be with Him forever. After about seven to eight hours of waiting in the emergency room, the doctor finally came to examine my foot. With a serious expression on his face, he told me that I was lucky that my ankle only had a simple fracture, there were no additional serious complications, and my tendons remained intact. I was advised to either put the ankle in a cast or undergo surgery. Given the expenses associated with ankle surgery, I chose the less expensive treatment of getting a cast. However, I was warned by the doctor that the cast would be fragile when subjected to any pressure. The first cast lasted for three days. After five cast changes, I was able to walk again in two months. I even managed to skip and jump around one week following the cast removal. Thanks to the prayers of all the brothers and sisters from Edmonton church, my ankle, which had been completely fractured, recovered smoothly. I was also able to witness the almightiness of God's power through the manifestation of His love through the Edmonton congregation!

.....  
*I continued to pray throughout the bus ride, and did not stop praying until I finally spotted Lincoln...*  
 .....

The third incident happened while my children were on a skiing trip with my husband in February 2016. My husband was taking a break and using the restroom, when my eldest daughter suddenly rushed in and told him that Lincoln had fallen and broken his nose! My son was screaming and crying out of fear. After my husband had calmed him down, he phoned me to tell me that they were on their way to the hospital because of Lincoln's injury. I rushed out to the bus station to make my way to the hospital, praying in my heart and asking God to help Lincoln and stop his bleeding all the while. I continued to pray throughout the bus

ride, and did not stop praying until I finally spotted Lincoln chatting and laughing happily in his hospital room. I was so thankful to the Lord for protecting Lincoln so that his eyes and brain were not damaged when he got injured. Then several doctors came in to examine him. They removed the bandages to show us the exposed bone. Thank God, once the medical



intern had finished stitching up his wound, I was greatly relieved and felt reassured enough to return home with my two daughters. However, not long after we left, my husband called again to tell me that the medical intern had done a poor job

stitching Lincoln's nose and another doctor had to remove the original stitches and restitched his nose while teaching the intern at the same time. By the time I arrived back at the hospital, the procedure was already finished. I was greeted by my cheerful son who proudly told me that he didn't cry at all and the doctor had even thanked him for letting the intern practice his stitching skills. I reminded him to thank our God because when we believe in Jesus, He will make the pain go away. He nodded his head affirmatively and told me that he had prayed and asked God to let the pain subside.

That night, I was still worried about Lincoln, thinking that he might have said it did not hurt just to get praised for his bravery. As a result, I stayed awake the entire night, worried sick over the possible infections and fevers that Lincoln may develop from repeated stitching, or that he might develop seizures or other complications. After what felt like a long night passed, the first thing I asked him when he woke up was if he was in any pain. "No," he told me confidently, "Not one bit!" I truly thank God! Through this incident,

I learned that my faith is still too small compared to my children's. If I just had more faith in God, I would not have stayed up all night worrying about the infections and pain that my son may have experienced after the operation. We should all learn to trust in the almighty power of Jesus with all our heart.

May all peace and good health be granted to the brothers and sisters! May all the glory be unto the holy name of our heavenly Father! Amen! 🌿



# Wading Through the River of Grace

Sanshan Church, Fujian Province, China

Deaconess Qiu Hui-ying



*Sister Qiu Hui-ying was born in 1951. She currently lives in the village of Tongpu in the town of Sanshan. Sanshan is located in the city of Fuqing in Fujian Province. She is a respected deaconess of the True Jesus Church (TJC) in Sanshan, and also among the churches in the city of Fuqing.*

## WADING THROUGH THE RIVER OF GRACE

Hallelujah! In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I testify.

I am from the town of Fengting in Xianyou Province. I was born to a staunchly religious family, and my grandparents and parents were devoted Christians. However, because I was still young and the Chinese society was hostile towards Christianity at that time, I did not really believe in God, nor was I zealous for the faith. In 1974, my father, who had been working in another town, brought me back to our hometown. The brethren at the local church requested my father to lay hands on them while they prayed for the Holy Spirit. At that time, I was still ignorant of the true

meaning of the Holy Spirit, but out of curiosity, I decided to join their prayer and asked for the Holy Spirit. Thank God, the Lord surprisingly bestowed the precious Holy Spirit upon me. Ever since I received the Holy Spirit, I started to live a life of prayer and Bible reading.

In 1976, the first Bible training class was held in Xianyou Province. Because I wasn't home at the time, I did not register to attend the seminar. However, a sister was moved by the Holy Spirit to urge me to attend the Bible training class. The next day, Fengting church specifically sent a brother to Zhongshan where I was living to invite me to attend. That Bible training class turned out to be greatly edifying to my spiritual life and helped me to understand God more deeply. At the same time, I was inspired to join the holy work and to serve God in the church. After the training class, I began learning how to deliver sermons and assisted my coworkers in pastoring the church. In July of that year, I attended the spiritual convocation in Xianyou. At that time, Fuqing church sent seven ministers and

workers to assist in the spiritual convocation, including Bro. Jian-ping. Through God's arrangement and through the matchmaking of the brethren in church, I got to know Bro. Jian-ping and we were married the following year. Since then, hand in hand and shoulder to shoulder, we have been serving in the Lord with one mind and one heart.

Throughout the years, my family and I have experienced countless blessings and grace from God. Due to page constraints, I can only write a part of it to share with my coworkers and brethren in the Lord. As Paul said:

*"[That you] may be able to comprehend with all the saints what is the width and length and depth and height—to know the love of Christ, which passes knowledge; that you may be filled with all the fullness of God." (Eph 3:18–19)*

As I wrote down God's grace one by one, tears flowed unceasingly from my eyes. Indeed, my family and I have truly experienced what the Psalmist described:

*"O my soul, you have said to the Lord, 'You are my Lord, My goodness is nothing apart from You.'" (Ps 16:2)*

*"Let my mouth be filled with Your praise and with Your glory all the day!" (Ps 71:8)*

.....

*As I sat down, my eldest brother-in-law suddenly came over, saying "Something keeps telling me I should go with you."*

.....

### SAVED FROM DISASTER THROUGH THE LORD'S ABIDANCE

In 1969, my family was living in the town of Zhongshan and my parents were working in the Xianyou government hospital there. My second eldest sister, who worked in the Sanming Resource Depart-

ment, sent a telegram asking me to help take care of her newborn baby. While he was praying, my father seemed to receive a revelation from God that I should not go. But because my second eldest sister continued to plead through many phone calls and because my mother approved, my father finally agreed to let me go to Sanming to help her.

On March 5, I arrived at my eldest sister's house in Xianyou City. To save some money, I made arrangements with the sugar factory in Xianyou to travel for free to Fuzhou on one of their trucks. The next day, the sugar factory informed me that one of their trucks would be transporting alcohol to Fuzhou the following day. Upon hearing the news, my eldest brother-in-law said that he wanted to go with me to Fuzhou. However, early the next morning, he changed his mind, saying it was too cold. At 2:30 am, the truck arrived at my sister's house. As I took my luggage up to the truck, I saw that the front passenger seat beside the driver was already occupied, so I moved to the back of the truck. As I sat down, my eldest brother-in-law suddenly came over, saying "Something keeps telling me I should go with you." His words puzzled me, but shrugging it off, we sat down together in the back of the truck alongside many barrels full of alcohol.

As the truck was crossing the first bridge at the boundary of Putian, a barrel of alcohol suddenly bounced and fell on my feet, each barrel was about 350 catties (175 kg). I instantly felt an excruciating pain and loudly cried out to the driver to stop the truck. Out of nowhere, my brother-in-law somehow summoned enough strength to push the 350 catties (175 kg) barrel off of my crushed feet. When the truck pulled over, my brother-in-law carried me to the driver's seat and laid me down flat and propped my feet up on his knees. At that time, it was so painful that I lost consciousness. After a while, I gradually came to my senses, and by the light in the driver's seat, I saw that my



feet were bleeding profusely, so much that my blood had soaked through all three layers of my brother-in-law's pants and was dripping onto the roadside. They kept bleeding all the way to Fuzhou. Upon arrival, my brother-in-law carried me on his back to the hospital. The x-ray revealed that all five of my toes were fractured. I had no relatives in Fuzhou except for my brother-in-law. I could not imagine what might have happened without his care. Indeed, the fact that my brother-in-law decided to accompany me last minute was completely God's arrangement!

On March 6, I heard another piece of news that shocked me: Early that morning, a tunnel had collapsed on a train that was going from Xiamen to Fuzhou; resulting in the death of two train conductors, and heavy casualties among the passengers. I realized that was the very train I was about to board! If not for the wonderful arrangement and complete guidance of the Lord, I would have been buried in the train. The Psalmist once said:

*"For in the time of trouble He shall hide me in His pavilion; In the secret place of His tabernacle He shall hide me; He shall set me high upon a rock." (Ps 27:5)*

*"And the Lord shall preserve your going out and your coming in from this time forth, and even forevermore." (Ps 121:8)*

How true are these words!

### UNHARMED BY SUDDEN TRACTOR ACCIDENT

On September 28, 1972, I went with my friend who was visiting me to wash clothes by a well in the morning. The well was beside a busy road. Out of the blue, a hand gear tractor's brake malfunctioned and it careened towards us. When I saw it coming, I immediately pushed my friend away from the well while I jumped into the paddy field behind the well. As I leaped away, the tractor rammed into the washing board, basin, clothes and the stools where we

were just sitting at, crushing them and sending them flying into the paddy field. As I was recovering from my shock, many people ran to the scene. When they saw the extent of the destruction and how I had escaped unscathed, they were amazed and said that I was extremely fortunate to have survived this—any other person would have surely been killed or at least severely injured. Furthermore, one of my colleagues from the Zhongshan post office, Mr. Chai, told me that he was so shocked to see me fly out of harm's way, and thought that I knew kung fu movements. I knew clearly that I had only stepped away from the well into the paddy field, so when I heard that, I was convinced that God had been secretly helping me. The Bible says:

*"Our God is the God of salvation; and to God the Lord belong escapes from death." (Ps 68:20)*

After experiencing such a close brush with death, I now fully appreciate this true and precious statement of God.

*The next morning, I woke up to find my foot was no longer in pain. I was shocked to see that my foot was no longer swollen and the abrasion wounds had totally disappeared!*

### LEG ULCER HEALED WHILE ASSISTING IN DIVINE WORK

In July 1979, I returned to my mother's house for a visit. While walking around in sandals, I got two abrasion wounds in my right heel. I did not have healthy skin. Hence, the wounds were immediately infected and inflamed. I could barely walk for a few days because my foot became so swollen. One day, Bro. Heming from Tongsha church in Xianyou City came to my house, and asked me to assist in the baptism that Zhongshan church was going to administer the next

day. I showed him my foot and said, “If the Lord heals me, then I will go.” When Bro. He-ming heard this, at first he just smiled at me and did not say anything. After staying for a while, when he was about to leave, he said, “Hui-ying, do you think your demand—that the Lord should first heal you before you will help with the baptism—was the right thing to say?” I immediately realized that I was wrong and said to him, “May the Lord understand and sympathize with my weakness. Whether I am healed or not, I will go tomorrow!”

The town of Zhongshan was in a hilly area; after getting off of the bus, one must walk another 10 miles uphill to reach the town. The next day, my foot was still in pain but I went to Zhongshan anyway. After completing the divine work, as I was returning home, I got two more abrasion wounds, and I could not even wear sandals. I had to carry my sandals with me, and went home barefoot. Once I reached my house, I went straight to bed, and soon fell sound asleep. I did not even eat my dinner because I was so tired and in pain. The next morning, I woke up to find my foot was no longer in pain. I was shocked to see that my foot was no longer swollen and the abrasion wounds had totally disappeared! There were not even any scars! My aunt, who was visiting me, exclaimed from the bottom of her heart, “Truly, our labor in the Lord is never in vain!”

In June 1989, my right foot was bitten by mosquitoes. After scratching, my skin became infected. Even after six months, the infection was still not healed. One day, after applying iodine to the infected area, it got worse and ulcerated. Though I was in great pain, I did not seek treatment at the hospital. Instead, I relied on the Lord wholeheartedly. By the time, it was Chinese New Year, my foot ulcer was still not healed. I could only wear sandals on the first day of Chinese New Year, and I could not even put on socks. My friends and relatives

urged me to see a doctor, worried that I might be at risk of contracting osteomyelitis (bone infection). I insisted on relying on God because I thought if I went to see the doctor, wouldn't they think that our God has no power and bring shame on His name?

On May 17, 1990, Sis. Rong-chun from Wenzhou church brought some people to be baptized in Sanshan church. I went into the water to assist with the baptism. The next morning, to my surprise, the painful ulcer which lasted for almost a year was healed! Before this, my husband said that if the ulcer healed, the flesh on my foot would turn black, but my foot remained as rosy and healthy as before! Truly, God's love and power are beyond imagination!

.....

*At the end of the consultation, the doctor simply recommended that I return home and monitor myself for three months and then return for a reexamination, implying that there was no effective treatment for me.*

.....

### ABDOMINAL TUMOR DIMINISHED WITHOUT TREATMENT

In 1991, there was a period of time when I experienced pain in my abdomen. Taking the advice of my family members, I went to a hospital in Fuzhou for treatment. The doctor diagnosed me with a uterine tumor, so he prescribed some medicine for me; told me to go home and then come back for a follow-up examination after three months. If the tumor grew bigger, I would need to undergo surgery to remove it. When I returned home, I prayed earnestly to the Lord, and entrusted my life into His hands. Because I was very busy with the holy work, after three months, I did not go back to Fuzhou for follow-up and eventually forgot about it. In 1993, while visiting my elder sister in Fuzhou, my sister recalled this and asked me to go



for reexamination at the hospital. When we received the results of my exam, the doctor who had first diagnosed my illness and I were both dumbfounded! The tumor had disappeared! The Psalmist said:

*“Behold, God is my helper; the Lord is with those who uphold my life.” (Ps 54:4)*

Life is indeed in God’s hands.

*“For in Him we live and move and have our being...”  
(Acts 17:28)*

### LEARNED TO CONTROL MY TEMPER AFTER EYEBALL RUPTURE

One day in October 1996, I was very unhappy after being slandered by others without cause. While cooking in the kitchen, I knelt down and prayed to ask the Lord to vindicate me. I was in deep sorrow and weeping bitterly. After I prayed, I went to collect the clothes that were hanging to dry on some bamboo poles. When I pulled the clothes from the bamboo poles, a tiny splinter split off and struck my right eye. Immediately, I felt an excruciating pain and was unable to open my eye. I groped my way back inside. My husband thought that a strand of hair had fallen into my eye and tried to remove it with his hand. Instead, it caused my eye to start bleeding even more.

Immediately, he took me to the Sanshan Hospital. After examining me, the doctor said that my eyeball had ruptured and advised me to go to a major hospital for treatment. However, it was already evening by then and impossible for us to go to a major hospital. When my husband and I returned home, the bleeding continued and the pain intensified. Therefore, I took some water, and after praying to God again, I applied it onto my eye and went to sleep. Thank the Lord! I managed to get a good night’s sleep till dawn. The next morning, my husband sent me to the Fuzhou Provincial Hospital for treatment. After examining me, the doctor said to me, “Well, you’ve sure got some

guts to wait this long to come see us when you have such a large hole in your eyeball!” Then, he operated on me and put four sutures in my eye. Because the eye is very fragile, the doctor couldn’t guarantee that it would be restored without any complications. Nevertheless, a few days after I was discharged, my eye had healed perfectly. The Lord Jesus said:

*“If you can believe, all things are possible to him who believes.” (Mk 9:23)*

Many times, it is not that God is lacking power, but that we are lacking faith! Besides making me realize the power of the Lord, this incident also taught me about the ill effects of anger and harboring hatred. As God’s children, we should be generous and forgiving. By doing so, we will not leave a foothold for the devil to cause disaster.

### CANCER HEALED AFTER WHOLEHEARTEDLY RELYING ON THE LORD

One day in July 1999, the church was doing some spring cleaning and I also helped out. Early the next day, I felt a burning pain on the right side of my chest and shoulder. I thought it might have been due to cleaning the church the previous day, so I did not think much of it. Surprisingly, the pain continued to persist for another three months. Under the persistent advice of Sis. Dun-lan, I went to the Fuzhou Provincial Hospital for a medical examination on October 19, accompanied by my son and elder sister. The test results revealed that I had cancer. The doctor told me about another patient who had been diagnosed with the same type of cancer. She refused to believe the doctor’s diagnosis, but three months later, her cancer had progressed to its terminal stages. At the end of the consultation, the doctor simply recommended that I return home and monitor myself for three months and then return for a reexamination, implying that there was no effective treatment for me. The three of us were caught off guard and stunned by this bad

news. When we returned home, we knew that there was nothing else we could do other than to rely on the Lord wholeheartedly. The brethren also began to intercede for me zealously upon receiving this news. After three months, I returned to Fuzhou for examination. This time, we discovered that not only did the cancer not spread, it had actually totally disappeared, leaving us and the doctor astonished! Once again, I had another close encounter with death! I couldn't help but think of David's prayer to God:

*"For with You is the fountain of life." (Ps 36:9)*

.....

*On May 8 in the afternoon, as I opened a closet, I was surprised to find the briefcase we had lost two years ago!*

.....

#### **FAMILY IN PEACE DESPITE THEFT AT NIGHT**

At the end of 1999, I was given the responsibility of distributing our church's year-end charity fund to the poor. The fund came from the offerings of our brothers and sisters and some other miscellaneous funds, and was worth over RMB 10,000. Instead of depositing the money at the bank, I kept it at my house. On the night of December 27, a thief broke into my house through a window. The next morning, we realized we had been broken into, so we carefully checked the contents of my house to see if anything was stolen. We discovered that the thief had stolen a briefcase from my husband's drawer which contained the church's RMB 10,000 charity fund and some church property deeds and invoices. The thief had also taken four of my golden rings, a golden necklace, my husband's cellphone, RMB 2,000 in cash, and a VCD player from the living room. For the past few days leading up to the break-in, my eldest son had been sleeping on the sofa beneath the window through which the thief entered. However, on the night of the break-in,

he happened to sleep in his bedroom, and thereby avoided a potentially disastrous encounter with the thief. Later, I heard that another house nearby was also broken into by a thief the night after our incident. Unfortunately, this time the owner was stabbed a few times after being woken up by the thief. Although we had suffered some loss, we thanked God for preserving the lives of our entire family. As the Psalmist once said:

*"I lay down and slept; I awoke, for the Lord sustained me." (Ps 3:5)*

#### **STOLEN GOODS RETURNED AFTER TWO YEARS**

After the break-in, we lodged a police report. However, after two years, the case was still not resolved and the thief was still not caught. Therefore, my husband advised me to just pay the church back for the stolen money. On May 3, 2001, there was a church dedication service. Since the church council was also going to hold reelections for a new term of office soon, I decided to make some time to calculate how much I needed repay the church. On May 8 in the afternoon, as I opened a closet, I was surprised to find the briefcase we had lost two years ago! I took out its contents to examine them and found that the stolen money and the other church documents were all intact within. The Psalmist once said:

*"Behold, the eye of the Lord is on those who fear Him, on those who hope in His mercy." (Ps 33:18)*

Though we are lowly and corruptible beings, God is still willing to demonstrate such great love and mercy towards us! How can we not be moved to tears? O Lord my God, how great thou art!

#### **GOD'S GRACE UPON MY DAUGHTER'S STUDIES**

In 1999, my daughter, Wang Qing, graduated from junior high school. She applied to study at the Advanced Industrial Institute in Fujian (originally the



Electrical School of Fujian). It was the highest ranking vocational school in the province, and its average accepted scores on the admissions exams were much higher than other senior high or vocational schools. My elder sister worked in this institute, and she told me that if an applicant does not meet the score standards—even if they were off by just one point—they would have to pay an extra tuition fee of RMB 30,000. Furthermore, there were limited seats available for each entering class. When the admissions exam results were announced, Wang Qing’s score was a few points lower than the minimum admission score. Since we did not have enough money to pay the extra fees to let her study there, my elder sister helped her gain admission to the Fujian Institute of Economic Management instead. That year was the first year this institute offered secondary school courses. After paying RMB 3,000 in tuition, my daughter was able to study at that institute. However, the school did not transfer her food allowance and student records to this school. On September 23, while my elder sister and the Dean of Academic Affairs were on their way home, suddenly, he asked, “Where is your niece studying?” After she told him that she was studying at the Institute of Economic Management, he asked whether my daughter’s files had been transferred yet. My sister replied, “Not yet.” The dean then told my sister that a student had been expelled from the Advanced Industrial Institute, and my daughter could take up that vacancy. Furthermore, since school had already been in session for a month, we would only need to pay RMB 3,000 in tuition if we could obtain the approval of the Provincial Education Director. My sister went to meet with the Provincial Education Director, only to be told that they could not accept any transfers more than one month past the enrollment deadline. When my sister returned with this news, she and my family prayed together earnestly to the Lord and the next day, she went to the Provincial Board of Education again. This time, the Provincial Board

of Education relented and only asked us to pay RMB 2,000. On the third day, while my sister was filling out the enrollment and food allowance paperwork for my daughter, the school administration only asked for RMB 1,000. From RMB 30,000 to RMB 1,000—simply astonishing! Before this, I once made a vow to the Lord that if my daughter could go to this school without having to pay RMB 30,000, I would offer one-tenth of that amount to God. After Wang Qing’s enrollment, I did not deduct the RMB 4,000’s worth of tuition that we had already paid to both schools from the original RMB 30,000 when I calculated how much to offer as a tithe. Instead, I offered RMB 3,000 to God, exactly one-tenth of the original amount.

On the same evening that I made my offering, my elder sister called to inform me that the principal from the Institute of Economic Management was willing to give us a refund for half of my daughter’s tuition fees (RMB 1,500). Truly, God’s grace goes beyond what we could ever imagine or ask for!

## CONCLUSION

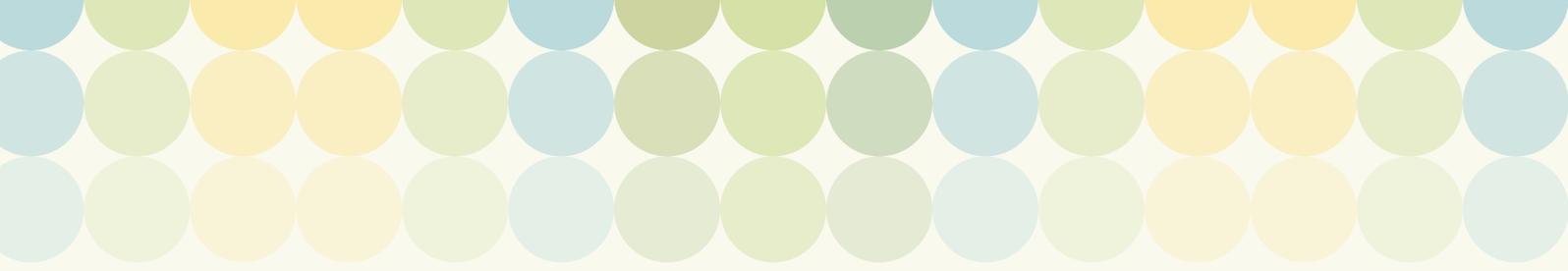
The Psalmist once said:

*“You, O God, provided from Your goodness for the poor.”*  
(Ps 68:10)

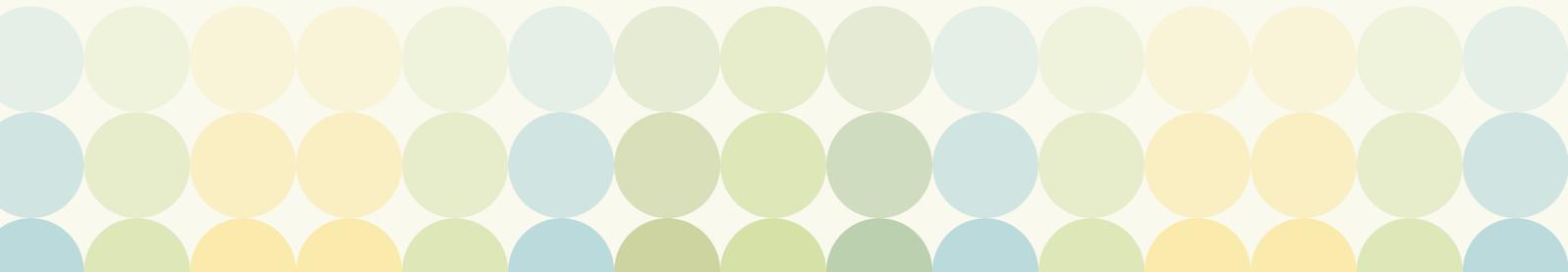
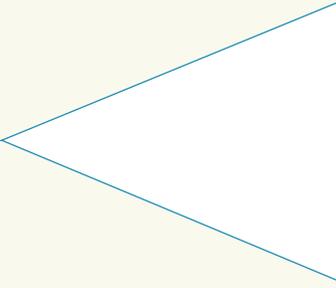
While we live in this world, we need to face countless hardships, miseries, and dangers. However, we should not be afraid because we have a God in whom we can safely put our trust. Our God is almighty, full of love and compassion, and He will deliver us from all these in His good time. O Lord our God! We thank and praise you!

*“Your God has commanded your strength; Strengthen, O God, what You have done for us.”* (Ps 68:28)

Hallelujah, Amen! 🌿



100 YEARS—A HERITAGE OF SPIRITUALITY AND GRACE





**Testimonial Collection in Commemoration of Centennial of the True Jesus Church  
and Jubilee of the International Assembly**

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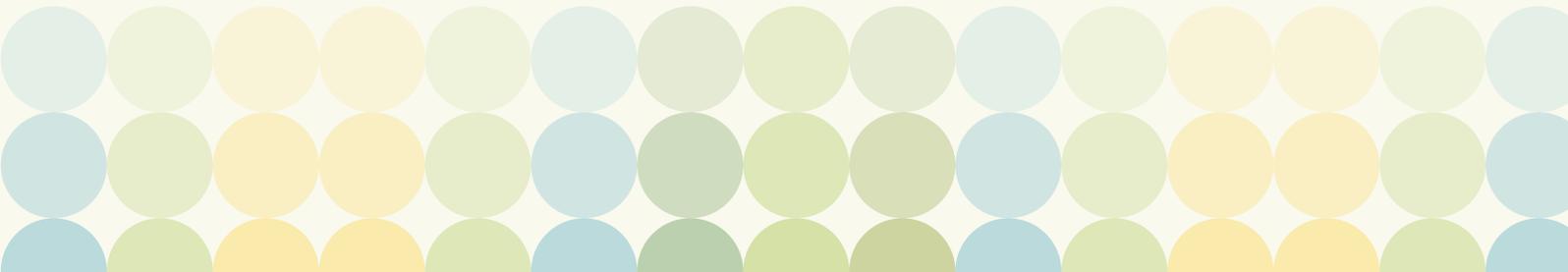
**WORDS OF APPRECIATION:**

I would like to thank all the General Assemblies, Coordination Boards and countries for providing the articles and photos for the The Centennial Collection 1917-2017 publication.

Also, my special appreciation to the volunteers from around the world, who put in time and effort to translate, edit and even go the extra mile to verify and rectify the discrepancies.

Thank you for your dedication and contribution to The Centennial Collection 1917-2017 (in Commemoration of Centennial of the True Jesus Church and Jubilee of the International Assembly). May the Lord Jesus remember your love and labor for Him. May this publication serve as an evidence of recording the first centennial developments of His true church.

Deacon Shawn Chou  
Department of Literary Ministry  
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Testimony Collection in Commemoration of Centennial of the True Jesus Church and Jubilee of the International Assembly is published by IA Department of Literary Ministry.

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ISBN: 978-1-930264-33-5

### DESIGN CONCEPTS

**LOGO:** The intersections within the 2 zeros represent the body of members in the church who connect to each other and spread the gospel throughout the world. Spreading the gospel requires people's lives to intersect so that there is opportunity to preach.



### COLOR THEME:

I planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase.

1 Corinthians 3:6



**SECTIONAL PAGE:** These colorful small circles represent the blessings that we have received throughout our journey of faith. Some are lighter and some are darker for we remember some of the blessings less vividly and some more fondly. So, if we start collecting and counting them, numerous beautiful testimonies will be formed for mutual edification and to glorify God.





I planted, Apollos watered, but God gave the increase.  
*1 Corinthians 3:6*

ISBN 978-1-930264-33-5



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