



DIOCESE OF HONG KONG ISLAND
HONG KONG SHENG KUNG HUI (ANGLICAN)



God with Us in Every Season



Gospel Rally 2025



Testimony Collection

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Foreword

"For we do not proclaim ourselves; we proclaim Jesus Christ as Lord." (2 Corinthians 4:5)

Every experience and encounter in life not only provides us with valuable lessons and experience, they also help construct the story of our lives. These stories narrate God's act in us, as well as being evidence of His work. Therefore, having the opportunity to share these life experiences with others is a blessing; influencing life with life is also one of the effective ways to spread the Gospel.

Our loving Lord Jesus Christ has already performed many wonderful works in each of us. When we count them one by one, we see God's mighty power, wonders, grace, protection, and great love. The Lord Jesus is not merely the Lord of the past. He is also the living God of the present. He loves us and walks with us. Let us speak more of God's wonders and bear more witness to Christ's abundant grace.

The contents of this testimony collection come from 25 brothers and sisters from different backgrounds. They provided these touching, true stories for the testimony-sharing segment of our Diocese's Gospel Rally "Go Where?" this past May. I am thankful for their encounter with the Lord Jesus in their lives. I sincerely invite everyone, while reading, to open your hearts, to savour these words with a heart of praise and humility, and to earnestly ask the Holy Spirit to help us discern the footprints God has left in our own lives. May God increase our trust in Him, to become Christ's disciples and renew the church in our lives.

May God bless you all.

The Rt Revd Dr Matthias DER
Bishop of Diocese of Hong Kong Island, HKSKH



Introduction



The Revd Stephen HUNG
Chairman, Committee on Mission,
the 13th Diocesan Synod,
Diocese of Hong Kong Island, HKSKH

This collection features the life testimonies of twenty-five brothers and sisters, spanning the four seasons of life and representing various congregations across the Diocese. Through their sincere sharing, they bear witness to the grace of our Saviour. Each word and sentence serves to encourage hearts and minds, as we together look to the footsteps of the Lord, desiring to walk with Him.

We are grateful to the Rt Revd Dr Matthias Der for contributing the Foreword. I also extend my thanks to all the members of the editorial team. Their successive efforts and wholehearted cooperation in conceptualization, liaison, data entry, editing, translation, and proofreading have been truly invaluable, ensuring the smooth publication of this book. On behalf of the Diocesan Committee on Mission, I would like to express our deepest appreciation.

May readers find encouragement, set their purpose, walk in the Lord's way, become His disciples, and renew the Church.

Editor's Note



Karen CHEUNG
Testimony Collection Editor

During the preparation for the "Diocesan Gospel Rally 2025," twenty-five pieces of life testimonies were collected from the churches in the Diocese of Hong Kong Island. Each piece is heartwarming and touching, filled with traces of God's grace. Therefore, we have compiled these precious stories into this testimony collection, in hopes of witnessing God's abundant grace and blessing through them, as well as encouraging us all and giving us all hope in experiencing God's loving guidance as we walk past the different stages of our life journey.

These twenty-five testimonies come from life stories of different backgrounds and stages. We have chosen "The Four Seasons" as the thematic framework for this collection - not only because the cycle of seasons mirrors the journey of life, but also because each season embodies God's care and blessing, enabling us to see His faithfulness and companionship in different circumstances.

Spring's Awakening: Witnessing the Budding of Hope

Spring symbolizes new life, hope, and beginning. In this section, we have included testimonies of new beginnings in faith, experiences of revival, and breakthroughs from hardships. As written in the Song of Songs 2:12, "The flowers appear on the earth; the time of singing has come, and the voice of the turtledove is heard in our land." These stories are like the spring dew, testifying God's awakening of life, bringing people to see the new life opportunities that He grants us amidst adversity.

Summer's Growth: Narrating the Refining of Faith

Summer is the season of most vigorous vitality, symbolizing growth and abundance. These testimonies demonstrate resilience through trials. Jesus reminds us, "From the fig tree learn its lesson: As soon as its branch becomes tender and puts forth its leaves, you know that summer is near" (Matthew 24:32). God's grace and blessings come upon the life of every believer, encouraging us to hold fast to our faith.

Autumn's Harvest: Remembering the Fruits of Grace

Autumn is the season of harvest and thanksgiving. The testimonies in this section focus on the fruits borne as life matures after overcoming the challenges. As the Psalmist says: "As they go through the valley of Baca they make it a place of springs; the early rain also covers it with pools." (Psalm 84:6). These stories are like golden rice fields full of harvest, reminding us that God not only accompanies us through difficulties but also, at the right season, will shower his blessing upon our life, bringing overflowing gratitude and reflection.

Winter's Stillness: Harboursing the Wisdom of Waiting

Winter symbolizes settling, rest, and preparation. The testimonies here are not about endings, but about quiet periods pregnant with hope. As it is written: "He has made everything suitable for its time" (Ecclesiastes 3:11a). In the cold wind, these stories tell of how one's holding fast to one's faith in times of adversity comes with one's spiritual renewal in silence. The quietness of winter is an opportunity for a deep encounter with God, a time for us to store up strength for the spring to come.

The Cycle of Seasons, The Unceasing Grace

"As long as the earth endures, seedtime and harvest, cold and heat, summer and winter, day and night, shall not cease" (Genesis 8:22). God's grace, like the cycle of the seasons, revolves continuously, unceasing. May this testimony collection become a blessing, enabling us to encourage and support one another, walking hand in hand on the path of faith, and continually finding comfort and strength in the Lord.

To God be all the glory.



Spring





Insight from “Why me”

Holy Nativity Church
YIU Chi Hang


My name is Yiu Chi Hang. I am in my forties and currently working as an Engineering Manager. I am a first-generation Christian and have been attending the Anglican Church for nearly twenty years. My mother church is St Paul's Church. I started going to church because of a testimony sharing session in my secondary school. At that time, my secondary school – SKH Li Fook Hing Secondary School – invited Roy Chiao and Xiao Jinzi to share their faith. I found that faith was very real in their lives; peace and joy radiated from them. I hoped I could also have such an abundant joyful life like them, so I raised my hand at that time to commit myself to believe in the Lord, making a promise to learn more about this faith. However, I didn't start attending church immediately. Perhaps due to communication issues, the church didn't manage to contact me. After waiting for about a year, a teacher teaching at Li Fook Hing Secondary School invited me to join an evangelistic camp "Flyng in Love and Dreams" organized by St Paul's Church. Since then, I joined the youth fellowship of St Paul's Church and got to know a group of young people from different places. There was a group of very good youth mentors who accompanied us through many years. Their unconditional dedication made me grow up at St Paul's securely, get baptized, and be confirmed to join the church.

I grew up in a single-parent family. When I was very young, my father, who was working between Hong Kong and Mainland China, got into a relationship with a mistress, and also because of his gambling, my parents divorced during my

primary school years. I lived with my mother, moving from a private apartment to a partitioned room, and we also stayed at other relatives' houses for a period of time. Later, we were allocated to a public housing estate in Tuen Mun. Finally, because the estate was under redevelopment, we moved again to a newly built estate in Tin Shui Wai. During that period, I experienced moving houses many times.

I was not particularly good in my studies. I was fortunate to have encountered Christianity in my youth. This faith didn't make my life smooth, but it allowed me to find a way out and keep moving forward diligently through the ups and downs of life, whether in my studies, family, or other areas.

The biggest challenge I have experienced in my life was probably my recent illness, which made me find that human life is truly fragile. It also led to much reflection and a re-examination of many life choices. And what is most important to me? My illness is called "atrial fibrillation" (A-fib), which is a type of arrhythmia (irregular heartbeat). The probability of this disease occurring in my age group is about 2%. When I heard the doctor telling me about this, I immediately asked God, "Why me?". This illness increases the risk of stroke by 5-6 times compared to normal people. It's not a hereditary disease but is triggered by acquired factors like stress, smoking, alcohol, coffee, diabetes, high blood pressure, high cholesterol, etc. This condition caused my heart beat up to 218 times per minute at its highest, severely affecting



my daily life and work. Even when I was lying down, my heart rate was nearly 100 bpm; simply sitting down to eat or drink would push it to around 140/150 bpm. Therefore, the only option was to undergo a "cardiac ablation surgery".

An unexpected admission to hospital this time came suddenly in a very early morning on a Sunday. Just as I was about to sleep, I suddenly felt a tightness in my chest – I'm not sure if it's called palpitations. After getting up for the bathroom, I suddenly felt a wave of dizziness. Fortunately, my wife was beside me. We called our cardiologist who, surprisingly, answered the phone at such an hour, and he told us to check my blood pressure first. When we checked it, the systolic and diastolic pressures in both arms were low (7X/4X). So the doctor instructed us to immediately call an ambulance for the nearest hospital. I remember it was Typhoon Signal No. 3 and raining when I was admitted to the hospital – "It's quite an experience!" It was like a TV drama. Going through the waiting period for surgery and recovery, I rested for two months. I still need to take medication for a while to make the situation more stable, but I learned a lot through this experience.

Although getting this illness is not a good thing, I could see God's care everywhere all along. From being anxious and insecure, I gradually find true peace. The fact that I am still alive is truly a blessing. I am thankful to my colleague who has returned to the heavenly home; It was he who had urged me to see a cardiologist. I thank God the Father for arranging a very caring doctor who responded to my very early phone call, giving the most appropriate advice during an emergency; I thank the many church brothers and sisters for their prayers, visits, and eminders, which made me feel peaceful throughout the entire process before and after the surgery; I thank God the Father for using an extraordinary way to make me slow down and re-examine the areas where I fell short in my various roles.

What is most important in my life? Whether the money I earn is enough? My children's exam results? The things I need to arrange at work? When I was lying sick on bed, looking at the ceiling, all the above things became unimportant but the following:

1. Cherish Time – Don't think you are still young and have plenty of time to make plans, because no one can ever know their own timetable. No matter how well we plan, many things may not necessarily happen according to our steps. As believers, we should cherish the opportunities to serve God. For those who don't believe in Him yet, cherish the time you have to get to know Him, because He is real and reliable. The stumble this time made me better understand why the bridesmaids need to be prepared, for no one I knows the time the bridegroom will arrive. Only by being watchful and prepared at all times can we share the joy.

2. Let Go of our stubbornness - Do not worry about tomorrow. Today's trouble is enough for today. In our lives, we might have all kinds of things that we hold tightly onto, we have different identities, and face different tensions, but actually, if we take a few steps back, perhaps what we see will be different. The Bible describes people as being like sheep, very short-sighted. So, we should rely on God the Father's guidance, listen carefully to the Shepherd's voice, follow the path He wants us to take, and let go of our stubbornness and burdens.

3. Value Relationships – Everyone has different roles: as son/daughter, as parent, as husband or wife, as superior or subordinate, it's just too many to count. However, have we done well in each of our different roles? My sudden illness experience made me reflect once again on my relationship with my family, especially my relationship with my child as a father. I came to understand "Don't just follow the direction of the culture in society"; studying and exams are not their everything. We

must also make good use of the time we spent with them. After all, I believe that from the moment children are born, parents only wish them to be healthy. I understand that no parent hopes his/her children will become a "worm", but what if they really are? They are still our children. Even if they are academic "worms", it doesn't mean their future achievements will only be worm-like. The most important thing is that we cherish time and our relationship with them. Leading them to build up their faith is the correct starting point that will lead them to doing what is right. In each household, a parent is responsible for overseeing their homework, this role is really difficult to play and will induce great pressure. This pressure will become a tension between parents and children. If not managed properly, it can damage our relationship with them. As parents, the working hours every day are already very long. When we get home and still have to check our children's homework and revise with them, sometimes we may forget the importance of companionship and the original simple hope for our children to be healthy.

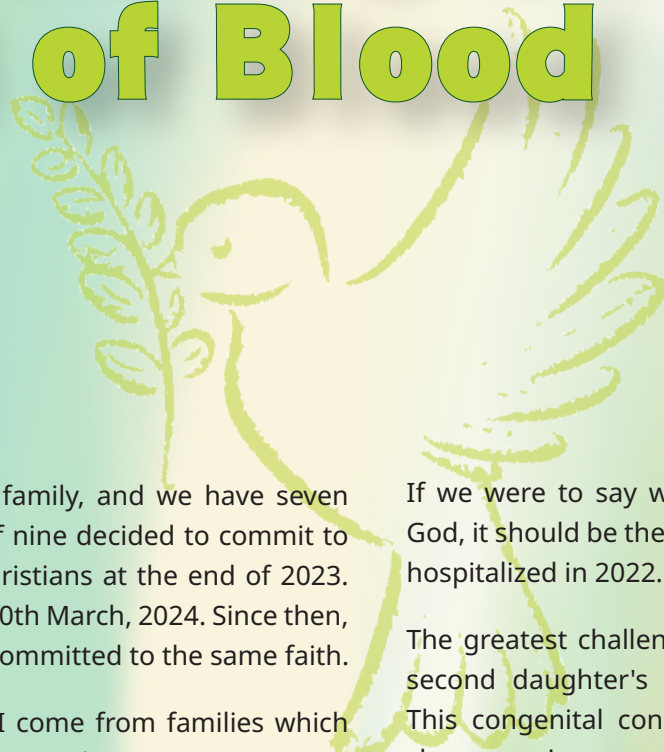
4. Learn to Listen – It sounds strange. Why do we need to learn to listen? But this is indeed the truth. Opening our ears is very important because you never know through whose words God might remind us. Perhaps some people hear the Lord's voice during prayers, but we should also pay more attention in our daily lives; this is the spiritual "ear of the heart". In today's society, there are really too many different voices and messages. Even if God is willing to speak to you, if you are not ready, it will just go in one ear and out from the other, or be directly filtered out, completely "not entering the ear".

5. Pay Attention to Health – Health is the greatest wealth. When you are lying sick on bed and finding things not of your control, then you'd understand what is truly most important. We have many different roles, and each role affects different people, especially our own family members. Our role is certainly irreplaceable. Although we often hear people say that no one in the world is indispensable, every role has its place. Your collapse will definitely affect those around you, especially those closest to you. Therefore, do things that are good for your health. Don't think you are so strong that you won't collapse, because there is no one in the world would not collapse. There is unlimited money you can earn, unlimited work you can do, and unlimited entertainment you can enjoy. We are like a piece of a jigsaw puzzle, each with our own function and importance in different positions. A healthy body is the greatest responsibility and security you can provide for those around you. Do we pay attention to rest, diet, and exercise to keep our bodies healthy, or do we often do things that harm our bodies? I think they all worthy our deep thought and reflection. The recent collapse of health made me realize I have brought how much trouble and worry to my family, and burden to my work.

What is the answer to "Go Where?" For me, as long as we hold tightly to God's hand at all times, listening to His voice and guidance, wherever we go, it will be good. Amen!!



Encountering God in the Pool of Blood



St Stephen's Church
CHEUNG Hoi Kit, Leo

We are the Cheung family, and we have seven children. Our family of nine decided to commit to Christ and became Christians at the end of 2023. We were baptized on 30th March, 2024. Since then, our whole family has committed to the same faith.

Both my spouse and I come from families which believe in Buddhism over the generations. Our seven children had no exposure to Christianity nor the Bible since birth. Although we both attended Christian and Catholic schools, our understanding of God at that time was only limited to what was needed for exams.

I have been curious about Christianity when I was young, but was unable to explore it further due to my family's objections. I briefly attended church during secondary school but stopped later as I wasn't much impressed. Not until I went to the US for university, though not majoring in religion, I met friends from various religious backgrounds and began to develop an interest in religion. Consequently, I took several religious studies courses, focusing mostly on Buddhist Zen philosophy.

For a long time, my spouse and I both believed that there must be a sovereign ruler of all things in the universe, but this worldview wasn't applied to any specific religion. We simply thought that "all paths lead to the same destination," believing that everything has a common origin.

If we were to say when we truly came to know God, it should be the time when our daughter was hospitalized in 2022.

The greatest challenge our family faced was our second daughter's congenital biliary dilatation. This congenital condition was discovered when she was nine years old. At that time, doctors recommended surgery, but considering the long duration and high complexity of the procedure, we decided to postpone it until she turned 18.

However, in 2022, when she was 16, her condition suddenly deteriorated, necessitating immediate surgery. As only the Queen Mary Hospital in Hong Kong had a medical team with relevant experience, we went through considerable difficulties to find a doctor who was willing to treat her.

Ayla's minimally invasive surgery was performed on 22nd May 2023. Her post-operative condition took a sharp turn for the worse:

Day1-2 : Complete fasting, no food or water, but tube feeding.

Day3-4 : Experienced nausea, back pain, and a sudden drop in blood pressure. Her haemoglobin was extremely low, requiring an emergency blood transfusion.

Day 5-6 : Persistent high fever that wouldn't subside, even with strong medicine for treatment of fever and pain.

Day 7 : An unforgettable moment of horror. While I was discussing her condition with the doctors, Ayla suddenly fainted. Upon waking, she began vomiting large amounts of blood. Blood gushed from her mouth like a fountain—an extremely frightening scene. Fortunately, the entire medical team happened to be in the room at that moment and immediately initiated emergency procedures, including an urgent blood transfusion. She was then rushed into the operating room for a three-hour laparotomy.

The surgery revealed that due to severe adhesions between the bile duct and pancreas, the surgeon had to remove part of the pancreatic tissue during the first surgery. This led to the continuous secretion of pancreatic enzymes, which eventually eroded a nearby artery, causing the massive haemorrhage. During this rescue effort, Ayla received nearly 3 litres of blood in total.

After undergoing two major surgeries in such a short time, Ayla spent a difficult week in the ICU. Even after transferring to the general ward, her recovery remained challenging:

- The surgical wound was severely inflamed and suppurating, requiring continuous drainage.
- Unexplained recurrent fevers.

- She exhibited symptoms of post-traumatic stress reaction (PTSD), including fear of eating, persistent vomiting, and depressive symptoms.

- She experienced drastic weight loss and was extremely weak.

The medical team worked together with a clinical psychologist, but the effectiveness was limited. These two months of ordeal, witnessing our daughter struggling between life and death, were the most difficult times our family has ever experienced.

Words can hardly describe the suffering Ayla endured. I prayed every day, asking God to help Ayla overcome these seemingly insurmountable challenges, constantly telling her to trust in God... until one day, I suddenly realized that the one truly lacking faith was actually me. This moment became a turning point in my life.

I remember that night, returning home late from the hospital after 2 a.m., my heart still burdened with my daughter's physical and mental exhaustion in the ICU. Anxiety and restlessness filled my heart. As I was taking a shower, and cool water flowed through my fingers, I suddenly remembered a verse my secondary school teacher had taught us: "Ask the pond how it can be so clear? It's because fresh water flows in from its source." This then led me to think of Jesus saying, "I am the way, the truth, and the life..." It was at that moment I began to pray sincerely to God.



Something wondrous began to happen... I felt an unprecedented sense of security, strength, and confidence. In that life-and-death moment, I became aware of my own fragility. Relying solely on a vague cosmic worldview was just too difficult for me... I needed God's hand to support me at every step as my heart was full of fear. It was like being in quicksand, not knowing where you are or what will happen next, the more you struggle, the more you feel helpless. And in such a desperate situation, anything you can grab onto becomes a symbol of hope— and what I grabbed hold of was the God who had been holding me fast all along!

From that moment on, I truly understood the importance of trusting God in adversity. Also from that moment, I became deeply convinced that my daughter would surely recover! Since then, I have never doubted God's existence and am deeply grateful for His forgiveness and grace towards our entire family. The power of faith has brought our family closer and made us stronger in any difficulty.

Now, our whole family gains strength and guidance from God daily through consistent prayer and Bible reading together. We have begun to put our faith into practice in concrete ways in our lives:

- Taking turns to lead grace before each meal
- Watching "Daily Word" devotions every day
- Actively participating in church ministries

These seemingly small actions have brought our family relationships closer and allowed us to experience God's love more profoundly. We look forward to continuing to grow in our faith in the future and passing this precious faith down to the descendants of the Cheung family.

After going through this trial, our most significant changes are:

1. From "knowing about God" to "experiencing God"
2. From "religious knowledge" to "life practice"
3. From "personal faith" to "family faith"
4. From "passive acceptance" to "active service"

We deeply understand that faith is not an impulsive decision, but a lifelong pursuit. Therefore, we are determined to make faith the most precious inheritance to be passed down in our family from generation to generation.



Prayer is the Source of Strength

St Timothy's Church
CHAN Tsz Ching

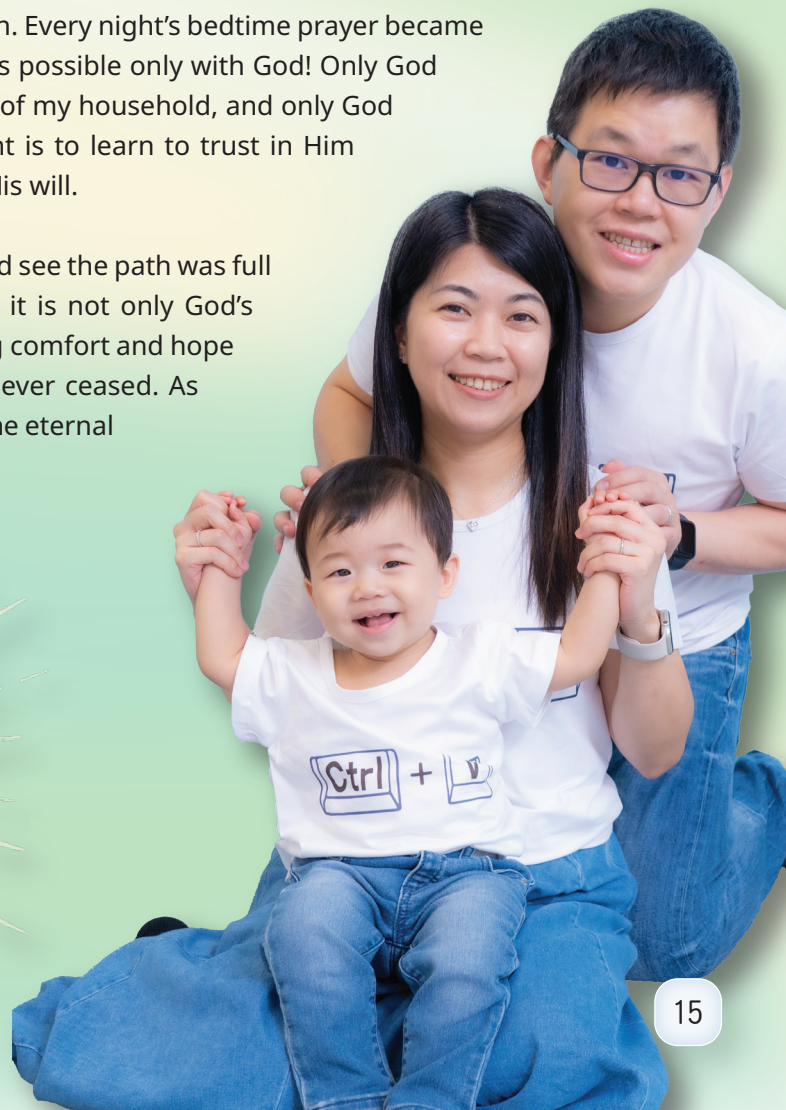
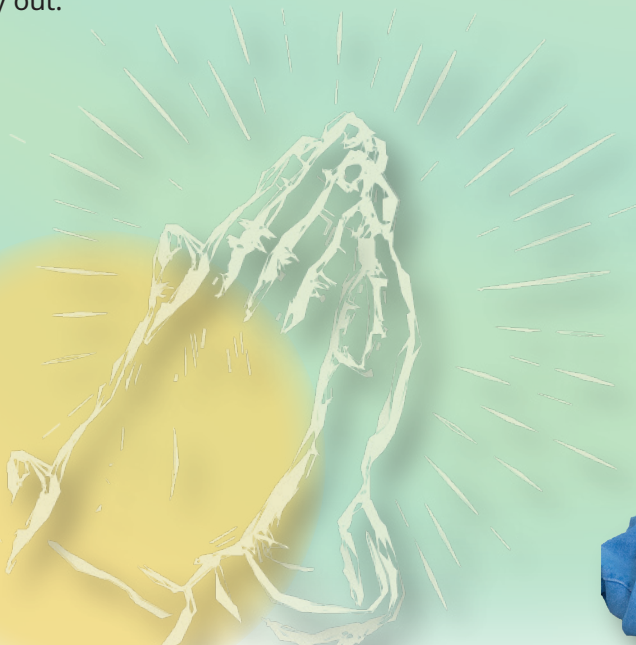


Since joining the church in secondary school, I have always been filled with gratitude on my faith journey. The important moments in my life have unfolded according to the plan, or even better than the planned. It was only when facing the challenge of childbirth that I came to understand the uncontrollable nature of life and understood the meaning of suffering and blessing.

Faced with repeated natural conceptions and natural losses, the rational part of me never stopped searching for the reasons, experts failed to find an answer, they even made it clear to me that even medical technology would not be able to solve my problem. In face of the helplessness and life being out of my control, I couldn't help but ask: Is there still a way out?

Thankfully, my faith foundation remained unshaken. Every night's bedtime prayer became a source of strength. What is impossible for man is possible only with God! Only God can control all things, only God can be the master of my household, and only God is the Lord of life. God's lesson for me every night is to learn to trust in Him completely, to surrender, and to act according to His will.

It is only in looking back after the suffering that we'd see the path was full of grace. The moment a new life is born, I know it is not only God's blessing for us, the new life is also a means to bring comfort and hope to others. On my faith journey, God's grace has never ceased. As long as we are willing to follow God's plan, that is the eternal way out.



Passing on the Selfless Love

St Timothy's Church
Fiona LAI

Hi, everyone! I am Fiona, a member of SKH St Timothy's Church located in the Southern District. I am also an alumna of the school where my church is situated - SKH Lui Ming Choi Secondary School.

Reflecting on my journey to believing in Jesus, I still remember when I was in Form 4, my Chinese History teacher, who was also my debate team coach, invited me and some other senior students to church. This wasn't exactly my first exposure to church life. I recall following my older cousin to her church when I was young and participating in Sunday school classes. My impression of the church back then was just listening to Bible stories, playing games, and having snacks. It wasn't until Form 4, when I went to church once again, that I realized there was so much more to experience—specifically, the love that God the Father gives.

Since I was young, I've tended to be quite negative. But after coming to know God the Father, I've become more cheerful than before and have learned to view things from a more positive perspective (though sometimes I still struggle with this, there are always little angels around to remind me).

I remember that just before my baptism, I was still hesitant. The greatest reason was that I couldn't let go of my grandmother. She was someone who loved me deeply when I was growing up, but she never had the chance to know God during her lifetime. I was very worried that I wouldn't be able to reunite with her in the future. However, the pastor reminded me that I could continue to cherish the love my grandmother gave me, and that God the Father's love is the same. I could rely on the selfless love from both my grandmother and God the Father to continue touching the lives of those around me. In the end I got baptised.

My life journey so far has been quite ordinary, but I am truly grateful to God the Father for placing so many loving little angels in my life to accompany me through the challenges from the academics, work, and personal growth. Thanks be to God the Father!





Holding Fast to God's Hand

St Luke's Church
CHAN Yuet Ming

Hi everyone, I am CHAN Yuet Ming. Friends in the church call me "Moon". Our family joined St Luke's Church nine years ago, and this faith journey has been full of God's grace.

I was born into a traditional idol-worshipping family. My mother devoutly worshiped ancestors, yet she sent my siblings and me to a Catholic primary school. That was where I first encountered faith. I remember my mother burning incense and making offerings daily, telling us we must do it with a sincere heart, or we would be punished. Once, while offering incense, my foot was burned by the incense, which made me start to question: if the deities are compassionate, why would they let me get hurt? This fear was planted in my heart.

A turning point came when I was in primary school. Because I wasn't doing well academically, I confided in a school janitor who encouraged me to pray to the Heavenly Father. When I knelt down, the gentleness of the sacred image moved me deeply. I began to ponder the meaning of "God", but at that time, faith remained merely at an intellectual level.

During secondary school, I joined the church fellowship, but I considered myself a "sinner" and chose to leave, mistakenly thinking that one's faith must be perfect. It wasn't until I entered the workforce and worked at a Christian organization where I saw my colleagues' seriousness about their faith. My heart was rekindled to seek out a church. I started praying and seeking God's guidance. God's response was very clear. My then-boyfriend (now husband) invited me to his church, gradually leading me into a community of faith. In 2016, as society was enveloped in a political atmosphere and everyone was keen on discussing political issues, we sought a more suitable church to avoid it affecting our pursuit of faith. By chance, we came to St Luke's Church. At the time, we felt the pastor's care and saw the children's joy, and so we joined this church. It has been nine years now.

Today, our two children have grown from primary school students into senior secondary students. The church is the place where their faith took root. Through the choir and being the organists, they have developed a passion for music. My eldest daughter has even decided to study music at university, aiming to pursue it as a career and continue serving the church. My husband and I have also experienced much grace through serving, and now, supported by our brothers and sisters, we are learning to trust God. Looking back, God has answered my prayers from youth, giving me a spiritual home and protecting my children, allowing them to grow up safely within the church. The road ahead may be full of challenges, but I know deeply that as long as I hold tightly to the Lord's hand and remain rooted in the church, I will have the strength to face adversity.

The Seed Planted Long Ago

St Mary's Church
Raina LAU

To me, 2nd December, 2023 was a day in my life that is worth commemorating. After seeking for over 40 years, by God's grace and under the witness of the clergy and brothers and sisters of SKH St Mary's Church, I finally got baptised and became a child of God and a disciple of Christ.

Looking back, my journey of faith must have begun with the seed that God planted in my heart during my early childhood. At that time, I attended a Christian primary school. Whenever I went to church for worship, I was always moved by the joyous atmosphere. I particularly loved singing hymns and deeply longed for the opportunity to attend Sunday school. However, my parents were born into traditional Chinese families and followed traditional customs, such as burning incense and worshipping ancestors. Therefore, at that time, I could only admire my classmates who can sing in the choir.

Reflecting on the first half of my life, though there were ups and downs, I can still say that I reap what I've sown. I worked hard to build my own family and career, and was blessed with one son and one daughter. What more could I ask for?

But at the most appropriate time, God gave me a wake-up call. During the three years of the raging pandemic, both my children and I were infected successively, and the situation in the family has also changed. When I was on maternity leave after the birth of my son, I spent nearly every day in fear and anxiety.

By God's calling, in April that year, I was fortunate to receive an invitation to the Alpha Course from Sheng Kung Hui Kindergarten that my daughter attended. Subsequently, I participated in the 20-week baptism course. Over those few months, I gradually began to feel the peace and joy that come from trusting in the Lord.

I am especially grateful for the support and guidance of Revd TSUI, Revd LAU, and Revd LO. I am also thankful that I have found strength in prayer and hope in gratitude. I look forward to more learning and experiencing more of God's grace after baptism, as I join the big family of Sheng Kung Hui!



Names in Remembrance of God's Grace



Church of The Incarnation
Michael WU

Hi everyone, I am Michael, a member of Church of The Incarnation. My wife and I got married in 2009. Throughout more than a decade of marriage, we very much hoped to have children, but were always disappointed. Despite this, we believed that the Lord was still watching over us and that He would have His plan for us.

I firmly believe that our Heavenly Father knew that our family was ready in 2020, and thus granted my wife to conceive successfully at that time. That same year, she gave birth smoothly to our first child. Through this experience, we were sure this was a grace given to us by our Heavenly Father. Therefore, I named our daughter "Tin Yi," because she is bestowed upon us by our Heavenly Father, and we also hope this name serves as a tribute to our Lord Jesus.

In the following year, 2021, my wife also successfully gave birth to our second child, our son. I named him "Tin Ming," hoping that his name, our child would remember our Heavenly Father, and that it would also help us to be mindful of the Heavenly Father's grace towards us.

In 2023, we believed that the Heavenly Father also saw that our family was prepared, and thus arranged for us to attend services at Church of The Incarnation through my wife. There, we listened to Revd Tang's sermons, which began our family's church life.

Revd Tang has been very kind to us, often caring for us and teaching us. He told us the miracles performed by Jesus Christ, as well as the love and grace given to us by the Heavenly Father. In 2024, our whole family got baptised and joined the church. My wife and I have also received Confirmation. Our family became children of the Lord. Through the church life at Church of The Incarnation, we worship together, get to know and draw near to our Lord Jesus, and often discover the grace and guidance of the Heavenly Father amongst us.

This is the story of how our family came to believe in the Lord. May the Lord bless you all. Thank you.

An illustration of three Monstera leaves with characteristic holes, rendered in shades of green. They are positioned behind the word 'Summer', with one leaf partially covering the 'm' and another the 'e'.

Summer

Ups and Downs of a Roller Coaster



Holy Nativity Church
LEUNG Tuen Yung

Hi everyone, I am Yung Yung, a member of SKH Holy Nativity Church. When I was young, I attended the SKH Lui Ming Choi Memorial Primary School, and my younger sister attended SKH St Luke's Church Kindergarten. As both schools are Sheng Kung Hui (Anglican) schools, I have come to know God since young. When my sister started kindergarten, my mother began to take us to the Sunday school. I got to know God and the church in those six years when I attended the Sunday school. At the same time, a seed of faith was planted in my heart. Both the Sunday school and primary school life have granted me a very happy and blessed childhood. I am very grateful to my alma mater and St Luke's Church for their nurturing, in laying the key foundation in me, as well as their love and care which filled me during my childhood.

I encountered difficulty in learning at secondary school. At the same time, for various reasons, I became somewhat distant from my family, classmates, and friends. What I experienced then was immense loneliness. Suddenly, I remembered God — perhaps God can accompany me! So, I contacted an older sister I knew at primary school, and she took me to St Stephen's Church to join their fellowship. One of the instructors in fellowship cared for me very much; she prayed with me on the phone every night. I am very grateful for the joy, acceptance, and tolerance given to me by each of the brothers and sisters at St Stephen's Church back then.

As I got to Form 5, there were more and more problems in my family. I spent all my time going to school, doing part-time jobs, and dating. Gradually I left the church once again and continued to face the storms alone. That year, I only got 5 points in the HKCEE and had to repeat before entering the Sixth Form. Finally, after the release of the A-Level results, I was admitted to the Higher Diploma in Early Childhood Education Programme of the Education University of Hong Kong (EdUHK).



Ever since secondary school, for most of the time, I had been battling hard on my own, often believing that I could overcome all difficulties, big or small, by solely relying on my own efforts. When I was studying in the Higher Diploma programme, God came knocking at the door of my heart again. My parents divorced during my Sixth Form. In the first year of my Higher Diploma programme, my father was frequently ill, getting in and out of the hospital, and I became the primary family member caring for him. Because of this, my relationship with my father was reconciled. In the year nearing my Higher Diploma graduation, my father suddenly passed away from pneumonia. The pain of losing a loved one made me feel the helplessness of life. No matter how hard I tried, I was unable to get my father back to life. The uncertainty of life and the bereavement over the loss of a close family member made me think of God. In tears, I went back to St Stephen's Church, praying sorrowfully, while tears kept rolling down over my whole face.

May those who sow in tears reap with shouts of joy.

Psalms 126:5

After experiencing God's healing, comfort and help, His abundant love and compassion, I was able to stand up once again in my life. In 2013, I was baptized and joined the church. That year, I started working, and I am thankful to the Revd Canon Ip Kam Fai, the Revd Ho Kam Tim and his wife, my godparents, and many brothers and sisters in the church for all their help and guidance. After working for a few years, I pursued my studies in the Bachelor of Education in Early Childhood Education programme of EdUHK. In the year I graduated, my mother was diagnosed with terminal pancreatic cancer. My mother's final wish was to be baptized and become a Christian. With the help of the Revd Edith Sin and the visit team of St Stephen's Church, my mother's wish was fulfilled before she passed away. I sincerely thank St Stephen's Church for their care for my mother.

After handling my family matters, I took up the Master of Arts in Child and Family Education programme, graduating with First Class Honours and received the Dean's Honour List Award. Upon graduation, I became a Lecturer in the Department of Early Childhood Education at EdUHK and am now pursuing the studies in the Doctor of Education programme at EdUHK (Major: Early Childhood Education). From being an average student with 5 points in HKCEE to studying a doctoral program today, I am very thankful to God. God spent over 30 years nurturing an ordinary seed, allowing me to see that life can actually become a miracle.

Upon looking back over these years, I am grateful that God has given me a remarkable life. The ups and downs along the way were like riding on a roller coaster. I have experienced the pain of adversity and also tasted the sweetness of prosperity; I have shed countless tears, but I have also received countless applause.

Heavenly Father, thank you. Thank you for walking with me all along, thank you for accomplishing this moving symphony.

Thank You For Being In My Life

A song by Amazing Grace Worship (In Chinese only)

Music & Lyrics: Julian Chan

抬頭看看是一片藍天
真的很美 但不時也有轉變
有起有跌 是祢給我的試鍊
挑戰靠著祢一定會走完
我雖走過死蔭的幽谷
卻不驚怕 有祢與我同在
祢的杆 祢的杖都安慰我
一生一世
必有恩惠慈愛隨著我

這一生很美只因有祢
感謝祢賜下萬有生氣
望望四周花草
散發出旋律都很美
我願將我所有奉上給祢
這一生很美只因有祢
感謝祢賜下萬有福氣
縱使變遷 也不掛牽
因我一生仰望祢的臉



St Paul's Church
Susanna TSANG

Miracles do happen

Hi everyone, my name is Susanna. I am a member of St Paul's Church. At work, I am an ophthalmologist, while at home, I am a mother of two children. I committed my life to Christ at a gospel rally in my secondary school. I got baptized and joined the church and became a Christian when I was studying at university. On my life's journey, I have had two most impressive experiences, which I deeply felt God's protection and guidance. One was in my career, how God led me to become an ophthalmologist. The other was in my family, experiencing God's protection and care.

I studied abroad for my sixth and seventh form. In face of the selection of university, I really wanted to get into medical school, but at that time, it was not easy to obtain a conditional offer abroad. I clearly remember the day before the interview, I felt very much like giving up on preparing. But God reminded me that everyone should make good use of the gifts God has given them. I casually picked up a science magazine and read a short article about IGF-1. I just remembered these few English words. The next day during the interview, the examiner asked a question related to this topic, and I was actually able to talk about IGF-1. In the end, the Lord led me into medical school.

When choosing the specialty in medical school, there were various options like paediatrics, surgery, medicine, family medicine, etc. I believed that since God had led me into medical school, He had a plan. I prayed about the specialty choice and entrusted it to Him, asking God to personally guide me to the specialty training He had prepared for me. I didn't know how God would answer me, but I believed that when one door closes, the one that opens is the one God has prepared. As Psalm 143:8 says: "Teach me the way I should go, for to you I lift up my soul."

God showed me which specialty to choose through two dreams and one experience. When I was in my fourth year of medical school, I had a dream one night. I dreamed of a church sister I hadn't been in contact with for many years. She approached me and said to me in the dream: "I am now blind, I can't see anything. Can I come over and hug you?" After waking up, I found it very strange. I didn't know why I had this dream, but I just kept it in my heart. During my fifth year of medical school, I had another dream. This time, it was a job interview for a specialty training, and I was being interviewed by the head of the hospital's ophthalmology department. In the dream, I answered the interview questions fluently. After waking up, I also found it strange and kept this dream in my heart. I didn't understand why both dreams were related to eyes, as I had never thought of becoming an ophthalmologist, and I didn't know why I should choose ophthalmology.

Later on, God gave me another special experience. I remember when I was still a houseman, one day I was walking past the hospital podium. A patient came up to me as I was the only staff member in a white coat near her. This patient was a foreigner. I got to know that she was supposed to go to a specialist clinic for an appointment, but the taxi driver had dropped her off at the main building, which was not the right place. She asked me to help her find another taxi to take her to the other side of the hospital, but the taxi driver was unwilling to take her. The distance from the main block to the outpatient clinic was about one or two blocks. So, I held this patient's hand and walked with her to the outpatient clinic for her appointment. As I holding her and walking with her, we chatted, and it turned out that this lady happened to be a patient of the ophthalmology department.

Then, she shared her experience with me. She had lost her sight in one of her eyes due to cancer. She could not see with the other eye originally, it was until undergoing cataract surgery that she could see again. She told me, "It was like a new life to me. Everything becomes so beautiful and colourful." I found that the work at ophthalmology could give patients a new life; it could be so meaningful. God used this patient to show me why I should become an ophthalmologist. And because of this experience, I decided to apply for the ophthalmology specialty training. Thanks to our Heavenly Father's guidance, I can now serve patients as an ophthalmologist.

Another impactful experience happened in my family. I have faced challenges during my pregnancy. In the early pregnancy, from the "One-Stop Clinic for Assessment of Risk for foetal aneuploidies (OSCAR)" screening, the report conclusion was $\frac{1}{2}$, meaning that the chance of the foetus having Down syndrome was very high. Subsequently, I had more accurate tests, including the "Non-Invasive Prenatal Testing for Trisomy 21 (NIPT T21)", and the report was normal. I also had the first-trimester "structural ultrasound" scan, and the report was normal too. The obstetrician explained to me that the high-risk $\frac{1}{2}$ report might be due to a low index in PAPP-A (Pregnancy-Associated Plasma Protein-A), which meant a higher chance of preterm birth and pre-eclampsia. The obstetrician recommended that I start taking aspirin from the 13th week to prevent pre-eclampsia complications. However, I experienced bleeding after taking aspirin for three weeks and had to stop the medication. I couldn't prevent complications through medication. All I could do was to pray, hoping that preterm birth or pre-eclampsia would not occur.

Later, many prenatal blood tests were also abnormal. Until 36 weeks of pregnancy, the foetal position was not right; the baby was still in a transverse lie position, which could increase the risk of complications like cord prolapse and foetal distress. From early pregnancy to late pregnancy, I didn't know if the baby in my womb could come into this world safely and healthily. Even as a doctor, I was powerless. All my husband and I could do was entrust it to God. We believed that God does not make mistakes, and God's grace is sufficient. We continued to rely on God through reading the Bible, singing hymns, and praying. The lyrics of one hymn, "When You Believe," reminded me: "There can be miracles when you believe." Life comes from God, and God's gracious hand will bring our daughter into our family. As Matthew 19:26 says: "For mortals it is impossible, but for God all things are possible." The obstetrician also told me after our child was born that I had the highest OSCAR risk ratio she had ever seen, but the baby was born normal and healthy. Our daughter was born safely and healthily. Thank you, God, for leading our daughter and later on our son into our family. God is the Lord of my life.

May all glory and praise be to our Heavenly Father God. I hope we can all experience God's love and grace together.



The Bible Verse Card in the Drawer



St Timothy's Church
TSE Sze Ki



The 90s was an era of Hong Kong's economic boom, a time when the stock and property markets were frenzied. Back then, I was working in a foreign investment bank in the Central. Surrounding me were luxurious goods, glamorous outfit, and a life of decadence. I saw colleagues receiving substantial salaries and bonuses for excellent performance, while others were fired instantly for failing to achieve outstanding results. Being in such an environment, I often felt very lost. I longed for a comfortable, high-end lifestyle, but the price to pay was extremely long working hours, immense pressure, and our precious health.

By chance, I met Chun Hung at the workplace. Although we worked in different departments, whenever I encountered difficulties at work, he would patiently offer guidance. He was a devout Christian. At that time, I had not yet known the Heavenly Father or heard the Gospel, and I was resistant to attending church gatherings. But he never deliberately tried to evangelize to me or pressure me to go to church fellowship. However, whenever I faced a problem, he would listen attentively, pray for me, and also give me some Bible verse cards for encouragement. But there was one thing he was very firm about: we would never go out to meet on Saturday evenings or Sunday mornings because he had to attend fellowship and worship services. I began to wonder: Why does Christianity have such a great attractive power?

Until one day, I encountered both work-related difficulties and interpersonal conflicts at the company. I felt utterly disheartened and helpless. Pulling open my drawer, a Bible verse card appeared before my eyes. It was Psalm 91:1-2.

You who live in the shelter of the Most High, who abide
in the shadow of the Almighty, will say to the Lord,
My refuge and my fortress; my God, in whom I trust.

All the pent-up grievances immediately poured out with my rolling tears. It was then that I found that God had always been by my side, watching over me; it was just that I had never been willing to take initiative to seek Him and know Him. Afterwards, I followed Chun Hung to church and came to understand that God is the Alpha and the Omega, the one who sent His only Son to save the world. The Lord Jesus willingly gave up His heavenly glory, became incarnate, came to earth, to bear our sins, and died for us on the cross. Later, through catechism classes, my understanding and knowledge of the Gospel was deepened. Through baptism, I joined the church.

Time really flies, over 20 years have passed. After our children grew up, they also joined Chun Hung and me in serving and worshipping at the church, walking together on the road to heaven.

...But as for me and my household, we will serve the Lord.
Joshua 24:15b

The LORD is a Strong Fortress



St Peter's Church North Point
LIP King Chun

I am LIP King Chun from St Peter's Church North Point. Church members initially called me Mrs Tsang, later they called me Chun Chun. I find this nickname more affectionate.

I am from a traditional family that worshipped many gods. I was a housewife, responsible for taking care of the children and grandchildren. When they grew up, I found life a bit dull, so I gathered friends to see how to pass the time. A friend took me to the Praise Group of Dance. The last part of each dance session was the Lord's Prayer. I found the melody of the Lord's Prayer very beautiful, listening to it made me feel very comfortable. The friend also invited me to attend the church services. At first, I wasn't very used to it and found it a bit boring, perhaps because I was unfamiliar with the liturgy. Gradually, I found it quite meaningful, so I decided to enroll in Bible classes to deepen my understanding of the faith, and subsequently received baptism.

Whenever I encounter difficulties, I pray. It is amazing that sometimes, during my devotions, I would read relevant Bible verses, it's like a "ding" sound answering my prayer, making me feel that I was not alone. God really does hear our prayers. These experiences have made me believe in the Lord more deeply and strengthened my faith. Later, my husband fell ill, and he got baptised a few months later. Not long after that, he left for heaven. A few months later, I found that I had cancer – breast cancer. At first, I was very worried, I could only pray and rely on the Heavenly Father. I didn't complain "why me?" I think there will always be sickness and pain in life, but we who believe in the Lord have a powerful stronghold – our

Heavenly Father. He strengthens our faith. So, I often pray for myself, as well as for others. I felt more relaxed, and there was not much adverse effect on my body. I was still full of energy. "A cheerful heart is a good medicine" (Proverbs 17:22). Last year, I got cancer again – stage four lung cancer. Having had the previous experience, this time I didn't ask the Heavenly Father "why me?", I just entrusted it to God through prayer, for I know that the Lord will surely take care of me. Instead, I asked God why he has "treated me so well"? Is it because my faith is not deep enough yet, so I need to experience suffering a few more times, so that I can share my experience and feeling with others when I spread the Gospel? I still feel very energetic now, without any feeling of sickness or pain.

When I was in my sixties, not long after believing in the Lord, I followed the church visit team to visit elderly centres. I discovered that singing could also help with visit activities and could even spread the Gospel. So, I went to learn to sing (Gospel Cantonese Opera). I saw the wonderful arrangement of our Heavenly Father. I am just an ordinary housewife, I never realized I had a gift for singing. Learning to sing made me feel very happy and comfortable, and I could also spread the Gospel. Even more interesting is that, I not only can sing, but also teach others to sing. I believe the will of God is for me to pass on to others what I have learned, so that others can also make use of that and apply their learning flexibly, and to pass on this ministry. I feel the love and care for me from our Heavenly Father, despite my being just a "little woman", an "old granny" (阿婆). What can I do? But our Heavenly Father still uses me. I am very grateful, and give thanks to the Lord for His care.

Unceasing Mission



St Mary's Church
HOU Ting Fun, Stephen

I am HOU Ting Fun, Stephen, a member of St Mary's Church. I serve as the head of the Church Building Department of St Mary's Church, and I also serve in the adult fellowship, choir, and other groups. I attended St Mark's School in Shau Kei Wan and was first exposed to the Gospel in Form 1. However, it still took about 40 years before I was finally willing to be led by the Holy Spirit to get baptised and become a follower of Christ.

Before retirement, I was a civil and structural engineer. Interestingly, before believing in the Lord and getting baptised, I worked in the Major Works Project Management Office of the Highways Department in the government. As the name "Major Works Project Management Office" suggests, most of Hong Kong's major infrastructure projects were planned, constructed, and managed by us. We were also responsible for the application of the funding of the projects. The cost of each project often exceeded a billion Hong Kong dollars. I am someone who tends to be quite tense, so the work pressure was very heavy.

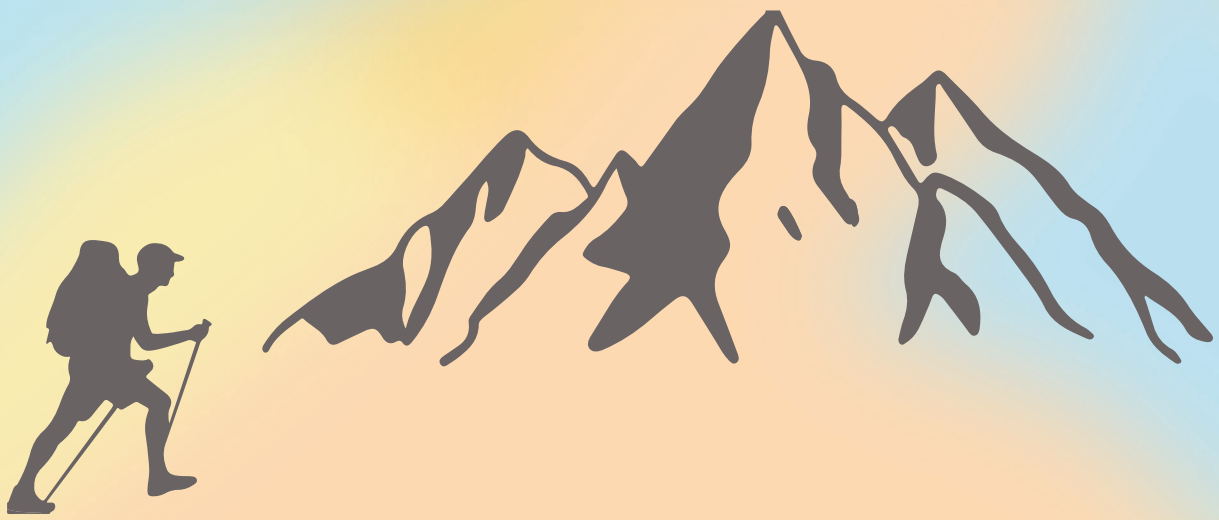
However, upon believing in the Lord, strangely, I suddenly felt my burden become light. Upon reflection, I realized that the motto of the church's Building Department provided a significant reminder for me. That verse is from Psalm 127:1 "Unless the Lord builds the house, those who build it labour in vain. Unless the Lord guards the city, the guard keeps watch in vain."

This verse reminded me that all projects are not actually planned by us. We are not the master. We are merely God's servants. If we are unwilling to be led by the Holy Spirit, all our planning and labour would be in vain. Therefore, we only need to fulfil our own roles and act according to God's will.



Afterwards, I found that my prayers began to change. In the past, I prayed daily for God to give me strength and confidence to solve each day's difficulties. But after being reminded by that verse, I began to pray for God to help every person involved in the respective projects, because we are all just working for God. When my way of thinking changed, I found myself transformed from a planner, a person in charge, into a servant. Consequently, my burden became much lighter, and the pressure eased significantly. More interestingly, the problems encountered in the projects did not decrease, but I found that the solutions had increased, opportunities for collaboration became more frequent, and the projects naturally progressed more smoothly!

I remember in my first few years after believing in Jesus, I was full of passion for evangelism. I became a companion in the church's catechumen class; when new members were baptized, I became a godparent. I am thankful that the department I worked in had a fellowship of 80 people. I am also grateful that within the industry,



there was an Engineering and Construction Evangelical Fellowship. I participated in their meetings and helped organize the annual gospel lunches and dinners. Each time, many new friends attended, and on one occasion, over 30 people decided to believe and expressed willingness to know more about the Gospel. I am truly thankful!

Before I believed, I had two hobbies: playing golf and horse racing. I played golf because I enjoyed competition; horse racing tested my analytical skills, knowledge, and judgment. But strangely, after I believed in the Lord, I joined the church's adult fellowship and saw its motto from Proverbs 3:5-6 "Trust in the Lord with all your heart, and do not rely on your own insight. In all your ways acknowledge him, and he will make straight your paths."

At that moment, I realized and understood that all I have does not come from myself, but is given by God. Why should I still test myself in order to prove my own abilities? From that moment on, I completely lost interest in those two hobbies. I even lost interest in watching horse racing—it's really hard to explain! I still play golf occasionally, but I no longer focus on winning or losing. I let go of the so-called desire to compete and found I enjoy it even more!

My daily life also changed significantly. I, who previously disliked reading, started frequently visiting the Logos Bookstore to browse, mainly to buy devotional books, especially the kind for daily devotions covering 365 days a year. I would buy them and read them daily.

Perhaps related to my work habits, I read quite fast. Each time I would buy several devotional books and deliberately wake up an hour earlier every day for devotion, meditation, feeling the guidance of the Holy Spirit, and listening to God's word. Afterwards, I would pray, entrusting the day's worries and thoughts to Him.

I am thankful that this habit has continued "without a day off," 365 days a year. Whether I am in Hong Kong or abroad, I still do it. Looking back from when I started until today, it has been fourteen years. I am grateful that I am close to God every day and have gained immensely.

In 2012, when smartphones and WhatsApp became popular, I felt this was also a medium for evangelism. Actually, I still had many former colleagues whom I hadn't had the chance to care for or gather with, or who weren't in the same area. Since both Christians and non-Christians encounter similar problems in life's journey, such as work problems, health problems, why not share my devotional materials with the others?

Initially, I only sent these materials to five or six groups. I called this my "Devotional Breakfast." Over the years, through accumulation, it grew from five to six groups to 22 groups, with a total membership of over 140 people. Among them are new believers and also non-believers. Seven friends have accepted the Gospel through this sharing and have believed and been baptized!

There is one case which is more special: a secondary school chemistry teacher resigned from her teaching job for personal reasons before the pandemic. During the pandemic, as face to face teaching was impossible, she could not even get a supply teacher post. Problems in her health also arose. She was a member of one of my groups, and at her request, I began praying for her.

About a year later, she told me she had started returning to church and would be baptised in a few months. She invited me and my wife to witness her baptism. Even more thankfully, a few months after that, she published a book titled "The Heavenly Melodies: Vibrant Chemistry along life's journey." As a chemistry teacher, she connected "Chemistry" with "Life" and "Faith," testifying to God's love. As of today, there are still 8 non-believing friends in the groups who are not yet willing to know God, but I will continue to strive. May the Lord help!

I retired in 2014. The first thing I did after retirement was to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. At the same time, I believe that as Christians, we should be healthy in body and mind.

So, I started joining clubs to swim and run. Then, I started cycling, and finally, I even participated in triathlon training and competitions.

Actually, doing exercises is not only making oneself fit, I feel that this is a great opportunity to meet more people outside the church, giving me more chances to share the Gospel. My life is now very fulfilling. From Monday to Saturday mornings, I do exercises. In the afternoons, I meet up with friends. Besides, I am currently assisting our church in applying for the government's Funding Scheme for Maintenance of Historic Buildings. My schedule is full, and life is very abundant!

Summarizing my experience of believing in God over these past ten-plus years, I believe that "Becoming Christ's Disciples, Renewing the Church" is our lifelong mission and lesson. Although it is not easy, if you are willing to let the Holy Spirit lead you and take the first step, you might find that persevering is not too difficult. May God help us all. Thank you.





Prayers in Difficult times

St Mary's Church
YEUNG LAI Mei Yee, May

I am YEUNG LAI Mei Yee. I was baptized at SKH St Mary's Church in 2018. My husband is YEUNG Ming Chi, Eric and we have three children, who are all educated in Sheng Kung Hui schools. I come from an ordinary family and grew up in Hong Kong. When I was in Form 5, I went to Australia to further my studies, where I first encountered the Catholic Church, drawn by the beauty of the churches there. However, I did not begin an in-depth study of the Bible at that time. Nevertheless, this experience had a profound impact on me.

After returning to Hong Kong, I began my career at one of the Big Four accounting firms. Around 2011, I felt a lack of meaning in my life and had an inner thirst to have a deeper understand of the faith. Consequently, I decided to return to the Catholic Church and attended catechumen classes for nearly two years. Although I did not get baptized at that time, I have gained a deeper understanding of the faith over this period of time. As I got married and gave birth to childbirth, I have set aside matters on the faith and the church.

In 2017, my husband brought our family, along with my sister's family, to St Mary's Church to know more about God again. Miraculously, the environment of the Church quickly gave me a sense of security, as if I had returned home. Inside the church, I felt God's presence. Although life was busy, caring for my two-year-old elder son while pregnant with our second child, I still strived to attend Sunday services. The kindness and tolerance of the congregation also made me feel very warm.

Here I would like to specifically share three experiences. First, my elder son was diagnosed with strabismus when he was two years old. The doctor recommended surgery, which I found difficult to accept. At that moment, my husband and I held him, cried together, and prayed for the Lord's healing and to find a more suitable treatment method. A few days later, we met another doctor who told us that we could help him through vision training, and that surgery was not necessary. Now, his eyes have recovered to about 90%, thanks be to God's loving care.

In 2019, my daughter was born. The entire pregnancy and delivery process were very smooth. However, two days after her birth, we noticed her skin turning yellow, and she had to be placed under phototherapy lights. Due to a blood type incompatibility, causing a rejection phenomenon, the doctor told us that the worst-case scenario might require a complete blood transfusion for her.

During that time, we prayed incessantly, hoping she would recover quickly. In the end, she was discharged from the hospital without any complications; this made me deeply feel God's greatness and compassion.

In 2020, the COVID pandemic hit, and our family was infected at the very beginning. At that time, I felt helpless and weak, praying to God, hoping He would save us. Daily prayers brought peace to me and my family, and we recovered well. Although life was difficult, I still believed that God would protect us.

The experiences above have helped me understand why we should pray in times of trouble. Because God hears our cries, the Lord Jesus understands our suffering and promises to protect us. Through crying out, we acknowledge our weakness and seek God's help. These prayers are not only for seeking strength, they help us build a deeper relationship with God.

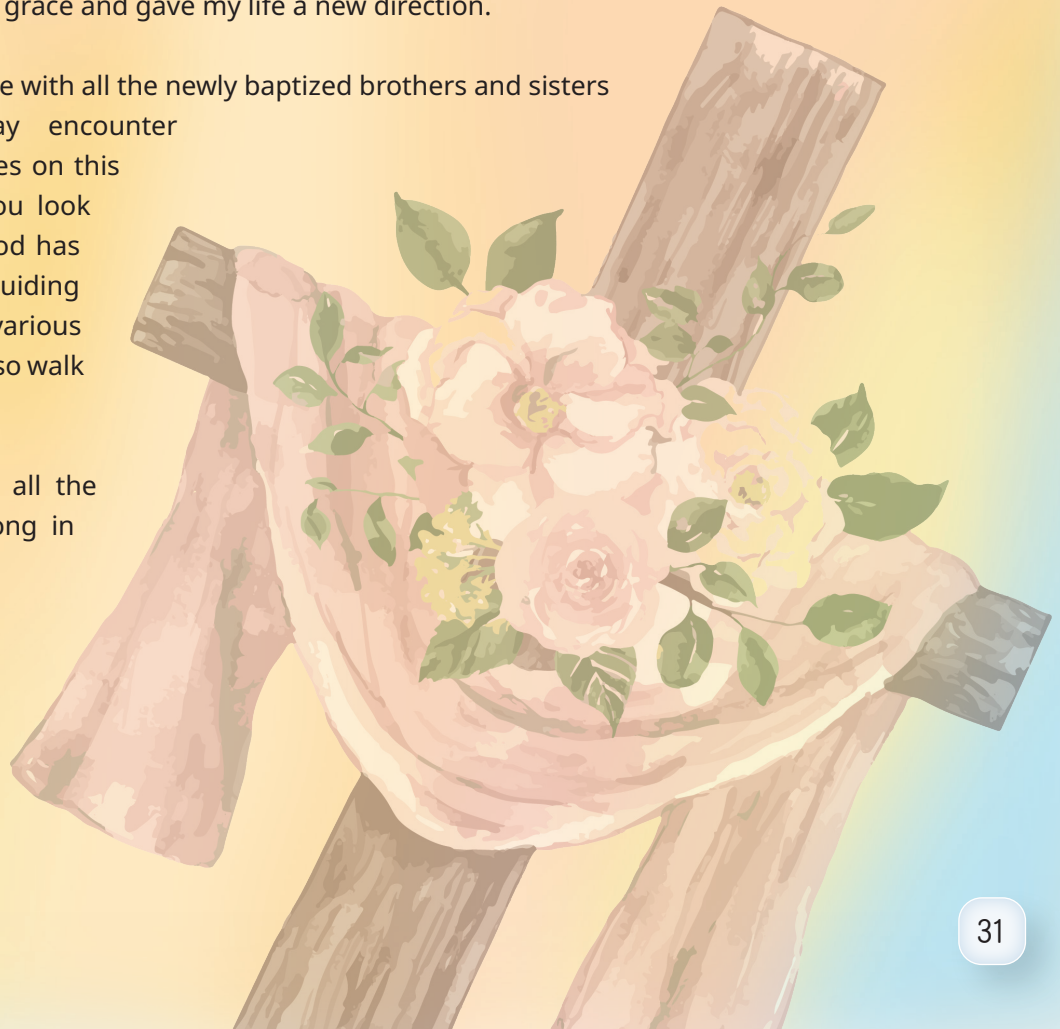
As time passed, my belief grew stronger and stronger. In the gatherings at St Mary's Church, I continued to grow, learning God's word, and feeling the support and encouragement of brothers and sisters in the church. This journey has helped me understand God's love and grace more deeply and has inspired me to live out this faith in my life.

In the blink of an eye, I have been in St Mary's Church for eight years already. I have been involved in various service roles, such as serving as a Sunday school teacher and working in the Evangelism and Nurture Department. I believe God has His timetable; when He knows you are ready, He arranges different roles and experiences in your life, allowing you to grow in the process of serving Him.

In 2018, I was baptized at St Mary's Church. For me, this was an important milestone, symbolizing my union with the Lord Jesus and my commitment to the faith. Baptism allowed me to experience God's love and grace and gave my life a new direction.

Finally, I would like to share with all the newly baptized brothers and sisters that although you may encounter challenges and weaknesses on this journey of faith, when you look back, you will find that God has been with you all along, guiding you forward. And our various brothers and sisters will also walk with you together.

I look forward to seeing all the newly baptised grow strong in faith and together witness God's grace!





Experiencing the Existence of God

St James' Church

CHONG Kam Sam, Michael



My name is CHONG Kam Sam, Michael I am 67 years old, and I live alone. Before believing in the Lord, I was an atheist and did not believe in any religion. It was only after I met Ms Poon at the St James' Settlement Wan Chai Hostel that I began to feel the existence of God the Father through her. Ms Poon's words and actions made me feel she was an angel sent by God the Father, which led me to learn about Christianity. One night in 2023, at the hostel, I accepted Ms Poon's invitation to attend a gathering. She asked me a question: Do you wish to believe in the Lord? At that moment, without any hesitation, as if compelled by an irresistible force, I immediately agreed. Ms Poon and a brother in Christ, Ah Ho, prayed for me. At that time, I felt a miraculous change in my body; I felt hot all over, as if burning. This experience made me deeply believe in the existence of God the Father. I admitted myself to be a sinner. I hope to receive God's forgiveness through future prayers and confession. Therefore, I very much desire to be baptized and become a Christian, leaving everything in the future to God the Father's arrangement.

In 2023, through a social worker's referral, I stayed at the St James' Settlement hostel in Wan Chai for about nine months. During my stay, I applied for public housing. While waiting in the queue, I received a letter from the Housing Department requiring me to go to the Estate Office in the Housing Department Headquarters for the final approval process. When I first applied for public housing, I indicated the Urban area. Later, hoping to get housed faster, I changed my preference from Urban to the New Territories area to shorten the waiting time. During the interview, the Housing Department officer asked if I had any special requests. I said my mother is 93 years old and currently lives in a one-person unit public housing flat in Tin Shui Wai. Since the New Territories public housing application is divided into six districts: Sheung Shui, Fanling, Tai Po, Tuen Mun, Yuen Long, and Tin Shui Wai, the chance of being assigned to Tin Shui Wai was one in six. So, I made a simple request to the officer, hoping that when flat allocation occurs later, I could be assigned to Tin Shui Wai to be near my mother and take care of her. The reply I received later was, "Anyone making a request without


special circumstances will have the district of the public housing flat determined entirely by computer random allocation." I was very disappointed at that time. There's an old Chinese saying: "It's better to rely on yourself than to ask for help from others." But if I have to rely on myself, what power do I have?

Suddenly, I had a thought: "It's better to ask the Lord than to ask others." So, I prayed to God the Father. I still remember it was a very quiet night. I said to God the Father: "Can you help solve this problem?" At that moment, I seemed to hear God the Father's response and heard "okay", a very small and faint sound. It was so amazing! Unexpectedly, a month later, I really received a letter from the Housing Department. After opening and reading it, I found that the public housing I had long applied for was approved. I could finally live in a flat! The address was actually in Tin Shui Wai. I was indeed very grateful at that time. The allocated estate was Tin Yan Estate, the name is indeed very meaningful (the transliteration of which is similar to God's grace)! Is Tin Yan Estate the one bestowed upon me by the grace of God the Father? Three days later, I went to Tin Yan Estate to see the flat. However, I found the unit was quite different from what I had in mind; the bathroom and kitchen were very small and narrow. After serious consideration, I had no choice but to give it up. As applicants have three allocation chances, I decided to wait for the next allocation. Strangely, from having no faith to communicating with God, my faith increased tremendously. I felt particularly confident, almost one hundred percent, about being allocated a flat in Tin Shui Wai the second time. Indeed, in less than a month's time, I received a second letter from the Housing Department. Upon checking, it was also an allocation in Tin Shui Wai, at Tin Chak Estate, which is very close to my mother's house! Thanks to the Lord for His care and concern. From the above actual case, I cannot help but believe that God truly exists. Thanks be for God once again!





Faith Journey on a Rugged Path



Holy Nativity Church
CHIU Kwai Ying

Hello, brothers and sisters, Bishop, clergy, and church workers! Today, I am very thankful for this opportunity to share with you God's grace and how I came to know the Lord Jesus. Thanks be to God! In 2004, I suffered a serious illness— ovarian cancer—and had to undergo surgery. At that time, I had severe abdominal pain and got to the Accident & Emergency unit, and I was immediately sent to the ward. After examination, the doctors found an 8.5 cm tumour in my ovary. As to what it exactly was, no one was quite sure about it, and further tests were needed. The doctors believed that if it was confirmed to be ovarian cancer, immediate surgery would be necessary without any delay. I felt utterly helpless then, ultimately, I had to undergo the surgery. The doctor told me that because the ovaries secrete hormones, there might be aftereffects such as high blood pressure, diabetes, stroke, and other cardiovascular and cerebrovascular diseases. Left with no choice, I had to have my entire uterus and ovaries removed, as there was also a tumour in the uterus. The doctor suggested that since I was already more or less at mature age, it would be best to remove everything.

During the period after the surgery, brothers and sisters were very concerned about me. Because my son attended a Sheng Kung Hui school, many teachers, upon hearing about my situation, prayed for me and often came to visit and comfort me. Brothers and sisters from St. Peter's Church Castle Peak also visited me frequently, giving me great support. So, I expressed my desire to commit my life to Jesus. I am very grateful that Bishop Timothy Kwok (then Revd Kwok) came and helped me commit my life to Jesus.

When I decided to believe in Jesus, my heart was full of gratitude. I remember the day I accepted

Jesus, and the very next day, during a routine check-up, the puzzled doctor asked me "How come your tumour has shrunk?" I replied, "Maybe because I sincerely believe in Jesus and have received the Heavenly Father's protection." That surgery was very successful. After being discharged from the hospital, with follow-up examinations, I was thankful there was no metastasis of the cancer cells. Because if there had been metastasis, the doctors would only close the incision and proceed with radiotherapy as they would not be able to continue the surgery; moreover, the tumour was close to the intestinal wall, and if it had ruptured, I would have had to wear a colostomy bag for my whole life. I am extremely grateful, feeling as if I had been given a new life. After the successful surgery, I hoped to be baptized and become a true Christian, but Bishop Kwok advised me to attend classes to learn know more about Jesus. So, I took the initiative to read relevant books and worked hard to understand the faith. Finally, in June 2005, I was baptized and became a Christian. During this period, I felt a significant improvement in my mental state.

When my son was attending the kindergarten of St Peter's Church Castle Peak, he was very naughty, I felt helpless at the time. The psychiatrist diagnosed him to have Oppositional Defiant Disorder (ODD), instead of Attention-Deficit/Hyperactivity Disorder (ADHD), so it was very difficult for me to get along with him. When he got into Ching Chung Koon primary school, I often received complaint calls from the school, saying that he was naughty and hard to teach. I felt extremely troubled, yet all that I could do was to constantly pray for him, entrusting his growth completely to God, praying to the Lord to heal him. Gradually, he became better behaved than before.



In 2005, I was on leave, and on my first day back to work, there was a sudden incident. A psychiatric patient suddenly attacked me, grabbed my work card, and twisted my hand tightly, causing a serious injury. From then on, I had to take sick leave for more than three years due to the work injury and couldn't work. During this period, changes also occurred in my husband. Originally, he had worshiped Guanyin since childhood, and we had a large Buddhist shrine at home. But after seeing my mental state improve after I believed in the Lord, brothers and sisters suggested that he should believe in Jesus. He said, "If my wife's surgery goes smoothly this time, I will believe in Jesus." After that surgery, he witnessed the miracle and finally decided to believe in the Lord. However, from mid-2005, my husband often went to the Mainland. He met someone he liked, and his heart began to change. From that time onwards, the atmosphere at home became tense, and he also seldom came home.

I remember during that period, my son often complained, asking me why we always ate noodles? Could we have other options? When I heard this, I lost control of my emotions and beat him with a clothes hanger. Unexpectedly, he also lost control, ran into the kitchen, took a knife, and started slashing wildly, leaving holes on the door. So, I calmed down and reflected: Why did both my husband and my child disappoint me? What is the meaning of my living? So, in a moment of despair, I swallowed a whole bottle of sleeping pills, washed down with strong liquor. After taking the pills, I felt dizzy and disoriented. My son was terrified and ran to the window to call for help. The neighbours couldn't open the door, so they called the police. The police officers sent me to hospital for emergency treatment. That time, I almost lost

my life. After gastric lavage, I was unconscious for a whole day. When I woke up, I still wanted to commit suicide. The nurses discovered this and restrained me from further harming myself. Doctors and specialists worked together to handle my case.

The doctors ordered that I must be admitted to Castle Peak Hospital for drug titration. When I saw the poor condition in the psychiatric hospital, I strongly requested to leave as soon as possible. The doctors and social workers then arranged an interview with my son. My son pleaded with the doctor to discharge me, and finally the doctor agreed. After being discharged, I thought my son would improve, but unfortunately, he continued to misbehave and was often complained by teachers. The stress in my life grew greater and greater, and I didn't know what to do. During this time, I was fortunate to have my faith to support me; when I felt helpless, I could only pray to God.

Towards the end of 2007, I suddenly had a stroke. Neither could I move on my own, nor to manage even the basic daily activities. At that time, my husband decided to divorce me and sought to claim the assets from me. I didn't want anything, I only hoped to live with my son. Eventually, my husband agreed to let me have custody of our son. At that time, lying sick in bed, I had already lost my health, marriage, and property. I even knew from the TV news that the houses in my hometown were destroyed by fire. These series of blows were just too overwhelming to me. In moments of utter despair and helplessness, I could only choose to rely on God, praying constantly and entrusting everything into the hands of the Heavenly Father.

After the stroke, I experienced aftereffects like convulsions, and life was very difficult. At that time, my son was only eight years old. Once he couldn't find me at home and cried loudly, so the neighbours called the police. The police took him to Po Leung Kuk for temporary care. During his stay there, he was bullied and missed me terribly, waiting bitterly every day for my visit. Later, with the help of a social worker, my son was finally able to come back and live with me, and arrangements were made for him to stay at St Christopher's Home. During those days, he went to church every morning at seven, kneeling and praying for an hour for my recovery. He himself had severe ODD and needed to take psychiatric medication, but thankfully, he gradually changed himself through faith. He participated in the "Ten Outstanding Young Persons" Award and got awarded. At the award ceremony, he publicly thanked me for raising him.

Although my son has dyslexia, he worked very hard in both dancing and his studies. Led by the Lord and with the help of teachers and friends, he was able to continue his education and was admitted to the Hong Kong Academy for Performing Arts. Before the entrance exam, I encouraged him to pray to God first, entrusting his needs to the Lord.

As a result, he was one of the eleven who was selected from three thousand applicants. After graduation, my son worked with a performing arts troupe. Later, he worked hard to earn money and went to Portugal to further his studies. The Lord's Spirit continually manifested wonderful grace in our family. Now, he is very sensible and pious, full of confidence for the future. I hope that brothers and sisters and parents who have not yet believed in the Lord will be able to lead their children to trust in Jesus. This Jesus is a true and living Lord, and you can witness His wonderful deeds through my life.

Although I am now a person with disabilities, relying on an electric wheelchair to move around, and I handle all household affairs myself without hiring helpers. Whenever I face difficulties, I pray and look up to the Heavenly Father— He is my Abba Father, true and trustworthy. This is the testimony I hope to share. Finally, I thank the Heavenly Father for not abandoning me, for always sending angels (especially Revd Sin) to help me, for adding strength in my most difficult times, and for taking care of me in every aspect. Thank you, Lord. Praise the Lord. Amen!



Returning Home: Reconciliation

Hi, everyone, I am TANG Wing Fung. I am a Christian and a member of St Timothy's Church. Actually, I have believed in the Lord when I was young, but later I left Him for some reasons. Finally, under God's guidance, I returned to church to get close to Him. The main reason I returned to church was because I had encountered some relationship problems with my son. I felt very helpless at that time. I was thinking that if I could go back to know God and get close to Him, I would get help from Him. When I returned to God, I felt I had received great help from Him. I felt in me a peace that I had not experienced before. I deeply felt God's presence, as if he had been protecting me all along. The warmth I received granted me great peace.

During this process, I often participated in worship services, prayed continually, and frequently shared my difficulties and experiences with my brothers and sisters in the church, and we prayed together. Afterwards, I felt myself gradually changing. I became more aware of God's reality and understood more the peace He gives. In the end, my relationship with my son was repaired.

Somehow, even during the most difficult times, I had never thought of seeking solutions in other ways. When feelings of helplessness recurred in my daily life, I felt God's will for me to "return home." So, once again I went back and stayed by His side, drawing close to Him. In so doing, I gained hope and peace. This experience was very different from the one when I was young. Perhaps I didn't truly know God back then. Now that I'm older, I truly feel God is always with me, watching over and protecting me. This has changed my life; it's a tangible change. I found that my personality has changed and my faith has increased. I really lacked faith before. Now, although my faith is still not great, I feel I have made significant progress. What's particularly obvious is that I now have the courage to share with others. Because I feel that with God's presence and help, there is nothing to fear in speaking up and sharing with people.

Furthermore, my relationship with my siblings was quite distant, perhaps because we each had our own lives growing up and had little contact. There were also some misunderstandings that had made our relationship even more distant. So after I recommitted myself to God, I started praying continually for my family, hoping we could be reconciled.

Finally, I am very thankful because after praying, my relationship with my elder sister has improved slightly. We started talking to each other over the phone, sending regards and showing care! People around me told me they noticed I've really changed a lot after returning to church. Now, I have also started sharing my faith with my friends. Although they may not believe, I will keep praying for them, letting God work Himself. Actually, during the process of seeking God again, I have encountered many temptations and trials: sometimes I felt like God couldn't help, sometimes I felt like God wasn't listening to my prayers. However, whenever I persisted in praying every day, believing in God especially when we experience suffering, setbacks, and life's difficulties, I could feel God's reality even more.

May we all be always thankful, pray continually, and witness God in our daily lives.



Protected Under the Angel's Wings

St Timothy's Church
WONG Wai King



At the beginning of 2024, all my hair fell off for no apparent reason. After a series of treatment, I am grateful that my hair has slowly grown again, like a soft fuzz on a baby's head. I am really very thankful to God. Looking back, I have experienced the powerful healing of our Heavenly Father a number of times. I am thankful for His constant care.

Once, I was admitted to the hospital due to a sudden illness. I prayed to God the Father, telling Him how bad I was feeling and asking Him to provide me with a good doctor and angels to help me. Unexpectedly, while lying in bed, I suddenly had great difficulty breathing. My husband said he would call a doctor to see me. At that very moment, through a gap in the hospital curtain, I saw an angel dressed in green, and I let out a loud "Ah!" Gradually I began to breathe normally again. God the Father has saved me!

Not long after that, I received information on free eye examinations for seniors aged 65 or above living in the Southern District. My husband helped me sign up. During this examination, it was discovered that I had hidden glaucoma in both eyes. I am grateful that the problem was detected through this check-up. The doctor said that if it hadn't been discovered early, it could have led to blindness. Later, I was referred to the hospital for further examination. Thankfully, the waiting time was shorter than expected. After careful repeated examinations by a specialist, he recommended me to undergo laser surgery, otherwise I would go blind. Without hesitation, I signed the consent form. I firmly believed that it was God the Father who has guided me, otherwise, how would I have known I had hidden glaucoma?



After two follow-up visits, the doctor said my glaucoma had been cured, that it would not worsen, and the affected area had healed well. I no longer need frequent check-ups. I thank God the Father! I am truly very grateful to Him.


Soon after that, the doctor found that I had cataract in my left eye and asked if I would consider surgery. However, the waiting period would be about a year or so. Finally, the surgery was scheduled for May 2025. Unexpectedly, in early January, a hospital nurse called to inform me that an appointment was available on 13th January, so I didn't have to wait until May. After being examined by the doctor that day, I was told I could choose whether to undergo the surgery. After consideration, I decided to proceed, and I was quickly scheduled for surgery on 21st January.

On the day of the surgery, I was the last patient to be operated on. After entering the operating room, my hands began to tremble, and I felt very scared. Besides, due to a previous waist injury, I suddenly felt severe pain in my lower back.

Fortunately, the attentive medical staff helped me lie down more comfortably before starting the surgery. During the procedure, I prayed to God the Father, asking Him to ensure the surgery was completed smoothly and to help the doctor and me so that I could be healed. During the surgery, the doctor asked me to look up at the ceiling. At that moment, I felt like under the wings of an angel protecting me from above, I began to calm down. Throughout the process, I could hear the doctor and nurses talking and was aware of what they were doing, but I felt incredibly peaceful. The surgery was very successful and was completed in just forty-five minutes. After leaving the operating room, the medical staff said I was doing very well and even joked that I could join them for afternoon tea!

I am deeply grateful in my heart. Thank you God the Father for constantly watching over me. I also thank Him for arranging the doctors, nurses, and everyone who has helped taken care of me.

The Grace of a Christian Family



Church of The Ascension
YEUNG Lai Ling



I began attending Sunday school when I was in Primary 4. That is how I came to know the Lord Jesus. When I was in Primary 6, I committed to believe in Jesus at the Billy Graham Crusade. There was a counsellor who guided me along. Her close guidance helped me know more about God and trust and rely on Him. During that time, I continued attending Sunday school so as to take root in the Word of God. The detailed study of God's word remains fresh in my memory to till this day.

During my days in E.F.C.C. - Ling Chuen Church, besides attending Sunday school, I began going to the Services. Later, I attended a catechism and baptism class and was baptized and became a member of the church. I then joined the choir and also the youth fellowship. I got to know many Christian brothers and sisters in the youth fellowship. Many of them had parents who were already believers, and I really admired them. I began to think about my own parents who had not yet known Jesus...So I kept praying for my parents to believe in God.

In my family, my second eldest sister was the first to believe in Jesus, followed by my younger sister, me, and then my younger brothers. Because my younger brothers were quite young then, two of them went to Shaukiwan Tsung Tsin Church for gatherings. My sisters and a younger brother attended the same church as me. We still had our eldest sister and her husband, and our parents, who had not yet believed in Jesus, so the six of us, brothers and sisters, often prayed together; especially when our father was in and out of hospital due to illness, and our mother was tirelessly rushing here and there. "Believe on the Lord Jesus, and you will be saved, you and your household." This verse was very important for the jailer!

As for my family, this verse has brought about a powerful change. When my younger sister studied theology, my parents strongly opposed it. They have misunderstood it! However, by the time I received the call and entered the seminary to study theology, I was already in my thirties. My parents were worried about me and advised me to re-consider. But I was determined to go.

Strangely, my father said to me: "Where there's a will, there's a way." After graduating in theology, I became a church minister. That year coincidentally the Billy Graham Crusade was held in Hong Kong. My siblings and I together invited our parents to attend the crusade. At that time, my second eldest sister and third younger brother accompanied them to the meeting. On that very night, our parents decided to believe in the Lord Jesus. They started attending Sunday school and the Worship, and not long after, they were baptized at Shaukiwan Tsung Tsin Church.

It has been 35 years now since our mother believed in God. This year she is 101 years old, and by God's grace, she has sound health. My father passed away due to serious illness in 2000 and went to be with the Lord.

Our parents' experience of becoming Christian and putting their faith in God gave us tremendous encouragement! It deepened my reliance and


dependence on God, leading me to serve in St Luke's Church, being a chaplain in Nam Long Hospital, and later serving as a chaplain in various hospitals. In everything, through prayer and supplication with thanksgiving... I made my requests known to God.

Finally, in 2002, my eldest sister and brother-in-law believed in the Lord Jesus! Both of them were baptized in Kei Yam Alliance Church in 2003. Our whole family was extremely happy. They have experienced sickness and suffering but still relied on and trusted in the Lord to overcoming the illness. They also worked hard to lead relatives and friends to trust in Jesus. Our parents and our eldest sister and brother-in-law successively becoming Christians, a blessing that God has bestowed upon our family.

"Prayer, reading the Bible, and reflection" have truly enriched and strengthened my life!



Hope Amidst the Burden of Caregiving




Church of The Ascension
SO Kit Yin

My mother was a patient with muscular atrophy. She fell ill 32 years ago and passed away after 15 years. During the time she fell ill, we had not heard of nor could we know what a rare disease like muscular atrophy was. Even now, Hong Kong still lacks a definition for rare diseases. In the early stages of her illness, my mother felt her memory weakening. Originally robust, she became weak, and she even had two accidental falls at home and one on a bus. Thus, I accompanied her to see many private doctors and had been to various hospitals, but all along no doctor could diagnose what disease my mother had. Later, a friend recommended a doctor, and it was from him that I got to know that my mother had muscular atrophy. The most heartbreaking part was the doctor informing us that this disease had no cure, that the afflicted person could only survive for about five years, and would experience symptoms of complete paralysis.

In fact, my mother lost her mobility just over a year after the onset of the illness, gradually started using a wheelchair, then her speech ability also weakened until she could no longer speak, and required family assistance in feeding. I still remember one New Year's Eve, after our family's reunion dinner, my mother developed symptoms of shortness of breath and she was trembling; seeing her painful expression, we immediately sent her to the hospital to seek treatment. As a result, my mother stayed in the hospital for eleven months. Our whole family, apart from work or school, would go to the hospital to take care of her and accompany her. During my mother's stay in the hospital, there was a time when her condition was critical, my younger siblings who are Christians quickly contacted a pastor to visit her, and arranged and led her to receive baptism in hospital. My mother used her eyes to indicate her willingness be baptised and thus became a Christian! Thanks be to God!

During the rescue, the medical staff arranged relevant emergency equipment, a ventilator, a suction machine, and a feeding tube, and also agreed to use medication for rescue according to the situation. To take care of my mother, I also asked the medical staff to teach me how to manage the ventilator and suction machine, and how to use the feeding tube to administer nutritional milk and appropriate fluids according to the time; apart from that, to effectively maintain my mother's personal health and



strength, I also asked how to do stretching and healthy exercises appropriately. I learned the relevant care skills, including timely change of the feeding tube and sourcing and purchasing the various types life-sustaining equipment. There was also a need to search for disinfecting machines, a hospital bed for fully paralyzed individuals, and a shower chair; finally, we were granted permission to bring my mother home. To take care of a family member with a severe illness, time, manpower, finances, home space, love, hope... are all indispensable.

But as a family caregiver for a rare disease patient, what was even more heartbreaking was that I cannot see my mother having "medicine for a cure" and a chance to recover.

Fortunately, our family cared for each other and cooperated for long to take care of my mother; the key point is that our whole family had been baptised and become Christians. Amidst the heavy burden, we still had hope. There was warmth in the family and we had activities together, like going to church. I am extremely thankful to my father; he joined the church and got baptised for the sake of his wife; he also gave up his job, spending most of his time at home accompanying his wife—my mother—and also guiding the foreign domestic helper to push the wheelchair together with my mother for her to tour around the estate and park. I am also thankful to my younger siblings; they would drive on weekends or holidays to accompany our mother, and take the whole family out together.

In fact, since my mother had become a Christian, we went to church together every Sunday. My father, younger siblings, and I would escort my mother in her wheelchair to church to attend the Sunday service. Although my mother had lost her ability to speak, we could still see a relatively relaxed expression on her face. Recalling the life of accompanying my mother back to church brings a warm feeling in my heart. Besides listening to hymns and the pastor's sermons, there were also greetings and support from church brothers and sisters; I am also grateful for the pastor's encouragement and comfort. Through this, we had the opportunity once again to hear and reflect on Jesus' care, protection and guidance for us on earth! I still remember a pastor once said in a sermon: "When facing difficulties and challenges in life, do not be afraid, because the Lord is our reliance, He will surely protect and guide us!" In fact, though the doctor had said that people with this rare disease (Motor Neuron Disease), could live at most only five more years, perhaps because my mother has become a Christian, she was able to live for fifteen more years. I am immensely thankful to Jesus Christ for sacrificing Himself to save mankind; although He suffered, He could still resurrect and ascend to heaven! My mother has returned to her heavenly home over ten years ago, she remains deep in my heart, which will go on forever! Amen!



Thanks be to God for His guidance and reminders. When I was young, I studied in a Christian school. I had the opportunity to sing hymns and listen to the pastor's sermons and prayers, but I did not believe in the Lord. Later, because of accompanying my mother and father to church, I was willing to attend the services and baptism classes, and eventually I got baptised. After becoming a Christian, my personal faith has significantly strengthened. Looking back, I know my trust in God has given me hope and greater faith to face the heavy burden of taking care of my sick mother, also my work, as well as other important responsibilities in life. Through reading the Bible and listening to pastors' sermons, I learned that although Jesus Christ experienced pain and even death, He could still resurrect and ascend to heaven. When my mother passed away after living more than ten extra years, my father, younger siblings, and I still feel sad and miss her greatly. As our whole family are Christians, we trust that one day we will see our mother again in heaven. Having this belief and hope, my family and I have continued to live in peace and serenity, being united and move forward together steadily.

Up till now, as I look back at my life, though there were challenges and difficulties, for example, the serious epidemic crisis a few years ago, the heavy burden from daily living and the stress at work, or that I have been depressed, as there were only online work and meetings, family and friends could not gather and the risk of personal health. All these have brought about a lot of stress in life. Fortunately, I can still see God's encouragement through reading the Bible, and the most important is that in prayers, I can pray and hope for God's protection and guidance. Through reading the Bible and singing hymns, I could enjoy peace in my inner heart, which granted me a greater will to move on, to get closer to God and to serve Him.

To conclude, I deeply realize that as a believer, drawing closer to the Lord, and following Jesus Christ, my life is more peaceful, steady, optimistic, hopeful, and meaningful! With the Lord's protection and guidance, enjoying the Lord's great love and message of grace, one can enjoy an abundant and stable life! Thanks be to the Lord! Amen!



Winter



Small Acts of Service



St Stephen's Church
MOK MAK Shun Yan



Interviewer : Could you briefly introduce yourself?

Mrs. Mok : Let me try! My name is Mok Mak Shun Yan, and I am very old—104 years old. I am a member of St Stephen's Church.

Interviewer : Wow, 104 years old! How did you come to know God?

Mrs. Mok : I was born in a Christian family, as my father was also a Christian.

Interviewer : Did your father bring you to church and encourage you to believe?

Mrs. Mok : I followed my father to church and grew up there.

Interviewer : Have you faced any challenges or difficulties in your life journey?

Mrs. Mok : Yes, there have been difficulties for sure.

Interviewer : Could you share some with us?

Mrs. Mok : The most difficult and hardest thing for me was seeing my relatives, family members, and close friends pass away.

Interviewer : When you felt sad or sorrowful, did you feel God's presence or guidance?

Mrs. Mok : I knew God was there, and I had to rely on Him. So, I prayed for God's help.

Interviewer : Did you feel His presence? How did you sense it?

Mrs. Mok : It's hard to describe. It's a feeling in the heart, perhaps the Holy Spirit guiding me.

Interviewer : Was there a particularly unforgettable or impressive experience?

Mrs. Mok : It was when my husband passed away.

Interviewer : Did he pass away suddenly, or was it due to illness?

Mrs. Mok : It wasn't sudden. He had been ill for several years and was quite unwell in his final years.

Interviewer : What was your experience like during his final days when you were together?

Mrs. Mok : We were both very good to each other. We had a deep bond and were together almost 24 hours a day. We were always together because I helped him with his work.

Interviewer : How did you feel when he passed away? Were you filled with sorrow and reluctance? What supported you during that time?

Mrs. Mok : I also relied on God! When my husband passed away, I immediately knelt down and prayed, and I felt a sense of comfort.

Interviewer : So, you found strength in God, right?

Mrs. Mok : Yes!

Interviewer : Did you continue to experience God afterwards? Did your faith deepen?

Mrs. Mok : Yes, I often went to church. I listened to sermons and shared experiences with other church members. I received a lot of comfort, and many people cared for me.

Interviewer : You have served a lot in church, haven't you? What motivated you to serve and visit others?

Mrs. Mok : I visit others because God loves me so much. How can I respond? I have nothing to offer and can't do much, but God gave me a pair of legs to walk, so I go and visit church members. I've found this service very impressive and meaningful right from the beginning. At that time, I had to work and rarely went to church. After work, I didn't have much connection with or feel the warmth of the church. Thanks be to God that one day the Visit Department came to see me after my working day. Through that, I was drawn back to the church. Gradually, I got to know some people and developed a sense of belonging. Since I couldn't do much, I chose this small act of service when I had time.

Interviewer : Your small acts of service have touched many people. Now, many residents of the home for the elderly like Ho Sin Hang and Hill Road remember Auntie Mok and often ask, "Where is Auntie Mok? Is she coming today?" So, your small acts of service have brought warmth to many and left them with fond memories of you.

Mrs. Mok : I am very grateful that God has given me such a grace. Now, many, many people care for me, so I am very happy and doing well.



Warmth from the Ray on the Cross

Church of The Ascension
CHENG Lai On, Anna

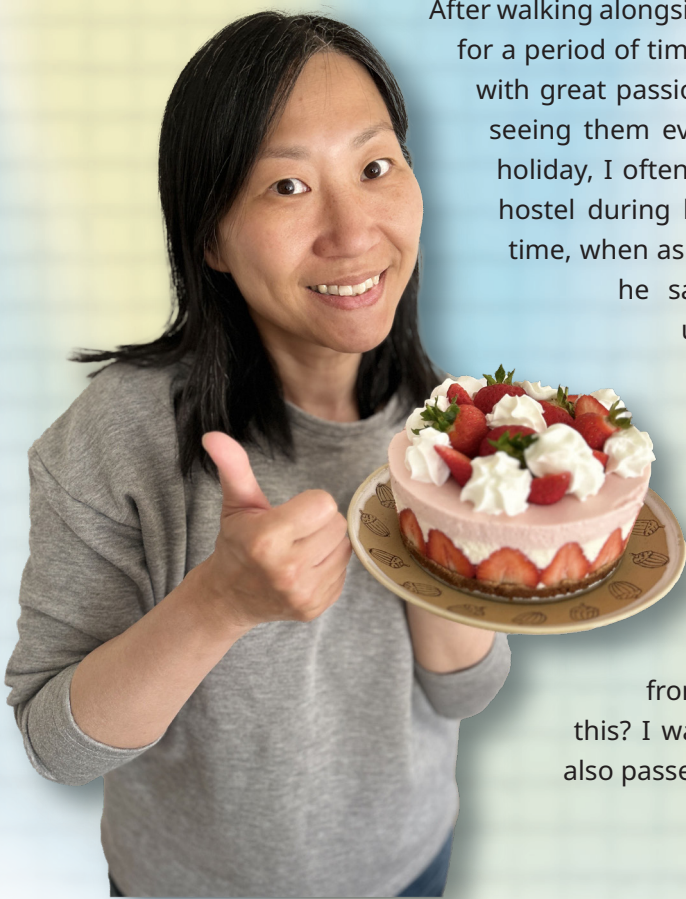


I graduated from SKH Holy Trinity Church Kindergarten and subsequently attended primary and secondary schools established by Christian churches. This gave me the opportunity to learn about the biblical teachings and attend church gatherings. I studied social work in university, but my first job was unrelated to social work because I believed that learning itself could help me break through and be free from the influence of my original family; I never really considered making social work my career.

After graduation, I actively engaged in volunteer work, serving at an organization for the visually impaired. I often helped the centre lead groups and took the visually impaired members out for activities. After volunteering for some time, I was encouraged by the organization's staff to try finding a job in social work. As a result, I joined that very organization, and I was responsible for supporting visually impaired children attending mainstream schools. From thence on, I embarked on my social work journey. Facing their limitations of vision, I saw the children's confidence and bravery; even the parents' perseverance and determination empowered us to face the challenges together. At that time, I spent a great deal of time working and learning relevant knowledge and skills, hoping to provide appropriate support for the service users. Gradually, I forgot my time with the Heavenly Father, or perhaps it's just my own excuse, and I stopped going to church.

Does change often emerge from life lowest points?

After walking alongside with the visually impaired children and their families for a period of time, I changed to a primary school for problem children, with great passion of a novice. Day and night I spent time with them, seeing them even more often than my own family. When I was on holiday, I often thought about one particular child. He stayed at the hostel during holidays, and no relatives have ever visited him. Each time, when asked he would just say, "My mom is very busy." Though he said it lightly, the disappointment in his eyes was unmistakable, along with the old scars his mother had left on him... I began praying for the student and his family, hoping the Heavenly Father could comfort and protect them. As time passed, I was able to witness the student's transformation, and I felt happy, until I was on a long vacation and received the news that the child had passed away due to illness. Apart from feeling sad, I also felt it was unfair—that child never received love from his parents, why would the Heavenly Father allow this? I was even more distressed as my beloved grandmother also passed away at the same time due to illness.



My first and second social worker jobs offered me completely different experiences. When looking back I doubt if I changed job to avoid the painful memories? Afterwards, I became a secondary school social worker, working mainly in the school, and returning to the centre only once a week primarily for meetings and case duty. My office was also the place where church gatherings were held and there was an altar, where every time I returned to the centre, I would definitely pass by it; that area was also the activity room. During a new staff orientation, my supervisor shared that the Hong Kong Sheng Kung Hui Tung Chung Integrated Services provides holistic care for the body, mind, and spirit, and the plan includes spiritual support. Intellectually, I understood what my supervisor said, but I hadn't thought of the relationship between Church of The Ascension and myself.

I often come across many different cases in my job. While helping others to help themselves, I occasionally found myself being affected, and even stirred up to memories of that child. One day, as I was at the centre preparing to start to work, there was no one at the altar. I was attracted by a ray of sunlight; that light shone on the cross on the wall, and I felt very warm. I happened twenty years ago. My colleagues at that time lived in the neighbourhood, and were members of the Church of The Ascension; they often participated in the church ministries. When the Revd Chan Sik Fai saw me, he wouldn't call me "Ms Cheng" but "Lai-On," very affectionately. I would also take advantage of after-work hours to find Revd Chan for a "chat." Revd Chan and other "church member colleagues" didn't "pressure" me to go to church, but would share how they got strength from faith. Of course, we would never discuss case details; everyone knew they were confidential.

Gradually, through the sharing of Revd Chan and my church member colleagues, the Heavenly Father helped me understand His will and arrangements, and how to understand the needs of the clients, their families, and others. As for myself, regarding the loss of that year, I found peace and comfort in my heart. Several years later, I was baptized in the Church of The Ascension. Our family grows in the love of the Heavenly Father. Even though there are still times of discouragement and disappointment, our Heavenly Father surely comforts us and walks with us.



Double Crosses that Bring Peace and Stability

Church of The Ascension
FUNG Yu Yin, Christina



I am very blessed, at 4 to be educated at SKH the Crown of Thorns Church Kindergarten, and at 19, I graduated at SKH Lam Woo Memorial Secondary School. I still remember my mother took me on a minibus ride from Kwai Hing to the kindergarten for an interview. I was wondering why my mother took me for so far a distance from home to that particular kindergarten. She explained, "You must get into this kindergarten and it's so important for you to have the best education." I didn't understand but I had to listen to her firm decision. Luckily, I passed the interview, and started my learning journey on 1st September 1974 on which I had my first prayer and started to know God.

My family was not a Christian family at that time. But now I believe my mother has sowed the seeds of faith for the family, and that was just the starting point.

I remember I enjoyed all the Bible stories and hymns taught in the kindergarten. It filled me with happiness all weeks and months during the three years before I was admitted to SKH Yan Laap Primary School where I learned more Bible stories for six more years. I had a very close friend called Mei Yee, she was my neighbour who comes from a very faithful Christian family. Like twin sisters, we always played together from kindergarten to primary school. She always encouraged me to be a Christian but somehow my family and I were not ready at that time.

Life moved on, and I met my husband who has been a very good Christian since aged 11. When he proposed to me, and asked me where we should have our wedding, I firmly replied to him that it was impossible to hold our wedding ceremony in a church as I was not a Christian. He took me to see a local council registration office in Henley on Thames, Oxfordshire. The building looked very cold, and old to me. I just did not really like the place. So, he took me to St Mary's Church in the region. I remembered the first Sunday service at which I found all hymns so familiar! I grew up in SKH schools, and the music made me feel so warm and comfortable. It just brought back all my find memories suddenly. I was so touched and moved, with tears filled my eyes.

From a day in March 1996, I was prepared to be a Christian. The Revd Canon David Pritchard, the rector, helped me and taught me in baptism classes before I got married in 1997.



I strongly believe that if a pair of couple has the same religion and faith, a healthy marriage will follow. Under God's blessing and guidance, we celebrate the 28th Anniversary of our wedding in 2025. We are still attending the same church on most Sundays.

My parents came to visit me in England in most summers for many years. My mother particularly has been drawn by my persistent persuasion to go to Sunday church service. She found it so hard to understand English, but I encouraged her to enjoy the beautiful and peaceful church music.

After years of my encouragement, my mother found the Church of The Ascension, an Anglican Church in Tung Chung. I was over the moon to see her being baptised in around 2008. Thanks be to God who answered my prayer to guide my mother to be a Christian.

My dad always had a question to be a Christian, and I wonder if it would be too late for him. He was with me during a tour in England while I did flower arrangement for my church in September 2022.

We both did not realise we would say goodbye very soon. Days before he passed away the following month, in his coma at the hospital, he was baptised by the Revd Stephen Hung, the Priest-in-charge of the Church of The Ascension.

During his time leaving us it was the very first time I truly witnessed the miracle of God. My mother, my church friend Yuk and I saw two very bright crosses over his forehead. We saw a tiny little cross between eyebrows, while a large one on his forehead. We asked each other, "Did you see a bright cross?" "Yes!" At that time, we felt very calm and peaceful seeing his departure for Heaven. It lasted for about 30 minutes. I would never forget this moment and I strongly believe the presence of God. My belief and faith has been even stronger and whenever I feel lost, I would recall this special moment. I could hardly believe my dad could be converted to be a Christian before he passed away. I feel so grateful that God has taken him and it means so much to my mother. Now, I can see my mother's faith is also getting stronger and is living in God's love.



A Precious Gift – Eternal Love

St John's Cathedral
Thomas SWAIN



Jessie and I were married in St John's Cathedral in June 2016. I had moved to Hong Kong from London with work in early 2013 and met Jessie on a flight to Singapore in October that year when she was working as a flight attendant and I was on a business trip.

We were both fairly regular churchgoers and started to go to St John's together in 2014, initially from time to time and then regularly from 2015 when we were first pondering our future together and then committing ourselves to each other from our engagement late that year. One of the many things that has always amazed me about Jessie is that, despite growing up thousands of miles apart in very different cultures, we share the same values in life. As such, God has always been present for us in our relationship and we have turned to God for guidance and support whenever we reached a crossroads. In spite of our everyday challenges, quarrels or disappointments, we had always prayed at night incredibly grateful for the relative comfort we enjoyed in our life.

As another blessing, our first son Nathan was born in November 2018 and has been a constant source of life-enriching joy. In December 2019, we found out that Jessie was pregnant with our second child, due in August 2020. Despite a stressful pregnancy, by August we had prepared a crib and nursery and were ready to welcome our second son into our home.

During the evening of Saturday 29th August, when Jessie was 39 weeks and 4 days pregnant, she realised that she wasn't feeling our baby kick after supper so we quickly packed our hospital bag and went to Sanatorium Hospital to meet our obstetrician. Jessie was ushered into the triage room of the maternity ward and the nurses connected an ultrasound scanner to her tummy but, waiting outside, all I could hear was the scratching of the scanner. After what felt like an age, Dr Chan arrived and invited me into the room with Jessie. He turned on the ultrasound screen and zoomed into our unborn son.

"There is no heartbeat, I'm sorry."

At first I didn't properly process what he was saying, wondering in my head what could be done to make things ok. Then I clenched Jessie's hand tighter as it sank in - our beloved son Joshua Andrew Swain had died just a day or two before we expected to welcome him into the world. I still cannot recount this without welling up and it feels like yesterday when Jessie and I lay awake in the



hospital all night, knowing that Jessie still had to face the ordeal of giving birth to our dead baby. But it was then, with tears streaming down our faces, that we felt the presence of God with us. We were told that Jessie would struggle to give birth naturally and that she should consider a c-section to deliver Joshua. But just after 5:30pm on Sunday 30th August, and after a short and pain free labour, our perfect but stillborn son Joshua was born in silence. Jessie was too traumatised to hold him, but I went into the next door room in private and was given Joshua to hold. He was wearing a blanket, he was warm, he was perfect and I stood alone just holding him as I cried. I have no idea how long I was there but it's a moment that I will always treasure and that I can feel as powerfully now as when it happened. God sometimes works in very mysterious ways!

After Jessie left the delivery room, we were given special dispensation to take Joshua with us into our hospital room on a different floor. When we arrived in the room, Bishop (then Dean) Matthias and Rachel were waiting for us outside. We had texted them to explain what happened and they had come to bless Joshua. We prayed and cried together, Joshua's body lying in the crib covered by a soft, white cloth.

Some of the details of the next few days are still a bit of a blur but I distinctly remember Nathan arriving to visit us in hospital the following morning. We had woken early and it was a bright and sunny morning, maybe a demonstration by God of the natural beauty in the world? When Nathan arrived, he ran in - the slightly unsteady run of a 21-month-old toddler - and gave both Jessie and me a big hug. He was so happy to see us but could have had no idea how he sustained us that day and so many days since then.



Initially, it felt for Jessie and me like we were alive but not living. We tried to go about our daily lives but the weight of grief was hard to carry. After a few days, Jessie and I left the house for the first time since she had given birth to go for a short stroll. Within a few yards, we randomly bumped into a friend who noticed that Jessie had given birth. He and his wife were the only other people in Hong Kong we knew at that stage who had also lost a baby. We cried, we shared a moment, he promised us it gets easier eventually. God sometimes works in mysterious ways!

Despite the pain, both Jessie and I somehow felt an inner strength and support. We felt the compassion of people around us. Some people didn't know what to say or said unhelpful things but we still felt blessed to have the love and support that we did. Maybe the pandemic restrictions helped us. We could hide away more than we otherwise could have done. And in Nathan we had a loving, cuddly, empathetic child who always gave us something to live for and meaning to every day.

I think it was sometime in late 2022 that I felt unmitigated happiness again for the first time, just for a moment. We were in Stanley on St Stephen's beach and it was a beautiful late autumn afternoon. Nathan was running in the sand and dodging the incoming waves. Our beloved third son Jeremy was sleeping peacefully in his carrier and Jessie and I could hold hands as we looked out at the sea from the pier. Of course I had smiled before then, but I think that was the first time that I felt at peace again. It does get easier over time and I have felt more and more at peace since then. In fact I think I'm more at peace and feel our blessings multiply more now than at any time before Joshua was born, which isn't to say that we don't think of him every day and isn't to say that we don't cry. But the tears on my cheeks feel comforting and remind me of my eternal love for Joshua.

I know that we haven't said that much about how God was in our lives through this period. But he was with us always. He's in every word I have written now and importantly, he gave us the most precious blessing we could ever imagine. That's how we view Joshua. He has showed us dimensions of love that I had never experienced before. He has opened my eyes to an emotional awareness that I would never have had. And he has taken away the sting of death. Joshua lives in our hearts and we talk about him every day. We pray every day of our family on earth and in heaven and it's an integral part of our daily lives and daily blessings. In sending us Joshua, God has helped us to grow in love for each other and for him and has helped us to become better people.

Joshua's ashes live in St John's Cathedral. Every moment we spend there we are together with him as a family. God's house feels like our house and we feel fully welcomed by both God and our brothers and sisters at St John's. Every year, we hold a memorial service on Joshua's birthday in which we gather, cry and honour the gift of Joshua. Dean KK and Bishop Matthias have spoken movingly in our homilies. Father Robert has written beautiful liturgy for us. Felix has played beautiful music for us, with beautiful flowers prepared by the flower guild. The counselling service has excelled in its care, compassion and support. At every level, we feel blessed by the love and care of the cathedral community. I felt like we were welcomed and cared for within the cathedral, even by parishioners we only knew by sight. As time has gone by, as Nathan and Jeremy have grown up and as we have become more comfortable about being around people again both Jessie and I have become more actively involved in the cathedral community. I'm not sure either of us had a clear view of our calling but we have felt comfortable doing more over time and trying to play an active role in the loving and caring community we have experienced.



The Harvest in Fifty Years



St Matthew's Church
NG Chin Kwan

Brothers and sisters, the Lord's peace be with you! My name is Ah Kwan, uncle Kwan, or NG Chin Kwan.

Can you still remember how you came to know the Bible, to know Christ, and to know St Matthew's Church? Who brought you to church? Perhaps some of you are like me, being brought to church by our family members.

I lived near the Man Mo Temple and have known St Matthew's Church since I was a child. My younger brother, who attended St Matthew's Primary School, brought me to the Sunday school at St Matthew's Church. Afterwards, I was baptized and joined the church. I also brought my elder sister and younger brother to join the fellowship of St Matthew's Church. My sister also got baptized because of this.

Later, because the government needed to build Lok Ku Road, some of the old buildings were demolished, as a result my family and I moved away from this area. After that, they have not continued to go to church.

I have also brought colleagues and classmates to church; they all committed themselves to Christ and got baptized and joined the church. They also served in the church.

Recently, I suddenly learned that my brother and his son have been baptized and are serving and involved in the nurturing ministry. Furthermore, my sister, influenced by her children and grandchildren, has also returned to church gatherings. When I received this news, though I sighed I was indeed grateful to God for His grace. I have never thought that the seeds sown 50 years ago would finally yield a harvest.

Not only is my brother's family involved in serving, one of his, my nephew, has received the calling from God and is willing to commit himself to be used by Him. He is studying theology courses to work for the proclamation of the Gospel of the Kingdom of God.

I will continue to care for my family members who have not yet believed, praying for them so that they may soon come to know the Lord and believe in the Lord, thereby becoming His faithful servants.

May praise and glory be to God the Father.





The Ball that Wasn't Lost



St. Matthew's Church
MAK Cheuk Yin

I am MAK Cheuk Yin, a first-year student in Biomedical Engineering at the City University of Hong Kong. In my free time, I play football for the university team. I have been studying at SKH St Matthew's Primary School since Primary 3. Through religious education classes, the Boys' Brigade, and liturgical services, I have heard of many things about God, and I got to know God and draw near to Christ.

On any team I've been on, I was always the weakest player. In one match, I came on as a reserve. Because of a mistake I made, we immediately lost by two goals. I have prayed many times before that game, and at that moment, I felt as if God had forsaken me and I felt despair and helpless. In the next match, when my team was losing by one goal, I silently thought to myself: "If I can come on and help the team to get an equal score, I will return to St Matthew's Church."

Three minutes before the final whistle, I came on as a reserve in the right-back position. I managed to intercept the opponent's ball and barely passed it to a teammate (it was very close to going out of bounds). Then, my teammate won a foul. From the resulting free kick, a teammate got on the end of it and scored, equalizing 1-1 at full time. I screamed right there on the spot. Because of this, I went to St Matthew's Church and began participating in the morning service, Bible study groups, and discipleship training activities. This enabled me to study the teachings of the Bible more deeply, thereby helping me to become a better person.

Through this experience, I also came to understand the true meaning behind the saying, "Heaven never seals off all the exits." No matter how difficult or painful it gets, not only will God not abandon us, but He will also prepare a "rich gift" for us in that very situation. After enduring the long and arduous times, good things will happen.

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