



This is my  
Story

Stories of transformation  
by the

Grace of God

## FOREWORD

*“Come and hear, all you who fear God,  
and I will tell what he has done for my soul”  
(Psalm 66:16, ESV).*

I give praise and thanks to God Almighty for this 4<sup>th</sup> booklet on testimonies. I wish to thank the Board of Evangelism for collecting, editing and compiling the testimonies. Praise the Lord!

Our intention in giving a testimony is to praise and give glory to Christ our Lord. We share our testimony to introduce people to Christ the Saviour. We also use testimonies to encourage others who may be in a similar situation like the one we were in before. Even when we go through difficulties or challenges in life, we can give a testimony as to how God sustained and strengthened us although we might not have been healed or delivered.

Therefore, we must share our testimonies the way they happened. We must not exaggerate or add things to the testimony to make it sound more dramatic. When we tell it like it was, then someone in a similar situation might be able to identify with our struggles and be comforted or strengthened; someone might come to know Christ as a result. More importantly I believe the best testimony is the way we live out our lives in Christ-likeness. We then become witnesses in our walk and talk, to the reality of the living God.

I pray that the testimonies in this booklet will edify many and help them see the works of God in our present times. To God be the glory!

*“And this is the testimony, that God gave us eternal life, and this life is in his Son”  
(1 John 5:11 ESV).*

Blessings,  
Rev. Dr. T. Jeyakumar  
President,  
Trinity Annual Conference  
The Methodist Church in Malaysia  
30 September 2019

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## THE LORD PROVIDES (*Genesis 22:14*)

*By Rev Buell Abraham, Trinity Methodist Church, Sg Buloh*

It has been a great and wonderful journey, my walk with the Lord and coming back to serve in TMC Sg Buloh last year in 2018. I had served in this church before, from 2006 to 2007. God graciously enabled me to return to continue with His Kingdom work whereby we managed to buy a new lot right on the ground floor, so that we can build an elevator right to the second floor where our church sanctuary is located. All Glory to God. When I came back to pastor the church, I discovered that the owner of the ground floor happened to be my uncle and with God's leading, I managed to persuade him to sell the lot to TMC Sg Buloh. Praise God for His favour, for we managed to secure the ground floor at a reasonable price. All Glory to God.

The renovation was soon carried out and by 28 July 2019 the building was ready for dedication. During the dedication service we had 3 new candidates for baptism and TMC Sg Buloh also hosted lunch for 250 guests. The service ended right on time even with many programmes planned for the celebration and worship service. We had the ladies' choir, Myanmar kids' presentation, montage of the Church's history, baptism and sermon by the TRAC President.

At the end of the service, we were all ushered to the ground floor to officiate the opening of the building by the TRAC President, former pastors of TMC Sg Buloh who had served from the time it was a preaching point and all pioneer members. All Glory to God. God made the way for His work to be done here in TMC Sg Buloh and for the right vessels to accomplish His work. Sungai Buloh was formerly a leprosy settlement. Amazing transformation and developments are taking place here by the move of the Holy Spirit of God in Christ Jesus our Lord. May God's Kingdom work be done here as it is in heaven. Amen



# THE GOD WHO HEALS ME OF THE BIG C

By Mr Goh Hoe Seng, Wesley Methodist Church, Taiping



*“What is impossible with man is possible with God” Luke 18:27*

I thank God that I am alive today, and I am here to write my testimony. About five and a half years ago, I was diagnosed with lymphoma and was given the death sentence because of seeking treatment too late. A lot of things passed through my mind: my business, my bank account, my stocks, my wife and children. In short my brain was in great turmoil. There was no peace. Then the word of God came to me. It was Psalm 46:11 *“Be still and know that I am God.”* That verse touched me deeply, and I found great strength and comfort. God wanted me to meditate and lean on His words. It was effective, for the peace of God descended over me like a gentle blanket.

It all happened at the end of 2013 when I was having difficulty sleeping one night. I was not able to breathe properly. I had to sit up to breathe. I went to see Dr Lim Hock Ghee the next morning. He gave me a letter and advised me to go for an ultra sound. After the ultra sound the radiologist asked me why I had the ultra sound done so late. With the ultra sound report I went to see Dr Lim again. He gave me a referral to see Dr TJ Wong at Island Hospital.

My wife, Lye Ngoot without wasting any time drove me to Penang to see Dr TJ Wong. He looked at the ultra sound report, shook his head and asked why I

went so late for treatment. I took his advice and was warded immediately. My wife had to drive back to Taiping to pick up what was needed for an overnight stay. The next morning was the beginning of a series of tests to determine what needed to be done and what could be done. Tumour was found on the left and right side of my neck.

On the left, there was a tumour pressing against the trachea and oesophagus thus causing difficulty in breathing and swallowing. On the right, the tumour surrounded the jugular vein to the brain.

During that time, while warded, several doctors came to visit me to assess me for an operation. Meanwhile my CT scan was on the screen at the nurses' station. Coincidentally Kim Tin and Gek Hwa were outside and overheard their conversation. They overheard the nurse's comment, "Your boss has a difficult decision to make, whether to operate or not to operate". My wife was most anxious when she came to know about it. Being dependent on God, it was natural for her to ask friend from all over, both local and overseas to pray for a miracle.

Dr Wong saw me the following day and said, "I need to do an operation on you, without which you will be suffocated within a few days. I can only remove the right tumour and I'll try my best on the left tumour." Actually he was just being nice and did not want to frighten me as the vein to the brain was too delicate to touch. However, during the operation I might have to sacrifice either my voice or my ability to eat because some nerves might be affected. Of course I chose to be able to eat. Praise God I still have both.

All the time there was no fear in me, I was at peace clinging on to God's word. Joshua 1:9, *"Be strong and courageous. Do not be afraid, do not be discouraged, for the Lord your God will be with you wherever you go"* and Isaiah 41:10, *"So do not fear, for I am with you; do not be dismayed, for I am your God. I will strengthen you and help you; I will uphold you with my righteous right hand."* The next day I was pushed to the OT to be operated on. After the operation, and when I awoke the nurse showed me what had been taken out in a small bottle. I saw a whole tumour and nothing more. Immediately I knew the surgeon did not touch the tumour that surrounded the jugular vein. The surgeon came later to confirm my thoughts.

As advised, I went to Lam Wah Ee to consult the oncologist. Chemotherapy was recommended. After the first cycle of chemotherapy, I was sent for a CT scan. From the scan there was no more sign of growth on my right jugular vein. My son was all excited and we praise and thanked God for His mercy and faithfulness. Without further recommendation from the doctor I completed my six cycles of chemotherapy. It was indeed a miracle that with the first cycle of chemotherapy or perhaps without chemotherapy all traces of the tumour disappeared. It was unfortunate that a CT scan was not done before the start of chemotherapy.

All glory and honour to Him. Truly *"What is impossible with man is possible with God,"* Luke 18:27.



Mr. & Mrs Goh Hoe Seng



# A NEAR PLANE-CRASH EXPERIENCE

*By Ms Sophia Lim, Wesley Methodist Church Kuala Lumpur*



Some 30 years ago, I was asked to attend an official seminar in Hyderabad, a historical town in India. So I boarded an Air India plane from New Delhi, via Bangkok. The weather was good as we settled down nicely for lunch during the flight when suddenly, and without any warning, the plane dropped perpendicularly down sending cups and plates flying all over. People started screaming. My heart felt as if it was popping out from my chest. In the midst of our fright, the pilot announced that the plane had to find an emergency landing site as the plane was experiencing a severe oil leakage. The immediate thought that came to my mind then was my family. At that time, I was not yet a Christian. I was worried that if the plane exploded, my soul would have to find its way home to say good-bye to my loved ones. I did not want to become a “lonely and hungry ghost” floating mid-air in a foreign land.

I looked out of the plane window with terror. As the plane continued to plummet, I began to ask God to save my life. As I clasped my hands tight I called upon the name of the Father in heaven to come to my rescue, a divine peace filled the air. I was not worried anymore. I knew then I was not alone. God was with



me. In that split second, I knew I was a child of God. There amid strangers, I was totally at peace with God, the Maker of heaven and earth.

From that very moment, I knew I would never try to run away from Him again. I used the word “again” because my Christian colleagues back home had urged me more than once to accept Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour. Some of them took me to church on Sundays. They told me life was unpredictable and that we had no control over calamities like accidents or illnesses which could befall us. They said when we die, the only way for us to return to the Father in heaven is through Jesus Christ, the loving God who stepped down from his heavenly throne to be born in a manger in Bethlehem, on Christmas Day. They shared that Jesus had already paid the price for our sins on the cross and that through the blood of Jesus Christ, God had won victory over the evil one and conquered death so that we could have eternal life with God in heaven. But I had turned a deaf ear to all that they told me until I faced that life-threatening crisis.

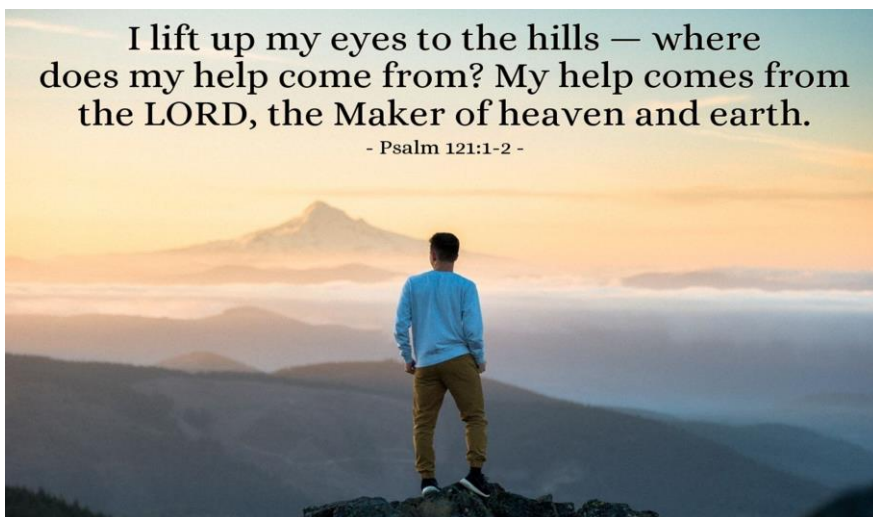
That ill-fated plane did have an emergency landing and landed in a huge farm land somewhere between New Delhi and Hyderabad. But that near plane-crash experience was a turning point in my life. After I returned from India, I immediately signed up for the next available baptism class and when Easter season approached, I became a Christian at the age of 40. I remember feeling the sweet presence of the Holy Spirit as the pastor poured water onto my head when he baptized me in the KL Wesley Methodist Church. I recalled the inexplicable peace which came with God’s divine protection and providence when I was involved in the near plane crash accident. God answered my desperate cry and that was the turning point of my life.

God is faithful. I said my first prayer to God asking Him to touch my husband’s heart so that he would also receive Christ as his personal saviour on the first day of my baptism class. The pastor had asked all of us to write down our Christmas wish. God is His grace fulfilled my wish and my husband signed up for the subsequent baptism class and was baptised that same year during Christmas.

First generation Christians are sometimes spiritually hindered by traditional ancestral worship and secular superstitions and have to summon the courage

to break away from that bondage. We're blessed for we were set free to commit ourselves fully to Christ. Joshua's words echo our commitment: *"As for me and my household, we will serve the Lord."* (Joshua 24:15)

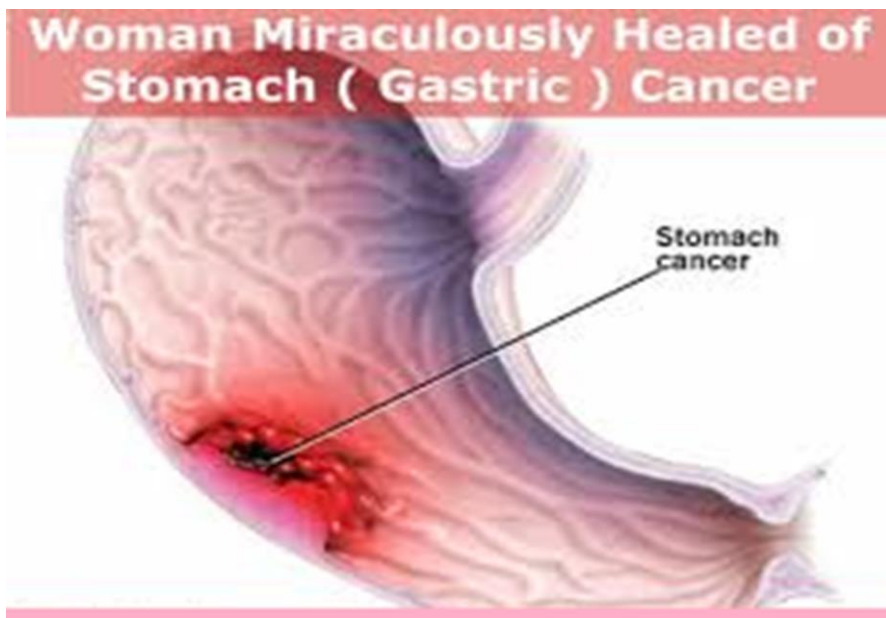
All have changed after I opened my heart to accept Jesus Christ as my personal Saviour. I found out that if we seek first the Kingdom of God, all other things will also be added unto us. My life has been transformed. I have become more assertive in the work place, more caring towards family members and more accommodating in my relationship with others. I know that if God is with me, nothing can be against me. The inner joy I have felt in accepting Jesus as my personal Saviour is like unwrapping a Christmas gift to find the real treasure it holds.



*"I lift up my eyes to the mountains – where does my help come from? My help comes from the LORD, the Maker of heaven and earth,"* (Psalm 121:1-2. This bible verse has become my frequent prayer in times of trouble. It reminds me always to trust the Lord who watches over me.

# MIRACULOUSLY HEALED OF STOMACH CANCER

*By Mdm Angeline Daniel, Life Puchong Methodist Church*



On September 2018, I was diagnosed with stomach cancer. The tumour was 15cm long and it was sitting on my liver, spleen and pancreas. A biopsy confirmed that the growth was malignant. I was devastated by the news and my family members played down the severity of my condition. I couldn't understand why this was happening to me. At age 78, I had to undergo chemo. I asked God, why me?

I started praying daily and repeated bible verses on healing. That changed my life. Only God can save me. I began to trust and believe in Him. Other than complete loss of hair, I did not experience other adverse side effects such as vomiting, headaches or pain. Praise the Lord! After my 3<sup>rd</sup> chemo, the tumour was reduced by 4 cm and finally after six chemo therapy, the PET scan revealed that I was free of cancer. It was a miracle! By God's grace and through His divine intervention I have been healed! My God is my Jehovah Rapha, my God, my healer. To God be all glory!

# EVERY WEAKNESS IS AN OPPORTUNITY FOR GOD TO SHOW HIS POWER

*By Ms Delaney Tan, Wesley Methodist Church, Melaka*

Our Lord Jesus Christ conquered death, sins and diseases two thousand years ago on the cross. We are no longer bound to the fear of death, diseases nor grasp of sins.

For a child of God who is going through the storms of life, the assurance is that they only last for a season but God's favour lasts a lifetime (Psalms 30:5).

I would like to give my deepest praise and exalt God for the ups and downs of my life, even through my darkest moments. I was brought up in a Christian family and I was actively involved in many church activities such as serving in the worship team playing tambourines, and piano. I also taught in Sunday school, and was involved in Bible Knowledge classes and youth programmes while I was in my teens.

I was 14 years old in 2007 when I was diagnosed with Systemic Lupus Erythematosus (SLE). I was so upset when I received the news but I took it well.

When I got really sick I had to miss school for a few months. In order to know the stage of the disease, I had to go for a minor biopsy and was admitted in hospital for a week. Despite this sickness, I took my PMR exam (a major government exam for Form 3). I was ecstatic when I discovered that I'd achieved straight A's in the exam, in spite of the medical condition I was in.

After three years of medical check-ups in Kuala Lumpur, we came to know that a rheumatology department had finally been set up in General Hospital Melaka in 2010. Since then, my check-ups have been carried out over there.

Lupus was in complete remission till it relapsed in 2016 which was after 9 years and that was my second admission to the hospital. I was in the midst of completing my final undergraduate major project and a few other modules. I decided to obtain herbal pills sold online and consumed them for two days. It

resulted in my legs being swollen! I had to give an official medical report from the hospital to my Education boards of directors in London since my final exam papers were derived by them. I was deeply disappointed in myself for being disobedient and due to my negligence, I had to pay the price.

I attended the Rheumatology clinic on 14th and 18th of April 2016 due to abdominal pain, diarrhoea, nausea, leg swelling and cough. I was then given oral medications with out-patient follow ups. In addition to that, a Nephrology appointment was given for suspected flare ups of underlying lupus nephritis. I went to the Nephrology clinic on 25 April 2016. The symptoms of legs swelling and diarrhoea had not been resolved despite the prescribed oral medications.

I was then admitted to the Medical Ward on 25 April 2016 which was on my birthday. That caused me to be even more upset. I was diagnosed with flaring of lupus nephritis and intensive steroids were given and was discharged on 29 April 2016 with an elective date for renal biopsy.

I was again hospitalised on 11 May 2016 for worsening of fluid retention. I was admitted for 2 weeks and it was the worst moment of my life. I was overwhelmed with pain, disappointments, bitterness, resentment, anger and fear. During my stay, I cried to God to take my life. I just couldn't bear any more pain. I was filled with anxiety and fear each time I was alone. I was fearful and disturbed by the biopsy but due to my prolonged cough and severe low platelets count, renal biopsy was discontinued and it made me glad. I did not respond to a course of Intravenous Immunoglobulin given. The swelling in my legs did not improve much and the terror in me kicked in as the haematologist opted for a bone marrow transplant due to severe ITP (low platelet count). My platelets were unstable and below 30 (normal count=150). After discussions with a group of specialists, it was found that the best option for me was to undergo a 6 cycle of cyclophosphamide (chemotherapy). I was devastated, deeply downhearted and discouraged and I wished I did not have to go for this. I finally abided by the doctors' decisions and surrendered to the Lord, knowing He would take good care of me. Deuteronomy 31:8; *"The Lord himself goes before you and will be with you, he will never leave you nor forsake you. Do not be afraid, do not be discouraged."*

My first cycle was on 25 May 2016. It was an intensive month of blood tests and frequent clinic reviews. During the few hours of treatment at the outpatient ward, I was encouraged by other cancer patients, newly born babies and a few who underwent blood transfusions. They were still cheerful in spite of their condition that made me acknowledge our El-Elyon, God Most High more, knowing how great and mighty He is. I was grateful that I did not have to be warded. This verse keeps me strong all the time especially throughout my treatments and pain: Philippians 4:13; *"I can do anything through Christ who strengthens me"*. With that, I was more grateful and contented and I thank God for His grace as He kept His promise. I did not suffer much side effects apart from nausea for the first two cycles of the treatment and I did not get bald. After few months, there was no more swelling and my kidneys were functioning well. During those treatments, I had to continue with my research for my final project and few other modules and God made it easier for me as in getting the right information and ideas compared to before.

During the hospitalization, I gained 10kg abruptly due to the drugs and then lost 10kg after the few cycles of chemotherapy. All of these made me lose my self-esteem and joy.

After the first two cycles, I had to travel all the way to KL to complete my extended final major project and to meet my supervisor. While I was at the apartment, suicidal thoughts invaded my mind several times. But, there were three things which held me back. Firstly, were my parents. Secondly, the fear of brutal death. Thirdly, there were still many things which I needed to do to please God.

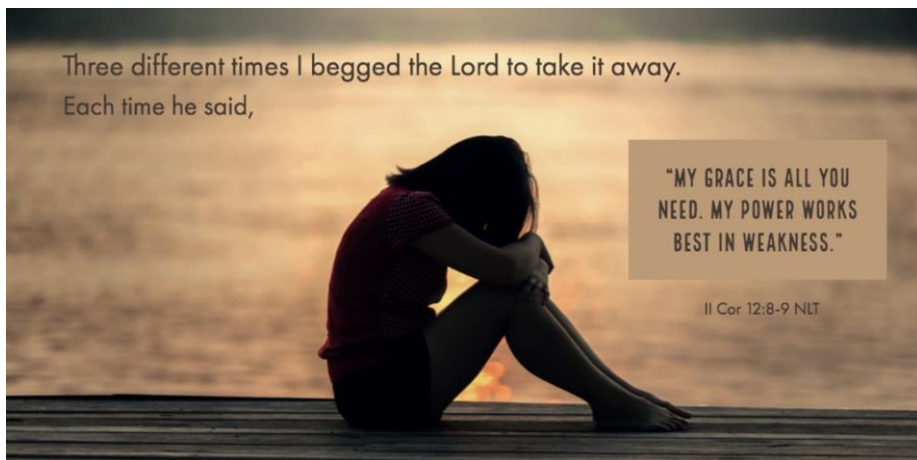
Not long after that, I began to realize I was in deep depression especially when I felt lonely even when surrounded by people, I socialised less with others and there were days when I would just lock myself in the house without doing anything but to lie on the couch thinking of death and negativities. The only place I went to was the hospital. One thing was evident even at such a time, and that was God's love and faithfulness. He was there to comfort my weary soul.

Finally, I was able to submit my final project paper and few other modules. I obtained A for my final project paper and graduated in the same year, 26 November 2016 with a First Class Honours Bachelor's Degree.

I was still depressed in spite of the academic achievement. My family members were definitely more ecstatic over my achievement. Nonetheless, I was amazed by El- Shaddai, God Almighty as He led me through the stormy waters. There were some few occasions when I had to defer my semester but God gave me hope, strength and determination to complete it on time. I had never expected to do very well as I had missed some lessons and was very sick and weak to function optimally but God, One who is All-Sufficient made everything possible.

After much prayers and unwavering support from parents, family, church pastors/members and good friends, I was able to draw closer to God again. He slowly restores my joy and confidence. I found happiness and began to socialise with others again. I started to do the things which I enjoy and above all to serve Him.

God has fully restored me. I thank God for this second chance of being able to receive His continuous grace and mercy in my life. I've succeeded through pain, I've gained victory through Jesus Christ. To God Be The Glory!

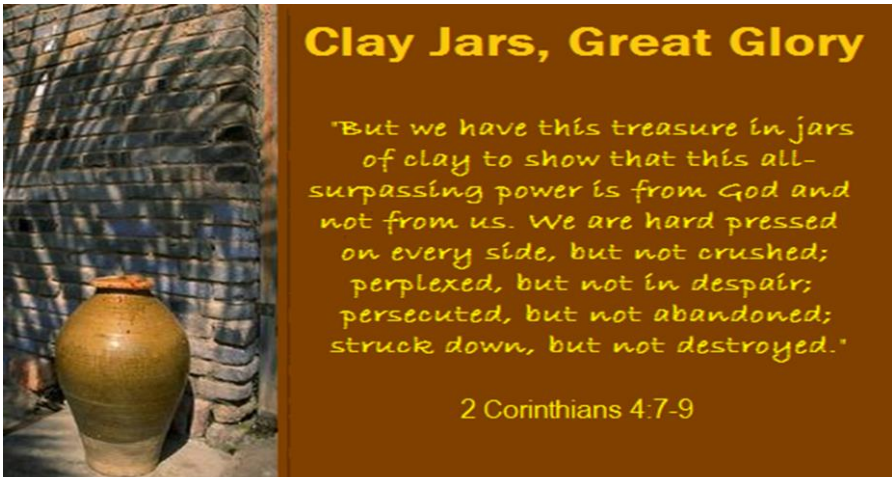




# HARD PRESSED ON EVERY SIDE, BUT NOT CRUSHED

*By Dr C B Saw, Wesley Methodist Church Penang*

Jackie has 10 siblings, 2 boys and 8 girls. Among them, one boy and 4 girls including Jackie are stricken with cancer. Two of these cancer sisters have since died.



Jackie was first diagnosed in Singapore with stage 2B right breast cancer in September 1994 at the age of 58. After her mastectomy and over 20 sessions of radiation therapy, she completed her 5-years tamoxifen treatment. She did not have any chemotherapy in addition. Soon after radiation therapy, she coughed incessantly with patches of shadows appearing on her X-rays films. The Cancer Board of SGH examined and discussed Jackie's case and decided that Jackie's breast cancer had metastasized to her lungs and they wanted to schedule an immediate lung biopsy. Fortunately a friend introduced me to Prof Yu, Head of the Oncology Department of Beijing Traditional Medical Hospital. Prof Yu attended to his Singapore cancer patients only twice per year. We consulted Prof Yu who took a look at Jackie's lung X ray and he affirmed that Jackie's lung shadows and her persistent coughing was none other than an over dose of radiation therapy, hence lung biopsy was not necessary. He prescribed a concoction of 16 herbs to be taken daily. After 3 weeks, the shadows in

Jackie's lungs completely disappeared and her coughing stopped. Hallelujah, God has blessed us with Prof Yu. We asked and were told by him that 18 years was the longest time his cancer patient ever lived after the onset of cancer. With the same staging of 2B, Jackie's eldest sister died on the 11<sup>th</sup> year and a friend on his 9<sup>th</sup> year. I chanced upon a case of mere 6 years in an internet posting. Jackie has in fact survived 24 plus years and she still lives. God has showered his great mercy and abundant love on Jackie. Glory to God for the great things he has done for Jackie.

In addition to breast cancer, Jackie also suffered from Myelodysplastic Syndromes (MDS), a group of cancers in which immature blood cells in the bone marrow do not mature and therefore do not become healthy blood cells. Her white blood counts (WBC), red blood counts (RBC), haemoglobin (HB) and platelets (PLT) had been persistently below normal. At the age of 67, Jackie was first diagnosed with MDS by Gleneagles' haematologist Dr Leong and subsequently confirmed by Singapore NUH's Haematology Department Head, both in July 2003. To extract a bone marrow biopsy sample is necessary so as to ascertain the specific type of cancer, e.g. leukaemia for WBC, and thalassemia for HB etc. (I remembered, a Ms Hannah Hew testified in our church not too long ago on HB). Jackie however opted not to undertake such a procedure. Because of MDS, Jackie easily got infected due to low WBC with neutropenic fever as a life-threatening emergency case. Low PLT causes frequent skin bruises and would be quite critical if internal bleeding ever occur. The survival length for MDS was 5 years but Jackie had survived 15 years instead. Again, praise to the Lord for his great love and mercy.

A second metastasis scare occurred in January 2010 at the age of 74 and after 16 years of mastectomy. Jackie's pleural effusion (water in the lung) was drained as guided by CT scan and a growth was found in her lung. She was cared for by Loh Guan Lye's lung specialist Prof Richard Loh. Pleural effusion can be due to pneumonia or TB or cancer and with a growth in the lung discovered, it caused much concern to everyone involved. We consulted many specialists including Prof Yu. All thought that the new growth in the lung was metastasis. Cardiothoracic surgeon Dr Hafish Law of Gleneagles removed the growth through a major open chest operation and sent it to Gribbles for biopsy. While Gribbles described the shape and appearance in detail of the cells specimen submitted, none of the specialists was certain as to what caused the new

growth but praise the Lord it was not metastasis. The decision then was to send the specimen to Singapore NUH for PCR test, to ascertain whether it was TB and the result from NUH was negative. Nevertheless, Prof Loh, Hafish Law and PGH's Respiratory Department Head Dr Abdul Razak all concurred that Jackie should be treated as per TB case. Prof Loh started Jackie with a cocktail of 4 very strong antibiotics over an extended period of 8 months with several side effects instead of the standard protocol of six months. As a result, I believe her hearing was greatly impaired.

From August 2013, Jackie underwent a series of gastroscopy, manometry and CT scan to investigate why she had difficulty in swallowing food, even water. All these medical tests and procedures could not pin point the cause. On 3<sup>rd</sup> September 2014, after another TB scare and admitted to PGH to investigate, they confirmed through bronchoscopy and CT scan that Jackie had an irreversible bronchiectasis and narrowing of the main artery trunk supplying blood to the right arm, the head and the neck. Despite her new irreversible medical conditions, God blessed us with a wonderful celebration on the occasion of her 80<sup>th</sup> birthday on 25<sup>th</sup> January, 2016 in Melbourne with our close friends and relatives together with our children and grandchildren. Three months later, on 29<sup>th</sup> April 2016 during a routine mammogram at the usual two yearly intervals, new lesions were found on her otherwise unaffected left breast. She decided no biopsy with the understanding of her doctors because of her physical condition and her advancing age. Since June 2016 she also suffered from vertigo and during that period of just over six months till January 2017 she fell 9 times. She became extremely breathless since the beginning of that year and was warded for 3 days under an extreme breathing emergency on 7<sup>th</sup> to 9<sup>th</sup> May. On polling day, she fulfilled her duty as a responsible citizen by being wheeled to the polling station to cast her votes. Praise the Lord.

Upon her hospital discharge on 9<sup>th</sup> May, she depended on long term oxygen therapy for her breathlessness at the prescribed rate of 3 litres per minute over 18 hours per day.

Jackie was also a hepatitis B carrier and she had an enlarged right heart with her kidney function found to be less than ideal. By then she weighed only 25 kilos.

Jackie's ability and her brave struggle against all odds were truly reflective of her strong faith and her complete trust in the Lord always. Despite her many physical difficulties, she insisted on attending church services and functions whenever she could. She constantly read and relied on the Bible to keep her spirit up through every day and all the way. God has blessed her with so many caring doctors, relatives and friends. Many relatives and friends came to see her from near and far away land and she was touched and uplifted by their love and prayers. I hope this testimony will remind us of the goodness of our God. In gratitude, I'd like to close with a quote from Psalm 71 verse 14:

*But as for me, I will always have hope;  
I will praise you more and more.*

And I like to sing "God Will Take Care of You" to my Jackie and to all fellow Christians who are afflicted with less than perfect physical conditions.

*Be not dismayed whatever betide,  
God will take care of you:  
Beneath his wings of love abide,  
God will take care of you.*

*God will take care of you,  
Through every day,  
Over all the way,  
He will take care of you,  
God will take care of you.*

Thank you and God bless.

Dr. CB Saw

(P/s: Mrs CB Saw nee Jackie Lim Koon Tee passed away peacefully due to infections on 18 February 2019)

## THE WAN FAMILY

*By Mrs Grace Saw, Wesley Methodist Church, Taiping*

My grandfather, Wan Lap Teik, started the first tau foo shop in Penang. Through hard toil and labour he raised a family of nine, 4 boys and five girls. My dad was the sixth in the family. Ancestral worship, Buddhism and Taoism ensnared the whole family until..... God intervened! Hallelujah!



### **The turning point**

I am Grace Wan from Taiping Wesley Methodist Church. I accepted the Lord Jesus as my Saviour and Lord in 1984. I have one older sister who is a Roman Catholic, and five younger brothers. My third and youngest brothers were addicted to drugs until they heard testimonies of an ex-drug addict from Klang Christian Care. Both of them went to this Centre and Jesus healed them completely of their addiction. Jacob is now singing for the Lord, leading worship in Tabernacle of Praise, Penang. His two sons are also actively involved in worship and his wife teaches Sunday School in the same church. Such amazing grace that we do not deserve! Jesus touched us one by one:

### **My dad.....**

He went home to be with the Lord in 1996. I kept sharing with him the Good News but he said he knew everything about the Bible. He only knew about David and Goliath and the story of Samson. Praise the Lord for His ways are always higher than our ways! God sent my dad's boss, Mr. Edmund Chan, to take him to an evangelistic meeting. He dared not displease his boss and at the meeting he surrendered his life to Jesus. Mom was ready to receive the Lord because she was waiting for my dad! Glory to God!

### **My brother, Joel.....**

He is a dental technician in Penang. The Lord touched him in a very special way. One day, he coughed out blood. The ENT doctor said it was cancer and that really jolted him to cry to the Lord for help. I prayed for him and the word of the Lord came from ***Isaiah 41:10 'Fear not for I am with you. Be not dismayed for I am your God. I will strengthen you. Yes, I will help you. I will uphold you with my right hand.'*** With that assurance, he did the biopsy which was negative. Praise the Lord! Now, he and his family love and serve the Lord in another church.

### **My brother Jeremiah.....**

He was very much into ancestral worship and the occult. However, I trust the Lord to save my entire household and I know Jesus is faithful to all his promises. Two months ago, he had pain in his right leg! Because he was working in an oil factory, he was exposed to a lot of chemicals every day. The sad news came that it was cancer! While praying for the salvation of my brothers, God had given me all the names! Brother Meng is now Jeremiah. He accepted the Lord and was baptized on Easter Sunday in April this year. At another church camp Jesus healed him. The oncologist was so happy with his results. Now, he is an evangelist, ever ready to share Jesus as his Healer God to all he meets!!!!

### **My third brother, Joshua.....**

He is now in Omega Home Penang diagnosed with brain tumour. He is a baptized Christian but had been smoking for over 40 years! The Lord had intervened and stopped his smoking habit! I trust in my Healer God to redeem him from the miry clay and place him on the Rock of Salvation. The Lord's word for him is from ***Zechariah 4:6 'Not by might nor by power but by my spirit, 'says the Lord, 'this mountain shall be removed.'*** I trust my Jesus.

### **My second brother Joseph.....**

He has not committed his life to the Lord Jesus yet but I do believe he will not be left out. He knows the power of our Lord and he will taste his tender mercy and love soon.



I will keep praying, keep trusting in Jesus Christ, our Lord, our Saviour, our Healer and our Best Friend! Nothing is impossible when we put our trust in God! He touched my family and He will touch yours too! He even gave me all the names Joel, Joseph, Joshua, Jeremiah and Jacob! My dad was James! Keep praying and believing and you will RECEIVE!



## A LEGACY OF GODLY FAMILY

*By Mdm Mary Selladurai, Wesley Methodist Church, Taiping*

My name is Mary Selladurai and I was from a Hindu background. My mother was a Roman Catholic, and my father was a Hindu. We worshipped idols and celebrated all religious festivals as we believed they were all the same. There was no happiness or peace in my heart, I fell into depression and I felt the stronghold of evil spirits holding me captive in dark valleys. God is a merciful and loving God. He delivered me from the dark valleys and brought a godly man into my life.



God loved me so much that He gave me a good Christian husband. He was in a Methodist church and guided me to Christ. My husband was the bridge that brought me into the Kingdom of light and love in Christ. I am no longer held captive in the dark valley of life. My new journey with Christ was both beautiful and challenging. My family was against my marriage to a Christian man. My family ostracised and disowned me, and my relatives kept their distance and avoided me. When I married my husband we were on our own, our familial ties severed.

By God's grace, my husband was loving and caring throughout it all. I had a happy life and was blessed with 4 beautiful children. Unfortunately, my happiness didn't last long as my husband went home to be with the Lord



due to asthma. I was helpless as my kids were all still young and I had no support from my family who had severed ties with me. However,

when all seemed most hopeless and overwhelming for me as a young widow with 4 young children to care for, God held my hand.

Our Abba Father God shows great love and blessings in times of need. His faithfulness and fatherly love are so real in my life, performing many miracles for me and my children. He provided food, shelter, and countless other blessings. Indeed, God is real and He is my Abba Father. 2 Corinthians 6: 18, *“I will be a Father to you, and you will be my sons and daughters, says the Lord Almighty.”*

My life as a widow raising up my children was made possible because God held my hand and journeyed with me. God's promise in the Holy Scripture for me, *“So do not fear, for I am with you; do not be dismayed, for I am your God. I will strengthen you and help you; I will uphold you with My righteous right hand,”* (Isaiah 41: 10). God is my strength and hope, my loving gracious Father. I promise that I will forever follow Him and submit my family into His hands.



I am 67 years old. My 4 children are all grown up and I am happy because all of them are serving God. My older son Jesuthason is an evangelist-missionary, my daughter Racheal serves God, working in Wesley Methodist Church Taiping, my other son Francis works with Prodelcon and my youngest daughter, Susan serves the community and nation as a teacher in a national school. I am also blessed with 6 grandchildren and I praise God for the opportunity to guide them in their walk with God. I spend my time now serving God in the church, and neighbourhood. I reach out to the poor in the community near my home. My Care Group set up a centre (which is named, Hallelujah Stop) in my house; with used clothes & other second-hand household items where the poor and needy can find useful items and help. I will continue to proclaim the good news of the gospel and of God's love & mercy all the days of my life and pass on the torch of faith in Christ to my children and grandchildren so that they can pass it on to theirs.



I praise and thank God for all the blessings, compassion, mercy, love and faithfulness to me and my family. I thank God for my church, my brothers and sisters, my big family in Wesley Taiping.

Enclosed in the article:

- a group photo of Hallelujah Stop (when we did the dedication service)
- a family photo

# THE LORD CHANGED MY LIFE'S PRIORITIES

*By Mr Hon Seong Lim, Wesley Methodist Church, Kepong*

In 2006, I accepted the Lord in WMCK's Family Camp at Teluk Batik.

For the first two years of my Christian journey, I was merely a "Submarine Christian." I only attended church services on Sundays and submerged myself in the world immediately after the church services. Money was my main focus then!

In 2008, I thank God for two Christian brothers who came into my life. Because of their support and encouragement, I began to be involved in the ministries of the church. I started sharing my testimonies. I grew spiritually by chairing Christian Fellowship Lunch Meetings, interacting with various international and local preachers and speakers, and eventually shared God's Words from the pulpit.

Since 2015, I focused my mission trips on a specific country. Although the people were poor, I could see their hunger for God's Words. Their love and commitment in serving God can put us to shame! Because of this, I was touched to provide support for a believer who took up his Master of Divinity (MDiv) course in the seminary school. I thank God that he has graduated and is serving the Lord now.



Deep in my heart, I wanted to do more for the Lord. During 2015 Christmas Season, as I was doing my “Key Performance Indicator” (KPI) with the Lord, the Lord impressed upon my heart that I should attend seminary school instead! So, in 2016, I enrolled at STM (Seminari Theologi Malaysia) for part-time graduate study in the Master of Christian Study (MCS) Programme.

My plan was to finish the study first and serve the Lord full-time later! However, things did not work according to my schedule! I was diagnosed with Stage 4 Lung Cancer in October 2018. Since then, going through medical treatments, reading books, attending classes and meeting assignment deadlines concurrently remain the greatest challenge.

Since my diagnosis, I was blessed with so many prayers. Family members, friends from churches, ministry and mission partners, both local and overseas pastors have been fervently praying for me. As I was ministered and prayed for by a Christian brother, John 9:3 became so real to me: *“Neither this man nor his parents sinned, but the works of God should be revealed in him.”* I thank God that through my sickness, both my parents have accepted the Lord and their names are written in the Book of Life now.

*“To everything there is a season, a time for every purpose under heaven,”* (Ecclesiastes 3:1). Although there is a time of tiredness, there is a time to rest. There is a time of good treatment report, there is a time of discouragement also. Nevertheless, God is good all the time. With His strength, He has comforted me and enabled me to battle the journey and fight the disease.

*“I shall not die, but live. And declare the works of the LORD,”* (Psalm 118:17). *“As long as my breath is in me, And the breath of God in my nostrils,”* (Job 27:3). I will sing praises to my God and praise the Lord.

To God be the glory.

# SAFE IN THE PALM OF HIS HANDS

*By Mr Michael Thong, Bercham Methodist Church*

I entered the month of April 2019 believing it would be another month of going through the normal routine activities of daily morning walks at the stadium ground, church ministries, BMK (our Church's community clinic) and my involvement with YMCA Ipoh.



There was a day in April when I nearly blacked out whilst buying packed lunch. I had never experienced that before. I felt something was not right, and I quickly called my wife, Lai Chee, to come and get me. That was the first sign of something bigger lurking within. In months to come, I was diagnosed with Gastrointestinal Stromal Tumour, and the journey of surgery and recovery was truly one of grace and mercy. I want to testify and give glory to my Heavenly Father's firm loving hand holding me, sustaining, healing and carrying me.

The tumour in my stomach was located very near to the esophagus. Consultations, scans, surgery date and all other processes fell into place speedily. I praise God for the timely and smooth flow of all the processes, which is indeed a miracle. Post-surgery recovery was again a miracle and a testimony of the loving hand of God holding and sustaining me. I recovered well, and I was able to eat. I had to go slow with liquid-soft diet for about 2 months. One of the risks of the surgery was the fear that swallowing and eating would be a problem because the tumour was located near the neck of the stomach adjoining the esophagus.

Though the tumour had been diagnosed as a localized high grade cancer, I simply committed my life into the hands of my great God, trusting that He would lead doctors to treat me accordingly

Today, I am able to eat a normal diet, and life has returned to normalcy for me. In the short 4 months since the first appearance of the near blacking-out experience, I am back to my routine of daily morning walks, serving God through the church, BMK clinic duties and enjoying my family life with my wife, children and grandchildren. I continue to keep my eyes on Christ my Saviour and Lord for indeed He is the Shepherd of my life. Life is a journey with many unexpected turns, but it is a beautiful journey of grace; for God my Father holds and keeps me safe in the palm of His hand.



## **HOLY GHOST VS GHOST**

*By Connie Chin Koek Chee, Living Stone Methodist Church, Kota Damansara*

It was a restless night. Every 10-15 minutes, as I was about to doze off, a scratching sound of footwear could be heard just outside my hotel room door. I assumed it was guests entering or exiting their rooms along the cemented corridor floor. After three hours of tossing in bed, at 12 midnight, it finally dawned on me that the same scratching sound was always on the same door just across my room! It was the same repeated pattern. In my drowsiness, I realized that the room was haunted. As if to confirm my suspicion, I heard a mobile phone ringing in my room - but certainly it was not my own mobile preset ringtone! I got up, switched on the room lights and contemplated my next course of action. I had two choices - request a room change or stay put in the same room. I only had a short four hours of rest remaining before departing for my early flight at 6am. I decided to stay. For about thirty minutes, I prayed to my Heavenly Father for protection, sang hymns and read bible verses. I then managed to sleep peacefully with no further disturbances. The Holy Spirit was a powerful force to overcome the "naughty" ghost. Whenever I am distressed, I recall that incident and I am reminded that my God is always with me and safeguarding me. He is in control. This verse is my courage *"When he calls to me, I will answer him; I will be with him in trouble; I will rescue him and honour him,"* (Psalm 91:15).



## **HIS LOVE ENDURES FOREVER...**

Everyone begins some way and in different ways but ends the same way.

*By Mr Peter Khor Teik Hooi, Living Stone Methodist Church, Kota Damansara*

In Job 10:10-12 and Psalm 139:15-16, we are told God knows us and loves us even before we were born. Below is a short testimony of how God's hand was upon me and cared for me even before I knew Him and was rebellious against Him.

I was born in Xiamen the Island-City of Fujian province in China in 1936 to a very traditional ancestor worshipping family which was also steeped in Taoism and Buddhism. At that time China was a country in chaos with internal fighting, revolution and facing the threat of Japanese invasion from the north eastern part of China.

There was a church near our house. Every Sunday morning the church bell would ring reminding the worshippers to be in time for church service. That church had a big compound and it was also a playground for us. The name " Jesus " was mentioned so often but to us He was a foreign God. As naughty children we used to tease and even throw small stones at Christians who were on their way to church for they had turned away from our own Chinese gods.

Life was hard under the Japanese occupation. Before the 2nd World War Japan had invaded China. Xiamen, being a very good sea port and strategically located on the south eastern coast of China was taken by the Japanese. As a small boy I experienced the bitter taste of war. On two occasions I was so closed to be a victim of war. On one occasion I was with my grandfather in the countryside near a Japanese fortress when the Allied planes came bombing and strafing the area. We were hiding near the base of some big trees. When the planes flew past, the bullets hit the branches above our heads and we were practically covered with the fallen branches and leaves. God's hand covered me even though I did not know Him.

On another occasion when I was about eight years old, my elder brother and I were asked by a neighbour to go to the water-front to carry a message to her relative there in the evening. It was a fateful day because a convoy of ships had

arrived at Xiamen carrying a huge cargo of food and war materials from Taiwan. The Chinese authority came to know about it and at about five in the evening a fleet of B-29 bombers flew low above the convoy, machine gunning and dropping bombs on the ships at the water-front. It was a pandemonium let loose with people frantically running around trying to avoid the bullets and the bombs. We were taught in school that in such a situation we needed to crouch low at the base of the wall, covering our eyes, ears and mouth with our hands. The ground shook with the noise of explosions and shooting. When the noises quietened down after a while, with shaking and trembling hearts we were horrified to find big bullet holes on the walls above where we had crouched earlier. God's hands had once again protected us from death even at that time when we did not know Him.

When I was nine years old, my grandfather decided to take my mother, my elder brother and me to mainland China because there was a severe famine on the island. It was a very risky venture because we had to sneak out on a moonless night, under the cover of darkness by a small sampan. There were incidents when the sampans were mistaken by the Chinese coast guards as Japanese invasion army boats and were sunk by gun fire. On the night of our venture, we managed to land on a very small uninhabited rocky island between Xiamen and the mainland. On reaching the rocky island, the bottom part of our sampan hit a sharp rock and we found ourselves in the water. Fortunately, there were helping hands to pull us up from the water. Another escape from drowning in the sea.



In June 1947, my mother took my elder brother and me from Xiamen to Alor Setar by a passenger-cargo ship via Saigon (Ho Chi Min City) and Singapore. The journey took us one week and not without incidents. The greatest danger we faced was the South-East Monsoon in the South China Sea. After leaving Saigon for Singapore we had to battle the Monsoon wind and rain for three days. On the 3rd day, communication with Singapore was broken and the ship was considered lost in stormy weather. It was reported in a Singapore newspaper that the ship “Kooi Yang” sank in South China Sea with over 200 passengers and a cargo of rice from Vietnam. God brought us safely to Singapore and then to Alor Setar. About three years later, salvation reached our household through my mother whose life was transformed by the love of God.

Since then, as psalmist says *“Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life and I shall live in the house of the Lord forever.”*

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## THE MIRACLE CHILD GOD GAVE

*By Mdm Julie Mohan, Singapore*

After I got married to my husband in 1980 we had been waiting eagerly for 8 long years for a child. However, on consulting doctors we were saddened to learn that I had been born infertile and could never ever have a child. I suffered anxiety and depression then for so many years as a result. But I never gave up on my miracle. It was 8 years later that God, in His goodness and mercy showed me His favour and blessed me with a beautiful healthy baby girl. Till today I am truly grateful to God for granting me this miracle child who has made it possible to give Him all the glory through my testimony in Jesus' Name.

For this child we have prayed and the Lord  
has granted us the desires of our hearts.



1 Samuel 1:27

## **GOD IS GOOD**

*By Ms Elisa Teh Pay Dang, Christ Methodist Church, Ampang*

I was a freethinker and I was born into a broken family. My mother raised 7 kids including me by herself. During my years of growing up, I did not know Christ. I only believed that in order to be successful in life I needed to put in more self-effort and work hard.

I accepted Christ in 2002 at the age of 38. My relationship with the Lord was very lukewarm then. I did not pray nor read the Bible daily. I thought attending church worship services on Sunday was sufficient to be a Christian.

In the year 2015, my mother was diagnosed with end stage kidney failure. As she was staying with me I was the only caregiver. I attended to her daily needs such as preparing food and feeding her, helping her to manage her toilet visits, keeping her clean by changing her clothes, reminding her to take her medication and giving her the injections as prescribed. I monitored her condition and sent her to the hospital whenever her condition became critical, like the time when she vomited blood.

I looked after her for more than three months and was at home most of the time. During that time, I felt God showering me with love, patience and strength which I needed to overcome all the difficulties that I encountered. Whenever I needed help during the day time my neighbour was always available to assist me. My niece and nephew were also there to support me, taking turns to feed their grandmother during lunch and dinner. At the same time, they spent much time talking to her and keeping her company.

I didn't feel tired or emotionally drained when I was taking care of my mother. Furthermore, I also did not encounter any financial problem whenever my mother was admitted into hospital. All went smoothly. God was there for me through every challenge and I thank God for all the blessings.

Two weeks before she passed on, a pastor came to pray for her. She was so touched by God that she accepted Christ and was baptised. GOD IS GOOD!



After that I wanted to know and love God more. I started to pray and read the Bible daily. I asked for the Holy Spirit to indwell me, to teach and guide me. Indeed GOD IS GOOD, he answered my prayers. In 2017 I attended the Adult Sunday Class and in the following year I joined the small group in the church as well as the Prayer Ministry Training Course.

GOD IS GOOD – HE IS IN CONTROL!

# WITH GOD ALL THINGS ARE POSSIBLE

*By Ms Andrea Ti, Damansara Utama Methodist Church, PJ*

I grew up in a Christian family. I attended Sunday school and church services but my heart was not receptive to the things of God. Now on hindsight, I can see His foot print in my life, calling me to Himself but I had ignored him.

You see work, status & success were very important to me and I focused on them. There was hardly any room for God. I was proud of doing things my way. I worked long hours to achieve my financial goals. I didn't feel I needed God. I was proudly charting my own course and it made me happy. But the pressure to perform made me angry, stressed and frustrated, causing me to drink a lot. Little did I know I was on a path of self-destruction.

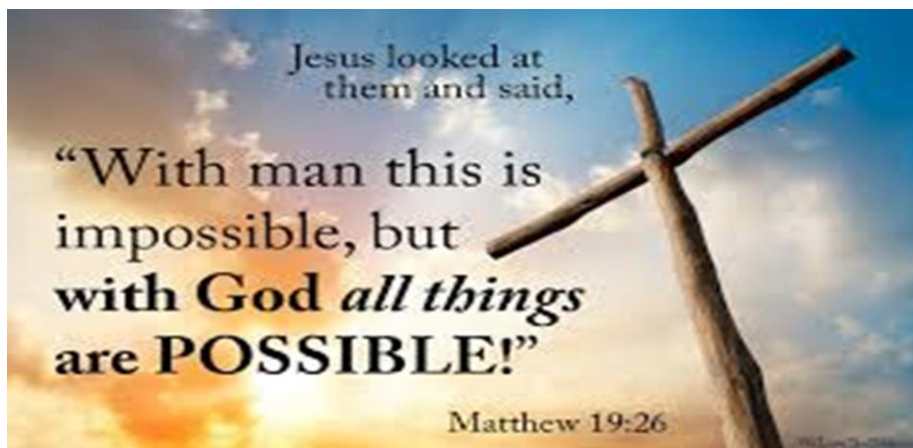
My work and career were very important to me that I would work long hours, sacrificing family & health. I succeeded as a Senior Network Engineer, earning lots of money & living a very comfortable and carefree lifestyle. I had what I wanted – the career, high paying job, house, car and buying everything and anything I wanted. But deep inside I was a lonely person and I sought solace in drinking with my colleagues.

BUT then five years ago in February 2014, I had a major stroke, a bleeding stroke. My brain was haemorrhaging which caused the blood to fill up my skull and pressed against my brain. The doctor explained that the blood pressure in my skull would build up and eventually cause the brain cells to die. The bleeding was located in a dangerous area and no surgical intervention was possible as it was risky.

I was in a coma and there was little/no activity recorded in my brain. The doctor asked my mum if they should remove my life support system as they diagnosed I was brain dead and even if I woke up from the coma, I would be in a vegetative state. My mum told the doctor not to do anything as she believed Jesus could heal me. My mum testified that God assured her that, 'Andrea will not die.' God gave her His peace throughout the 3 months I was hospitalized. God is faithful and loving.

My family prayed for a miracle and put me on a prayer chain where family and church members prayed for me, especially cell group members while I was in the ICU. At the hospital, I was told a couple (friends of Founding Senior Pastor Daniel Ho) dropped by to pray for me and prayed the sinner's prayer with me. Although I was in a coma, I could squeeze his hand to accept Christ. After that, I was told my whole body shook and there was activity recorded in my brain. It had to be the Holy Spirit that flowed through me, causing my whole body to shake, bringing healing when my soul accepted the Lord.

Through the prayers of my family, relatives and body of Christ, the Lord healed me and I regained consciousness without any medical intervention. What is impossible with man is possible for God.



God is good. By His grace and mercy, the Lord healed me and I regained consciousness without any surgery. My progress and speedy recovery was a miracle the doctors could not explain. I thank God that through the trying times my family was very caring. I also thank God for sending His people to help my family, a few of whom we did not know. Our great God in His loving kindness used His people to be channels of His love and grace.



At that time, therapy was difficult as some of my organs had been affected and certain areas of my brain and vision had been damaged so I needed a walking stick to aid me. I believe God heals in His timing.

Since accepting Jesus Christ as my personal Lord and Saviour, I have become more patient, less angry, calmer and feel less lonely. And my sister Sharon can testify to my new found patience. I feel at peace and freer, and have the joy of the Lord.

In April 2017, I made a decision to obey Christ's commandment to be baptised.

Life with Jesus is a journey. In May last year (2018), I started experiencing a loss of balance which caused me to fall and break my wrist.

Prior to the operation, the hospital scanned my brain and found hydrocephalus (which means there's excess fluid in my brain) which needed a brain surgery to drain the excess fluid. However, at that time I was afraid and I did not feel comfortable with having it done.

Subsequently, through a cell group member, I received a word from God to check on my brain. My aunt also happened to contact my sister, Sharon to introduce us to a good neurologist, as my uncle's brother just had his surgery performed by that doctor and he was highly recommended. Very quickly God lined up the help I needed to have the problem fixed – the right hospital and medical team for a successful surgery. The Lord Jesus Christ is good and wonderful to His Children.

It has been six months since my last check-up. I am healing very well. My balance is back, I no longer need to use a walking stick. God has been very gracious to me and I am grateful for His grace and love.

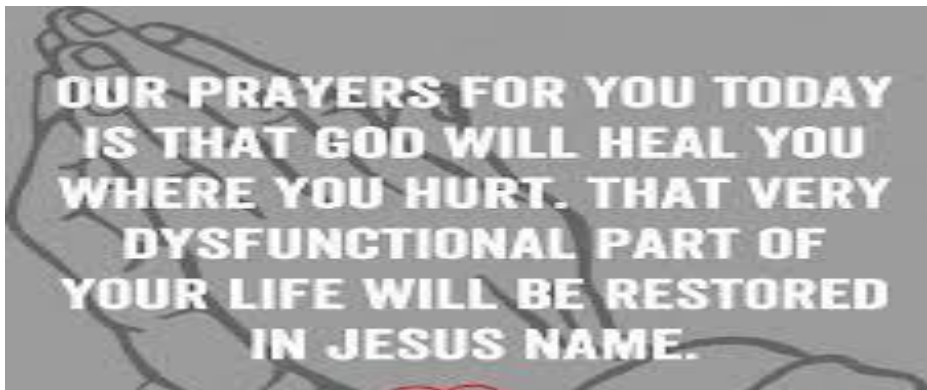
The doctor said I would be in a vegetative state. But here I am a living miracle - able to walk, talk, pray, read the Bible and cook too!

I thank the Lord for this new life I have in Jesus, filled with love and patience. And I thank Him for His miraculous healing and that He saw me through difficult times. To God be all glory! Thank you.

# RESTORING A DYSFUNCTIONAL FAMILY

*By Mrs Angel Ng Tashveer, Damansara Utama Methodist Church, PJ*

I was born into a family where every member prayed to many Chinese deities, and I just followed. The subjects of God and Love were all very obscure when I was growing up. We did not really talk about our religion even though I had a lot of questions about certain rituals. I never brought them up and so, they were left unanswered. The home I grew up in was critically violent, though my mom got the worst treatment, the children suffered much physical and emotional torment, including me. It has been a long time, but all I can remember from then, is that there was never a day of peace at home. There were lots of open wounds, deep lasting scars and tears growing up and these experiences had negatively affected every aspect of my life, growth and development. I grew up believing that shouting, screaming or hitting were the only ways to get your message through to someone. I was rebellious at one phase of my adolescent years and that became my defence mechanism to protect my vulnerability from the world around me.



The first time I heard the name “Jesus” was when I was 14 years old, A sister nun in my school said to me “whatever you have in your heart, you can talk to that man on the cross, His name is “Jesus”. Thereafter, I joined my school Christian Fellowship, and a classmate drew a diagram explaining my position as a sinful person in relation to a holy God in heaven. She also explained how Jesus came to die for us on the Cross thus making it possible for me to be reconciled to God if I receive Jesus as my personal Saviour. In the beginning, it all seemed

too bizarre to me, as that was the first time someone actually explained to me about the relationship with God. I didn't know how powerful that Name was, but since then strange things started to unfold. Christian brothers and sisters started to "appear" in my circle of friends. You won't believe it, my first Bible was a tiny pocket bible given by a friend, but whenever I turned the page, and read the words, they gave me great comfort in my heart. It made me realise that there was hope, no matter what predicament I was going through. I just knew then that God was real, and I could reach out to Him.

The Lord Jesus has helped me a lot in navigating my life. He transformed me from a failing student to becoming a scholarship holder, graduating with magna cum laude (1st class honours), and that pretty much set the foundation of my professional life. He gave me the strength to forgive and taught me a lesson about "letting go". My relationship with my father actually got better after that. I am still praying for my family that one day Christ will touch them too. My heart is filled with His infinite peace and love that sometimes overflow!

There is one thing for which I am certain. Since encountering Christ, my spiritual eyes have been opened and now I look at life from the eternal perspective. I always sense God's presence by my side, and that He watches me. Although I still mess up big time, many times, He is there to call me back — always. My walk with Jesus was never a smooth one, but as I grow older, I understand the walk was never meant to be smooth, but rather a fulfilling one. With the Lord's blessings, my education and businesses had brought me to many countries that I called home. I had every excuse not to do well in life growing up in that abusive and dysfunctional environment and encountering many obstacles along the way, but when I stop and look around me now, boy, how blessed I am. It is all because of the Lord Jesus and I give all the glory to His name, the Name above all names!

# **A PRODIGAL DAUGHTER'S JOURNEY HOME**

*By Ms Fiona Lim, Damansara Utama Methodist Church, PJ*

I accepted Jesus when I was 13 years old.

When I was in the 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> year of medical school, I had several relationship and friendship issues which affected me and my studies. Because of my study commitments and distance, it became more difficult to connect with my church.

I was discouraged and angry at everyone, especially myself. I was also angry with God for He did not prevent these issues from happening. On one occasion, I told God that, if He refused to help me, He should get out of my life and just leave me alone. Before long, I started missing lectures and exams. I was called into the dean's office and I told him that I wanted to quit and do something else. Instead, I was given a 1-year break.

I decided to go on a 'retreat'. I tried my best to avoid communicating with family, friends and the church. During those times, it was easy to do so. I went to work in a car sales company where I handled administration and accounting, and then proceeded to handle car loans and dealings with customers, bank and insurance company.

After a few months, my boss asked me to go with his workers to help demand back some overdue payments. I felt powerful and excited at that time as we demanded customers to pay up. I reasoned to myself that I was just doing my job, that they deserve it, and that it was not a sin. .

Sometime later, I bumped into a Christian friend. She found out what I was doing. She scolded, talked to me and prayed for me. I followed her advice to continue with my studies. I graduated 2 years later and went to work in Penang.

While I was there, a Christian colleague insisted I visited his church. I was hesitant as I had not entered a church for a long time. There was also a sense of guilt and unworthiness in me. After a few visits, God found me. He spoke deeply into my heart, assuring me that He still loved me and that He had forgiven the sins I have committed.



Ever since that time when I repented, and came back to Jesus, I have discovered a sure change in my thoughts and behaviour. Though my life is still very much work in progress, I am grateful to God for preserving my life, for giving me a second chance, for His mercy and His grace, and for sending various people into my life.

In closing, there are three things that I have learnt from the journey:

1. Develop personal faith and relationship with God. Don't depend only on our pastor's faith or parent's faith. As we stand firm in our faith we will be prepared for any eventuality in our lives.
2. Seek support and help from at least one person who is more mature in faith to encourage you and pray for you. God uses people to be channels of His grace and care for us as well. So be humble and be willing to accept the help from others.
3. Never give up on family or friends who seem to have given up their faith in God. Continue to pray for God's wisdom on how to help, encourage and care for them.

To God be all glory!

# GOD HAS NO GRANDCHILDREN

*By Mr Jack Lee, Damansara Utama Methodist Church, PJ*

I am what many of us would call a 3rd generation Christian. My grandparents are Christians, my parents are Christians and hence I would be one too. I have been attending church since I was a baby.

My grandparents were what we would consider today as hard core poor. They received no formal education. Just to give you an idea of how poor they were: they lived in a wooden house with *atap* roofing that leaked when it rained. Their children did not have proper beds. They slept on plywood stacked on each other. Their house did not have water and electricity.

God is good. Through the missionary work of Tampin Chinese Methodist Church, my grandparents came to faith in the Lord. God is faithful, all 10 children of my grandparents did well in life and all 22 grandchildren are doing very well.

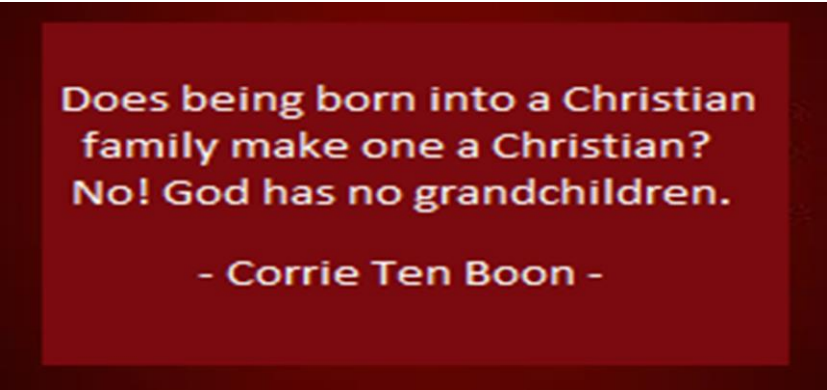
My father studied and worked very hard to break free from poverty. He and my mom did well financially. Hence, I had quite a comfortable childhood since I was 3 years old. I have not really experienced poverty. I was educated in Sri KL in my teens, one of the best private schools in the Klang Valley. I did a twinning program and was sent to Curtin Australia to complete my undergraduate studies in Management and Marketing. I continued on to do a Master in Finance programme from Nottingham Trent University, UK.

God is good and faithful but sadly, I did not take my faith seriously. I only prayed when I was in need. I liked to be known as a Christian for all the wrong reasons. Christians are known to be filled with love, joy, peace, patience, kindness, goodness, faithful, gentle and having self-control. A Christian is supposed to manifest these characteristics of the fruit of the Spirit but truly I tell you, I was nowhere close.

Ask my wife and she will let you know that I was proud, angry, greedy, dishonest, and uncaring and I believe I had caused many to stumble. I did well by the world's standards. I did not have a signage all over my face or body that said "evil man here." The worst kinds of scum are those whom you cannot tell when looking

at them. Of course I was not totally bad. I was not all the time evil because if I was, my wife wouldn't have married me. We are all created in the image of God. I believe there is some good in everyone and this good part is from God.

Brothers and sisters, God is good and faithful. He loves me and He has chastened me. I am a very different person now. I do not treat this faith as inherited from my parents or grandparents. I have personally accepted Jesus as my Lord and Saviour. I know this God. I know what Jesus has done for me. I have a personal relationship with this God. The Holy Spirit lives in me and counsels me at all times. The Lord purifies and sanctifies me. We are all work in progress. I am not perfect, but I now have a willing and teachable heart. The Lord has replaced my heart of stone with a heart of love.



**Does being born into a Christian  
family make one a Christian?  
No! God has no grandchildren.**

**- Corrie Ten Boon -**

At the very least, people around me, my family members, my employees, my colleagues, my business partners, my wife and children see the light that the Lord has placed on me. I am only shining brighter and brighter each day. With God's help, I want to be a beacon of hope and love and not an agent of darkness.

We are called to be the salt and light of the world. How we decide to live our lives will impact the lives of others. What the missionaries did in 1900's in Tampin, a small town in Negeri Sembilan impacted generations of lives giving love and hope to the hopeless. Let your light shine, and be an ambassador for Christ. Bring forth love, hope and peace that man can experience a glimpse of God's kingdom of heaven on earth. Thank You.

# JESUS IS GOD

*By Dr Eileen Tang, Wesley Methodist Church, Teluk Intan*

I grew up in a Christian home and have experienced God in many ways in my life. I have always known roughly the concept of the 'Trinity' and I believed in it without any doubt probably also because I didn't give much thought to it. All I knew was I experienced God's love and help many times when I was growing up and I believed the Bible to be God's Word.

When I went overseas for further studies, I was surrounded by students, many of whom were non-Christian. One day, a friend of mine asked me, 'How can Jesus be God and also be the Son of God?' 'How can God have a son?' and he started selecting Bible verses to refute the deity of Jesus. I then realised that there were people who had been educated in mission schools who would selectively pick-up verses from the Bible and selectively interpret them in their own way, to refute Christianity and to support their own religion. For example, He picked a story from the Bible – the good teacher story and told me that Jesus had denied He was God. The story was about a young man who asked Jesus, *"Good teacher, what must I do to inherit eternal life?"* and Jesus said *"Why do you call me good? Nobody is good - except God alone,"* (Mark 10: 17-22). In other words, my friend was trying to use the verse to say that Jesus was denying His deity. Actually, the gist of Jesus' argument was just the opposite, as there is none good save God (Psalm 14:3). Jesus is telling the man that He is God and challenging him whether he thinks he is God or not since he called Him good. That's when I started to ponder about it. At first, my faith was a little shaken, as that group of people was well-trained in apologetics of their religion and trained to compare Christianity with their religion and to refute Christianity. However, I ignored what they said as I knew I worship only one God, God in three persons. Since then I started to search for more information and literature about our triune God. I didn't want to doubt Jesus Christ, so I talked to many people including my Pastor. It was then that I started to read up and discover for myself. I read books and listened to the teachings on You Tube by Ravi Zacharias, Nabeel Qureshi, Robert Solomon, and others who are good at Christian apologetics.

Then I told myself, I wanted to just pray to Jesus and to specifically pray to Him and address Him as Almighty God. So I started to pray every day with my mind



and words focused on Jesus, and prayed in His name. Many things happened; God cured me of my tuberculosis, took care of me and protected my husband and my two little children from tuberculosis infection. God helped me pass my exam though at that point it was almost impossible to do so as I was struggling with illness and had to take care of my two toddlers. Many people at that time also expected me to fail my medical specialist exam. I remembered I specifically prayed to Jesus as my God to deliver me and help me in my exam, and He did. God also answered my prayers and gave my husband and me a third healthy child, despite the obstetrician said that the child born might have congenital defect, but baby was born normal and healthy.

One day, months later, while we were praising God in church, we were singing the song: “Jesus, beautiful Saviour, God of all majesty...”; when the name “Jesus” was sung, I just couldn’t control myself and started to shake and cry, though frankly speaking I wasn’t in a very good mood that day. Somehow, I could feel that Jesus was there, and He touched my heart and my life. It was as if He was telling me that –He wasn’t just there, but has always been there, at every stage of my life, reminding me that He is God, because who else can He be other than God.



Today when anyone challenges me about Jesus, I can boldly say that Jesus Christ is God, because that’s the truth. After being convicted, I can pray to God or worship Him with greater passion. My faith is strengthened and never be shaken. Again, I proclaim that Jesus Christ is my God.

# GOD, MY DELIVERER

*By Mr Isaac Duraipandian, Wesley Methodist Church, Teluk Intan*

As I sift through the happenings of the past months, I am completely grateful that I was saved by the healing hands of the Lord. And just as the Lord declared in Jeremiah 30:17 *“But I will restore you to health and heal your wounds”*. On 24<sup>th</sup> of January 2019 I felt the onset of chest pain. It was a sudden pain that I had never experienced before. Quickly, I drove to the nearest hospital (Simpang Empat) from my workplace (Jendarata, UP). A fellow colleague accompanied me as well. It gave me a sense of security and comfort and he could well be an angel in disguise sent by the Lord. On arrival at the hospital, the doctor told me that there were possibilities I might have had a mild heart attack, I was advised to go to the Teluk Intan hospital instead. I then journeyed in an ambulance to the Teluk Intan hospital.

Upon arrival, I was immediately brought into the ICU due to a severe heart attack as suspected by the doctors. After spending a night in ICU, I was shifted to the normal ward the next day as I was getting better. Glory to God! But it did not end there. I was made aware that I might be having some complications in my heart and the hospital did not have the facilities to further verify the root cause of the heart attack. The doctors suggested that I went for an angiogram at Ipoh hospital. Stereotyping any government hospitals, the wait was just too long.

I was on tenterhooks. What should I do? To wait or not? In an anxious state, I asked the Lord for His guidance. A decision was made by the family members. Heading to the National Heart Institute of Malaysia (IJN) was the right thing to do at that moment. Over there, I was told to deposit a hefty sum of RM 35,000 just for an angiogram and for a maximum of three stents. I was rather anxious and perturbed by the sum of money to be incurred. I prayed to God. Although hesitant at first, I decided to proceed with it. Just before the payment was authorized, a call from my cousin, Dr Joyce came in. After the call I canceled the payment and made my way from Kuala Lumpur to Ipoh hospital that evening. I went in for an angiogram the next morning. A 95% blockage was identified in one of the arteries in my heart. Surgery was carried out in the afternoon itself. I was discharged the next morning and I made a beeline for home to Teluk Intan. The total cost came up to RM 137 for the whole treatment.

All those would not have been possible without the hands of God, the Mighty Healer at work.



Upon reaching home, I looked at the car tires. One of the front tires was punctured. The hole was so big that the whole tire had to be changed. I thank God, we (my family members) were in His safe hands throughout the journey on the road. Those were the moments which made me realize that the greatest hope lies with Him - Jesus, the Healer, the Deliverer, the Faithful and the only True God. I am indeed fortunate to be a child of God. His great love for me will forever be cherished. God is my deliverer – *"I love the Lord because he has heard my prayer for mercy, for he listens to me whenever I call"* (Psalm 116:1-2).

# THE LORD'S MERCY AND GRACE

*By Ms Teh Cheng Lee, Wesley Methodist Church, Teluk Intan*

"Welcome home, Cheng Lian!" The words were exclaimed by me as the stretcher was brought out from the ambulance. I had been thinking of the words to say the whole day, prior to my eldest sister's arrival from University Hospital, I wanted to say the right words to welcome her home. Those words uttered, perhaps a little too loudly, kind of took my breath away as those words were unexpected!

The doctors at University Hospital had finally given the word for her discharge, so that she could receive palliative care. Palliative care? Not a new word but a new situation we found ourselves in. What did that mean? What did we have to do? How would you prepare a loved one, or even ourselves for that matter? Well-meaning friends and relatives offered advice.

Tim and I were tasked with preparing Cheng Lian's meals, which included porridge, steamed pumpkin, soursop leaves tea and soup. We did the best we could.

I witnessed how the physical body wasted away as cancer ravaged her body. The kidneys began to fail even as superbugs were found in my sister's body. Still, I saw in her in the 6 weeks or so in the hospital, the resolve to fight the disease with the faith, hope and trust in her Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Cheng Lian was one with a heart of compassion. She gave her services at the Stroke Foundation, the differently abled community, and in the last few years of her life, she served in Kiwanis even right up to the international level. All that, in the eyes of the world, were her achievements. However, while she was busy serving the secular world she had shifted her focus away from her Lord.

During the last 6 weeks Pastor, Tim and I were able to minister to Cheng Lian. Praise God, she surrendered herself to the Lord, made amends with all her siblings and forgave all who had hurt her. She released everything to the Lord and in her own words "felt the burden removed from her shoulders".

I witnessed her plea to her Lord for another chance to make good her life. When it was certain that that was not forthcoming, she did not resign herself to defeat but trusted in the Lord's plan for her. When opportunities arose, I read the scriptures to her from John's gospel. She would at different intervals, utter an

“Amen” or responded in prayer to the Lord audibly. When I sang hymns or songs to her, she would sing along to those familiar tunes of ‘Amazing Grace’, ‘What a Friend We Have in Jesus’, ‘On the Old Rugged Cross’. 2 days before she passed on, she uttered with some difficulty, “I cannot sing” but then with whatever was left of her visibly reduced energy, she sang in a halting voice ‘Amazing Grace.’

I witnessed the transformation of Cheng Lian from the time when she was in hospital until the time she returned for palliative care. She changed from her own self-directed ways to the Lord. The Lord was merciful, patient and really loved her for who she was. It was the story of the prodigal daughter responding and returning to a loving Father, who walked with her in the last mile back to her heavenly abode to His presence.

I had prayed unceasingly for the Lord to do a miracle of healing for my sister, to the point I was a little uncertain if my own siblings had thought strangely of me as the doctors’ report stated that her illness was terminal and all that was needed was palliative care. On the morning of 26<sup>th</sup> June at about 6.15 am, when I woke up, the first words I heard from the Lord even before getting out of bed were: “I am taking your sister home.” On 27<sup>th</sup> June 2019, at approximately 6.20am, my third sister rang and told me, “Cheng Lian is no more.”

Despite not seeing a healing miracle, I saw a miracle of my sister surrendering herself to her Lord’s will. The last 6 weeks of Cheng Lian’s life had been difficult, but it was time the Lord gave to my sister to turn back to Him. And she did! Praise be to God for He fails not. His love is steadfast and His mercies are forever great!

The Lord’s mercy and grace have given Cheng Lian a chance to return to Him. Many may not have such a similar chance like hers as they fall into a coma and never wake again. Praise the Lord for His goodness and mercy.



# MY GOD, THE GOD OF SECOND CHANCES

*By Mr Howard Chai Ching Hau, Living Stone Methodist Church*

## MY BACKGROUND

I was born into a humble Christian family in a small town in Perak. In 1978, fulfilling my own ambition, I applied and was successfully enlisted as a Police Inspector. Upon completion of my training, I was posted to Kuching, Sarawak. There, I picked up the good, the bad and also some 'ugly' habits.

I knew the existence of the Lord, but I must admit I didn't have a relationship with Him. Being away from the family, I picked up some bad habits, like smoking, drinking, mah-jong, horse racing, 4-D, from my colleagues and friends. Years later, I got married and started a family. We went to church but we weren't regulars. After 18 years of serving in Sarawak, I was posted back to Kuala Lumpur. We stopped going to church as we were trying to cope with the changes in our lifestyle. Some months later, I met a friend from Kuching who told me about Trinity Methodist Church in Petaling Jaya (TMCPJ). He encouraged me to worship there and we did until I received news that I would be transferred again.

## PRIVILEGED OVERSEAS POSTING

In 2006, in recognition of my dedication and commitment, I was assigned to a privileged post overseas as Consul at the Malaysian Consulate General in Guangzhou, China. For 4 years, I enjoyed the life of a diplomat with all the perks that came with it. I met with people from all walks of life, handled much bilateral responsibilities, travelled where necessary, attended various official and social functions, but I avoided going to church. I didn't fear the Lord because I was healthy and was doing well. However, at times, I felt "empty" especially on Sundays. As a Christian, Sunday reminded me of going to Church but I didn't even have a church to attend! Towards the end of my tour of duty, God never forgot about me and sent an angel through a student from Sabah, whom my wife, Jennie got acquainted. She led us to a ballroom-packed church in a local hotel in Guangzhou, where the worshippers were all foreigners. It was because the Chinese authority prohibited their citizens from worshipping with foreigners. Thus, I was back to worshipping the Lord on the Sundays that followed. Despite my trying to run away from God, I could never run too far off as He is everywhere watching over me and watching out for me.

## THE DARK KUALA LUMPUR DAYS BUT CLOSER TO GOD

After my services in China, I was posted back to Kuala Lumpur only to be “cold-stored” under a new leadership, for reasons best left untold. I was transferred out from the Division which I had faithfully served for more than 14 years. That negative situation at work lasted for almost 7 years and stressed me badly but on hind sight, I believed that situation had drawn me nearer to God. It's true that when we are weak, our God remains strong.

## BANDAR UTAMA METHODIST CENTRE (BUMC)

Upon returning from Guangzhou, we were back to worship at TMC PJ. My family and I decided to attend the inaugural worship service for BUMC, to show our support to that new preaching point located at Kayu Ara area on 25<sup>th</sup> September 2011. We never thought that we would eventually join BUMC. On that Sunday morning, being late for worship at TMCPJ, we decided to detour to BUMC which was midway between our home and TMCPJ. That detour, I believe was a sign from God and thereafter, we commenced worshipping and offering our services in BUMC. We were warmly received and accepted by the members there, a small and new preaching point with about 30 members. Soon after, I was actively involved in most of its activities. I was particularly very excited about the 2012 BUMC Christmas party which took place on 18<sup>th</sup> December. It was the first event to reach out to non-believers in the community, thus prompting me to apply for leave from work so that I could help out.



## GOD'S LOVE NEVER CEASES

On 17<sup>th</sup> December, 2012, whilst driving home from office along NKVE, we were caught in heavy traffic made worse by a heavy downpour. Suddenly, I felt a tight grip at the back of my head. That strange feeling made me very

uncomfortable and I tried to cough and turn my head to loosen the grip but the discomfort grew. Jennie quickly took over the wheels, driving in the emergency lane, to get to the nearest clinic in Kota Damansara. I managed to walk into the clinic on my own and was attended to by a lady doctor. She ran an initial ECG on me, which showed that my condition was normal. As the doctor was talking, I suddenly felt 'heavy' and I couldn't even sit properly. She ran another ECG check which then showed a probable heart attack. She told Jennie to quickly send me to the nearest hospital. Seeing I couldn't move then and perspiring heavily, she even offered to drive while Jennie could hold me but my condition got worse. Sensing my critical condition, the clinic immediately called for an ambulance but it only managed to arrive 45 minutes later due to bad weather and massive traffic jam.

At the Emergency Ward in Tropicana Medical Centre, Kota Damansara, a cardiologist examined me, confirmed it was a heart attack and summoned the Operation Theatre to be opened immediately. Before I was wheeled in, I knew several church members and relatives were around me, praying fervently for me. The last person who prayed for me at the entrance to the OT was my daughter, Christine, who had rushed over from outstation duty. At that moment, I searched for God asking for His mercy and told Him that if He wanted to take me, I would obey. But if He wanted me to stay on, I asked that He restored me to good health because I didn't want to burden my family as a disabled person. Little did I know that when I was in the OT, family members, friends, colleagues and prayer groups started praying for my recovery. While in the OT, the cardiologist tried his utmost to keep me responding and ensured I was conscious throughout the procedure.

At one point, I suddenly felt very cold and my whole body was shivering. I could sense my blood circulation coming to a halt and I couldn't see the light in the room anymore. It was total darkness. I panicked. I started to struggle and told the doctor how I was feeling. I could hear the doctor shouting "you hold on! HOLD ON!" A few seconds later, I felt warm again. I was relieved for I could see the light in the OT again, and it was even brighter than before. After a while, a nurse whispered to me saying the procedure was over. While she was pushing me out, the doctor tapped me on my shoulder and said, "I almost lost you!" I didn't know what he meant then because I was feeling so tired but I just nodded to signal that I heard him.



I survived! I was placed in the ICU for the night and the next afternoon I was moved to the normal ward. The doctor visited me before dinner was served and we chatted. He told me that I had suffered a massive heart attack and he was wondering why it took me more than two hours to be admitted. Firstly, he told me that the first hour was very crucial for any heart attack patient to be saved. Secondly, that evening when I was admitted, he was supposed to have left the hospital for home but was stopped by the rain. He, the only cardiologist present in the hospital then, went for a cup of coffee at the hospital cafeteria when the ambulance came in with me. We won't know what would happen to me then if not for his presence! Thirdly, he explained that he performed angiogram to trace the blocked arteries whereby he discovered there were three blockages; one almost 100% blockage which had triggered the attack, and two others with 80% and 50% blockages respectively. He shared with me that the first stent failed to clear the blockage and required a second stent. That was the moment when I felt cold, shivered, and with the light dimming off! Time was running out and he said that if there were more delays, other serious complications could have set in, including leaving me dead. He was glad he inserted the second stent in time, successfully! How did I survive the first two hours of my heart attack? Was it the rain that came coupled with the bad traffic jam? What caused that second stent to be so timely administered? All these were not mere coincidences! I cannot deny God's mercy was upon me. After all these years of me not being faithful to Him, He never gave up on me.

### I AM WEAK BUT MY GOD IS STRONG

Praise God! The Christmas Party at BUMC went on smoothly without me! My son, Ronald, who was there called to inform me that the party was going on smoothly. I was glad. I was given two weeks medical leave after discharge and was then admitted into IJN for further treatment.

Looking back, I realise that God was, and is always with me. He has never left nor forsaken me, even though I was not faithful and serving Him wholeheartedly. God woke me up and saved me. Throughout this whole ordeal, I have learnt the power of prayers and also realised that God, my God, is a God of second chances. I thank God for His everlasting love and His faithfulness!

## **GOD GUIDING EACH STEP OF THE WAY**

*By Ling Ah Chai, Wesley Methodist Church, Penang*

On March 21st 2016, my wife Margaret and I decided to have an early dinner at a nearby restaurant before we watched our favourite Korean serial at home. When we got home, she decided to have a bath before watching the movie. A few minutes later, I heard her shouting for help. I quickly rushed upstairs to the bathroom. She was naked and clinging on to the door. I quickly grabbed her body. Her face was flushed and her eyes were glazed. She wanted to speak but could just babble some words and then she slumped down. I could only grab her and dragged her to the bed. Then she started to vomit. I grabbed a towel and wiped away the vomit before rushing to the phone to phone our family doctor. All the while I was desperately praying for God to help my wife. The doctor told me to take my wife to the hospital. He suggested Island Hospital and said he would contact his friend to help me. After phoning the hospital, I contacted a relative staying quite nearby for help. I also informed my pastor and my siblings. After that, I rushed upstairs to wipe and dress my wife. In less than half an hour, the ambulance arrived. The Hospital Aid greeted me and said he was my student. I told him about what had happened. He assured me his team members would do their best to help. I asked my relative to accompany Margaret while I stayed back to tidy up the place, close and lock-up the house. Then I left for the hospital.

When I arrived at the Emergency Ward, my student was waiting for me. I also saw the Pastor and some friends. Then I followed my student to the X-ray Dept. On the way, he said the neuro-surgeon had been contacted and was on his way. He also instructed that Margaret had an MRI done. When we reached the MRI area, I was asked to stay outside while he went in to get the report. After a while he came out and said my wife was to be sent to HDU. The surgeon would be there. I asked him what the finding was. He reluctantly said there was massive bleeding in the head. I was indeed worried and prayed in my heart for God's mercy. When we reached HDU, he asked me to wait outside. He said the staff concerned would contact me for he had other duties to attend to. I waited outside HDU for quite a long time. I could not wait any longer without any news. I pushed open the HDU doors and walked in. I saw the doctor bent over the bed checking on Margaret who was still unconscious and she had all sort of wires and tubes attached to her. The distinct noise was the oxygen pump functioning and some

electronic gadgets blinking. I was annoyed and upset and asked why Margaret was still there and no operation was done to drain the haemorrhage from her head to heal her. The doctor said calmly he knew what I was thinking. He said some times it was better not to operate for it might cause more damage. Then he pointed to the tubes and wires and said he was doing 4 things at that moment. Firstly, he was trying to control further bleeding. Secondly, he was trying to prevent other surrounding arteries from bleeding. Thirdly he was trying to control the swelling of the brain and hoped it would subside and finally he was getting the body to drain the haemorrhage naturally from the brain. He said 36 hours was the critical time for the body to respond to the treatment. He said for Margaret there was a 50-50 chance. He told me to pray and he would do the same. Later, I found out that he was Dr Yoong, a neurosurgeon who was a Christian. Praise the Lord for sending Dr Yoong to treat Margaret.



Margaret was in the HDU for 3 days. During that period, the doctor came to check on her level of response to stimuli. It was either on the second or third day when she was able to open her eyes and responded by blinking. Later, the doctor tried to get her to speak by asking simple questions like what her name was, where she was at the time and where she lived. She struggled, stammered and managed to say the words but the words were slurred.

On the fourth day, when the doctor found that there were positive responses to treatment, she was transferred to the open ward for further treatment. From 24th March to 5th April (13 days) she received medical treatment, speech therapy and physiotherapy.

We believed the Lord was with us all the time. I list the following to show God's help when we needed Him.

1. On the day of the incident, when she went into the bath-room, a voice asked her twice not to latch the bath-room door. She obeyed. If she had latched the door as she usually did, I would not have been able to enter and help her. Another thing, she was able to say she had a stroke.
2. The Ambulance Aid turned out to be my student and helped me when I needed guidance around the hospital.
3. A church member, a retired matron, was able to assess Margaret's illness and she recommended long term nursing care. She listed the equipment and materials needed, indicated where to get them and how to use them. My niece and nephew managed to take leave to set up the nursing room before Margaret was discharged from hospital.
4. I was desperate to get a maid to help to take care of Margaret after her discharge. There was no news of any maid on the day when she returned home from the hospital. However, at 10:00pm that night, a former student brought a small size Indonesian maid from Bukit Mertajam. I was hesitant at first, but thank God that she was God sent and proved to be a wonderful maid.
5. I needed a physiotherapist to come to the house regularly to help Margaret in physio-treatment. It was impractical to send Margaret to the hospital for such treatment. I again passed the word around for help. A few days later a trained lady physiotherapist turned up and offered to help Margaret 3 times a week. Again, thank God the Almighty for the help given when we needed it. Praise the Lord.
6. Margaret was very depressed. She felt helpless, useless and in pain. Every day she prayed and cried out to the Lord. Then one night she dreamt her mother came to her to tell her not to worry or cry as there were people helping her.

7. In another incident Margaret suddenly woke up at 2:30am and was surprised to find out that she could move her right leg, the affected paralysed leg, without anyone helping her. The maid was still asleep. She felt calm and peaceful and knew God was helping. That occurred for many days usually around the same time. Then one morning when, the same thing happened, she heard voices of two persons speaking. They said it would be the last time they would come to help as she was recovering. Margaret was dismayed and protested that she had not fully recovered. But there was no answer. After that she did not experience anymore of the incident and her right leg was recovering well.
8. Coincidentally, while Margaret was under stroke treatment in the hospital, NASAM (National Stroke Association Malaysia), held an inaugural meeting and seminar and I was asked to attend to find out more about the illness. That seminar helped me to understand better the problems faced by Margaret and I was better equipped to face the emotional and physical trials ahead.



We thank our Almighty God, our Lord and Saviour who in His love, grace and mercy supported and sustained us during our period of trial. In helpless and desperate situations He intervened and sent help to solve our problems. Margaret survived the haemorrhagic stroke. She is now alert, able to talk and walk short distances with her walking stick.

## IT'S NOT LUCK, IT'S GOD'S FAVOUR

*By Ronnie Teo Koh Yong, Canning Garden Methodist Church, Ipoh*

One fine day, a few years ago, I reflected on my life. There were occasions when the Lord miraculously saved my life. When I was a child I jumped into a monsoon drain to play with some Malay boys after a heavy downpour. I could have drowned if it had not been for a boy who saved me.

When I was about 15 years old I went to the sea to swim. I swam from the shore. When I turned to swim back I panicked when I saw how far off I was from the shore. At that moment I saw a rubber tube of a car floating a few yards away. I grabbed the tube and hung on to it then paddled towards the shore. That was the second occasion when God intervened to save my life.

God also helped and guided me academically. When I was in form five I did not do well in the School Certificate exam and as a result I had to settle for night classes to prepare for the Higher School Certificate. In the morning my father wanted me to help him in the market. He was a butcher selling beef. Although I hated it I had no choice but to obey him. I went to the market in the morning at about 7.30am and would get home at about 11.00am.

Just about three months before the exam I told my father I had to stop helping him as I wanted to study and prepare for the exam but he was not pleased. Again my results were not good enough to gain entrance into the Singapore or Malayan University. I tried to look for a job but found none. As such, I landed in the market again. It was the worst time of my life. I felt so useless and helpless.

Months later, I decided to visit my Punjabi friend. We were classmates in night school. When I entered the house I saw a lot of documents on the floor. I asked him about the documents. He told me they were application forms for submission to Inner Temple to seek entrance to study Law. As I had nothing to do I decided to take down the address of Inner Temple. When I went home I typed a letter to Inner Temple requesting for an application form. After a while I received the form. I filled the form and submitted it together with all the required documents one of which was my H.S.C. results typed on a piece of paper and certified by the principal as I had yet to receive the certificate.

After sometime I received the acceptance letter informing me that I was to present myself at the office of the Inn on the specified day and time. I showed the letter to my father but he told me not to go as my results were poor. He offered to pay me a thousand dollars a month if I stayed back. At that time one thousand dollars was a lot of money. However, I rejected his offer and told him I wanted to study law.

Eventually he agreed rather grudgingly to send me to London. Upon my arrival in London, I met three Malaysian Chinese students who were staying in the same house. They were doing O levels. They did not attend classes and were just enjoying the bright lights in London. I joined them. I sat for my first year exam and failed. I then studied harder and took the exam again and passed with second class.

Then I decided to take a year off. I was already married and took the job of selling airline tickets for an agent and was earning good commissions. After enjoying life for a year I decided to study for my second year exam.

Again I had to study on my own as I was not allowed to enrol to attend lectures and tutorials. It turned out to be much harder than I thought. I failed the exam on all three attempts. I had only one attempt left to pass all the four subjects otherwise I would be expelled from the Inn.

While I was studying for my exam my visa was about to expire. One day I went with my wife to the immigration office in Croydon to renew my visa. The officer who attended to me told me I had not been attending lectures, tutorials, and dinners. She then said my passport would be detained and told me to go home.

About three months later while I was studying in my room, I heard someone knocking on the door. When I opened the door I saw a police constable. He asked me about the rental and my source of income. I told him my wife was a ward sister and earned more than enough to support both of us. I showed him my wife's passport which stated she came to U.K. as a permanent resident. He looked surprised and left.

Just before my final attempt to pass my exam I received a call from my sister

informing me that my father who had suffered a bad stroke had passed away. Sadly I had to prepare for my exam and could not attend the funeral.

I sat for my exam. When the results were out I went with my wife to look at the lists posted on the notice board. To my joy and relief I saw my name on the list. Only four students passed the exam. I was allowed to enrol to attend lectures and tutorials. I attended almost all the lectures but few tutorials. I took down notes during the lectures and worked hard.

I sat for my final exam. When the results were out I went with my wife to see it. I jumped for joy when I saw my name on the passing list. I had finally completed what I had set out to do.

My wife came to Saint Alban Hospital, about twenty miles from London, to do her nursing. After three years of training she took her exam. She passed her practical but failed the theory. She then left the hospital and came to London and worked in a departmental store for about a year. She then continued her nursing by enrolling in Central Middlesex Hospital as a student nurse in a Gynae ward. After about a year she took her theory exam and passed and qualified as a State Registered Nurse. After a few months, her ward sister took leave to recuperate from a cancer operation and she took over as acting ward sister. After a few months her ward sister came back and she had to relinquish her post. At that time the post of ward sister in the opposite gynae ward fell vacant. The two senior officers gave her the post even though she had no midwifery qualification.

I came back to Johore Bahru. A friend of mine who was staying in the same house with me for about a year in London asked me to join his father's law firm in Ipoh which I did. In Ipoh I joined Canning Garden Methodist Church which was very near from where I lived.

In 1995 or thereabout I had serious differences regarding the teachings of the church. I left the church. I bought, among others, Bible Commentaries, books on theology, and Christian literature. It was not hard to read and understand them. Perhaps years of self-study in London helped.

In 2014 I felt like writing an article and share it with my Christian friends. One of my first articles was on the Beatitudes. After that I began to write other articles



which I have compiled into a thick book. I have written articles, among others, on predestination, the intermediate state; what happens when a person dies from the time of death till Jesus comes again; the Lord's prayer, Psalm 23, and the two ordinances of Jesus i.e. Baptism and the Lord's supper or Holy Communion.

I had a lot of encouragement from my dear friend Nancy. Now I occasionally comment on Bible passages and share it via SMS. I read one chapter of the Bible daily.

On reflection I know God has shaped my life. The rubber tube, going to my Punjabi friend's house, being at home and studying when the police constable came knocking on the door, and marriage to my wife who held the position of ward sister and who was also a permanent resident. All these probably saved me from deportation and they cannot all be coincidences but the grace of God.



# NOT OUT OF THE WOODS YET

By Mrs Lim Muan Tee, Trinity Methodist Church, Petaling Jaya

I struggle to write a testimony of my faith journey as I am going through a prolonged difficult health condition. Today's reading on Proverbs 16:1-3 gave me a nudge to begin the day: *"We can gather our thoughts, but the Lord gives the right answer. People may be pure in their own eyes, but the Lord examines their motives. Commit your work to the Lord, and then your plan will succeed."*



I have journeyed through life with cancer for the last ten years. Sometime in March 2009, I was diagnosed with and treated for stage 4 ovarian cancer. After six good years of remission, in 2015 my cancer relapsed. Since then, I have had three other relapses in the years 2017 and 2018.

How does God sustain me? In the ten years I had the opportunity and time to read the whole Bible and meditate on His promises. The hymns were source of encouragement and joy. The hymn written by Fanny J Crosby, "All the Way My Saviour Leads Me" has kept me going even until today. My last testimony touched on "Uncertainty is the mark of the spiritual life." We are uncertain of the next step, but we are certain of God." Every tomorrow has two handles. We can take hold of the handle of anxiety or the handle of faith (Henry W. Beecher). I choose to hold onto the latter.

Last week, on 11 September 2019, I was told that my cancer had relapsed again. But, I was relieved that it is still contained in the original site in the pleural area, and has not spread to other parts of my body. I'm so grateful for God's intervention. But, I will still have to go for another regime of 6 cycles of chemo beginning 26 September 2019. This is because there is a thickening in the pleural area and is pressing onto the intercostal muscles. As a result, a slight breathing difficulty has developed if I over exert myself.



## **All the way my Saviour leads me**

I am still not out of the woods yet but God is with me: I am sad but not depressed, I am anxious as the thought of going for chemo again is not something anyone can look forward to. On the other hand, I am thankful that God is my Shepherd and He knows what is best for His child who trusts in Him. I submit my life to my Lord, to face whatever lies ahead and pray for His love and mercy. He has been faithful and will always be.

I praise God for surrounding me with caring and supportive Christian brothers and sisters who are always praying for my well-being. Many prayers have been answered and I continue to give glory to God.

## **GOD'S HEALING POWER**

*By Mdm Cheah Ah Wah, Wesley Methodist Church, Teluk Intan*

In early June 2014, I suffered a stroke that was probably due to the demise of my sister who passed away in late May 2014. She was 1 year older than I. I took her death quite badly, I was in denial, and I just couldn't believe the fact that she was no longer alive.

Just before the stroke occurred, my head was spinning; I was sweating profusely and vomited. I cried out to God to help me. After that I passed out. Before passing out I asked my husband to call a friend to come over as I was concerned that my husband alone might not be able to handle the situation. When my friend arrived and saw me, both my husband and friend thought that I was dead because my face was as pale as a dead person.

I was admitted to University Hospital in Petaling Jaya as recommended by Dr. Lim of Anson Clinic. With all the examinations and reports out, the neurologist who attended to me kept on saying that my condition could have been worse. Deep inside me, I knew that God heard my cries for His help. Mrs Kerk called me a few times and prayed for me over the phone, coupled with the visitations and prayers of Lin Hai, Mr and Mrs Ho Kum Weng and also the prayers of our church.

The stroke was caused by a blockage at the back of my neck below the skull. Initially I couldn't balance myself. Eventually I recovered. However there are times when I am still a bit off balance. My voice also changed due to the stroke and it took a couple of months for me to gain back my original voice. Presently, I still feel some slight tingling and burning sensations on my right leg.

I was and am still on hypertension, cholesterol and blood thinner medications. The neurologist advised me to be very careful and not to injure myself for that would cause excessive bleeding, due to the blood thinner drugs that I am taking.



**I shall not die, but I shall  
live, and recount the deeds  
of the Lord.  
Psalms 118:17 ESV**

# Would You Like to Know God Personally?

What does it take to begin a relationship with God? Devote yourself to unselfish religious deeds? Become a better person so that God will accept you?

You may be surprised that none of those things will work. But God has made it very clear in the Bible how we can know Him. The following principles will explain how you can personally begin a relationship with God, right now, through Jesus Christ...

## PRINCIPLE 1

### **God loves you and has a plan for you!**

The Bible says, “God so loved the world that He gave His one and only Son, [Jesus Christ], that whoever believes in Him shall not perish, but have eternal life” (John 3:16).

Jesus said, “I came that they may have life and have it abundantly” — a complete life full of purpose (John 10:10).

## PRINCIPLE 2

### **Here's the problem: man is sinful and separated from God.**

We have all done, thought or said bad things, which the Bible calls “sin.” The Bible says, “All have sinned and fall short of the glory of God” (Romans 3:23).

The result of sin is death, spiritual separation from God (Romans 6:23).

The good news?

### PRINCIPLE 3

#### **God sent His Son to die for your sins!**

Jesus died in our place so we could have a relationship with God and be with Him forever.

“God demonstrates His own love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners, Christ died for us” (Romans 5:8).

But it didn’t end with His death on the cross. He rose again and still lives!

“Christ died for our sins. ... He was buried. ... He was raised on the third day, according to the Scriptures” (1 Corinthians 15:3-4).

Jesus is the only way to God. Jesus said, “I am the way, and the truth, and the life; no one comes to the Father, but through Me” (John 14:6).

### PRINCIPLE 4

#### **Would you like to receive God’s forgiveness?**

We can’t earn salvation; we are saved by God’s grace when we have faith in His Son, Jesus Christ. All you have to do is believe you are a sinner that Christ died for your sins and ask His forgiveness. Then turn from your sins—that’s called repentance.

Jesus Christ knows you and loves you.

What matters to Him is the attitude of your heart, your honesty.

We suggest praying the prayer below to accept Christ as your Savior.

## PRAY NOW

"Dear God, I know I'm a sinner, and I ask for Your forgiveness. I believe Jesus Christ is Your Son. I believe that He died for my sin and that You raised Him to life. I want to trust Him as my Savior and follow Him as Lord, from this day forward. Guide my life and help me to do Your will. I pray this in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen."

**Did you pray this prayer?**

For more information, kindly contact:

*This booklet by the Board of Evangelism is a compilation of testimonies from various members of the Trinity Annual Conference (TRAC), The Methodist Church in Malaysia, to bless readers.*

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