

Saving Grace

Vol. 2

TESTIMONY SERIES



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TRUE JESUS CHURCH

International Assembly of the True Jesus Church

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Introduction

Our church published the first volume of *Saving Grace* back in 2013. It has numerous testimonies about our church members' experience with God. A revised version was published in 2017. During the past few years, we collected and compiled more testimonies for a second volume. We sincerely thank our Lord Jesus Christ for His divine guidance and blessings!

Many truth seekers may have already heard the good news of the Lord Jesus Christ, the one and only Savior of mankind. However, many questions and doubts remain: "Is the message true? Am I ready? What is the next step?" The main theme of this volume is about conversion. The testimonies were written by our members in the United States telling their personal stories about how they came to join the True Jesus Church and to receive the salvation, grace, and peace of the Lord.

The testimonies in this volume let the readers see clearly the love of God and how His mighty hands guided the authors to His fold. As the Lord spoke to one of His followers: "I send you to open their eyes, in order to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins and an inheritance among those who are sanctified by faith in Me" (Acts 26:17–19). It is our hope that the readers can find answers and encouragement to some, if not all, of the questions and doubts during their truth-seeking journey. May the Lord guide all the readers to experience His saving grace in the True Jesus Church!

Department of Evangelism
General Assembly of the True Jesus Church in the U.S.A.
July 2020

*Experiencing God's Power
to Transform Life*

1. Accepted in the Beloved

Author: Kim OuYang

Location: Hillsborough, New Jersey

Kim OuYang did not believe in the True God or the True Jesus Church despite God's miraculous grace upon her family. Later, she decided to learn more about the gospel and experienced the grace of receiving the Holy Spirit, and a joy she had never experienced before.

In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I testify.

In 2002, my parents were introduced to the True Jesus Church and my father became the first truth seeker in our family. After attending Bible studies and church services for about a year, my parents were baptized in April 2003. I was in high school at the time. My parents were always very understanding about religion and did not force me to be baptized with them. I am very thankful for this, as their decision allowed me to undergo a truly personal experience in my faith.

Although I sometimes attended church with my parents, I also made excuses not to go. I preferred to stay home and do homework or participate in community service. Even when I attended Sabbath service, I did not pay attention to the sermons. Whenever people prayed, I would let my mind wander. I thought those who prayed in the Spirit were hypnotizing themselves and making sounds by their own will. I attended Religious Education class for a few months, but I did not take any of the words to heart. I was reluctant to go to church and I did not feel like believing in God. I was agnostic and felt that with so many churches in the world, it seemed very limiting to commit to one particular church.

A short while after my parents were baptized, my mother became pregnant. During her pregnancy she suffered severe stomach pains, and the doctor discovered she had stage 3 colon cancer. I thank God, during that time my parents never lost their faith. But I had a very stubborn heart. Even when we

prayed together, I would pray to a god, but I did not believe in the One True God. I thought that even if there were a God, it was not necessarily the God of the True Jesus Church, which seemed to have so many restrictions. My brother was later born prematurely, and upon completing her chemotherapy, my mother was completely cured of her cancer. Even though I knew in my heart this was a miracle, I still did not believe in the True God and the True Jesus Church.

Later, when I was a high school senior, I thought I should better understand the True Jesus Church and the Bible. Having no plans for winter break, I decided to attend the Winter Student Spiritual Convocation at Elizabeth Church. During one prayer session, I prayed that the sisters in my group would receive the Holy Spirit because this was their prayer request. I thought that since they believed in God and were already baptized, they deserved to receive the Holy Spirit. I also prayed that if I could receive the Holy Spirit too, it would be nice. Thank God, it was then that I received the Holy Spirit. I felt a shaking I could not control and it felt like hands were touching my head and were over my hands at the same time. It was very clear that I did not speak in tongues by my own will, and I could also stop praying when I wanted to.

After the convocation ended, I was determined to be baptized in the True Jesus Church. I wanted to feel true joy and commit myself to the True God. In April 2006, I was baptized. Thank God, I had no spiritual challenges the day of the baptism. The only worry I had was about full immersion, as I have a fear of putting my face or head into water. The moment the pastor pressed my face down into the water, however, I sensed a very, very bright light even though my eyes were closed. At first I thought it was the sun. When I asked a sister later, she said typically when one's eyes are closed in the ocean it should feel dark. The rest of the day was the most joyful day I have ever experienced. It was a joy that came from within and was truly different from anything the world gives. I felt at peace, like I was a newborn baby without sin.

Before believing in the True God, I often felt sad or lonely. I was an only child for fifteen years and although I am independent by nature, I would feel so depressed that when I was a teenager, I would sometimes cry myself to sleep. I had a caring family and good friends, but nothing ever provided a lasting joy. I did not understand that my loneliness and sadness were because I did not know God. Before believing in God, I thought the True Jesus Church had too many restrictions, and did not understand that I was bound by sin (Rom 6:16–23). My heart was so stubborn that I refused to believe in God even after He healed my mother and kept my brother healthy. I had a hardened heart like the Israelites who rejected God (Jer 5:21).

Words cannot express how thankful I am that God still loved me so much and did not give up on me. I am so grateful that He has given me the promised Holy Spirit to help me get through every day. I am so thankful He has given me opportunities to serve the church, even though whatever I do cannot compare to His infinite mercy and grace.

The apostle Paul wrote many beautiful praises to God, such as in Ephesians 1:3–6:

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who has blessed us with every spiritual blessing in the heavenly places in Christ, just as He chose us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love, having predestined us to adoption as sons by Jesus Christ to Himself, according to the good pleasure of His will, to the praise of the glory of His grace, by which He made us accepted in the Beloved.

May all the praise and glory be unto God. 

2. In His Time

Author: Ivy Hsiao

Location: Queens, New York

Ivy Hsiao was a successful student in a doctoral program. In the face of trouble, however, she began to seek God and learned of the True Jesus Church. As God guided her out of her difficult situation, she came to know the true gospel. Later, seeking to marry in the Lord, Ivy realized even more deeply that God has His good will in all things.

My mom is Catholic, so I was not a stranger to Jesus Christ. I often heard my mom pray before going to sleep and knew that this True God would listen to our prayer and watch over us. But my understanding of God was limited to this. I was not close to Him. I felt there was a wall that blocked me from God. As I became older, I gradually forgot about God and always felt that I had to rely on myself for everything. But my beloved Lord never forgot about me.

After graduating from college, I went to the United States to study. Originally I enrolled in a three-year doctoral program in biology in a small city in the Midwest. I enjoyed and focused on my schoolwork as I believed people need to rely on themselves. I was the first of my class and quickly published research results in a journal. However, the attitude of the professor who served as my advisor gradually changed towards me, and I began to fall into an abyss of suffering. He began to interfere with my life and he would not let me make friends. If I left the lab for more than twenty minutes, he would look for me everywhere. He often forced me to chat with him and the content had nothing to do with schoolwork. Sometimes he behaved inappropriately towards me and when I stopped him, he would look for ways to find problems with my research and even yell at me. I was suffering so much that I wanted to give up and go back to Taiwan, but my family advised me to be patient as I was already a doctoral candidate. I had one research paper completed, another almost completed, and I was about to graduate in a year and a half. I was suffering so much, however, that I was unable to continue my studies.

One day when I was driving home, I suddenly thought, “I should just disappear from this world!” But the next second I was afraid, for I had always been optimistic and cheerful, how could I have suicidal thoughts? I cried at home that day and felt very helpless. Miraculously, when I discussed my situation with friends, they all said, “It is time to believe in God.” I was surprised that God used everyone to tell me to believe in Him and entrust my suffering to Him. I seemed to see the light in the darkness. I began to put my difficulties and worries in prayer like a child who was wronged and went home to cry to her parents.

I had a good friend when I was in university with whom I had rarely spoken after I left Taiwan. On an early Thanksgiving morning, I did not know why, but I really wanted to call her. No one answered, so I thought perhaps she had changed her phone number. Then, five minutes later she returned the call. She had not picked up the phone because she did not recognize the number, but a voice had told her to go pick up the phone. I then told my tragic experience to her. My friend, who originally did not believe in the Lord, then testified how God had brought her ill husband, Joey Nian, through the valley of the shadow of death. He had guided them to be baptized in the True Jesus Church, and she suggested that I entrust my suffering to God. I strongly felt the existence and power of God and deeply believed that only God could save me from this suffering.

I had already communicated the matter to my school’s human resources department and they had temporarily helped me to transfer to another lab, but my original advisor still kept disturbing me. He would leave offensive voice-mails on my cell phone. I decided to reapply to other schools, but this seemed almost impossible. First of all, others would question why I would give up three years of schoolwork to start again. Secondly, my professor was not willing to write a letter of recommendation for me. Thank God for opening the way. My friend shared my situation with her advisor, who not only believed me, but also looked at my grades and research reports. He encouraged me to apply to New York University. When I decided to apply, I realized there were only a few days until the application deadline. What was even more miraculous was that the same professor would review my application. He gave me an interview opportunity. Every step, from interview, admission, to moving to New York to study, was frightening. Yet every step was amazing grace and all connected. Just like the book of Romans 8:28 says, “All things work together for good to those who love God.” God also guided me step-by-step to walk towards Him. The school issues had become serious and complicated such that I cannot elaborate, but if God did not come into my life, I could not

have completed my doctoral studies and could not share this testimony with everyone.

FINDING HIM IN GOD'S BEAUTIFUL TIME

When I went to New York for the interview, my friend took me to attend service at True Jesus Church. Before this, I had never heard of the Holy Spirit, so at first I was scared by everyone praying in the Spirit. I thought it was scary, like ghosts crying. What was strange was I kept crying, yet I had no sadness in my heart. After praying, the preacher's wife told me I was crying because I was moved by the Holy Spirit. I had doubts in my heart, so I shared about my experience with an American friend. She warned me that this church was very extreme and wanted me to be careful. At that time, I had already experienced God and had a fervent heart. I prayed that God would find me an appropriate church in New York. After I was accepted by New York University, I had three months before school started. I went back to Taiwan for a break and attended my older brother's church. I discovered they also prayed in tongues. I immediately felt God was telling me that the prayer in tongues in True Jesus Church was promised by God and not made up by the members. Since I began to believe in the existence of the Holy Spirit, I longed for the Holy Spirit and would pray before I went to sleep. I would persistently pray to God, "The Holy Spirit is such a good thing. I want it, too! I will keep kneeling and praying until You give the Holy Spirit to me." God is merciful and gave the wonderful Holy Spirit to a spoiled child like me. Later on, the Holy Spirit was like my teacher. Through prayer, visions, and God's words, I could understand God's will and be comforted by His mercy.

Since I truly experienced the Holy Spirit, when I went back to New York I no longer rejected attending Sabbath service at the True Jesus Church. After the first or second service I attended, the preacher invited brothers and sisters who wanted to receive the laying of hands to go to the front to pray. There were many people at the time so I could only pray in the aisle and was far away from the preacher. This was the first time I had the chance to receive the laying of hands, so I thirsted for the blessing. When I prayed I kept peeking to see where the preacher was. After praying for a period of time, the preacher was still so far away from me and began to walk back. I was very impatient and told God, "I really, really want to receive the laying of hands!" Next, I saw the Lord Jesus open His two hands and lay hands on everyone in the chapel. Suddenly I knew God was here, and that the God I believe in is gentle and merciful. I also believed the power of prayer surpasses imagination.

In the following days, I kept considering whether or not to receive water baptism in the True Jesus Church as I was already baptized in my older brother's church. I often worried about this and sought God's will. Finally, in prayer I heard God tell me, "You need to be baptized. It should be done like this." Even until now I have no doubt in my heart. In 2007, I received baptism by our True Jesus Church in Queens. The church my brother attended was also pursuing the Holy Spirit; however, they did not have the guidance of the truth, so they dissolved after a few years.

MEETING ANOTHER "HIM" IN GOD'S BEAUTIFUL TIME

After believing in the Lord, I saw there were many good examples of marriage in the Lord. I longed to have the shared life of faith between a husband and wife who can pray together in difficult times and be blessed by God. After my previous experience of praying for the Holy Spirit, I decided to pursue this matter in prayer. I told God no matter what, I would find my other half in the Lord. Did the Lord Jesus immediately give me my other half? Of course not! This time, Lord Jesus allowed me to learn to wait for two years.

At the beginning, a church sister introduced me to a brother studying abroad in America. I immediately felt our personalities were very different and not compatible, so I did not move forward. Looking back now, when I first believed in the Lord, many of my concepts about marriage and my conditions for a spouse were still worldly. Later, my family and friends continued to introduce people to me and there were other suitors. Even though some were Christians, they were not from the True Jesus Church and there was a gap in terms of doctrines and faith. As for people who were not Christian, I would not even consider them and rejected them one by one. At the time, there was much pressure and my family and friends thought I was limiting myself. A sister who married a believer from a different church shared, however, that she and her husband would argue because of different views about God. This would harm the peace in marriage, so it deepened my conviction to marry in the church.

Suddenly two years had passed, and I felt two years older. I had many dilemmas and felt confused because marriage in the Lord should be something God would be pleased with, but why did He not respond? Moreover, my family did not understand and made the point that many Christian marriages also ended in divorce. What was even stranger was there were many people outside of church who wanted to introduce me to people, but this no longer happened in church. My faith was gradually decreasing, and I even doubted and complained to God. At the end of those two years, I participated in holy work at

the summer student spiritual convocation. I was worried about how low and weak I was in my faith and whether I was suitable to be a counselor. With the classes and many prayers with students, however, the Holy Spirit gradually filled my heart. I even felt as though I had “heard of You by the hearing of the ear, But now my eye sees You” (Job 42:5). I told God, “The most important thing in this life is to have You with me.”

Two months later, a preacher told me he wanted to introduce me to a brother from Taiwan. After asking about it, I realized this was the same person I was introduced to two years ago. I was very surprised, but God’s arrangement must have His will. Then I remembered that two years ago I had asked God to arrange the right person and block all others that He did not prepare. I wondered if this was the right person, but I continued to pray and started to get to know the brother from a spiritual perspective. We had a long-distance relationship for almost a year, and my heart felt beautifully at peace. Finally, with the church’s blessing, we were married.

Reflecting on this journey, God’s will was already good. God did not immediately reply to my prayer because He wanted me to wait and learn to grow spiritually, to learn to keep the faith. In the end, we could understand God’s beautiful arrangement for us. I had forgotten my original prayer to only have God’s prepared person come, but God’s faithfulness was fulfilled.

LEARN ABOUT HIM IN GOD’S BEAUTIFUL TIME

I often tell friends that a Christian’s life is not smooth sailing, but in any situation we face, we know to rely on God’s guidance and believe that His guided path is the best and most appropriate. If we use our hearts to listen to God’s voice in our daily life, God will teach us at all times. I remember there was much stress when preparing for the qualifying exam for my doctoral degree. I kept feeling like I was not well prepared. In a prayer, I saw Lord Jesus kneeling to pray in a snowstorm. At the time I immediately understood God wanted me to learn what is written in Psalm 86:6–7:

Give ear, O Lord, to my prayer; and attend to the voice of my supplications. In the day of my trouble I will call upon You, for You will answer me.

Jesus is the God Most High, but He let me know that the worse the environment was, the more I needed to pray incessantly to ask for the Lord’s abidance. There was another time when I faced many challenges, and in prayer, I saw people walking on paths full of thorns and fire. But if we diligently study the Bible and learn the Word, the pages of Scripture would be paved on the difficult paths and let us pass peacefully. This taught me the importance of reading the Bible and listening to sermons.

Thank God for guiding me into His sheepfold. I know that on my path to the future, He is always guiding me. When I walk astray, the Holy Spirit will teach me. When I am weak and helpless, the Holy Spirit strengthens me. Just like Proverbs 3:6 says, “In all your ways acknowledge Him, And He shall direct your paths.”

May all the glory be unto the True God in heaven. Amen! 

3. Through Trials, God Made Us Whole

Author: Chrystin and Randy Solgot

Location: Tampa, Florida

For many years, Randy Solgot walked his Christian journey alone while his wife, Chrystin, supported his faith but did not share it. Chrystin began to pray and to study the Bible after she faced tragedy and trial. She found salvation and healing when she accepted the true gospel.

Chrystin: I would like to share about the path that led me to the truth and the True Jesus Church. Firstly, I'll give a brief background of my religious upbringing. I was raised a Catholic and attended a private Catholic school from the age of six until thirteen. We attended Mass every Friday morning as a school and most Sundays with my family. I always believed in and loved God but I had no understanding. Most of my questions went unanswered and so as I got older, church and God became less important to me.

I first began dating Randy in 1997, when I was twenty-three. Although we had attended high school together, we hadn't really known each other beyond just passing each other in the halls. From the beginning, I knew Randy's faith was very important to him and a big part of who he was. I was fine with that, but other than occasionally asking questions, it really wasn't of much interest to me. As things progressed, Randy made it clear that once we were married and had children, he would be fully in-charge of our children's religious upbringing. That was fine with me. And so for years Randy would attend his weekly Bible studies and church every Sabbath. He never pressured me to go. He went to church and I got all my chores and house cleaning done.

Randy: The first fourteen years of our relationship was spiritually lonely for me. For years, I felt like I was walking this Christian journey on my own. I would sit in the second pew all by myself in an almost empty church. I always dreamed of a day when my wife would be sitting there with me but I knew that was up to her and God. When I would come home after Sabbath

she would often ask me what I learned. She was very supportive of my faith. She would even make sure I was up early and ready for church.

Chrystin: He would often share the sermon or some Bible stories and it made sense to me but I wasn't ready to take the next step. Things were fine the way they were.

FIRST TRIAL: PREMATURE OVARIAN FAILURE

Chrystin: 2009 was one of the most difficult years of our lives. We had been married for seven years at this point and were ready to start a family. My cycle was late by a few months, but every pregnancy test I took was negative. So I made an appointment with my obstetrician-gynecologist. I went alone, thinking it was nothing and that some simple blood tests would determine I was indeed pregnant.

What the doctor told me was beyond my thoughts of reality. My blood work revealed my ovaries were not working at all and I was in full ovarian failure. This was irreversible. I had a litany of blood tests because typically if this happens to someone so young—I was only thirty-four—it meant there was a serious underlying problem, usually an autoimmune disorder or cancer.

After my blood test results, it was none of those, but I would never have children of my own. The doctor was in shock also. Premature ovarian failure happening to someone so young is extremely rare. I was devastated and heartbroken. All of our plans and dreams for the future were gone in an instant. I was alone, hysterically crying and so afraid to call my husband and speak those words. I knew it was going to be like thrusting a knife through his heart.

This is a pain that never truly leaves. It comes up almost daily when people ask about your children or why you don't have any.

Randy: I was at work when I received the call. When my phone rang I saw Chrystin's name on my caller ID. I was so excited for the news I was going to get. Instead, all I heard was silence. Then the most terrible cries I've ever heard. All I kept saying was, "It's going to be okay. We'll get through this." My first assumption was cancer. I kept saying, "God will be with us. Don't worry. I love you." After what seemed like an eternity she whispered, "It's not cancer. We can't have any children." To be honest, my immediate feeling was joy. I said, "Praise God, at least it's not cancer. We'll get through this, I love you and we'll be okay. God loves us and that's all that matters." As the truth began to settle, it was very tough. We had big plans for a family. All of our dreams for one were now gone. It honestly felt like a death in the family.

The next several weeks were a complete fog. That was the first time we knelt down and prayed together as a couple. We knew only our Savior could get us through this. This tragedy brought us closer as a couple but most importantly brought Chrystin to her knees. She began praying three times a day. Prayer was the only thing that seemed to bring us both peace and acceptance—the acceptance of a life without children to call our own.

SECOND TRIAL: DAD’S CANCER

Chrystin: The following year, my dad was diagnosed with Stage 4 colon cancer. Heartache struck our family again. The thought of death and my loved ones passing made me wonder about salvation and what that meant and looked like according to the Bible. Where do we go after this life? I had been praying and studying the Bible alone on Saturdays while Randy was at church. I would write down any questions I had. Most of them were about the stories I came across. But now my focus was on the question, “How do I get to heaven?”

Everything I was reading was exactly as Randy said: baptism, Holy Communion, footwashing, and even the Sabbath. My parents were attending another church at the time but they still had very little understanding. I would share with them the things I learned from the Bible but they couldn’t accept it or understand.

It began to strengthen my faith when I would share and point out what I knew to be true. But I still wasn’t ready to go to church.

Randy: I made sure I never pushed her to come. I knew if I pushed, the natural reaction was to push back. I could only hope and pray. The questions she had were awesome. I wish everyone asked the same things: why do I need to be baptized, who is Jesus, why do we pray in tongues, why not Sunday, what’s the difference between Catholicism and the True Jesus Church, etc. She would ask me, “Why doesn’t everyone see the same things I’m reading?” The more she preached to her parents, the stronger her faith became. She continued reading the Bible every Sabbath at home. She would have pages and pages of questions when I returned from church. I was so proud of her, even though she wasn’t getting her household chores done. I knew God was working in her life. Even though we’d gone through so much He was reaching out to her in many ways.

THIRD TRIAL: LOSING VISION

Chrystin: Then again the following year, more trials. My driver’s license renewal was due and I had to take the vision test. Actually, I’ve always had very

bad eyes. My right eye is legally blind so I knew I needed some glasses to pass the test. We went for my vision test. I already knew about my terrible vision but when the doctor dilated my eyes he saw what he called a halo around my retina. This is consistent with disease of the retinal pigment epithelium (RPE), which over time can lead to blindness.

Again, there is no cure or treatment for this condition. He recommended seeing a specialist. We were once again drowning in shock and sadness. All I could think about was losing my vision and how I would never see my husband's face or my mother's. Never drive, never dress myself, never cook, nor perform the simplest everyday tasks. This was the most afraid I've ever been—sheer panic and terror!

My appointment with the specialist finally arrived and of course I was shaking and so anxious. They did all these strange tests where they put dye in your veins to map out your eyes. The doctor concluded that I did not have RPE but I did have drusen, which is from a buildup of waste and protein around the retina. The map showed my eyes were riddled with them. There is no way to stop the growth of it and it is the leading cause of Age-related Macular degeneration (AMD). This disease causes loss of vision or total blindness. I see straight lines as wavy and there are some black spots in my vision.

Randy: I knew this was from Satan. He was trying to take her vision because she read the Bible daily and she was preaching what she had learned.

Her eye exam was on a Friday. The very next morning while I was getting ready for church I noticed Chrystin was getting dressed too. I asked where she was going and she said she was coming with me to church. Hallelujah! Only God could use this as an opportunity to draw her nearer to Him. That Sabbath was one of the most beautiful days of my life. Walking in those doors had to be so difficult for her. I could see her hands shaking as she sat there with me in the front pew. She cried as we sang hymns and even more when we prayed. She knew who her God was and she was pleading for His help. This continued for the next six months. I told her throughout these months that this was God's plan all along. The loss of a child brought her to her knees but it wasn't enough to get her to church. Her father getting cancer was enough to get her to seek for His salvation but wasn't enough to compel her to come through those doors. Now the imminent loss of sight caused her to cry out to Him in His sanctuary, but there still would be one more step to go.

We had a spiritual convocation coming up and an opportunity for baptism was approaching. I made sure not to push but I did ask. She wanted to be baptized but she said she wasn't sure. She was worried. She worried about what she would have to do. She knew she would have to defend her faith at every

corner once she was baptized. She knew the truth and would have to defend everything: the Sabbath, baptism in Jesus' name, Holy Communion and foot-washing. What the True Jesus Church taught was different from the beliefs of most Christians in this world. She would have to take a stand and she wasn't sure if she was ready.

The Sabbath before the spiritual convocation was an amazing one. Chrystin seemed to really be moved by God. When we came home from church she asked me, "Okay, what do I wear for baptism?" I cried out with joy! Praise God! We both cried together. What a journey.

On June 3, 2012, after her baptism, I was asked if I saw anything during the baptism, such as a vision. No vision, but what I did see was a dream come true. We can now walk hand-in-hand through this life with Christ. My wife is saved!

Chrystin: I have never doubted my faith or God but I was having a hard time understanding His plan for me or if I was just being punished. I just relied upon the prayers of others and consistently read the Scriptures. Now I know all these things led me to truth, understanding, acceptance, and the True Jesus Church.


There are things in this life that may seem more than you can bear. That's the true grace of God: you're not alone. You don't have to carry these heavy burdens alone. As 1 Peter 5:7 tells us, "casting all your care upon Him, for He cares for you." Also, Psalm 55:22 states, "Cast your burden on the Lord, and He shall sustain you; He shall never permit the righteous to be moved."

Randy: The apostle James writes in chapter 1:2-4, "My brethren, count it all joy when you fall into various trials, knowing that the testing of your faith produces patience. But let patience have its perfect work, that you may be perfect and complete, lacking nothing."

Also, Ecclesiastes 5:4 admonishes us, "When you make a vow to God, do not delay to pay it; for He has no pleasure in fools. Pay what you have vowed." Well, we have delayed a little and we hope God will forgive us.

We were scheduled to return to see the specialist a year later to examine her left eye. Chrystin was still very nervous to see what they would find. Her vision seemed better but she was worried about what they would find. I knew God had this. I knew He would heal her. Our whole journey had led us to this point. She found God and kept His commandments. She had been obedient but there was one thing she was lacking: faith. Not the faith that He is our God but faith in what He could do for her. This reminds us of the father of the demon-possessed boy. When Jesus asked the father if he believed he said,

“Lord, I believe; help my unbelief!” This unbelief was what Chrystin needed help with.

It was now time for her eye exam. The year before, she was not able to read the larger letters on the chart. Praise God, not only was she able to read the large ones, but now she was able to read the entire chart. Her vision was now 20/15. That’s perfect eagle vision. God showed us His mercy and power. The doctor was so confused as to how this could happen. I told them that only God could have healed her. All glory to God! Amen! 

4. Washed in the Blood of the Lamb

Author: Lina Su

Location: Flushing, New York

A few months after moving to New York, Lina Su was diagnosed with stage 3 lymphoma. In shock and anxious, she chanced to receive a flyer from a member of the True Jesus Church. She reflects on how God chose her so that she could experience joy in Him, receive the truth and His Holy Spirit, and accept the washing of regeneration.

In October 2011, I came to the United States from Tianjing, China. I was in Flushing, New York and I noticed many people passing out flyers inviting people to come to know Jesus. Growing up in China, I had never known anything about faith or religion so I didn't give it much thought. I later found a job as a nanny in Long Island, NY. The family I worked for held Bible study every week. During their services, I never saw them use the Bible; instead, they used printed pieces of paper with Bible verses on them. After attending two Bible studies with them, they baptized me. I didn't understand anything about baptism or its teachings at the time.


In the beginning of 2012, I had just received my insurance card so I went for a physical examination, which included an x-ray. The x-ray showed a dark spot around my lung and shoulder area. My family doctor insisted I find a specialist, but I was hesitant because I didn't feel any discomfort. Due to my doctor's persistence, I finally went to see a specialist and learned that I had swollen lymph nodes around my shoulder area. After a biopsy, they confirmed it was stage 3 lymphoma and advised me to start chemotherapy and electrotherapy treatment right away. I was completely in shock as I received this news. My heart was so anxious, and I was in despair thinking about how I could take care of my parents, who were in their eighties. After four months of chemotherapy, I started taking medication and had already resigned from my job.

In July of that year, I was walking on the streets of Flushing one morning when I met someone from the True Jesus Church, who passed a flyer to me.

That very Saturday, I followed the address on the flyer and arrived at the True Jesus Church in Flushing. The first time I heard the prayer, I was not at ease and felt scared and nervous, but I was so captivated by the content of the sermon. It was also the first time I had seen a Bible and hymnbook. The church brothers and sisters all seemed so joyful, and that really calmed my nerves. Their joy also made me feel especially joyful whenever I attended service. During one of the Sabbath prayers, I was overwhelmed and began to weep because I felt that God had loved me so much, He had chosen me.

During the spiritual convocation held that August, I received the Holy Spirit. The pastor laid his hands on my head and I could feel a great sense of warmth flowing through my body. At the same time, my body started to shake and I began to speak in tongues. I had received the Holy Spirit! I had experienced God! From that day forward, my life was filled with joy. All the pain and anxiety was swept away. I continued to attend the Tuesday Bible study at church to further my understanding of the truth. The brothers and sisters helped me not only in my spiritual life but also in my daily life. My illness started to take a turn for the better and God even gave me another job that allowed me to support my family and not miss Sabbath worship.

In the following year, during the August spiritual convocation, I reflected on the sorrow I used to feel as I questioned why I, who had always been a kind and good person, should face this kind of illness. I knew according to the Bible we all have sin and can only receive the remission of sins through the blood of Jesus Christ. I decided to apply for baptism so that God would wash away all my sins. God indeed loves me. During baptism, when I heard the pastor say, “In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I wash away your sins,” he put my head into the water. My eyes were closed, but I saw a circle of blood around me. That made me so excited, I accidentally opened my mouth and swallowed some water. After coming up from the water, someone gave me a white towel to wipe my face. With my eyes still closed, I saw the white towel was covered in red spots. But when I opened my eyes, the towel was white, as if nothing had changed. By the grace of the Lord, He let me witness His blood. From that day onward, my condition improved daily and no one could even tell I had stage 3 cancer. I lived a normal life—working and going to church, feeling peaceful and joyful.

There are so many people in the world and so many walking on the streets of Flushing. How blessed I am to have been chosen by God to receive the True Jesus Church flyer so I could enter this church with the truth, the Holy Spirit and the love of God. Thanks to the grace of the Lord, I have become His disciple. I have been healed of my illness, and also have hope of the heavenly kingdom. May all the glory be unto His holy name. Amen. 

5. True Peace in Jesus Christ

Author: Ann Lin

Location: San Jose, California

Feeling lost in a new country and experiencing loss and grief, Ann Lin discovered the embracing love and comfort of the Lord Jesus Christ.

*Now acquaint yourself with Him, and be at peace;
Thereby good will come to you.*

(Job 22:21)

I grew up in an idol-worshipping family, and none of my ancestors were Christian. Because of my family's religion, I used to worship in temples to seek protection. As I grew older, I started to realize I did not have true peace in my heart. Instead, I felt the restrictions of various folk beliefs and taboos I was compelled to keep. Thank God for His selection, I have become the first generation in my family to be members of the True Jesus Church. After knowing the true God, the peace, joy, and blessings I have received are far greater than I could have imagined.

My testimony is of how I touched God when I was at the lowest point of my life, as well as how God showed me His grace and teachings while I was seeking the truth. May God's name be glorified through this testimony.

I married and came to the US in 2008. Even though my husband loved me very much and treated me very well, for different reasons, I felt empty in my heart and could not feel any peace and joy. I remember I would grind my teeth, have nightmares, and even wake up crying in the middle of the night. I started to have the same dream repeatedly. In that dream, I was climbing a very tall tower with steep stairs, while a strong wind hurled about me. It seemed as though I would fall off the tower at any moment. I did not know why I climbed up the tower, but I felt scared and helpless in my dream.

I always asked myself why I was not happy even though my husband treated me very well. I even went online to search for ways to make myself happy.

I often looked at the starry sky and thought about my family in Taiwan, questioning why I had come to the US, and pondering what my future would be.

HOW GOD SHOWED ME HE IS THE ONE TRUE GOD

In 2010, due to the wonderful guidance of God, a True Jesus Church preacher and his family moved into a house across the street. At the time, there was also a sister from the True Jesus Church living in the same community. One day, that sister made two loaves of bread and came with the preacher's wife to visit me. The preacher's wife told me that Jesus Christ is the only true God in heaven and shared many wonderful testimonies with me. I observed how sincere she was and believed the miraculous testimonies she shared with me. She also taught me how to pray and I even gave her a piece of paper to write the instructions down. When they left, I couldn't wait to kneel down and pray.

That was the first time I knelt down to pray. She had told me the Lord Jesus is Abba, our Father in heaven. My father had passed away the previous year, and I was still grieving and missed him very much. I prayed in the name of Jesus Christ and said, "Hallelujah, praise the Lord." I told Jesus, "If you are the true God and Heavenly Father, please let me experience the fatherly love I long for. My father is no longer here, but I miss him very much. I wish I could embrace him again and experience his love."

My tears flowed from me. I felt as though there were two great wings behind me, embracing me. I felt so warm and as though all the holes and longings of my heart had been filled by the love of Jesus. I knew in that moment that God truly exists, and this was my first experience of Him.

GOD TAUGHT ME THE BENEFIT OF SUFFERING, TO TURN TO HIM DURING TRIBULATION

Come to Me, all you who labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

(Mt 11:28)

I began to seek the truth and started attending church in the beginning of 2011. Not long after, I experienced a great sadness. A church member told me that children are a gift from God and that we can ask God for a child. I earnestly prayed for a child and soon became pregnant. My husband and I were overjoyed and looked forward to our new life. Four months into the pregnancy, however, I had a dream that my child had already been born but had died. I woke up crying and could not calm my emotions. My heart was anxious, and in the morning I asked my husband to take me in for a check-up to make sure everything was OK. At the hospital, the nurse's face was very concerned because she could not detect the heartbeat of the child. She said the doctor

would perform an ultrasound. At the time I was still full of faith that God would not play this joke on me. Later, after the doctor examined me, he told us I did not have any fluid in my womb and that the baby did not have a heartbeat anymore. They needed to schedule an operation to remove the fetus.

At the time, it felt like the end of the world and that my heart had been torn in two. At four months, the fetus already had feet and hands, heartbeat and gender. During this time of grief and recovery, I thank God many sisters from church emailed me to comfort me. The church members living in my neighborhood took care of me as though I were their own family and sought to comfort me. They guided me out of the shadows, and with a joyful heart I returned to seeking the truth. When I think back to that period, my faith was the strongest in my whole life. I remember many people said to me that God gives and God takes away. That verse (Job 1:20) is deeply imprinted in my heart: just as Job did not complain during his suffering but learned to rely on God even more, I learned how to submit to the will of God.

No temptation has overtaken you except such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not allow you to be tempted beyond what you are able, but with the temptation will also make the way of escape, that you may be able to bear it.

(1 Cor 10:13)

Thank God for His grace, half a year later, after I recovered, I became pregnant again. The experience taught me not to despair in tribulation, but to believe that God has His good will. After enduring trials, God's grace will abound even more.

THE EXPERIENCE OF LABOR: TRIBULATION IS PREDETERMINED, TRUE PEACE IS IN JESUS CHRIST

At the end of 2012, when I was in labor with my son, I fainted three times. The first time, it was five hours into labor. I had started to feel the pain of contractions and as the anesthesiologist increased the dosage, I began to vomit. After vomiting, my vision blanked and I lost consciousness. At the time the situation was dire because the baby's heartbeat shot up to 180 beats per minute. The nurse and my husband were very anxious.

According to my husband, the second time I fainted, the nurse called nearly all the nurses in the hospital for help. When I woke up and opened my eyes, I saw many different medical assistants surrounding me. I thought I was in a movie, and that this was a very special birth experience. But my husband looked very worried. I told him to call the preacher and ask for intercession.

People who know me well know that I am timid and cry easily. But at that moment, my heart was calm and I did not shed a single tear. I had not received

baptism yet, but I prayed that God would preserve my life and the life of my child, as I had not yet received salvation. At the same time, I had confidence that God would not desert me:

Be anxious for nothing, but in everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known to God; and the peace of God, which surpasses all understanding, will guard your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

(Phil 4:6–7)

I agreed to a C-section and fainted a third time on the way to the operating room. In the end, under the protection of God, I gave birth to an 8 lb 9 oz, very healthy baby boy.

I thanked God I was able to endure this strange and winding journey. Even the doctor, who had over thirty years of experience, could not explain why I fainted. But this strengthened my resolve to be baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus so that I would have the hope of the eternal heavenly kingdom after death.

Praise God, a year later, in the spring of 2013 my four-month-old newborn son and I received baptism. I was a lost sheep who found home after thirty years of wandering.

*The Lord is my shepherd;
I shall not want.
He makes me to lie down in green pastures;
He leads me beside the still waters.
He restores my soul;
He leads me in the paths of righteousness
For His name's sake.

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,
I will fear no evil;
For You are with me;
Your rod and Your staff, they comfort me.

You prepare a table before me in the presence of my enemies;
You anoint my head with oil;
My cup runs over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me
All the days of my life;
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.*

(Ps 23)

From the time I began to seek the truth to now it has been four and a half years. I thank God He has led me step by step and strengthened my faith in Him. In 2016, during the fall spiritual convocation, He gave me His precious Holy Spirit. The past six years I have experienced His deep love and grace.

Psalm 23 describes my journey of faith. I thank God I have the opportunity to witness for Him. May all the glory, honor, power and praise be to our true God in heaven forever! Hallelujah, Amen. 🗨️

6. Saved by the One True God

Author: Shu-Jane Wang

Location: Houston, Texas

In Taiwan, Shu-Jane's mother sought a way out of her suffering. She spent money at different temples and even visited a sorcerer. She finally determined to go to the True Jesus Church and received the Holy Spirit. She led her mother-in-law and four children to be baptized.

This is a testimony of how my mother believed in the Lord. My mother's name was Tsai-Yun Wang Shiao. She received baptism at Dongmen True Jesus Church in Chiayi, Taiwan. She passed away in 2006. The following testimony is written from her perspective.

My father died when I was six years old. My mother had infantile polio and mobility issues in one leg and arm. Since I was the eldest daughter at home, I needed to work to support my mother and my two younger brothers. Later, when I was married, I was not treated well by my mother-in-law. My physical health also was not good, so I tried to find a true God to lead me out of my earthly suffering and heal me. At the time, my understanding was that Buddha was the true God who can heal people, so every month I would go to the temple to worship. I considered myself a very devout Buddhist, but my situation did not improve. Every time I sought answers from the monk he would provide me with a different answer. For example, he told me that no one burned incense for my grandfather, so I wasted a lot of money paying monks to burn incense for him.

My neighbor, a member of the True Jesus Church, one day invited me to church to listen to the gospel. I went to church one evening, but I was astonished by how the believers prayed. They prayed with their eyes closed, mouths speaking an unknown language, and bodies moving around. Since their actions seemed strange to me, I believed they were acting and I did not go to church again. I continued to go to the temple to worship other gods and seek peace.


One day, eight years after I had visited the True Jesus Church, a friend told me about a sorcerer who was very powerful, and I happily agreed to go with him to meet him. The sorcerer told me I needed to help a distant relative's daughter get married in order for me to improve my health. That relative's daughter had died a long time ago and had been single when she passed away. The sorcerer instructed me to pay him so he could assist her to get married. I wondered why things had become so complicated, to the point where a relative whom I had never met was causing problems in my life. The sorcerer gave me divination cups and asked me to roll the cups on the side of the road. I repeated this process many times but since there was a lot of traffic and many onlookers at the crossroads, I was ashamed of my actions. I thought, if there were a true God, He would not cause me to be publicly shamed. I picked up the cups and put them back on the table of the sorcerer. I gave him a red envelope and asked my friend if we could go home. On the way home, I told my friend that I was determined to believe in the Lord Jesus and would not worship false gods again. The one true God had opened up my heart.

On Sunday morning, I was ready to go to church. Based on memory, I found the church I had previously visited, the True Jesus Church at Dongmen in Chiayi. There was no one at church at that time. I was wandering in front of the building when a deaconess came out and asked if I needed any help, so I told her I had come to attend service. She explained that the True Jesus Church observes the Sabbath and services were all day on Saturday and in the evenings Sunday through Friday. Since it was Sunday, she told me to come back in the evening. That night, I took care of matters at home and then went to church on time for service. During the service, I did not really understand the sermon by the pastor. I still thought "praying in the Spirit" was an act but decided I would wholeheartedly pray with them and say "Hallelujah, Praise the Lord."

On the second day, I rode my bicycle to service again. On the third day, I rode my bike to service but for some reason I missed a right turn, went straight, and ended up at Chiayi Park. It was only when I realized the path was getting darker that I realized I had taken the wrong route. I quickly turned back to church. During the concluding prayer, I wholeheartedly prayed and pleaded with God, who knew my weaknesses and suffering. In this prayer, God blessed me with the precious Holy Spirit. When the Spirit came down on me, it was like a warm feeling flowing from my head into my body. My hands began to shake and my heart was very joyful. I kept crying aloud and I felt that I was back in the arms of my father. God embraced me with His love! At that moment, I understood the Holy Spirit was real, and I thanked and praised God. I realized that Satan, who also knew that God had wanted to give the Holy

Spirit to me, to save my soul, and to break me away from his restraint, had tried to stop me from coming to church by taking me down the wrong road. By His grace, the Lord had immediately woken me up and had brought me back to the church.

On the second Sabbath I attended church, three cousins from one family had fallen into a well and all three children had passed away. After service, the pastor led several brothers and sisters to visit the family in order to comfort and pray for them. The sister who had first invited me to church asked me to go with them. While praying during our visit, I saw a vision: a Man in all white, with a shining face and holding a staff, led the three children upwards. One of the cousins, dressed in a school uniform, turned her head and smiled and waved at me. They followed the Man in white and ascended into the sky. Since I had just believed in the Lord, I didn't know what it meant. On the way back, I mentioned the vision I had seen to the sister and she brought me to talk to the pastor. The pastor told us the Man was the true God, the Lord Jesus. Thank God, He had brought the cousins back to heaven. The family received great comfort and joy in hearing this testimony. This experience also made me believe all the more in God and His grace.

The next spiritual convocation, I immediately signed up for baptism. The following spiritual convocation, I also led my mother-in-law and my four children to receive baptism. Thank God for the protection and grace He gave to my family. May all the glory and praise belong to the true God of heaven. Amen! 

7. God Gathered His Sheep

Author: Han Wang

Location: Flushing, New York

Han Wang's life was at the lowest point as she endured chemotherapy treatment for late-stage lung cancer. A chance meeting with a sister from the True Jesus Church introduced her to the body of Christ and the hope of everlasting life.

In the name of Jesus Christ, I testify.

In May of 2012, a lump about the size of a Chinese date emerged on the right side of my neck. Although I was in slight discomfort, the lump disappeared quietly after a day, and I did not think anything of it at all.

A few days later during my routine health checkup, I told the doctor about the lump. The doctor decided to do an x-ray, and he saw there was a shadow on my upper left lung. The family doctor immediately referred me to a more experienced pulmonologist. After the pulmonologist repeatedly examined the x-ray, he thought the shape of the shadow was not obvious and concluded I was not in any serious condition. He recommended me to return again for a checkup in six months.

I was relieved and, believing it was a false alarm, went back to my normal life. Surprisingly, I received a call from a nurse at the pulmonologist's office three days later. The pulmonologist was having second thoughts about my condition and decided to ask me to do a positron emission tomography (PET) scan. The nurse also reminded me that I was required to do this examination because the doctor had received special approval from the insurance company for me. It was only after hearing this that I decided to go.

Back then, I had not been to the True Jesus Church yet. Nonetheless, looking back to the start of my first medical exam, I realize I was being watched over by Jesus Christ the whole time. His love was ever present in caring for His lost sheep. If I had never developed that lump on my neck, I would not have drawn the attention of my family doctor, and without my pulmonologist's

insistence, I would have ended up waiting half a year to return for a check-up, by then too late. Everything was according to God's plan, His will, and His guidance. Thank God.

My illness was quickly diagnosed as late-stage lung cancer. This news completely shocked and devastated me, and I found myself in tears every day. Soon, I was referred for further treatment and started fourteen months of painful chemotherapy. I was not recommended for surgery because the cancer had already progressed to an advanced stage.

The side effects of the chemotherapy were severe. I lost all my hair within the first month, my face was discolored and sickly, and I could barely walk because of my swollen legs. During that time, I was experiencing excruciating physical and mental suffering. I felt like I was standing next to my grave, and that at any moment I would fall in. I was almost completely beaten and broken down.

At my lowest point, God reached out His loving hand to me. While I was receiving chemotherapy treatment, I met a sister from the True Jesus Church who was a caregiver for another patient. She enthusiastically invited and accompanied me to the church.

FINDING THE BODY OF CHRIST

Before attending the True Jesus Church, I had been to other churches, but I did not feel any connection to God or to those churches. Therefore, I thought my experience would be no different when I first entered the church. However, it was on this visit that I was able to know Jesus.

First and foremost, the pastor was able to transform difficult concepts into something simple and relatable. I was able to understand things easily. The Bible was no longer dry and dull, and I was deeply attracted to its beautiful truth. Secondly, the church was like a big, warm family. Everyone was so welcoming and treated each other with sincerity, even to a stranger like me. A sister said to me, "The True Jesus Church is your home, so come back often." I was extremely touched by her words.

Later, I joined the Bible study group and gradually began to understand the biblical teachings. Brothers and sisters at church also taught me how to pray, to worship and communicate with the Lord with all my heart. Slowly, I was able to find peace and comfort from the chaos and torment I was undergoing.

The Bible says, "He who believes and is baptized will be saved ... and these signs will follow those who believe" (Mk 16:16). These verses best described how I was strengthened due to my new faith. I engaged in more church

activities and prayed diligently. Every week I looked forward most to the Bible studies and church services.

The Bible also says, “Ask, and it will be given to you; seek, and you will find; knock, and it will be opened to you” (Mt 7:7). During the prayer at my second Bible study session, I received the precious Holy Spirit. I firmly believe that God is among us, ready to listen to our prayers at any time.

Prayer allowed me to establish my relationship with God. The Holy Spirit opened the door for me to reach God. Through prayer, I confessed my trust, thanksgiving, and praises to the Lord. God’s love also replenished my heart when I prayed, giving me joy, consolation, and liberation. On August 11, 2013, I was baptized and finally joined the big family of Jesus Christ and became part of the true church.

As my chemotherapy treatment progressed, the accumulation of the chemicals in my body had weakened my immune system significantly. I was constantly sick during this time. Brothers and sisters’ constant prayer for me and their frequent visitations strengthened me immeasurably. Ministers also came by often to encourage me and lay hands on me to pray for me. A sister even welcomed me into her home so that she could care for me. Even though as a foreigner in another country I was far from my own family, I was still able to enjoy God’s abundant grace and love with my spiritual family at church.

Unfortunately, my illness did not relent easily. In December 2015, my semi-annual check-up showed that my condition had worsened. Moreover, my body had developed drug resistance, so there was no effective medicine for me anymore. The news shattered my heart. My weak body was again barely clinging to life.


GOD GUIDES THROUGH THE VALLEY OF THE SHADOW

Running out of choices, my doctor suggested surgery as a final option. Normally, patients with terminal cancer cannot undergo surgery. In addition, I did not know whether my fragile body could endure major surgery. Feeling lost and without direction, I prayed to God to ask for His mercy. I believe God heard my prayers, and He encouraged me to seize this opportunity. The surgery was quickly scheduled without delay.

On February 1, 2016, I underwent the surgery on my birthday. I wasn’t afraid during the surgery because God was by my side. Thank God the surgery was a success. After the surgery, the brothers and sisters took turns to care for me in the hospital. Members old and young, with busy schedules and their own

worries, made the time to take me under their wing. I was deeply moved. Thank God!

Through God's great love, and the care of church brothers and sisters, I gradually recovered my health. Once again, I was able to breathe freely and enjoy my life again. God's love has guided me through the valley of the shadow of death. Generally, the chance of recovering from terminal lung cancer with major surgery is extremely small. I have witnessed God's wonderful works through His power and the caring and love of the brothers and sisters. Through me, God has manifested His glory. Without His great love, I would not be standing here today.

After all these experiences, I know "I can do all things through Christ who strengthens me" (Phil 4:13). God is my light, and His "grace is sufficient for me" (2 Cor 12:9). I also learned how to submit myself to Him with thanksgiving and joy. The Lord not only saved my life, but He also strengthened my spirit and gave me the hope of everlasting life in His kingdom. I am proud to follow God and serve Him my whole life. Hallelujah, praise the Lord. 

8. For I Am Your God

Author: Hsiao-Lan Liang

Location: Flushing, New York

As someone who studied science, Hsiao-Lan Liang was skeptical about God. In graduate school, however, her husband fell suddenly and critically ill. In the face of this abyss, God opened the way for her to find Him and experience His saving grace.

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

In 2005, my husband, Joey Nien, and I were baptized in the True Jesus Church in Song San, Taipei. We currently attend services in the New York area. As someone who studies science, I had always felt that the so-called “true and living God” claimed by Christians was made up. Yet a great tribulation changed everything. Although I am not worthy of such grace, God rescued Joey from the valley of the shadow of death and brought us up to the greatest heights.

I HAVE HEARD OF THEE

In the summer of 2004, Joey and I started graduate school in New York. Although there were many challenges and a lot of stress, everything was new and exciting for us, and we were unaware of the fact that the most difficult part of our journey in life was about to unfold. That same year in November, near Thanksgiving Day, Joey became seriously ill, all of which happened in a matter of a few days. It started with just headaches and high fever but turned into severe seizures and mental confusion. He was brought into the intensive care unit of New Jersey Hospital and then transferred to NYU Hospital. In a short period of time, he had gone through encephalitis, water intoxication, coma, paralysis, pneumonia and total dependence on a ventilator to sustain his life. Although the medical team had conducted numerous tests, all they knew was that Joey initially had viral meningitis, but they were unsure of the specific type of the virus and why it had intensified so rapidly in such a short span of time. They warned me this could be highly fatal and that even if he were to wake up, there was a high possibility he would remain in a vegetative

state or suffer from brain damage. At the time, I couldn't eat or drink or do anything except stay by his bedside and weep. I was petrified that I might lose him within a blink of an eye. It felt like I was being pushed off a high cliff and was falling into a dark and deep abyss.

When I was feeling completely hopeless, I recalled what a professor whom I really respected once said: "You may not believe in Jesus now, but if one day the hardship you encounter is so big that no one can help, just call out to Him for help. He will take care of you, for He is our Heavenly Father." I kneeled down and shouted "O Lord Jesus, if you really exist, please come and save us!" Suddenly, I had a strong urge to call Joey's sister in Taiwan, even though it was 3 a.m. there. Surprisingly, the first thing she said was, "You really called!"

It turns out they had been trying to reach me. Earlier, an elder from True Jesus Church in Tamsui, Taiwan had heard about our situation from Joey's brother-in law, as they were colleagues in the same school. This elder had contacted his younger brother, who attended the church in Queens, who in turn contacted the pastor in Elizabeth church. However, no one knew at the time which hospital we were in. Halfway across the world, the pastor asked everyone to kneel down and pray to God that I would call back to Taiwan. It seems that even before I started to knock, God had already opened the door of grace for me. I was so moved that these people were willing to spend their effort to help a total stranger.

When the pastor came and visited, he did not say much nor did he lecture me. He simply passed along some gospel pamphlets and then proceeded to lay hands on Joey and prayed using words I did not understand. I was afraid that this church could be a strange sect or cult. Within me, however, I had this quiet inner peace asking me to trust Him. That night, whenever I felt saddened and troubled, I followed the instructions on the pamphlet to pray "Hallelujah, praise the Lord" repeatedly. I prayed all night and cried out to God.

It was not long before the pastor from Queens church and members from both Queens and Elizabeth churches joined the visitations to pray for Joey, to comfort us with compassion, or to preach to us. There was a sister who burst into tears the first time she met us. She had been so worried for us and was afraid of being unable to visit Joey in time. The next hundred days, she prayed with me every night over the phone. There were also a few elders that treated us like family. There were lots of blizzards that winter but that didn't stop them from visiting the hospital time and time again. Some even fasted and prayed for Joey. Their love supported me and helped me gain courage, hope, and faith in God.

One thing I was still skeptical about was the Holy Spirit and praying in tongues. Eventually, I asked God, “Forgive me, I don’t know much about the Holy Spirit. If it is truly important and is a promise from You as the Bible describes, please allow me to experience it. Please allow the Holy Spirit to help me in my weaknesses and make intercession for us with groans which we cannot utter” (Rom 8:26). In seconds, there was power like living water that flowed within me, and my tongue started to roll, just like the recordings in the scriptures. My heart shouted, “Indeed there is a God! Indeed there is the Holy Spirit!” Even more miraculously, Joey finally woke from his coma when I was praying. Somehow, he recognized it as the prayer in Holy Spirit, even though he had never heard it before.

The fourth week in the ICU, with no better treatment plans, the doctors requested to perform a brain biopsy on Joey. At 8 a.m. on the day of the procedure, a Christian friend called me that during her prayer, she was moved to tell me that the procedure was unnecessary and Joey would suffer in vain. The consent form was already signed, however, so how could I possibly stop the surgery? She said, “Don’t be afraid. If this is against God’s will, God will stop it. Without God’s permission, not a hair shall fall from Joey’s head.” Although I still doubted how God could possibly stop the operation, which was scheduled for 10 a.m., I prayed following her encouragement. Despite my little faith, the operation was delayed until 2 p.m. for unknown reasons. Around 1:30 p.m., pre-surgical preparations were underway but Joey was found to have a mild fever. They had to wait for two days.

When the procedure was proposed again among the medical team members, one of the physicians suggested to postpone or cancel it. Yet the neurologist believed that Joey’s condition would not improve anytime soon unless they could find the cause. To reinforce his point, he asked Joey to lift his legs. Joey, who was paralyzed from the waist down, lifted up both legs. The doctors were astonished and canceled the surgery. I was ecstatic and moved by God’s almightiness and Joey’s obvious improvement. The reality was that he still could not move his legs, no matter how hard he tried. This was God’s merciful arrangement to protect Joey from more suffering.


As we completely relied on God, along with the support of brothers and sisters, Joey recovered at a miraculous speed. After a few months of rehabilitation, we returned to Taiwan in March 2005. Through God’s guidance, we received water baptism at Song San church in April. Joey was mostly recovered, with the exception of one issue that frustrated him from time to time. Due to his nerve damage, he could not urinate by himself and completely depended on artificial catheterization. The expense of medical equipment and

the painfulness of catheterization made returning to school infeasible. Again we experienced the unconditional loving care of brothers and sisters. After every service in Song San church, there was a special prayer session for Joey. One day, a sister came to tell me in tears that she saw the Lord Jesus lay hands on Joey during the prayer session. I was deeply moved and tremendously encouraged. That was one or two weeks before I would testify in the gospel tea fellowship. Perhaps out of ignorance, I prayed to God to heal Joey of the urination problem. This would greatly strengthen my faith in giving the testimony. Our Father in heaven is indeed a merciful and kind God. Right when I started preparing for my testimony, Joey was able to urinate on his own, for the first time in eight months! As the Lord said, "With men this is impossible; but with God all things are possible" (Mt 19:26).

In September 2005, we returned to school in New York. We continue to experience God every single day, as recorded in the Bible:

You whom I have taken from the ends of the earth, and called from its farthest regions, and said to you, "You are my servant, I have chosen you and have not cast you away. Fear not, for I am with you; be not dismayed, for I am your God."

(Isa 41: 9–10)

He is the Father of mercies, a great and almighty Physician, and the God of all comfort. May all the glory be unto our true God in Heaven. Amen! 

9. Reborn to a Living Hope

Author: Patty Wong

Location: East Bay, California

After a back injury ended her pursuit of a medical career and ultimately, her marriage, Patty Wong knew she needed God. Her testimony is of how God transformed her life—not in the physical sense—after she received the gospel of salvation.

I was born in Rangoon, Burma (now Myanmar) into a Buddhist family. Our family immigrated to the United States when I was twelve and a half years old. Like the typical stereotype of an Asian kid, I worked hard, attended a good college, worked as a research assistant, and was later accepted into medical school. Unfortunately, I sustained a lower back injury at the beginning of my second year in medical school. I was only twenty-five years old then and I've been a chronic back pain sufferer for more than thirty years. I graduated from medical school three years later than originally expected. Sadly, the chronic back pain persisted and ended my pursuit of a medical career. It eventually ended my marriage as well.

AN UNHAPPY MARRIAGE

I was divorced in 2009. My daughter was twelve and my son was five years old at the time. Two Bible verses describe our marriage:

*"You have sown much, and bring in little;
You eat, but do not have enough;
You drink, but you are not filled with drink;
You clothe yourselves, but no one is warm;
And he who earns wages,
Earns wages to put into a bag with holes."
(Hag 1:6)*

*Unless the Lord builds the house,
They labor in vain who build it;
Unless the Lord guards the city,
The watchman stays awake in vain.*

(Ps 127:1)

Our home did not have the deep love of God to hold us together. My husband and I had no spiritual direction and our relationship left room for the lusts of greed, flesh, and pride. My husband was a doctor, so we were always comfortable. We had a nice house, nice cars, and exotic vacations. We had everything materially but we had nothing spiritually. In all fairness, my husband was a very likable, kind, and highly respected person; he was not a bad person at all. Suffice it to say that human relationships are complicated. Ultimately, when my chronic back pain became like an elephant in our living room, we didn't know how to deal with it. We were lost and our marriage fell apart.

For my back issues, since I had seen orthopedists, neurologists, physiatrists, psychiatrists, and acupuncturists with no meaningful improvement, I felt for a long time that God was my last resort. To search for God, I read New Age books, went to a Buddhist monastery about four miles from our house, and took meditation and dharma classes. I even waited twice to speak to a master at the monastery, but he never came out to talk to me. A pastor from our church has said that the end of man is the beginning of God. I was that person—I was at the end of my rope.

FINDING GOD

At the time when I was going through the divorce, a sister from True Jesus Church was my daughter's Chinese teacher, and her daughter was the same age as my daughter. We talked at my house during our daughters' play date. I asked her, "Do you go to church?"

"Yes," she said, and told me that the church was located in San Leandro. In my heart, I said to myself that attending a church every week that was over twenty miles away, with my back pain, was unlikely.

"I think God is mad at me," I told her. When she asked why, I explained that I had stopped praying to Him for some time. I used to pray to "a higher being" for strength and taught my daughter to be grateful and give thanks every night.

"God isn't like that," the sister answered, and simply invited me to her house for family fellowship.

I began to attend church services with her, to know God and to learn about the gospel of salvation. After my divorce in June of 2009, I began going to church a bit more and prayed at home regularly. I received the Holy Spirit at home. However, I felt my overall general health was gradually declining with severe neck pain, constant headaches, increased blood pressure, among other symptoms. I also felt mentally dirty because of the things I was not proud of, which I had done in the past. I experienced spiritual disturbances, as well as God's providence. For all these reasons, I sought spiritual cleansing and healing and decided to receive water baptism in April 2011. On April 24, 2011, when I was almost 50 years old, I was baptized into the True Jesus Church in East Bay, California.

After baptism, did my back pain miraculously get better? No, God is not that easy. Salvation is free but we must bear our cross. Lots of intercessory prayers from church members, their love and help, and above all, my hope and faith in the Lord, have sustained me. Before baptism, my mental state of mind due to chronic back pain was such that I was always waiting for the other shoe to drop. I felt like I had one foot in the grave, and while I hoped for the best, I prepared for the worst. After baptism, even though I continued to have back issues, I also continued to have real hope: a hope of not only a place in His heavenly kingdom but also, a godly, righteous direction by which to live in this present life.

Before baptism, like many people, I did many things right in my own eyes, but after baptism, with much guidance from the Bible, I realized that many things I did before were neither right nor best. By the guidance of the Holy Spirit, I'm certain that I am now a better mom, sister, daughter and person. I experienced that when I submitted to the will of the Holy Spirit and removed my ego when doing anything, the result was always better than when I did things according to my own will. I came to know that the nine characteristics of the fruit of the Holy Spirit, love, joy, peace, patience, goodness, kindness, faithfulness, gentleness, and self-control are not cliché!

Before I was baptized, I thought I would just stay in my big house until the Lord calls me back. I never thought of relocating because I could not imagine I would have the physical energy to take on the task of packing, preparing the house for sale, looking for another place, moving, and adjusting to another place. Yet after baptism, with lots of prayers and by the guidance of the Holy Spirit, I realized that it was most suitable for me to downsize and relocate. And gradually, I was able to successfully downsize and sell my home. I have lived to see my daughter graduate from high school and my son from elementary school. It may not seem significant, but I don't take anything for granted!

And yes, God willing, I will see my daughter graduate from college and my son from middle school. I have also helped my brother move from New York to California. He now attends weekly Sabbath service and plans to receive water baptism soon.

Sometimes I look back and wonder if my back pain was the way God called me to Him and kept me close to Him. I'm not afraid to proclaim that my main motivation and purpose in life now is to bring my son, my daughter, and God willing, my entire family to the Lord.

*Oh, taste and see that the Lord is good;
Blessed is the man who trusts in Him!*


*Oh, fear the Lord, you His saints!
There is no want to those who fear Him.*

*The young lions lack and suffer hunger;
But those who seek the Lord shall not lack any good thing.*

(Ps 34:8-10)

I've tasted and seen that the Lord is good. With God, the best is always yet to come.

Only God can give us the peace, joy, strength, refuge, saving grace, mercy, love, protection and much, much more that is lasting, unchanging, and eternal. And we will not lack any good thing. As the Christian author C.S. Lewis once said, "I believe in Christianity as I believe that the sun has risen: not only because I see it, but because by it I see everything else."

All glory be to God! Hallelujah, Amen! 

10. God Transformed My Life

Author: Li-Hong Chen

Location: Pacifica, California

Anxious and depressed, Li-Hong Chen sought healing from Jesus Christ. Eventually, he sought to worship the One True God and to find the true church. He testifies of how he found salvation and healing in the True Jesus Church.

In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I testify.

Thanks to God for His mercy and guidance that led me to the True Jesus Church, where I am able to receive spiritual blessings and a hope of eternal life.

I was born in a village in Guangdong, China. My grandmother raised me and I inherited from her many ideas and concepts about folk religion. In the past, I worshipped Buddha as well as many other idols. I was very ignorant; I worshipped these idols thinking that they were real gods. I was also very curious about things beyond this life, so I tried to search for answers by divination and other rituals. I did not realize that I was communicating with the devil. Every night when I went to sleep, I would be bothered by evil spirits. Even though these idols were made by men from wood and stone, behind them is the work of evil spirits. The devil deceives us into worshipping them to prevent us from believing in the true God who made the heavens, the earth, and the human race. This is the true and one and only God, Jesus Christ who died for us and redeemed us of our sins.

One time my relative returned from Hong Kong to visit her family in China. I knew that this relative was a Christian. Out of curiosity, I asked her about Jesus Christ and she introduced Him to me. With a very simple heart, I accepted Jesus. Although I believed in Jesus, I did not have a yearning for Him. I tried going to church, but I did not listen attentively to the sermons and eventually, I ended up not going to church at all.

SEEKING FOR THE ONE TRUE GOD

After I got married, I immigrated to the United States. Because there was a lot of pressure in my life, I was often unhappy. I was clinically depressed and my health started to decline. One time I felt very ill. I thought I had a cold, so I took a lot of cold medicine. That night, I was unable to fall asleep. I was very anxious and tense, and felt that I was unable to breathe. I knew then that if I did not go back to church, I would die. So early the next morning, I set out to find the closest church to my home, which was a Baptist church. The people at the church were very friendly and welcomed me. I did not read the Bible, pray, or study the truth, but I asked the pastor to baptize me because I thought that baptism would heal me of my problems. However, the church members told me that I did not have to rush to get baptized. They told me that if I believed in Jesus, I have already received salvation, and that baptism was only a sign that you are a member of the church. In 1994, I was baptized for the first time, in the Baptist church.

I went to this Baptist church for more than 10 years, but my life was not transformed. I went to church on Sundays, but I did not read the Bible and I did not have the strength to live out God's words. I was always in conflict with other people, I was a jealous person, and I did not have good relationships with others. I always doubted whether I would be saved because I felt that I was filled with sin. It seemed as if Jesus never took away all of my sins.

I was working at an electronics company where I met my friend, May. She did not believe in Christ at this time. I enjoyed conversing with her, so I introduced Jesus to her in our conversations. She said, "There are so many churches, how do we know which church is true? I will only go to church once I am sure." Later, I was laid off, but I still kept in touch with May and talked to her about Christianity. She told me that the company had hired a fervent Christian, a member of the True Jesus Church. She told me that the True Jesus Church had the Holy Spirit, and when a person is filled with the Holy Spirit, he or she will start to shake and speak in tongues. After I heard this, I was rather surprised. I wanted to visit the church, but I was afraid at the same time because I had never learned about the Holy Spirit and I did not know the truth. The Baptist church that I went to never talked about the Holy Spirit. Some people told me that Charismatic churches can be misleading and that demon possession can occur, so I was afraid and dared not attend the True Jesus Church. I simply kept the name True Jesus Church in my heart.

One day, I met a Christian friend who invited me to attend her Bible study at her home. I met many Christians from different denominations, including Evangelical and Charismatic Christians. They were very gifted and very

fervent in prayer. They were full of love and they diligently pursued after God, which moved me. That visit rekindled my thirst and longing for God. It was during this time that I pursued God with all my heart. I listened to many sermons and testimonies, and I also learned to pray and draw closer to God. I began to have a deeper understanding of the Bible. I remember reading a passage in the book of Revelation about the 144,000. I longed to be like them, so I prayed to God saying, “Heavenly Father, I want to be one of the 144,000, but I don’t know where this church is. Out of all of the churches, which one preaches the true gospel?”

My relationship with God was very lively, so I would ask Him whatever questions I had in my prayers just like I would ask a friend. I began to go to Charismatic churches and I went to many crusades and healing services. I would attend all kinds of services whether they were conducted in English or Chinese, whether I understood what they said or not. Whenever I heard that there were prophecies, miracles, and healings, it didn’t matter how far or long the services were, I would attend every single one of them. I went to many different churches. I really wanted to be filled with the Holy Spirit, for my life to be transformed, and for my illnesses to be healed.

Once I attended a Pentecostal church led by a Caucasian pastor. This church believed in the one true God, whereas all the churches that I have been to in the past believed in the Trinity. After the pastor delivered his sermon, a prophetess encouraged me to get baptized. I immediately agreed because I thought that there was nothing to lose. Without studying the Bible seriously and understanding the sermons at all, I was baptized for the second time in a pool in the Pentecostal church. Because the pastor spoke in English for his sermons, I did not like it, so I went back to the Charismatic church that believed in the Trinity. The pastor there told me that the Pentecostal church was heretical because they believed in the one true God. She told me that the Holy Father, the Holy Son, and the Holy Spirit is God, not Jesus. I was very confused. I did not know where I could go to find Jesus and I did not know which church was the true church. I was sorrowful, so I prayed to God saying, “God, You are so great, You are like the mighty ocean. I am only like a drop of water. Please help me know if You are a triune God or only one God. Please don’t let me go astray. I don’t want to lose You.”

Thank the Lord, our Heavenly Father is true and living. If we search for Him, He will let us find Him. If we knock, the door will be opened to us. Very miraculously, my mind thought of the verse in Isaiah 9:6 which records, “Wonderful, Counselor, Mighty God, Everlasting Father, Prince of Peace.” A thought came to my head: the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit are in fact Jesus

Christ and this is the correct doctrine. The Bible records how the disciples baptized people in the name of the Lord Jesus to wash away their sins. My heart finally understood and I had found the answer. I felt relieved and very joyful. I asked the pastor from the Pentecostal church which other churches believed in one true God and he answered, “True Jesus Church.”

FINDING THE TRUE CHURCH

Through the help of my friend, May, I contacted a brother of the True Jesus Church in Pacifica. He sent me many booklets about the basic beliefs, including one on the doctrine of the Holy Spirit, as well as information about the history of Christianity and how the doctrines were changed, and how God reestablished the true church through the Holy Spirit, which is the same church as the Apostolic Church. I studied the booklets diligently and meditated on them. The more I read, the more interested I became, and the more I enjoyed them. I had never read such true gospel. I had never learned about the baptism for regeneration, the sacrament of foot-washing, the Sabbath, one true God, or the promised Holy Spirit. I mustered up the courage to visit the True Jesus Church. I went to church with the intent of studying the truth and the way to obtain salvation.

Every Sabbath afternoon, I attended the basic beliefs classes. I was very studious and asked many questions. This was how I searched the truth for about one year. During this time, I received the Holy Spirit. Prior to this, I was able to speak in tongues when I went to other churches. However, after coming to the True Jesus Church, my tongue changed drastically. It was different from the tongues that I used to experience. I began to experience profoundly how my experience with the Holy Spirit is the same as that in the Bible. This was the genuine experience of the Holy Spirit according to the Bible. Later, I accepted the baptism in living water that God had created for us since the beginning of the world. The baptism was conducted in the name of Jesus, with the blood of Jesus, and under the witness of the Holy Spirit and the truth. I was washed of my sins to truly become His child. After baptism, I felt like all of my sins were washed away. I felt very joyful, light, and clean. Thank the Lord, on October 2, 2011, I was able to become a new creation in Christ.

I have found the true church and God guides my steps every day. I know that baptism is only the beginning of a new life. There is a long road ahead of me on this walk of faith. I know that God will continue to teach me to look at my circumstances and the troubles of life from His perspective.

RECEIVING GOD'S HEALING


I have had to deal with my own physical weakness and illness, including anxiety, depression, insomnia, headaches, dizziness, back pain, and a tumor that developed in my body. There were times when I felt very weak and did not have the strength to pray. I felt that the cross I had to bear was very heavy. One day, the burden was too great and I could not breathe. That night I laid in bed and prayed to God saying, "Lord, I know that You love me. You have already given me the biggest grace. I know that the cross You have given me is good. I do not dare ask You to remove my cross, but I ask You to give me more grace and strength." After that prayer, the Lord Jesus filled my heart with His great love. I was very touched and was moved to tears.

Jesus also spoke to me through a brother in church. He told me that the power of praising God is great. I could use hymns to praise God to overcome the attacks of Satan, just like the power of prayer. I was very thankful for the love of this brother. When I was still a new believer, he gave me an mp3 player which contained the recordings of our church's hymns. In the beginning, I did not know how to cherish this gift; I did not use it and merely put it off to the side. Afterwards, I realized how much our praise pleased God, so I brought the mp3 player with me everywhere. Every day when I went for a walk in the park, I would listen to the mp3 player and sing praises to God. One night as I was sleeping, I felt strength flowing from my belly until it reached all the way up to my head. Then, I felt my body begin to shake. I knew very well that this was the love of God. I thank God for increasing my strength by filling me with His Holy Spirit. As a result, the next morning when I got up to pray, I felt a lot of strength. I was healed of my insomnia, headache, and dizziness. The tumor in my body also disappeared. My back pain felt much better. I believe that the Lord Jesus will continue to heal me.

One time, when I was urinating, I felt pain. I had to go to the bathroom every five minutes and I discovered that there was blood in my urine. My family told me to go to the emergency room, but my body was weak. I figured that the doctor would give me antibiotics, but I was afraid that my body would not be able to withstand it. I decided not to go to the ER and chose to rely on Jesus for healing. For the whole evening, I prayed and drew close to God. In the middle of the night, I felt power going through my lower body and I felt Jesus healing me. Thank God, by the afternoon of the second day, I noticed that I did not urinate blood anymore.

Because I still have unbelieving family members, the Lord continues to train my faith through them. He wants me to continue to learn perseverance and trust, especially because my mother's health is very poor. She had to go to the

hospital many times because of her many illnesses. In 2016, she was sent to the intensive care unit two times. I was very worried for her salvation. Every day I prayed for my parents' salvation. After a period of time, my mother was discharged from the hospital, and she agreed to believe in Jesus. She removed the idols and altars in her home. Even more miraculously, my father accepted Christ with a simple heart. He willingly received baptism in the true church and is now a True Jesus Church member. Thank God that my daughter was also baptized into Christ in 2012. My younger sister will also receive baptism and enter into His salvation as well. I believe that the Lord will not only save me, He will also save my family and relatives.

May all the honor, glory, and praises be unto His Name. Amen. 

Finding the True Church

II

1. Seek the True God and Receive the Holy Spirit

Author: Bob Yue

Location: Ontario, California

Curious about Christianity, Bob Yue attended several different Christian churches. After finding the true gospel in the True Jesus Church, he experienced God's guidance through spiritual challenges.

AFTER SEEKING MANY CHURCHES I CHOSE THE TRUE JESUS CHURCH

One Sunday, I took my children to play at a park and saw people walking into the church across the street. I had never been to a church, so I thought it would not be a bad idea to take a look. We went in, and it felt like a meeting setting like any other. Someone stood at the front speaking, like other events I have attended. Although my family and I did not feel any particular emotions from the experience, the seed of Jesus was planted in our hearts. It gave us another choice in terms of religion. We attended an outdoor event at the same church, but we did not feel moved to continue visiting the church.

After my first encounter with Christianity, I still felt ignorant about its teachings. I began to wonder whether the true God exists. I was curious why the United States has so many Christian churches. From my childhood I had been exposed to Buddhist worship, but I had not had any personal spiritual experiences.

In November 2014, we met the mother of my daughter's classmate, who is a member of the True Jesus Church in Baldwin Park, California. She asked us if we were interested in going to church with her. Since we wanted to know more about Christianity, we didn't reject her invitation. I sat with my son, who was a few months old at the time, in the children's room at church, so I wasn't able to pay attention or listen to the sermon. When everyone knelt down to pray, I was scared. I felt awkward standing so I knelt as well, but I found the sound of the prayer to be noisy and strange. I started feeling nervous and wondered what kind of church this could be. The prayer was

different from what I had seen on television. Could this be a cult and everyone possessed by evil spirits? At that moment, I decided I would not come back to this church again.

When I shared with my wife that I did not want to visit the True Jesus Church again, she didn't agree with me. She didn't feel the prayers were scary, she thought they were only a little strange compared to prayer in other churches. She had been a journalist for many years and she was used to digging into things until they are clear to her before she gives up. She started researching the True Jesus Church online and read some articles that stated the church is heretical. She asked herself, why pick a church that is heretical when there are so many churches from which to choose? But when she read the Holy Spirit Times, a True Jesus Church publication, and the five basic doctrines and introduction to the ten basic beliefs, she didn't feel there was anything wrong with this church. She asked, "The church preaches a lot about the heavenly kingdom, and isn't this the type of faith we need to pursue?"

We did not go back to the True Jesus Church, but the Lord Jesus Christ had already planted the seed in our hearts and we wanted to find a church. We were at the park one day and a couple gave my wife a flyer and started a conversation with us. At the end of the chat, my wife agreed to visit their church. We visited this and the other Christian church a few times since they were close to home and a lot of our friends in the neighborhood attended.

The third church we attended had a lot of members. In my mind I thought since so many people attended this church, it should be a decent church. After attending this church for about two months, we realized the preacher taught the congregation how to make more money and be more successful. The testimonies they shared were about how God taught a person to do business, how they enlarged their business, and how they earned a lot of money. Later we learned that this was a trend to teach the "theology of success," but we felt the teachings of this church were not what we wanted.

During those two months, a sister from the True Jesus Church in Baldwin Park would call us every now and then to invite us back, but we always declined since we were regularly attending the other church. In the spring, our daughter's classmate once again invited her to go back to the True Jesus Church. We went a few times and felt this church was very unique. The sermon speakers based their teachings on the truth in the Bible and referenced Bible passages and Bible stories to support their points, and the church has the Holy Spirit. We felt the True Jesus Church is very organized and serious, and follows biblical principles. We slowly accepted the mode of prayer and were no longer scared. I had to take care of my child, so I was not able to

hear the whole sermon much of the time, but sometimes parts of the sermon I heard touched my heart. I felt like it was spoken directly to me. Every Saturday we became regular visitors to the True Jesus Church in Baldwin Park.

TRULY EXPERIENCING GOD'S ABIDANCE

After coming to the True Jesus Church for some time and seeking the truth, I began to consider water baptism. I was not sure when I should get baptized, as I felt I did not fully understand God and did not feel the urgency to seek Him. On March 17, I attended a Tuesday morning prayer and met the pastor for the first time. I had pictured a pastor as someone difficult to meet in person because they have high status, power, and authority. But when I met the pastor, I saw he was an ordinary man like us and was very friendly and approachable. During the prayer, the pastor laid hands on me, and after the prayer, he said I was very close to receiving the Holy Spirit. I had not known what to pray for or how to pray; I had just followed what I was taught, which was to repeat "Hallelujah, praise the Lord." During the prayer I had asked in my heart, "Is this the true God? I'm here praying to Him; if He is real, can He hear me? Can He remember me? Can He tell me that He is true?" All of a sudden, I felt a bright light above my head, my tongue slowly started to turn, and I began to speak in a tongue that I didn't understand.

On Sunday, March 22, the church hosted a gospel tea fellowship and the pastor was there laying hands during the prayer. The pastor had said I was close to receiving the Holy Spirit, and I thought, "What is the Holy Spirit?" I prayed that if the Holy Spirit is true, to let me experience Him. During my prayer I felt a bright light shine on me and a warmth flow from my head to my body. My body was hot to the point I was sweating. After the prayer, the pastor announced that I had received the Holy Spirit. Many brothers and sisters came to congratulate me. I was a little puzzled because I thought I was only accompanying my wife to the church, why would God give me the Holy Spirit? Now, looking back, I believe God wanted me to experience that He does exist. He wanted to use this experience to help our family build a bond with Him.

THE SPIRITUAL BATTLE OF WATER BAPTISM

The spring spiritual convocation started on Wednesday, March 25. Every night, the pastor spoke about the basic doctrines and introduced God. It was during this time that I slowly came to understand faith in Jesus Christ and that the True Jesus Church is a church that follows the Bible's teachings without modification or compromise. Other churches do not necessarily require believers

to follow the ten commandments, and do not conduct baptism according to the Bible, for example when they baptize with sprinkling or in a tub.

While driving back home on the first night, my wife and I discussed whether we should be baptized or not. We concluded that my wife would be baptized first since I still felt uncertain and our kids were still young, and we wanted to wait until they were older and formed their own opinions. I decided I would be baptized with my daughter and son together in the future. When we got home, I experienced symptoms similar to having a kidney stone: I felt a slight pain when urinating. I had never experienced this in my life, but because the hour was late, I didn't know what to do and did not concern myself about it.

The next day when I woke up, the symptoms had gone away, so in the evening we attended the second night of the spiritual convocation. After service, we were chatting with a few brothers about whether we should make the decision for our children to receive the water baptism or whether we should wait until they could make their own decision. A brother said that since we already knew God's existence, we should introduce God to our children at an early age. God would guide their paths and help them as they grow up. Since this would benefit our kids, why hesitate? While driving home, my wife and I continued the discussion and concluded that since our kids would receive abundant blessings from God, why should we hesitate and risk letting our kids face this sinful generation on their own?

The whole night I dreamed I was at church listening to sermons. When I woke up in the morning, I felt very sore in both of my legs, as if I had climbed a mountain or walked a long road. I had never experienced this symptom previously, even when I had walked a long distance. We noticed at the window near our bed a paper we had hung from when we visited a Buddhist temple with a friend. The paper had been "blessed" and I wondered if it had caused the various symptoms I had experienced those few days. Later we understood that Satan will use different ways to draw us away from receiving water baptism.

We attended the third day of the spiritual convocation. We talked to the pastor about what I had experienced during the past two days. We asked the pastor if it was because we had studied Buddhism and still had some statues of idols in our house. The pastor recommended we properly discard all the items having to do with idol worship. In the past I had never felt that the idols had any effects, but through this experience I experienced the effect of evil spirits. During the drive home that night, we agreed the whole family would receive water baptism. That night, my wife dreamed of a place with a lot of rooms and they were all white, and one of the rooms belonged to us. It was as if a home had been prepared for us in the heavenly kingdom.

On Saturday, we brought all the idol-related items from our house to church, and after the Sabbath service we handed them to the pastor. We were very joyous that day since we were planning to be baptized the next day. We spent time chatting with church brothers and sisters and didn't get home until eleven o'clock in the evening. We felt quite tired so we hurried to go to sleep, but then my son started crying a lot. We touched his forehead and he had a minor fever. We tried to put him to sleep, but no matter what we did he wasn't able to fall asleep. This had never happened before.

It was one o'clock in the morning and my son still had not fallen asleep. By that time my wife had gone to sleep, and I held my son and walked around hoping he would fall asleep soon as I was extremely sleepy and exhausted. I tried putting him down to see if he would fall asleep after exhausting himself with crying, but it seemed useless. I thought we would not make it to the baptism the next day because of his fever and my exhaustion. At that moment, I reflected that for the past few days we had been seeking God, the almighty and omnipotent God; I should pray to God and ask for help. I held my son and prayed softly next to his ears, and in less than one minute, he fell asleep. I witnessed God's great power and I was so deeply touched, I shed tears. My son woke up a few times in the night, but every time I prayed softly next to his ears, he fell back asleep quickly.

ABANDON IDOLS TO BELONG TO THE LORD

I did not feel tired, but rather very energized the next day, even though my son had been crying throughout the night. Thinking back on that incident, I believe Satan was trying to prevent us from getting baptized. Yet because of Satan's work, I was able to experience firsthand God's omnipotence as well as the deceptiveness of idolatry.

When my wife was pregnant, my wife had spent a lot of time reading Buddhist books, worshipping idols and visiting temples. After my son turned one month old, my wife would always bring him with her to the temples to worship. The nuns liked my son a lot, and gave him the nickname Little Buddha. I did not expect Satan would use my son and his physical health to stop us from receiving baptism. From this experience, I was more certain of the strength God can give us and His selfless love for us.

My son still had a minor fever the next day and I was a little worried that the water temperature in March in Los Angeles would still be cold. I was worried that my son's fever would get worse after the baptism. Thank God, the church members prepared warm water to bathe my son right away after the baptism,

and God healed my son's fever. After the baptism, we touched his forehead and he did not have any fever.

Thank God for loving me. After being baptized, we have been able to draw closer to God. It is wonderful that the Holy Spirit intercedes for me whenever I have a question or doubt in my heart. God continually reminds and encourages us to walk with Him on the path to the heavenly kingdom.

May all the glory be unto our Heavenly Father. Amen. 

2. God Knows Me

Author: Jerry Huang,
Location: Brooklyn, New York

Having witnessed the miraculous work of God in the life of his classmate, Jerry Huang came to seek the truth and experienced peace and fulfillment in God when he received the Holy Spirit.

It is written in the Bible, “Before I formed you in the womb I knew you” (Jer 1:5). Indeed, the Lord Jesus Christ knew me before I believed in Him.


I did not grow up in a Christian family but I did have encounters with the Bible and the teachings of Jesus Christ. I remember reading Christian magazines at the dentist’s office once when I was young. In one, I read the verse, “Love suffers long and is kind; love does not envy; love does not parade itself, is not puffed up” (1 Cor 13:4) and I thought this was written so well. We also had a Bible at home that was given to my father by his university. I would flip through it when I heard Bible verses mentioned in movies, and I thought this book was pretty wonderful.

During my studies, I attended several local Christian Bible studies. I never paid much attention, however, because the topics often included some kind of political agenda. It felt like something was missing and didn’t leave a good impression on me. I also attended Sunday worship service at other churches but even the sermons felt like something was missing. I felt uncomfortable when people would pass envelopes for me to put my offerings inside before the service started. Once, a minister’s wife openly advertised the sale of her book and let everyone know that the sales table would be right outside the exit.

The time I first witnessed the great works of God was through the experience of one of my classmates at New York University. This classmate suddenly became critically ill from viral meningitis (*see the testimony of Sister Hsiao-Lan Liang, page 35*). Having known him before his illness, and personally witnessing what happened during his hospital stays and recovery, I saw how there is nothing the Lord Jesus Christ cannot heal. My girlfriend and I began to

seek the truth at the True Jesus Church in Queens and the Flushing House of Prayer because we realized this church truly was different. We saw how the church members took care of my classmate and his wife as their own family. But what was even more important was that the True Jesus Church has the Holy Spirit's guidance, and because of that I was able to experience faith in the sermons and see how the Holy Spirit moves brothers and sisters to care for one another. The Holy Spirit was also able to guide our Bible study so that the words no longer were merely printed text to me.

My own experience of the Holy Spirit was very amazing and peaceful at the same time. After we started seeking the truth, we would attend Friday night Bible study at the NYU campus. The first time I heard brothers and sisters pray in tongues, I did not feel it was odd but rather felt it was very natural and peaceful. I could sense that everyone's prayer was sincere and full of praise and thanks for the Lord's guidance and peace. It was as if I already understood about praying in the Holy Spirit. After a few weeks of seeking, I started to pray as well, and I would continue to say "Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!" in prayer. During one Sabbath prayer, I noticed my body started to move gently and my lips that once said "Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!" began to speak a language I didn't understand. As the pastors and deacons at the church explained to me about the Holy Spirit, I knew this was the work of the Holy Spirit to allow me to speak in tongues. I felt God had touched me and filled my heart with peace, and that there was nothing lacking.

After a few years, we were baptized into Christ Jesus and married within Christ. My wife and I realized no matter what way we looked at our situation, if it were not for the guidance of the Holy Spirit and if God had not already known us and chosen us, we would not be here today. May all the glory and honor be unto His Holy Name. Amen. 

3. God's Sheep Hear His Voice

Author: Debbie Yu

Location: Ontario, California

Growing up as a Catholic, Debbie Yu had many unanswered questions about God and her beliefs. She was first introduced to the True Jesus Church as a student in the US, but strayed spiritually when she returned to Taiwan. God preserved her life through a terrible accident and led her back to His fold.

I grew up in a Catholic family and attended Sunday school and other church activities as a child. In reality, I did not feel like I belonged in the Catholic church. In addition to the doubts I had in the depths of my heart, I had the same nightmares repeatedly as a child: the Lord Jesus hanging on the cross would jump down in front of me and chase me until I ran into a small room and locked myself in. To a child, how would I dare to open the door to someone who was just chasing me? I believe faith should not allow others to feel scared. There were other spiritual questions in my heart to which I did not receive a reasonable answer. For example, ever since reading the story of John the Baptist, I firmly believed that baptism should be held in a river or in the ocean. I once asked a Catholic nun why the statues of Mary and Jesus in the chapel were all in the form of humans and if we were worshipping idols when we worshipped them. The answer I received was that other than the statues in the chapel, all others are idols. Their way of prayer was like reading verses and to me this kind of prayer could not allow me to communicate with God very well. I felt that there must be a better way to pray but I didn't know how. It was only until I had the chance to come to the True Jesus Church that I received answers to all my questions.

INTRODUCED TO THE TRUE JESUS CHURCH IN THE UNITED STATES

In the summer of 1996, I graduated from grade school. My parents decided to send me to study abroad, and I came to southern California. The first semester I was very unfamiliar with the environment. My English was not

very good, but a lot of my teachers took good care of me. The very first time I went to my math class, the teacher realized I was an English as a Second Language (ESL) student and asked which students in the class could speak Chinese so that they could help me. It was then that I met the only Taiwanese student in the school, who raised her hand. She became my first friend in the United States. I had many problems communicating with my teachers and the school hired someone to interpret for me. I discovered that this person was the cousin of my new friend and, coincidentally, that we all lived in the same community. We were two minutes' walking distance away from each other. They introduced me to their church, which is the True Jesus Church, and invited me to attend Friday night service with them. I agreed, and I went to church with them often. They told me that they prayed in tongues because of the indwelling of the Holy Spirit and I believed, but I never wanted to try to pray in this manner. Every time when the congregation prayed, I would look around, wondering.

The next year I moved to the house of my mom's relative, which was pretty far from where I used to stay. As a result, I did not communicate with these two friends often and I did not have a chance to go to church with them anymore. My mom wanted me to improve my English, so my aunt would take me to tutoring after school, where I happened to meet three brothers and sisters who had just moved from Taiwan. After I became familiar with them, I learned they were also members of the True Jesus Church and attended the church in Garden Grove. Was this a coincidence? Afterwards I knew this was not a coincidence, but rather the arrangement of God. I went to church with them several times. A year went by. In the summer of 1998, due to issues with my status, I needed to return to Taiwan. My friends at the True Jesus Church asked me for my address hoping that when I returned to Taiwan, we could stay in contact.

RETURNING TO TAIWAN AND TURNING AWAY FROM CHRIST

After I returned to Taiwan, I went back to the Catholic church I attended when I was little. At first everybody was nice, but then I realized that the friends I made acted differently in private. Some of them would skip classes, and some would steal, smoke, drink, lie, bully, or have other bad behaviors. But every time they attended church, they behaved very obediently. At that time I was sixteen and beginning to be rebellious. So I also learned how to lie to my mother, and I would often tell her I was going to church but I would go out and have fun instead. After half a year, she realized I was turning bad. She asked the father of the church to talk to me and to transfer me to a different Catholic church. But because I did not know anybody at the other church,

I did not feel comfortable. It became very easy for me to decide to skip church, and in the end, not to go at all.

Later I attended junior college in Tainan, in southern Taiwan, and because it was far away from my house, I boarded there. I began to have a very free life and met a lot of new friends. I forgot all about church, and started to do a lot of bad things with my friends. At one point I thought I could no longer go back, and that Jesus had forsaken me. Only the Lord Jesus knows that at the bottom of my heart I did not forget His existence, yet I thought I could not turn back. I would often pass the Tainan train station with my friends, and one time as I was going out with them, I suddenly realized there was a True Jesus Church next to that train station. After seeing this church, I remembered the time when I was in the US, and the simple life I had going to church with my friends. I would often pass by that place and take note of the church, and I began to miss my time in the United States, my friends there, and the True Jesus Church.

The second year in junior college, at the end of 2001, I was two months away from turning eighteen. I could not drive, but one morning I borrowed my friend's motorcycle so I could go to school and take a test. At a hill, the brakes gave out and I ran into a small truck coming the other way. All I can remember is a small truck and that I could not stop. After I woke up, I was already in the hospital. The doctor said I had selective amnesia as I could not remember what happened during the accident. The brain will sometimes choose to forget scary memories. I had fractured my right arm, and in my right knee I had a small bone poking out. My mom and my friends came, and they were all very sad and crying. My friend told me that anyone who saw the motorcycle I had been riding would have thought I was dead, because the entire bike was destroyed. There is a long scar on my right knee and also on my left eye. This scar is very close to my eye, yet my eye was not injured. Everybody said I was very lucky, but at the bottom of my heart I knew clearly that God had saved me. But I did not understand why God would save a bad person such as me, who did not even go to church and did not obey His commandments. After I was completely healed and left the hospital, I began to forget about this miracle and went back to living my life as before. It is only now that I understand why God did not let me leave this world at that time: He wanted to give me His precious salvation.

GOD GUIDED ME BACK TO HIS FOLD

Not long after, in September 2002, my green card was approved. Since I was going back to the United States, I remembered the friends I had there.

Although we would only communicate once in a long while, we would write letters once a year. At that time technology was not very advanced, so we would write letters and mail them. Once online messaging became available, we would still only run into each other online once in a while. Now as I prepared to go to the US, I wanted very much to get in touch with them. It happened one day that my friend from the True Jesus Church came online, so I told her I was going to the United States. In November 2002, the day I arrived in the US, I attended a youth fellowship at a sister's house in Cerritos—she was the very first friend I had made in the US over five years before. To me, to meet these friends from five years before was a miracle, as I thought I would never return to this country and never meet these friends again, but under the guidance of God, I did. My stay was only for two weeks because I needed to finish my school in Taiwan. The next year, in July 2003, I immigrated to the US and that sister continued to invite me to go to church. At first I rejected her invitation because I did not want to go to church, but after a while, out of loneliness and boredom, I agreed to go to and see what was going on.

Because I met a lot of new friends in church, every week I would go to church with that sister. I then began to realize that the youths in the True Jesus Church are full of love. They continue to seek for ways to improve, and unlike the youths in the Catholic church I knew, they were consistent inside and out. I began to realize that I had a lot of problems inside, and at church I would find answers to my questions about baptism, idol worship, and other biblical teachings of which I had an incomplete understanding because I lacked the truth in the Catholic church. For example, I once asked the True Jesus Church members to help me find where the Bible records that Mary, the mother of Jesus, ascended to heaven. Everybody was confused, because this simply did not happen nor is it in the Bible! After I became familiar with and understood the Bible more, everybody encouraged me to pray for the Holy Spirit. They explained to me why they prayed in the manner they did, and shared their experiences of receiving the Holy Spirit. I was gradually moved and began to pray for the Holy Spirit. I prayed for a long time but I did not receive the Holy Spirit.

In December 2003, I attended a student spiritual convocation and read 1 Corinthians 6:19:

Do you not know that your body is the temple of the Holy Spirit who is in you, whom you have from God, and you are not your own?

In my prayer, I reflected upon the bad things I had done and my sinfulness. How was I worthy to receive the Holy Spirit? So I changed how I prayed for


the Holy Spirit and told the Lord, "I am such a sinful person and not worthy to receive the Holy Spirit. Please give me the Holy Spirit after I am baptized and my sins have been forgiven!" In May 2004, as the spiritual convocation neared, a church sister asked me if I wanted to be baptized and I said, "yes." During that spiritual convocation I was baptized, and the day I received baptism I was very happy because I believed that my sins were washed away and that I would receive the Holy Spirit. Even though when I prayed that day I did not receive the Holy Spirit, the next night when I prayed before bed I felt there was a force compelling me to continue to pray. At first I had only wanted to pray for ten minutes and go to sleep, but I ended up praying for an hour. After my prayer, it was already past one a.m., but in my heart I felt I needed to ask somebody to pray with me.

I went online and saw that there was a sister who was still up, and I asked her to pray with me. Although we did not pray in the same room and did not talk about how long we would pray together, we prayed for an hour. And in this hour, I received the Holy Spirit. My tongue began to move and I began to speak in a language I couldn't understand. My hands began to move and in the beginning I thought I was speaking gibberish. I thought I was speaking "Hallelujah, praise the Lord!" too many times that my tongue was tied. But in my heart I was truly moved, and I had a feeling of peace and joy that I cannot describe with words. Later someone explained that this was a reaction to receiving the Holy Spirit and asked me to believe and not doubt, because sometimes when you doubt, the Holy Spirit will leave you. I now understood the experiences people had told me about receiving the Holy Spirit, how the love and feelings they experienced cannot be described. It must be something you experience yourself. After one hour, I went online and that sister also was online again. She said she did not know why halfway through her prayer, she would continue to thank God, and I told her I received the Holy Spirit. At that time it was about 2:30 in the morning. We were filled with joy and love, and went to sleep.

Receiving the Holy Spirit is not the end, but the beginning of another spiritual journey. Although everybody told me not to doubt, in the beginning I did not truly believe. There were times where I tried to speak "Hallelujah, praise the Lord" clearly, but at the end it would turn into speaking in tongue, and there were times when my tongue changed. This allowed me to strengthen my faith, and I began to believe that this is the true Holy Spirit. Thank God He did not take away the Holy Spirit because I first doubted.

There is a Chinese proverb that is very well-spoken: "We are who our companions are." Once I began attending the True Jesus Church, I began to

feel that lying, which I was once good at, was now difficult. Not to mention the other bad things I had done before. I began to feel like I was back to the simplicity I had when I was a kid. It's hard to imagine that there was such a big change, but this change was because of the love of God. And because of these changes, I began to realize who my true friends are, and who my fair-weather friends are. My fair-weather friends realized that I had changed, and they changed from calling ourselves "sisters" to becoming strangers. My true friends remain beside me always; they are happy for and supportive of the changes in my life.

Ecclesiastes 3:1 states, "To everything there is a season, a time for every purpose under heaven." I began to understand that my life was not arranged by myself, but that God, when I was in my mother's womb, had already arranged everything for me. Everything has its time, and when the time is right it will happen. If God does not will it to happen, then it will not happen. All we need to do is learn how to rely on God and we do not need to worry about tomorrow. In John 10, the Lord Jesus said, "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me." Jesus is the Good Shepherd, and we are His sheep. The Good Shepherd will die for His sheep, and although He has one hundred sheep, if one is lost, He will leave the other ninety-nine and seek for the one that is lost. I am the lost sheep that was found by the Lord Jesus, and thank God He guided me back to my true home. 

4. Once Lost, Now Found

Author: Holly He

Location: Houston, Texas

As a teenager, Holly He was introduced to the True Jesus Church and was touched by the Lord. Moving to the United States before she was baptized, she lost connection with the church for many years. By God's grace she found Him again.

In the name of the Lord Jesus Christ I testify.

I grew up in a family that worshipped idols. When I was in junior high, my mom let me go to church with my neighbor and told me to believe in Jesus. At the time, I was very resistant. Why should I believe in Christianity and attend church services every week when everyone else in my family worshipped idols? Even if I were to go to church, I thought, surely I should go to a church with my friends. I did not understand why my mom insisted that I attend the True Jesus Church in town, which observed the Sabbath. I also felt that I had already spent enough time in classes at school and taking the train every Saturday to listen to sermons I didn't understand was a form of suffering to me. Every Saturday, though, my mom would wake me up and tell me to go to church.

Sometimes, when I went to my grandmother's house, I would want to steal food from the table in the hall. I say it was "stealing" not because any adult forbade me from eating the food, but rather because I knew that the food had previously been offered to idols. As a Christian, even though I had not been baptized, I understood that it would be wrong to eat this food. I thought that since no one had specifically told me that the food had been offered to idols, I could pretend I didn't know. If I ate the food, God should treat me as an innocent, unknowing party. But each time I tried to do this, my grandmother would stop me and tell me that Christians could not eat this food. She would even prepare separate food for me that had not been offered to idols. This was such a wonderful thing, as I know of other idol-worshipping families who did not even like for their kids to play with Christian children. Despite my own

reluctance to attend church, my family somehow supported me going to church.

I have forgotten how I felt the first time I went to church, but I do recall the first time I prayed. The floor was very cold and my knees were a little sore from kneeling. It sounded strange when everyone prayed in tongues, but it didn't frighten me. After about a year or so, having attended church more often, I gradually learned how to listen to sermons. I was no longer sleepy during services and would listen attentively, and even took notes. Sometimes, I wanted to study the Bible at home. Strangely, though, I could not understand the text, even though I was able to read each character.

MY DOUBTS HINDERED ME

On one occasion, the church held a spiritual convocation which I attended with my younger cousin, who was also a Christian. When she saw everyone praying in the Holy Spirit for the first time, it was unlike how she normally prayed, and she kept telling me that she was afraid. On the way home, I asked my neighbor about the prayer and she explained that everyone prayed that way because they had received the Holy Spirit and were praying in the Spirit. Once we reached home, my cousin repeated the incident to my aunt. My aunt then asked me, "Are you sure it is the Holy Spirit and not evil spirits?" Her words shook me. I stopped going to church because my aunt's words frightened me.

About a year later, there was another spiritual convocation which my neighbor invited me to attend. I accepted the invitation, and I also went to the front to pray for the Holy Spirit. During the prayer, I kept thinking in my heart, "If there really is a One True God, please let Your Spirit touch me." I was touched by the Holy Spirit three times during that prayer. The first time, I was moved to speak in tongues, but when the pastor laid hands on me, I began to doubt. I wondered if my tongue rolling was just a result of my own repetitions of, "Hallelujah! Praise the Lord." As soon as this thought entered my mind, my speech reverted back to normal. The second time I was moved, I began to speak in tongues again and my body started to vibrate. When the pastor laid hands on me, I wondered if my body was trembling because I had been kneeling for too long. Once I had this thought, my body stopped vibrating. When I was moved by the Holy Spirit a third time, I recalled the words of my aunt from a year ago about the Holy Spirit and evil spirits. In thinking about this, I again ceased to feel the movement of the Holy Spirit. Yet these three experiences in prayer convinced me that there is a True God.

After seeking the truth for several years, my neighbor asked if I had considered accepting baptism. I asked about the date of baptism but did not apply, as it was after my scheduled flight to the United States. Actually, at the time, I was afraid to be baptized. Baptism has the power to remit sins and is a once-in-a-lifetime event. What if I sinned again after I was baptized? Because of this, I was afraid to be baptized and was fearful of God. I felt that if I sinned again after baptism, I would face severe punishment from God. I became so deeply fearful that I wanted to avoid baptism. In hindsight, I now know that this was the work of Satan. After I stopped thinking about being baptized, however, I continued to draw near to God and prayed often.

SEARCHING FOR THE TRUE JESUS CHURCH

After moving to the US, I looked for many churches. I attended various churches but I could not find the True Jesus Church. I wanted to be baptized, so after several years of seeking, I decided to accept the baptism by sprinkling of water at a church of another denomination. I was ready on the day of baptism and several others received baptism smoothly before me. When it was my turn, the minister misspoke my name three times. My last name is He but he called me so-and-so Xie. I was so stunned and told the minister that wasn't name, after which he proceeded to call me so-and-so Zhou. At this point, tears started to fall down my face. The third time he tried to say my name, he paused again, before finally saying that Sister He had been added to the heavenly roster. And that was how my baptism ended. I cried all night. This was the baptism that I had awaited all these years? This was my once-in-a-lifetime baptism? Thinking back, I believe God was obstructing this ineffective baptism. True baptism is to be baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ in living water and in the presence of the Holy Spirit. The baptism I had received was incorrect. After searching for many years, however, I still had not found the True Jesus Church. I decided to stop attending this church as I did not want my understanding of the truth to be confused by false teachings.

Although I didn't go to church, my heart longed to do so. I knew that the True Jesus Church was somewhere in the US; I just didn't know where. Alone in a foreign country, I yearned for a sense of belonging. The church is my home. Finally, God heard my prayers. On January 1, 2017, I was let go by my employer but found another job on the fourth of that month. When my boss came to pick me up on January 7, she told me that she had just returned from church. I became very excited because that day was a Saturday. As far as I was aware, only the True Jesus Church observes Sabbath on Saturday. My heart was full of excitement, but I calmly asked her, "Which church do you attend?" As I waited anxiously for her answer, I prayed repeatedly in my heart, "Lord,

it must be the True Jesus Church!” Praise God! Indeed, she confirmed that it was the True Jesus Church in Houston. With much enthusiasm, I asked if I could go to church with her. On January 21, I returned to the True Jesus Church. Thank God, I had found my home, my spiritual family.

I heard that the church was conducting baptism in April. I wanted to be baptized into the Lord and have a part in Him. The sister who brought me to services informed the church, but I still needed to learn the Ten Basic Beliefs before I could undergo baptism. After several classes, I had a complete understanding of the truth. I received baptism successfully on October 15, 2017.

The devil worked hard to prevent this. Prior to baptism, I suffered frequent headaches. Also, after resolving to receive baptism, I had a strong sense of fear but I didn’t know what exactly I was afraid of. Baptism was to be held on a Sunday morning and I stayed at church the night before because I lived far from the baptismal site. Following the final prayer session on Saturday night, I felt overwhelmed by waves of fear. My heart was occupied by fear, to the point that I was shaking and crying like a child, even though I could not pinpoint the object of my fear. After the prayer, I returned to my seat, shaking and crying with my head in my hands. A church sister noticed and asked me what was wrong. I was scared beyond words and could only utter the word “scared.” When she asked what I was afraid of, I could only respond that I didn’t know, and that I was just scared.

As other brethren came to show concern for me, this sister answered for me as I couldn’t speak. Everyone decided that we should kneel down to pray and ask God to protect me, and for Satan to depart. A minister laid hands on me during the prayer and, after a while, my fear had subsided a little. After this prayer, I went to wash my face and returned to pray alone. Partway through, I sensed that some sisters had joined me in prayer and a minister laid hands on me again. In the end, my fear was no longer as severe. I prayed until it was time to close up the chapel and I went to the fellowship hall to sleep. I had felt weak that whole day. It had been a struggle to hold the Bible and to clasp my hands in prayer. I also had a stomachache when I went to bed that night.

GAINING NEW LIFE IN CHRIST

When I arose the next morning, my whole body felt weak again. During the hymn singing and prayer before baptism, that sense of fear returned, but I was certain it was not from God. As I prayed with my eyes closed on the beach, I didn’t sense black or orange around me but felt surrounded by red. The more I prayed, the more intense that red became. Six people were baptized that day and, being the oldest, I was the last. The distance from the shore to

the point of baptism wasn't far, but it seemed to take a long time and a lot of energy to get there. Every couple of steps I'd take, I was hit by strong waves that made me retreat a step. I had no strength and my steps were unsteady. I had to rely on a church brother who pushed me onwards so that I could reach the pastor. The baptism itself only lasted a few seconds, but within those short seconds, my fear had completely dissipated. It's difficult to describe, but I felt like I had escaped from death. It's as if you're caught up in a hurricane and, just as you're about to be blown away, a set of hands reaches in to draw you out to a place of safety. It was like having risen from death to life. I have not experienced death, but that is how I imagine it.

During baptism I felt that there was a wall between myself and the Lord which I had built up. I wanted to knock down this barrier and regain that close relationship with God, but I didn't know how. Back at church, we held the sacrament of footwashing, followed by Holy Communion. After partaking of the unleavened bread, during the prayer of consecration for the grape juice, I suddenly felt the Lord's suffering in His last days. If I could cry from a thorn pricking my hand, how much more pain did the Lord Jesus endure with a crown of many thorns on His head? How much pain did He withstand being scourged by a whip? I could imagine how the Lord suffered on the cross for the sins of mankind. Where once I felt such closeness with God, how, and when, could I have built up this wall and departed from my first love? The Lord suffered so much for us. I shed tears during the prayer, although I didn't know if it was because of the pain of the Lord Jesus, or for that first love which I had lost.

After partaking of the grape juice, I felt that my heart was opened in the concluding prayer. The stone which had weighed heavily on my heart was removed and the wall had collapsed. My heart was soothed and unburdened. I felt that my relationship with the Lord Jesus was officially beginning; as if my certificate of baptism was an admission slip. It had taken me over a decade to finally take hold of this piece of paper. Although there will still be various trials, big and small, ahead of me, whether or not I will be qualified to graduate won't be determined until the day I die. I hope that I can withstand all tests from Satan and trials from the Lord henceforth.

Hallelujah! May all glory be unto God. Amen. 

5. My Journey to the True Jesus Church

Author: Lili Wang

Location: Irvine, California

Lili Wang encountered the sign for the True Jesus Church when she first moved to her new home in Irvine. She recounts the unexpected trials she and her family endured as she learned to put her trust in God and received His saving grace.

When I first came to America, I lived in the area of Chino Hills in San Bernardino County, California. A friend took me to their church, and I decided to bring my younger cousin with me because he did not have any friends to play with. The first time he played very happily with the other children, and from then on, I would bring him with me to that church every Sunday. I liked to hear them singing hymns at that church, but once the pastor went up to speak, I could not understand anything. Sometimes, I would fall asleep during the service. I attended that church for about one year, but I did not really understand anything about the Bible.

In February 2013, we moved to Irvine, and when my uncle drove us to the new home, he happened to see the sign of the True Jesus Church in Irvine. He told me that I could attend this church in the future. And because I saw that the sign was also written in Chinese, I assumed it was a Chinese church. I didn't know anyone in this church, however, so I could not muster the courage to go.

SEARCHING FOR THE TRUE JESUS CHURCH

Once I attended a church after a man handed me a flyer at a grocery store, but I did not feel comfortable there. I continued to look for a church where I could take my younger cousin, Shawn, with me. The church I went to previously in Chino Hills prayed in understanding, and because of some family issues, I would pray at home. However, it felt like my prayer was very weak, and I wanted to look for another church. I recalled the True Jesus Church my uncle had pointed out to me on Trabuco Road when we first moved to Irvine,

so I went back to that road and kept circling around. After almost an hour, however, I still could not locate the True Jesus Church sign, so I decided to go home and look up the address on the Internet. Because I did not even know the English name for True Jesus Church, I searched for the name in Chinese but could not find any relevant information, pictures, or address.

I thought it was very strange because I clearly remembered seeing it that one time when we first moved to Irvine. The next day, I asked my uncle if he remembered the True Jesus Church he pointed out to me and if he knew where it was located. As a result, he took me to the True Jesus Church on a Sunday afternoon. When we arrived, the church gates were closed, and I was confused because I thought there was supposed to be worship service. Taking my phone, I went to look at the sign and saw it had a worship schedule on it, so I took a picture and decided that I would come for the next service.

After about a month, I again felt that I needed to go to church, so I told my uncle and he drove me to church. When we entered through the church gates, we happened to see a car parking at the front of the building, so we parked there too. When we parked, however, I was surprised to see no doors into the church. I looked around for a few minutes before I got out of the car and told my uncle to wait for me in the car. Actually, I was a bit afraid and hesitant to step in all by myself, but I walked through the small pathway between the chapel and the side building. As I walked, I saw through the window on the side building that there were already people sitting in rows of pews and that someone was speaking. I stopped and stood there, telling myself that I arrived late and that they had already started service, so I would come back again next time. Turning back, my uncle asked me why I was leaving so soon. I replied that the service had already begun and that we could come next time.

It was another month before I once again felt the need to go to church, and at that time, only Shawn and I were at home. I looked up the service times on my phone, and when the time came, I left the house earlier to get to church on time. When I arrived, I parked at the front of the church where my uncle had parked last time, and I saw someone walk in and out of the side building and circle around. As I watched from the car, I wondered if I should go in or just leave, but I wanted to be a good role model for Shawn, so we got out of the car. The person walked up the pathway so we followed that person and I finally saw the main entrance into the chapel and went in.

The usher received me warmly and seated me inside. At that time, my attention was focused completely on the usher and thanking them for their help, so I failed to notice that everyone was praying when I went into the chapel. It was not until I sat down and withdrew my eyes from the usher that I noticed

everyone kneeling down and praying, their bodies shaking. I was shocked and wondered what was going on, whether I came to the right church, and why everyone was praying so strangely. At the time, Shawn was sitting next to me and told me that he was scared. I picked him up and told him that everything was okay, but what I really wanted to do was leave right away. The moment I was about to leave, the usher brought a sister over to sit with me, so I sat back down.

The sister was very warm and enthusiastic and helped me turn to the Bible passages, but I could not hear what was being preached from the pulpit at all because the entire hour I kept wondering why this church was so strange. When the service concluded, the sister asked for my phone number and I left after saying goodbye. After a few days, the sister called me and told me they had a Bible study on Thursday and asked if I would like to attend. The way she spoke was so gentle, I just could not bring myself to refuse her and accepted her invitation since my schedule was free.

When I attended the Bible study, I felt as though the preacher was speaking to me and that it was the first time that I could understand the biblical truth. I really enjoyed listening to the Bible study, and I thought to myself that I liked everything else, I just did not like the prayer. After several days, the sister called me again to tell me there would be a family service at a brother's house. Normally, I do not like to go out in the evening, but I just could not tell her no. When I attended the service, I listened very diligently and felt that every sentence spoken was directed toward me. I prayed very earnestly during the concluding prayer because I was also praying for my younger sister. As I prayed, I saw a radiant, bright light, and I could feel that it was brighter than the lights in that home, although not as piercing as sunlight. My body also felt very hot, so after the prayer ended, I asked the preacher what had happened, and he told me that I would have various spiritual experiences.

ENTRUSTING MY SISTER'S ILLNESS TO GOD

I began seeking the truth in May 2014 and continued to come and worship weekly. One day when I first came to church and began seeking the truth, my younger sister called me and told me that she was sick. She had just gotten married that January, and her abdomen had been gradually growing in size, and she had symptoms of vomiting. She told me she had thought she was pregnant, so she had not thought anything of the symptoms she had. But as her condition grew worse, her mother-in-law told her to go to the hospital to be examined. After the examination, the doctor did not discharge her. The doctor said that she was not pregnant, but had a tumor, and on a scale of one

to the greatest severity of twelve, she had already surpassed twelve. The doctor told her she was at the final stage of uterine cancer.

When she called me, she told me the doctor had already given her a treatment plan, but it could only prolong her life. It would not heal her, and the doctor did not dare to give any guarantees. Her first priority was to receive surgery to remove the tumor, but the doctor told her that the walls of her uterus were very thin, and the tumor had already grown to fill the entire uterus. During the surgery, removing the harder parts of the tumor could result in damage to the uterine wall and hemorrhaging, and if there was heavy hemorrhaging, they would have to remove the entire uterus. She was only twenty years old at the time, but she would not be able to have children. She had also just gotten married, and was now at risk of getting divorced.

I felt so helpless; I did not know what to do. I attended family service on a Monday night, and the preacher spoke about entrusting our matters to God. As I listened, he said something that left a deep impression on me. He said that although we think we have entrusted our worries to God, there are times when we still do not feel assured and do not have enough faith. We will reach out and take back our worries, and then tell God that we entrust them into His hands again. I felt that he was describing me. Continuing on, the preacher said that when entrusting our worries to God, we must have faith and believe that God will heal us. When I heard that, I felt that a veil had been lifted from my eyes and my mind was opened. As a result, during that concluding prayer, I knew that my younger sister could be healed, and I determined to pray for her constantly.

Her operation to remove the tumor went very smoothly, and the doctor told her that the next step for treatment was to receive chemotherapy. After three rounds of chemotherapy, she told me she did not wish to receive any more treatment. She felt her body could not take it anymore, and that her heart was pumping so hard that it would jump out of her chest. It seemed as though all of her internal organs were having problems. Even though she had seen a cardiologist, the medicine he prescribed to protect her liver, heart, and other organs, was of no help to her.

At that time, the True Jesus Church was holding a summer music camp and I heard a testimony that really touched me. I shared it with my sister that night, and after sharing my own experiences, I told her that if she would only believe in God, He would heal her. My sister had been unable to eat for two days and would constantly vomit, but as she listened to me on the phone, she asked me to keep talking. Over the phone, it sounded like she was eating, so when I asked her what she was doing she answered that as she listened to me

share my testimony, she felt that she was able to eat. After I finished sharing with her, I asked her to pray with me. She could not kneel for long, but I told her that it was fine and that God searches our hearts. As long as she had the heart to pray, it would be okay even if she prayed while lying down. I left the call connected and we just kept praying together. After praying for about forty minutes, we finished but I told her that she needed to continue praying on her own.

I was trying to locate the True Jesus Church in Fujian, China where she was, and I feel that God's arrangement is always so miraculous. She went to many hospitals, and ultimately decided to receive treatment in Fujian. When I instructed her to make a phone call to locate the church, we realized God had arranged for the hospital where she was being treated to be right across from the True Jesus Church. God was very considerate of her needs and knew she could not travel far. Actually my sister was so weak that she could not even walk from the hospital to the church. Her chemotherapy sessions were also always on Saturday. Nevertheless, her faith was very strong. She would ask my mother to support her and help her across the road to the church. After service, my mother would help her back to the hospital to receive chemotherapy treatment. My mother would also pray with her, even though she was not a believer. I had not shared the testimonies I heard at church with my mother, either, but for the sake of her daughter, my mother was willing to kneel down and pray with her.

When my sister was diagnosed, her initial white blood cell count (WBC) was 300,000 and the doctor told her that the value would have to fall to three thousand or lower in order for her to be fully recovered. There was another patient in the ward with the same condition as her, although not as severe, who had been treated for a year. Even though that patient's indicators showed that her white blood cell count had fallen to normal levels, yet after successfully undertaking three rounds of chemotherapy and getting discharged, she had a relapse and had to be readmitted to the hospital for treatment. My sister, on the other hand, wanted to stop the treatment because she could no longer endure the heart palpitations. Her tests showed that her WBC had already fallen to 3,000, so I told her that if the doctor would discharge her, she could leave the hospital. This was because I believed that God would heal her. The doctor told my sister to endure three more rounds of chemotherapy: she had already persisted for so long, she just needed three more rounds. The doctor worried that if she went home now, she would relapse, and by then, three rounds of chemotherapy would not be enough. Even so, my sister insisted on being discharged, so the doctor allowed her to go home and rest for a few days.

My sister had a catheter in her arm, and the doctor did not want to remove it. Rather, she was instructed to come back to the hospital if she felt any discomfort. After getting discharged, however, she found a small clinic and had the catheter removed, then asked the doctor about follow-up care. The doctor replied that she would need physical exams every month to see if her blood count had gone back up. Thank God, it has not happened. Right now, she is a lot heavier, around 130 pounds.

ENCOUNTERING TRIALS BEFORE BAPTISM

During prayer at a Thursday Bible study in July, I felt my tongue start to jump. Even though I believed in God very firmly, I was still a bit skeptical about the Holy Spirit. One time during service I had stopped praying to look at a brother next to me who was praying very loudly and shaking, and I wondered why an ordinary person would fake this kind of action. That weekend, the church held a spiritual convocation, and I invited my cousin, Shawn's older sister, to come. Because of my own personal experience with prayer when I first came to church, I told her that this church's prayer was a bit odd, but to not be afraid. She told me that she would be fine, but I still prayed for her, asking God not to let her be frightened. As I continued praying, I felt a very strong warmth and power come in through the top of my head to my neck, and then I felt my tongue rolling. I was so joyful and emotional because God put my doubts to rest and I knew the Holy Spirit was true. After the prayer, I asked Shawn's sister if she had heard me praying because I was next to her, but she told me that she did not hear me. All she had heard was the brother next to her praying very loudly. After the service we went home and I began tidying up the house. As I cleaned, I prayed in my heart and made no sound, but my tongue kept leaping up and down. I thought to myself that this was so miraculous, and I ended up praying again that night.


In October of that year, I decided to get baptized. I told a few church members that I wanted to get baptized, but I still felt a bit hesitant. For some reason, my younger cousin, Shawn, would have stomachaches every night after that. He would be totally fine during the day, but once night fell and it came time to sleep, his stomach would start hurting. His parents were not there at the time, so I was responsible for him and I felt very anxious. I took him to a pediatrician, but they could not find anything wrong. The doctor simply prescribed medicine to regulate his stomach, but he continued to have stomachaches. I would go to church service on Wednesday and Friday nights, but the moment it came time to go to church, he would have a stomachache. If I did not bring Shawn to church, his stomach would not ache, but when I did bring him to church, his stomach would start hurting. I had already taken

him to see the doctor so many times, including for a blood test and an x-ray, but the doctor had no idea what was going on. I was very confused why they could not find the reason or cause.

One time, Shawn had such a bad stomachache that he was sobbing. Because I felt so helpless, I ended up calling a friend from my previous church. She told me that if he was in such pain, I would have to call 911, and said more things that frightened me even more. After that, I called a sister from the True Jesus Church, and she asked me if I wanted the preacher's phone number. I was feeling so helpless, I told her yes. I called the preacher and asked him if he could come and lay hands on Shawn. I was so scared at the time that I cried as I spoke on the phone. He told me that he was in San Diego, but would be back in Irvine by three p.m. the next day, and for me to come to church at four o'clock.

I brought Shawn to church the next day at four o'clock and the preacher laid hands on him. Shawn actually had a stomachache that day already, but when I brought him that afternoon, it was not hurting as much as before. Later, I took Shawn to the doctor because we had gone to see this doctor before and the doctor wanted to re-examine him after the blood test. I asked the doctor if the problem could be constipation, and the doctor replied that it was a possibility and prescribed laxatives. The doctor instructed me to give Shawn the whole packet, but if it caused him too much discomfort, to halve the packet for him to drink. I took Shawn home and did as the doctor instructed, but he had no reaction. From then on, however, he never had any stomachaches.

On the first night of our spiritual convocation, during which baptism is held, I kept deliberating whether I should get baptized. When I returned home after service, Shawn's mom, who is my aunt, called me and was extremely angry. She demanded to know why I brought Shawn home so late and said many other things. However, the sentence I remember her speaking most clearly was that I could no longer bring Shawn to church. At that time, I felt hurt and wondered why I kept running into so many trials and troubles when I wanted to get baptized. I called a sister at church and said that I probably would not be able to come for the next few days of the spiritual convocation, but that I would come on the day of baptism. Even though my aunt tried to stop me from getting baptized, she only strengthened my determination to get baptized. At the time, my grandmother was at my house, and come Sunday morning I was tidying things up. I told my grandmother that I would be getting baptized that day, and she hesitated in letting me go. She asked if I would bring Shawn, and out of fear of them stopping me from getting baptized, I said I would not bring him and would just leave him at home. I said I would be back around four in the afternoon, and then took my things and left.

The second week after I had been baptized, my grandmother asked me how church was, and I told her it was very good. Hearing this, she suggested that she come to church with me next time. I was surprised because all this time, my family had been trying to prevent me from going to church. After a few months, my aunt also came. I began sharing a testimony with her and then mentioned how she previously did not want me to get baptized. She told me that she did not say any such thing, and I reminded her of all the things she said to prevent me. Still, she had no memory of doing so, and denied ever saying such things. From that moment forward, I understood that Satan can use any person or matter to hinder us from drawing close to God or doing His will. While he had tried to prevent me from receiving the true washing of regeneration in the True Jesus Church, thank God that I have received His saving grace. 

6. Returning to the True Path

Author: Xiao-Ying Li

Location: North Carolina

Xiao-Ying grew up in an atheistic culture and only started to learn about Christianity when she came to the United States. But it was not until she met a sister from the True Jesus Church that she learned about the Holy Spirit.

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

When I first came to the United States twenty years ago, I had a vague understanding of God. I started seeking the truth at a local Chinese Christian church. Since the education I had received in mainland China was rooted in atheism and materialism, at first I was unable to accept God as the creator and ruler of heaven and earth. After spending more than a year studying the Bible and reading books, I gradually understood and accepted the fundamental teachings of Christianity. I acknowledged that God is our Creator and that the Lord Jesus had come in the flesh, been crucified to save sinners, and had shed His blood to open the path to eternal life and salvation. I decided to be baptized and registered to do so. As the date of my baptism drew near, many doubts grew in my heart and my faith was wavering. Now I know that these feelings of doubt were the grace and wonderful arrangement of our Lord Jesus.

A week before my baptism, I met a sister from the True Jesus Church. As we chatted together, she learned I was about to receive baptism at a local Chinese church. She advised me not to rush things and urged me to carefully think it over again. At the time, I couldn't understand. I thought it was strange; how could she advise me not to get baptized? She also invited me to attend an evening Bible study service at her house. That night, I went to her house for the first time. Seeing and hearing the members pray in tongues, I felt so shocked and astonished. Only then did I know that the evidence of receiving the Holy Spirit is speaking in tongues, and that we do not simply receive the Holy Spirit when we believe (Acts 2:4). At this time, I also came to know there is a

True Jesus Church. After returning home that evening, I was eager to receive the Holy Spirit, so I prayed earnestly every night and asked God to give me the Holy Spirit. On several occasions, my heart was very moved. As long as I had free time, I would close the door and pray to receive the Holy Spirit.

I informed the local Chinese church that I would not be participating in the upcoming baptism. The following weekend, the council members of this church arranged to visit me at my home. I invited the sister from True Jesus Church and her husband to come at the same time to discuss biblical doctrines, especially the doctrines of the Holy Spirit and Sabbath. Thanks to the Lord's guidance, the truth of the True Jesus Church became even more deeply rooted in my heart through that discussion, and I decided to observe the Sabbath and to stop attending the other church.

Two weeks later, a few brothers and sisters from New York drove five hours to North Carolina to keep the Sabbath and share testimonies with us. During the concluding prayer, I heard the loud sound of the congregation's prayers turn into a chorus of Hallelujahs. It was as if a choir led by a conductor were singing, and it was like the sound of a rushing river (Rev 1:15). At the same time, my heart ached with deep regret, guilt, and shame before the Lord Jesus. I also felt heat coming down upon my head, and I realized I was speaking in tongues. Tears filled my eyes and my heart was filled with joy. This joy sprang from the depths of my heart, and was a feeling difficult to put into words.

A month after I received the Holy Spirit, I traveled with a few other brothers and sisters to attend the spring spiritual convocation at the True Jesus Church in Toronto. It was there that I received baptism, and now I truly belong to Christ. I thank God He chose me (Jn 15:16) and that through the guidance of the Holy Spirit, He has brought me to the fold.

Looking back at the past twenty years, I am ever more grateful to God for His abundant grace and the precious Holy Spirit. The True Jesus Church has the complete truth according to the Bible. Relying on the Holy Spirit, we must firmly grasp the precious truth, bear the fruit of the Spirit, and walk this heavenly journey. 🗨️

7. Doubt No Longer, Follow Him

Author: Xiao-Fei Hao

Location: Irvine, California

Overcoming her fears, Xiao-Fei Hao knelt down to pray during her first visit to the True Jesus Church, and received the Holy Spirit. In the following months she diligently studied the Bible, experienced intense visions, and received confirmation that the way, the truth, and the life is through Jesus Christ and His body, the church.

On October 14, 2015, I came to the US to visit family. Because I had attended a Christian church for over ten years in China, I began to look for a church immediately after I arrived in the United States. I attended several churches, but I did not find the True Jesus Church until the end of December. It was truly God's guidance when I stepped into the True Jesus Church in Irvine, California.

Even though I had already seen some discussion online about the mode of prayer in the True Jesus Church, I still was shocked when I saw the whole congregation kneeling and making strange noises. I really wanted to turn and run away, but it was at this moment that the morning prayer before service ended. Thank God, He arranged for a sister to sit with me. I felt that the hymnal worship prior to the service was very pleasant, but once it came time to pray before the sermon, I explained that my knee had been injured about half a month ago so I could not kneel down. The sister simply said, "It's okay, God looks at our hearts, so you can sit and pray."

After enduring to the end of the prayer, I was sweating all over. Once the sermon began, however, I was drawn in by the Lord's truth. I felt as though all the teachings I heard were truly spoken in the Bible and I felt very satisfied. When it was time for the concluding prayer, the pastor said, "Those who wish for the Holy Spirit, to be filled with the Holy Spirit, and to receive blessings, please come up to the front to receive the laying of hands in prayer," I hesitated. In all honesty, I was just too afraid. The moment I pictured everyone praying together, goosebumps rose all over my body. All I wanted to do at that

moment was run away, but the sister kept encouraging me to go up to the front.

Because I could no longer use my knees as an excuse, I said, “I’ve already tried praying for the Holy Spirit at my old church, but even after ten years, I still haven’t received the Holy Spirit or spoken in tongues. Praying is my weakness, so I can only repeat ‘Thank the Lord, praise the Lord, hallelujah.’ Even if I go to the front, I won’t be able to speak in tongues or kneel. I’m sorry, but I think it’s better for me to leave.”

The sister gently encouraged, “This is very good because in the True Jesus Church we say ‘Hallelujah’ when we pray. God loves you, so don’t be afraid. Just go and sit at the front pew and pray to God. Start by saying, ‘In the name of the Lord Jesus I pray,’ and repeating hallelujah is enough.” She smiled as she simultaneously spoke and led me to the front. God truly does love me, and once I began praying in the name of the Lord Jesus and repeating “Hallelujah” five times, something wonderful happened. I could feel a warm current pouring into me from above, and it seemed as though God’s power filled my whole being. My tongue miraculously began to roll as I started speaking fluently in an unknown language, and tears rolled down my cheeks uncontrollably. The pastor told me that I had received the Holy Spirit, and my heart was immensely comforted.

STUDYING THE WORD AND GAINING UNDERSTANDING

After that week, I began to attend the family Bible studies at True Jesus Church and felt a different kind of warmth. I diligently sought after the truth and studied the Bible twice a week with a Bible study group. On Sabbath, I would be at church from ten o’clock in the morning to four o’clock in the afternoon and tirelessly immerse myself in studying the Bible and seeking the truth. Honestly speaking, I am the type of person who loves to have fun. Not only did I live in the big, prosperous city of Guangzhou, I also had numerous friends. After I retired, there were so many different announcements posted among my friends about social events such as singing, dancing, tea gatherings, meal gatherings, hot spring visits, and excursions. My heart was completely captivated by the world. Through God’s miraculous guidance, He allowed me to leave that bustling world and come to a completely foreign country where I could not understand the language and had no friends. I could only rely completely on God and quiet down my heart to fully devote myself in His presence.

Each time I returned home from Bible study, I would copy down the Ten Articles of Faith of the True Jesus Church once. Furthermore, I would no

longer look for an excuse at each prayer, but kneel down and pray with everyone. After I received the Holy Spirit, I experienced greater faith and strength in my prayers, and although I would always weep in prayer, my heart was filled with a boundless joy.

After about three months of studying and learning, I understood that the Lord Jesus is the one true God and my only Savior, and that I needed to receive baptism in living water in the True Jesus Church. I knew that the baptism I received at my old Christian church was only a baptism of repentance like that performed by John the Baptist:

And he said to them, "Into what then were you baptized?" So they said, "Into John's baptism." Then Paul said, "John indeed baptized with a baptism of repentance, saying to the people that they should believe on Him who would come after him, that is, on Christ Jesus." When they heard this, they were baptized in the name of the Lord Jesus.

(Acts 19:3–5)

I wanted to receive the baptism from the Spirit of Jesus—the baptism of living water and His precious blood, which is the baptism of remission, regeneration, and salvation. For Jesus said, "Most assuredly, I say to you, unless one is born of water and the Spirit, he cannot enter the kingdom of God" (Jn 3:5). I had also diligently studied the Ten Articles of Faith of the True Jesus Church and could say "Amen!" to them.

The spiritual convocation of the True Jesus Church in Irvine was from April 20 to April 24, 2016, but I was to return to China on April 13, which meant that I could not attend the baptism at Irvine. The True Jesus Church in Baldwin Park would be holding a spiritual convocation and baptism from March 23 to March 27, however, so I confidently applied to be baptized at the True Jesus Church in Baldwin Park.

CONFIRMING THE WAY AND THE TRUTH

On March 23, we went to Baldwin Park to attend the spiritual convocation. While on the road, I closed my eyes to say a silent prayer, but suddenly saw that I seemed to be walking in a great forest with ominous, dark clouds overhead. I hastily prayed in my heart, "Hallelujah, hallelujah." Gradually, I walked out of the dense forest and the dark clouds over my head dissipated. The azure blue sky looked so beautiful. All of a sudden, I saw a dazzling, emerald colored staircase, and I ascended the stairs one by one while saying, "Hallelujah, hallelujah."

That night at Baldwin Park, I was praying in the chapel when I saw the scenery of northern China in the late winter. The desolate ground was covered with

layers of snow that had not yet melted, and withered grasses swayed in the wind. Although I was in the state of California where all four seasons have good weather, all I could see in my vision was dry ground, thawing snow, and the swaying of withered grass in the wind. As I prayed, however, water gradually came in and nourished the desolate ground, and the moment the pastor laid hands on me, I saw a great torrent of water flow down from the steep walls of a cliff. The waves crashed against the cliff, and soon blood also began flowing out and mixing with the water to form a great, gushing waterfall. The roaring of the waterfall filled my ears as well as the entire chapel.

The next day, March 24, I started to become restless in my spirit. During the evening prayer, I once again saw those dark, ominous clouds as well as grotesque but blurry faces of seven demons. In my prayer I asked God, “Lord, is this the truth that I am searching for? Why am I seeing so many demons?” I was so confused and tormented in my heart and I felt as though my spirit was crying. At this moment, the pastor came over to lay hands on me, and immediately I saw ice stretching as far as the eye could see freezing those seven demons in place! The turbulent, dark clouds also disappeared.

I still felt troubled in my heart and kept asking, “Lord, is this really the truth You’ve guided me to? Should I still get baptized?” My heart felt so troubled and depressed. I thought to myself that I had come to attend the spiritual convocation not to find religion but to find the truth of salvation. Was this really the truth that God wanted me to find?

On the way home that night, I revealed my troubles and unease to the sister, explaining that I had even begun to doubt if I had found the right church and question whether I should be baptized. Should I continue attending the rest of the spiritual convocation? The sister encouraged me, saying, “You have already received the Holy Spirit, so do not doubt. Satan will surely try to prevent you from obtaining the truth, so you must seek the Lord and ask God for the answer.” She further said, “All the sisters in our True Jesus Church in China know that you are attending the spiritual convocation at Baldwin Park and are praying and fasting for you.” I was so touched, and I felt that the power from those sisters’ prayers upheld me.

On March 25, during the afternoon prayer session, I asked the Lord to give me an answer: “Lord, I really do not understand what is going on. I want to find the truth and true church of salvation. Is the True Jesus Church the church that you want me to find that preaches the truth? Why, then, did I see so many demons?” Filled with the Holy Spirit, my body began to shake on its own. Suddenly it was as if I were amidst clouds, and I saw the Lord Jesus nailed on the cross. His head was painfully tilted to the side, while all the muscles

in his body seemed tense with agony, and I felt so torn and sorrowful in my heart. At this moment, the pastor came over to lay hands on me, and I felt that although my body was still amidst the clouds, the clouds above my head turned into a fiery red color.

After the prayer concluded, I shared my experience with the pastor: “During my prayer, I asked the Lord exactly where I could find His truth. Why did He allow me to see Him nailed on the cross?”

The pastor replied, “Perhaps God wanted you to see His body, because the True Jesus Church is the body of our Lord Jesus.” He suggested that I ask God whether or not the True Jesus Church was His body the next time I prayed, and whether or not I should receive the baptism.

That evening when I knelt down to pray, I distinctly asked, “Lord, I came to the US and found the true church, but after seeing that kind of image, I don’t know if the True Jesus Church has the truth of salvation You want me to find. Should I be baptized in this church?” When I asked in this manner, the Holy Spirit started working and my body shook with greater intensity. I am a person who often sees visions. Since I could remember at seven or eight years old to my current age of sixty-one years, I have never had a dreamless night. Even if I take a quick nap on the car, I will still dream. After I asked the Lord this question, however, I saw no vision. For half an hour, all I heard was, “I am the way, I am the truth.”

I asked the Lord in prayer, “Lord, I have always been able to see visions. Why don’t You let me see a vision?” But there was still no vision, only a voice from above, saying, “I am the way, I am the truth. Only those who enter through My body can come to the Father.”

In John 14:6, Jesus said, “I am the way, the truth, and the life. No one comes to the Father except through Me.” When the evening prayer ended, I was so excited. I ran hastily to look for the pastor and recounted what I had heard in my prayer. The pastor said firmly to me, “Do not doubt any longer! God has already told you very clearly. Because you are listening to His word in the true church right now, and have knelt here in your prayers, the Lord Jesus is telling you that this is the true way that you have found!”

I was so excited that it felt like my blood was boiling and that I was filled with the Spirit. Because I was so fulfilled in my heart, I had no appetite for the deserts I typically loved that night. My doubt had completely vanished and my faith was strengthened! When I went home that night, I could not fall asleep because everything that had happened kept flashing through my mind. It was

already six o'clock in the morning when I fell asleep, and I had to wake up at seven o'clock.

ENDURING SPIRITUAL TESTS TO BE SAVED

On the night of March 26, because I would be baptized the very next day, Satan was not willing to let me go that easily. He used all kinds of ways to disturb, hinder, and obstruct me, so I had yet another sleepless night. Several times, I saw myself coming to the shoreline, then turning tail and running away, only to be stopped by the sisters from Irvine Church. I felt like there was a voice telling me, "You actually don't need to get baptized. When you go back to China, you can just return to your old church. If you get baptized here, you won't be able to go back. What's more, Guangzhou only has a single True Jesus Church location, and it's in a very distant district. You have no idea what it would be like at that church. There are many churches who keep the Lord's Day that are so close to your house. Why do you need to give up what's closer to go for what's farther—a church that is completely foreign to you. Aren't you worshipping Jesus Christ regardless of where you are?"


I immediately got up and knelt down to pray, but that voice still would not back down. It spoke incessantly: "Actually, you're just caught up in social etiquette. Because those Irvine church sisters have constantly served you, treated you so well, and given you everything you requested, you are getting baptized to return the favor." I tossed and turned the entire night, and because I was afraid to bother my husband, I didn't dare to pray out loud. This lasted until six o'clock in the morning before I finally fell asleep, and at seven o'clock, I woke up feeling sore all over. My head felt heavy and groggy, and since I had only gotten two hours of sleep the past two nights, I felt like my body was about to collapse.

I quickly got up and turned on my phone to tell the sisters not to pick me up. The moment I turned on the phone, however, I saw the message, "Today we will go to Irvine church to attend the morning prayer first, then head to Baldwin Park church." I believe that God knew of my spiritual weakness and Satan's temptation, so the first thing He wanted me to do that morning was to gather with the Irvine brothers and sisters and pray to ground my faith. After arriving at the familiar chapel and kneeling down to pray, Satan still was not willing to let me off. He showed me a scene that was completely different from morning worship and prayer: the chapel was filled with people in black cloaks making piercing noises. Thereafter, a voice told me, "Look, everyone you see here is a demon. Get up and leave this place immediately."

I really wanted to open my eyes, get up, and run away, but the chapel perimeters were filled with kneeling figures dressed in black. Tears started to stream down my cheeks, and I cried out to God in my spirit: “Lord Jesus, save me, Lord Jesus, save me!”

Our Lord is a God who hears our prayers. He answered, “You are My beloved, and this church is My body. Do not doubt any longer, but follow Me!” At that moment, I saw all the black figures in the chapel transform into figures of white and a glorious light shining on each of them. I felt God’s great might. Satan retreated, and at the end of the prayer, I had become a crying mess. I knew that God loved me, and that He did not give up on me for even one second. My belief that I had found the truth of salvation grew resolute. Without any trace of doubt and with boldness, I accepted this baptism of living water through the Holy Spirit.

When we arrived at the seashore in Long Beach, I walked into the ocean and knelt down to receive water baptism. I leaned forward with my head bowed and heard the pastor say: “In the name of the Lord Jesus, I baptize you!” The instant I entered into the water, a cloud of darkness left my body and I saw bright red blood in the water. It was truly the Lord’s precious blood.

“I am clean, I am redeemed from my sins, I am saved, I am reborn!” I called out in my heart to the Lord. I felt deeply that in the half year since I came to the United States, the sole thing I have received is the grace of our Lord Jesus that allowed me to find true salvation. After I return to China, I will continue to pursue Him diligently, read the Bible often, pray constantly, and enrich and cultivate my spiritual life. I want to strive to carry out God’s wonderful work. Thank the Lord! Praise the Lord! Hallelujah! May all the glory and praise be unto the Lord Jesus! 



 True Jesus Church

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